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DOMINION DAY.

Today is the thirty-fourth anniversary of the federation of the various provinces and territories of Canada, that federation having been accomplished on July 1st, 1867, since which time Canada has laid aside her swaddling clothes and has made long and rapid strides in the way of progress and advancement.

This is Dominion day and as such it is observed as a holiday in all the broad domain of British North America. It is so observed as cementing into one great sisterhood and unity of Canada, her people, her interests and her patriotic spirit. Today is to Canada what the Fourth of July is to her sister nation on the south, the anniversary of the day and date on which started the march of progress which has placed her among the first countries of the earth.

TOO QUICK AT TRIGGER

United States Marshal Shoup of Alaska is himself a fairly good official but he has had the misfortune to make several bad appointments in the way of deputies—men who are not satisfied until they have each killed an Indian or two, just the same as would be young toughs in the South are not content until they kill from one to a half dozen niggers. In Alaska and in the vicinity of Ketchikan fully five or six Indians have been killed by officers within the past three years on what appears to be very trivial offenses. Another was killed a few days ago and a Skagway paper says regarding it:

"There is prospect of an outbreak among the younger members of the Haidah Indians near Ketchikan who have declared war against the whites because Deputy Marshal Johns last week shot Kiteoon, their aged chief who resisted arrest, for cutting timber on government land. The chief was hit twice and badly wounded. The Haidahs are very warlike and have frequently killed white men on the slightest pretext. Prospectors in the surrounding hills are returning to Ketchikan to remain until after the alarm shall be passed."

Marshal Shoup's man Taylor who was ousted from his position by the people of Skagway at the time of the "Soapy" Smith trouble, was another incompetent deputy who feared white men but was always ready to ram a Colt's down the throat of a poor Siwash.

Although particulars are not given, it is safe to say that the killing of the old Haidah chief was wholly uncalled for as it is doubtful if the old son of the forest knew what was wanted of him when he resisted arrest.

While dead Indians are good Indians, there should be some cause for making them good.

STALWART CANADIANS.

There were political giants in Ontario in the days when Arthur Sturgis Hardy, who has gone to his rest, was in his prime. The habitues of the galleries of the dingy old parliament building in Toronto, says the Victoria Times, were treated to some rare exhibitions when Mowat and Fraser and Hardy and Pardee occupied the seats of the ministers there. Fraser was the only orator of the quartet, but Mowat appeared to know all about everything political, and Hardy was the gladiator who smote his opponent hip and thigh. These were not the men who laid the foundations of Liberalism in Ontario, but they followed, builders like Brown and Blake and reared a structure that has withstood the assaults of Toryism for nearly thirty years. In no other self-governing country in the world has such a record been made. Liberal has succeeded Liberal in the premiership, and with every change the Conservatives have comforted themselves with the thought that "now our time has come." Ontario many times supported Sir John Macdonald as Conservative premier of the Dominion, but at the same time it never swerved from its allegiance to Sir Oliver Mowat and his lieutenant, Arthur Sturgis Hardy, as the provincial representatives of Liberalism. In all that term of nearly thirty years not a breath of scandal nor shadow of suspicion has been cast upon any member of the various governments which have held power. The talent and the energies which these brilliant men devoted to the service of

their country would have brought a magnificent reward in the practice of their profession. They all retired poor men, some of them poorer than when they entered parliament.

Mr. Hardy was descended from United Empire loyalists and inherited the political sentiments of the ancestors who when they left the United States cast aside every consideration save the desire to live and die under the flag of Britain. He did not believe in turning the other cheek too often to the smiter. At the time when the United States showed a disposition to gather in all the spoils possible from Ontario in the shape of raw material for the purpose of furnishing employment to Americans at home while at the same time shutting out entirely goods manufactured in Canada from the same products, retaliation was not resorted to, but measures were taken for the protection of the interests of Canadians. The exportation of logs from crown lands was forbidden and action taken in other directions which had a salutary effect.

Mr. Hardy has left a worthy successor to the premiership of Ontario in Hon. G. W. Ross. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is said to have but one rival in the Dominion as an orator. Mr. Ross is the man. Not only is he eloquent, he has inherited the intense patriotism of his predecessor and is disposed to use all the many weapons at his command to protect the province which he represents against foreign aggressors.

CONFLICTING REPORTS.

There is something incompatible in the stories that came from the outside and from the United States and Canada. From the former we read of the unprecedented "McKinley prosperity," and side by side in the next column we read of strikes galore, the result of dissatisfied labor. The much vaunted "full dinner pail" is empty for the reason that labor feels that it is underpaid. How, therefore, can these conflicting reports be reconciled to mean "unprecedented prosperity?"

The same is true of reports from Canada, one saying that prosperity stalks rampant throughout the land, leaving peace and plenty in its wake, while another tells of 5000 strikers on the Canadian Pacific railroad.

The inference to be drawn from these conflicting reports is that the prosperity being enjoyed is of a discriminating quality—a sort of see-saw arrangement in which capital has the long end of the board and refuses to slide towards the center sufficiently to equalize the gravity.

SPRINGTIME IN THE NORTHWEST.

The following from Seton Thompson in Scribner's, by substituting "June" where he uses "May" aptly describes the coming of spring in this portion of the far northland:

"I see a broken upland in the far Northwest. Its grey and purple rocks are interpatched with colors rich and warm, the new-born colors of the upland spring, the greatest springtime in the world; for where there is no winter there can be no spring. The gloom is measure of the light. So, in this land of long, long winter night, where nature stints her joys for six hard months, then owns her debt and pays it all at once, the spring is glorious compensation for the past. Six months' arrears of joy are paid in one great, lavish outpour. And latest May is made the date of payment. Then spring, great, gorgeous, sixfold spring, holds carnival on every ridge.

"Even the sullen Gander Peak, that pierces the north end of the ridge, unsundered just a whit. The upland beams with all the flowers it might have grown in six lost months; yet we see only one. Here, by our feet and farther away, in great, broad-acre beds, the purple lupin blooms—irregular, broken, straggling patches, near, but not broader, denser, farther on; till on the distant slopes they lie, long, devilous belts, like purple clouds at rest.

"Late May though it be, the wind is cold; the pools tell yet of frost at night. The White Wind blows. Broad clouds come up, and down comes driving snow, over the peaks, over the upland and over the upland flowers. Hoary, grey and white the landscape grows in turn; and one by one the flowers are painted out. But the lupins, on their taller, stiffer stems, can fight the snow for long; they bow their whitened heads beneath its load, then, thanks no little to the wind itself, shake free and stand up defiantly

straight, as fits their royal purple. And when the snowfall ends as suddenly as it began, the clouds roll by and the blue sky sees an upland shining white, but streaked and patched with blots and belts of lovely purple blood."

This is the way the San Francisco Bulletin puts it: "The Indian canoe in which a couple of British Columbia men proposed to sail around the world, began leaking before the craft got out of sight of land, and the voyagers had to put back. Providence cares for idiots in its own way."

A late arrival from Skagway says all the people have to amuse themselves these days is to quarrel about flags in the forenoon and attend Y. P. C. E. meetings and pink teas in the afternoon.

When an official becomes as generally unpopular as Judge Noyes has become at Nome, he can serve his country more efficiently by resigning than by continuing in office.

Only four days will intervene before the Fourth of July. Have your blunderbuss loaded and primed for an early morning salute. Point skyward and "let'er go."

EAGLES ENTERTAIN

Their Open Social at the Savoy Last Night a Big Success.

The Eagles' open session at the Savoy theater last night was a great success taking it from every point of view.

While the audience was not as large as had been expected, owing undoubtedly to the inclemency of the weather, the hall was comfortably filled with the Eagles and their friends and a very pleasant evening was enjoyed.

Mr. Frank W. Clayton, the newly elected worthy president of the local lodge, presided and made a few introductory remarks and then called upon the past worthy president, Mr. Leroy Tozier who made a short talk upon the principles of the order.

The audience was then treated to an orchestral selection entitled "The Invincible Eagle" written specially for and dedicated to the F. O. E. by Sousa. This was the first time this piece has been played in Dawson and the large orchestra under the direction of Prof. Freimuth did it full justice.

The numbers on the program were then introduced by President Clayton and included a song by Al Clark; also a song by Harry Palmer. Mr. Silvia, late of Coster & Bial's, was compelled to respond several times to encores in baritone selections. John Mulligan gave a clever exhibition of ventriloquism, handling his wooden family like a man who had done nothing else all his life. Julia Walcott gave some recitations in her ever popular manner. W. H. Bohman proved his ability as an elocutionist and was compelled to respond to repeated encores.

An exhibition of clairvoyancy and spiritualism was given by Foster which held the close attention of the audience and kept them guessing.

During the progress of the program, which was interspersed with selections by the orchestra, Past President Tozier took the chair and kept the audience in a roar of laughter by imposing fines on various people for deeds committed and deeds not committed. Some were fined for being present and some for not being absent. Others found themselves up against it for being in their various business and professional enterprises while still others were found guilty of not being in the business in which their abilities could be used to the best advantage.

Altogether the evening was pleasantly spent to the satisfaction of everyone present.

Mining Expert

Mr. J. Beaudette, a government mining engineer from Ottawa, arrived in Dawson Saturday morning. Mr. Beaudette returned to Canada last December after four months of travel and study in England, Germany, Italy, France and Russia, during which time he studied the practical as well as the theoretical side of mining engineering. Mr. Beaudette has been sent to Dawson by the Dominion government to investigate the conditions of this country and the requirements for its fullest development. He will remain here for several months during which time he will thoroughly investigate the various creeks and the methods employed in extracting the gold from the gravel. He will start on his first trip up the creeks on Wednesday of this week.

Word was received Saturday that the Broxton dam on Dominion, some four miles below lower discovery, had gone out. It was an expensive piece of work and regarded by many as being the best dam on the creek. Its loss will prove a very great inconvenience to many of the hillside claim owners in the 80's and 90's below lower, as they were dependent upon that supply for their water.

PIERRE BOURDON'S JEALOUSY

Caused Him to Imprison His Pretty Bride.

Story of Love and Revenge Recently Brought to Light in Poultny, Vt.—Fleddish Cruelty.

A few weeks ago some workmen in Poultny, Vt., were pulling down an old stone building that had existed since long before the revolution.

The men pulled up a big, square, flat stone near one wall of the cellar. One of them nearly fell into a great hole which was revealed beneath the slab.

It was a pit about eight feet deep and seven feet square. A brick wall had been constructed on all four sides to keep the earth from falling in.

The men inspected the pit curiously and fearfully. In the center there was a strong iron post three feet high. To this was attached a heavy chain, which led to a human skeleton. Iron hand cuffs still fastened the hands of the skeleton to the chain.

The skeleton was fleshless. Years and the subterranean vermin had cleaned the bones.

Then the old and wise of the village put their heads together to find a clue to the gruesome mystery. After much consideration and consultation of the oldest inhabitants and equally old documents they decided that the skeleton could be none other than that of Pierre Bourdon's bride.

Only the three oldest men in the village could remember the bride herself, but there are few who did not have some memory of the mysterious career of the man.

About 77 years ago, it appears, Pierre Bourdon, a French Canadian, came to this place from Quebec. He was engaged as a farmhand by Mr. Hamilton, the most prosperous farmer in the vicinity. He was an excellent farmhand, very industrious, received good wages and was highly esteemed by his employer. His name was generally anglicized to Perry Borden.

He spoke occasionally of a girl in Canada to whom he was engaged to be married. He said he was just getting ready to bring her down to Poultny and make a home for her.

Within two years he brought back his bride. Her name was Susette. She was very pretty, the best type of her race. Her eyes were black and sparkling, her cheeks ruddy, her face full of vivacity. It seemed plain that the plodding and silent Bourdon and his merry bride were unevenly matched.

Not a month passed before Susette became the object of universal social attentions. All the young men of the village showed their admiration for her more or less discreetly. She was intoxicated with admiration.

Bourdon was prompt to show his jealousy. He was, however, tied down to his work and could not watch his pretty wife all the time. He had taken the old stone house, then in a lonely situation, and he ordered her not to leave it. She repeatedly disobeyed him. He ordered her not to visit the houses of other people in the village. She went out as often as she could.

One dark, stormy night in November, 1831, he had been kept unusually late at the farm getting the cattle under shelter. He went home to find his wife out. He guessed that she had gone to an old inn, then the most popular place in the country for supper parties and outings. She had been there several times in spite of his violently expressed orders not to do so.

He hastened to this place. There he found his wife, together with a merry party of young men and women who were seeking to forget the cold and storm without. Among them was one young man with whom Susette, people said, had been having almost a flirtation.

Bourdon sternly ordered his wife to come with him. He refused to enter the room and join the party. Susette seemed more than ordinarily under her husband's influence, for she followed him without a word.

They went out into the darkness and the storm, and that was the last any of those people ever saw of Susette Bourdon.

A week or so after that, when people noticed the absence of Mrs. Bourdon, they asked him about it. He answered simply that they had had a disagreement and that she had gone to her relatives in Canada. The answer was a very reasonable one, and nobody had any ground to suspect foul play.

For a year Bourdon lived in this way, confiding in no one and admitting none to his house. Then he, too, disappeared.

Now it is believed that he spent that year in torturing his wife to death. Maddened with jealousy he determined to put his wife to death in the cruellest manner he could conceive and make her atone with infinite agony for the suffering she had caused him.

He first locked her in a room, for he had not yet prepared the place of torment. Then he dug a pit in the cellar and placed the post in it with the chain that was to hold his wife. He

was an excellent mechanic and could therefore do any work of this kind.

The next step was to drag his wife down to her tomb. She was far from help and physically powerless in the hands of this maddened man. Probably she was too much frightened even to scream.

Remorselessly he bound her to the post. Then he told her of the suffering she had caused him and the punishment he had designed for her. She fainted when he told her this. But he waited for her to recover and then went on with his sentence of death by slow torture.

It is probable that he bricked up the side of the pit while the woman was still living. Perhaps he gave her in sufficient food so as to prolong her living death. The rats must have crawled over her and gnawed her as she lay there helpless.

How long this living death lasted no one can tell. At any rate Bourdon went away at the end of a year, and she must have been dead then. There was no longer any tie to attach him to the neighborhood.—Ex.

FRED CASE MARRIED

Miss M. Donahue Now His Wife Arrived Saturday Morning.

Mr. Fred Case and Miss Mae Donahue, both of San Francisco, were quietly married Saturday evening by the Rev. Mr. Naylor, pastor of St. Paul's Episcopal church. Mr. Case has been a resident of Dawson for two or three years past while his bride arrived in Dawson Saturday morning.

The parlor of the Third avenue hotel where the ceremony was performed was very prettily decorated with native wild flowers. A number of friends were present to witness the ceremony and to extend their congratulations to the happy couple.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Dilley, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Freeman, Mrs. R. K. Latimer, Miss M. Latimer, Miss Lucille Latimer, Miss Addie Freeman, Mr. Moore, Mr. J. D. Longstaff and Mr. Homer Dilley.

Scores Modern Church.

During the absence of her husband from his pulpit recently, Mrs. Mary E. Frey, wife of the Rev. P. I. Frey, pastor of the East End Baptist church of Williamsport, Pa., took his place in the pulpit, and not only delivered an eloquent sermon, but created an enormous sensation by her arraignment of the modern church. She declared that "men stumble over the church into hell," and "the world is farther away from God today than ever in its history."

"Friends what the church of Jesus Christ needs today is another Pentecost," said Mrs. Frey. "Souls are perishing, men and women are rushing onward into perdition, and the church is not able to stem the awful tide of iniquity, for the church, which should be a mighty life-saving station, has lost its power to a large extent and is drifting into worldliness and formality."

"Some people declare the world is getting better, and many fine sermons and essays have been written in an attempt to prove this. But it is not so. The world is a wreck and men are a failure."

"The world by degrees has crept into the church until it is difficult to tell a church member from a non-professor. Many church members run into theaters, operas, play cards, dance, drink wine, follow the fashion of the world, cheat and lie. Another reason for the church's lack of power is that it caters to the world in efforts to raise money for God's cause. Pairs, festivals, bazaars, private theatricals, anything, anyway, nowadays to get money. Imagine Paul saying to Peter: 'Peter, we had better get up an ice cream festival to pay the expenses of the church in Corinth.'"

"No, thank God, they owed no man anything. They had no elegant churches, with costly stained glass windows and steeples piercing the heavens and a \$12,000 mortgage on it. 'Again, another cause for lack of power is the whole word of God is not preached from the pulpit. When pastors step aside from it to preach politics or on the leading topic of the day there will be a lack of power in their lives and sinners will not be saved.'"

The Cost of War.

There appears to be great excitement in certain circles over the fact that the war in South Africa has already cost Great Britain more than \$732,000,000. Compared with the cost of some of the great wars of the last century, however, this sum is hardly a drop in the bucket.

The most costly war of all time was the civil war of 1861-65 in the United States. That war cost the Northern states a total of \$5,200,000,000 while the South spent more than \$2,000,000,000 in addition. And this does not consider the enormous expense of the pensions which have been paid for the last 35 years.

Next in cost to the war of the rebellion was the Franco-Russian war of 1870. It cost, in round numbers, \$2,500,000,000. The Crimean war stands third on the list of comparatively re-

cent wars, with a total cost of \$1,700,000,000.

The little affair in South Africa has cost the British, up to date, less than one-tenth of what the United States spent in the four years of its great civil conflict, and less than a third as much as France and Germany poured out in their short struggle.

The present aggregate war debts of all the nations in the world are so great as to entirely pass comprehension. They sum up more than \$30,000,000,000. As there are nearly 1,500,000,000 of people in the world it will be seen that if equally divided among them the world's war debt would give an average of \$18 apiece for every man, woman and child in the world to carry.

Even more startling are the figures which show what war has cost in the destruction of human life. In this line also the United States civil war stands in first place, with a total of more than 800,000 men killed in battle and died of wounds and disease. Close to this terrible record is that of the Crimean war, in which 750,000 men lost their lives, while in the Franco-Prussian conflict the losses were 225,000. In these three wars alone enough people were killed to more than entirely wipe out the population of the province of Quebec, and leave it a lonely and uninhabited desert.—Ex.

Towed by a Whale.

There recently appeared among his friends in New Bedford a man whom they had supposed had found a grave in the sea. Matthew Samuel, boat steerer of the whaling schooner Charles H. Hodgdon, with five companions, were given up as lost last December, when the whaler put into Cape Verde islands and reported that six of her crew had struck a whale and had been towed away by the animal.

Samuel describes their adventure and deliverance as follows:

"We struck the whale about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. He kept us running until about 5:30. The way he pulled us through the water was like going in a steamboat. All we could do was to sit and wipe away the water which flew into our faces."

"The whale died after he had towed us ten miles from the schooner. We headed for the schooner, with the whale in tow, but the sea became so rough we had to cut loose from the whale."

"Finally it got so dark we lost sight of the schooner. We had set up our sail, and we searched for the schooner all that night and all the next day, but in vain."

"The morning of the seventh day about 2 o'clock, we were the happiest mortals alive, for we had succeeded in hailing a Portuguese steamer. The captain bore down upon us and stopped within a few yards of our boat. We could plainly hear the people aboard talking. All hands seemed to be on deck."

"Instead of helping us the captain put out his lights and steamed away. That was the worst thing that was ever done at sea."

"Later on that day we sighted a school of blackfish. I struck one and cut all the meat off, slicing it in small pieces. We put these into a bucket and let the sun dry the oil out. We drank the oil as a substitute for water. The meat we ate raw."

"There was not a drop of rain. The sun was fiercely hot, but the nights were cold. We did not get any sleep. Our despair was turned to unspeakable joy when we had been out 11 1/2 days. We sighted the French bark Adolph and stuck up a blue flag. Our distress signal was seen, and we were overjoyed to see the bark bear down upon us."—Ex.

Wounded by a Bear.

Asotin, Wash., June 20.—James Rogers, who came down from his Upper Snake river mining properties, tells the following bear story:

A cattleman by the name of Akins, camped a short distance above Peter Burdian's sheep-camp, on Jim-creek. One morning Mr. Burdian discovered a large bear near his place and he went to where Akins was camped to get that gentleman to come and assist in killing it. Mr. Akins succeeded in unloading a couple of shots into the animal, which brought him to the ground, but recovering quickly, he soon secreted himself in the brush. Mr. Burdian returned to his home, but Mr. Akins went after George Hunter, who had a number of dogs, and with the assistance of the dogs, the bear was soon located. Mr. Hunter was very close to the wounded bear, although he did not realize it. When the bear came out it was so sudden that Hunter did not have time to get his gun into action, and he was grabbed in the fleshy part of the upper left arm, which was badly crushed and torn to the bone. The bear let go his hold on the arm and made a plunge for the man's throat, but Mr. Hunter threw up his right arm to protect his head, and that arm received the same treatment as the other. The bear next grabbed Mr. Hunter in the left side, at the waist, and would probably have killed him had it not been that the man wore a heavy hunter's belt which was full of cartridges. By this time Mr. Akins discovered what was taking place, and the bear hearing him approaching deserted the suffering man and made for a place of safety.