

The Klondike Nugget

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LETTERS.
And Small Packages can be sent to the Clerk by our carriers on the following days: Every Tuesday and Friday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 10, 1902.

\$50 Reward.

We will pay a reward of \$50 for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of any one stealing copies of the Daily or Semi-Weekly Nugget from business houses or private residences, where same have been left by our carriers.

KLONDIKE NUGGET.



AMUSEMENTS.
Standard Vaudeville.

A SIGNIFICANT FACT.

The announcement that the head offices of the White Pass company have been removed to the city of Vancouver is highly significant. Railroads like other corporate bodies are proverbially devoid of sentiment, and are actuated usually by reasons of an entirely business character. Heretofore the White Pass has maintained its principal offices on the other side of the line for the excellent reason that the business of the road has been to a very large extent of American origin. A gradual change has been in progress during the past two years. Canadian merchants and manufacturers have been aroused to the value of the Dawson market and particularly during the past twelve months have been exerting themselves to secure control of the trade.

Representatives of important and influential commercial organizations visited Dawson last summer and their reports have exerted a marked effect upon trade conditions.

Canada is now strongly in the lead in supplying the Yukon market and that lead once having been attained will not be given up. The amount of imported goods for consumption in this district will steadily decrease and Canadian products will take their place.

It is interesting in this connection to note the stimulating effect exercised by the Klondike excitement upon a number of important industries. The original rush to Dawson found Canada in an unprepared condition to take advantage of the opportunities offered. Canadian manufacturers had never before been confronted with supplying a market which relied principally upon canned and cured supplies and time was required to meet the conditions.

The coast cities of the United States, on the other hand, had been outfitting Alaskan miners and prospectors for years and were ready almost immediately to meet the sudden demand made upon them.

As a natural consequence, American merchants practically controlled the market for the first two years of Klondike history.

In the meantime Canadian concerns were organizing and adjusting their methods to suit the special requirements of the Yukon consumer, with results as noted above.

It has taken considerable time to effect the change, but the figures covering last summer's transportation business indicate plainly that American merchants have lost the control they once exercised over this market.

The final proof of this change comes in the announcement that the head offices of the White Pass company will hereafter be located in Vancouver.

The death of Thomas Brackett Reed removes a striking figure from the arena of American statesmanship. As speaker of the house Mr. Reed was almost on a par with the president in respect to actual power and in some cases his influence easily exceeded that of the executive. For years Tom Reed was regarded as a splendid presidential timber, but like James G. Blaine his hopes in that

particular never reached fruition. Reed was a much stronger man than Harrison or McKinley, and it is probably correct to lay his disappointment in respect to the presidency largely to that fact.

A REGRETTABLE INCIDENT.

The men who have been responsible for bringing out the Jap candidate will prove in the long run to be the enemies rather than the friends of labor. The movement started in a joke but has been given a serious color by the fact that nearly 100 signatures have been attached to the petition, asking the brown man to become a candidate. The Nugget is informed that the great body of men who actually work for a living repudiate the suggestion of a Jap candidate and deny association with the movement. We trust that such is the case and that the language of their repudiation will be strong and convincing.

It is singularly unfortunate that such incidents should occur. They lend strength to those who seek for opportunities to criticize and condemn the efforts of labor to secure political recognition, and tend to weaken an influence that is entitled to exercise a strong hand in shaping public policies.

We cannot believe that the men who have brought forward the Jap candidate are sincere either with him, with themselves, or with the public. Their actions are inconsistent with labor policies the world over, and are in direct contradiction of demands which have been made by labor leaders in every legislative hall on the American continent.

It is regrettable, therefore, viewed from any standpoint—that the incident has occurred, but it is a pleasure to note that the large body of self respecting working men of the district have held themselves aloof from a movement so essentially foolish.

On the 31st of last month the Sun remarked editorially: "It has been a matter of common knowledge since Sept. 6 that Mr. Ross was booked for the cabinet, for on that date Mr. Sifton definitely announced the fact." The foregoing read in connection with an article in today's issue of the joke, entitled "British Columbia's Position," has been cause for no little amusement in Dawson.

Elissa

By Theodore H. Rand.

"I hold my secret fast!
Sunset I watch and dawn,
Wait the white moonbeams' cast,
The pall of night down-drawn.
Then in the ebon dark
I whisper to myself,
While every sense doth hark
Lest blade, or leaf, or elf,
Should catch the trembling word,
And all the listening air
Be to its utmost stirred,
The giddy world aware!"

"The willow heedful is,
And the timorous peers at me,
The king-cups nod and quiver
With an air of mystery;
But no one knows at all—
I hold my secret fast!
The wizard song may call
Till night be overpast.
Troops of bright eyes may smile,
The people look me o'er,
The parson turn the stile,
Friends tarry at the door!"

"I hold my secret fast!
Sunset I watch and dawn,
See the blue heavens o'ercast,
The pall of night down-drawn,
And then in raven dark
I whisper to myself—
My whitest soul aghast
Lest blade, or leaf, or elf,
Should hear the trembling word,
And all the listening air
Be to its farthest stirred,
The rolling world aware!"

Mrs. Caudle—I actually overheard him remark to another man that I had a mouth like a barn door. He must be crazy.

Mr. Caudle—Yes, he must be. A barn door is closed sometimes.

Chorus of fifty voices in the opera "Bohemian Girl," at the Auditorium on Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

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HANGMAN'S CORNER

Seven Victims Claimed By the Noose.

Execution of La Belle and Fournier Will Be the Fourth in the Yukon Territory.

Whether or not there are an unusually large number of bloodthirsty men in Dawson or it is merely the fee of \$250 they are after is not known, but it is a fact that Sheriff Ellbeck has no less than six applications on file for the position of hangman at the farwell appearance of La Belle and Fournier which takes place January 20. None of the applicants have had any previous experience in such a gruesome task, but all are confident that they will be able to scientifically adjust the noose and pull the lever which will send the two men into eternity. With one exception their names are unknown to all save the sheriff and his deputy, it being the custom in such affairs to keep the identity of the officer filling that position a secret. But one exception has ever been made to that rule and that was in the case of young Holmwood, the executioner of O'Brien. He was so pulled up with vanity at the important role he had enacted in the tragedy that he not only boasted of it, but had the brazen effrontery to be interviewed upon the sensations he had experienced and had his picture accompany the article as "the brave young man who had hanged O'Brien." The strangest part of the affair is that a newspaper was found with so little self respect or regard for the public feelings and morals as to print such rot. It was very offensive to common decency and provoked a great deal of unfavorable criticism.

Sheriff Ellbeck has made no decision as yet in regard to the job nor has he begun work on the scaffold. Such action will be deferred until the minister of justice has passed upon the findings and sentence of the territorial court. If the actions of the lower court are confirmed then the construction of the implement of death will be begun at once. It will be erected in hangman's corner between the jail and No. 1 barracks, the same spot where others have paid the final penalty of their atrocious crimes. It is assumed that the hanging will be double, though the date of La Belle's execution, sentenced originally for January 10, can not be changed until special powers for that purpose are conferred upon Mr. Justice Craig by the minister of justice. In the event of the two murderers being dispatched together it will necessitate the construction of a trap, slightly larger than that which has already seen service.

La Belle and Fournier will make the sixth legal execution that has taken place in Dawson since the formation of this district into a territory. The first persons to pay the extreme penalty of the law were Edward Henderson and two Indians, Jim and Dawson. Nantuck, being a triple execution, Henderson had killed his partner while en route to the Klondike in '98. The Indians had waylaid two prospectors near Marsh Lake, killing one and so injuring the other it was months before he recovered. All were found guilty and sentenced to be hanged on November 1, 1898. After sentence was passed the attorneys interested in the case raised the point that the execution could not legally take place on that day, November 1 being All Saints' day and a holiday. A four months' reprieve was granted and it was not until August 4, 1899, that the sentence of the law was put into effect. Joe Nantuck in the meantime had died in jail and the sentence of Frank on account of his extreme youth was commuted to life imprisonment. The two Indians and Henderson were hanged together, all standing on the same trap, by Inspector Harper, then acting sheriff of the territory. Henderson was so weakened by a loathsome disease that he had to be carried to the scaffold and sat on a chair while the noose was being adjusted about his neck.

The next to pay the extreme penalty of the law was Alexander King, commonly referred to as old man King. Before Mr. Justice Craig he was found guilty of willfully murdering in cold blood Herbert Davenport on July 15, 1900, a companion who was of his party on the trip down the river. King was well along in years and not his death with a stoicism and nerve greatly wondered at. It was Sheriff Ellbeck's first execution, the date being October 2, 1900.

George O'Brien was the next to mount the scaffold, his execution being so comparatively recent and the crime of which he was convicted being still fresh in the minds of all who were in the city during the long and tedious days of his trial. He was hanged August 23 of last year.

So that of La Belle and Fournier will be the fourth execution to take place, though justice will have claimed seven victims in atonement for atrocious crimes committed. Now-a-days one hears but little of them, and public interest has almost died out in their approaching death.

A priest of the Catholic church again visited La Belle yesterday and spent several hours in administering religious consolation to the unhappy man. Fournier still refuses the ministrations of the church and will probably die as he has lived for the past twenty years, a foe to mankind and fearing neither God, man nor the devil.

CONFINED IN AN ASYLUM

The Great Grandson of Com. Vanderbilt

Kidnapped at Newport Six Years Ago and Only Just Discovered Among Lunatics

New York, Nov. 22.—Wm. S. Vanderbilt Allen, great grandson of Commodore Vanderbilt, society man and artist, and formerly well known here and at Newport, who disappeared mysteriously six years ago, has been during that time an inmate of a private sanitarium in Connecticut.

His whereabouts became known when he was brought before a commission as to his sanity. The action was brought by E. H. Sutton of Bloomfield, N. J., who is related to Allen. Sutton told the commission that Allen had suffered from hallucinations that he was being pursued by creditors and asked that he legally be committed to an asylum, no such step having previously been taken.

Allen then addressed the commission in carefully chosen language. He was utterly in the dark, he said, as to why the proceedings had been brought and he asked for counsel. He was kidnapped six years ago, he declared, by two doctors.

"They took me from my sister's room at Rye, where I was visiting," he continued. "They came there pretending they were detectives who were interested in a case of mine in New York. They got me to drive with them to Portchester."

"When we got to the station I was snatched up by two attendants, placed on a train and taken to Connecticut. I was placed in a sanitarium there. At first I was allowed the privilege of the laboratory, but for the last nine months I have been confined to a hall room."

"It has been impossible for me to communicate with any of my relatives. I have a \$6,000 library at Rye and there are enough pictures locked up in my sister's storeroom to pay all my debts."

The commission decided that Allen should have a full examination with counsel and set the hearing for December. Mr. Allen was well known up to a short time before his disappearance. His work was largely along the line of sporting scenes. He was a member of several leading hunt clubs, the members of which are numbered among his patrons.

Sultan G. v. s. Way.

Constantinople, Nov. 3.—The negotiations between Great Britain and Turkey with regard to the encroachment of Turkish troops on the hinterland of Aden have resulted in a satisfactory settlement of the matter. The Porte has modified its note to Great Britain, and has ordered the evacuation of the hinterland, which was formerly occupied by British troops.

The trouble from which the Turkish invasion of the Aden hinterland arose was a frontier dispute, the settlement of which was placed in the hands of a joint Turco-British commission. It was announced from Constantinople, Oct. 25, that the British ambassador to Turkey, Sir N. R. O'Connor, had protested to the Porte against the Turkish invasion of the territory in question, declaring that unless the Turkish soldiers were withdrawn Indian troops would be sent to expel them.

The scales of fish as an index of age was the subject of an exhibit by the Marine Biological association at a recent conversation of the royal society. The scales of many fish show a series of parallel concentric lines, which indicate successive periods of growth. They have been found to be more widely separated in that part of the scale found during the warm weather, and the resulting alteration of the two series gives rise to the appearance of annual rings, which indicate the age of the fish in years.

The results of J. Stewart Thompson's investigations indicate that it is possible to determine the age of the individual fishes of many species with considerable precision.

"Yow!" howled the baby. "There is a pin sticking in me."
"But," replied the wise nurse, gently, "if I remove the pin your clothes will fall off!"
Moral—Don't touch the tariff. Life.

LOST THLINGAT MINE

Told by a Dawson Mine Operator Who Became a Blood Brother and Received the Secret From the Dying Chief.

Did you ever hear the story of the lost mine of the Thlingets (Klinget)? No, well let me tell it. I think that outside of myself no white man, living or dead, has ever had any knowledge of the existence and location of this mine. Yes, the general impression is that it was one of the many legends of this native tribe, but the mine is a reality, however, and you can judge of the truth of what I tell you for I am speaking of my own personal knowledge.

From the earliest recollection of white men, these natives had more or less effort in their possession and every effort made to discover from whence it came proved fruitless, and in one or two instances the intrepid trader and prospector paid for his curiosity with his life.

If any of the legends which I have heard have anything at all tangible in them, relating to the earliest history of these tribes, the Thlinget race was at one time in its history a very intelligent people, capable of reading and writing. They had seen and traded with civilized man long prior to the Russian occupation of Alaska, and long before the founders of the great fur trading companies were born. Some relics in the shape of jewelry and ornaments, made great skill from pure gold, are still in existence as an evidence of their lost heritage and prestige.

Beginning, however, with recent years, from the time the traders and trappers began trading with these tribes and making excursions into their territory in quest of furs, more or less gold was obtained from the natives, and, try as they would, these early whites could obtain no information as to where the gold came from. Many thought it was obtained from some placer deposit, and so the whites began a quiet and systematic search for some indication of it. This action was in a measure resented by the natives, who finally saw what was being done. As the prospectors would not listen to protests, the natives used force and one or two whites lost their lives.

Years rolled by and nothing tangible was discovered, and so the idea of the existence of this mine, like many other historical facts, was practically forgotten and finally became a mere legend.

Like many others who came to Alaska, I was more or less interested in the legends, history and origin of these natives and lost no opportunity to learn all I could. From the material which I gathered an interesting book could be written concerning them. I made friends with a chief, now dead, and for some favor (importance) shown to him and his son, as well as the way I treated the members of his tribe, he took an especial liking to me. Thus it was I learned of the reality of what had long been deemed a myth.

It seems that the existence of this mine as well as its location was only known to the chief. Even the members of his own tribe had no knowledge of it, aside from the bare fact that it existed. So well guarded was the secret kept, that it is not to be wondered that the early traders never learned any thing reliable concerning it.

You know the history of these natives is handed down from father to son, from one generation to another, but there is always some ancient secret, usually accredited with supernatural powers, who is supposed to be the custodian of all things pertaining to the history, customs, etc., of the tribe, but even he did not know of the location of the mine.

This chief was an old man in '97, and had been showing the location of the mine by his father a short time prior to the father's death and been pledged to the usual secrecy which had been the custom for many years previously.

The mine had first been found by one of his ancestors—a chief—and the knowledge of its whereabouts had been transmitted from father to son, for several generations.

How did they get the gold? Well, it was the custom of the chief to visit the mine every year shortly after the snow had disappeared, and to return with such gold as he thought was necessary.

Did he mine it? Oh, no, the mine is in reality a very rich outcropping and full of gold which is easily extracted from the decomposed rock.

So for many years the chief would make his annual visit to the mine—the trip requiring usually some 30 to 40 days—and upon his return a great pot latch was held and presents were made to the tribesmen. Thus it was that so many natives had gold which found its way into the hands of the traders and trappers, arousing the interest that finally resulted in the present development of both Alaska and the Yukon.

Yes, undoubtedly, the chief must have realized that it was gold, although I dare say that not until these early traders tried to locate the mine, did he realize how great a value it had.

One day upon my return from the

mountains where I had put some men to work, I visited the chief, as was my habit, and you may be sure I was always welcomed and every courtesy shown me, both by him and the members of his family. As was my custom, I gave the chief a present of some good smoking tobacco and upon this occasion I also gave him a fine briar pipe. Whether it was the red case in which the pipe was encased, or the aroma of the tobacco, that caused him to become less secretive than usual, I don't know, but during a lull in the conversation, which he usually managed to keep up in a very energetic way—asking many questions and occasionally volunteering some information that showed he had unusual powers of observation—he took the pipe from his mouth and, looking at it in a meditative way, he finally said he was convinced that with the great rush of miners into the country, sooner or later some one would find the mine, and he proposed to transmit the knowledge he had to his son and to myself only. Then he told me the story.

He went on to say that he was very old and would soon die, but before that time came he would impart the news to his son, and also give him a map showing its exact location. He was now crippled and could not go himself and had not been to it for many years. He also said that there were many rivers of ice (meaning glaciers) and that one was gradually covering the mine.

He called me his son and insisted that I become so according to the customs of his people in order that he could tell me this without breaking his pledge, and so I practically became a member of his tribe and of his family in particular. He sent for his councillors and told them of his purpose to adopt me and I was initiated into the mysteries of this ancient race. But this is another story which I may tell you some other time.

Early next day I bade adieu to my new found parents and relatives and continued my journey.

Some weeks had passed and I was hard at work, had almost forgotten the incident when a messenger arrived and told me the chief was dying and had sent for me. So giving directions for the work to be done during my absence, I hurriedly made preparations for my departure to the village, some 30 miles distant and early the next morning was at the bedside of my adopted father.

He was rapidly sinking. My presence was made known to him and a ghost of a smile flicked across his stolid countenance. He tried to speak but the infernal din of the medicine men and the wailings of the women around his bedside made it impossible to hear what he said. But his son seemed to understand and reaching under the pillow secured and placed in my hands a small parcel, which I hastily put in my pocket. I gave him a sip of brandy from my travelling flask, which seemed to partially revive him, and when the son finally secured silence by ousting the mourners, the dying chief indicated that the parcel was the direction to the mine and gave his son one or two minor instructions.

The chief lingered till late that afternoon and I was by his bedside till the end. He lay in state as it were for two days and then his body was placed upon a funeral pyre and incinerated—the ashes being collected and placed in a strong box which was then deposited in the family vault, as these little storehouses may be called.

Another day was spent in installing the son as chief—a most interesting ceremony—and then we made preparations to visit the mine. We held a consultation and studied the map, which, by the way, was quite accurately drawn upon a skin piece of sheep's hide, and the marks and lines had been made by using a hot instrument.

We decided to take only such food as we could conveniently carry, our blankets and guns, and thus we started.

The trip was a hard one, and as we only had the map and the verbal instructions of the chief, I was often afraid of becoming lost, for I am sure no man could find these hills had ever traversed the country we were then travelling over.

We headed direct for a high, snow-covered mountain peak, which we could see rising some five thousand or six thousand feet above the mountain range in the distance, and after two days of hard walking came to the first divide. Here the walls seemed to defy further progress and had it not been for the excellent instructions and the map, I am sure we should have been obliged to return. But we found the break indicated and that night slept upon the top of the divide.

The descent of the other side was by no means easy. We soon found ourselves in a narrow basin or valley and continued on our way. Well, we had several such experiences and after being well night worn out, we reached what we felt was the object

of our search, seventeen days after starting on our journey. The country over which we travelled was most interesting and from a geological point of view very instructive. Rugged, tooth shaped peaks towered high above us, glaciers were to be seen on every side and we could see the action of glaciers of ages ago. I think that the valley or valleys we crossed were at one time continuous, although now they are separated from each other by small divides. The streams that rush through them have cut channels, forming narrow gorges here and there, and the waterfalls are grand.

We spent two days fixing upon the exact location of the mine, out, as the old chief had feared, the glacier already covered it. Yet, while we were so far disappointed over the result of our trip, we felt sure of the mine. Also, succeeded in finding enough evidence to convince us of its existence, and decided to try and reach it at some later day by running a tunnel through the glacier.

Yes, some day I shall return, prepared to take such steps as may be necessary to reach the ledge. You see this glacier ran down over the mountain side like a waterfall, and has formed a complete sheathing of solid ice many feet thick, completely hiding the ledge.

Although it is barely possible that it may be traced and found at some point along the mountain side, yet search will be very difficult if not impossible, owing to the abruptness of the mountain side and the snow which seems to remain the year round.

Oh, yes, I could tell you many weird and strange stories, but I can't vouch for them as I can this Dawson, Dec. 8th, 1902.

There is a certain district in Staten Island that finds it exceedingly difficult to obtain insurance against fire. A recent addition to its colony, applying for a policy to one of our leading risk companies, was informed that it would not be granted. Pressed for a reason, the agent said: "To tell you the truth, we regard that as our hoodoo district. Every house we have insured there has burned down, and we have lost a whole lot of money. The company really doesn't care to take any more risks in that quarter."

See Mr. R. L. Cowan as "Thaddeus" in the opera "Bohemian Girl," at the Auditorium on Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

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