

# The Klondike Nugget

(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)  
ISSUED SEMI-WEEKLY  
On Wednesday and Saturday

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### NOTICE

When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation." THE KLONDIKE NUGGET asks a good figure for its space and in justification thereof guarantees to its advertisers a paid circulation five times that of any other paper published between Juneau and the North Pole.

The Nugget has a regular carrier and express service covering Bonanza, Eldorado, Hunker, Stiphur and Dominion creeks and tributaries. Mail orders taken and prompt delivery guaranteed on all the above. Orders for delivery of papers, mail or express may be left at the Nugget Express office or given to creek agents.

### THE EAGLE'S DROOPED WINGS.

The suit brought by Consul McCook against the dames of the Phoenix dance house was dismissed. It developed that while suffering from the effects of that "which stings like an adder and bites like a serpent" the consul's watch had been taken in charge by the bartender, after being donated to one of the girls, while the gay and festive consul disported himself with the lovely and voluptuous damsels who keep the floor smooth with the patter of their neatly-shod extremities.

As we have said before, we do not believe, as a rule in interfering with a man's private life, when he separates it from his official capacity distinctly and clearly; but when a miniature flag, of which every American is proud, and which flag has cost rivers of the best blood in the country to maintain—and for the honor of which, to-day, a grand nation is ready and willing to pour out its vital fluid free and abundant as the water in a mountain stream after a cloudburst—when that flag is degraded by being pinned, in miniature, to the seat of a drunken consul's unmentionables, to be besmirched by the foot of every passer who cared thusto show the contempt for this misrepresentative of a nation which he was bound to feel, then, we say, the matter has passed beyond the closed door of privacy and has become as widely public as the breezes which blow between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

Consul J. C. McCook, we beseech you, by all that you hold sacred, to sever your connection with your office by voluntary resignation before you have further trailed that glorious flag in the mire, to the sorrow of your compatriots and the derision of their foreign cousins! By the shade of the immortal George Washington we conjure you to drop the position in which you make every proud American in the land hang his head in very shame! Show the manhood of the McCooks by voluntarily stepping down from the office over which the glorious stars and stripes wave so proudly and yet which office, through certain personal qualities in yourself, is becoming a by-word and a sneerful allusion unto strangers. Make a small sacrifice of your salary for the honor of your country and Americans temporarily dwelling in a strange land will only too willingly forget the mortification of their feelings, which you have subjected them to. Do this without delay and a page shall be turned only too readily in the history of the American occupation of the Klondike which shall relegate into the forgotten past those things so deplorable in a private citizen and so much more unbefitting the representative of one of the proudest nations on earth!

Consul J. C. McCook, Americans have a weakness which is not altogether weakly, and that is a strong national vanity. You, sir, are injuring them in their most super-sensitive point when you render yourself the object of ridicule which you had become long before this paper voiced the popular sentiment

and called you down. With a delicate perception that in your fall every American felt himself hurt, we refrained from comment until your feelings and growing weaknesses compelled recognition. They realize that no man who is the natural butt of every alien shaft of satire, of every glint of wit or buffoonery of everyone from the dance-house dame with numerous male companions to the honest miner working by candle light at the bottom of a 100-foot shaft, is a fitting representative of America, and sir, that to heal this sore it must first be opened. In the book of destiny your removal from the office you have so illy filled is as plainly written as though in illumined letters of gold, and the only question is whether it shall be as a result of your own volition or at the hands of the 30,000 American Klondikers whose every feeling of national pride you have wounded and whose admiration for his flag you have done so much to decrease and who through you, sir, are in danger of losing their last atom of respect for the machinery of that government which many of their forebears lost their lives in upbuilding and maintaining.

It is with the utmost regret that the NUGGET takes up this matter and we beg to assure the American consul that there is not the slightest personal animus in our remarks. We are simply sorry that such a course as his is of a nature which cannot be overlooked by the Americans of the country who have the honor and dignity of the United States at heart. It is most dispiriting to note how the public feeling of ridicule and contempt for the consul has spread to his office with some danger of at last involving the flag, which so many revere to the bottom of their hearts. If this latter element could only be eliminated from the situation we would gladly leave the acts of the consul to the swiftly dimming pages of unwritten history for obliteration, or commit them to the sands for the first change of tide to wipe out of existence.

### KIPLING'S LOSS.

The great world drew very near to Rudyard Kipling during his recent illness in New York. While his brain was wrapped in a fever that stole his senses and he lay helpless on a bed of pain, the favorite daughter of the great novelist passed away, and when the father emerged from his delirium it was considered necessary to withhold from him the news of his loss. Yearning for the presence of his loved one the sick man could not understand why she stayed away; a great suspicion finally crossed his troubled mind and his appeals for his "little Joe" proved too pitiful to be withstood. The news was broken to him gently while yet he lay within the vale of death, and adoring friends stood by in anxious expectancy to witness the effect of the information. But the great soul was able to bear his loss with fortitude. "Poor little Joe," he murmured, with tears flowing down his wan cheeks; then his face took on an ethereal look as his eyes, turning heavenward, seemed to search into the glories of the great beyond for the form of his angel loved one. He may have found, in his wrapt gaze, that which gave him consolation, for the poignancy of his grief was tempered and the shock of his irreparable loss passed by.

The changes of the great author's condition during his illness have been chronicled the world over as of royalty. Indeed he has proved himself of kingly power in playing upon the heartstrings of humanity. It is not often that such homage is paid a mere man of letters, but the world at large worships genius which Kipling shows to greater degree than any living author, and humanity rejoices that the word of the physicians has at last gone forth that he will live to gladden our eyes with incomparable story and poem as of old.

### STREET PAVING.

It is not known if in the secret sessions of the Yukon council the grading or planking of any of Dawson's streets is ever even considered. The minutes of the meetings are given to the public in brief and judging from them the subject

of planking is tabooed. And yet if there is one subject above all others in which Dawson is vitally interested it is in the traversability of the streets. A vast amount of building is planned for the coming summer and the principal horse traffic of the summer will of necessity be the hauling of logs, lumber and sawdust. With builders paying \$10 per hour for teams it is an almost criminal waste of good money to have those teams floundering around in the mud and consuming all day in getting nowhere with a load which would make a donkey smile in derision in any half civilized country.

According to Minister Sifton's own figures there was a surplus in Yukon revenues after paying every expense of \$400,000 last year. This did not include several very large sources of revenue as the sale of lands, etc., which are looked upon as Dominion revenues, instead of Yukon revenues, and which would have raised the surplus to probably much over a million. Notwithstanding this enormous showing for a new country, which might very reasonably be expected for the first year to be an expense instead of a treasure cave, not one cent was laid out in planking our streets by the government, with the result that it was done only in a few isolated and disconnected instances by individual effort and in an altogether unsubstantial and unsatisfactory way. There should be at least two avenues and one street planked from end to end, and the government should do it. Spruce blocks on end would prove the most economical in the long run for they would last a great many years, but in the absence of the best, planking would be most acceptable as a second best.

### Lament of a Prospector.

On a stake upon one of the queen's reservations on No. 10 dog creek is written:  
The Lord be praised,  
I am much amazed  
To see how things have ended;  
The queen has taken  
All the creek  
On which our hopes depended.

### Honor the Flag.

WALLACE FRANKLIN SMALEY.  
O flag of freedom, and of glory won!  
Whose stars have brightened many a darkened sky,  
Whose stripes have gladdened many a weary eye,  
Which waved above the noble Washington  
And witnessed many a deed of valor done—  
We blush to see thee from thy place on high  
Trailed in the dust in drunken revelry,  
By one who ought to be a loyal son.  
For shame! thou fallen, traitorous, shameless  
To thus disgrace thy flag in foreign land!  
For shame! ye passive, shameless lookers-on!  
Who venture not to take a freeman's stand,  
But leer, as though the scene were rarest fun,  
Nor raise in protest one restraining hand!

### NO MONEY FOR CHARITY.

The United States government has evidently been advised through Consul McCook of the sickness and destitution, past, present and future, among the Americans of the Yukon, as would appear from the following little note just received by that gentleman:

J. C. McCook, Esq., consul of United States to Yukon Territory.  
Sir: I have to acknowledge the receipt of your dispatch, No. 55, of January 31 last, in regard to the sick and destitute American citizens at Dawson City. The department regrets that it has no funds at its disposal which could be used for their relief. Your dispatch has been given to the press. I am, sir, your obedient servant,  
ALVEY A. ALDER,  
Asst. Sec. Dept. of State.

There was more or less hot fighting between the Spanish and American troops on the island of Cuba and many an American home has been in mourning since, but how many of our readers know that for every American soldier who fell in battle or died from the effects of wounds honorably received there were twelve soldiers succumbed to disease incident to the climate or in many cases as a result of the shark-like voracity of the army contractor's supplying the army commissary, and whose chief aim appears to have been to give as little of the wholesome necessities they agree to supply, and collect for the same all the traffic would bear. The army contractor never supposed that the war would come to such an unceremonious ending as was the case, and he depended upon the confusion incident to a continuance of the war to cover up his misdoings. But the strife ceased much more suddenly than it began and the light of publicity was suddenly turned on with a blinding glare

and the good citizens of the United States were simply horrified to find that the proportion of dead from preventable diseases and of the brave boys killed in battle was as 16 to 1. It is needless to remark that the army commissary department is to be entirely remodeled and in any future affairs of honor between the United States, and beligerent decadents their boys in blue will not be left to die of disease which in so many cases has been positively inexcusable and unforgivable.

"That Hobson kiss" is getting very much talked about in the outside press, and the blushing sailor is anything but pleased thereby. When he boarded the Merrimac with his little force of volunteers and steering her deliberately under a cross fire from the enemy's guns, deliberately blew her up beneath his feet, he little thought of the disturbance his act would cause in the feminine hearts throughout America. His first visit home took him to Long Branch, and at an informal levee given the hero of the Merrimac a beautiful society girl named Miss Emma Arnold expressed herself as having a great desire to be kissed by so brave a man. Hobson blushed furiously, but a man who could so fearlessly face the enemy without even a fighting chance as he had done could not be expected to flinch at what was now so evidently his duty. The result of it all was that the "Hobson kiss" has been flashed around the world and many a time afterwards was emulated and repeated and today the echoes of the osculation are being heard from hill to hill over the land of brave sailors and beautiful girls.

It costs money to move troops but we doubt if ever there was such extravagance as the bringing into the country of the Yukon field force of 300 men now stationed at Seikirk and at Dawson. Mr. A. Gillard, who made the trip with the soldiers over the all-Canadian route, in writing for the Canadian press, is authority for the statement that each of those 300 soldiers cost \$3000 to get into the country. Just think of it; an expense of \$900,000 to land a few useless troops a hundred miles from the nearest mining settlement—and the entire bill footed by the miners who reap absolutely no benefit from their presence. For this end we must submit to taxes which would make old Kruger blush and would bring about a weekly Jamieson raid in any community where the British preponderate.

A petition has been turned in to the Yukon Council for the planking of Church street from its intersection of First avenue. The churches and societies which occupy the street, have signed the petition with considerable unanimity, which will not be without weight with our chief executive.

### Story of the Wreck.

Fred G. Noyes arrived back from the outside last week. Mr. Noyes was a passenger on the steamer Dirigo, which struck a rock on Midway Islands, fifty miles below Juneau, about March 10, and he tells an interesting story of the experience. The disaster occurred at midnight, when all the passengers were in bed, and the sudden shock of the collision put everybody into temporary fright as a matter of course. It was soon learned, however, that there was no immediate danger to life, and the fears were soon abated. Next day, with the ebb of the tide, the boat was found to be wedged fast between the rocks, and for a time her whole length was exposed, so that the ship's carpenter and others were able to walk beneath her and make temporary repairs. The hope of the passengers depended on being picked up, for it left where she was she would eventually be pounded to pieces. After thirty-six hours the Cottage City was signalled, and arrangements were made to take such passengers as wished back to Wrangell, where they could connect with the Kosatie, the next boat up.

### A Good Trap for 50 Cents.

The Mind Exchange Map of the Klondike Gold Fields should be in the hands of every miner. For sale at the NUGGET office. Price 50 cts.

Teeth extracted without pain by Dr. Rystrom Chisholm block.

## FOR SALE

SAW MILL PLANT  
Complete, 15,000 feet per day. With Planer.  
FALCON JOSLIN, Broker, 111 2nd St.

## RAID UPON A NE

### His Honor Ignored

And the Accused Man  
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One of the raciest  
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