

The Klondike Nugget

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LETTERS
And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Wednesday and Saturday to Eldorado and Bonanza; every Saturday to Hunter, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, etc

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1900

From Wednesday's Daily DIRECT REPRESENTATION.

The election of two men to serve in conjunction with the present members of the Yukon council is only the first of a number of matters to which the electorate of the territory should give attention in the not distant future.

It will be necessary, before we can expect that degree of attention from the federal government to which the Yukon is justly entitled, to be represented directly in parliament by a man of our own choosing. As long as the Yukon pays its own way and no calls are made upon the down east provinces to contribute toward the expenses involved in opening up this country, our complaints are bound to a greater or less extent to fall upon deaf ears. There is no one in parliament authorized to speak for us, nor is there anyone sufficiently posted with reference to our requirements to represent us satisfactorily even were he authorized so to do.

The only means whereby we shall ever be properly represented before parliament is through the agency of a man of our own choosing, who can go down to Ottawa as an official representative on the floor of the house of commons, and present our grievances in such a manner as will guarantee their being given due and proper consideration.

Even though a portion of the immediate wants of the territory are now receiving some attention at the hands of the federal authorities, the necessity of direct representation in the house is only emphasized thereby.

A few fair promises are being held out to us which may be considered in no other light than mere bids for support at the approaching elections. We will certainly be glad to accept any small favors which are vouchsafed us by Mr. Sifton, no matter what the underlying motive therefor may be. But it certainly is unpleasant to reflect that the influence of a general election is required before any material heed is paid to our wants. It is necessary that at the earliest possible moment the Yukon shall be represented in Ottawa by a man duly commissioned for that purpose and who shall have the interests of the territory to foster and no other.

When a member from the Yukon is seated in the house we shall not need to send petitions down to the minister of the interior, but our wants will be presented before parliament direct, and we may expect direct parliamentary action thereon. Until that is accomplished we shall continue to remain at the mercy of a departmental minister, who is friendly to this territory when he is forced to be and at no other time.

HIGHLY FAVORED.

Aside from the mineral resources of the Yukon, this territory is favored by nature in many respects for the maintenance of a large self-sustaining population. The timber resources of the country considering its extreme northern latitudes are simply remarkable. On all the tributary streams above Dawson there are abundant supplies of timber—sufficient for all requirements both for mining and building purposes for years to come. Meanwhile coal of good quality and in large quantities has been uncovered, guaranteeing fuel for all

time, even though the forests should ultimately be exhausted. From the experiments already made the possibilities of the Yukon valley from an agricultural standpoint have been simply demonstrated. The application of brawn and muscle, intelligently directed, will cause the territory to blossom as the rose within a very few years. A splendid quality of grain can be grown, while the continuous sunlight of summer permits the raising of several crops of vegetables during the warm season although it is comparatively short. It may be too much to hope that the Yukon will ever figure prominently in the produce markets of the world, but there is no legitimate reason why we should not raise nearly everything that is required for our own consumption.

It looked for a while as though the nominees of Saturday's convention would go in without opposition, but the appearance of Mr. Noel in the field makes it necessary that the battle be fought out to a finish. It would really have been too bad had no opposition manifested itself, as a campaign with only one ticket in the field would be a rather lame affair. Get your war paint on, gentlemen, and prepare to enter the arena. The people are anticipating a first-class exhibition and we trust that you will not disappoint them.

There may be but few things as rare as a day in June, but one of those is a day in Dawson in September. Such weather as we have been having during the past two days ought to be sufficient to remove the blues from the most homesick man in town.

Boutelle and Blaine.

They used to tell a good story about Boutelle in connection with the campaign of 1884. He idolized Blaine, and for years there was bad blood between him and Reed, because Reed acted as though he thought himself as great as, or greater than, the plumed knight.

The story is that Boutelle accompanied Blaine on his western tour in 1884. When the special pulled out of New York, Boutelle rushed over to Blaine's seat, his face white with anger and his voice vibrant with passion. Holding in his trembling hands a copy of the New York Tribune, he pointed to an article and exclaimed, "Was there ever such fatuous blundering as that?"

For half an hour he commented on the article to the half score persons who had gathered round. The Tribune was Blaine's chief organ, as everyone knew, but the fiery Yankee of French extraction, continued to pour hot shot into it. Finally Blaine said, "Charley, do you know who wrote that and procured its insertion in the Tribune?"
"No," was the answer, "but I take it that it was Whitelaw Reid or some other infernal fool."
"You are wrong," Charley, replied Blaine. "I wrote it and had the Tribune print it."—Washington Cor. Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Patriotic Baby.

Near the quiet little town of Coamo, in the province of Ponce, Porto Rico, was born on Thanksgiving day a remarkable boy baby. His mother, says the New York Sun, was a half breed West Indian negress and his father a full-blooded negro. The baby is almost white. More remarkable still are the markings on the child's breast. On the right side there is a blood red letter "U," while on the other side appears the letter "S" in bluish-purple tint. About these letters are many white spots like stars, two on either side of the neck being five pointed.

A visitor who saw the baby learned that during the fight of Coamo last July, when the Pennsylvania troops were sent to the rear of the Spanish position, the mother was alarmed while at work in the field near the road by the approach of the American troops. She was frightened at their sudden appearance, and, crouching behind a hedge, watched them pass.

The regimental colors were suddenly planted against the hedge near her as the color bearer rested for a few minutes. She had never seen a full-blooded white man before except the sunburned and dark-hued Spaniards, and the Pennsylvania men appeared as a different race to her. The excitement of the battle that followed added to her first surprise, prostrating her for several days. Nothing was thought of the experience after she had fully recovered until the birth of her baby.

Whiskies at wholesale at the Northern Annex. Rosenthal & Field, props Best Canadian rye at the Regina.

STROLLER'S COLUMN.

When a man stated at the convention Saturday night that he was 46 years old and had never voted, while there was nothing whatever in the remark to suggest the channel of thought, the Stroller's mind reverted to stories he had heard in the far away, dim and distant past of people whose experience in the busy marts of the world was very limited.

It is said of Thomas Jefferson that the day on which he took the oath of office as president of the United States, having arrived in the vicinity of the capital the previous day and spending the night some miles out with a friend, he rode to the city on horseback, hitched his horse in front of a grocery and proceeded on foot to the scene of his inauguration, having in his coat pockets at the time a lunch which his friend's wife had insisted on his taking along with him.

It is a portion of the sacred history of the state of Georgia (and Georgia is rather short on sacred history) that when Col. Joe Brown was elected governor of that state and when all arrangements had been completed to move his family from the old home in Milledgeville to Atlanta, the capital, it was necessary to blindfold Mrs. Brown and back her onto the train, that lady never having previously ridden in a railroad coach. Her husband made a good governor and afterwards built and owned the Western Atlantic railroad, extending from Atlanta to Chattanooga.

When Mrs. Andrew Jackson was lady of the Whitehouse she was entertaining some callers one afternoon when one of them said:

"Mrs. Jackson, you appear to have a bad cold; in fact you are quite hoarse."
"Yes, ma'am," replied the first lady of the land, "I ketch'd quite a severe cold last night. You see Andrew was sort o' restless and kept a kickin' the kivers off."

But the mind of the Stroller was brought back to the present period when, on leaving the convention hall, he chanced to walk down stairs immediately behind Rev. Dr. Grant of the First Presbyterian church of Dawson, and pugilist Frank P. Slavin. The latter was in a very talkative mood and among other amusing things said:

"Doctor, you and me are in the same boat."
"Why so?" asked the exponent of the divine law.

"For the reason," said the man who once aspired to the heavyweight championship of the world, "that we were both barred from nomination tonight by our professions."

"I see!" said the revered gentleman.
A rather unusual sight was witnessed on one of the wharves early this morning, which, by the way, was the coolest of the season, when two well known tin-horn gamblers were acting as though engaged in mortal combat.

"Don't arrest us," they said as a policeman approached, "we are the best of friends and we are doing this for mutual accommodation."

"Stop and tell me what you mean, and let up on pummeling each other; you are both bleeding like stuck pigs," said the "cop."

"My case is like this," said one of the belligerents, "and his'n is just the same as mine. Last winter we each owned a good fur coat and fur cap. When spring came we each pawned our fur apparel expecting, of course, to redeem it; but the time for redemption came in July and we allowed things to go by default. Now winter is almost here; both of us are dead broke and without enough clothes to wear even in Central America, and we are just down here punishing each other for being a pair of consummate fools."

"Well, if I see any more such actions, you fellows will have a chance to put your blood in circulation on the crown woodpile," remarked the man of yellow stripes, at which remark one of the thinly clad men jumped into the river and swam under the dock and the other tailed where he stood.

When the steamer Seattle No. 3 reached Dawson on her last trip from St. Michael she brought one passenger who was not on the ship's manifest when she left St. Michael and who came aboard without requiring a landing of the steamer. The passenger referred to is the bouncing son of Ed Bartlett who was born to him on the voyage up the river and at a time when the steamer was in the act of landing at a woodpile. Before the boy was 15 minutes old he had received the name of William Yukon Steamboat Woodpile Bartlett. The child survived the name and is doing well.

Mrs. Maggie Waruke has opened a first-class restaurant at the Hotel Metropole. Meals a la carte. c12

Best imported wines and liquors at the Regina.

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