

THE KLONDIKE NUGGET.

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HOW SANTIAGO WILL BE GOVERNED.

McKinley Instructs Shafter to Deal Mildly With the Conquered.

Pursuits of the People Will Not Be Interfered With—Officials Who Acknowledge Uncle Sam's Supremacy Will Be Retained.

WASHINGTON CITY, July 19.—President McKinley has called to Gen. Shafter instructions under which he will establish a provisional government for the surrendered territory. He is instructed to make public proclamations informing the people as to the intentions of the United States.

The substance of the communication is contained in the following:

It will be the duty of the commander of the army of occupation to announce and proclaim that we come not to make war upon the inhabitants of Cuba nor upon any party or faction, but to protect them in their homes, in their employments and in their personal and religious rights. All persons who, either by active or by honest submission, co-operate with the United States in its efforts to give effect to this benevolent purpose will receive the reward of its support and protection. Our occupation should be as free from severity as possible.

The judges and the other officials connected with the administration of justice may, if they accept the supremacy of the United States, continue to administer the ordinary law of the land, as between man and man, under the supervision of the American commander in chief. The native constabulary will, so far as practicable, be preserved.

While the rule of *comandante* of the American commander in chief will be such as has just been defined, it will be his duty to adopt measures of a different kind, if unfortunately, the course of the people should render such measures indispensable to the maintenance of law and order. He will then possess the power to replace or expel the native officials in part, or altogether, to substitute new courts of his own construction for those that now exist, or to create such new or supplementary tribunals as may be necessary. In the exercise of these high powers the commander must be guided by his judgment and his experience and a high sense of justice.

"While it is held to be the right of the conqueror to levy contributions upon the enemy in their seaports, towns or provinces which may be in his military possession by conquest, and to apply the proceeds to defray the expense of the war, this right is to be exercised within such limitations that it may not savor of extortion. As the result of military occupation, the taxes and duties payable by the inhabitants to the former government become payable to the military occupant, unless he sees fit to substitute for them other rates or modes of contribution to the expenses of the government."

"Private property taken for the use of the army is to be paid for, when possible, in cash, at a fair valuation, and when payment in cash is not possible, receipts are to be given."

"All ports and places in Cuba which may be in the actual possession of our land and naval forces will be opened to the commerce of all neutral nations, as well as our own, in articles not contraband of war, upon payment of the prescribed rates of duty which may be in force at the time of the importation."

(Signed.) WILLIAM MCKINLEY
By order of the Secretary of War.
M. C. CORBIN, Adjutant.

The Miners' Committee.

The committee appointed by the mass meeting of miners are beginning to reap results of a tangible nature. At a recent meeting a letter was addressed to the gold commissioner asking him if he could not revert back to the old laws which left all unrepresented claims open for re-location. The present ruling is that these claims go to the crown. Mr. Fawcett has reported in a roundabout way that this is shortly to be done.

A sub-committee, consisting of Messrs. J. K. Smith, W. Galpin and Col. D. W. McGregor waited upon Major Walsh on Thursday last. They were courteously received. Their request for a site for a Miner's Institute building was granted at once. The major stated that he was in favor of anything which would help the miners as was intended by the institute. The committee waited about 60x60 and will cover it with a building. One large room is intended for the general public and the balance for the committees, and for members of the proposed organization only.

We commend the committee for the practical form their cogitations are taking.

The committee has added the following gentlemen to their number: W. F. Courtney, Mr. Peterson, Garson Reid, Mr. Robertson and Charles Warden.

Guilty of Bucksawing.

The way things are done in Dawson is well illustrated by the case of W. Campbell. He was quietly bucksawing wood on the beach on Monday, which he was boating down to the restaurants along the waterfront, when he was confronted by Inspector Doherty and advised that he had no right to be engaged in such an occupation without a permit. He was ordered to come report at the office of the timber agent or take the consequences. The guilty

man declared he was only cutting up slabs and poles which he could prove were his own—they having been bought and paid for in good, hard cash. The inspector told him that only men with permits—the monopoly—were allowed to cut wood for sale in Dawson. The guilty, trembling wretch, caught by the law right in the act of trying to earn an honest living, had to desist from his unlawful labors at once.

Mr. Campbell's case is but one of many unfortunate. He has been here a year and has lately returned from No. 3 on Meadow, a tributary of Sulphur. He was engaged by the owner L. G. Crosby, to represent on the claim and was to get \$1,100. Crosby saw his claim represented and then skipped. Mr. Campbell finds it will cost him \$200 to \$300 to put his men on the claim. Not having that much the gentleman decided to go to work at whatever honest employment first turned up. Disastrous mistake! He forgot to get a permit first. It is a wonder he didn't find himself mulcted to the tune of about \$20.

In honesty to the timber office it must be confessed that he was allowed to go back to his bucksaw but in purchasing wood he must demand a clean bill of health from the sellers. Unless they have an abstract of title he comes equally guilty and will be made to suffer accordingly.

In the Tent.

Andrew Menzer will trouble the good people of Dawson no more for three long years. Menzer will walk along with a gun, and Menzer's friends will no more be subject to the petty larceny and thefts of their townsmen. But Menzer did not want to stay here for three years. Indeed he had his ticket purchased and in a few hours would have been aboard the Monarch bound for Seattle and Seattle.

W. H. Morrow has been here a year and had a sack when he came down from the mines a month ago. He was delighted to meet three old timers in the persons of Barney, Cajowin, Ted Smolick and the prisoner. He accepted an invitation and stayed at their camp with them.

With Barney he came in one morning and went to bed, throwing his trousers carelessly upon the floor. The prisoner, Menzer, rose and left the tent. Getting up from his sleep Morrow soon missed the weight of the four and a half pounds of gold and immediately reported the loss of his \$800 to the police. Constable Piper was detailed, and with commendable alacrity soon located the culprit. Finding that Menzer was about to go away on the first boat the constable arrested him on the eve of his departure.

Examination of his person failed to reveal this lost gold. At last it was found that the prisoner had another friend named Townsend and had left with him for safe keeping two sacks partly filled with gold. Piper took charge and Morrow immediately identified one of the sacks as his own. The gold had simply been divided and put into two sacks instead of one. Before Justice of the Peace Starnes, the prisoner refused to plead guilty and called for a jury. Tuesday before Judge McGuire and a jury of six the damning evidence of the man's robbery of his friend was again produced. The jury did not hesitate to find him guilty. The judge in sentencing the man, took occasion to remark on the villainy which would rob a friend.

Three years at hard labor was the sentence but a dose of the "cat" he thought would fit his case.

There has been more or less thieving going on in the camp of the Wisconsin boys for some time, and they are very glad to have at last detected the rascals who came all the way from River Falls with them just to rob them.

Do not Believe it.

The Klondike country has suffered much from overstatement at the hands of Seattle and other newspapers. Thousands of disappointed men regard the newspapers as their everlasting enemies for the misleading misinformation they have published to the world as facts from Klondike land. The following well illustrates how deliberate are the lies told in order to gain the Klondike country:

Mr. William Abbott, a passenger on the Tarras has a startling story to tell, which is calculated to make more men brave the dangers of the terrible northern trails. He says: "Myself and other Klondikers from Michigan have

spent day after day at the new diggings averaging \$27 to the pan. I went as far as the Klondike two years ago, but was too late to make any big stake. I was returning home and got lost near Skagway when I met the King gold miners mentioned coming into the country.

I joined them and we penetrated the country via the Skagway trail as far as Pelly river,

prospecting along the Pelly and Hazelton.

For two months we had no success and were returning to Skagway when we sighted a likely looking patch on the Hazelton. Before we

were down two feet we washed the frozen dirt

which went from \$1 to \$2 to the pan. We knew then we had struck it rich, and pitched our tents and went to work in earnest. The rich

men of the place interested until Abbott was reached, when they averaged \$37 to the pan.

They are summer diggings. In the short season

we worked 1,000 feet up \$15,000 but most of my

mines were cleaned up about the \$15,000 and

are still there. The aggregate amount cleaned

up with about \$10,000. The locality of course, I can only speak of generally, as be-

tween fifty and 100 miles north of Teslin lake I am now home to secure two years' supplies for the party, and as I am only allowed to stake one claim, to take three friends back with me. To prevent traders I have not told a soul about the enormous strike till now, the eve of my return.

Abbott was formerly a logger here. He is a respected Vancouver citizen, and has a reputation for veracity and reliability.

This is the Newest.

Two prominent gentlemen, both of Canadian extraction, were sitting on one of Dawson's busy corners when the omnipresent Nugget man happened along. "Say, have you heard the newest?" said Mr. Canadian No. 1.

"No, what's up?" said the Nugget man, mentally calculating that Fawcett's successor had been appointed.

"Well, the newest is that hereafter a stampede is to be collected on all moss used in chinking up log houses."

"Yes," chimed in Canadian No. 2, "a man up in town had to pay a dollar for moss the other day and I understand that all may cut hereafter will be sealed and a royalty collected on the stampede." I am told also that stamps will be issued hereafter, one of which will be required for every cubic foot of air consumed in Dawson. Reductions will be made, however, on air used in the vicinity of certain water-front resorts and other places where the purity of the atmosphere is questionable. Then there's going to be a tax on it, but this was too much even for the Nugget representative's strong constitution and he hastened on his way wondering where, when, who and what we are at anyway.

POLICE COURT ITEMS.

The Week's Lawbreakers are Put to the Right about by Messrs. Starnes and Harper.

P. Burke contributed \$20 and costs to the treasury for assault.

The charge of fraud against P. Glarishmid by Mr. Strait was dismissed.

The past week found both juries of the peace courts busy and also a full docket in the superior court.

John Rosine, charged with non-payment of wages by Fred Slanning, gave a good account of himself and the case was dismissed.

The number of drunks grows continually less. Either the quality of their whisky is getting better or the users thereof are becoming more accustomed to its effects and can carry their wages better. Anyhow, but three cases were found deserving of police notice.

The sensational report of impure gold being dredged up by a Bohemian was dismissed. This time the Peace Harper had the supposed dredged gold assayed and found it would only sell for one cent. Instead of being mixed with other drosses or base substances it proved to be simply mixed with amalgamated gold which gave it a suspiciously black and base appearance.

In Judge McGuire's court Smith was sentenced to six months of hard labor for assaulting an officer in the performance of his duty. In sentencing him the judge explained that the extreme penalty was 2 years. The prisoner misunderstood that was his sentence and down-right remarked "I don't care." The judge however let him off with six months, Smith is the man who nearly tumbled a policeman into the river. The policeman was simply doing his duty in preventing ingress or egress from the steamboats pending the clearing at the end house.

S. O. Mortford Curley Monroe and Thos. Kirkpatrick purchased No. 23 below on Hunter from Harry Olson. The claim was represented to be free from all encumbrances and the purchase price was paid. Then the buyers found the royalty on the past winter's output had not been paid and the claim was held to be goods for it. The amount due was about \$100. The new owners complained to the police and Constable Richardson who was going down river at escort to the last shipment of Klondike gold was instructed to overtake the Peering Olson. Richardson overtook him at St. Michael's where he was awaiting the arrival of an ocean steamer. The constable returned on the J. C. Barr and deposited with the court \$900 of the recovered gold.

The man that cures dogs sick with mange or distemper lives at the Pioneer Drug Store.

Farewell to Dr. Young.

On Thursday night the Presbyterians will render a farewell service to Dr. Young, who has passed away during the past month and spring. Dr. Young has been very successful in his work here and his departure is the occasion for regret among all who knew him. He will probably winter at Munrook where he has

secured a lot and will establish a mission. The funds derived from the social will be used in lifting the debt from the church incurred as a result of last winter's disastrous fire.

Fine line of Domestic and Imported Cigars. Kelly & Co. Druggists, Front street.

Under New Management.

The Monte Carlo has changed hands. Messrs. McConnell and Parker, in connection with W. J. Berry, have acquired this valuable piece of property and are now rapidly making it the finest resort in Dawson. Mr. Berry is the father of the celebrated Clarence Berry and brothers, who have made the Klondike famous by their Eldorado claims, which have been producers of the yellow metal to the astonishment of the entire world. He is an indefatigable worker, active in business interests and heartily in accord with the spirit which is bound to make Dawson a city famous over the entire world. None wish the new firm more success in their enterprise than the Nugget.

In the Hands of a Receiver.

Late arrivals down river report that financial disaster has overtaken the Skagway railroad.

They say that it is now in the hands of a receiver, and all work has been stopped, with no prospect at all of its being resumed this year.

A year ago everything heading toward the Klondike was a success, but "it is different since Whitehead."

A Masquerade Ball.

The Oatley sisters' concert hall continues a favorite place of resort for Dawson's population.

On Friday night the program will be varied by a masquerade ball, which promises to be the event of the season. Beautiful costumes, the best of music, a spacious hall and there you have the concomitants of a good time.

Proprietors—

HOW HE GOT THE CLAIM.

An Old Timer Posts a New Comer on Peculiarities of the Recorder.

A Held-Out Claim Comes to the Knowledge of a Friend and Is Utilized to His Personal Advantage.

The interesting conversation between Messrs. Chee Chako and Sour Dough, in which the old timer enlightens the new comer on local conditions, was continued last week in a trip over the trail.

Chee was carrying a large pack of camping outfit while Sour was getting along with the bare necessities; purchasing meals at "half-way" houses and sleeping over night at the cabin of his friends. Chee was compelled to rest his pack quite often which gave an opportunity for conversation. "Say, Sour, old boy," said Chee; "What is a blue paper?"

Sour grinned and looked suspiciously over his shoulder in the direction of the nearest cabin. Finding no one in sight he asked: "Where we are you heard of a blue paper?"

"Well I'll tell you, Sour, old fellow. I was in Dawson last week and wanted to build a cabin. I found that I was entitled as a free-miner to hunt, fish, prospect, stake claims and to cut whatever logs I needed for my own use. I cut a raft of house logs outside the berth which had been granted to mills and speculators by the government officials, and when I got to Dawson I was jumped by the police under instructions from the timber agent. I was informed that I would have to pay for the house logs or they would be confiscated. I went and saw Mr. Wilson and on payment of \$15 my raft was released. I was 'kinder' hot under the collar and was talking around town about it when some fellow took me to one side and begged me for my own good not to talk so loud or I would get a blue paper." "Never mind the devil is a blue paper!" and Chee vehemently pounded a clump of moss with his stick, making the water fly in every direction. Mr. Dough gave a big jump as he received a great splash of dirty water in his eye. "Wiping it gingerly away with his coat sleeve he replied:

"Don't get mad and spit things out so loud. I never saw a blue paper but I believed there were such things. Whenever anyone would become obnoxious to the administration he was supposed to get one of these mysterious documents and then to embrace them. I never saw one but when you see 'em, very carefully, not to offend the powers that be." Sour almost whispered the words, meanwhile glancing from side to side. A minor passed along the trail just at this moment and after passing the time of day disappeared in the distance.

"He seemed to know you," said Chee Chako.

"Well he might to," said Sour Dough with a grin. "If put him onto a good thing this spring."

"I suppose you found a good piece of ground and told him of it, eh?"

"If you'll swear never to tell," replied Sour. "I'll put you on. You see I'm a fellow that doesn't say much and I'm always ready with dust for the man who can give me valuable information. Well I'm not going to tell even you who put me next but it is sufficient to tell you who I found out that in the lists of unrecorded claims given out by the gold commissioners and his staff there were several open claims being persistently omitted. By and by from discovery being made one of these held out claims became quite valuable. I didn't do a thing but put Charley onto it. He puts in his stakes and trots up to the gold commissioners office to record it. Here Mr. Dough commenced to chuckle and snort, meanwhile looking uneasily around. I suppose," said Chee, "they saw their game was up and recorded the claim without a whimper."

Sour's silent mirth increased until it seemed as if he must fall off the log on which he was seated. With much enjoyment of the picture called up in his mind's eye by the reminiscence Sour Dough rolled around and held himself from exploding with his folded arms and then continued: "Not they didn't know what he knew and tried to bluff him out."

"They didn't insist that the claim was recorded."

" Didn't they? Well, I just guess they did though."

"Well, what did Charley do about it?" asked Chee with wide open wondering eyes.

"Why, he told them he knew the claim was not recorded and it was no good for them to try and deceive him. They were going to have him put out of the office at first but after a short consultation behind the wooden screen Fawcett came forward with a pleasant smile and tried to square himself" and Sour fell over backwards at the recollection of the good man trying to square himself.

Chee Chako helped his friend out of the water hole into which he had fallen head first, and while helping him mop the black mess water from his hair asked: