

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 12
 (DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
 ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.
 ALLEN BROS., Publishers

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

DAILY.
 Yearly, in advance \$40.00
 Six months 20.00
 Three months 11.00
 Per month by carrier in city, in advance 4.00
 Single copies .25

SEMI-WEEKLY.
 Yearly, in advance \$24.00
 Six months 12.00
 Three months 6.00
 Per month by carrier in city (in advance) 2.00
 Single copies .35

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.

SUNDAY, JUNE 24, 1900.

From Saturday's Daily. NEGLECTED OBLIGATIONS.

The matter of easy and economical access to the creeks tributary to Dawson is of more importance right today than it ever has been before. The immensely rich area of placer ground in this district has been largely worked out. The claims which will yield their hundreds of thousands by the old methods of development are now few and far between.

In their place is a practically unlimited extent of territory of varying richness, the successful development of which is dependent almost entirely upon the application of economy and close business management.

With these, there is comparatively little ground which cannot be worked at a fair margin of profit. Without them there is not left a great extent of territory which will pay expenses of operation.

The fact that a man owns a claim even in the Klondike does not signify that he can go to unlimited expenditures and still realize handsomely in profits. Mining is a business like every other enterprise and to be successful the same principles of management must be applied which govern in ordinary business institutions.

The government in determining its policy toward this territory has entirely lost sight of these facts. Instead of extending a hand to assist the miner in opening up his claim at a minimum of expenditure, he has been left to hustle for himself. Blinded by the exaggerated stories of fabulously rich claims, which stories were poured into ears only too willing to receive them, the government has concluded that a Klondike claim owner can afford the payment of any expenses and still operate his claim and make money. Three years have gone by since the country was originally opened up, and still it costs as much money to land supplies on a claim less than 30 miles from Dawson as does the original transportation of the freight from Seattle or Vancouver to this city.

Three years have gone by and still the miner is mulcted of 25 cents or 50 cents every time he wishes to pass over the Klondike river, which stream must be crossed every time a pound of freight is taken from Dawson to the creeks.

A tenth part of the freight charges which were paid during the past winter would open up a suitable system of roads and construct a public bridge over the Klondike—and yet nothing is done. Meanwhile the need for these improvements is becoming greater every day. The old methods of working have been practically abandoned. Heavy machinery is coming into use more generally every day. Claim owners are bringing in boilers of 25 and 50 horse power capacity to be placed on their property and, still no effort is made to facilitate their efforts by providing suitable means of access to the creeks.

Last fall a system of roads was planned and partially completed. Why is it not perfected now, or if the system as then laid out, has been found impracticable why is a new one not determined on and laid out?

The necessity of a public bridge across the Klondike is still more urgent, if anything, and yet the government is satisfied to allow a rickety toll bridge and an apology for a ferry boat

to furnish the only means of transferring freight and passengers across the river.

Such wanton negligence of its obligations toward the people of this territory is incomprehensible.

Our contemporary and neighbor the News has recently developed a lively penchant for "scoops." The aforesaid penchant was manifested a short time ago by the publication in our contemporary's local columns of a decision of Gold Commissioner Senkler, which decision was handed down a year ago, since which time the claim in dispute has been worked out and the interested parties have left the country. More recently our contemporary under the somewhat startling head, "The Court Was Duped," published a story which was dealt with by the Nugget so many weeks ago that it has had time almost to become grey. To a man up a tree it would appear as though our contemporary had many things yet to learn when it comes to a question of handling a "scoop."

The late lamented "Willie" Semple is taking an extended journey through the East explaining to everyone he meets exactly "how it happened." We fully anticipated seeing "Willie" come into town with a brand new printing press under his arm, when the first boat arrived, but we, as well as others, have been doomed to disappointment. However, the erstwhile "Gleaner" man was given to doing the unexpected and, in this as well as other occasions, it appears that he is bound to stick to his traditions.

The cities of Victoria and Vancouver are more interested in the trade of Dawson and the Yukon territory in general than ever before. They realize that there is a large market here for goods they have to sell and are going to exert themselves to help us get the recognition from the government which we have so long been seeking. It took a long time to wake them up but they are finally coming to realize the real status of affairs very accurately.

It is about time another citizens' movement was being inaugurated. It has been well over a year and a half since the right of local representation in the Yukon council was granted and still we are apparently as far away from achieving that object as ever. Who will start the ball this time?

The Tug of War.

Dear Sir: As there appears to be some enthusiasm taken in the proposed tug-of-war advertised for the Fourth of July, and as I understand there are at least two teams in the city getting ready for the event, as well as some from the creeks, I would appeal to the Australians in the Yukon to come forward and take part. I am an Australian myself, and the tug-of-war in our country used to be looked upon as the greatest event of the day, and I have very little doubt should the Australians in this country get together a team for the competition to be held on the Fourth they would give a very good account of themselves.

So far we have four good men willing to pull in such a team in the city of Dawson, and if there are any others who would care to take part, they could leave their names with the secretary of the sports committee, Mr. Storry, at his office in the Webb building, on Front street.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for the use of your columns, I am, etc.,
 FRANK P. SLAVIN.

For the latest in clothing, hats, shoes, underwear, Star Clothing House.

Table de hote dinners. The Holborn

For Sale at a Bargain.
 The Popular lodging house and Popular restaurant, situated on Second street, opposite Aurora, doing a fine business; proprietor unable to attend to the business, owing to sickness; will sell cheap. Apply on the premises.
 R. J. HILTS, Proprietor.

The Holborn Cafe for delicacies.
 Potatoes, only the best. Mohr & Wilkens.

Linen coats, straw and linen hats, at the Star Clothing House.

Shindler has bicycle sundries; wood rims, inner tubes, ball bearings, spokes, bells, cyclometers, toe taps, graphite, etc. Wheels to rent by the hour. crr

Men's cambric shirts at 75c; as cheap as washing the old one. McLennan's. c23

STROLLER'S COLUMN

Nearly three years ago there arrived in Dawson one man from near Talladega, Alabama, and three days later there arrived another from near Bainbridge, Georgia. They met for the first time on the beach near where the Sisters' hospital now stands. They talked together for a few minutes and learned that they were each sons of the cotton belt, and both being by birth endowed with gentlemanly instincts, they walked arm in arm to a nearby tent where they drank to each other's health and prosperity in this far away land. They then and there pledged eternal friendship one to the other and separated.

Fate's decree was that these two men were to drift apart. One went out on Dominion, located a claim and staid with it. The other staid around Dawson for several months, then took a lay at game hunting on the headwaters of the Klondike; later, he took a lay on Eldorado, but until four days ago the two men did not again meet for the day they had compactly sealed their friendship in the little tent where liquid refreshments were sold.

The Stroller chanced on Tuesday of this week to be standing on First avenue when the friends came together, and when he overheard the following:

"Well, bless my immortal soul, if hyan aint my ole friend from Gawgy, that I dune reckoned had gwine back mor'n two year ago, and hyar yo is lookin' jist the same as when I met yo all on ther beach nigh onter three year ago. Fo' God's sake, how is yo, an' how's all?"

"Jist tofable, thanks, said the Georgian. I ain't prospered since comin' heah jist as I had orter; an' fo' the last few months I se done had a misery in my chest what ain't been natural, and it has done caused a heap of worrim on my paht. I rather reckon I se gwine out in the fall an' yit I sorter hates to go back ter the ole woman 'tought a litle money, but I reckon she wont mind. I done had a letter from her last week, an' she said as how colton is lookin' mighty well an' sweet tater vines is growin' a foot a day. She said as how the ole gray mule wa't we went to housekeepin' with 32 year ago had gone plumb dead durin' last winter; but w'at tickled me most was what she done said she reckoned she was a getin mighty tired a startin kitchen fires an' not havin' nobody fer to cook a breakfast fer, an' that she warn't gwine ter sleep nuther winter 'bout havin' somebody to warm her feet agin, so I thinks to myself, 'b'gost 'Ill mozy back to Gawgy this fall. But come along and let's see if we all can find a little co'n whisky; think about four fingers of old moonshine will do us a heap a good."

They went, and the Stroller, with former recollections surging beneath his chest protector, dropped a tear that in winter would have congealed and impeded traffic.

From far off South Africa comes news which corroborates the old saying "The Lord takes care of His own."

The news to which reference is made only reached Dawson by the last mail. It concerns a former resident of this place, Major Bliss, of the Y. F. F., who left here early in January and who has since done valiant service for his country on the sun-parched veldt of South Africa.

The story of Major Bliss' thrilling escape is as follows: One day in the very heat of a most hotly contested engagement in which, between the English and Boers, it was a veritable game of pull Dick, pull Devil as to which would hold the field, Major Bliss was standing along side a rapid firing field-piece, which he was at the time, in the absence of a desk or table, using as a writing desk. He had hastily drawn his tab book—his lifelong friend which so ably befriended him while here and on his trip out over the cold and ice—and had just finished the letters I. O. U., when, before he could sign his name a relentless Boer bullet tore the faithful lead pencil from between his fingers and carried it away forever.

Old Dawsonites will fully understand the terrible position in which, deprived of his lead pencil, the gallant major would be in. Had it been his sword or even one of his legs that had been carried away by the Boer ball, it would not have been so bad; but his lead pencil—it was probably the closest call the son of Mars ever experienced, for of what earthly use is a tab book without a lead pencil?

Guaranteed eggs at S. Y. T. Co.

Electric Light
 Dawson Electric Light & Power Co. Ltd.
 Donald B. Olson, Manager.
 City Office Joelyn Building, Power House near Klondike. Tel. No 1

The Powerful and Light Draught Steamer

LIGHTNING

WILL SAIL FOR...

WHITE HORSE

And All Way Points

Tuesday, June 26th

2 P. M.

LOWEST RATES

A. C. CO. DOCK Tickets on Board

Alaska Commercial Company

RIVER STEAMERS Sarah, Hannah, Susie, Louise, Leah, Alice	THE STEAMERS Susie, Sarah AND Louise	TRADING POSTS ALASKA: St. Michael, Andreofsky, Anvik, Nulato, Tanana, Minook (Rampart), Fort Hamlin, Circle City, Eagle City. KORYUK DISTRICT: Koryuk, Bergman. YUKON TERRITORY: Fortymile, Dawson.
--	---	---

Are expected from St. Michaels. Sailing Dates announced upon their arrival.

Dawson Post is Fitted With Public Safe Deposit Vaults.

THE KLONDIKE CORPORATION, LTD.
 Operating the Swift and Reliable Steamers

ORA, NORA, FLORA

BETWEEN DAWSON AND BENNETT

These Steamers Hold the Record for Three Successive Years for

...SPEED and REGULARITY

Clean and comfortable staterooms. No expense spared in supplying the table with all the delicacies possible to procure. Experienced captain in charge. No delay. Courteous treatment to all.

Office at Calderhead & Lancaster's Dock R. W. CALDERHEAD, Agent

For Fresh Goods
 AT MODERATE PRICES TRY
THE S-Y-T. CO.

TRADING & EXPLORING CO. LTD.



Str. Yukoner

The Fastest and Most Elegantly Appointed Steamer on the Yukon

SAILS FROM C. D. CO'S DOCK.

Fairchild Hotel and Bar
 Family Trade Solicited for Fine Liquors.
 Canadian Club Whiskey, \$3.50 per Quart Bottle
 W. E. Fairchild, Prop. South of P. O.

Mitchell, Lewis & Staver Co.
 OF SEATTLE, WASH.
 Mining Machinery of All Descriptions. Pumping Plants & Specialty. Orders Taken for Early Spring Delivery.
 Chas. E. Severance, Gen. Agt., Room 15, A. C. Building

Strangers!
 Get acquainted with
SHINDLER, The Hardware Man
 NEAR THE HOLBORN RESTAURANT

Bonanza - Market
 All Our Meats are Fresh Killed and of First Quality.
 Third Street, Opposite Pavilion