

THE KLONDIKE NUGGET.

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DICK GARDNER IS HOODOOED

And Runs Afoul of a Series of Losses.

Misfortunes Never Come Single-Handed to Dick—He Takes His Losses Philosophically.

Everybody who knows Dick Gardner is acquainted with a hustler. Anything goes with Dick, from managing a theatre to sinking a 130-foot hole on Moosehide in search of the precious yellow metal. But sometimes Dick has to stop work these days to say d—n, and that is the reason of these lines. You see Dick don't put everything upon the turn of one card, so to speak. Cows are all right as Klondike property goes, but it wouldn't do to depend entirely upon Mrs. Bovine for a stake, because, unlike some feminine people we know, she might suddenly get contrary and dry up. So Dick put a little more money into dogs. We say "into" because when a man buys dogs in summer, no matter what the price, the chances are in Dawson he will put twice as much more "into" them as they cost in the first place, before winter. Well, as we said Dick put some more of his money into dogs. But dogs and cows can not circumscribe Dick's energies. He was nothing daunted by having sunk 130 feet on Moosehide into living stream of water. No! Dick just shook his head and remarked to his leader that "it would probably be oil next time." So Dick went a mining. But bless you, it took more than that to occupy his restless mind, and, amongst other speculations was a 70-ton cache of goods to be held until prices advanced. And now Dick says d—n. His cabin and cache up the creek were first a total loss by fire. His 70-ton cache down town was entered by a false key and 150 heavy suits of underclothes abstracted, with 123 heavy flannel overshirts, four dozen suspenders and various items on which the owner calculated to make a profit this winter. The loss was discovered but Monday morning when Dick returned to town. It was then he prepared to say the cussword which, for evident reasons, we do not crystalize with speech. He says the thieves took every sack as they came to it until they reached the heavy grubpile, and the dirty spalpeens drew the line on flour.

But still there were the cows and the dogs. Five of the latter were poisoned the other night, while Mrs. Cow decided to distinguish herself above all her species by starting all alone on a northern polar expedition. Whether she found it or not is hard to tell, but it is sufficient for Dick that the most diligent search by himself and police has failed to reveal her whereabouts.

Dick should get him the left hind foot of a rabbit, killed in the dark of the moon by a colored doctor whose certificate of birth proves him to be the seventh son of a seventh son, and all born with a caul. Nothing less will do in such an urgent case as Dick's.

Dawson's Hay Crop.

The condition of Dawson's hay and feed market is a matter of importance to every miner on the creeks since on the distant streams the expense of supplies is the biggest half of the expense of working the mine; and it costs more to deliver supplies at the mine from Dawson than to bring it from Chicago to Dawson.

The scenes on the bar in front of town just at this time are such as can be duplicated nowhere else on earth. Dawson is doing her hay-making, or rather is bringing home her harvest just from the hay fields. So rapid has been the change of season from summer to winter

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that hay cut and dried in the warm sunshine of August and the first of September is being carried from the rafts which brought it down over ice on the river's edge which will hold up a horse in places. Dawson's hay wagons—rafts—are just in from the hayfields and for a half mile are securely anchored to the beach by being frozen in. The sweet smell of the newly-mowed grass is in the air, while with forks and rakes with wagons and "go-devils" an hundred men are busily engaged in landing and storing the precious product of the Yukon flats above Dawson.

Twelve cents a pound is the price paid for wild "slough" hay in Dawson unbaled.

But one lot of tame hay is observed in that half mile line, and that is from the only hay farm in the country, taken up years ago by Chris Sonnicksen. This hay realized 15c per pound. The bulk of the hay, however, is the native red-top, or blue-shan, cut on the sandy banks of the Yukon, above Selkirk. It is packed to the river banks, tied in about 150-pound bundles.

Another unique scene in the hay harvest is a hay press, set up on the ice, the compressive force being a man who tramps down the hay as fleeces are tramped into sack at a sheep shearing.

About 350 tons of hay in the years' crop and there are horses enough to consume ten times the amount, if it was more plentiful, and therefore, as a consequence, a little cheaper.

THE STROLLER'S COLUMN.

That was a distinctively Dawson incident which occurred at Charley Meadows' handsome Grand Opera house on Monday night. Some of the soldiers of the Yukon field force had been drafted into the play of "A Celebrated Case," which was being presented. Some of the boys who were not in the play were occupying the boxes upstairs. Evidently there was at least one who was not used to either play or players.

The culmination of the melodramatic situation was when the villainous villain threw the lovely damsel to the ground with horrible threats of immediate wreaking of furious hate in physical manifestation. The soldier boy had been watching the ruffian encompassing the fair lady with his cunning schemes, and the soldier's eyes had grown big as saucers. At last he could stand it no longer. Leaning as far out of the box as safety would permit, in loud hurried and strident tones he yelled: "Ere, now! Avast there!! or I'll 'biff' you one under the ear."

It is needless to remark that the scene was a profound success.

The monotonous grind of the police court was relieved on Tuesday by the trial of John O'Gara. The prisoner was accused of assaulting his wife, Eva Emma O'Gara, more generally known as Eva St. Clair. The offense was committed on the second floor of the Monte Carlo.

With tears glistening in her eyes, Eva recounted the facts relating to the violent act of her liege lord. How he "struck" her for money. How she declined to be separated from her "good stuff" and then how he "struck" her again, but this time over the left optic.

All the other witnesses contradicted the fair Eva.

Miss Louise Lily Carter, a comely damsel, gushingly informed the magistrate that she saw the whole fracas, and that no blows were struck.

Robert Winckley testified in corroboration.

Then there was "ze Count de Roulaix," with his hair geometrically parted down the back of his head to a point in the vicinity of the vertebrae. The count hesitatingly acknowledged that he "russell ze beer in ze show house box." He witnessed the whole dispute, and swore that no assault was attempted.

The defendant was an employe of the theater. He denied having struck his wife, and attributed her black eye to the possible fact that, in caressing and loving her, he might have pressed her left orb too hard against a door jam.

The inspector evidently concluded that Eva was more truthful than the balance of the witnesses, for he sentenced her husband to 30 days where there are no ladies to caress, but where the whole system of the universe seems to be interested solely in perpetuating the government fuel supply.

Mr. O'Gara has taken an appeal, and is out on bonds.

Numerous handbills have been scattered around town, which notify the

public that one George Taylor is ready to race any runner, walker, bicycle rider, or dog team, for a 600-mile distance. He is willing to bet from \$100 to \$1000, dust or cheechaco, on the contest; and to show his good faith he has deposited with Nigger Jim a forfeit of \$100. Mr. Taylor is also of the opinion that he can beat any man in town laying 10,000 shingles and he is anxious to place a \$1000 bet on his dexterity in that line.

The handbills have occasioned some little comment in sporting circles. Curley Monroe is seriously considering the proposition of matching his dog team against the said Taylor.

Bob Cahill says that he will overlook the shingle portion of the challenge, but he is willing to back Kid Ober in a pie-eating contest for any reasonable amount.

Steve McNichols pleads ignorance of racing matters, though he is anxious to bet Taylor, or any one else, all or any part of \$1000, that Policy Bob cannot hold a girl over Sunday. Several of the sports think that Steve wants a cinch.

Dora and Frankie, two winsome dancehall girls, from Nigger Jim's pavilion, enjoyed a gay lark during the early hours of Thursday. In company with a popular and prosperous mine owner, they visited all of the saloons and places of resort, finally winding up their night of hilarity at the bar of the Bodega. There a gentleman, well known around town joined the party.

He was strictly sober, at the time, and exercised himself over his friend's lavish expenditures. He endeavored to stop the flow of wine. The girls emphatically resented such advice. They impugned the character of the friend with economical inclinations, and retained the good will of their liberal companion with the customary sweet rewards of kiss and caress. The "knocker" was induced to partake of the wine, but his capacity for the sparkling water was limited, and he soon succumbed to its somniferous effects, leaving the gay trio to the unmolested enjoyment of their holiday. The wealthy miner and his bacchanalian companions continued their revelry for some hours. At 11 o'clock a. m. they returned to the pavilion, all singing, "Who Cares for Wifey Now."

Reported Strike on the Big Salmon.

An attempt has been made to start another stampede for the Big Salmon. Ben Cavanaugh was accompanied on the Florence S. by a party of three people and in the usual mysterious whisper, noised it abroad that a prospector, staked by himself and a man named Sam Low, had "struck it" the past summer on a left limit tributary of the Big Salmon, at a point 350 miles from the Yukon. Cavanaugh gave it out that he had six tons of supplies aboard and was proceeding to the scene of the discovery by way of the Hootalinqua.

Big Salmon stampedes are not very popular in Dawson, after two years of them.

Opening of Brand's Gymnasium.

Brand's gymnasium and bath house was formally opened on Thursday night by an athletic entertainment and dance, which was attended by all the building could hold. Wakefield, the soldier athlete, gave an exhibition of pole vaulting, followed by a most interesting catch-as-catch-can wrestling match between Messrs Krelling and Stull. Two falls were taken, with honors easy, Krelling winning the first fall in 6 minutes and 20 seconds, and Stull winning the second in 8 minutes. As Stull injured his foot, a third fall was not tried. The music was furnished by Prof. Huson's orchestra and the floor was crowded with dancers until early morning.

O. MANGOLD IS ACQUITTED.

Power of Attorney No Good Under Certain Conditions.

James H. Seeley Appointed Receiver in the Bonfield-Davis Dispute—Other Minor Orders Made.

The most frivolous case which has consumed the time of the territorial court this term, was commenced on Friday and concluded Tuesday morning. The title of the action is the Queen vs. O. Mangold. The accused was charged with stealing two suits of underwear, a pair of socks, two miscellaneous pieces of clothing, and a pair of cheap field glasses. These articles were claimed by one Ernest Stringer, but the testimony failed to substantiate his claim. It appeared that in 1897 there was organized in London the Pioneer Trading Company, the object of which was to acquire and develop mining property in the Yukon territory. The promoters engaged and outfitted about 14 men, and transported them to Dawson. The ordinary members of the company were termed "pioneers." The complaining witness, Ernest Stringer, was known as "pioneer No. 11." O. Mangold, the prisoner, was employed to manage the company. The articles alleged to have been stolen were part of the outfit which the company furnished to "pioneer No. 11," and the latter claimed a right of property in them. Several witnesses, all "pioneers," supported "No. 11" in his contention. The accused, on his own behalf, testified that the property had been given to him last winter by the receiver, who had been appointed to take charge of the company's affairs. His testimony was confirmed by the receiver. The prisoner was discharged. After listening to the trial one is not surprised that the company was forced into bankruptcy, for the promoters displayed poor judgment in the selection of their "pioneers."

C. & Y. CO. VS. CASEY ET AL.

The judgment in the case of the Canadian & Yukon Mining and Prospecting Co. vs. William Casey, J. V. Harrison, W. W. Caldwell and C. F. Manning, was rendered by Judge Dugas on Wednesday. The facts of the case were that in 1897 an Ottawa syndicate sent into this territory a party of gentlemen, headed by J. H. E. Secretan. The party acquired an undivided half interest in No. 10 below upper discovery on Dominion creek. The property was vested in the name of J. H. E. Secretan. On July 22, 1897, Mr. Secretan was desirous of returning to Ottawa, and he executed a power of attorney to Charles W. Barwell, which read as follows: "This is to certify that I, the undersigned, do hereby appoint C. W. Barwell to be my true and lawful attorney to act for me in all matters pertaining to mining locations in the Yukon district." This power of attorney was signed by Mr. Secretan in the presence of two witnesses. On the 20th of October following, Barwell, by virtue of his power of attorney, sold to Casey and Harrison the mining property on Dominion, recorded in Secretan's name. Casey and Harrison sold a fourth interest to W. W. Caldwell. And Casey mortgaged his remaining share to C. F. Manning for \$1150. At Ottawa, on October 27, Mr. Secretan transferred the same half interest to the gentlemen who had sent him into this country, and who had formed themselves into the Canadian & Yukon Mining and Prospecting Co. Action was brought by the company to set aside the transfers made by Barwell to Harrison and Casey, by

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