

**The Klondike Nugget**

(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)  
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TUESDAY, APRIL 24, 1900.

**CONCERNING "SCOOPS."**

Our esteemed contemporary, the News, has a marvelous way of "scooping" its rivals in the newspaper business. An instance of this kind occurred last week, when our contemporary, after much and arduous labor, and with many furbelows and trimmings, gave to the world the story of the salted gold mine. A great deal of the reportorial talent, which the News so ruthlessly squandered in producing the story, might have been saved by a very simple expedient. Had the News reporter come over to the Nugget office and examined the files, he would have discovered the same story published in the Nugget some months ago. The only difference is that the Nugget's story had more facts and less romance than the News' article, but we presume that our contemporary felt that the public, having once read the facts in the case, would not read the story again with any degree of interest unless a little fiction was thrown in on the side.

**PROBABLY INSANE.**

The dispatches yesterday announced the arrival in Victoria of a Nome mail carrier. He brought with him the somewhat startling news that when he left, on January 8th, there were 300 cases of typhoid at Nome; also that 30 deaths had been reported among people who were bound for Nome over the ice. We do not place any confidence in either of these statements. It will be remembered that during the month of February Messrs. McCrae and Nagle passed through Dawson en route from Nome to the coast. These men left Nome on January 6th, and both agreed in statements to representatives of this paper that there was but little sickness in the beach camp. They left only two days ahead of the mail carrier, and it would be something remarkable if such an epidemic should break out in so short a time.

As for the other story, of so many deaths on the trail, it is, if anything, more improbable. In fact, it can be stated that it is absolutely untrue. Mail has come up regularly from the lower country, and no hint of any such wholesale disaster has been given.

This mail carrier must either be insane, or else be possessed with an inordinate desire for newspaper notoriety.

Property owners have shown much enterprise in complying immediately with the provisions of the ordinance requiring the construction of sidewalks. New walks are being built on all sides, which, when completed, will give Dawson a very metropolitan appearance. It now rests with the Council to connect the new sidewalks with suitable crossings. Crossings are as important as the walks themselves, and their construction is a matter which should receive prompt

attention. The sidewalk at the corner of First street and Second avenue still continues to be a menace to all pedestrians who pass that way. The walk terminates in a sheer descent of about six feet, and it is very much of a wonder that someone has not fallen off and broken a limb already. In the course of time this will undoubtedly happen, and then we will see a rush made to place a railing around the walk, or some other means taken to protect the public from the danger which confronts everyone who goes that way.

Dawson presents a spectacle today which should cause the gods to weep bitter and briny tears. The "government organ" has been sued for libel by a former government employe! Now let the heathen rage, and the winds blow and crack their cheeks. Despair is abroad in the land, and hope has fled. We had thought that Dawson had one newspaper that was immaculate and infallible, but, alas, for ideals and cherished fancies! All are shattered, and have disappeared as though made of thin air. Another ideal has been smashed into nothingness, and we are again brought rudely into contact with the stern fact that man, though, perchance, he be of military antecedents, is, after all, but mortal, and human nature is, as of yore, still prone to err.

Before leaving on his South African campaign, Gen. Buller had his French chef prepare a dinner menu for each day that he expected to be on the field. Buller's epicurean inclinations may account largely for his lack of success as a military commander.

Uncle Sam has the largest exhibition of any of the foreign nations which are participating in the Paris Exposition. Considering the fact that such a wave of indignation spread over the country at the time of the Dreyfus trial, this is something rather remarkable.

Many claims are all ready to sluice, and waiting only for the water to reach a sufficient volume to justify the miners in beginning operations. The weather has been so variable of late that the expected arrival of large volumes of water has been deferred.

**The Sour Dough.**

"Yes, stranger," said the old sour dough, "things have changed greatly the last few years and a man has to keep up with the procession, but I wouldn't give up those old days if I had my choice. I'll give you an instance of what, for one thing, made me sore on civilization. I was prospecting 3 years ago on the Fortymile and had for a partner a squaw man. Now, I didn't like the idea at first of having a squaw around me but when it came to doing anything and everything well, Sally she was just the thing. Dust wasn't accumulating to any amount in our rocker and it looked as if we'd have ter move when Jim he ups and gets sick. Sally helped me put the boat on the river and we took Jim to Fortymile, but the post was deserted and after waiting a week or so a steamer came along and we came to Dawson. The hospital wasn't much then so we fixed Jim up in a tent and got Doc Chambers to talk medicine over Jim. He said as how Jim was a pretty sick man and should have every attention paid him. I told Sally one day I'd go to the diggings and get some dust and be back in a week. Sally said 'I look for Jim. Bime bye you come Jim he's all right.' 'So away I went. When I came back Jim were getting along alright but Sally she was just all broke up. I asked her what was the matter, and this is what she told me. 'Chechako talk too much' For you know it was the year of the big rush, and hundreds were camping around me. 'He's go to Jim talk Injun girl duty no good. What you got Injun girl for. He no good; you sick. Lot men come. Maybe some

women. He talk no good to Jim. Maybe Jim he's not like me, I go away.' And sure enough they had talked to Jim and he had listened, for he said he'd better have a white nurse, and, while Sally meant well, she didn't do things she had been told was necessary. I guess they had made their talk good for Jim said, he wanted Sally to go away, and he'd get white nurse.

"I told Sally she'd better go to her folks and stay awhile and I'd take care of Jim. But she wouldn't have it that way, so I came out flatfooted and told her all. Well, sir, she cried and cried and kicked about going, but finally she picked up her few trinkets and went away. I rustled around and after considerable difficulty found a white woman to nurse Jim. She stayed two days and said she wasn't going to nurse a man in a tent. I told her he was too sick to move, so she said she wasn't. I asked her how much I owed her and she said \$20-\$10 a day. I paid her and found another woman to take her place. As my sack was getting low, I told her I was going to the gulch for two or three days to get some more money, and gave her all I had left. I chopped up some wood and left everything in plenty. I was gone a week instead of three days, and when I came back Jim was alone. No one had been near him for a day and a half and he was pretty low. He told me the woman had stayed four days, and thinking I could not raise the money she said she'd take what was in the sack, about two ounces, and call it square. Not one of the fellows who lived in adjoining tents had even called. But about three hours before I had come Sally had looked in the tent, but when Jim turned to see who it was, she turned and ran away. I rustled up Doc Chambers and went after Sally. When I got back the Doc was leaving and he told me Jim was just about good for three days. Sally came along shortly, and following the doctor's instructions, never left Jim's side for three days. The Doc called each day and Jim was soon getting better. Sally stayed right with him for a month, or until he got well. In a month and a half Jim was ready to go the diggings, and so was Sally. But Jim got soured on squaws hearing so much talk about squaw men. So he told her he'd give her \$100 and for her to stay in town. She refused the dust. Jim told her everybody joshed him, and he didn't care about listening to them. Well, she went away crying. Jim and I went to the diggings that day, but I never had the same feeling for him, and one day it would be up by us splitting up.

"It was about two months before I seen Sally again. It was in town here and then she told me her trouble. 'White ooman she's come; no like Injun girl. I like Jim. White ooman talk lie to Jim. Say Injun girl no good for sick man. White ooman she want money. Two white ooman come Jim, she's sick. No stop, want money. Injun girl stop Jim, he's no sick. White ooman give medicine, no work. Injun girl get wood, water, everything. Jim he's not like Injun girl no more. White man talk me, say some white ooman no like Injun girl, he's no good ooman outside. What for Jim leave me.' 'Well, stranger, she was right, and when Jim, a few days later, came to town sick again, she was the first one to him. But don't me, christian or no christian, I wouldn't go near him. He died in about a week, and he's planted on the hill there, and when it come to fixing him up for burial, Sally was the only one to be found.

"I was broke and what little money he had she told me to buy 'nice clothes for Jim with.' 'A Jury With an Appetite. A Billville citizen who happened to get on a locked up jury addressed the following note to the judge: 'We, the jury, being hungry and locked up eight hours without eating, which has been our regular habit since we showed ourselves, respectfully find ourselves guilty of wanting to eat a recomense that our sentence of imprisonment be commuted to the liberty of 12 square meals, a throwin of ourselves on the mercy of the court for them same, after which we hope to find the defendant guilty.'—Atlanta Constitution.

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Four fine drivers; three good pack horses; also harness and sleighs. Yukon Iron works.

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**The Spring CLEANUP Is at Hand**

Call and inspect our elegant assortment of **MATTINGS**  
When You Renovate Your Cabin Our Line Is Complete **A. E. Co.**

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