

THE KLONDIKE NUGGET.

DAWSON, Y. T., SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1899

PRICE 25 CENTS

DAWSON GOES ON A LARK.

And Laughs at Itself for Eight Solid Hours.

Everybody Today Asks Everybody Else "Did You See the Bear?"—No Favorites Played but all Treated Alike.

That was an innocent though stupendous "josh" perpetrated upon the people of Dawson Wednesday afternoon by big Mike Sullivan and Tom Chisholm in front of the Aurora saloon. Imagine two big, good natured fellows sticking their hands gingerly in between slats nailed to the top of a large, heavy box, and drawing back hurriedly. Imagine a knot of amused passers gathered to laugh at the performance, and there you have the ground work of the most ridiculously and harmlessly funny incident that has amused Dawson since the arrival of the May West last fall.

A pedestrian's attention is attracted by the crowd and the laughter. He stops and sees the antics of Sullivan and his accomplices. Steps up to the box, and, holding his hands carefully out of harm's way behind him, looks into the planked space. "Ha-ha-ha!" from the bystanders. "It must be a rubber-neck" comments some one, holding his sides and trying to smother out the persistent smile in his face with his hands. "Ha-ha" again from the crowd, and the pedestrian draws back sheepishly but is immediately recompensed by seeing some well known citizen edge his way up, see him gaze circumspectly between the slats, and then suddenly remember a prior engagement down town. "Ha-ha" laughs the crowd with diabolical glee, and the lately discomfited pedestrian now joins in heartily as the rest.

"Wonder what it is?" says Mike between gulfs, and a lady steps up, holds her skirts out of danger, peeps carefully over the edge of the strong box, suddenly thinks of the baby at home—or that ought to be at home—and starts off double quick.

And so the crowd accumulated until it extended far out into the street. Here was poor Tom Chisholm swaying from side to side in an effort to check his uncontrollable mirth. Here was one citizen and here was another, with glistening eyes, almost on the point of tears with the internal joy which overtook him. Roar after roar of laughter traveled down the street, and brought the merchants to their doors, saving their stores temporarily in charge of some less obvious neighbor you could see the merchant hurrying to the scene of the excitement. See the "gag" kindly makes way for him as he hesitates at the edge of the crowd. Someone stops laughing for a second and says, "Sit him up, Mike"—Mike takes a slat, puts it in between the bars and hastily withdraws it. "Ha-ha-ha" laughs the crowd. "What is it?" asks the merchant as he edges up. Closer and closer he gets, sees someone else look and walk away, peeps into the box, looks foolish, remembers his neglected store and hurries off, while the crowd almost chokes in unholly glee.

See them come. At intervals of but a few seconds, lawyers, doctors, merchants, saloon men, gamblers, loafers, packers—everybody got caught. See the teamster. He hears the noise, drops the spot he calls "Whoo!" throws the lines hastily across the horses' backs and leaps into the thick of the crowd. He's a hustler and shoulders his way rapidly into the clear space before the box. Two men are standing away from the box, and reaching in with poles between those strong-looking 2x4 slats, while everybody laughs. The teamster stretches himself to his full height of six feet, his face sunken as a judge, and slowly and carefully drops his head forward until his eyes come in line with the remotest corner. Then he laughs and drops down from his stiffened attitude and jumps for his wagon. "Ha-ha," roars the crowd, and two spectators roll off the sidewalk into the ditch in the excess of their mirth.

And so the ridiculous spectacle went on hour after hour. Scarcely a citizen in Dawson escaped. Emigrants started out for the new world to be panned up in stores and offices. Thus was brought Governor Ogilvie, Captain Starnes and Bennett. This was brought E. Hoff the druggist, himself a practical joker of no mean ability. At eight o'clock at night the show was still in its glory, and the only way in which quietness could be restored to the town of Dawson was by the removal of the box.

Thus ended the most successful hoax ever perpetrated. The town today is using porous plasters, and arnica on sore sides and faces for there is now a strange prevalence of unaccountable growing pains and sore sides which will take time to soothe.

Eschwege's Fate.

The notorious Michael G. Eschwege was arraigned for trial Tuesday before Judge Dugas on three charges of obtaining goods under false pretenses. At a previous appearance he had pleaded not guilty, but he concluded to throw himself on the mercy of the court as promising to result to his greater good. He cried like a baby as he admitted his guilt, said he had borne a good reputation on the outside, and came to his downfall here through mixing with bad company and learning to gamble. He aroused a bit of sympathy among the spectators when he said he had not only gambled away all the money he earned, but his interests in twenty mining claims as well. Mr. Eschwege, senior, was in the court room and attempted to address the judge in behalf of his son, but he was waved into silence, his lordship remarking, "Oh, it will do no good, all criminals have fathers." However, as he said later on that, whatever the sentence might be, Eschwege would not be permitted to remain in the Yukon territory, the impression was created that the prisoner would not get a severe sentence.

LATER—Michael Eschwege came up for sentence Friday morning. He had pleaded guilty to three counts and was recommended to

mercy. His lordship said there had been considerable pressure brought to bear to mitigate his sentence. It had been said that he was of a good family, which should have deterred him in his misdoing. Representations had been made of former good connections and circumstances which might be true and might not. He had been before the court before charged with similar offenses and had escaped—not because of innocence, but because of lack of proof. Family ties had been urged, but he found it hard to sympathize with a man who obtained money under false pretenses to squander at the gaming table, in drink or kindred amusements. Every thief had a father and a mother. Could he understand the doing of such acts under stress of straitened circumstances. He would sentence him to three years in the penitentiary (New Westminister) on the first offense, and would hold sentence in abeyance on the other two counts pending his actions during the serving of the sentence.

The trial of Mr. Haussler was adjourned to June 1, and the case of Todd vs. Annance, which was an action over the possession of a dog, was dismissed.

Sunlight Disperses Scurvy.

Sunlight is the mortal foe of scurvy; prolonged darkness, such as maintains in Dawson during a considerable portion of the year, is the principal cause of its origin. These are the deductions of Rev. Grant, superintendent of the Good Samaritan hospital, and he draws his conclusions from practical personal observation. "We have many scurvy patients at the hospital," he said during a conversation with a Newer man, "most of whom were in the chronic stage, due to neglect and self-treatment. A large percentage of the cases were old ones, but all of them are now improving, whereas they resisted treatment during the winter; indeed, there are several instances where patients acquired the scurvy while con-

A large camp on Lake LeBarge is awaiting the going of the ice.

Bennett is now quite a substantial city, being fully as large and as full of people as at any time a year ago. Among the number there are very few chee chahkos, and though Bennett is very campy in every cove of the lakes as formerly, and there is to be no rush to the Klondike, the Athl country is quiet and not much is being heard just now from the Porcupine district.

This is Mr. Burns' second round trip this winter.

A Typical Stampede.

A stampede that may be termed typical, in the sense that it was incited without reason and ended in the discomfiture of the stampedees, took place during three days this week to Hester, a pup on Hunker coming in at 60 below. The crowd which went out numbered in the hundreds, the story of the alleged strike having been from several sections in the gulches as well as from town, and the gulch was staked to the limits. However, few of the claims have been recorded, and the number does not include the discovery claim, which indicates that the stampedees learned a thing or two of the gulch while there. The stampede is believed to have come from statements made by a man who has been working in the gulch, in which, it is said, he claimed to have twenty-five cents to the pan, and which is not upheld by subsequent panning.

That Fire Investigation.

The fire investigation committee consisting, by direction of Mr. Ogilvie, of three members of the board of fire commissioners, three members of the Yukon council and three members of the fire department, has come to an end. On Monday they met at the Yukon commissioner's



ned to the hospital by accidents or other causes. The men are all getting well now, and it is because the sunshine has returned. There has not been a new case in the hospital for a month."

The gentleman imparted the further information that 500 cases have been treated since the hospital was opened in August last, and that of the number eighty-five per cent. were without means; as a result of which there is about \$10,000 due the hospital for services. However, the institution is out of debt, and such of the sum as is over paid will be applied to the improving of the equipment.

Conditions Up-River.

C. C. Burns was the last man to get in over the ice from the outside and is destined to be the last for this season. He arrived last Monday and was obliged to push right through of his cargo of late papers would have depreciated in value to nothing. He left Skagway April 15, and his companions dropped off one by one as the journey became more and more difficult.

All along the river he reports passing large caches of merchandise and their owners awaiting an open river to float to Dawson he came, and Mr. Burns was through the ice and in the water no less than eight times between Big Salmon and Dawson. Four times in one day this happened, but as he quietly expressed it when he went in his sled fortuitously slipped out of the hole; and vice versa, when the sled and team went in he was left out.

He reports great piles of supplies at Hootalinqua.

From Log Cabin to Bennett the trail was almost bare and rates were up.

ARCTIC SAW MILL

UPPER KLONDIKE FERRY.

Sluce and Flame Lumber a Specialty.

ALL KINDS OF DIMENSION LUMBER.

LOWEST PRICES IN THE KLONDIKE.

City Agents: Staaf & Zilly.

Office at Mill ROYLE & SLAVIN Prop.

THE WATER FRONT GAME OF CHESS.

"Check" Says the Governor, and "Check" Say the Frontiers.

And Their Legal Representative Will Argue the Matter Before Judge Dugas on Saturday—Request an Injunction.

The water front muddle is growing in interest each day. When the old water front committee advised acceding to the government's demands, i. e. to pay a month and a half's rent and then to get a place somewhere else, the frontiers with few exceptions kicked over the traces. The old committee was discharged and a new one chosen who were willing to fight. On Thursday, about 3 in the afternoon, the frontiers were notified to move within 24 hours under penalty of confiscation of all their effects and belongings. At the same time the new ordinance authorizing the commissioner and sheriff to such action was posted up so that all might read. The new committee at once secured the services of an attorney, who on Friday morning appeared before his lordship with a plea for a hearing. He asked a stay until the sheriff and commissioner could appear by counsel and argue the motion for an injunction. His lordship asked upon what grounds. It was argued that the ordinance in question was beyond the powers of the council to pass; that an amendment of the Dominion Lands act provided a method of ejectment by summons returnable in thirty days; that it was beyond the province of the council to define what the sheriff's duties should be in connection with Dominion lands; that the occupants were but sub-tenants left upon certain ground by the termination of a lease; that there was a regular process of ejectment made and provided in such cases, and that the notice was served on Thursday, a legal holiday.

POLICE COURT NEWS.

W. Root, F. Nelson, R. Abernethy and T. Henderson forgot the health ordinance and had their memories jolted with a fine of \$1 and costs each.

James Carroll took offense because Peter Costanzo called him bad names and threatened him with bodily harm. Too sensitive. Case dismissed.

William Thomas invoked the law to aid in the collection of \$749.50 due for wages from W. J. Gray & Mayne, operators on a claim on Dominion. Defendants acknowledged the debt and the court made William happy.

John George worked as a porter at the Grotto. He says he was to get \$5 per day; defendants claimed he was to have his drink and meals. Results: George got a judgment for \$25, while the defendants, King & McGowan, got a roast for employing a man on such terms.

James O'Day and Archibald McLennan were each the possessor of a pair of rubber boots of the same appearance except for a "blister" on McLennan's. Coincidentally, O'Day sold his to a second-hand dealer about the time McLennan's disappeared, and a suit for their return. McLennan failed to show a monopoly on "blisters," and O'Day won out.

Destitution is Increasing.

Adjutant McGill, of the Salvation Army, is of the opinion that destitution is increasing in the Klondike, and hopes to see something turn up to ameliorate the situation, of which work would be the best. At present there are ten men suffering unless something turns up. A little while back the army had fed out a little provisions to the needy, but the situation has not improved. The situation has been maintained by the late action of the government in withholding aid from the needy, except in cases of sickness.

Torres Has Gone too Far.

WASHINGTON, April 9.—The cruiser Detroit got away yesterday from La Guayra for Port Limon, Costa Rica, where she will receive instructions from the navy department as to her further course, the cable to Nicaraguan ports being intercepted through the arbitrary action of Gen. Torres. The Detroit is due at Port Limon Tuesday morning, and unless there is a decided change for the better in the situation in Nicaragua, she will push on with all speed to Bluefields. The government is determined not to tolerate the extortion practiced by Torres upon American merchants there.

Alaska Boundary Question.

OTTAWA, Ont., April 9.—In the house of commons Sir Wilfrid Laurier, replying to a question, said that there was no truth in the report that a modus vivendi was now under consideration between the United States and Great Britain in connection with the Alaskan boundary, and all that was wanted was the decision of Canada to put into effect.

Demise of a Californian.

D. H. Guerne, a miner from Santa Rosa, California, died at the Good Samaritan hospital on Friday from a general breaking down of the system. He was 53 years of age. The remains were embalmed and will be held until friends are notified.

The Flyer is the line of the people.

Special Sunday dinners 2 p. m. to 5 p. m. The Regina.