

THE COMMISSIONER HAD NO TIME.

Miners Send in a Statement Charging Illegal Staking.

But Mr. Fawcett is Too Busy to Read Petitions so the Letter is Brought to the "Nugget" Office.

Mr. Thomas Fawcett, "Poo-hah" gold commissioner of the Yukon Territory is about as busy a man as ever held official position. Last winter he looked his office staff out and called for specific charges of their crookedness. Frequently since then he has called for direct charges to be made in any direction and said he would then certainly take action against anyone accused of anything wrong. Thinking maybe that Fawcett meant what he said, the following charges of perjury were put in the form of a letter:

DAWSON, SEPT. 3d, 1908.

Mr. THOMAS FAWCETT, Gold Commissioner. Dear Sir—We, the undersigned free miners, wish to call your attention to some illegal staking on Cormack's Forks. We are free miners and entitled to have our interests protected by you, the head of the department here, and we therefore petition you to take steps so that miners may have justice and that not only those that have a pull, or otherwise know how to open the doors by a magic hand will have claims filed on or recorded, claims that in some cases were illegally staked at that. We will now give you a few instances where claims were staked on or before the 31st day of August '08. No. 25 or 26 Cormack's Forks, R. C. Michel, M. L. 2814. No. 26 was staked on the evening of the 31st at dusk by C. D. Pederson, and T. K. Wisbart, No. 27 J. S. Plesator, No. 28 Jas. Harrington, M. L. 2796. No. 29 M. A. Smith, M. L. 2811. No. 31 was staked by M. J. Fawcett at dusk on the evening of the 31st, M. L. 1903. We the undersigned free miners will prove to your satisfaction that this is the truth and we are also of the opinion that the same claims have been filed on and will have been recorded before we these undersigned will get into the office to file on those we staked unless you will give us an opportunity.

Signed, JOHN H. KOPPELMAN, JR., M. L. 117, ADOLPH JOHNSON, M. L. 31871, PETER CHRISTENSEN, M. L. 6636, YAN STAP, M. L. 41868.

The letter was presented to Mr. Fawcett through his clerk, but the gold commissioner haughtily disclaimed a reply. The gentlemen saw Mr. Fawcett shortly afterwards and the sincerity of the man was at once made apparent by his words. He said: "I have not read the letter. I have no time to give to petitions." And this is the man whose friends have pleaded with the Nugget to spare him because "after all, he is honest, you know." One of the indications of this honesty, we suppose, is his totally ignoring the prayers of individual free miners wherever their interests conflict with those doing business under the protecting wing of the gold commissioner himself. A force of ten clerks and surveyors have recently arrived at Dawson to aid the gold commissioner in getting through the routine work of his office and yet the man whom his friends ask the Nugget to believe honest has not time to read a letter which is in the nature of an affidavit of perjury. The official acts of Mr. Fawcett have encouraged perjury until we doubt if his successor will ever be able to disentangle the mess the gold commissioner leaves behind him.

Lamps at a Premium.

Ordinarily the purchase of such a comparatively unimportant thing as a lamp is a matter of very little moment. Not so, however, in Dawson—at least, just now. The fact of the matter is that the lamp supply is decidedly limited, and a person who starts out to secure one must get just what he is looking for in the course of an afternoon, is lucky, indeed. For instance, it developed in the Nugget office a short time ago that the days are becoming much shorter and that some artificial light must be secured in order to enable the typewriter to do their work. A search was at once instituted for lamps. Some twenty-five of the leading dry-goods houses, grocery stores, boot and shoe stores, cigar stands, restaurants, saloons and other houses where such goods are usually kept on sale, were visited, but without results. One store had a large stock of lamps, but the burners and chimneys were not in evidence. Another was well stocked with burners, but lamps they had not. Chimneys galore were located but they would not fit the burners. Finally, a man selling his outfit was found, and three tin lamps with all the requisite paraphernalia were secured. But even then the Nugget was not certain of having light, for before the office was reached, nearly a dozen people had attempted to buy the lamps. But in spite of all the light producers reached their destination in safety, and the Nugget can now see its way clearly to continue publication of the paper.

A Club to be Organized.

The leading business and professional men in Dawson are organizing a club. It is intended to erect a large and commodious building which will be equipped with everything requisite to the comfort and convenience of members. The gentlemen having the matter in charge at the present time are Messrs. Capt. Galt, P. R. Ritchie and Dr. Dunn.

Dumped in Bonanza Creek.

On Thursday morning of last week Mrs. Julia Smith started to walk from Eldorado to Dawson, she was carrying her two-year old child in her arms and when a gentleman on horseback volunteered to carry the little one, as he was going the same way, the mother quite willingly resigned to him her precious burden. At the first of a low water, the horse stumbled, losing his footing and precipitated both person and child into the deep water. Both were submerged and the child was choking

badly when they arose to the surface. However, neither were injured, except for a good wetting, and, after drying out the child's clothing at a convenient cabin, the party continued on their way.

A JOKE ON DAWSON.

The "May West" Standered By a Hoaxer—And The Band Played Annie Laurie.

That was a stupendous joke played upon the "sporty" element of Dawson by someone who started the report that the May West was coming up from St. Michaels loaded down to the gills with a precious cargo of dazzling feminine beauty. The number of dashing damsels said to be aboard was about 70. More powerful steamers passed the May West and arriving at Dawson poured into willing ears a corroboration of the report except that the number gradually came down to 40. Still there was a powerfully attractive force in that number and when the May finally reached the wharf Thursday night after dark, an immense crowd on the docks had gathered to "rubber neck" and take in whatever was to be seen. Salutations from the wharf were hurled through the darkness before the May had time to tie up.

"Ho, captain! Did you bring me one?" and then there would be a yell of delight from the crowd.

"Say, Capt. Have you got enough to go around?" "Say, I'll give my sack for my pick," and so on. There was quite a rush to get on board and it took two policemen to keep them back. Some went round in boats and boarded her from her other side. The crowd cheered and then laughed at their own merriment and everybody had a "josh" at somebody else's expense, until the return from the boat of the men who had been allowed aboard.

"Boys, you've been hoaxed, everyone of you. There are only seven ladies aboard, and five of them are married," and then the crowd lumped its shoulders and slunk away. The owners of the boat are naturally indignant at whoever started the hoax, but such things will happen where there are no telegraphs.

Another Death in a Shaft.

Word came to headquarters last week that a man was dead over on Dominion. Inquiry develops the fact that Geo. Patton, who was working on 21 below, Dominion was the man in question. On Tuesday the unfortunate man and his partner went to work as usual, and Patton went down the 30-foot shaft. He sent up four buckets of dirt and then suddenly was overcome. The partner at the windlass lost his grip, and was afraid to descend to tie the unconscious man to the rope and when the body was taken out some two hours afterwards Patton was, of course, beyond recovery. The police have taken charge of the dead man's effects and the body has been buried.

That Malamoot Dog.

Mr. Editor, I see you published my last, so I send you some more. The malamoot dog, how I love him, an old Klondiker can't help himself. He is a born Kiplomant and a kind help himself. He has lots of common sense and a good deal of power of comprehension or appreciation. He was never yet positively known to steal anything, he is too successful a thief for any one to ever know that he steals. Honesty in the malamoot is as scarce as marriages in Dawson and just as little expected or thought of. If a man steps 7 feet away an leaves his tent under a cabin door open, the malamoot knows him to be a newcomer and marks his victim's rim, from that on until the man learns he had better be dead.

Put Gavin an M. F. Thompson, old 40 millers, vouch for the truth of the assertion that the dogs they once deliriously took the contents of a cash 13 feet high and threw it toward to avoid the task of climbing by knowing the level posts in 2 and letting the whole thing fall. But there are times when even the Yukon dog fails to fatten on bacon and rice and other delicacies, then he takes quite kindly to some little square or Kiplomant's side. I have seen him take a piece of dry hard tawny and carrying it to the water edge, put it to soak and deliberately lay down and wait for it to soften, just as you would put a pot of beans to boil and wait for them to cook.

How delightful and invigorating is the pastime of driving a dog team. It is a constant pleasure from the time you start until a kilometer again. Driving a dog team is very conducive to Christianity only it is liable to make the beginner homesick. The Yukon dog nos how long his master has been in the country by the way he looks him up by the way he kisses him. If he sees him twice a day they he is a Klondiker. If he feeds him once every 3 days he knows his master has been on the Yukon a number of years. If he kisses him with a mild persuasive voice he fears him not, if he kisses him with a club then he yells until one can hear him 50 miles. The Yukon dog is greatly given to intermarriages and sincerely believes in large families. He will cross with any other breed on earth and is not at all select.

But above all the Yukon dogs had habits he is cheaply kept—by the old timer here in Dawson. He is a successful prize fighter, you can hear him for hours before an alter the fight, and he seldom hurts his foe. There are several dogs here in Dawson and there will probably be more by this winter. I used to own a St. Bernard dog whose eyes were crossed and he followed them wherever they looked. The only difficulty with those cross eyes was that he had absolutely no control over them. I have seen him start for a crust of bread and deliberately walk sideways to a side of a baker. He couldn't help himself. He slept with one of those eyes wide open, so that he was able to snap his nose up an never wake up. He got into a fight once an bit his own tail off. In fact those cross eyes were no end of trouble to him an finally led to his death, by starting to swim the river but he just followed his eyes an never landed. He was very affectionate, and if properly fed would unhesitatingly lie at my feet for weeks.

R. HARRIS.

Removal.

After sundown, August 27th, the Canadian Bank of Commerce will be found in the new premises, between the Barracks and the Gold Commissioner's office.

A down town branch will be opened for the accommodation of the bank's customers.

H. T. WILLS, Manager.

Churchill expects the Sovereign every day.

WHY THE PRICE OF POTATOES WENT UP.

The Secret of the Unpopularity of a Certain Company.

How the Miners Were "Cinched" and How the Stone Rebounded, to the Eternal Discomfiture of a Company Manager.

It has been some time since Messrs. Sour Dough and Chee Charko have met, as reported several issues ago. Several steamboats were in and among the hundreds of people "rubber necking" to catch a glimpse of the new arrivals were the two gentlemen named. They shook hands and Chee spoke up:

"I'm awful glad to see you, old fellow; I want to talk to you about a claim I can't get recorded."

"Well, said Sour, "you ought to know me sufficiently by this time, not to spring the subject in a crowd."

"All right, old fellow. Say, the boats are bringing up lots of grub this season?"

"Yes, it's different since Willie died. You ought to have been here this time last year. We were just jumping sideways, I tell you."

"I heard you were going to starve; but I found when I came in this spring that grub was being hauled to town from the creeks and there were small stores springing up on all sides," said Chee Charko. "This was before the 'cheecharko' grub commenced coming down the river. I wondered where it was all coming from."

Sour opened his mouth in voiceless mirth and looked quizzingly at his friend. "That was frozen beef you saw them hauling back from the gulch. You see when the boat was raised last year that no more boats could get in and that there was no nearly enough to go around a lot of 'salties' tried to corner the different commodities so as to reap the fabulous prices which were thought to be inevitable. One fellow tried to buy up all the matches in the country," and Sour sat on a pile of flour to have a quiet laugh.

"Did he get 'em all?"

Sour chuckled for five minutes before answering: "Indeed, he did not. There were matches enough to last five years." Sour saw his friend was immensely interested, so he continued:

"I guess I'll put you onto that grub scare a bit, if you like. You see, in the first place, there was grub enough, as was proved by all having what they needed and plenty left over in the spring. Before the new grub commenced coming in this year, our grub came down to six and ten. Thinking there was going to be a famine a lot of speculators got in and bought up everything they could get, and—"

"I don't see how the big companies helped 'em, too," said Chee, eagerly.

Sour looked thoughtful, as he replied slowly: "Well, I don't think the A. C. company profited. When the grabbing was at its worst, they gave me ten sacks at six dollars. I was offered a thousand for them and the company could easily have got the same. Why, the A. C. company kept out a mess-box of grub for themselves and yet sold stuff out of it to the needy, until they had to get out this spring and rustle for grub for their own table."

"Well, well, the N. A. T. company, I suppose, did the same?" asked Chee, innocently.

Sour replied by leaning back against some coal and sacks of bacon and with closed eyes engaged in reminiscence thoughtfulness. Chee waited a few minutes, then asked to tell him why this company was so strangely unpopular.

"The company ain't unpopular, as far as I know," said Sour.

"Why, you have told me yourself that miners wouldn't buy from them unless 'all other sources of supply failed'."

"Yes; but it's the manager, Captain Healy they are sore at."

"What for?"

"It's too long a story to tell. Last fall I had my money paid for an outfit and when he saw the probable scarcity my order was left unfilled. Of course, the prices I had paid were only reasonable, but it wasn't right to refuse me and afterwards sell the stuff to others at fabulous prices. They refused me any molasses or tobacco, and I saw half-gallon cans afterwards passed over the counter at five dollars. Let me illustrate the nature of the man. Before the days of the Klondike we were all in Circle City together. It was getting late in the season, and, as I had my wife and babies along with me then, I went and bought three cases of fresh potatoes to put in the cabin for winter."

"What did you have to pay for such luxuries then?"

"Oh! things were quite cheap in those days, and I was only charged fifteen cents a pound, and I was only charged fifteen cents a pound. I carried one case home and just then the last A. C. boat came in with its expected cargo of potatoes."

"I suppose Healy let you have the other two cases cheaper, then," said Chee, eagerly.

Sour laid back and laughed at his friend's innocence. "No, indeed! The A. C.'s potatoes were all frozen."

"So you still had to pay fifteen cents?" Sour chuckled and choked with inward merriment, until he had to hold his sides and knock his head on the coal-oil cans behind. Recovering himself with a mighty gasp, after a few moments he managed to say: "So you think I had still to pay fifteen cents. Let me tell you that when I went back after those two cases of potatoes, Captain Healy had raised the price five cents, and, ha! ha! I had to pay twenty cents a pound, and Sour went off into another paroxysm of merriment which took a liberal application of "hootch" at Ash & Manning's to subdue."

(To be continued in our next.)

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