

The Klondike Nugget

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1902.

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KLONDIKE NUGGET.



AMUSEMENTS. Auditorium—"Galley Slave." Standard—Vanderville.

PERSONAL FITNESS THE ISSUE

The campaign has now progressed sufficiently to afford a clear and comprehensive idea of the issues at stake and to acquaint the electors of the district with the arguments upon which the different candidates appeal for their support.

In respect to the platforms upon which Messrs. Ross, Catto and Clarke are asking the voters for their suffrages there are no material or essential differences. Each and every one of them may be regarded as a reform movement setting forth certain needed changes and alterations in existing laws and calling for new legislative enactments which will tend to promote the general welfare of the community.

There is no difference of opinion in the Yukon as to the demands which should be made upon the federal government for protective legislation. Every voter in the district is in accord with the plan in the Ross platform which calls for the reduction of fees as now charged in the gold commissioner's office. There is an unanimous feeling throughout the territory that every aid and encouragement should be given by the government to the men who are endeavoring to demonstrate the existence of paying quartz in the district and with the specific clause in the platform adopted by the supporters of Mr. Ross which calls for the establishment of a government quartz mill there is a feeling of universal sympathy.

The great issue in this campaign is the personal fitness and adaptability of the men themselves for the office which they are seeking. An effort is being made by the Clarke men to draw attention away from the real point at stake and to concentrate the minds of the voters upon the wrongs which undeniably were heaped upon the community in the early days of Yukon history. The Nugget has previously pointed out, and we bring the matter forward again today, that grievances long ago righted have no place in the discussion as to what man is best fitted to represent the Yukon in the house of parliament at Ottawa. To take advantage of the tight of suffrage for the mere purpose of securing revenge for old sores long since healed by remedial legislation would be the veriest folly—and in itself would constitute a reflection upon the intelligence of the electorate. The logical course before the voters is to weigh with care and without prejudice the merits of the opposing candidates and then to determine for themselves what man of those suggested will accomplish the most results at Ottawa.

In the opinion of this paper—and we fully believe that our views will be sustained by a tremendously large majority of voters—the Honorable James Hamilton Ross is the one man of those before the electorate to afford the people satisfactory representation at the federal capital.

All the candidates are well known to the voters—their records are before the people for consideration—and it rests with the latter to make a decision as to which one they will choose.

We assert and maintain that there is nothing in the personality of Joe Clarke and very little in that of Dr. Catto which should commend either one of them to the confidence of the people of the Yukon. If it is the desire of the people to make use of the right of representation for the sole purpose of heaping abuse and slander upon members of the government—then they should send one of the two last named candidates. But if they propose to avail themselves of the privileges granted to them under the law, for the purpose of promoting their individual interests and the community's welfare, then let them join hands and forces with the host of enthusiastic voters who have already pledged their support to Mr. Ross—the champion of the whole people.

A specious plea has been brought forward by Roediger's evening organ for a clean campaign and no mudslinging. The plea is a specious one by reason of the fact that the very first Clarke meeting held in the campaign was characterized by the dirtiest kind of mudslinging on the part of Joe's henchmen. Mr. Ross and the gentlemen who are lending him their support were abused in a slanderous manner—although Clarke did not dare give public utterance to statements which he is credited with having made in private. It will make no difference, however, to what extent Mr. Ross is maligned by the opposition. His record is clear, plain and above board—and proof against any slanders and abuse that may be hurled at him.

The miners of the district are rapidly awakening to the fact that they have important interests to be protected and safeguarded in the coming election. They know that Clarke would prove an unfaithful servant and therefore they are turning with almost one accord to Mr. Ross, in whom they recognize a true friend and a man able to carry out his pledges and devoted to the interests of his constituents.

The approach of cold weather without any appreciable snowfall gives assurance that the winter trails throughout the district will be everything that possibly could be desired. The roads are now frozen solid and when covered with a few inches of snow the Yukon will have several hundreds of miles of almost perfect winter boulevards.

A common, ordinary cow caused the great Chicago fire and a plain, everyday dog named Coster—long since passed to his fathers—will help accomplish Joe Clarke's defeat. Of this more anon.

Clarke was a failure in the police service—a failure in the civil service—a failure in the newspaper business—and would be a colossal farce at Ottawa. But there is no danger.

Joe showed unmistakably at the meeting on Monday night that he is out of his element when dealing in anything but blackguardism.

The picture drawn in the News yesterday of Joe Clarke was sufficient to extract tears from the eyes of a graven image.

Religious zealots who believe in the efficacy of praying for rain would attain better results by devoting the same time and energy to digging irrigation ditches and building dams to store the flood waters of streams.—Virginia Report.

Customs affairs are becoming very fine drawn when it requires a ruling from the secretary of the treasury to determine that whisky is not wearing apparel, which he had to render a few days ago to settle the fate of a seizure.

France and the United States have agreed to extend the reciprocity treaty for another year with the hope that the Senate will confirm it. Might as well make it a century.

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EARLY LIFE OF YOUNG

Now Under Trial for Murder

Brilliant Career of His Father Ruined by a Mormon Marriage.

The other day a little group was talking in the lobby of the Regina about the trial of Hooper Young, in New Jersey, for the murder of Mrs. Pulitzer. One of them had known the accused in Seattle when he was there, but the most interesting of two or three stories told was one in regard to the young man's family.

John Bechtel was the recounter. He had worked in the Walker House, Salt Lake city, for many years and spoke from a personal acquaintance with the parties.

"The boy got the name of Hooper," began the old veteran, "by being named after Captain John T. Hooper, who was the first congressman ever sent to Washington from Utah. He was an old Mississippi steamboat captain in the old days and had made his home in Salt Lake city. He was a Mormon but he never had but one wife.

"Hooper Young got his name from him. His father was the first son of Brigham, and I remember his well. He was as tall as Mr. Brimstone here, and my, but he was a handsome fellow in those days.

"There came a party of rich tourists from the East, one of many such parties, for in the sixties and seventies Salt Lake city was one of the show places of the world. In this party was a Miss Canfield, who belonged to one of the finest families of Philadelphia. Young fell in love with her and I remember her marriage. She was a very beautiful woman just about twenty. They had this one boy, Hooper, and two girls, and seemed to be happy enough for a few years, when she left on a visit to the old folks at Philadelphia. While she was away her husband took a second wife, a Swede girl.

"The first Mrs. Young came back in '73, but she refused to live with him and the other wife, and presently she returned to Philadelphia, where she eventually succeeded in obtaining a divorce. The law gave her possession of the two little girls, but gave the boy to the father, the boy who is now charged with murder.

"After this John W. Young, the father, went from bad to worse. He was probably always in love with his first wife and grieved for her. But anyhow he never got on after that. If he had conducted himself properly he would have been the head of the Mormon church. He was immensely popular and of most distinguished abilities. He built the railroad called the Park City Central, running from Salt Lake city to Park city, but he didn't pay for it. He did other things not worth talking about now, but the prestige of being Brigham Young's own son and favorite always shielded him.

"The church had to turn him out, however, and they sent him to Europe and kept him there, or anywhere so that he did not return to Salt Lake city. And he was an exceedingly expensive fellow to keep anywhere. But I don't think he has been in Utah for twenty-five to thirty years."

Naal R-bber Foiled. London, Oct. 4.—Henry Conrad, who was caught in a daring attempt to get a wax impression of the key to a mail box in the center of the financial district in London, has been identified by Inspector Frost of Scotland Yard as Charles Fisher, a well known American forger and thief. Frost arrested him in London five years ago for a forgery committed in Cincinnati, for which he was convicted in Ohio and was only released a few months ago. His wife, who is a very clever woman, known as "Sheeny Rachel," is also in London.

The attempt to get an impression of the mail box key was very cleverly conceived and but for the exceptional alertness of a postman it would have succeeded. One man first came along and told the postman he had dropped a gold piece into the box accidentally with some letters. While the postman was looking for it Fisher, in the garb of a painter, came up with a brush in his hand and seemingly unintentionally rubbed it upon the handle of the key. Then Fisher took the key out to clean, when the postman, noticing that he had something in his left hand, sprang toward him. Fisher instantly bolted, dropping what turned out to be a box of wax on which an impression of the key had been taken. He was caught and is now awaiting trial, but his confederate is still at large.

The Colorado Chronicle says:—Workmen, tie yourselves to a real, live, political party which stands for your class interests. Better to vote for principle and not get it this year, than to vote for and elect politicians who have no principles.

Realism vs. Romanticism

They were sitting on the gallery in the twilight and the discussion began by the Woman Who Wrote taking exception to the extravagant praise bestowed upon a modern book.

"It is not true; not possible. If a human woman had attempted to live through such a series of sensations she would have died of heart failure in a week, or, been sent to an asylum for the insane."

"The Newspaper Man cut in dryly: "Realism will never appreciate romanticism."

"I wish to goodness that I could understand what is meant by realism and romanticism," announced the Green Girl.

"Why, the difference is just this," responded the Woman Who Wrote. "Realism deals with what would probably happen—every-day flesh and blood. Romanticism with impossible creations of nerve and fury. For instance—

"Once upon a time there was a man and a woman in a gaudy little garden and life looked glad. But as the sun hastened to its setting the glow of their gladness began to dim, for to the man sunset meant return to camp, and to the woman, making hot biscuit for supper. So they watched the setting sun and their words were fewer as their eyes grew wistful. For this is ever so in life, novelist to the contrary, notwithstanding. A full heart makes not a ready tongue.

"Then into the garden came the maiden aunt of the woman, and she made obeisance to the man and said to him in pleasant, every-day, ungrammatical talk, that she would be much pleased to have him make a third at their tea-table. Let any man who has learned to prize the presence of one woman above all other say what was in the heart of the man as he followed the old maid and the woman into the dining-room that smelled of new bread and red salmon.

"We will not bother about biscuit tonight, Polly, if you will slice some cold bread," spake the aunt. But the man interferred, declaring himself to be familiar with the weapons, and laying hold upon the bread knife, attacked the loaf valorously. Whereupon the old maid went to the pantry for the tea. The door latch clicked in closing and the bread-knife was in the left hand of the man and his right arm was about the shoulder of the woman. His breath raised her hair, and then that happened which will always happen when any ordinary man and woman whose hearts have gone into, each other's keeping, chance to find themselves alone together and safe from the eyes of others. For the space of a moment, heaven hung over the bread-board, then a loose plank squeaked and the woman began to lay places for six and the man cut slices of a thickness to beat the band.

"The man's hand touched the woman's intentionally as he passed plate and platter. Marvel not, say mortals of mundane flesh and blood, that the tea drank that night was a nectar compared to which the ambrosia of the gods was but as milk and water. For all that I have told is very true and has come to pass many hundreds of times, and if the world holds will come many hundreds of times more.

"At last they said good-night in the moonlight. And if there be any among you who have not counted the moments by the delicious quiver of a heart beat against your own, I shall not strive to picture to you that pleasant parting, for no words could make it plain; and if there be those

among you who have, neither will I expend energy upon useless endeavor, for you know that no words may do it justice.

"So for the sunshine. The shadow came next day with his letter. My own dear Polly. The Indians are up and we have been ordered against them. Do not condemn him for breaking it so rudely. His heart was hurting him too badly to think of finesse. It is ever so with an ordinary man, pain makes him impatient.

"Well, the woman felt troubled, because she missed him, and because all at once she could think of him only as of a still, white face upturned to the moon. She went to the machine and made a couple of shirt waists with tucked fronts and insertion as per order, then she read the newspaper to keep from going into the garden. She did not care to talk about it—sympathy upsets one's self-control. But the hurt in her heart grew worse as the day died and when the time came for tea, she felt as though the food was choking her beforehand.

"The eyes of the woman grew warm with tears as she looked upon the bread knife and thought of those great, clumsy slices, but she assented as a matter of course. Her fingers closed over the horn-handle and that haunting, upturned face left her. She saw him again beneath the hanging lamp, his eyes aglow with mixed up love and mischief. Ah! how good to be able to think of him once more as her dear bad boy.

"When the house was still, she carried the knife to her room and covered its handle with tears and kisses. Trouble not yourself with idle questionings, whether the man came back from the wars or no, for when a man has won such love from a woman that she kisses handles for his sake, he has seen his Austerlitz; let him beware lest he live too long and so look upon his Waterloo.

"That's realism," commented the Newspaper Man.

"The Woman Who Wrote spoke hurriedly, "Now for romanticism."

"It was a wild, dark night, dark as death. The rain poured down in ceaseless torrents, the wind tore the thousand-year-old monarchs from the forest and lashed the sea into a raging mass of ink waters. Against it all in the very teeth of the storm, the man held on his way. Headless of the howl and roar, heedless of the jagged lightning that leaped from the lowering heavens. Deaf, blind, lost to consciousness of aught save the sting of wounded pride and the fierce resentment of an outraged wife. None save gods or devils would have braved such a night, but he—What was beat of rain and lash of wind? What was this wild storm without, compared to the fiercer one raging within? The rage of passion that sent the blood seething through his veins, and beat in his brain like hammers.

"The crimson curtains with their satin fringes swept to the floor, shutting out the storm and the night. That could not shut out the wind that howled and shrieked like a thousand fiends in torment. Genevieve Trevallion crouched over her fire, her great, violet eyes staring in dense terror at the flames. For hours she had sat there covering under a sense of impending doom; suffering the agony of a hundred deaths. No torture devised by man so intense, no agonizing as that of unmet love. She clenched her hand until the blood sprang from her tender palm, and died her perfect nails. Low moanings broke from her pallid lips. "He would not come, he would not

WE are now prepared to do all kinds of Casting & Machine Work. Repairing a Specialty. Yukon Saw Mill Machine Works and Foundry. 1st Ave and Duke St. Phone 27. Dawson.

Sea Horse Caught. Among the curiosities gathered at sea by the mate of the schooner Merom, in port from Port Tampa, was a specimen of a sea-horse, which he found in a bunch of sea-grass he pulled on board while the Merom was in the Gulf of Mexico, says the Baltimore Sun. The fish is about 4 inches long, and has a head and neck shaped like those of a horse. The mate kept the fish alive in sea water for two days, but it then died. It was preserved by drying in the sun. The sea-horse is rarely caught. The mate of the Merom said it was the first he had ever seen. Dictionary makers speak of the sea-horse as a fish with a head like those of a horse and the hinder parts like those of a fish. The Nereds were said to have used sea horses as riding steeds, and Neptune to have employed them for drawing his chariot. There is nothing fabulous about the

Treaty Condemned. Shanghai, Oct. 4.—All a meeting of American merchants, held under the auspices of the American Association, a resolution has been unanimously adopted condemning the provisions of the commercial treaty between Great Britain and China, on the ground of China's inability to uphold the treaty while the additional surtax on ports, it is asserted, will retard development.

Tom Johnson is campaigning with a big circus tent and several hand wagons. He supplies a show for his big meetings, and forms the parade and music. Should he be the Democratic candidate for President, and Theodore Roosevelt, by his strenuous ways, the Republican standard bearer, it will be a spectacular campaign. There are more egg-throwing than usual.—Virginia Report.

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OPEN LETTER TO ANDREW CARNEGIE

By Sam Dunham, the Poet of Alaska.

We're informed that you're afraid To explore Death's gloomy glade Till you've restitution made Of the pelf You extracted from the toil Of the men who sweat and broil, Keeping nearly all the spoil For yourself. You imported hordes of Huns, And with clubs and galling guns Drove our working native sons From your mills, While the congressmen you paid On the armor-plate you made A protective tariff laid In their bills. You find balm in the belief That the most colossal thief May repent and buy relief For his soul, But the law of God declares Ere he climbs the golden stairs He must pay the rightful heirs All he stole. Now the men who earned your gold Rapidly are growing old, Weak from hunger and from cold, They can't work With old age fast creeping on, With their loved ones starved and gone, They are waiting for the dawn At the kirk. While they beg their daily bread, With no place to lay their head, And no hope till they are dead, Neath the moxid, You are squandering their means, Mid attractive foreign scenes, And you'll buy the Philippines— If they're sold. You are building everywhere Homes for books and pictures rare, While these men die of despair, And we're told That you hope to write your name On the world's great roll of fame And expect to gild the same With their gold. Now, we have a better scheme, It's no poet's idle dream, And it would your soul redeem At the last. Give your millions to the ones Whom you drove out from the Huns At the muzzle of your guns In the past. If you'll take our scheme in hand Everyone in this broad land Will declare your project grand And sublime. Peace of mind you'll then secure, God will bless you, we are sure, And your fame it will endure For all time.