

The Klondike Nugget

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From Tuesday's Daily. THE MAIL SERVICE.

There is a very well grounded impression abroad that the mail service from the outside is far inferior to the system which prevailed last winter. This impression has been given added weight by the arrival of the mail yesterday. A large portion of this last consignment consists of mail matter which has been sixty days or more en route. Letters sent from the outside in the middle of October arrived yesterday, while former consignments have brought matter which was mailed a month after that time. This certainly indicates a lack of system in transmitting the mails to which the contractors would do well to give immediate attention. Formerly when the delivery of mail in Dawson was notoriously uncertain, people did not rely upon the service for the transaction of important business. The efficient system which was maintained last winter inspired public confidence in the good faith and ability of the contractors, and it certainly is to be regretted that the splendid record made last winter is not being maintained.

As matters now stand, a far better service must be given or there will be first-class grounds for general complaint.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The growth of our local public schools is very satisfactory. Our well attended schools form one of the very best evidences of permanence which could possibly be suggested. They indicate that the restless, unsettled period of former days is passed and that Dawson's population has now entered upon a settled and well established era. Instead of being here today and there tomorrow, the people of our little city for the most part have located here for a stay of an indefinite number of years and are making their plans accordingly.

While the schools are entirely inadequate to accommodate the requirement of the school population, a splendid beginning has been made toward the establishment of a first-class system, which doubtless will be improved from time to time until Dawson's public schools will rank along with those of other cities of similar size in any portion of the Dominion. In the organization of a public school in a community such as Dawson, more or less confusion is certain to ensue, and serious difficulties will arise which will be hard to overcome. It must be said, however, to the credit of those who have had in charge the work of inaugurating the local schools, that they have succeeded admirably when the various difficulties under which they have labored are taken into consideration.

THE MINING CAMP.

The fascination which clings to life in a mining town arises from the existence of possibilities which at any time may develop into living actualities. In the humdrum of everyday life in the ordinary community, there is but little for the average man to look forward to outside the limited circle within which he moves. He is an extremely small link in an immeasurably long chain.

His method of living resolves itself eventually into a sort of mechanical process which borders closely upon the automatic. The spirit of the times is against the realization of any great ambitions which he may cherish, and once he thoroughly comprehends this fact his life becomes largely a matter of mere routine.

In the atmosphere of a mining camp, the conditions are entirely different. There, it is that hope, which some one has said springs eternal in the human breast, has full sway. The man who today walks the street without a dollar may be the millionaire tomorrow, and in that possibility lies the explanation of the whole matter.

True it is that not in one case out of a hundred does any such thing occur. Of the tens of thousands of men who have followed the mining stampedes of the past half century, the really fortunate ones have been remarkably few. But what of that? It is the

province of every man to believe that sooner or later he is to be counted among the lucky minority; that he has been selected by the gods for the bestowal of special favors, and that fickle fortune must in the end turn her smiles in his direction.

Thus he lives on and hopes on undimmed of the failure of others and looking forward to the day when hope deferred will become hope realized.

His life is neither commonplace nor humdrum. He does not move in a rut nor does dull routine reduce him to an automaton. He is a man with expectations and a man with expectations is always interesting if not to others at least to himself.

The atmosphere of the mining camp is a species of intoxicant. Once tasted it is difficult to withdraw from its influence. It develops often the best and not infrequently the worst there is in men and yet in the whole there is more of that which makes the whole world akin to be found in a mining camp than in any other community. There is a roughness about the life which may grate on the nerves of the aesthetic but in productiveness of those qualities which constitute real, robust manhood it cannot be excelled.

There are several sides to be considered in determining the advisability of transforming Dawson into an incorporated municipality. In the abstract the Nugget is in favor of the incorporation of the town, but it will be impossible to give expression to a clear opinion until the exact terms upon which incorporation will be offered are known. The affairs of the town are well handled at the present time, and aside from natural opposition to the prevailing system of local government few people have any particular objections to offer. On the other hand, when we come face to face with the matter of taxation, which ultimately must be the case, there will be decided opinions in favor of the election of a representative council. In any event we must make sure that in endeavoring to rid ourselves of existing ills we do not plunge into others of which we have no present knowledge.

Expert testimony was brought out yesterday in the trial of the McConnell Water Works Co. suit to show the relative merits of houses which sell twenty-five cent and fifty-cent whisky. Had the attorneys in the case gone a little more into detail and ascertained to what extent the water company's product figures in determining the quality (to say nothing of quantity) of whisky in Dawson, they would have performed a distinct service for their country.

Last year with the railroad in operation from Skagway to Bennett, only, it was no unusual thing for mail to come through in seven or eight days. Now that the railroad has been completed to Whitehorse, it requires from two to three weeks to get mail into Dawson. By and by the road will be extended down to Selkirk, when it is to be expected that we will get mail in about once in every month.

The News in a recent issue undertakes to speak for Mr. Arthur Wilson with reference to certain matters raised by the Nugget. As we have said before we decline to recognize the unsupported statements of irresponsible parties who pretend to represent the views of other people.

Dawson may not be located in a land flowing with milk and honey, but there are few places where Mumm's extra dry gurgles forth in greater abundance.

The approach of the holiday season is having a healthful effect upon local trade. Santa Claus will be as much in evidence in Dawson, from all indications, as in any other part of the world.

St. Mary's School.

The pupils of St. Mary's school are preparing for Christmas exercises which will take place on Friday afternoon of this week at which time Commissioner Ogilvie and other prominent officials and citizens will be present. The efficient teacher, Sister Mary Edith, is sparing no pains or patience in preparing the children for the occasion, and some interesting exercises will be witnessed by all who attend.

Another Lost Man

H. Murray McDonald, a brother of Mrs. A. D. Williams, of this city, who left here for the outside on the 18th of last June and who is known to have been in Skagway on the 25th of the same month, has not been seen or heard from since by his friends who, as a natural result, are very much alarmed over his disappearance. Mr. McDonald, who is 22 years of age, at the time he started out had been in Dawson about 18 months, during which time he was employed by his brother-in-law, Mr. Williams. Being desirous of completing his education the young man saved what money he earned and had on leaving here the sum of \$1500, of which amount \$650 was in a gold brick and \$850 in bills. In addition he carried a sum of money which Mr. Williams was sending to his sisters in Vancouver. Mr. McDonald intended going from Skagway, first to Seattle and then by way of Victoria and Vancouver to the home of his parents, Sherbrook, Nova Scotia, and, after a short visit at home to enter college for the completion of a course.

A gentleman now in Dawson and who left Skagway about June 28th or 29th on the Cutch for Vancouver, thinks young McDonald left the following day on the steamer City of Seattle which was due to arrive in Seattle on July 4th. Time passed and nothing was heard of the arrival at his home of the young man, but no particular worry was caused until inquiries for news concerning him had failed to elicit information concerning him at either Vancouver or Nova Scotia, the people there naturally thinking he was still in Dawson. In the hope that the late mail would bring some information, Mr. Williams said nothing about the matter, but now that the mail brought information that nothing has been learned of the missing man on the outside, Mr. and Mrs. Williams fear the worst, the former stating in the Nugget office today his belief that his brother-in-law has been foully dealt with in Seattle.

Mr. Williams will be much pleased to meet anyone now in Dawson who may have gone south on the steamer Seattle on the trip on which she reached Seattle about July 4th.

Senator Jones Talks.

Little Rock, Ark., Nov. 22.—United States Senator James K. Jones, chairman of the national Democratic committee, spent the day in Little Rock, and left tonight for Washington. Before leaving he said in an interview:

"The election result was a great surprise to all Democrats. All were so confident of success that the sweeping Republican victory came as a severe shock. Even on the evening of the day before election reassuring telegrams came from leaders that New York was safe for Bryan, and from leaders of other pivotal states that the Democrats were sure to win. It was these forecasts which buoyed us up to the last moment, and made the actual result more startling."

"But Mr. Bryan is a great man—one of the greatest in America today, and his influence will be felt for many years to come in American politics. He is a giant in intelligence, and simply indefatigable in the prosecution of a campaign. Whether he will be a candidate for the presidency in the near future remains to be seen, but it is not probable that he will. It is more reasonable to presume that he would decline the nomination, even should it be offered to him."

"Reorganization! That's all nonsense. There is nothing in it, and it will blow over in 30 days. It is participated in by those who deserted the party and gave aid and comfort to the enemy, and does not represent the strength of the spirit of the genuine Democracy. What they would do is to adopt all the policies of the Republican party and be Democrats only in name. But, granting that there is cause for so-called reorganization, who has the power within the party to do it now? Not the disgruntled disorganizers who have raised the issues. If there is to be a reorganization of national committee or platform, it cannot be done for four years, or until the next national convention. As to the issues, that must depend largely upon the national and international developments of the next four years."

"It may be laid down primarily, however, that the Democratic party will never vary from its established fundamentals, a strict construction of the constitution and unswerving adherence to its principles and economically administered government."

for the benefit of the governed. The silver question may solve itself. Should the amount of gold produced be ample to maintain a sufficient volume of metallic money and insure the stability of prices, the silver question will be subordinated, but should the supply fall short of the demands of trade, the silver question will be made prominent. The question of imperialism may also find a solution outside the ballot box.

"I believe the supreme court will decide against the Puerto Rican law and should this be done there will be a revolution on the part of the Republicans themselves against the retention of the Philippines. But just what the issues of 1904 will be no one can predict with any degree of certainty."

A Good Snake Story.

The latest authentic snake story is from North Glenwood Farm, near Easton, one of the country places in Talbot county, Md. The other day a big black snake was seen emerging from an ice pond. It was killed. A protuberance was noticed about the middle. The snake was chopped in two, and a porcelain turkey nest egg rolled out. Captain Noble Robinson was tenant on the farm last year. Mrs. Robinson raised turkeys, using china eggs in their nests. She says that 14 months ago she missed the nest egg from a nest near the ice pond. She supposed a boy who had the range of the meadow had taken it. When the egg from the snake was shown to Mrs. Robinson, she identified it as one she had lost by a certain incised mark upon it. The snake had carried the china egg 14 months in his vermiform appendix, apparently without appendicitis. But he must have thought very hard of it and that it was very singular that it could not be digested.

Countries That Teach Gardening.

School gardens were established in Belgium many years ago, and it is said that to them is due the prosperity of the rural population, the larger portion being engaged in truck gardening. After the introduction of agriculture into the public schools of France, by a law passed in 1885 school gardens increased in that country. Annual appropriations have been devoted to an extension of the system in Switzerland since 1885.

Hunting With the Camera.

Of the many delightful birds I have had the good fortune to know, the worm-eating warbler family have afforded me the greatest pleasure; for they become absolutely fearless of the camera, and they place a degree of trust in one that was as unusual as it was delightful. Being anxious to secure photographs of the young, I paid frequent visits to the nests, and what a wonderfully concealed nest it was, tucked away in a small depression and hidden by the roots of an oak sapling. It would forever have remained undiscovered by me had I not, by lucky chance, observed one of the parent birds visiting it. Only at first did the owners object to my intruding, and by various methods did they try to coax me away from their home. First one and then the other would feign broken wings, and half rolling, half scrambling, they would make their way down the steep hillside, in the hope of luring me away. Then, finding that I was not to be taken in even by such an artful device, they endeavored to accomplish their object by scolding me. In less than two hours they quieted down and simply looked on in silence. The next time I visited the nest they made no objection, and I imagined they recognized me, and realized that I meant no harm, either to themselves or to their young, for these had hatched since my last visit. Day by day I came to watch the little fellows, and they grew rapidly, as all young birds do.

Finally they were ready to make their first venture into the great world that, should no accident befall them, was to be their feeding ground for many years to come. As I looked into the nest the family of fledglings scrambled out, as though they had been scattered by some invisible hand, so nearly simultaneous was their action, and in less time than it takes to tell it, each little mite of down and rust-colored feathers was hidden among the dead crackling leaves with which the ground was strewn.

Though I had tried my best to watch where each bird concealed itself, it was sometime before I collected them all preparatory to photographing them. Of course the parents were greatly excited—birds always are when their young first leave the nest—and when they saw the entire brood captured by one whom they considered a friend, they seemed to regret having placed so much confidence in me. But only for a very short time did their doubts continue. As soon as I placed the youngsters on a suitable perch they both ceased to utter that lisping note of anxious protestation, and to show that they no longer feared men they hopped about on the camera while I was arranging it.—The World.

DR. GOODE AND MOORE

And Their Troubles Here Which Ended in a Shooting

Exhibition at Short Range in San Francisco—They Often Scrapped for Fun.

The troubles of Dr. Goode and Whitey Moore having culminated in San Francisco by Moore's taking a couple of ineffectual shots at the physician, whose treatment of his eyes Moore objected to, on the ground that a tooth brush was not calculated to improve the eyesight and had no place in an oculist's outfit anyway, has led to considerable talk about town, and the recalling to mind of many things which transpired when Dr. Goode was treating Moore's eyes before he lost one of them in the Good Samaritan hospital later, and just previous to his departure from here.

It was just before the appointment of Dr. McArthur to succeed Dr. Goode as health officer that the latter was confined to his room for some time by reason, as it was commonly reported about town, of a too free indulgence in the ardent spirit familiarly spoken of as hootch. There was another reason, or rather two of them, according to Moore, for the doctor's seclusion, and these were sombre. They were two badly bruised eyes, commonly spoken of as black, and had been caused by Moore, who in the statement made to a Nugget reporter at the time had found it necessary to chastise the doctor, or be himself walloped, and all because the doctor was drunk and insisted upon giving Whitey some instruction in the manly art.

At the time, notwithstanding these little spats which were of frequent occurrence, the two were fast friends, and although Moore told the Nugget man of their troubles he was careful to stipulate before hand that the information was not for publication, as he explained: "The doctor is a good fellow, and a good doctor if he would only let hootch alone and attend to business, and I wouldn't say anything against him for the world."

It seems, however, that even his friendship for Dr. Goode could not stand the loss of an eye and the treatment of the other one with a tooth brush, and so he went gunning.

It is a pretty generally conceded opinion here among those who know the parties that the only reason a tooth brush was used instead of a monkey wrench was because the brush was handiest.

Lord Hamilton and "Sailor Bill."

W. S. Partridge, universally known as "Sailor Bill," who owns extensive mining interests in the Atlin district arrived on the Dolphin on a visit to his Atlin property which is now in litigation, Lord Hamilton, his former partner claiming some of the property.

"Sailor Bill" was not in a very pleasant mood when seen and since his dispute with Lord Hamilton seems to have lost all faith in the honesty and integrity of the human race.

"It is simply a case of robbery on Lord Hamilton's part," said Mr. Partridge. "His lordship, by the way, a nice title for a man who would take advantage of a friend, came up with me last year, and after looking over the property purchased ten of my quartz claims on the continuation of the Anaconda division, knowing at the time that the crown surveyor had made a mistake and had included three of my claims in the ten sold to him. He went over to England and immediately applied for a crown concession not for his own claims but for the entire 13. I immediately filed an injunction and tied up the 13 claims and also 25 other claims that he was trying to secure a grant for."

"This action will greatly retard the development of the country, but I can't help it. I must have my rights. The case will come up at Victoria in a short time and if I should lose I have made all arrangements to have it taken to a higher court."

"I am going in today to make arrangements about the development of other claims and will return in about a week and will immediately go down to Victoria to try and settle the matter."

Last fall Lord Hamilton and "Sailor Bill" were the best of friends and during their stay in Skagway could be seen walking arm in arm; but now there isn't room enough on the earth for both of them.—Skagway Alaskan.

Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.