

TRIALS OF THE WEEKLY WAG

And How It Was Saved by the Editor's Daughter

But She Made a Mistake by Running Up Against Uncle Instead of Nephew.

(From Friday's Daily.)

Sept. 4, 1897, 10:30 a. m.—Just now, when I took dad his cup of coffee, I found him pouring over a bill and looking worried to the verge of distraction. At last I drew from him that the Weekly Wag is wagging all the wrong way and is bound to go to the wall unless he can secure a few articles from some comic writer of note. But, though he has written to several with that object, nothing has come of it.

"In a word, the paper has turned out a ruinous investment for me," he concluded bitterly.

As I came up stairs, feeling utterly miserable and depressed, a happy thought darted into my mind. Men don't like refusing a request when framed by feminine lips, so perhaps I may succeed where poor dad has failed. At any rate, "without a trial there's no denial," and a recent incident opens the way for me to make the trial.

A few days ago, while aunt and I were whiling away an hour in the British museum, she bowed to a librarian. He responded to her recognition with a courtly bow, and a polite smile relaxed for the moment his clean shaven inscrutable face.

"That was the celebrated Mr. Rutland, the writer of those clever articles, my dear," I met him last week at Mrs. Pelham's," she explained as we passed on into another room. Seeing that she had turned as red as a peony, I concluded that he was a celibate as well as a celebrity! But, he certainly did not look a bit like I imagined him, for, strange to say, dad had been speaking of him to me that same morning, when he had enviously pointed out an attractive announcement in a rival weekly to the effect that a series of brilliant sketches from the pen of the widely known humorist, Rolf Rutland, would shortly appear in the columns. I am very glad now that we chanced to see him, since it paves the way for me to call on him and explain in confidence the sad straits of the Weekly Wag and beg of him to contribute something to its pages.

Aunt mentioned that he lives at Forest Gate, in a beautiful residence known as Olive Lodge. So tomorrow morning I shall take heart of grace and start on this forlorn hope.

Sept. 5, 1897, 1:10 p. m.—What a day of days this has been! I really ought to have dated it in red ink. This morning directly the dear, unsuspecting dad had started for the city, I put on my sailor hat and sallied forth on my secret mission.

About two hours later I mounted a broad flight of steps to the threshold of Olive Lodge, and I must confess that while I waited admittance my courage seemed to ooze out of my finger tips.

"You are a little simpleton, Rose Harvey, quaking and shaking as though you were going to face an ogre instead of a wit," I said angrily to myself as a boy in buttons ushered me into a large drawing room, very handsomely furnished, but lacking in pretty trifles. Giving the boy my card I subsided into an easy chair. As I did so I caught sight of myself in a pier glass, and was relieved to see that I looked perfectly self possessed—which I certainly did not feel.

The next minute the curtained door swung open, and "the celebrated Mr. Rutland" entered the room. Unless I was much mistaken a gleam of relief flashed from his steel gray eyes as they alighted on me. Possibly, since my aunt and I bear the same names, he had expected to see her, and of "two evils" would rather deal with the lesser! Producing the current number of the Weekly Wag, I explained—rather abruptly, I'm afraid—the nature of my visit.

While he listened his gaze of polite attention became a stare of unbounded amazement, and, instead of accepting the proffered paper, he sprang to his feet with an exasperated gesture.

"This is a most preposterous request, young lady! It is utterly out of the question that any article from my pen should appear through the medium of the Weekly Wag."

The slighting emphasis with which he named the poor little weekly, and the withering glance he cast on it, made me tingle with rage and mortification.

"Then there is nothing more to be said, except to apologize for having

troubled you with this 'preposterous request,'" I said, rising to my feet. And making him a stiff little bow, I moved toward the door. He had the politeness to hasten to open it for me, and I passed out with all the dignity I could summon. At the same moment the hall door was hastily opened, and a tear blurred vision of a tall, straight figure in crickety flannels made me redouble my efforts to repress my inclination to burst out crying.

Removing his cap the young fellow held the door open for me, and keeping my smarting eyes bent on the ground I hastily made my exit. Never in all the 19 years of my life had I felt so annoyed and resentful.

"So much for my 'happy thought!'" I reflected briefly, as I descended the deep stairway into the station. Having ascertained that my train was no due for 15 minutes, I fell to pacing the platform, where the flaunting posters of many a prosperous compeer of the luckless little weekly I still grasped gave a yet keener edge to my disappointment. Turning in my perambulation I was surprised to see the flannel clad figure of my tear blurred vision hurrying toward me.

"The old bigwig has repented of his insulting refusal!" I thought hopefully, while I bowed in response to the young fellow's doff of cap.

"Excuse me, Miss Harvey, but there has been some unfortunate mistake, and I have followed you here in the hope of straightening matters," he said, his quick breathing and heightened color testifying to the hot haste he had made.

"I am the Rolf Rutland who scribbles nonsense; my uncle is a savant, and only writes for the scientific journals."

"A savant! No wonder he was so annoyed at my request!" I exclaimed, blushing painfully. "But, really, knowing you write humor, he might have guessed I had made some such mistake."

"Ah, but he did not know it until ten minutes ago. I have 'great expectations' in that quarter, and have kept my frivolous talent a dead secret from him," he replied, with a whimsical smile.

"Then I hope you will have no reason to rue this stupid blunder of mine," I said impulsively.

"I should certainly have rued it sadly if I had never discovered it—which is a rank Hibernicism, I suppose." And a mutual laugh set us both at our ease.

"And now, Miss Harvey, with regard to the Weekly Wag, I shall be most pleased to contribute to its columns," he said, as eagerly as though he were a struggling aspirant, anxious to see his effusions in print.

In the midst of my delighted thanks the train dashed in, and all was confusion. When he had handed me into a carriage he told me that directly the cricket match was over he should run into the city and see my father. Then the train moved on, and as our eyes met in a last glance, I saw a look in his that made my heart dance as it had never danced before.

About 5 o'clock there came a telegram from dad, to the effect that Mr. Rutland would dine with us at 7. In a flutter of delight, I helped aunt to improve our menu and then hastened to make my dinner toilet.

When, half an hour later, dad and Mr. Rutland entered the drawing room, I was surprised to see how much older and distinguished he looked in evening dress than in his flannels, and for the minute I felt quite shy. But his genial frankness of manner soon brought us "in touch" again, and I have passed the most charming evening I can remember.

Sept. 5, 1898, 10:45 p. m.—My wedding eve, and exactly a year since the day I made that absurd blunder. And now, thanks to the sput given it by Rolf's pen, the Weekly Wag is the foremost of its class and its editor his cheery old self again.

"But I shall never forget," he said to me this morning, "that it owes its success not to the editor, but to the editor's daughter!"—Exchange.

Output of the Koyukuk.

The following grossly misleading article, a sample of the many misrepresentations that cause people to stampede into practically worthless countries, was published in a late issue of the Seattle P.-I.:

From time to time reports have reached the outside world regarding the Koyukuk country in Alaska, all indicating its richness in the yellow metal. The latest arrival from that section is Charles R. Clow, formerly a Seattle business man, but ever since the fire has been making his home in the east, until three years ago, when he turned prospector and cast his fortunes in the far northern district from which he now hails. He is en route east on mining matters, connected with his properties in the Koyukuk, and expects to return to that section just as soon as he has completed his business. Mr.

Clow, who is yet a young man, is enthusiastic over the Koyukuk, and gives it as his opinion that although only a few claims are as yet being worked, the output for this season will exceed \$1,500,000.

"The Koyukuk country is very rich in gold," he said at the Butler yesterday, "and will prove this assertion this year. As yet there are only about 25 claims opened up, but roughly estimated these will produce, I should say, over \$1,500,000 this year."

"About 15 of these claims are located on Myrtle creek and the balance on Slate creek, Gold Bench and South Fork creeks. Gold Bench is probably one of the richest properties in that part of the country. It comprises about 60 acres and the best prospectors, who have gone over it, claim to have found the dirt pay 15 to 20 cents to the pan summer diggings. A thing most peculiar to the section is that the gold commences at the grass roots and runs anywhere from 3 to 6 feet deep, but so far has been lost at bedrock. In fact, the bedrock is on top there. There is an abundance of water there, and conservatively estimating this one section will produce at least \$200,000 this year. The claims on Gold Bench are owned by G. C. Betties and two members of the Katie Henrich Company, which I understand outfit in Seattle."

"The Koyukuk country proper is of an immense area and is not overestimated. In all I should judge there are not more than 500 people in the district. There is still plenty of room, for new comers providing they are men who will engage in mining."

"Tramway bar has been paying, since June 1 last, three ounces of gold to the shovel of dirt. This dust assays \$18.40 an ounce."

"The new crowd that has come into the district from Dawson and thereabouts, have, as a rule, been able to get good properties. They are well pleased and have expressed the belief that eventually it will be a valuable gold bearing district. The climate is most agreeable and healthful. There is no disease. Last winter our coldest weather was 72 degrees below zero but even that was not what might be called severe weather."

"It is a remarkable thing, when you come to compare the few deaths in the Koyukuk with the list in other districts. The health of the camps at all times during my three years' residence there has been excellent. The little graveyards in all the district do not include more than eight graves, even with those who met death by freezing."

"It may be of interest to their Seattle friends to know that D. A. McKenzie, formerly engaged in the real estate business here, and David E. Durie, formerly of Moran Bros., are both doing well. Besides some valuable properties they both own, their wives are also owners of rich claims adjoining Gold Bench. An effort was recently made to buy one of these adjoining claims, but the man who owned a one-third interest refused to dispose of it for \$100,000."

"The north fork of the Koyukuk has been thoroughly prospected, and is pronounced very fine. The gold so far found has run from 1 cent to 25 cents to the pan. Wild creek, a tributary to the Koyukuk, has yielded the best of any of the outside creeks. Prospectors report from 6 cents in gold and 5 cents in platinum to the pan."

"The Alaska Commercial Company is now engaged in shipping in an immense amount of provisions for a winter's supply, and when I left there on July 6 I was informed they expected to have at least 600 to 700 tons on hand. The stories I have seen regarding exorbitant prices for foodstuffs are untrue. The prices prevailing throughout the whole district are about the same as those that obtain in the Klondike."

"There is no doubt about the future of the Koyukuk."

Fates Foretold.

Upon the death of the empress of Austria European papers recalled the sad fate that has also befallen her two sisters. The Herald of St. Petersburg tells us that these sisters, the Duchess of Alencon and Queen Marie of Naples, once consulted a noted fortune teller, who told the Princess Marie that she would be a queen, that she would be deceived and have a disastrous rule and lose her crown, that she would show great courage and energy, but that she must look out for the "hommes rouges." If one recalls the victory of Garibaldi and his "red men" over the king of Naples, one must admit that she guessed "true" on this occasion. To the Princess Sophie she said: "You will not reach middle life. You need not fear water, but keep yourself from another element—fire." The princess became the Duchess of Alencon and was burned in the fire of the charity bazaar in Paris. When her sister, Marie, once queen of Naples, was searching in the ruins of the bazaar for the body of her sister, she recalled to those assisting her the warning of the gipsy.

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 12
(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.
ALLEN BROS., Publishers

TIME WILL BE SAVED.

From all reports the cat was rather allowed to escape from the bag at the meeting of the board of revision last night. The only logical sequence to the situation now is to leave the entire matter of taxation in statu quo until after the election, which will occur within a very few weeks. When two representatives are elected to serve on the council a taxation ordinance may be passed which the people will accept and of the legality of which there can be no doubt. Last night's session will serve only to increase the prevailing impression that an unnecessary amount of haste has attended the matter.

Persistence on the part of the council in its determination to press the tax levy means undoubtedly resort to litigation which will postpone the day when taxes are actually collected far beyond what is necessary. It is undoubtedly irritating to the council to think that there are people in Dawson with sufficient temerity to make serious objections to the council's legislative enactments, but on the other hand it may be said that it is equally irritating to the people to see themselves taxed by a small body of men whose boast is that they are irresponsible as regards the wishes of those whom they are called upon to govern. And that irritation is not decreased in any respect by the fact that the legal status of the council's latest effort is shrouded in much doubt.

Litigation is always expensive and very much of an annoyance to all parties concerned, in view of which fact it is to be hoped that the council will see its way clear to allow matters to rest until an ordinance can be framed by the full council including the elective members. We think it perfectly safe to say that time will be saved in the long run by such action.

WE HOPE IT WILL PROVE TRUE.

With good roads established, the royalty removed and ground now closed thrown open for location to every prospector who desires to follow his calling there can be no doubt that the Klondike country will advance on the highway to prosperity with a series of leaps and bounds. Mr. Sifton's recent telegram certainly holds out a rainbow of promise which we should rejoice to see develop into a living actuality. Events are certainly swinging around to a point where the government must show its hand and declare itself with reference to its future attitude toward this country. What we desire to see, however, is remedial action taken before the coming election. Such action would be some evidence of sincerity on Mr. Sifton's part which is certainly lacking in the bare terms of his recent manifesto. Everything is promised as has been promised a hundred times over, but nothing is as yet done.

We shall be pleased to attribute to the minister of the interior all the virtues which our two local contemporaries are now enthusiastically claiming for him, when he does something to merit the same. But as long as his actions are confined to promises to be realized in the dim and distant future we must be excused if we refrain from joining in the chorus which is being raised in his honor.

When it comes to a question of favors for this territory at the hands of the minister of the interior we confess that we want to see the thing done in black and white before we spend much time in the preparation of hymns of gratitude.

We earnestly hope that every sentence of Mr. Sifton's telegram carries with it a forecast of what will soon become a fact, but meanwhile we see no reason for any spasms of enthusiasm and thanksgiving.

The Chinese as a nation possess wonderful talents when it comes to spreading deceitful and misleading rumors. There have been as many stories told of the fate of the foreign ministers in Pe-

kin as have been circulated in Dawson regarding the removal of the royalty, and just about as much is known of the one as of the other.

Not far from Jackson, Nebraska, and Elk Point, South Dakota, the maps show a horseshoe bend in the Missouri river, known as Brugher's bend. The farmers on the South Dakota side of the bend have long held that the floods which frequently injured their property could be prevented by cutting a channel across the neck and straightening out the course of the river. A few days ago an armed band of 32 Dakotans crossed the river and actually dug a trench across the neck, thus making dry land of the bend—and adding the region within the twenty-five mile sweep to the state of South Dakota, as the meander line of the river is the interstate boundary. When the sheriff of Dakota county, Nebraska, learned of the work of the South Dakota farmers, he sent a posse to the scene, but the deputies arrived too late, for the intruders had gone and their work had been completed. The river is rapidly widening the channel across the neck.—Skagway News.

Now Will You Be Still.

Dawson, Y. T., Aug. 10, 1900.
To the Editor of the Nugget, Dawson, Y. T.

Dear Sir: Would you kindly insert in your valuable columns the following item taken from the very latest outside papers. This item shows conclusively what use is at present being made of the United States alien labor law, no matter what the original reason was which induced the members of congress from the States not touching the international boundary line to enact such untair legislation.

These steamers the St. Lawrence, New York and Empire State are excursion steamers owned by the Canadian firm of Folger Bros. of Kingston, Ontario, and the boats are used to carry excursionists indiscriminately between Clayton, Alexander Bay and Ogdenburg, N. Y., and Kingston, Gananoque and Brockville, Ontario. The boats winter and fit out at Kingston, and during the entire summer the crew live on board the boats no matter what port they are in.

Now, sir, these men are thrown out of employment for the crime of being Canadians just in the middle of the season's work, and as everyone has arranged for their summer help they will probably drift west to British Columbia or Dawson, and there are several here today in exactly the same position as these people. I ask you to publish this because so many Americans from the interior states pretend to disbelieve the existence of this law. Now, there is no doubt that citizens of Colorado, Texas or the "Show Me" state surrounding St. Louis may never have seen or heard of this law being enforced, but this is an example of the sole use which is now being made of the law. No wonder, when this is the fact, and when such an unnecessary abuse of our institutions as was given by Jas. G. Bell is so frequently heard, that some of our Canadians are getting a little sore.

I make this suggestion to the strong and fair-minded Americans here: Use your powerful influence with your government at Washington to secure for Canadians the same free and independent right of action throughout the entire United States which the laws of this country give to you Americans here, and we, as Canadians, will guarantee that we will continue to use our influence to rectify the abuses existing in this country which will, as you know, assist and benefit the Americans here as much as they will the Canadians. But with such items as the following appearing from time to time outside, and with the public statement of officials in here that Dawson is "an American city on Canadian soil," it will be all the harder to make headway against the prejudice of the representative of voters who have lost their daily bread from the cause given in the following which appeared under the heading "Canadians Dismissed":

Kingston, July 25.—United States Labor Inspector Bailey is again getting in some fine work against Canadians. On the steamers St. Lawrence, New York and Empire State, the majority employed were Canadians. The labor inspector served notice on Folger Bros., to dismiss these, threatening, after ten days to fine the company \$5 for every Canadian employed remaining on boats. Almost the entire crew of the Empire State were dismissed. The crews of the St. Lawrence and New York also suffered. Folger Bros. failed to dismiss the Canadians, but were forced to abide by the law.

Thanking you for your space, I am, sir, yours truly,
JOSEPH A. CLARKE,
A CANUCK.

Special Power of Attorney for sale at the Nugget office.