

## The Klondike Nugget

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### A STATEMENT IN ORDER.

The query propounded to Councillor Wilson in yesterday's issue of this paper respecting that gentleman's relations with certain political mountebanks in Dawson, has evoked much interest. There is a well defined impression abroad that Mr. Wilson has been the victim of misplaced confidence. The sensational method which the News adopted of bringing Mr. Wilson's name into prominence in connection with the Slorah murder case indicated a lurking desire on the part of that paper to work some injury to the new councillor. That desire took form in an alleged defense of Mr. Wilson from a charge which had never been laid against him. This defense published with a ridiculous amount of detail must of necessity leave with the general reader the impression that in some way or other Mr. Wilson was concerned in the circumstances leading up to the Slorah tragedy.

It appeared evident at the time, as was pointed out in these columns, that the News was endeavoring to work out some smouldering grievance against Mr. Wilson, and subsequent developments have served to strengthen this opinion to a demonstration.

A short time ago, as was noted in yesterday's issue of the Nugget, a lengthy letter signed by Joseph A. Clarke as Mr. Wilson's representative, appeared in the News. This letter, we are informed on the very best of authority, was wholly unauthorized by Mr. Wilson, which fact must have been known to the News. Nevertheless the letter was published in full, and was accepted as Mr. Wilson's official views upon the various subjects with which it dealt.

Obviously, Mr. Wilson is entitled to have his real views placed before the public in a manner which will admit of no doubt as to their authenticity.

If the small clique who, according to their own claims, and in fact according, thus far, to Mr. Wilson's own tacit acknowledgment, is entitled to represent that gentleman before the public, really has such authority, it is due from Mr. Wilson that a statement to that effect be made.

On the other hand, if he has been misrepresented and placed in a false position, as undoubtedly appears to be the case, it is to the interest of all concerned that the matter be straightened out at the earliest possible moment.

### LOOKS GOOD FOR THE CANAL.

The Nicaragua canal is given an important position in President McKinley's message to congress. The construction of this canal is not only a vast undertaking but its completion will be attended with results of vast importance. The day when ships are able to pass across the isthmus will certainly mark the beginning of a period of wonderful activity and progress for the cities of the Pacific coast.

The products of the coast will then have access to the eastern markets on terms which will admit of competition with any of the great central and western states. High railway tariffs which in by-gone years have always discriminated against California wheat and Washington lumber must be lowered in a very marked degree, or empty freight cars will be pulled across the continent or left idle on the tracks.

An influx of immigration to the coast on a larger scale than ever has been witnessed must of necessity ensue.

Great stretches of agricultural country now lying idle will be brought under cultivation and every line of industry will be stimulated in an effective manner. The result of this increased productive energy will be conveyed to the shipping centers of the coast which will be quick to realize and take advantage of every opportunity presented to add to their commercial supremacy.

Certainly the future holds out alluring prospects for the Pacific slope. The northern and eastern trade has already

worked a marvelous effect on the growing giants of the coast and their growth is now like that of a snowball which gathers new volume as it moves along.

The Nicaragua canal, which is certain to be completed within the next few years, will form but another element among the various influences which are now contributing toward the remarkable growth and prosperity so noticeable in all the coast cities.

A second New York somewhere on the coast will be the final outcome.

Lord Roberts is to have a dukedom conferred upon him, to which his remarkable services in South Africa fully entitle him. It is one of the glories of Great Britain that she rewards her men who faithfully serve her in a manner commensurate with the nature of the work they perform. Lord Roberts agreed to assume command in Africa upon one condition only, viz.: absolute authority with no interference from the war office in London. The results have amply demonstrated the wisdom of the government in acceding to his demands. He went and saw and conquered and as befits the conquering hero he is to be rewarded with the best his country has to offer.

Evidently someone is very desirous of working up a new political movement in France. Every time the fire eating element of that volatile republic desires to get control of things, a great hurrah is made respecting the feasibility of crossing the channel and invading England. This talk doesn't lessen the distance between Dover and Calais one particle and if it helps to keep the French people from suffering from ennui, we don't suppose any particular objection should be entered.

An error in transcribing a telegram which was published in the Nugget of yesterday made it appear that President McKinley in his message to congress speaks of friendly relations still being maintained with the Boers. An inspection of the telegram reveals the fact that the reference which occurs in the president's comments on the Boer war is to Great Britain and not to the Boers.

Postmaster Hartman's splendid new building and the excellent facilities which he has at hand for the distribution of mail and for other accommodations to the public, will not avail very much if the mail contractors do not perform their part with a little more expedition. Thus far the winter delivery of mail in Dawson from the outside has been anything but satisfactory.

Next summer Dawson is to have a street railway system. At the present rate we are traveling we shall see roof gardens in our midst before long.

### Fortunes Made in a Day.

Three mining men who are well known in Seattle have just returned from Cape Nome and the Bluestone district with stories of the marvelous richness of the latter camp. F. W. and Stephen Wilmans, who were pioneers of the Monte Cristo district, and Richard P. Burkman, all well known in this city, are among those who have good prospects in the north. F. W. Wilmans is a director in a bank at Nome, in which a number of local capitalists are interested. The Wilmans brothers own a half interest in No. 8 on Gold Run creek, in the Bluestone district.

Speaking of Cape Nome and the adjacent territory, F. W. Wilmans said yesterday:

"The miners who have prospected the country about Cape Nome have merely scratched the surface. Contrary to the men who have returned with hard luck stories from Cape Nome, I hold that there is no mining region in the United States more promising than Cape Nome and the country tributary. But before any real progress can be made we must get rid of the litigation that has hampered the camp, and take steps to forever prevent a recurrence of the troubles we have experienced during the last season."

From No. 8, Gold Run, over \$517,000 was taken out in 17 hours, according to Mr. Burkman. The latter says he stood by while the treasure was washed out. Mr. Burkman says that the cleanup would have been doubled but for the breaking of a dam, which carried away part of the sluice boxes.—P.-L., Nov. 19.

## MATTER OF SLORAH APPEAL

### Of Which Notice of Argument Was Given Some Time Since

### Seems to Hanging Fire on Account of Funds, Which Is Said Will Be Forth Coming.

The friends of James Slorah, recently sentenced to be hanged on the second day of March next for the murder of Pearl Mitchell, are busy raising funds looking to the reopening of the case in a new trial or an appeal.

Attorney Bleeker gave notice after the passing of the sentence, that he would argue a motion for an appeal, but no time was set for the hearing of argument, and nothing has ever been heard regarding it. Mr. Bleeker is very reticent in the matter, but for all that it appears that the stumbling block is a matter of money.

Those who have in charge the raising of the funds, when asked what is being done, merely say that they are busy with the matter and that a sufficient amount will probably be forthcoming for necessary purposes when the time comes.

The time, however, seems to rest largely with the attorney, whose only incentive to undertake cases, in view of the fact that that is the source of his livelihood, is one of monetary consideration. For this reason the "proper time" is when the friends of the condemned man came forward with the money, and although March seems some distance away yet, it must be remembered that a great deal is necessary to be done, and that soon, if an appeal is to be taken.

In the meantime James Slorah, naturally the party most concerned in the matter, is taking life with his customary coolness. His health was very bad for a time after his incarceration, and his appetite was so nearly gone as to give rise to the rumor that he had attempted suicide by means of abstaining from taking any nourishment whatever.

He has recovered his appetite, however, and is in as good spirits as possible for a man who stands with the black shadow of death squarely across his path.

### Magellan's "Giants" Rediscovered.

Myth and superstition are long lived. But they are distinct foes to human progress. Therefore we may hope that the voyage of the Belgic, as chronicled by Dr. Frederick A. Cook, the only American aboard, may result in permanently exploding one especially vigorous myth. The Belgic did not succeed in discovering the South Pole, but it practically rediscovered the Straits of Magellan, which run between Patagonia and Terra del Fuego. Dr. Cook has given us a fund of needed information about these territories that border on the Straits. He has met the inhabitants face to face. He has told us positively that they are not giants, although they are, perhaps, the tallest races on earth. Their average height he places at six feet. A few fall below that. A few rise to six or even seven inches above. Now, the legend that these races were of an almost superhuman stature, though repeatedly denied by occasional travelers, has persistently survived in the minds of the vulgar ever since Magellan himself, the discoverer of the Straits, gave it birth.

Magellan, it will be remembered, describes the Patagonians as "so tall that the tallest of us came only to their waists." It is true that the Portuguese are not a tall race. Nevertheless, Magellan's words would indicate that the average height of the Patagonians must have been some nine feet. Later travelers, of the middle ages improved upon Magellan. Sebald de Worff, who visited Patagonia in 1598, describes the inhabitants as being ten or eleven feet high, and so strong that they could easily tear up by the roots trees of a span in diameter.

Then came more moderate statisticians. Byron, in 1764, says that he saw a chief not less than seven feet high, and others nearly as tall. Byron was merely guessing. It was Capt. Wallis, in 1766, who first put the Patagonians to the test of actual measurement. He found a few who were six feet seven inches in height, but the average stature was only from five feet ten inches to six feet. Capt. Wallis and Dr. Cook are in substantial agreement.

The belief that giants formerly inhabited this globe and that they still survive in remote and inaccessible regions has been fostered in Christendom

by the statement in Genesis, "There were giants on the earth in those days." But many Biblical students are inclined to accept the interpretation of St. Chrysostom: "I think that those in Scripture called giants are not of any unusual kind of men for shape or feature, but such as were heroic, strong and warlike."

Deuteronomy describes the bedstead of Og, king of Bashan, as nine cubits in length and four in breadth. A cubit was about eighteen inches. Hence the bedstead was thirteen and a half feet long. But it is quite possible that Og used a bedstead not in proportion to his actual size, but in proportion to his fancied importance.

In which connection one may recall the story of Alexander the Great. In one of his Asian expeditions he caused to be made and left behind him a suit of armor of huge proportions, in order to induce a belief among the people he had conquered that he was of immense size.

An explanation of this sort would not, however, have suited the ancient rabbinical and Arabian writers. They tell delightful stories of how Og survived the Deluge by wading, the waters reaching no higher than his knees. The only inconvenience he experienced during the flood was that he was reduced to a fish diet, his staple food consisting of whales, which he roasted on the disc of the sun.

Legend aside, it is more than probable that the men of today are equal, and probably superior, in stature to the ancients.

The Greeks and Romans were undoubtedly of small size. The helmets and sword hilts that have come down to us from the heroic ages could not be used by the majority of soldiers of the present European nations. Ancient rings also are generally too small for modern fingers.

But the classic writers give testimony enough on this point. Caesar, speaking of the Gauls, says: "Our shortness of stature, in comparison with the great size of their bodies, is generally a subject of much contempt to the men of Gaul." Tacitus also describes the Germans as of robust form and of great stature, and Strabo says that he had seen Britons at Rome who were half a foot taller than the tallest Italians. Yet there is no proof that the men of these nations were any larger in ancient times than they are now. On the contrary, the graves and barrows are usually under the average height of men of the present day. It is the same with the Egyptian mummies.—N. Y. Herald.

### The Formidable Lease.

"I'm afraid we can't take this flat at all," said Mr. Weems, regretfully. And, being questioned by the wife of his bosom, he explained: "This lease the agent has just sent up to me to sign has this clause—'This lease is granted upon the express condition, however, that in case said landlord, his agents or assigns deem objectionable or improper any conduct on the part of said tenant or occupants, said landlord shall have full license and authority to enter and have full possession of said premises, either with or without legal process, on giving five days' notice of intention so to do and tendering repayment of the rent paid on account of the unexpired term.'"

"Do you know what that means?" asked Mr. Weems, and answered for himself: "It means this landlord or his assigns have a right to come snooping around my flat and call us down every time we have a Welsh rabbit party or a lobster a la Newburg session in the chafing dish. We can't put ourselves in the power of a puritanical person like this landlord."

"Let me see the lease," said Mrs. Weems. "Maybe there are mitigating clauses." She found one, reading aloud in horrified indignation:

"That the tenant shall not drive picture or other nails into the walls or woodwork of said premises, nor allow the same to be done. Aren't they tricky?" commented Mrs. Weems. "They think we would try to get around that clause by having Lottie do the driving." Then she read on:

"And shall, at his own cost and expense, make and do all repairs required to walls, ceilings, paper, glass and

glass globes, plumbing work, ranges, pipes and fixtures belonging thereto, whenever damage or injury to the same shall have resulted from misuse or neglect, and shall repair and make good any damage occurring to the building or any tenant thereof by reason of any neglect, carelessness or injury to the dumbwaiters, gas or Croton water pipes, meters or faucets and connections by the tenant himself or any of his family or household, or upon the premises leased to said tenant." What do you think of that? "Why it expressly forbids me to hang pictures on the walls, and as for putting my two old china plates around the sides of the room, that is impossible. We can't take this apartment."

"Look here," said the prospective tenant, "what do you think of this for high handed dictation: 'And the said tenant shall use only such shades in the front windows of the said apartment as are put up or approved by owner.' Did you ever hear of such assurance?"

"And here's something else," discovered Mrs. Weems. "It says: 'To be occupied as a strictly private dwelling apartment by himself and family, consisting of—' and here you write your name and my name. And what am I to do when it gets time for Cousin Madge to come and visit me? Why, the landlord or his assigns might say: 'No, Cousin Madge's name is not in the lease. She can't come in.' Oh, it's certainly impossible for us to take this place."

"But will you please look at this," said Mr. Weems. "That the tenant shall consult and conform to the regulations governing said house and to any reasonable alterations." Do you know what that means? It means that we are to hold ourselves to the order of the janitor, and that whenever that janitor feels like changing the regulations we have nothing to say. And here's yet another clause giving people from outside permission to tramp through our apartment at all hours of the day and night three months in advance of the expiration of our lease, under the pretext of looking at the flat with a view to settling. I shall go to that beastly agent and tell him what I think of him."

But when he went and told, the beastly agent smiled a large, plump, indulgent smile and said: "Go ahead, my boy. Go as far as you like. Nail up as many pictures as you feel like. Have all the company you want. Give as many Welsh rabbit parties as your salary will stand. Swear at the janitor when you feel like it. Call on me for repairs whenever you need them. That contract's just for prevention of the abuse of the premises. If we didn't draw up something like that we'd be imposed upon."

And Weems signed and hasn't heard anything from the landlord or his assigns.—N. Y. Herald.

### POLICE COURT NEWS.

In Magistrate McDonnell's court this morning only one case was up for hearing and it had about it the aroma of soap suds, being a case in which G. W. Williscroft, who owns a laundry, was sued by John Sulles for \$12 due for labor performed. Williscroft had fired and refused to pay Sulles for the reason that the latter had boiled some white silk handkerchiefs with some red goods, with the result that the handkerchiefs came out with a color similar to that of a torchlight procession. Sulles said he was required to work in a cellar where the steam made it so dark he could not distinguish between red and white goods. The verdict was that Williscroft pay the amount involved.

\$3—Mumm's extra dry champagne, \$3 per bottle, at Aurora No. 1.

### No Council Meeting.

There was no meeting of the Yukon council last evening, although it was the regular meeting night. The reason for the failure to meet according to schedule is that Mr. Wilson did not put in an appearance, and with Major Wood sick and two members absent from the country, no quorum could be had.

Mr. Wilson's failure to materialize at the meeting was due to the illness of his mining partner, which was severe enough to prevent the absence of the councillor from his claim.

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