

The Klondike Nugget

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LETTERS
And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Wednesday and Saturday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunter, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, Quartz and Canyon.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1901.

VALUES ARE STEADY.

Valuations of real estate in Dawson have maintained a steady rise for six months past. At the present time, despite the fact that business generally is quiet, there is nothing to indicate a slump in the real estate market. Values remain steady and, if anything, are looking slightly upward. Dawson has fully warranted all the confidence which investors have shown in the town in the past, and the future beyond question will do equally as well.

It is a noticeable fact and something worthy of remark that our successful mine operators are now beginning to seek investment at home, for their spare capital instead of sending everything to the outside. The original idea of taking out of the country every dollar that a man could make has begun now to disappear. It is apparent that investments are offered in Dawson which are equally as safe and will pay larger returns than can be expected from ordinary financial ventures on the outside. This fact has been more and more forcibly demonstrated as Dawson has grown and expanded and gradually thrown off the atmosphere of the frontier camp and assumed the appearance of an up-to-date town.

It is eminently proper that men who have made their fortunes in Klondike mines should give first consideration to opportunities offered for Klondike investment.

It is a pleasure to note that recognition is being given to this fact in a good and substantial manner. Much good dust direct from the creeks has been turned into Dawson real estate in the past year, with results which have in most instances proven very satisfactory.

A Seattle ship-building concern entered a bid for the construction of one of the big warships which Uncle Sam is about to add to the United States navy. The amount involved in the tender is several millions of dollars, and the Scotts and Cramps merely smiled in disdain at the audacity of the Seattle firm. The result has shown, however, that the latter possessed resources of which their rivals knew nothing. Every man in Seattle who possessed any influence at Washington exerted that influence to secure fair consideration for the bid from his city. The Chamber of Commerce took the matter up and wired the secretary of the navy a guarantee of the firm's financial responsibility. Investigation satisfied the government on that point and the growing metropolis of the Sound will have the coveted honor of constructing the big ship. Seattle certainly possesses the spirit that never says die.

Briefly summed up, the situation with respect to the matter of incorporation may be described as follows. The great body of business and professional men of the city, as also nearly all property owners, lease holders and rent payers are opposed to incorporation at this time and have so placed themselves on record. C. M. Woodworth is in favor of incorporating and Joe Clark is yet to be heard from. The News doesn't

know what it thinks, but thinks that it may know what it thinks if given sufficient time to think the matter over. As the result will not be affected in any event, the News is at perfect liberty to take all the time required—and more, too.

The matter of constructing the approaches for the new bridge across the Klondike was considered by the Yukon council at the last meeting of that body. It is none too early to make preparations for this work, as it is essential that the bridge should be in readiness for use before the break up. The failure of the authorities to furnish a public bridge across the Klondike during the past three years has been most exasperating. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the work will now be undertaken and completed in time to prevent any further complaint.

Live on a Dollar a Week.

Fifty-two dollars a year for two persons is the sum which ex Judge Talcott of Valparaiso, Ind., sets apart for living expenses. What is more remarkable, he succeeds in keeping within this limit, and both he and Mrs. Talcott profess to be more than satisfied with the amount of food they allow themselves.

Moreover, their figures are six times as impressive as those of the Chicago university economists, who have recently provoked wide discussion by declaring that a man and his wife can subsist at a cost of \$300 a year.

The \$1 a week expense limit is more startling in view of the age of the experimentalists. Judge Talcott is 85 years old, but is strong, well and active. Mrs. Talcott, who is some ten years younger, has an almost girlish freshness of complexion and does all the work about their home. As the judge has an abundance of means the \$1 a week dietary regimen is adhered to purely from choice.

Households that have difficulty in making both ends meet on ten times the sum that affords this aged couple so great contentment are invited to study this simplest of regimens:

Breakfast—Oatmeal mush, milk and sugar.

Dinner—Bread and milk and sugar.

Supper—Cornmeal mush and sugar.

Once a month this is varied by a meal including a small amount of meat. As to quantity, one coffee cup full of the cereal at each meal quite suffices the judge, while his wife eats even less.

Judge Talcott was willing to tell how it feels to live on 50 cents a week.

"Plain living is the secret of contentment and of economy as well," he said. "I used to be a pretty greedy eater when I was young. My first wife and I gradually left unnecessary things out of our table regimen and during the 60 years in which we lived together reduced it to the simplest terms."

"During the last two or three years of her life I kept a close track to see what our expenses amounted to, and they were less than \$2 for 52 weeks for both of us. We had no rent to pay, however, and no milk to buy. But I raised a large quantity of garden stuff. We used practically none of that, but gave it to my sons and to the neighbors.

"My first wife died a little more than a year ago, and I married again last September. My present wife shares my notions of economy and plain living, and our expenses are not greater than before.

"I eat lots of sugar and find it an excellent food. When I was a boy, sugar was worth 25 cents a pound or more and I never got enough, and I am making up now. Sometimes one or both of us feel meat hungry, and we get a slice of ham or some sausage or beef and eat that.

"Look at me and tell me if I am not in fine health for a man away past 80. I stand straight, walk often five or more miles a day and within the last ten years have made three trips to California, living there two years. I work about the yard, cut all the wood for the winter, keep the hard wood trees trimmed and do other things of that sort without difficulty. I can still swing my ax to fell or lop a tree."

Mrs. Talcott is equally contented with her triumph over the pleasures of the palate and supplemented her husband's statement.

"I have been living on plain diet for half a century," she said. "Fifty years ago I was ill, and the doctors said I could not recover. I took to dieting, lived on graham bread and milk and other simple things and began to gain."

"There are two things for people to do to be healthy. They must live plainly, and they must sleep at night

instead of half the daytime. In our opinion an expenditure of \$300 a year for two people would be great extravagance. We have no rent to pay, and we have milk sent us by Mr. Talcott's son, but even if we had these things to pay for we would not need to spend \$300 a year."—Ex.

The Prisoner Was Fined.

She was a New York Irish girl in court as the prosecuting witness against a prisoner arrested for disorderly conduct, and the court was getting at the true state of the case by asking the usual number of entirely relevant questions.

"What did the prisoner do?" he inquired, after the preliminaries had been settled.

"He coom alahing by the area where I was sthandin an begin to address remarks to me," replied the witness.

"What did he say?"

"He said 'Good ave'nin.'"

"There was nothing very bad in that, was there?"

"But, sor, there was no introduction previous."

"Oh, yes, I forgot that."

"So he did, sor."

"Did you speak to him when he spoke to you?"

"Yis, sor, I towld him to gwahn about his business."

"Did he do so?"

"No, sor. He sthooed there tockin to me."

"Did you talk to him?"

"No, sir, not wid politeness, sor."

"What did he do then?"

"He sthooed over closer, sor, an takin my chin in his hand wid his tumb in wahn cheek an his fingers in thh' other, he held my face up sor, an tried to kiss me."

"Oh, he did."

"Yis, sor, he did."

"And what did you do then?"

"Oi jerked me hid away, sor, an towld him Oi wud have him arrested fer persounthin a policeman, sor."

"Ten dollars and costs," interrupted the judge, while everybody laughed, except the witness and the policeman.—Ex.

CREEK NOTES.

Mr and Mrs. John Hering spent New Year's on Gold Run.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixon, of 2 above lower, Dominion, spent New Year's with Mrs. Murdoch, on 12 Gold Run.

Weaver, Oleson and Burke have located good pay on 22 above upper discovery, Dominion, and are setting up a plant.

Many of the Dominion claims will start work the latter part of the month. Business has already picked up and the store keepers and hotel men are wearing a broader smile.

The Gold Run hotel at Caribou has been renovated and wears a very pleasant and cosy air. Mrs. Willard Scott, well known on Dominion as a culinary artist, has charge of the dining room.

The second pay streak still holds out and the claim operators are lining up with the Rutledge drifts and getting on to it in a hurry. Three to five feet of pay gravel is not to be overlooked.

The Palmer property on Gold Run recently purchased by J. J. Rutledge, has been let out on lays. Bert Epler, the well known Sulphur mine owner, will place a large plant on 32, and Slippeny Brothers, of the Gold Run saw mill will operate machinery on 38.

Very heavy wind storms prevailed on Dominion, Gold Run and Sulphur creeks the last day of the year. Trails were obliterated and traffic almost suspended. The government men stationed at the Dome had their time well occupied shoveling snow.

Messrs. McCarty and Chase have opened their new roadhouse at the head of Bonanza on the cutoff trail and are hauling their guests' freight up the hill gratis. Two houses are kept at the lower roadhouse and the weary musher or overloaded freighter is helped up the hill to the ridge McCarty hotel, to go his way rejoicing. The Bonanza trail is in fine condition and is largely used.

New Century apples \$10, at Mecker's.

Films of all kinds at Goetzman's.

Goetzman makes the crack photos of dog teams.

Notice.

Miss B. V. Robson can learn something to her advantage by calling at the Nugget office.

The Holborn Cafe for delicacies.

Table d'hotel dinners. The Holborn.

Candies for the millions.

I have enough candies, nuts, and toys to supply the whole population of the Yukon country. My stock is complete. Plenty of Lowney's chocolate and Gauthier's bonbons in any quantity; cigars by the box. Bring your friends and as I am a Missourian, I will show you the finest store in the Yukon territory. GANDOLFO, Third st., opp. A. C. C.

Mumm's, Pomeroy or Perinet champagnes \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.

Celery at Mecker's.

Any kind of wine \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.

Flashlight powder at Goetzman's.

Eggs by the case at Mecker's.

LEFT ON WAKE'S ISLAND

The Strange Story of the Hardships of Robert Westfall.

Left on a Deserted Island by a Mutinous Crew on His Own Ship, He Lived Alone Three Years.

If you had a chart before you, you would see that Wake's island is a bit of a dot in the Pacific ocean, lying a little south of the regular sailing route between Honolulu and Yokohama. Now and then it is sighted by steamer or sailing vessel making the passage, but the great majority pass it by 200 miles to the north. The traders call there occasionally for water or fuel, but as there are no inhabitants there can be no trade. It is an island three miles long by one and a half broad, and it was thrown to the surface by an earthquake. There is but one spot where a landing can be made even in the calmest weather, as its shores are rocky and rise to a height of from 80 to 100 feet. Much of the island is wooded, and bowlders lie about everywhere, and it is probably one of the loneliest spots in the universe. For some reason which no one can explain no birds are ever found there, nor is there any animal life. The only living things are land crabs, and they are of such size and fierceness that traders have had to flee before them.

In the year 1861 the bark Restless sailed out of San Francisco on a voyage to Japan and China. She had just been purchased by a man named Robert Westfall, who was little known, but had suddenly made a lot of money, and the cargo was also mostly his. He went with his ship, and a fate befell him which reads stranger than fiction of the sea. He was a landsman, knowing nothing of ships and sailors, and it transpired that the captain he selected was a thoroughly bad man, while the mate was little better. It was probably the captain's idea from the outset to get possession of the ship, but Westfall's suspicions were not aroused until after they had called at Honolulu and resumed the voyage. Then he overheard observations among the crew which alarmed him, and he went to the captain with his statements. He was told without any beating around the bush that the bark was to change hands. He was to be marooned on Wake's Island, and she was to pursue her voyage as captain and crew decided. It was one man against 15, and of course he was helpless. Neither threats nor promises had the slightest effect, and when he stormed he was cautioned to hold his temper, or he would be set adrift in a small boat to perish of thirst and starvation. When the island was finally reached, Westfall was ordered into a boat to be rowed ashore. Not a pound of provisions or an extra article of clothing was to go with him. He was not even to have the means of kindling a fire. Rendered desperate by the situation, he made a fight for it, but was soon knocked senseless by the blow of a capstan bar, and while in that condition was rowed ashore and dumped on the beach. When he recovered consciousness, the Restless was sailing away and was already miles distant.

Julius Verne has told how a sailor cast away on a desert island almost naked managed to live almost luxuriously and provide for his every want. The difference between imagination and reality was exemplified in Westfall's case. He tried for days and days to produce fire by rubbing dry sticks together, but he never succeeded. He constructed a hut in the woods, but his food consisted of shellfish, roots and wild fruits, and there was no way to replace his clothing. He soon found fresh water, and he also made the discovery that the spot seemed accursed of all living things except the land crabs. As a rule these loathsome creatures did not bother him during daylight, but as soon as the sun went down they swarmed over the whole island. They were gigantic in size, and his only way of escaping them was to climb a tree. He built a platform among the limbs ten feet from the earth, and every night during his long stay he resorted to it. About once a month, generally at midday, the crabs would swarm by the million and hold possession of the island for two or three hours. At such times the noise made by their claws as they passed over rock and soil was almost deafening and gave him a great scare. While the man speedily recovered from the blow on the head given him on shipboard, his lonely situation soon began to tell on his mind. One day, at the end of three months, he found that he had forgotten his own name. It was two hours before it came to him, and then, fearful that it might go out of his mind for good, he carved his initials on the bark of a tree with a sharp stone. After making the circuit of the island three or four times he settled down near the landing place, and every day for weeks and months and years he hoped that some trader would put in or some ship send in her boat. Traders did call on three or four

occasions, but he missed them. Once he was asleep in the tree top; again he was ill. On a third occasion the crabs were out in such numbers that the trader grew afraid and put off as soon as he had touched.

You will wonder how a man could have lived for a month as Westfall lived for three years. For eight months there was a species of wild fruit something like a plum. Now and then a fish was left by the tide for him to capture, but he had to eat them raw. There were oysters and mussels and limpets clinging to the rocks, but after awhile he could hardly force himself to swallow them. In six months his boots were gone and his clothing was in tatters, and as the days dragged away the man had it on his mind that his memory was falling him. When a year had gone by, he could no longer recall his identity. The initials on the tree stood for a dozen different names to him. Six months later he was little better than a wild beast. During his second year, he had thought to erect some sort of signal at the landing place—some such signal as a sailor would have made—he would probably have been rescued, as two or three traders came in for water, but he did not even heap up stones or set up a bush to attract attention. He had existed on the island three years and two weeks when the American whaling ship Jonathan touched there for water. I was in the boat first sent ashore, and while waiting for the water casks to arrive I followed a path up into the woods and discovered Westfall asleep on his platform. I believed him at first to be some monster gorilla. The weather had turned him almost black, his hair was long and matted, and he was without clothing. As he came tumbling down I ran away and gave the alarm. That frightened him, and seven men of us spent half a day in his capture. He fought us with the greatest ferocity, and for a long time we could not make out his nationality. He chattered a queer jargon or sulked, and we had put in at a Japanese port before we could keep clothing on him.

I was one of the apprentice boys on the ship, and, as the wild man had taken a great liking to me and I seemed to be the only one who could control him, the American consul advised that I be left behind with the man while the ship made a three months' circuit. Quarters were provided for us, and I was instructed how to go to work in an effort to restore the poor fellow's memory. By this time he had let fall enough to satisfy us that he was either English or American. We had also connected him in a way with the missing ship Restless. She had been reported as leaving Honolulu, but that was the last of her. I put up a blackboard and turned schoolmaster. I chalked down the letters of the alphabet, made figures, drew pictures and tried to start his memory to work. For a month I had no luck. The man's mind was as blank as night. He tried hard enough, and he used to break down and weep almost daily, but he could not get hold of the end of the string. I had about given up all hope when one day as I was going through the usual performance memory came back to him like a flash. He suddenly uttered a shout and sprang to his feet, and as I turned on him it was to find a new look on his face and to hear him shout:

"It has come! It has come! My name is Robert Westfall, and I can remember everything!"

So it turned out, but the shock of recovery brought about an illness that confined him to his bed for weeks. When he could relate his story, the consul went to work to find out what had become of the Restless. Inquiries were made at all the ports of China and Japan, but no news was obtained. The search was still being prosecuted when a sandalwood trader from one of the Philippines brought the consul some wreckage picked up three years ago which proved that the bark had gone to the bottom in a gale encountered soon after sailing away from Wake's Island. To this day there have been no tidings to alter this belief. The wretches who so coolly and deliberately planned the death of the shipowner by starvation did not live beyond a few days to enjoy their triumph. The three years spent on the island made an old man of Westfall before his time, and he never was clear headed again, but he lived for 15 years after and managed to get together quite a little property and to spend his last years in peace.

For Rent.

Store adjoining Savoy theater; splendid location; opposite postoffice. Apply Wm. Germer for particulars.

L. P. Selbach...

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Special correspondent for The London Financial News

Quartz Property Handled for the London Market a Specialty.

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Da

The holidays gone, and memories they people.

There is a lack of restraint, zest to sharpness in one moving color to the many of Dawson that the past pleasantest of ant, too; to large, and the people that until we met the same error fortune, the north land, white as death far famed north.

It was the eyes and lips friends: Hom berries grew, into sparkling orchard trees in the summer weight of where vegetable bushes were ticed.

Lo, these golden magn many miles rest with a our holiday and merry many hearts about some cheerless mother whose face and a weel its roseleaf it not.

Everybody kept open friends on ous good ti

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The Chas. Farlan son, M and M T. C. Maltby Mr. and Mrs. J. The calend won b Milne