

The Klondike Nugget

Telephone No. 12. Dawson's Pioneer Paper. Issued Daily and Semi-Weekly. GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher. SUBSCRIPTION RATES. Daily. Yearly, in advance, \$30.00. Per month, by carrier in city, in advance, 2.00. Single copies, .25. Semi-Weekly. Yearly, in advance, \$24.00. Six months, 12.00. Three months, 6.00. Per month, by carrier in city, in advance, 2.00. Single copies, .25.

NOTICE.

When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation." THE KLONDIKE NUGGET asks a good price for its space and in justification thereof guarantees its advertisers a paid circulation five times that of any other paper published between Juneau and the North Pole.

LETTERS

And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days. Every Tuesday and Friday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunter, Dominion, Gold Han.

SATURDAY, NOV. 22, 1902.

\$50 Reward.

We will pay a reward of \$50 for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of any one stealing copies of the Daily or Semi-Weekly Nugget from business houses or private residences, where same have been left by our carriers.

KLONDIKE NUGGET.



AMUSEMENTS.

Auditorium—"Men and Women." Standard-Vaudeville.

MERELY AN ORGAN.

The Daily News some time ago printed itself upon being a newspaper and printing the news. Since it became an organ it carefully keeps out of the legitimate field of news. The new roads and trails that are to be built for the opening up of distant points during the coming summer, seemed to the Nugget to be the very best kind of news. To the miners of All Gold, Arkansas, Sulphur, Henderson, Gold Hill, Boucher, Lepine, Twelvemile, McQuesten, Duncan, Swede, Livingstone, Hootalingna, Glacier, Last Chance, and numerous other creeks the information that, next summer they would have roads to their properties must have been gratefully received.

It means to them a considerable reduction in the cost of getting in their supplies; in some cases it means profit on their operation where there might otherwise have been loss. It means the opening up of properties that might have had to wait for years for transportation facilities if the government had waited until the actual needs of the districts and the revenue therefrom justified the outlay of building the roads. The announcement of the building of these roads was not only of general encouragement to all the miners and prospectors of the country, but was indicative of an increased business for every merchant in the city, and every freighter and every hotel keeper. It was good news for all. Yet the Daily News did not print it. Why? Because to do so would have been, no matter how the news was handled, a credit to Mr. Ross, and since it became an organ the News is devoting all its energies and its columns to the discredit of Mr. Ross.

The News must be aware of the fact that although its candidate boasts of living in a single room on an alley, that there are now numerous permanent homes in the territory, and that parents are deeply interested in the matter of education for their children. What has been done to make our educational system efficient, as recently reported by the superintendent of territorial schools, not only failed to find a place in the columns of the News, but was ridiculed and scoffed at. Why? Because it reflected credit upon the administration of Mr. Ross. The News is not a newspaper—it is merely an organ.

THOROUGHLY CONSISTENT.

A very large portion of Mr. Ross' supporters is found among men who in the early days of Yukon history were strong opponents of the government. This fact is accounted for by purely natural and logical causes.

In 1898 an organization of miners was formed for the purpose of removing certain wrongs which existed at that time. Chief among their demands were the following: (1) Removal or reduction of the royalty; (2) Abolishment of the alternate claim regulation; (3) Opening up free miners of all reserved ground; (4) The introduction of system into and the dismissal of inefficient and dis-

honest employes from the public service; (5) The construction of roads and schools.

The foregoing covered the most important principles advocated in the early days and the community was practically united in asking their enforcement. One by one, when all the facts in the case had been laid before the government at Ottawa, the demands enumerated were granted until all had been covered.

The only remnant of the legislation of 1898 which so grievously burdened the community is the two and one-half per cent. export tax which was instituted to replace the royalty upon the demand of the people of the territory supported by all the newspapers and opposed by no one.

In view of these circumstances, therefore, there is nothing strange in the fact that the old time opponents of the government are today numbered among the Ross supporters. They opposed the government in the old days, in the interest and for the protection of the common welfare of the community. They are supporting Mr. Ross today for identically the same reason.

There is absolutely no inconsistency in their attitude. Mr. Ross offers a policy which is in accordance with their wishes and moreover has shown that he is capable of carrying his convictions into effect.

He has demonstrated that he is entitled to the confidence and faith of the people and in a hundred ways has shown his loyalty to the community.

In 1898 the people banded together to secure good laws. They succeeded beyond their hopes. Today they are banded together to secure the services of an honest, upright, conscientious and capable man in the house of parliament. They will triumph again as they have done before and in naming the Hon. James Hamilton Ross as their representative, will demonstrate clearly and unmistakably that their faith in and loyalty to the Yukon is just as strong as in the old days.

ROSS SENTIMENT GROWING.

The efforts of the News to bolster up the cause of the opposition and to instill courage into the hearts of its few remaining adherents has proven a flat and total failure. The Clarke men are losing hope and are rapidly beginning to realize the fact that crushing defeat stares them in the face. All reports now received show the drift of public sentiment toward Mr. Ross. The people have awakened to a full appreciation of the enormity of the error that would be involved in the election of Joe Clarke to the house of commons and are more than ever determined that the mistake shall not be committed. The future of the Yukon is dear to the hearts of its people and they will take the necessary precautions to insure the fair name of the territory against disgrace.

The good news comes over the wire from Whitehorse that the Clarke people have been put to rout and that Ross will have not less than four-fifths of the entire vote polled in the districts. When the News stated the Skagway Alaskan "reflects public opinion at Whitehorse," it undoubtedly spoke the truth. The Alaskan has been staunchly upholding the Ross banner, with results which speak for themselves.

A genuine snap in hay at Barrett's, Third avenue.

AGAINST CONCESSIONS.

I shall advocate the thorough investigation of the charges of fraud made in respect to the manner in which certain concessions are alleged to have been obtained, and if such fraud is established, the immediate commencement of such proceedings as may be required to vacate the grants, and the enforcement of strict compliance with the conditions embodied in all crown grants in the Yukon.—James Hamilton Ross.

Ladies' Night Gowns

Made of pretty pattern of flannellette, in good washing colors (white, pink, blue and navy), nicely trimmed with silk embroidery, full length and full width.

J. P. McLENNAN. 233 FRONT ST. Phone 101-B. Agent for Standard Patterns.

Savage Love and Superstition When the Summer Grieved

A remarkable story of savage superstition, which reads like the tales of torture and Indian justice related in Cooper's Indian stories, has just come to light among the Mojave Indians along the Colorado river in Arizona. Love, jealousy, superstition, murder, and finally a terrible death to the offending Indian—all combined to make a story of unusual interest and savage cruelty, astonishing even those familiar with the tragedies of the mountain and desert in the great Southwest.

The story had its beginning at Hesperia, Cal., and its sequel in the Granite Wash mountains, Arizona. Hesperia is a small settlement on the line of the Santa Fe Railroad in the San Bernardino mountains, some thirty miles north of the city of San Bernardino. One of the many Indian camps or colonies is located at Hesperia. They are what local residents call "Mission Indians," but are closely related to and of about the same grade of intelligence and worthiness as the Mojave Indians along the Colorado river in California and Arizona. The men of the Hesperia camp found employment on the railroad, then inclined to labor, and live in huts and tents after the fashion of their ancestors.

In the Hesperia camp was a big Indian named George Bruce. How he came by the name no one seems to know, but George was neither better nor worse than the ordinary run of "Mission Indians," at least not until he had married one of his race and given heed to her wicked counsel. Bruce took to wife an Indian girl known as Anita. Anita had a sister, Maria Victoria, who came to live with the newly wedded couple. In the course of time Anita became violently jealous of her husband's attentions to Maria Victoria. She set about for means to put her out of the way. Anita, who seems to have been above the average scale of Indian intelligence, hid upon the idea of playing upon her husband's superstitions. She told Bruce that Maria Victoria was a witch and that if she were not put out of the way death and misfortune would come to the entire camp and to himself in particular.

The Indian of Tiburon San Diego, Oct. 19.—Ed de Haven, who was one of the participants in "Arizona Charley's" spectacular expedition to Tiburon island, says the trip was a success. He is most enthusiastic over his experience. The party met at Hermosillo, Mexico, and consisted of Charley and Frank Meadows of Arizona, John Arnold of Randsburg, Warner Weakley of San Francisco, and George Furgard of Ed de Haven of this city. They stayed two days at Hermosillo and then proceeded on to Guaymas. At this place the serious work of the expedition commenced, namely, that of getting boats and an outfit. Whenever the name of Tiburon was mentioned no one would go or sell an outfit. A Yagu Indian was hired, but he backed out as soon as he heard of their destination, saying, "I would not go for a million dollars."

For years the Papogos, the Indian tribe living near, and the Seris have been fighting each other and the Seris have always triumphed. Several times the Mexicans have tried to make a landing, but they were so badly beaten that they gave up all idea of ever making the attempt again. Consequently all the inhabitants in the country around about are completely cowed. The party finally bought the sloop Elio, of eleven tons, and set sail for Tiburon, which is about 125 miles down the gulf. Finally reaching the island, they sailed around it for thirteen days, making two trips in all, one of eight miles on the Sonora side, and the other four and a half miles on the gulf side. Whenever they saw any Indians they made a landing. At first the Indians were very suspicious, and would not come near, but one finally plucked up enough courage to draw near, and said in Spanish: "Who sent you?" From that time on they managed to do a little trading, but the Indians still remained suspicious. One of the party, taking out a bottle of wine, offered the Indian a drink, but he would not imbibe until he saw the members of the party drink, and then he could not get enough.

"I scarcely can think they are cannibals," said De Haven, "but one day we killed a deer, and, tossing the Indians a hind quarter, they proceeded to devour it raw." They live on fish and turtles entirely, eating them raw. The waters around the island seem to be alive with fish. Meadows partly obtained by trading a number of the natives' poisonous bows and arrows and a peculiar bamboo boat, all of which are now on exhibition in Los Angeles. They poison their arrows by taking the liver of a deer, allowing a rattlesnake to bite it, and then dipping their arrows into the inoculated liver. The Indians evidently have some horses, though Meadows' party did not see any, but they saw several horse marks. The island is about thirty-two miles long and eighteen wide. It is covered with the usual desert vegetation and fine grass, which the party thinks will make splendid grazing grounds for cattle. The party shot many deer and reported that the island is filled with rattlesnakes. Send a copy of Goetzman's Souvenir to outside friends. A complete pictorial history of Klondike. For sale at all news stands. Price \$2.50. A genuine snap in hay at Barrett's, Third avenue.

Once, long ago, before the white man had landed on the coast of the Great Waters of Salt, before even the Indians had spread over the land that is America now, the Summer went he painted the hills and the valleys. From every place across the smokes of the forests' incense fires. The great Sun looked with his fiery eyes, and, seeing the Summer dying and chuckled and smiled at him the last thing in the evening before the sun ran away to hide behind the great pines. And when all was most beautiful, when Summer saw everything that he loved, from the tenderest and littlest blade of grass, just peeping from the earth, to the mightiest and boldest tree on the highest mountain, all looking at him with new delight each time his gentle hand touched them, the Summer learned that he must die.

Now, this was the first time that the Summer had been on the earth. He did not know that God had set his world to move like a great clock, ever truly, ever unchangingly, from life to death and back to life again. So, being unknowing, the Summer grieved.

At the sound of his lamenting, the winds came hurrying from their wanderings on all the earth. The trees shook their green cloaks and sighed. The waters ceased their laughter and began to weep. Their waves came running ashore in long processions, each wave wearing its little white helmet of foam, to ask what ailed the Summer that they loved. And when the answer came from wind and tree that the Summer must die, the waves stormed against the land and threw themselves high up on the shore to die with him. Ever more loudly cried the winds. They dragged the clouds from the misty north and swept them in trailing streams of mourning across the sky. The trees began to beat the air with their branches and soon the sound of their sorrow filled the air as if a hundred cataracts were falling down shining rock walls in their dark recesses. Still more clouds came, obedient to the summons of the winds, until the heaven that had been so blue was gray and the horizons that had been so clear and bright were lost in the mists that floated all around the rim of the earth like the torn white beards of sad old men. Rain fell down and the waters became as gray as the horizons. Ever more loudly cried the winds, hurrying stonily hither and thither.

So the September gales were born. They came each year now, and men say that the equinox has begun, and knowing that it is the grieving of forest and sea because the Summer must die.

When God looked down and saw and heard the sorrow of his children—the waves and grasses and trees and clouds as his children, as are all the living things—he held out his hand after they had mourned for many days. And they looked up at him—the passionate Summer, battling against his sentence; the rebellious winds, daring almost to mount to heaven itself and thunder among the stars; the prayerful trees standing beautiful and still in worship; the little running waves, each singing a song of adoration; and the rolling clouds, speeding across the sky like his chariots. And when they so looked at God all at once they knew that His ways are wonderful. The Summer ceased his grieving and held out his strong, true arms to all that he loved and had dressed in glorious raiment. The winds began to blow softly. The south wind blew warm and dried the tears from the trees. The west wind blew and brought with him silver smokes. They rose in wreaths in the silent woods, incense burning toward heaven. Men see them now and say that the autumn haze has come again. The east wind came with a strong breath of the ocean that lay, exhaling all the heat that the Summer had given it.

But the north wind came with the most beautiful gift of all. He bore in his arms a little white Princess. Her eyes were blue as the blue of Arctic seas. Her hair was powdered with something that shimmered and sparkled like diamond dust, or was it snow? Her dress was spangled with tiny crystals like glass. She was the Princess Frost.

She did not come like her warrior brother, who was to ride down into the world later and with his sharp breath blow all the trees and grasses and waters into sleep. Gently and daintily the little Princess, cuddled into the arms of the brawny north wind, tossed powder on branches and waves, letting it fall to drifting showers over the hillsides and making them look like green mantles embroidered with silver leaves. The dying Summer, no longer grieving, bowed before the Princess Frost. And he and she and the north wind went together through the woods. Before each tall tree, before each tiny bush, the Summer paused and, stooping, kissed it. The Princess Frost behind him did the same. And when the Summer kissed the trees and bushes their leaves turned flaming red with the fever of his love for them. And when the kiss of the blue-eyed Princess touched them in turn, some became all golden with delight, and still others opened their tiny hands, and, letting go of the

oxygenous air and balmy sunshine, but they refused to leave—the one dying when the winter came, and the other lingering today, held by the barest thread of existence that is worse than death.

Now, there is a serious and a scientific side to the fact of Philadelphia's slowness as a body of people. It is noticeable that the men who control wealth, who handle great corporations, and engage in vast business enterprises therein, are alive to their business' best interests, and comprise as wakened a set of men as one wishes to find in any municipality in the world. This is particularly noticeable in the political affairs of Philadelphia.

Those who engage in the actual control of the vast city's interests take occasional opportunity to assure the world that there is nothing slow about the politicians of that town. The voters are just the contrary—they let a man in authority betray every sense of honor and fidelity to his constituency, and they will re-elect him as long as he shows his allegiance to the powers that be. This signifies subservience—servile submission—whether it be good or bad. The same is true in business. While it is not done, I add, to the honor of Philadelphia business men, yet a business man who desired could exact almost any honest condition of employment from his hard-working artisans, and they would humbly submit to it rather than run the risk and dread of a lost position. This is said in no disparagement—it is simple truth.

New Orleans Terminals New Orleans, La., Oct. 18.—J. F. Wallace, general manager of the Illinois Central; Cornelius Vanderbilt, elected a director at the recent annual meeting of stockholders, and J. W. Archibald, another director, reached New Orleans today and thoroughly inspected the company's terminals here. Mr. Vanderbilt expressed himself as greatly impressed with the facilities. He declared there was no significance in his election as director. He was a large holder of Illinois Central stock and wished to take a personal interest in the property. He left for New York immediately after the local inspection was finished.

The finest of office stationery may be secured at the Nugget printery at reasonable prices.

FIXED-MINING LAWS. With respect to the mining laws I propose to have them codified and then submitted to representative miners for criticism, alteration and approval in order that they may be as far as possible met with the approval of the mining community.—James Hamilton Ross.

It's False Economy To Delay Buying What You Really Need. NOW is the time to buy your Overcoats, Caps, Mitts and Winter Goods. Our Line is Complete. PRICES RIGHT. M. RYAN, Front St. Under the Ferry Tower.

Alaska Flyers OPERATED BY THE... Alaska Steamship Co. DOLPHIN AND HUMBOLDT Leave Skagway Every Five Days. SCHEDULE DOLPHIN leaves Skagway for Seattle and Vancouver, transferring to Victoria, Sept. 11; Oct. 1, 11, 21, 31. HUMBOLDT for Seattle direct, transferring to Vancouver and Victoria, Sept. 6, 16, 26; Oct. 6, 16, 26. Also A 1 Steamers Derigo and Farallon Leaving Skagway Every 15 Days. FRANK E. DUNN, Capt. 606 First Avenue, Seattle. ELMER A. FURBER, Skagway Agent.

\$100-To Whitehorse-\$100 THE WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE WINTER MAIL AND PASSENGER SERVICE. Our fine comfortable stages leave as advertised. No expensive delays and lay-overs. A fresh relay of foot and six horses every 25 miles. Experienced drivers. No night travelling. Every attention given for the comfort of travellers. Next Stage Leaves Dawson Tuesday, Nov. 25. 7 a. m. G. E. PUGHAM, SUPERINTENDENT. J. H. ROGERS, Agent. THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd. STAGE AND LIVERY.

So Fan

For seven years... The Nugget's facilities for... MINERS ENCOURAGED... Ladies' Collars... EMIL STAUF... Pacific Coast Steamship Co. Alaska, Washington, California, Oregon and Mexico.