

The Klondike Nugget

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And Small Notices can be sent to the Clerk of the Court, Dawson, Y. T., and will be published free of charge.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1901.

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We will pay a reward of \$50 to the person who will lead to the conviction of anyone who has been convicted of a crime in the Klondike Nugget from business houses, residences, where same have been left by our carriers.

KLONDIKE NUGGET

From Friday's Daily

THE RECENT ORDER

It is to be greatly deplored that government at Ottawa should have made such a glaring error as to have been made in connection with the Klondike water gage. Treadgold and his associates, first casual reading of the published in full in the Nugget 18th there is little to be seen objectionable nature, but studied, many objectionable come to light and prominent them is the whole of section in order which reads as follows:

"The right subject to no except the royalty prescribed by law, to enter upon, make entry work all mining locations now after abandoned on Bonanza, Hunker creeks and their tributaries. The above section cannot be to mean other than that it all land on the creeks mentioned, their tributaries that has or after be abandoned, and takes it embraces everything inscribed territory in the way that may be discovered in it."

If the order is rightly interpreted, time for the most vigorous people, every official citizen of whatsoever country history of the Yukon is in the Nugget believes it will and made in a manner that was misconstruction of its meaning. It is expected that the interpretation of the full order, especially of section to will from Ottawa within a week or and if it is believed from the time of the order it will be the time be ripe for a protest and can not ignore.

THE TWO FLAGS

While our esteemed but minded friends on the other line were engaged in the pastime of pulling down B wherever one could be seen missioner of the Yukon to setting an example of toler we are afraid will be entire A dispatch from Dawson "An extraordinary feature compliance of Governor Ross petition from American re declare the day a public holiday as much as this is Canadian the declaration of a public a Canadian governor was es Public offices did not all many did, and Canadians a American celebrated. The of the camp is two-thirds A the occurrence was not ext all. There was a time Fourth was celebrated in Vic heartily. British people like with all who are rejoicing is any sort of excuse for the ardor has been somewhat da the intolerance with which coming so familiar. Very tions, like very young peop elined to gush, and the Yati on of the flag and jealo honor are a trifle ridicul who possess an emblem of reputation. The hysterical

IT WAS LIKE FORMER MASS MEETINGS.

The citizens' indignation meeting held in the Orpheum theater yesterday evening had a rival attraction in the shape of the ball game which came near proving fatal to the drawing powers of those faithful watch dogs of the public's interests who have been so prominently before the people during the past three years. If one-half the crowd who yelled themselves hoarse at Stevens' home and "Spider's" two bager with three men on bases and three runs needed to tie the score had attended the meeting, the theater would have been packed from pit to dome and the audience would have been a far more representative one than it was. As it was, there were only a few score people on hand when Col. MacGregor called the meeting to order at half past 9 o'clock. The old war horses who never miss a meeting of any kind were present and on them devolved the principal work of the evening. From the stage shone forth the familiar faces of Col. MacGregor, the redoubtable Joe Clarke, C. M. Woodworth, Barney Sugrue, who announced that he had come all the way from Eldorado to attend the meeting, Thomas Adair, and Col. Charles Reichsbach. Through the audience and in the boxes were a few representative business men of the city, but they refrained from indulging in any exercise more violent than that of patient listeners. All efforts to draw an opinion from R. P. McLennan failed most lamentably, nor would he exchange the semi-seclusion of a box seat for one beneath the glare of the footlight.

The questions before the meeting were three in number, but they were largely supplemented by others which by means of resolutions were introduced from time to time. The objects primarily were to discuss and resolve upon the question of incorporation, the recent order in council closing a number of creeks to location, and the excessive freight rates now charged by the White Pass road. Upon the first named, Thomas Adair offered a resolution to the effect that the incorporation of Dawson should be quite the proper caper; that the citizens of this city are capable and of a right and should govern themselves with out any assistance from Ottawa. The adoption of the resolution was moved by Col. Reichsbach and then remarks apropos of the subject were called for by the chairman. Silence that was reigned for a moment when someone called for Woodworth. In response to the call, Mr. Woodworth mounted the stage and stated that he had nothing to say on the question of incorporation, that he had already said enough before. He expressed surprise at seeing so few present when topics of such vital interest were before the people and stated that he had more respect for his fellow residents here than for any others no matter where they came from or were sent from. He considered that the time had arrived when we should look out for ourselves and said he would speak again later in the evening upon another subject. Calls were made for R. P. McLennan, but from a box he asked to be excused from making any remarks and declined the honor of occupying a seat on the stage. Col. MacGregor called for other remarks and Ed Port was induced to tell what he thought about incorporation. He said he had not thought much of the scheme and in support of his opinion gave a quotation from Plato. The question he admitted was a vital one and it remained for the people to say whether or not they should govern themselves. He understood that Governor Ross was in favor of incorporation and stated that while he was rather a small rate payer he would like to see such rates as he did pay applied here.

Colonel Reichsbach did not consider it necessary for him to make any statements concerning incorporation as he had expressed his sentiments freely at a former meeting. He thought that the opinion of all was that we being free born citizens should have the privilege of self-government and be allowed to exercise the same rights that are accorded to her cities in the Dominion of Canada. On his return from Ottawa last winter the colonel had an interview with Governor Ross and that gentleman was in favor of incorporation and stated that if upon the matter being put to a vote before the people incorporation was defeated he would be compelled to appoint commissioners for the purpose of taking care of the city.

Secretary Clarke was instructed to read the resolutions again and upon being put to the house they were carried. There were some dissenting votes from the back of the house who objected to granting the municipal franchise to any other than British subjects, that provision being included in the resolutions.

The chairman followed with some remarks introducing the recent order in council from Ottawa closing some of the creeks to further location and giving to certain concessionaires an immense amount of valuable ground which had been refused individual miners. The order was said to be not

From Wednesday and Thursday's Daily.

a new revelation as the people here were becoming quite accustomed to the suicidal policy of the government. In response to calls from the audience Barney Sugrue replied in his own inimitable style. He said the country in the past had been visited by a number of plagues many of which had been gotten rid of, but this last one in its extent and ponderosity was the father of them all. He lauded the prospector who had worked his way inside, worked while he is here and now it looked as if he would be compelled to work himself out again.

Attention was called to the fact that the Hon. Mr. Sifton (groans from the audience) would soon be here and it was proposed that while every courtesy be extended to the honorable gentleman, yet at the same time he should be given the truth. Barney would have Mr. Sifton share some of the discomforts of former years just to see how he liked them. Most of the bad laws inflicted upon us by Ottawa had been repealed, but this last act of the council was like a blanket upon the entire country and was characterized as down right, bare faced robbery. The late Mr. Ogilvie was handled by the speaker without gloves who took a number of falls out of the ex-commissioner's reputation as a competent official.

C. M. Woodworth came to the front again upon the concession question loaded to the muzzle. His eyes blazed with all kinds of indignation, his voice trembled with suppressed emotion and as he held aloft a copy of the Nugget in one hand he with the other hurled anathemas and imprecations at the government with a vim and energy that would have made Johann Most green with envy. He said the authorities at Ottawa who had given this latest concession were either fools or scoundrels and compared the government with that of Spain in the time of the inquisition. Sifton's act in closing Eldorado and Bonanza in the first instance was illegal. Concerning what had been accomplished in the past the speaker pointed to the fact that the grievances contained in the memorial presented to Lord Minto upon the occasion of his visit here not a quarter of them remained, the others having been remedied. The concessionaires were ripped up one side and down the other and fragments of the hated order in council were read at time in order to show the frightful iniquity heaped upon a defenseless people. The property given the concessionaires was exempt for 30 years and the minimum price to be charged for water was \$1 per inch per hour when today the same is being supplied on the hills after being pumped by power transmitted from Dawson for 18 cents per hour. Monstrous! Sacre non de Dieu, de Dieu, de Dieu! Reference was made to the troubles of '98 when brave men stood ready with guns in their hands to corner the N. W. M. P. and take the government of the country into their own hands. It is a pity that what might happen now had not occurred then. There would have been a few men murdered, but they would have been martyrs to the cause of liberty and justice, for how are we going to get our rights now except by violence?

A question was asked from the audience if the order in council could not be revoked by parliament the same as in the McKenzie-Mann deal. Mr. Woodworth replied that it possibly could. Joseph McGillivray, the veteran '49er was next called upon. He characterized the grant as being ridiculous and an act of madness on the part of the council. He would not believe that the authorities were aware of what they had done nor the extent of their munificent gift, nor did he believe the concessionaires themselves had the faintest idea of what they had received. The two inches of water it was necessary to put on the creeks within two years was nothing—not a drop in the bucket. Upon the allowance of one inch of water to five cubic yards of gravel per day there is enough gravel on Bonanza hillsides and benches alone to employ 3000 inches of water for over 100 years. Concerning the minimum price of \$1 per inch the concessionaires were entitled to charge, the cost per day for a sluiceway of water would be almost \$100, and how many claims in the Klondike are there that can pay that price? And that is the minimum price, too.

The remarks of Mr. McGillivray were terse and to the point and were extremely well received. He was followed by Mr. Boorman who held the audience spell-bound for something less than an hour. Secretary Joe Clarke then read a resolution offered by D. H. Dick and J. H. Bradley, preceding the reading with a few caustic statements as to the absence at the meeting of any official of the government whether elective or appointive. Without mentioning any names Messrs. Prudhomme and Wilson, for whose election thousands of dollars and weeks of time had been spent were handed a bunch of uppercuts. Mr. Clarke's resolutions provided for the representation in parliament of two members from the Yukon and the immediate appointment of two delegates who shall

be present and be recognized at the next sittings of parliament this winter as the accredited representatives of this territory. The resolutions were adopted.

Barney Sugrue apologized for making his appearance again and deplored the lukewarmness of the people upon these great issues. He thinks the laws we already have are too good for us. Colonel MacGregor added a few observations and the resolutions asking for the immediate repeal of the Treadgold concession were adopted. It was moved by Mr. Woodworth that a special committee be appointed by the chair for the purpose of handling this one subject, and the chair named A. D. Williams, C. M. Woodworth and Barney Sugrue to act with himself and the secretary upon such committee.

The question of freight rates was then taken up by Frank Slavin introducing a resolution asking that steps looking toward their reduction be taken at once. Mr. Slavin was called to the stage and spoke at some length upon the topic before the house. He instanced that while the government owned the telegraph line to the coast and had made half its total cost the first year it was operated it still charged a "quid" for sending a message to Skagway. The Slavin resolution was adopted, likewise another introduced by Secretary Clarke and at half past 12 the love feast came to an end.

WHITEHORSE DELIGHTED

With Entertainment Given by Vocalist Miss Mary Case.

Those who attended the song recital given by Miss Mary Case in Jackson-McDonnell hall last Friday night are unanimous in their opinion that she is the best vocalist that ever sang before a Yukon audience. She has a manner that wins the heart at once, a sweet voice, and the sympathetic interpretation of a true artist. In "The Holy City" Miss Case showed her qualities at their best and was repeatedly encored. Miss Case studied three years in Portland, Or., and one year in Boston, Mass., where much encouragement was given this rare voice. She has received words of praise from some of the leading musicians of the day, among whom may be mentioned Homer A. Norris, one of our leading American composers. He says: "Miss Case has sang several of my songs and especially 'O Mother Mine' and 'Three Roses Red,' with charming plebeianity of voice and distinction of interpretation. I shall watch for the position which she is bound to win in her chosen art with great interest." In fact Miss Case is one of the few true artists that have ever appeared before a Yukon public. She left Whitehorse today on her way to Dawson, where she goes to visit her brother—Whitehorse Star, July 25.

Miss Case will appear tonight at the Savoy, ably assisted by Dawson's best musical talent. Seats are now on sale at Reid's drug store. A rare musical treat is in store for all who attend.

More Lawn Tennis.

Another match in the final round of the Yukon Lawn Tennis Club's tournament was played last night between Mrs. Bruce and Mrs. French by a score of 6-1, 1-6, 6-3.

This leaves only one more match in the tournament to be played and that is in the ladies' singles. After the tournament is over it is proposed by the club to hold a series of games for the championship in which no handicaps will be given, each player starting at the scratch and playing on his merit. These games will be looked forward to with the greatest interest by all tennis enthusiasts.

Contract Has Been Let.

Andy McKenzie and other owners of the bunch of high grade copper claims recently located on the ridge near the Flag roadhouse are determined to find out the extent of their ledge and its richness without any unnecessary delay. A contract for a 100-foot shaft to be sunk on discovery claim has been let and Sunday morning a gang of hard rock miners left to begin work immediately. The work which will be under the charge Tom Kegan will be expedited to the greatest possible extent, it being the intention to put on three eight-hour shifts in putting down the shaft. Further developments of this magnificent property will follow upon the completion of the present contract.



All parties who own real estate in Dawson townsite and whose names do not appear on the assessment roll, should make application at my office at once to have the same placed there in order to avoid any future complications.

R. W. SMITH,
Assessor and Collector.

HE SPOILED AN EGYPTIAN

The Tramp Paid for His Dinner In a Substantial Way.

The Kindness of the Farmer's Wife Caused Him to Think of His Own Mother—An Old Bunco Trick.

The tramp sank his spade deep in the earth, and as he drew it up and flung the dark, rich earth aside voices came to him through the nearby window. He straightened up and listened for a moment. His mouth slightly parted; his lips half closed. He crept nearer the window and leaned on the spade. For fully ten minutes he scarcely moved. A dark scowl crossed his face and lingered there.

The tramp was tattered and torn, and his face was inflamed, and his eyes were bleary, but there was still a heart beneath his soiled and ragged coat, and that heart had been won by kindness.

When he came limping up to the farmhouse that morning, the farmer had looked at him askance, and the farmer's dog had blinked up at his master as if awaiting the word to hustle the stranger down the lane. And then the farmer's wife had come to the door, a gentle faced woman with a soft voice, and she listened to his story and brought him bread and meat and told him to rest in the shade of the apple tree. And somehow the gentle-faced woman reminded him of the mother whose precepts he had disregarded and whose heart he had broken, and such a lump had risen in his throat that for a time he found it quite impossible to eat. And when he finally disposed of the food and drank a cup of water from the cool depths of the ancient well he wandered down to a little brook that flowed in the ravine that skirted the orchard and bathed his face and hands and straightened his tangled hair. Then he came back to the house and, rapping at the door, asked the gentle-faced woman if she had any work he could do.

"Art still here?" she asked in a soft voice. "I thought thee had gone."

"I'm still here," said the tramp, as he drew his tattered hat from his head. "I have a chronic way of wearing out my welcome. But if you have any work to do that will enable me to pay for the food you gave me, I'm in the humor to do it."

She looked at him a little doubtfully and read the secret of his downfall in his very visage and softly sighed.

"What I gave thee, I gave willingly," she said, "and without thought of recompense. But if thee is really in earnest about desiring work, thee can take the spade that leans against the well box yonder and spade up my flower bed here."

The tramp replaced his hat and found the spade and set to work. And while he was working he heard the sound of wheels, and looking through the vines at the house corner saw a horse and light wagon stop in front of the farm house. Presently a man came up the pathway—a man of light build, with bright eyes and a heavy black mustache. He was dressed in a rather extreme style, and even the tramp—who was once a gentleman himself—knew that this was not a gentleman.

Presently the farmer, busy in the barn, was summoned to the house by his wife's call.

It was nearly a half hour later that the tramp heard the loud voices within.

"It was the voice of the farmer that was raised."

"You got that note by a scoundrel trick!" he cried. "Your partner asked me to sign an order for ten bushels of Belgian oats, and now you say I signed a note—a note for \$700! God, man! It would ruin me to pay it!"

"It's for value received all right enough," said the stranger in a cool, even voice. "I don't know anything about your signing it, but the signature is yours and that's all we care to know. If you refuse payment, we will simply have to sue and sell you out."

The tramp listening at the window could hear the farmer pacing heavily up and down the room, and he thought that he heard the farmer's wife sobbing.

"I'll see a lawyer," said the farmer doggedly.

"Certainly," said the stranger. "See him, and he'll tell you fast enough that there's no help for you. No, my man, you are in for it. Better sell something and settle."

"I'll see a lawyer," groaned the farmer.

"Very well," said the stranger. "We are disposed to be as lenient as possible. See your lawyer, and if you are not willing to pay up promptly when I come for satisfaction day after tomorrow, at this hour, why, we will have to commence suit. Good day."

The tramp heard the door open and peering through the vines saw the stranger walking leisurely down the pathway. Then he turned and rapped at the door. There were tears in her

eyes as the farmer's wife opened it. "Madam," said the tramp, "I have reconsidered my willingness to spade up your flower bed. There's your spade."

And before she could reply he had turned and was walking quickly along the lane that led to the woods as soon as he was out of sight of the house he broke into a run. Just before he entered the woods he looked over his shoulder and saw the stranger leisurely driving along the road below.

The tramp knew that the road over which the stranger was driving, dipped to the left to cross the little ravine and then wound round the woods to the right in a long curve. He knew he had plenty of time to put across and reach the road before the stranger and his deliberate horse arrived.

The tramp, familiar with human deception in many forms, knew all about the particular system of swindling of which the farmer was the victim. It was an easy game when played by a clever sharper on an unsuspecting and unsophisticated countryman. All it required was a glib tongue, a little flattery, a pretended business mission and a substituted sheet of paper. Then in due time came the confederate with his bold front and the fatal note.

The tramp was lurking by the roadside as the man in the light wagon came up. He lounged out into the high way.

"Hello, Bill," he said.

The driver drew up suddenly and started at the figure at the horse's head.

"What's that?" he cried.

"It's your name," laughed the tramp.

"Bill—Bill Sutherland, sometimes called 'the Gopher.' How are you, Bill?"

The stranger scowled darkly.

"What do you mean?" he snarled. "I don't know you."

"Glad of that, Bill," said the vagabond. "Three years of tramping change a man. But I know you, and that's enough."

"What do you want?" growled the stranger.

"Bill," said the tramp, "I want a little assistance. You might not think it, but I'm hard up."

He had come to the side of the wagon as he spoke and stood with one hand on the dashboard.

"Is this a holdup?" said the stranger and, shifting his whip to his left hand, slipped the right behind him.

"Steady, Bill," said the tramp as he reached forward and caught the stranger's arm. "None of that. Your pocketbook isn't there; it is in your breast pocket. I'll trouble you for it."

"Curse you!" screamed the stranger.

"Let go of me!"

And he struck the tramp with all his force across the head with the whip. The vagabond shrieked with pain and the next instant had grappled the stranger and with a remarkable show of strength drew him from the wagon and buried him heavily to the ground.

The startled horse ran a little way and then, turning sharply, started into a fence corner and stood there trembling.

The tramp stood by the prostrate and unconscious man and drew from his pockets first the loaded revolver and then the long pocketbook. He hastily opened the latter and assured himself that what he wanted was there. Then he thrust the book into his own ragged breast pocket and drew himself up. The stranger was rousing from his swoon.

Presently he sat up and looked around with a confused air. The tramp, a few feet away, was quietly regarding him, revolver in hand. The stranger put his hand to his breast pocket.

"Curse you," he growled, "this is highway robbery!"

"You ought to know," said the tramp quietly. "It's one of your leading accomplishments. Get up."

The stranger arose.

"Pick up your hat," said the tramp. "Now go and get your horse into the road."

He followed close behind as the stranger backed the light wagon into the highway.

"I'll kill you for this," the desperado snarled.

"Don't trouble yourself," said the tramp. "Just climb into the wagon and start your horse. I'll see you off. Step lively, please." And he flourished the revolver.

The stranger obeyed. He meant the tramp a look that was meant to be malevolent, and the tramp returned him a smile. Then he touched the horse with the whip and drove away.

The vagabond watched until a curve in the road hid him from sight, and he then darted into the woods again and swiftly retraced his steps. Presently he recrossed the ravine, and then he paused. He slipped the revolver into an inner pocket and then took a slip of paper from the stranger's book. A moment or two later he knocked at the farmer's door.

It was opened by the farmer's wife. Her eyes were still red with weeping.

"Thee here again?" she said.

"Yes," replied the tramp. "I've come back to pay you for that good dinner." He pressed a little forward

and she gave way before him, and he passed into the house.

At the window at the farmer with his head bowed over a huge volume that lay open across his knees. He looked up wondering as the tramp entered. The vagabond raised his hand to his hat, and then remembered and let his hand fall again.

"I am glad to see a little fire in your fire place," he said, "because I want to add to it." He moved a little nearer the window. "See, dear lady," he softly said, "here is your pay. Look, but don't touch it."

Impelled by his earnest manner the woman came closer and glanced at the slip of paper he held before her eyes.

"Father!" she gasped.

The old man started and arose with the book in his arms.

"What is it?" he asked. The vagabond pushed the note nearer him. "My note!" he cried. "Where did you get it?"

"I spoiled an Egyptian," laughed the tramp. "It tells about the process there, and he pointed to the big book. 'Now watch me.' He stepped quickly to the fireplace and held the note in the flame until it was entirely consumed.

"Thank God!" murmured the old man, with a sigh of relief.

"Thee has been hurt," cried the woman; "there is blood on thy forehead."

"It is nothing," said the vagabond. "There, you see, the debt is paid. I won't ask for a receipt. You'll be troubled no more. Goodbye."

"Stay!" cried the aged couple in one breath.

"No," said the tramp. "I cannot stay. The Gopher may be looking for me, and I wouldn't have him see me here."

"And why has thou done this great service for us?" the old lady asked.

"You were kind to me," said the tramp very softly, "and you made me think of my mother. Goodbye." And he was gone. He hurried down to the brook in the ravine and, tenderly removing his hat, carefully bathed his wounded head. Then he started again for the woods. "I fancy the prayers of that dear old lady will do me good," he said as he gave a last backward glance at the farm house. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

LABOR UNION IN SESSION

Delegates Meeting at Intervals in This City.

Pursuant to a call issued two weeks ago delegates from the various creeks to the Yukon Labor and Protective Union met in McDonald hall Saturday afternoon for the purpose of effecting a permanent organization, drafting a bylaws and constitution and arranging other details of the union. The following delegates were present:

Hunker—W. H. Schaaf.
Upper Dominion—A. J. Bradley.
Lower Dominion—Mr. Lauders.
Bonanza—P. Heenan.
Chechako Hill—Frank Clarke.

Sulphur—Mr. Crowley.
Delegates at large—D. H. Dick and Joseph Clarke. Considerable time was devoted to hearing the chairman's report, after which the following committees were appointed:

Constitution—Messrs. Bradley, Schaaf and Heenan.
Resolutions—Messrs. Frank Clarke, Bradley and Dick.

Pigance—Messrs. Schaaf, Bradley and Dick.
Credentialed—Messrs. Dick, Heenan and Frank Clarke.

The meeting will be continued from day to day until the organization of a grand lodge is completed. Joseph Clarke has been elected president and D. H. Dick secretary.

An Experiment.

A remarkable attempt was made in Denmark recently to bring back to life a man who had died in a hospital. The experiment was measurably successful, as resuscitation was effected several hours after the man was pronounced dead. Dr. Moog, who was in charge, was unable to maintain life, however.

The patient had died from typhoid fever, and Dr. Moog decided to try an experiment. Respiration had ceased completely and the body was cold. Direct massage of the heart was resorted to. The chest was put open directly over the heart, and through the incision the physician passed his hand and seized the heart. He commenced a series of compressions and in a short time the heart commenced to work of its own accord. The action of the heart gradually became stronger, but the man had not commenced to breathe. Only after the heart had been acting half an hour did the first gasp for air come.

The patient was then assisted in this for about an hour until finally he was able to breathe quite freely. At the same time his cheeks began to assume a natural color. He lay in this condition another half hour, but without regaining consciousness or appearing to feel the effects of the incision. Then there was a reaction and respiration ceased, although the heart continued to beat eight hours longer. A second effort was made to induce heart action, but without result.—Ex.