

The Klondike Nugget

(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
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TUESDAY, APRIL 10, 1900

THE EFFORT THAT FAILED.

The effort which has been made by the News to drag the Nugget into the affairs of the Nugget Express has proven an ignominious failure. As has been previously stated in these columns, and as is well known to every man in Dawson who is acquainted with the affairs of the two enterprises, the Klondike Nugget and the Nugget Express were entirely separate and independent business concerns. The failure of the latter in no wise affected the former other than in the fact that the Nugget was a heavy creditor of the Express. A statement of account was rendered the assignee of the Express at his request, not with the intention or expectation of claiming any share in the assets, but for the purpose of satisfying the other creditors as to the exact status of affairs between the Nugget and the Express. Should any of these gentlemen desire further information in the matter, the same will be cheerfully furnished them at this office.

As for this cowardly sheet, the News, and its contemptible manager, Steele, who, we understand, is soon to be kicked out of his position, as he was once kicked out of his office by one of the owners of the sheet, we have merely to say at this time that children who play with fire are very apt to burn their fingers.

Steele, who is a craven by nature, seeks, through inuendo and suggestion, to convey impressions which his coward heart tells him are false and which he dare not come out and state as facts. The Nugget will not run away from any issue which he may raise. If he wants the public furnished with a few chapters of personal history, the Nugget will give the facts, and will not adopt Steele's underhanded tactics, either.

A square, open and manly newspaper argument is something beyond Steele's capacity or comprehension. He must be contemptible or nothing. If, however, he is not satisfied with the notoriety which he has already had, the Nugget will furnish him with more, ad lib.

TWENTY THOUSAND STRONG.

It is estimated by recent arrivals from the coast that fully 20,000 men are now waiting in Seattle for the departure of boats for Nome. These men have come from every section of the country, according to late newspaper reports from the Sound metropolis, although the coast and other western mining states are most heavily represented. The rush to Nome is bound to reach tremendous proportions by reason of the attending circumstances.

Ordinarily, it has happened that gold discoveries have taken place in countries difficult of access. To reach California, the hardy pioneers were compelled to cross hundreds of miles of desert and mountains, and the difficulties incident to the trip into Dawson in the early days are yet fresh in the minds of most of our citizens.

But the journey from Seattle to Nome is another matter. The worst the gold-seeker needs to

fear is a touch of seasickness, and there is not a great deal of danger of that. He has no precipitous mountains to cross, no boat to build, no rapids to run—in fact, none of the thousand and one difficulties to contend against which met the Klondike pioneer in his travels into this country. Once he steps aboard the boat at Seattle, he has nothing further to worry him until he steps onto the beach.

In consequence, the rush to Nome will assume proportions much greater than otherwise would be the case. Hundreds will go for the novelty of the thing, and many of them, when they have seen Nome, will come on up the Yukon to Dawson.

But the very fact that Nome is easy to reach is against the prospects of those who go. There will be thousands when hundreds would be too many, and the proportion of disappointed ones will be far greater even than was the case with the Klondike.

Spain is "remembering the Maine" in her own way. Her government, apparently looking about for a chance to get revenge for that little affair of Admiral Dewey's at Manila, and certain other deeds of commanders on land and sea and in Cuba and Porto Rico, has seized upon the opportunity offered by American goods. In the first flush of spitefulness, the duty on typewriters from this country was increased to thirty-two times what it was formerly, and is now from \$13 to \$20 on each machine. "Every description of electrical, scientific and office labor-saving apparatus or instrument," says the United States consul at Barcelona, "is now classed under a heavy rate." An Edison mimeograph is now dutiable at \$4, instead of \$1.45. On other articles the rate has been raised so high as to be prohibitory. The duty on lubricating oils has been doubled. The consul reports that cable messages have been sent to New York to stop all shipments of wax to Spain. Spanish candle-makers have been compelled to cancel orders for paraffin.—Skagway News.

The story taken from a New York yellow journal, telling of a prospective war between miners and capitalists at Nome, is worthy the imagination of a Munchausen or a chapter from the Arabian Nights. The imaginative genius of the writer forecasts a field of gore at Nome as broad as the stretch of gold producing beach. There is a picture of armored dredgers, gatling guns and desperate miners, armed to the teeth, engaged in a life and death struggle for possession of the sands which carry the elusive gold. According to the veracious narrator, a considerable portion of Uncle Sam's standing army has been despatched to Nome, but evidently he has not much hope of their being able to avert bloodshed, as the best he can say for the soldiers is that "they will try and preserve peace."

Record Not Broken.

Cashier A. E. Maynard, who was transferred from the Canadian Bank of Commerce here to the Closeleigh bank and who started for the latter place two weeks ago yesterday, gave up the notion of attempting to break the bicycle record on the Yukon before a hundred miles of the journey had been accomplished, for the reason that water several inches deep on a bicycle course is not conducive to speed; therefore, he quit scorching, and as the sun was retiring on the evening of the eighth day of his journey, the cashier pedaled into Closeleigh feeling that if he never came any nearer to breaking the ten commandments than he did to breaking the Yukon bicycle record he will live a pure life.

When in town, stop at the Regina.

NAVAL EXPEDITION TO NOME

Startling Statement of a New York Newspaper.

Large Fleet of Dredgers Will Be Opposed by Battleships and Armed Transfers.

One of the New York yellows which scents more trouble in a day than develops in a year, taps a Washington grapevine for the inwardness of the proposed naval and military expedition to Cape Nome, whose golden sands are now attracting a multitude of fortune seekers. The expedition, says the Omaha Bee, is to head off a possible war between the miners already in the field and a combine of claim jumpers said to be heading in that direction. According to the advice of the yellow the cause of the trouble is as follows: "Last summer, when it was suddenly discovered that for more than 100 miles the sea beach along Cape Nome was saturated with gold, there began a rush from the nearby Klondike, and many hurried up from California and Oregon. Since last July every square yard of that marvelous beach has been staked out into claims."

The miners were in some doubt about their rights to stake out claims on a tidewater beach, and hurried representatives to Washington to make sure.

The congressional committee on public lands ruled that the same laws should hold on the beach as on dry land. The miners at once completed the staking of claims and are contentedly waiting for warm weather to begin sifting out the millions which lie frozen under their feet.

But a totally unexpected change has taken place in Washington this winter. Influential capitalists, with their eyes on Cape Nome's gold, have induced the congressional committee to reverse their first ruling and decide that the Cape Nome gold fields being a tide water ocean beach, are "public lands," and cannot be staked out into private claims any more than the open ocean can be staked out. With this new ruling the capitalists have fitted out a fleet of big steam dredges, which will set sail for Alaska next month. These huge dredges will anchor near the shore, run out their big suction pipes and eat the beach away by the acre.

When the old miners, who expect to sift the sand on their claims by the pailful, see the fleet of steam dredges in sight on the horizon the war will begin. The dredgers know this and they have sheathed their steamers with armor and mounted a rapid fire gun each dredge. The old miners are armed with rifles. When the dredges approach the beach the miners will fight to a man to defend their claims, and the dredges are prepared to mow the beach with their rapid fire guns. There are now about 50 armed steam dredges fitting out in Puget sound.

The situation has been made known to the war and navy departments and Brig. Gen. Randall has been put in charge of a force of 1200 troops and two ships to patrol the beach and try to keep the peace.

Refused Boer Water.

There was an Englishman came in on the Humbolt—a jolly, hearty chap, but he got into a row as soon as he landed. He called for a drink of Scotch whisky and the bartender put up with it a bottle of Johannesberg water.

"Not on your life," said he. "If Americans feel like insulting a Britisher in that way, I will never take another drink in your town."

Marshal Tanner had trouble with him later, as he would insist on taking his drink without water.—Skagway Alaskan.

Bankers En Route.

Mr. H. T. Wills, manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, T. R. Billett and R. L. Cowan, of the same institution, are now within a few miles of Dawson on the road, but as they are traveling leisurely, Local Manager McMullen does not expect them to arrive before tomorrow. Mr. Billett is the member of the great financial institution who looks after the establishing of new branches, he having instituted branches in Skagway, Bennett and Atlin.

Timothy Hay and Oats.

For sale by Frank J. Kinghorn. Leave orders at Murray & Powell's Bonanza.

Ladies' belt purses. Pioneer drug store. Same old price, 25 cents, for drinks at the Regina.

Do you want something good to eat? Try the Savoy, 2d st., bet 1st and 2d ave.

Sliced Lubek potatoes and Crown flour. Royal Grocery, Second ave.



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