

"SOOR DOUGH" SIDE OF THE STORY.

An Old-Timer Tells What He Knows of Temperatures and of Rustling.

It is Sonnickson Takes Umbrage at Disparaging Remarks From Cheechacos—Mouldy Flour, and Not Much of That.

EDITOR NUGGET.

Dear Sir: In justice to myself and other old-timers allow me space in your paper to say a few words in regard to cold weather. I have on several occasions noticed in the Nugget that a doubt existed as to the tales of low temperatures, owing to the absence of reliable thermometers. Be this as it may, as quicksilver freezes at 32 or 40 below, we therefore had thermometers that would correspond to that point. When we had no thermometers we would hang out quicksilver, pain-killer and so on, and in early days we have often, as a matter of curiosity, taken frozen quicksilver, cut it or hammered it to fit the rifle, and used it as bullets for target shooting. In the winter of '93-'94 I wintered at Sixty-Mile, and from the 16th of November to the 20th day of April, there was, according to my memory, only 38 days that the quicksilver was not frozen, it being frozen even on the last named date; and the thermometer at Pelly, kept by Rev. J. Canham, registered 77 below, and at Forty-Mile, the same time, 79 below. In the early part of the eighties, when J. McQuesten kept the trading post at Ft. Reliance, five miles below Dawson, he kept the U. S. government weather register at that place, and the thermometer went as low as 80 below. The winter of '95-'96 I lived at Circle City, and it was considered a cold winter. A party there having horses, kept them almost steadily in the stable for two months. It froze quicksilver, Perry Davis' pain-killer, coal oil, and the spirit in every thermometer was driven clean out of sight into the bulb. The last three winters have been warm, yet I consider the winter of '96-'97 much warmer than any of the last three. It rained on the 4th day of March, forming large water-pools on the river ice, and in February often stood 10 above zero. In the winter of '98-'99 I saw it rain on the 2nd day of January, at the mouth of the Tanana river.

The present time and years ago are also different, especially in traveling. Now one can go from five to forty miles from Dawson City, and according to direction never get out of sight of a cabin. You can go out and come in all the way on a good trail, and traveling now is a perfect comfort [meals and beds being ready for you] so that even ladies can go out and come in over the ice with very little difficulty. And besides if you have money the stuff is here to buy. When I came in there was not the slightest sign of a cabin from Windy Arm to Fort Reliance. There was no Fort Selkirk house, no Stewart river post, or Sixty-Mile post. When you traveled you had to take everything needed for the entire journey with you from the start; besides, there was no trail. We generally left camp in the morning on snowshoes, and went in the going direction about ten miles and back again, making a trail; the next day the trail would be hard enough to carry about 150 to 200 pounds only, so that if we had from 300 to 500 pounds on our sled we would have to make three trips—once to break the trail, and twice over it with the goods.

When we wanted to make fast time, we would hire two or three Indians to break trail ahead of the dogs, but could not move any heavy loads that way on a loose trail. The former plan was generally used, but it was a slow process, for if the distance was only 200 miles we had to travel 400 miles to get there, or five times over the road. Then we had no stoves and tents, but used open fires. There were only a few stoves in the country. Furnaces (a rock wall and an iron sheet on top) were used in the cabins, though the first stove I had myself in the country was a rock pile on the floor, and a square hole in the roof for a chimney. The routine of traveling was then to get on your snowshoes and travel all day until you got tired; then shovel a place clean in the woods and make a fire. Next thaw out yourself first, then your soor dough bread and beans; melt ice or snow for water; put up a little windbreak; chop wood until you had enough for a large log fire till morning. Sometimes we made two fires and slept in-between them.

When a few years later tents and stoves came in use we thought traveling was quite comfortable, for then we could at last dry our mittens and footwear over night, a thing that was hard to do by open fires without burning them. Years later when we clubbed together and built a few houses on Forty-mile on the road to the diggings it was still easier. It was 80 miles from Forty-mile to Franklin gulch—the first paying creek on the Yukon river. On that distance there was a little cabin 7 x 8 used by one H. Carter in the summer while working on a bar. It was 16 miles away from Bonanza bar and 25 miles coming from Franklin gulch, and no cabin in between to stop in, and often a large crowd from each way would meet there for the night, although Pete Nelson (a brother to the owner of the Klondike hotel) had to sleep on a ten-inch shelf. Poor Pete had an awful time to keep from falling down but he preferred it to sleeping in the open air, and if two or three more had come I think we would have found room for them; also, I freighted on that road a good deal and I am entitled to know what I am talking about. We were much happier, somehow, in those days—knew everybody, always welcome, shared everything with one another, and were like brothers. Stealing was, you may say, entirely unknown.

Now, Mr. Editor, being that I am at it allow

me to go a little further. I just want to go at the Cheechaco a little bit: In my later traveling around I have often heard it remarked that the old timers did not know how to prospect or work the ground. Now, I want to show him exactly our position and then let him be the judge. We never had provisions enough to last even until spring, and generally had to lay around the post half of the summer for the arrival of the steamer, and then would not get enough to last until fall, and had to depend a good deal on game and fish. In the summer of '90 we were turned loose in the spring with 50 pounds of flour, 5 pounds of sugar, 5 pounds of fruit, and 10 pounds of bacon to the man, after being short all winter. I—and I can answer for 16 other men—got flour in the fall before, that had been soaked in salt water for several days then shipped up the river, where, while aboard the steamer it had been soaked and heated, so that we had to chop a sack, or rather split it lengthwise, like cordwood. In the middle we could get about 15 pounds of hard lumps that were not green or yellow like the rest. This we had to powder with a hammer and run it through a sieve before we could use it.

Next, there was no other way to make money than to dig it out yourself. There was for several years no other way. We could not go and work for wages, chop cordwood, sell whiskey or any other kind of goods—no other way if the world to get a dollar than to dig it out of the ground yourself, and the time you had to spare outside of rustling grub kept you going to work out enough for the coming winter. Let us turn the present Cheechaco loose right here, if you want to, and especially in a new country entirely—with two or three months' rations for the year, and his rifle, and hear him talk next year and see how much money he has dug out himself in that time out of the ground and how he fared and got along in an unprospected and new country.

POLICE COURT NEWS.

That "a man is worthy of his hire" was again demonstrated on Thursday, when Justice Harper gave a judgment for \$105 in favor of Scott Musgrove and Albert Siff. The plaintiffs in the action were employed on a claim owned by Mrs. Bedell, and the amount sued for was the wages for the same. Default in payment will subject the defendant to 14 days imprisonment.

Mary St. Clair, strenuously objects to abusive language and disturbing scenes, especially when she is the only one and victim of the other. So, when Wilhelm Geppson, an employe of hers, ignored the aforesaid qualitates in the lady's complement of characteristics, she caused him to be thrown into durance vile and then dragged shamefully before a bar of justice. But the keen judicial sense of Justice Harper soon detected the story, and a man sequestered behind the fence and allowed the prisoner to go forth in liberty and triumph.

Reginal Frost is a "warm number," despite the suggestiveness of his name. He loaded up with fighting whiskey Tuesday night, and in the exuberance of animal spirits which followed he smashed a plate-glass window in the Royal Cafe. He thus laid himself twice liable to the law and had to pay \$25 damages on top of a \$10 fine before he could square the account against him at Justice Belcher's court. S. Rose, eubaum, G. Johnson and H. Mitcher paid \$20 and costs for a mild drunk in which plate windows cut no figure.

The police struck a blow at the noble game of "boosing" this week by the arrest of O. F. Shepard, J. B. Yorkins and C. Kuntze. True, the charge filed opposite their names on the record book of Justice Belcher's court was that of vagrancy, but the prisoners and their friends had no difficulty in "reading between the lines," especially when they were permitted, like gamblers of the first degree, to pay a fine of \$50 and costs. C. Wright, John Aune, P. Bartlett, F. A. Grant and John Olson were also made to feel that the ban placed on Sunday gambling some weeks ago was not a mere specimen of virtue, and the lesson cost them each \$25 and costs.

Emil Rodenbach, a scion of sunny France, but more lately from Johannesburg, Africa, is committed for trial at the territorial court on a charge of theft. The complainant is Miss Hermine Depauv, a typical representative of "fendurion" society, and she alleges that Emil stole from her premises groceries and provisions to the value of \$500. One Francis Perinet was arraigned before Justice Harper on a similar charge, but the case was dismissed. Nor did the fair Hermine stop there, and before she got through with Mr. Rodenbach a story of domestic life was poured into the judicial ear that was dry enough to produce a good plot for a yellow-backed novel. Emil, she testified, had found such favor in her eyes that when, in the early winter, he pleaded to become "her man," she accepted him as such and installed him as lord of her heart and measurer of her home. One memorable night during the period following, witness drank wine which her man pressed upon her, and she immediately became "intoxicated and giddy, much as if the liquor had been drugged. While in that condition Emil asserted his rights as master of the house and lord of the treasury, and induced the lady to turn over to him the sum of \$10,700 in gold dust and currency, which she had accumulated during her thrifty and frugal life. It was not long before the domestic domain became clouded, and Emil found himself a "man" without a job by reason of his grasping propensities. Then, having escaped from the fascinating influence which had before chained her, she attempted to make her former lord disgorge the fortune she had entrusted with him. To this he turned a deaf ear, and finding all other means unavailing, she caused his arrest on a charge of unlawfully converting the money to his own use with intent to commit theft. Rodenbach was bound over for trial in the Territorial court.

A Private Dancing Party.

A select party of about 100 friends gathered on Thursday evening at the Family theater, at the invitation of Dr. Mary Mosher to celebrate her admission to the ranks of the practicing physicians in Dawson. The profession was well represented in the gathering and entered heartily with the other guests into the amusements of the evening. An entertainment was furnished together with music for dancing and the guests dispersed in the early morning. Among the entertainers of the evening were Captain Jack Crawford, Mr. Win. Ogilvie, with phonograph, Mrs. Davison with songs, Miss Ross in humorous recitations and Dr. McDonald in songs. A mandolin and guitar orchestra of five pieces was furnished by Messrs. Casley, Buckhardt and Stevens.

Dr. Mosher's adopted "baby" was in evidence,

and is certainly the best behaved baby in existence, as can be testified to by all present. The doctor was congratulated on all sides upon her management of the affair, which was, undoubtedly very much of a success in every way.

Competition in Electric Lighting.

Messrs. J. E. Currie and Harry M. Knox have applied to the council for a franchise for an electric light plant. They have no machinery here at present and it has been intimated to them that something substantial on their part must be shown. The gentlemen have had long experience in the business.

PERSONAL MENTION.

A. L. Swanson, the "king of Sulphur," is in town. J. D. McGillivray is in town and reports great progress on 3B below on Sulphur with a small thawing machine.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Druggist Charles Kelly leaves again for the outside on Saturday. W. H. Cornwall, Jr., arrived up from Munook on Tuesday, and is a guest at the Yukon hotel. He leaves in a few days for the outside. Captain Barstow, of the militia, received a severe jointing while taking the jump on the Ski hill Sunday. However, no serious injury resulted. Dr. Willis and J. A. Chute made the trip from No. 22 on Gold Run to Dawson between 5 o'clock in the morning and 4:30 in the afternoon of the same day. The Seattle P. T. notes the arrival at Skaguay on January 24th of G. A. Carlson, who took out Mrs. Frank McGregor and G. T. Hall, with a horse and sled. The trip was made in 24 days. Thos. Fawcett will leave for the outside at once, arrangements having been made with the police to carry him. Friday night some of his friends met him at the Dawson club and said good-bye. A newspaper clipping has been received in the city from which it is learned that Max Strouse, a California butcher, widely known on the slope, has recently died. His estate is known to exceed \$10,000. King & Co. have completed a double front business establishment on the water front near Swensgaard's drug store and Palmer Bros. have the frame up for a new grocery store on the site of the one lately destroyed by fire. Wm. Terry, a professional bicyclist, will start some day next week to make a bicycle trip to the coast. He calculates to make the trip in from six to ten days at the longest, and will carry with him a statement of the time of his departure. Dr. W. G. Hepworth and Mrs. Cora Elizabeth Service were united in matrimony on Wednesday, March 1. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Grant. Mrs. Dr. Hepworth was until recently a stenographer in the gold commissioner's office. A quartet of male voices has been secured who have in view a classical concert in the near future. Three of the voices are possessed by professionals. F. W. Zimmerman is the first tenor, J. W. H. second tenor, W. H. Chisholm first bass and Emil Erhardt second bass. Bartlett Bros. have purchased the site of the former Warden Hotel and begun the erection of an office building and storage house. It will be 20 x 60 feet in dimensions, with a seven foot board wall and the balance of canvas. They will move in as soon as it is completed. Messrs. Hestwood, Frank Atkins and Louis Rhodes, three well known Klondikers, returned to Dawson Tuesday noon. They left Bennett on February 17th and brought a horse through with them, which should be considered good time, in view of the further fact that four days were lost by reason of a lay-over. Thomas Mahoney, who recently arrived in Dawson from down river points extending over 1,500 miles, reports the steamer P. B. Weize stands high and dry in a lagoon, nearly half a mile from the river, where she was left last autumn by a sudden fall in the stage of water. Mr. Mahoney is, for the time being, a guest of Pat Galvin.

Sergeant Cornell and Constable Cameron arrived from the south on Wednesday and Thursday, respectively, with 18 more sacks of mail. That of Thursday was all of late date but the other was largely way mail. Postmaster Hartman and his assistants are now up to their ears in work, metaphorically speaking, and the sign "this is our busy day," might hang on the wall constantly.

The waiting crowd at the gold commissioner's office is a growing and formidable proportion. The days and days which are lost in trying to transact the simplest little business is becoming intolerable. Among the crowd are more or less "rubber necks" whose chief business is to overhear what business is being transacted and to glean pointers therefrom. These men could with profit to the community be ethically dispensed with.

News of the recent discovery on Porcupine river, which was published in the Nugget a fortnight ago, was no surprise to one well known Dawsonite at least. This gentleman is James Donaldson, who, nearly a year ago, had been engaged at work there, and finding plenty of gold to promise ultimate success. Outside reports are to the effect that the new strike is a very promising one, the discoverers taking out \$1,200 in three weeks from one of their claims. While in that vicinity, too, Mr. Donaldson, with others, towed Haines' Mission—the commencement of the Dalton trail—and expects to see the place assume the proportions of a metropolis some day, owing to its many varied advantages.

Worked Himself to Death.

Knut Alstad, former citizen of Fargo, North Dakota, may be said that he literally gave up his life in the quest for gold, in that he died as a direct result of exposure and over exertion. He had worked on a claim at Forty-Mile during the past summer and winter without result, and finally determined to try his fortunes at Dawson. So, loading a sled with 300 pounds of provisions and other articles, he started for this city, where he arrived Thursday evening at four o'clock, after a severe struggle that completely wore him out. He took a room at the Yukon hotel, and told landlord Shornborn that he would retire at once, as he was "the nearest knocked out" that he ever was in his life. At four o'clock next morning, night clerk Jordan heard a couple of groans issuing from his room, and hurrying up retired just as Alstad breathed his last. The police were notified and made an investigation, and were satisfied that death was due to natural causes, brought on as related above.

Alstad was 38 years of age, single, of usually robust health, and is well-spoken of by those

who knew him. He was a member of the I. O. O. F., and his remains will be interred under the auspices of his Dawson brethren; the funeral taking place from the undertaking establishment of J. A. Greene.

Notice of Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between us, the undersigned Nos. Freighters and Packers, at Dawson, in the Yukon territory, Canada, has been this day dissolved by mutual consent. All debts owing to the said partnership of Bartlett Bros. are to be paid to Edie and Amie Bartlett, at Dawson aforesaid, and all claims against the said partnership are to be presented to the said Edie and Amie Bartlett by whom the same will be settled. Dated at Dawson, Yukon territory, Canada, this 3d day of March, A. D., 1899.

ALIE BARTLETT, EDIE BARTLETT, AMIE BARTLETT.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned having purchased all the interest of Alie Bartlett, in the business of Packers and Freighters, heretofore carried on by us at Dawson, Y. T., in conjunction with said Alie Bartlett, under the partnership name of BARTLETT BROTHERS, intend to carry on business as Packers, Freighters and Forwarders, at Dawson, and throughout the Yukon Territory and the Dominion of Canada, under the partnership name and style of BARTLETT BROTHERS, and that we, the undersigned are the only members of said partnership. Witness our hands at Dawson, Y. T., this 3d day of March, 1899.

EDIE BARTLETT, AMIE BARTLETT.

Stage Service to Forks.

Picket & Devlin stages will run on the following schedule: Stage No. 1 leaves Dawson for Grand Forks 9:30 a. m. Returning leaves Grand Forks 9:00 p. m. Stage No. 2 leaves Grand Forks 8:30 a. m. Returning leaves Dawson 8:30 p. m. Giving passengers five hours in Dawson to transact business. Package & freight received promptly attention. Telephone No. 23.

Do you know Albert W. Williams, the wood hauler, at 17 above on Bonanza?

Large contracts for freighting and wood especially—Albert W. Williams, 17 above Bonanza or the White House.

A nice line of stationery, time, pens and memo books, tablets, paper and envelopes at Pioneer drug store.

The best meals served in the city are at the Regina Club Hotel.

The Dining Room service of the Regina Club Hotel is such as to justify you back again.

Special Rates for room and board by the month at the Regina Club Hotel.

Give your contracts for freighting and packing to Albert W. Williams, 17 above Bonanza, or leave orders at the White House.

Money to Loan.

Apply at the Nugget Express office, Front St.

The Regina Club Hotel Bar is the standard of Dawson in quality.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

LAWYERS. C. M. WOODWORTH, M. A., LL. B., Advocate, Solicitor, Commissioner, Notary, etc. Five years' practice in Northwest Territory. Room 3, A. C. Office Building.

TABOR & HULME—Barristers and Solicitors, Advocates, Notaries, Public, Conveyancers, Offices, opposite Monte Carlo, Front Street.

BURRITT & McKAY—Advocates, Solicitors, Notaries, Commissioners, etc. Office, the A. C. Office Building, 3rd St., Dawson.

CLEMENT, PATULLO & RIDLEY—Advocates, Barristers, Notaries, Conveyancers, &c. Money to loan. Offices, Adcock building, opp. Opera House saloon.

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

DR. J. WILFRED GOOD, M. B., S. R. C. P., Edinburgh. Late Surgeon to Winnipeg General Hospital. Office, Arlington Block, 1st Avenue, Dawson. Telephone No. 16.

DR. J. H. KOONS, Physician and Surgeon, Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa. Proprietor—Miners Hospital, Eldorado City.

DENTISTS.

DRS. BROWN & LEE—Crown and Bridge work. Gold, Aluminum or Rubber Plates. Fine gold and alloy fillings. All work absolutely guaranteed. Room 13A, C. C. office building. H. AMUNDSON, solyenic jewelry and diamond setting.

T. G. ALBIN, D. D. S.—All work guaranteed. Office with Nugget Express Co., Eldorado City.

MINING ENGINEERS.

J. B. TYRELL, M. A., B. Sc., F. G. S., Consulting Mining Engineer. 15 years geologist on the Geological Survey of Canada. 2nd cabin back of Klondike Hotel, Dawson.

LOST AND FOUND.

FOUND—2 black shepherd dogs, brown legs and muzzles. James T. Kelly, 22 below upper Dominion.

FOUND—A bunch of letters addressed to J. L. Miller. At this office.

FOUND—Stray dog on Magnet gulch. Apply Peter Farrelly, opposite No. 3 Magnet gulch.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—First-class Thawing and Hoisting Plant. Thirty horse power boiler and engine, with friction hoist. Falcon Joslin, 111 2nd Street.

PERSONAL.

PERSONAL—Letter awaiting Donald McPhee at Canadian Bank of Commerce.

PERSONAL—Amos Lee can get an important letter by calling at Dominion saloon.

PERSONAL—Letter for Samuel Longman, Colo. creek, at Nugget Express office.

Fivoli Theatre and Dance Hall. SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS FOR Week Commencing Monday, Mar. 6.

FRED BREEN ENMAN CHILDREN OATLEY SISTERS CAD WILSON And 10 Other Specialty Artists.

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