

# STAMPEDING STILL GOES ON

## Right Limit of Eldorado Scene of Last Rush

### Began Saturday Night and Was on All of Yesterday - Hillside Staked Back to Tenth Tier.

[From Monday and Tuesday's Daily.] "And the end is not yet," which old adage will apply appropriately to the stampeding which has been carried on to such a large extent in this country for the last three months.

Word was brought down this morning from the Forks of a big stampede which occurred on Eldorado creek Saturday night and all day yesterday.

The right limit of Eldorado from No. 1 to No. 20 was staked from the hillside claims back to the tenth tier which was as far as could be gone without going into the other side of the mountain. Great excitement prevailed throughout and men were rushing in all directions and putting in their stakes.

The Forks presented a very desolate appearance and in fact it is still deserted as the crowd are in Dawson today getting their locations recorded.

Several days ago Frank Magneton located a hillside claim off of No. 3 and received a grant from the recorder's office for the ground. Last Friday he took a buller onto the ground and started prospecting. He had gone down six feet, when Messrs. Painter and Clogg appeared on the scene and produced a grant which they had previously received for the same piece of ground and compelled him to suspend operations. The case has been taken into the courts for settlement.

Staking on Bonanza and Eldorado has commenced in earnest. Water is flowing freely and wherever there is a dump out it is being shovelled into the sluice boxes as rapidly as it can be done. It is understood that laborers are now in demand.

#### A Miner's Kick.

Grand Forks, April 21, 1901. Editor Klondike Nugget:

Kindly give me space for the following. Why is it that the miners' lien law causes so much controversy and opposition? There must be something wrong somewhere; did these people who are so opposed to its passage put men to work with the intention of never paying for such labor. If not, why such a determined fight against common justice and a law that is common in any other part of Canada.

In Alaska the mines are liable for all labor done on them. Perhaps it is a mean law, but then the miner—bona fide miner, the man without whom there would be no gold dug from the earth—knows that if there is anything found and the claim becomes of any value he can surely collect his wages.

Who is this Board of Trade composed of that want to dictate to the Yukon council for fear there will be an injustice done to the miner? We know how afraid they are that someone will take advantage of the miner.

None of that august body ever when they found a shortage in any of the necessities of life in the markets of Dawson advanced its price 500 per cent. No! no! for it would have worked a hardship on the poor miner.

We want no laws framed by such merchants of Dawson to protect us, the miners of the Yukon territory. Had we wanted such men we could have elected them at the late election; instead we elected men who so far have been true to their platform and in whom we still have confidence. They are the voice of the miners and we look to them, not the Dawson Board of Trade to get laws passed that will give us justice and compensation for what we produce.

We pass the merchants of Dawson up; we want none of their dictations; they have already looked after the miner's interests too well for the miner's good. A MINER.

#### Anti-Lien-Law Agitation.

It is evident by this time that strong influences are being brought against enacting a lien law in the Yukon territory, which would give the wage workers in the mines protection against loss of compensation for their services. The necessity of such a law has been recognized by the miners and all right thinking men who know that by adhering to the strict principles of justice the welfare of all the people are best served in the long run.

"Where there is a will there is a way," and it is not difficult to see that strong efforts are being made to have no lien law passed such as proposed by the miners' representatives in the Yukon council. In the face of this possibility it does not behoove the miners to be idle and stand by without making an effort to bring some pressure to bear on the deliberations of the legislative body of this country. It is therefore necessary to give the miners' representative in the council as much backing as possible, and if some kind of a "board of miners" was established as recently suggested by a "Miner" in the columns of a local newspaper, it

could do a heap of good in that direction.

The question is what result in particular should be accomplished by this law? To my mind simply to enable the miners to recover the wages due them for working the mines by a lien without going to the trouble and expense of a lawsuit in the territorial court. Furthermore this lien should cover all the assets constituting the miner, not only the pay dirt already put out and called the dump, but also the one still in the ground; also tools and all other appurtenances, in fact the claim or mine itself. Lay contracts should not change in any way this fundamental principle, just as the royalty is collected by the government regardless of such private arrangements. All advances made to mine owners or laymen on provisions or supplies necessary to work a mine should be paid first, because they must be considered as part payment of wages, and working the mines would be impossible in many cases without a proviso of this kind.

Why it should be impossible to pass such a law is hard to understand except on the theory that it is the sense of those that feel called upon to run this country to beat that class of men out of their just dues that have to carry their skin to market in order to make a bare living. And there should be no switching off by new proposal at this juncture, but the matter should be pushed to a satisfactory finish. It is no secret that men have been beaten out of their pay by fraudulent and fake lay contracts, and such practices should at last be stopped. If the mining industry cannot be carried on on a sound and just basis and business principles in this country, then the sooner it is knocked in the head the better. But there is no danger; some conclusion can be reached which is right and just to all concerned, and if an honest effort is made to pass a lien-law in that spirit, there is no doubt of success, and the country will keep on in the direction of healthy development and prosperity. J. ESTEE.

#### Quaint Colonial Names.

It is an interesting study to trace the underlying reason for many of the curious names which are given to the offspring of the colonists. Parents searched for names of deep significance—for names appropriate to conditions, for those of profound influence presumably on the child's life.

The Rev. Richard Buck, one of the early parsons in Virginia, in days of deep depression, named his first child Mara. This text indicates the reason for his choice: "Call me Mara, for the Almighty has dealt very bitterly with me. I went out full, and the Lord has brought me home empty." His second child was christened Gershom—for Moses' wife "bare him a son and called his name Gershom, for he said I have been in a strange land."

Many names have a pathos and sadness which can be felt down through the centuries. Dame Dinley, widow of a doctor, or barber surgeon, who had died in the snow while striving to visit a distant patient, named her poor babe Fatbergone.

The children of Roger Clapp were named Experience, Waitstill, Persevered, Hopesstill, Wait, Thanks, Decide, United and Supply. Madam Austin, an early settler of old Narragansett, had 15 children. Their names were Parvis, Picus, Piersus, Prismus, Polybus, Lois, Lettice, Avis, Anstice, Eunice, Mary, John, Elizabeth, Ruth, Freelove. All lived to be threescore and ten, one to be 102 years old. Edward Bendall's children were named Truograce, Reform, Hoped For, More Mercy and Restore. Richard Gridley's offspring were Return, Believe and Tremble.—Child Life in Colonial Days.

#### A Point at Issue.

Several of the lawyers had told their stories, some of which ridiculed the continued use of legal verbiage and the absurd lengths to which members of the profession sometimes go in taking advantage of technicalities.

"A rank outsider," announced the member of the profession who had been a good listener, "a client of mine, supplied the best instance of literal interpretation that ever came to my knowledge. He was executor under a will that, among other provisions, required the payment of an annuity to a venerable aunt of the testator. But proof of her being alive must be made before each payment, and this is the rock on which the executor struck.

"The old lady proved herself in the flesh, drew her money and went to California, where she spent two years without putting in her claim. On her return she went in person and demanded the double allowance due her.

"The conscientious executor got out the will, studied it, scratched his head and finally handed down his opinion: "'Madam, you are alive now. There can be no reasonable question as to that, for I have the conclusive evidence of my own eyes. But I am possessed of no legal proof that you were alive a year ago. I am, as you know, within the restrictions of the will. I will pay the annuity for this year, but must insist upon satisfactory affidavits that you were not dead when the preceding annuity was passed.' "It took me the better part of a day to convince him that he should settle in full."—Ex.

#### Out at Skagway.

Late reports from Skagway indicate that the people of that town have little else to do but encourage cranks. A number of Salvation Army enthusiasts have discovered and converted a Siwash Indian and now the new convert is entertaining the citizens of Moore's town by going into trances and seeing fearful and wonderful things which, through an interpreter he describes to gaping fools after the spell is off. Reports from these are that many people who in former days were credited with having fairly good sense, are firm believers in the supernatural of the salmon-scented convert from totem pole worship to the true religion. With a whole company of coons as members of its Y. M. C. A. and a Siwash possessed of occult powers in its Salvation Army it looks as though the next institution needed in that town is an asylum for feeble-minded folk.

## NOT IN COMBINE

### Rumored That Negotiations With N. A. T. & T. Co. are Off.

A rumor was current on the street today that a wage had been received here this morning which stated that the commercial interests of the N. A. T. & T. Co. have not been absorbed by the combine which embraces other big local companies, but that it will remain on the outside and purely independent of any and all consolidations.

Manager Delaney, of the company, was seen but stated that as yet he has received no official notification of the intentions of his company.

#### A Sympathetic Memory.

In a western Massachusetts town lives a young woman who is blessed with both discrimination and tact.

The first of these admirable qualities she has displayed by her two marriages. Her first husband was a minister, a most delightful man. He died, and after a lapse of five or six years she was united to his only brother, who was a successful lawyer in New York.

On her library desk stands a picture of the first partner of her joys and sorrows, and one day a curious caller asked whom the photograph represented.

"That," said the hostess, with evident emotion, "is a picture of my husband's brother, who died eight years ago and who was very dear to us both." —Youth's Companion.

#### French Bakers.

Bakers in France are subject to restrictions and regulations undreamed of in England. In the fortified towns along the frontier they are bound by law to have a certain stock of flour always on hand in case of emergencies. The bakery not only has to be kept clean, but the baker has to deposit with the local authorities a certain sum of money as a surety for the proper conduct of his business.

The law also looks after his weights and measures, which circumstance places him in the same position as the British baker, but in addition the law regulates the price at which bread can be sold.

Napoleon II ordered on one occasion that a loaf equal to our quarters should be sold for not more than sixpence, and this at a time when we were paying eightpence and ninepence.—London Tit Bits.

#### A Year Ago.

A year ago yesterday Messrs. H. Te Roller and Thos. O'Brien reached Dawson after a trip of nine days from Bennett. They were the last to leave before the opening navigation, but arrived in Dawson several days ahead of a number of people who had started ahead of them. At that time the trail was in much worse condition than it is at the present time which indicates that the ice will remain firm for some time beyond the date upon which it left its moorings last year.

#### Savoy Sunday Concert.

The Savoy theater gave another of its Sunday evening sacred concert last night at which the following excellent program was rendered:

- 1—Overture. Morning, noon and night. Suppe
- 2—Vocal. Miss Elsie Forrest
- 3—Grand Selection from the Gelsah. Jones
- 4—Vocal. Miss Lillian Walther
- 5—Concert Waltz. Sapsa. Walden
- 6—Violin Solo. Scene de Ballet. De Beriot
- 7—Danse des Sultanes. Polk-Daniels
- 8—Vocal. Miss Celia DeLacey
- 9—Quartet from Rigoleto. Verdi
- 10—Duet. Misses Walther & Forrest
- 11—Raggin' in Dawson. Hart
- 12—Prof. Parkes and the Wonderscope in Moving and Stereoptical Views. God Save the King.

#### Missing People.

The following persons are inquired of at the town police station: Peter Roseman, New London, Wis.; Chas. A. Scott, Chicago, Ill.; J. T. Langarde, Acrlington, Eng.; Chas. Beljamore, Duluth, Minn.; John Woolf, Edward Woolf, Hugh Woolf, West Kensington, Eng.; Bering Paulson, Lewiston, Wis.; David W. Thoms, Seattle, Wash.; Chas. S. Anderson, Beverly, Burlington, Co. N. Y.; George Angus, Milburn, Carlisle, Eng.

Mr. F. E. Bishop, foreman of the Klondike mill's machinery department, was injured Saturday by a planer which flew to pieces and cut a deep gash in his face. It was not a serious wound, although it will be an inconvenience to him for some time.

## AN OLD KENTUCKY STORY

### Of the War and a Brave Young Officer

#### Who Passed In and Out of an Innocent Shaker Girl's Life and Left Sacred Memories.

The wind rose early that October morning and came over the meadows, shaking showers of red leaves from the elms. Little Sister Cynthia came out to me to the dairy with her Shaker bonnet pushed off her glossy hair, rustling the heaps of leaves as she walked and stopping to listen at the sound as if she liked it.

"What are you doing, child?" I asked, for of late I had come to fear for her, she was so young and so taken up with noticing ordinary things, like the catbirds that had a nest out by the spring, or the way the hills looked when they were spotted all over with shadows. My heart ached sometimes when she would turn her great shining eyes to me. She was sanctified, I knew, but it didn't seem safe for simple Shaker folk to be seeing something out of the ordinary in everyday things.

"What am I doing, Sister Caroline? Why, just listening," she said.

"I don't see much sense listening to a lot of dead leaves rustling," I answered. "I always feel gloomy and uncomfortable until they're raked up and set on fire."

"That's the reason I like it," she said, "because it sounds solemn."

"You'll find enough solemn things in this world without hunting up dead leaves," I answered. "You are likely to hear a sadder and a fuller sound before long."

"What do you mean?" she asked. "They are getting ready to fight," I said, pointing over the hills. "Brother Paul has just told me that there is going to be a great battle. They will main and murder each other."

"How terrible!" she said, her lips quivering. "Why do men do such things?"

Before I could answer her there came the clatter of horses, and a party of soldiers drove by, with young Henry Pendleton at their head.

"Ah," I said, "he's a fine lad! It's a pity he was born into wickedness to be spoiled."

"He doesn't look wicked," she said as the young officer waved his cap to us. "Nay, Cynthia," I returned, "my fear comes back; 'think not of man's looks, for he had not been a child of the church.'"

"Why, I never think of him, Sister Caroline," she said seriously. "I never saw him but once or twice, when he came over to the village for Brother Paul. Can't even remember what he is like except his voice when he laughs and his brown, curly hair."

"Ah, my child," I answered, "remember that love is lust and leadeth to damnation! Do not let the thought enter your heart."

"Oh, Sister Caroline," she said, with a shudder, "you know I could sooner bring myself to do murder than to yield to the awful lust you have told me of!" And she covered her eyes, as if that could shut out the thought.

Cynthia was molding the little butter pats and printing them when the battle began. We could hear the sound of the cannon like faroff thunder over the hills. At first the peals were few and far between; then they grew faster until in the middle of the afternoon, when it was an angry roar, sullen, like a storm in August. The men were plowing in the fields, and I could see them stop at the furrow's end to speak to each other. We women tried to go about our tasks, but generally met together to shake our heads over the wicked men who were shooting and murdering. Cynthia seemed to feel it more than all of us and when the roar grew louder shuddered as one with a chill.

The sun went down in a smoky haze, all red and bloody. Then there was a pause, the very wind stopped still, and suddenly a long, deep roll ran off to the south, louder and fiercer than the rest. Then all grew still, and the darkness came on swiftly. Cynthia was sitting with me, and when we heard no more she breathed a sigh of relief and said, "At last." As she went to get the candles a solitary horseman clattered down the road.

At daybreak there were the tramp of many soldiers and the clank of arms in our peaceful village. We left our breakfast half eaten ourselves to give them food and drink. I would have spared Cynthia, for some were rough men, wild eyed and smoke begrimed but she came out with the rest and even went without quailing among the wagons where the wounded lay groaning.

With these rode Brother Paul, looking baggard, as one who had not slept. He stopped a wagon in front of Center House and bade me make his room

ready for his friend, Henry Pendleton. "How?" I exclaimed in sudden dismay. "Is he hurt?" "Yes; shot through the breast," he answered.

Cynthia paled as one suddenly dizzy, and I too felt sick at heart. "Isn't it horrible, Sister Caroline?" she said as we went in to fix the bed. Then with her usual thoughtfulness she offered to give up her room to the young soldier for it was larger and lighter.

So they carried him in and laid him on the little bed in Cynthia's room. It was Brother Paul himself though who left her to nurse his friend and joined me in caring for the hurt soldiers. The young man slept when the doctors left him, and sitting there with her sewing she looked up from time to time at his pale face. Her tender heart was touched as she watched him lying there wounded unto death.

"So young," she thought "and so sorely wounded. Yes, and I will pray for him." And she went down on her knees by the bed—her own bed—all her guileless heart going out in a plea for mercy. Then the young soldier opened his eyes and, dazed with sleep, thought the kneeling figure his sister.

"So you have come, Alice?" he said, putting his arm around her neck. "Nay!" she exclaimed, starting up in fright. "It is I, Sister Cynthia."

When I went in the next afternoon, he was lying with his eyes closed, smiling to himself sometimes as one in a reverie. Cynthia was bending over her sewing and did not look up when he greeted me. God forgive me for it, but I could never look on Henry Pendleton without wishing he had been born my son. There was a taking away about everything that he did; just the way he wished you good morning was enough to put you in a good humor all day.

We had so many wounded soldiers left with us that I could not let Cynthia be long out, but she came back even before I finished a little sewing. "Sister Cynthia," he said as she entered, "I am going to ask you to do me a little favor. I want you to write to my mother for me."

"Yes," she said, halt breathless from her walking.

It was a brave letter, making light of his wound and full of cheery plans for getting a leave of absence. I listened to his comforting love words as he urged her not to come back into the enemy's country, where it was dangerous. It sounded new and strange to me, too, and I did not wonder that Cynthia's hand shook. Poor lad, how pale he looked as he lay there! I could not help smoothing his pillow as I went out.

Cynthia came down after awhile to mail his letter, and hunted me out.

"Sister Caroline," she said seriously, "did you ever see my mother?"

"No, child," I answered, a little hurt, for had I not been a mother to her these 20 years, and loved her more than if I had begotten her in iniquity?

She turned away a few steps and then came back.

"Sister Caroline," she said, "you have been a mother to me, and I haven't loved you half enough." And she put her arms around my neck and kissed me. I suppose I was a foolish old woman to fold her in my arms and weep over her as I did.

She went back upstairs to the wounded man, but Brother Paul had come in and was talking to his friend. Cynthia walked slowly on to my room.

"Paul," she heard him say, "play for me; I am sad lying here."

I did not know then that music was the tie of friendship between them. I had never seen the violin, for Brother Paul had played in secret the beautiful but ungodly songs, and as for Cynthia she had heard only the little organ in the meeting house, that Paul said was cracked, and, poor child, it was no wonder that she fell now under the spell of that ungodly music and heard things she had never dreamed of. It was like getting glimpses into a new world, where all the beautiful things were you had ever heard or seen. But there was pain mixed with the pleasure, and it gave you a sort of yearning as he changed to a song to somebody he called Annie Laurie. I am an old woman and hate ungodly music, but I stood there with one foot on the step and listened like one in a spell. How much more it must have meant to Cynthia! It isn't strange the idea came to her that in some way she had missed something in life, a beautiful and spiritual something altogether desirable. She sat there with her eyes fixed on one cloud that was golden still in the gray twilight and prayed to God for the unknown something. So I found her when I came to see why she was late to supper—Cynthia, who was ever prompt in the least of her duties.

The next afternoon we were in the workroom down stairs when I heard Brother Paul's step. Cynthia looked up at the door twice, then, after he was outside, got up suddenly and ran after him. I wondered much, for among us men and women have no needless communication with each other. I heard her call his name, and he was just at the window when she came up, breathing quickly.

"Brother Paul," she said, "do you know—Annie Laurie?"

"Yes," he said, turning quickly. "Why?" "Is she very beautiful?" "Yes," he said, "very." And I could see a curious smile on his lips and a light in his eyes. I did not notice that Cynthia caught her breath quickly. I was so taken up with the thought that Brother Paul was in danger of that strange woman.

"You haven't told me why you asked," he went on.

Then Cynthia's eyes fell, and she stammered something and came back into the house before he could answer. He looked after her as if he would follow and tell her more, but instead turned and walked off rapidly.

As I was going upstairs the next morning I stopped on the landing to rest, for I was spent with much watching the night before.

"Sister Cynthia," I heard the young soldier say, "I must ask you to write another letter for me. I have waited, hoping to gain strength myself, but—He stopped, and I noticed that his voice was weaker.

"Yes, certainly," she said, and I heard her getting the paper. "I am ready," she added after a pause. "Is it to be to your mother?"

"No," he answered and grew silent. "There is such a thing as pure love," he said presently. "A man can care for a woman for herself, for the soul of her; he can work for her, suffer for her, die for her, if need be. How can this pure feeling be confounded with that foul thing lust? Don't you see what I mean?"

"Yes," she said softly. "And I am not asking you to do wrong to write to her for me?"

"Nay," she said, and her voice sounded far away.

Ah, why did I not go in then? Why did I sit there, weak, old woman, and listen with tears in my eyes to his beautiful love words, so tender and gentle and sad and brave. He forgot her who wrote and spoke as though he were face to face with the other one; his voice grew full and round again, and the tones of it made me tremble as I sat there on the steps. When he came to close and say goodbye, I could not bear it and stood softly back down stairs.

Cynthia came down presently, and her lashes were still wet with tears. The next morning was unseasonably still, with bits of tender blue sky between the fleecy mists. Soon a wind blew up, drawing one wide, filmy cloud across the sky—a gray, cold cloud that, thickening, hung drearily above the empty world, where the wind blasted through leafless trees.

The young soldier was worse. His breathing was slow and heavy, and now and then a faint moan passed his lips. Cynthia sat watching him with the lines drawn tight at her mouth and her big eyes tense. I sent her out, but soon saw her coming back across the bleak meadows with her eyes bent to the ground.

He grew restless and feverish through the afternoon and talked in broken scraps about his home and the days when he was a boy. He fell asleep at last, just as the gray day was slipping off over the hills. I went to my own room for awhile, and soon I heard Brother Paul's familiar step. Cynthia motioned him to a seat at the foot of the bed, and presently I heard her speaking in a low voice.

"There was something he wanted to tell you, Brother Paul," she said. "Perhaps I ought to do it, for he may talk of it in his delirium." She paused. "He cares for somebody—a woman."

"I was glad she didn't say love."

"Yes," said Brother Paul, with a sudden anxiety in his deep voice. "He wanted you to know that his love was pure; that love can be pure."

"I know it already," he said, his voice trembling.

"You!"—She stopped suddenly. "Yes." He paused and writhed about to speak when the young soldier interrupted.

"Louise," he said, his voice clear and ringing again. "My dear Louise, I knew you would come." His hand was outstretched, and Cynthia took it without hesitation. Hurrying in, I could see the peaceful look on his face as she bent over him.

"It hurts me to breathe, Louise," he said presently. "Lift me up, will you?"

Cynthia put her arm under him and lifted him until his head rested on her own bosom. Then he drew a long breath and smiled.

"I am going now, Louise," he said, and, raising his arm, he brought her head down until her lips touched his. His breath came deep and peaceful, and then Cynthia unclasped his arm and laid him back on the pillow dead; but a new light shone in her face. The unknown something had come, and she knew it.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

#### Starts Out Tomorrow.

Mr. J. H. Russell, a prominent Atlin resident, arrived in Dawson on a hurried business trip on Friday and expects to start back over the ice tomorrow. Although it is very late in the season to begin the long journey over what is even now a very moist trail, Mr. Russell says it is imperative that the trip be made and he does not fear but that he will accomplish it in safety.