

# The Klondike Nugget

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**LETTERS**  
And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Wednesday and Saturday to Eldorado and Bonanza; every Saturday to Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, etc.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1900.

## STILL THEY COME.

Ottawa is heeding the Yukon territory's cry for reforms in a manner that indicates very clearly the fact that the government having once awakened to the necessity of giving relief to this much-abused country will not stay the good work until every important demand that has been made is acceded to. In yesterday's issue of the Nugget appeared a short synopsis of two new regulations which have just been made public. In today's paper the full text of the new laws is given. By virtue of the first of the two orders, the regulation of September 5, 1899, whereby all hillside and bench claims on Eldorado and Bonanza creeks were withdrawn from location is rescinded and entries for unoccupied ground on the two creeks above named will hereafter be received under exactly the same conditions which govern the location of other unlocated ground.

It will doubtless surprise many people to know that there is still ground unprospected on Bonanza and Eldorado creeks—the two streams upon which the first gold discoveries were made and from which millions of dollars worth of the precious metal have been taken.

Why the original order was passed was never clearly explained. "It accomplished nothing save inducing a considerable number of people who would otherwise have remained in the country to leave and try their prospects in the neighboring territory of Alaska. We do not, however, intend to waste any time in speculating upon the motive which urged the Ottawa authorities to pass the obnoxious regulation. The main point now to be considered is the fact that much valuable ground located on the two richest creeks in the country is now open for location to any one who desires to prospect upon it.

The second order which is also published in full on another page of this issue, is along the same lines as the previous one only that it is much more sweeping in its terms.

Under the laws which have heretofore prevailed unrepresented ground reverted immediately to the crown and could not be located or in any manner secured by prospectors who might desire to work it.

This law has worked an almost untold hardship upon the prospector and has probably done as much to hinder the progress and development of the Yukon territory as any other single legislative enactment which has ever been passed for the government of the territory.

The peculiar circumstances attending the rush into this country in 1897-98, made the effects of the law more disastrous than would seem possible to anyone not thoroughly posted as to the circumstances. During that famous stampede entire creeks were located and recorded by men who after securing title to ground never returned even to have a second look at their property. This was notably true of the small tributary streams running into the various creeks, many of which are still unworked owing to the effect of the re-location act.

In such cases immediately upon the

expiration of the year's lease granted at the time of location, the ground passed into the hands of the government and was no longer open to the prospector. By the regulation published today the system has been entirely changed, and unrepresented ground on any and all creeks in the territory is now open to the prospector to locate.

The effects of these new regulations will be thoroughly demonstrated during the next twelve months. The Nugget forecasts for the Yukon territory an unprecedented amount of prospecting and development during the coming year. Within a very few weeks every foot of ground in the territory to which title has not already been given will be open to the prospector who may go where and when he will in search of paying ground so long as he does not infringe upon property secured by some one else before him.

If these changes continue coming as rapidly as they have been during the past sixty days, we shall begin to think that the millennium is indeed at hand.

From all indications it appears that the stampede to Mooshide yesterday had some real foundation. Unless some very clever salting was done a discovery has been made which will ultimately develop into something decidedly worth while. The Nugget has always maintained that the Klondike country has not been half prospected as yet and events of recent date tend to sustain this view. Someone has said that there is more gold on top of the hills surrounding Dawson than has been yet taken from all the creeks combined. We do not know if this is a correct statement of fact or not. We are prepared to say, however, that we would feel no surprise should such ultimately prove to be the case.

Oom Paul has tendered his resignation as president of the Transvaal Republic. Strange to relate no candidates have thus far announced themselves for Oom's old job.

## SUPPER PARTY.

(Continued from page 1.)

Arriving at the Holborn he waited outside for a time, then followed his brother in. He went to the box, and his brother pushed him aside saying, "Ed., be a gentleman, even if you are from Missouri." He pushed his brother aside and struck Steil.

As the hour was late and there seemed little prospect of getting through with the case under several hours' time, the jury was allowed to go with instructions not to hold any conversation on the subject, or allow anyone to approach them. The case then went over till this morning when the prisoner, W.T. Boone, was placed upon the stand in his own defense. He testified that Mrs. Boone had been living at the claim on King Solomon's Hill since her arrival here on the 15th of June, but had been dissatisfied, and this culminated shortly before the affair in the Holborn, in Mrs. Boone leaving the claim and coming to town. Her cousin had arrived here shortly before the occurrence referred to, and she decided to stay in town with her. He told of the affair in the restaurant in a very straightforward way. He said that when he and his brother came to the restaurant, and he found Steil and the ladies in the box, Steil had invited him to eat dinner and he had been introduced to his wife's cousin. Then his brother rushed in and struck Steil, and Steil grabbed a catsup bottle. He had tried to stop his brother first, then had tried to prevent Steil using the catsup bottle on his brother. While he was engaged in these efforts a waiter had pinioned his arms behind him and would not heed his demands for liberty. The waiter, in pulling his hands back had drawn the right one against the gun which called it to mind and he drew it to persuade the waiter to release him. The gun had acted on the waiter at once and he was released. He went to the front of the house, thinking he would get his brother out of there before any arrests were made. He did not intend to shoot anyone, and could not tell how the gun was fired, other than it was discharged in the struggle between himself and Mrs. Boone for its possession. He was not jealous of Steil; had never been jealous of Steil or anyone else.

Witness Chataway was recalled and asked if the Boones had entered the restaurant together. He testified that they had. The waiter also had said so. This closed the testimony and the council began argument.

Private dining rooms at The Holborn. We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

## THE AERONAUT'S YARN.

By John Leonard, A. E.  
Come, have a fresh cigar, good friend,  
You've heard us, each in turn,  
Tell of some most heroic deed,  
Without the least concern;  
And we are waiting patiently  
To hear your story now,  
And in your life of travel  
You've seen strange things I vow.

'Twas to a hardy aeronaut  
These words had been addressed,  
And, having lit the proffered smoke  
He said: "I would not wreath  
Your lauded ideals from you  
Nor class them beneath mine,  
For w'ill I know heroic men  
Are found in every line.

But when I hear the subject broached  
I close my eyes and see  
The vision of an orphan boy  
Who used to work with me  
He'd been an orphan; had no friends,  
Knew no such thing as home;  
And one day, on the show lot  
He happened there to roam.

He filled up all the send bags,  
And straightened out the guys,  
And asked so many questions  
Of the business in the skies,  
And seemed so very quick to learn  
And was so frank and free  
That I took him in the business  
My apprentice boy to be.

His work he always went about  
With such a willing grace  
And so very unassuming;  
He was one who knew his place;  
And oft I thought 'twould be too sad  
If we should have to part,  
But never thought to what extent  
I'd win his grab heart.

One day: I had promised him  
A trip some afternoon  
And this day he was advertised  
To ride the gay balloon.  
And when the crowd assembled  
There was none so proud as Guy  
When the great balloon was ready  
For her passage to the sky.

I mounted to my perch upon  
The concentrating ring  
And gail; in the basket  
My apprentice boy did spring;  
The band struck up a lively air,  
The people yelled hoarsely  
When they saw the mooring  
And the air-ship sailed away.

High up above the gay resort  
'El Condor' soared so grand;  
While his chief, with waving  
In many a dainty hand  
In answer to the boy's salute  
Until we raised so high  
The great crowd blended into one  
Dark mass beneath the sky.

Drifting to the south, southeast  
Before a gentle breeze,  
We soon had raised until the  
Naked eye no longer sees  
The lowly earth in grayish haze  
Had gathered neth us there  
And we felt the grewsome death-like  
Silence of the upper air.

Just spill out fifty pounds my boy  
And you can safely be!  
We'll soon be nearer Heaven  
Than some will ever get  
Said I to Guy, and laughingly  
He bundled out the sand  
Remarking that he'd like to see  
The coast lines of that land.

Relieved of so much ballast  
We ascended with a bound,  
Till the anemoid barometer  
Read three miles off the ground.  
'Twas then we struck a current wild,  
God knows its business there,  
Which hurled the stately condor  
Horizontal on the air.

'Twas only for a moment  
We heard that awful gale  
Howl through the hempen netting,  
Like a tortured demon's wail  
And then, great heavens, what is this?  
A draught that takes our breath!  
'Tis from below! She's sprung a leak!  
Were driving down to death!

Spill out that ballast, quick—I cried,  
And with a steady hand,  
I saw that boy beneath me  
Pass out the bags of sand;  
'Tis useless! Down, still down we plunge.  
And then I heard him cry  
"Perhaps she'll carry you alone!  
I'll cut away! Good bye!"

Spellbound, I saw his sharp knife  
Cut the basket ropes in twain,  
And, gentlemen, I never care  
To see the like again.  
Speechlessly I watched him,  
Till he'd severed all but four,  
And then I found my voice and cried:  
For God's sake, cut no more.

Climb up here, boy, upon the ring!  
There's yet another chance,  
And if that fails, together then  
We'll end this wild romance!  
Well, men, I dragged him on the ring,  
And then aloft did grope,  
And with a reckless blade I split  
The silken envelope.

She soon collapsed; a parachute  
Formed in the net above,  
And we struck the ground as lightly  
As the landing of a dove  
Too ill for words I kissed the earth,  
And thanked my lucky star,  
But Guy just leapt up, me-and said,  
"I wonder where we are?"

Now, when I hear of heroes bold,  
I simply close my eyes,  
And see a boy of sixteen years  
Out yonder in the skies  
Cutting away his only hope,  
As though he didn't know  
The cold hard earth was rolling  
Ten thousand feet below.

**Mooshide Stampede.**  
Several hundred people went down to Mooshide yesterday in the neighborhood of which creek, as published in yesterday's Nugget, a strike is alleged to have been made.

As evidence of what has been done a representative of the Nugget was shown a pan of dirt which was taken from the discovery dump by the engineer of the steamer Marjory.

The engineer states that he took two handfuls of dirt off the dump and wrapped it in a pocket handkerchief. The dirt was taken to the boat, placed in a pan and washed in the presence of the captain and several bystanders. The result showed about 20 cents in coarse gold, one piece being half as large as a grain of wheat. The engineer says that he dug into the dump six or eight inches before taking the dirt out, which would seem to indicate that if the dump had been salted it must certainly have been an extremely expensive process.

**Attention Voters.**  
There will be a meeting of the ward committees of the O'Brien-Noel Club in the committee rooms, Monte Carlo building, this evening at 8 p. m. A full attendance is urgently requested.  
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