

The Klondike Nugget

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When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation." THE KLONDIKE NUGGET asks a good figure for its space and in justification thereof guarantees to its advertisers a paid circulation five times that of any other paper published between Juneau and the North Pole.

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

FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1901.

GRIM PATHOS.

In yesterday's issue of this paper the fact was recorded that Fred Hutchinson, an early Yukon pioneer, is dead. There is nothing particularly startling in the event itself, for death is something of too ordinary occurrence to attract more than passing notice. In this particular case, however, there is an element of pathos which may well occasion a moment's reflection. Twelve years—the best years of his life—were spent by Mr. Hutchinson at various points in the Yukon valley. He was one of the few who piloted the way for the many. As was the case with scores of others who came in the early days, fortune played him many a trick before finally smiling upon his efforts. Twelve years of exposure to the varying hardships of Yukon pioneer life brought him at last to the coveted goal and he was able to return to his home with a fortune which to most people would represent fabulous wealth.

Twelve years of toil and hardship, of exposure and privation brought him to fortune, but brought him also to death's door.

In the struggle for wealth he was the victor, but in struggling for life in which to enjoy the fruits of his toil, he was compelled to yield. Such, alas, is altogether too often the fate of the pioneer—the man who paves the way and makes smooth traveling for those who come after. If the truth were known of all the lives which have been given up in the work of establishing this northern country as being fit for human habitation the world would stand aghast. For the most part such things seldom become known. Many a victim has been claimed in the struggle whose name even has never been recorded. Nature has yielded her grip upon the icy wilderness of the Yukon valley with the utmost reluctance, and in doing so has demanded and received a sacrifice of human life and human effort appalling almost to contemplate.

It is not hard to understand, however, that men may lose their lives while in the thick of such a struggle. But to die when the palm of victory has just been won, and enjoyment of the fruits thereof is just at hand, furnishes an example of intermingled pathos and tragedy which cannot but affect the most calloused, and which almost passes finite comprehension.

Twelve months ago the cleanup on the various creeks was in full swing and a goodly quantity of dust had been brought to Dawson and found its way into the channels of trade. The unexpected backwardness of the season this year has caused the dullness of winter to be felt in commercial circles rather longer than usual. It goes without saying, however, that conditions will continue for a short time only. Cool weather may delay matters for a short time but in the end the Klondike's golden harvest will be larger for the current season than ever before.

GOOD ROADS.

The government has placed men at work on a number of the roads leading to the various creeks, and improved conditions of travel may be looked for in the very near future. Under any circumstances the roads would be in a more or less bad condition at this particular time of the year. Prompt attention is, therefore, all the more necessary. The best investment the government has made in the territory is the system of public roads, which has been constructed. It is just as im-

portant, however, that the roads should be kept in repair as it is that they be made in the first place.

Money expended for the purpose of keeping the public highways in good condition is money well and properly invested. Every effort on the part of the government along the line of improving the conditions under which the miner labors means ultimately increased governmental revenues for a proportion of every dollar's worth of gold taken from the grounds, sooner or later finds its way into the Dominion treasury. In point of importance to the success of the miner, a good road is almost as valuable as a good claim.

There appears to have been little or no ground for rumored reports of small-pox cases which recently have come in from the outside. If someone will come forward and explain what advantage accrues from spreading such dangerous and absurd rumors the community at large will be under distinct obligations.

The order issued by Superintendent Primrose requiring that all dogs be tied up has had a most wholesome effect. Rigid enforcement of the order for a short time should serve to stamp out entirely all lingering traces of rabies.

Mrs. Nation as a Schoolgirl.

The older people of Versailles, Woodford county, Ky., are now talking of Carrie Nation, the Kansas saloon smasher, as they knew her when she was a little school girl.

She was a flaxen haired, rollicking girl of 12 years, whose father, George Moore, 40 years ago, owned one of the handsomest country places on the turnpike.

Carrie Moore exhibited as a school girl the same traits of leadership, courage and determination which now characterize her assaults on the saloons.

George Moore, Mrs. Nation's father, came to Versailles in 1853. He was born in the Walnut Hills neighborhood, nine miles from Lexington, Ky. He first married a Miss Bowman, of Fayette county, by whom he had one daughter, who is remembered as a very beautiful girl and a great belle.

His second wife, the mother of Mrs. Nation, was Miss Campbell, of Boyle county, Ky. Another daughter, Mary, and several sons were born to the union. Carrie (Mrs. Nation) was born in Boyle county.

She was nine years old when her parents removed to Woodford. The family was very prominent there. Mr. Moore was a farmer and live stock trader, and his standing in the community was excellent. During part of his residence there he was very wealthy, but he is said to have lost heavily in trading and speculation.

Upon the summit of a hill just back of the Moore farm there is still standing an old stone schoolhouse, where, during the fifties, Prof. Hanna, a schoolmaster from Pennsylvania, instructed the children of the neighborhood in mathematics, spelling and history.

Carrie Moore received her first schooling there. She was strong-willed and self-assertive, so her old schoolmasters say, and from the very start she was a leader and dictator in the little country school. She was never a zealous student, but possessed a naturally bright and quick mind, and usually knew her lessons.—Ex.

Money Lender Loses.

London, April 18.—The suit of Sanguinetti against the Duke of Manchester, which was postponed February 27 last, owing to the duke's absence in America, occupied the court of king's bench today. The plaintiff seeks to recover £1500 commission for procuring the duke a loan of £10,000. The defense pleaded that the terms of the loan were unreasonable. Mr. Zimmerman, the father-in-law of the duke, was in court. Sanguinetti testified that the duke said he wanted £500 in connection with a marriage, that he had insured his life for £50,000, and that he was making a good income as correspondent for a New York paper. The plaintiff admitted that he charged 25 per cent yearly interest, which he said was not exorbitant.

After evidence that the Manchester estates in England and Ireland showed a yearly deficit, and that the income did not suffice to meet the mortgages, charges and jointures of the dowager duchess, judgment was given in favor of the defendant on the ground that Sanguinetti had never found any one able or willing to provide the loan on which he claimed commission, on the actual security available.

Col. Curtis Guild, jr., of Boston, protested that he could not accept the brigadier generalship of the Second brigade of the Massachusetts militia and was nevertheless chosen to the position. He has now declined it, saying he could not accept it without too great a personal sacrifice.

The Pacific Cold Storage Co. offers every facility for keeping frozen products.

Latest Kodak finishing at Goetzman's.

A Fortune for Some One.

In the northwest corner of Colorado there awaits a tidy fortune for the man or set of men who can devise and execute some scheme to corral it.

Here in what may be truly called "Unknown Colorado," is a country still in that interesting border condition between the passing of the Indians, the trapper and the hunter and the advent of the settler. This region is so recently vacated by the Indians that the legends about them are still fresh. There are cattle on a thousand hills, free of brand, and not a bill of sale for them held by any man.

They are to be had for catching. With a wagonload of food, a few cow ponies and plenty of grit you may secure over 2000 fat and fine beef cattle.

The old time cowboys of Routt and Rio Blanco counties know of their existence, and more than one has tried by some means to become their owner.

In the folklore of the country two stories are told. When the Mormons, or Latter Day Saints, of Utah, were traveling the desert in search of the Zion, they struck portions of what is now Colorado. In order to better spy out the land their forces were divided into several parties. One took a route through Fort Collins and crossed North Park from corner to corner. Continuing, it went through Egeria and Twenty-Mile Parks into what is now Routt county. It camped one night in a large bottom, after its usual fashion.

A terrible mountain storm blew up at midnight, and the cattle, which were browsing near by became terrified. The customary plan of circling about them failed to check the runaway, and soon 1000 head or more were coursing madly down the gulch.

The roughness of the country, the blackness of the night and the absolute madness of the cattle made it impossible for the Mormons to head them off. When the storm ceased and the morning broke 1000 mangled heaves were found piled one on the other at the foot of a tremendous cliff.

The pilgrims passed on, and today there still remains a huge pile of bleached bones to mark the site of the catastrophe. A few of the cattle, however, the last to go over the bank, and whose fall was broken by the mass below, managed to crawl out, maimed and bruised, to wander forth and propagate and multiply into the herd that now inhabits the valleys of the Snake and Bear rivers.

The other solution is credited to the Indian department. Cattle furnished to the various Indian agencies were all branded with Uncle Sam's special "I. D."

It is told that when the Indians were transferred from the range of the White river to their present reservations in Utah, the department cattle were hastily and carelessly rounded up and sent with them. Later round-ups developed the fact that a large number of cattle had been overlooked. It is supposed that the present cattle are the offspring of others who escaped the second and third of those haphazard round-ups.—Ex.

Arctic Hold Forth Tonight.

At the full rehearsal held last evening of the operatic travesty "Arctic Brotherhood Exposed," the principals and chorus showed themselves to be in perfect condition for the rendition of the play tonight at the Savoy theatre. The play throughout is full of bright, sparkling wit, clever songs with a local tinge and fine choruses. Artist Kohn has been busy for the last week preparing special scenery and the entertainment altogether will be one of the best ever given in Dawson.

Vest-Pocket Guide.

The Yukon Vest Pocket Guide compiled and published by Miss Alice McAndrews, is now out and is on sale at the various news and book stores of the city. It is replete with valuable information to the miner and prospector and is likewise a good business directory of Dawson, Grand Forks and the various creeks. Every man in the Klondike should provide himself with a copy of the Yukon Vest Pocket Guide which he can do at \$1 per copy.

Any kind of wine \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.

Chechaco butter. Selman & Myers.

...ARCTIC BROTHERS...

A. B. WE UNDERSTAND that your noble organization has for its aim the amelioration of the hard conditions which confront a chechaco in his journey over the trail of life; also that an A. B. is a synonym for all that is manly, vigorous and venturesome. Never to lead a brother on any false stampede should be, and probably is, one of the tenants of your order. We do not want to start a stampede but if we did it would not at least be a false for it would lead to our store. We notice many of you are swell dressers—you're the boys we're after. Call around and see what we have in the way of fine tailor-made clothing for spring and summer wear.

OPPOSITE WHITE PASS DOCK

HERSHBERG

Masonic Banquet.

Wichita, Kan., April 18.—Nearly 700 Scottish Rite Masons banqueted here tonight the feast being the culmination of a consistory jubilee, during which 170 candidates were given from the fourth to the thirty-second degrees. Tonight's function was very elaborate in every respect, the adornments in Masonic symbols being artistic. Judge Henry C. Sluss, of this city, member of the court of private land claims, was toastmaster. Congressman James D. Richardson, of Tennessee, responded to the toast, "The Supreme Council, Southern Jurisdiction;" Henry L. Palmer, of Milwaukee, "The Supreme Council, Northern Jurisdiction;" Frederick Weber, of Washington, D. C., "The Centennial of Our Supreme Council;" Martin Collins, of St. Louis, "The Scottish Rite at the Dawn of the Twentieth Century;" Senator Henry M. Teller, of Colorado, "Free Masonry and Our Country;" Thomas W. Harrison, of Topeka, "The Rite in Kansas;" Henry Wallenstein, of Wichita, "Albert Pike," and J. Giles Smith, of Wichita, "The Rite in Wichita."

All of the speakers were thirty third degree Masons. The recipients of the local consistory from initiation fees were \$20,400. The banquet cost \$7000.

Ride His Threat Good.

Chicago, April 18.—Charles H. Sweeney, a wealthy cotton planter of Greenville, Ky., early today shot and killed his wife and then blew out his brains in the Dubuque flats, in Rush street. The tragedy was the result of domestic difficulties.

A month ago Sweeney and his wife separated, and she came to Chicago after notifying her husband that she would obtain a divorce. He replied, it is said, that he would kill her if she did so. Mrs. Sweeney arrived here a few days ago, taking up her residence with her sister, Mrs. W. L. Phillips, in the Dubuque flats.

Soon after breakfast Mrs. Phillips went down town to do some shopping, and a little later Sweeney, who, it is presumed, arrived in the city last night, called at the apartments and was admitted by Mrs. Phillips' 6-year-old son. He asked for his wife, and hearing his voice she appeared. Seizing her, he drew a revolver and told the boy to run. Before the terrified woman could scream Sweeney sent a bullet through her brain, killing her instantly. Placing the weapon to his own

head he fired and dropped dead beside the body of his wife.

Mrs. Sweeney was a daughter of Thomas P. Morgan, an extensive planter in Greenville, Ky. W. L. Phillips at whose home the tragedy occurred, is a local tobacco merchant.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S LAST VERSES.

[Dictated on June 21, 1897.]
On the edge of the world I lie, I lie,
Happy and dying and dazed and poor,
Looking up from the vast great floor
Of the infinite world that rises above
To God and to faith and to love, love, love!
What words have I to that world to speak,
Old and weary and dazed and weak,
From the very low to the very high?
Only this, and this is all:
From the fresh green soil to the wide blue sky,
From greatness to swartheness, life to death,
One God have we on whom to call,
One great bond from which none can fall;
Live below, which is life and breath,
And Love above, which sustaineth all.

LET ME PUT YOU UP
AN AWNING

Up-to-date Work
Painting, Wall Papering,
SIGNS

N. G. COX, First St.

Bet. Second & Third Aves. Phone 777

ARCTIC SAWMILL

Removed to Mouth of Humber Creek on Klondike River.

SLUICE, FLUME & MINING LUMBER
Offices: At Mill, at Upper Ferry on Klondike river and at Borley's Wharf. J. W. BULLOCK

San Francisco Clothing House

New Ready to Wear Tailor-Made Clothing

Knickerbocker Knee Pants Suits.
Slater High-Top Shoes. Stetson Hats, Derbys and Fedoras.
Spring Overcoats. Golf Hose.

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Alaska Commercial COMPANY

THIS STORE CAN FILL YOUR EVERY WANT

From the most complete and extensive stocks in the Yukon Territory, and at prices that

APPEAL TO ALL CLASSES of buyers. Now is the time to fit yourself out in

SPRING ATTIRE AND AT REASONABLE PRICES

Hats Blocked To Fit the Head.

A. C. Co.

AMUSEMENTS

Savoy Theatre

WEEK OF Monday, May 6

Flynn's Astronomers, introducing Jennie, Guichard and her

GAIETY GIRLS

LIVING PICTURES

POST'S COMEDY

"Love Will Find a Way"

SADIE TAYLOR in "Cool Song"

CREDIA DELACY will sing her favorite "The Death of Nelson."

The Standard Theatre

Second Week Monday, May 7

Second week of the big thing

SHORE ACRES

By Special request of Dawson's best citizens. Ladies' Night Thursday. Secure seats early and witness the best play ever produced in Dawson.

Ladies' Night Thursday. SEATS NOW ON SALE

ORPHEUM THEATRE

TO-NIGHT!

HEARDE in "A Lucky Jack"

Beatrice Lorne, Madge Melville, Dolly Mitchel

DOLAN'S A Klondiker in "Search of a Wife"

Three Shows in One. Don't Miss It!

ARCTIC BROTHERHOOD

FIRST ANNUAL ENTERTAINMENT

Savoy Theatre Friday May 10

The Camp will present its original, specially arranged extravaganza

"Arctic Brotherhood Exposed."

Original libretto and special scenic effects, 30 trained male voices. The Arctic Queen will appear in her golden chariot. For the first time, Svengali, the talking head, one of the mysteries of the order. He will amuse, mystify and astonish the audience.

SEATS, \$2, \$1, 54 and 55, according to Location. Performance Commences at 8:30
Boxes and Reserved Seats at Rudy's Drug Store, Third Street