

The Klondike Nugget

Telephone Number 121 (Dawson Pioneer Paper) GEORGE M. ALLER, Publisher

From Wed's and Thursday's Daily. THE END CROWNS THE WORK. The great fight which the Nugget, single handed and alone, has waged against the White Pass and Yukon Railroad has borne fruit. The government of Canada, recognizing the justice of the demands made by the people of Yukon through the columns of this paper, has come to the rescue and served notice upon the railroad octopus that its rates must be reduced or the operation of the road will be stopped. Such in brief is the glorious news that the Nugget is able to give its readers today. The long, weary struggle for the right has ended in success.

For a period of six months without interruption and in defiance of every means of pressure that corporate power could invent or suggest, the Nugget has held steadfastly to its purpose and the victory which it announces today is full compensation for every effort that has been put forward and every sacrifice that has been made.

The cause of the people has triumphed and the Nugget as the champion of the people's rights congratulates and felicitates the entire community as well as itself for the magnificent results that have accrued from the fight. Never, perhaps, in the history of journalism has the equal of this contest occurred. The campaign undertaken by this paper against the extortionate rates charged by the White Pass Railroad for the delivery of freight in Dawson has been waged against fearful odds and in the face of handicaps which seemed at first insurmountable.

The active opposition of the other local newspapers had to be combated and the powerful political influence wielded by the stockholders of the company had to be met and overcome. But none of these obstacles proved so formidable that it could not be removed.

Public opinion as voiced through the columns of the Nugget proved so strong that contemporary publications were gradually forced from the position of championing the cause of the railroad monopoly into an apathetic silence. Influential members of the government have gradually been estranged on the side of the people until pressure has become so powerful that the entire strength of the federal government has been enlisted in our behalf. With the weight of the government behind us, the obstacle there can be no doubt that the railroad company must yield and its extortionate freight rates must come down to a fair and reasonable basis.

The far reaching effects of the most notable newspaper achievement in the history of the Klondike are being felt. It will remove the last obstacle that has stood in the way of the progress and development of the territory which have heretofore been held in check at a pace that has entirely eclipsed the history of the past years. The greatest drawback to the work of opening up this country has been the cost of obtaining supplies in this city, which cost has formed the basis upon which all mining operations have been conducted.

By reason of the enormous rates charged by the railroad company for the transportation of freight to Dawson, the cost of living and the cost of mining machinery have remained so high that it has been an impossibility to begin the work of developing the thousands of acres of low grade gravel beds which cover practically the entire country adjacent to this city.

The work that has been done, wonderful as it is in extent, has been merely an indication of what will be undertaken as soon as the practical results of the Nugget's victory over the White Pass Railroad are fully realized.

It may be confidently expected that with a fair and equitable readjustment of the freight rates, the population of the territory will easily be doubled within less than two years.

Just in proportion to the reduction of freight rates the cost of mining operations will be cut down and in the same proportion the extent of operations will be increased.

The Klondike river carrying gold in moderate quantities but not of sufficient value to warrant working under present conditions, will all be washed down and made a field of their precious stores just as soon as the cost of working has been sufficiently reduced to make it a profitable undertaking.

The Nugget again congratulates the people of Dawson and of the Yukon territory generally upon the splendid victory which has been achieved. So far as the Nugget is concerned, it has borne its part in the struggle from a sense of duty alone. We have felt that the policy pursued by the White Pass Railroad has been an outrage upon the community and by every legitimate means within the power of this paper we have combated that policy.

The results speak for themselves and with the results we are content.

YUKON'S PROSPERITY.

Our despatches during the last few days have conveyed several items of news of peculiar significance. In our issue of Monday the sale of a controlling interest in a fine Bonanza claim was reported. In last evening's issue the details of the transfer of the greater part of Gold Hill to an Indian syndicate were given in our telegraphic columns as also the fact in reference to preparations now on foot for beginning construction work on the Dawson-Forks railway.

These facts are significant as notes above for the simple reason that they striking evidence to the fact that a distinct and positive revival of interest in Dawson and the Klondike mining district has taken place in the outside money centres.

The three transactions noted above involve the expenditure of a sum of money which may be roundly estimated at one million five hundred thousand dollars—and they are merely the records of two days.

As a matter of fact, an era of development and resultant prosperity is opening before the territory which—acking every semblance or suspicion of a boom—will, nevertheless, eclipse anything of a boom nature that the Klondike has ever witnessed.

The Nugget has always taken an optimistic view of Yukon affairs and we feel inclined now to a feeling more hopeful than ever.

To anyone who has kept in touch with the progress of events since the first discovery of gold was made on Johnson creek, the outlook for the territory at the present time must be very pleasant indeed to contemplate.

For the first two years of its existence everything was opposed to the growth and progress of Yukon's material interests. The mining law was so unfair to the individual miner that his tendency was to discourage prospecting and make the work of opening up new territory a practical impossibility.

There were no roads by which provisions could be taken to the creeks, and in consequence the rates of freighting were so high that no one but the very richest ground could be worked with anything like success. Even during that dark period progress was made and the scope of mining operations continually widened.

Under present conditions the territory is absolutely certain to forge ahead as it could not possibly do when it was fettered by the handicaps acted above.

The area of working ground is constantly increasing and the reduction in operating expenses which have been made possible by the reduced price of commodities and the construction of good roads have made it profitable to develop low grade ground which in previous years was allowed to be idle by reason of the fact that no one could afford to work it.

There is no longer any doubt as to the future. Ten years hence Canada will have occasion to look upon the Yukon territory as one of the most valuable portions of the Dominion.

The arrival of winter has occasioned an appreciable rise in the value of dogs, consequently it may be expected that disputes over the possession of canine property will figure with more or less frequency in the courts hereafter. In summer time dog flesh is at a very large discount in Dawson but when sleighing time arrives the meanest looking mongrel in town immediately comes into possession of commercial value. Every dog has his day at some time or other and the Klondike dog is no exception to the rule. His day begins with the first fall of snow and continues uninter-

ruptedly until the snow is off the ground.

It is a remarkable thing that it has been found possible for the lower rail contractors to forward their mail without difficulty while the contractors who are responsible for bringing the mail to Dawson have been unable to do anything. The sum paid for handling the mail is based upon the expectations that the contract is a hard one to fulfill, but the contractors seem to act upon the theory that everything they do is for sweet charity's sake. The government should pass a vote of want of confidence in the White Pass Company and entrust the mail to some individual or company who will have some regard for their obligations.

Further details are presented by the Nugget today of the proposed Dawson-Forks railroad. That enterprise as at last been undertaken in good faith and without doubt will be carried to a successful consummation. It is a wonder that the same thing has not been done before. The profits which might have been realized from such a road during the past three years would amount to something.

If the mail contract were taken from the White Pass Railway Company and entrusted to some other concern the railroad octopus would be taught a well-deserved lesson. From the very beginning the White Pass Company has acted toward this territory in a manner absolutely unjust and arbitrary. It would be a satisfaction to the community were some means found of resenting the indignities which the railroad company has so generously heaped upon it.

The library concerts promise to continue so successful as they were last winter. Dawson has a number of public institutions in which it takes a great deal of pride but in none does it rejoice more sincerely or more deservedly than in the free library.

That most worthy enterprise as been conducted in a manner entitling it to public support from the day it was first established.

From the tone of our despatches today it appears that the Considine bill secure a favorable verdict. The power of money and influence is able to accomplish wonderful results.

Gambling should have been closed down for good and all when the order of last June was placed in effect. Under existing circumstances to close all the games to close on three

long by 30 feet wide. The choicest logs were selected in its construction. The inside from top to bottom is lined with planed lumber and the whole covered with asbestos paper. There are making it thoroughly fireproof. The rooms, 24 in number, are furnished in the most modern style, the entire building is heated from a large furnace, which conducts warm currents of air to every room in the house. The hotel bar is in itself a sample of artistic design not surpassed by any in the Yukon. Jameson, the popular mixologist, presides in dispensing liquid refreshments during the day hours and attends to the wants of the guests on the opposite side. In connection with the hotel is a very large and nicely furnished dining room, also a barber shop, ante-room and bath room, the whole under the management of Mr. Al. O'Neil.

McGregor & Co. are working their claim with a full force of men on No. 34 at the mouth of the rap. This is the claim which proved to be a marvel of mining in the Klondike, gold having been found under the grass roots and the clover stripped to a distance of 75 feet.

Benson & Lorne, the managers of the Gold Run Central hotel have invited their hotel for the winter and report themselves as doing a good business.

John McGuinity, proprietor of road house No. 28 has moved to No. 22 above Discovery on Dominion.

McDonald Bros, proprietors of No. 12, road house, are doing a good business these days. Their house is centrally located for lower Gold Run and Dominion creeks. Every one who takes the lower creek road for Dominion, Sulphur, Eureka and Montan creeks, making their place a favorite stoppage.

Mr. Peterson, formerly forman of Bradley Bros. on No. 22, has taken full charge of the Rob Roy hotel on No. 26a Gold Run. Pete being an old-timer always commands a good trade.

Wm. Wright and Phil Haliday, mining inspectors, were on the creek last week visiting old friends.

Miss Lou Pierce and Mrs. Huntley of the Gold Hill hotel of Caribou dropped in to see the folks the other day and left delighted with the good time accorded them by old-time friends in general.

THE PENNY WHISTLE WRECK

As Vividly Described by Midshipman Averill

Was Too Much for Sailor Ben Who Had Never "Earn T.L." of Such Doings in All His Life.

Several days after Sailor Ben had told the small boy in the sailor suit about his remarkably escape from the Tappay-appy-oa Islands, he saw his young friend coming along the board walk from the hotel, and evidently making for the Life Saving Station.

"Here he comes again," remarked Ben to himself as he knotted a new cord into the seine he was mending. "But who is the city chap along with him?"

The old man's question was soon answered, for the boy brought the young man directly up to Ben and introduced him.

"Sailor Ben," he said, "this is my friend, Mr. Oscar Averill, who is going to marry my sister."

Sailor Ben and Mr. Averill bowed and the old man said: "Most happy, I'm sure, sir, and I wish you the best of fortune."

"I hear," said Mr. Averill, "that you have been 'pleasing our young friend with some stories of your adventures.'"

Sailor Ben looked up with an odd little smile.

"Yes, sir," he answered. "But he takes 'em as they come—as fo'castle army, you know. He don't ask my affidav to 'em."

"Oh, I understand," said Mr. Averill. "All Sailor Ben needs," said the boy, "is something to start him. If you tell a story first he will afterward, I'm sure."

"Sure," said Sailor Ben, grinning. "Nothin' could be fairer nor that. It's a poor man-o'-war man that won't follow where his officer leads."

"Well, here goes," then, said Mr. Averill, drawing a long breath and gazing down at the small boy, who had seated himself on the sand just at their feet. "Would you like to hear about the time when we dug up the treasure ship, or about how we were wrecked and lost the good ship 'Penny-Whistle'?"

It was a puzzling question. "What kind of a wreck was it?" the small boy asked at last, after giggling a hole in the sand.

"A whale-wreck," said Mr. Averill. "Let's hear about that," said the boy, sitting down at full length.

"Very well—the 'Penny-Whistle' it is, then," said Mr. Averill, "if Sailor Ben agrees."

"Heave away—axin' your pardon," said the sailor.

And Mr. Averill heaved away thus: It was the year of the yellow typhoon in the China Sea, when, having tried up our anchor, set our jib boom taut and hauled close upon the breeze, we drew out of the harbor of Chopstick Kong, bound for Sumatra.

We were loaded to the bilge line with a cargo of silks, satins, horsehoes, telephets and carpet cakes. The ship was barkentine-rigged or the mizzen-mast, and sloop-rigged for the fore, and from heel to truck was fitted with wire ropes: Our captain's name was Adolphus Fitzstephen, and the mate's name was Valentine Van Spitzbergen. The crew consisted of coolies, Malays and Manx men, but was not large, as there were only two of each. I was midshipman and a colored cook was the only other member of the crew.

For a week and two days everything went on swimmingly, and the Captain Fitzstephen came running up the companion way with his face as white as a boiled turnip, and carrying the thermometer in his hand.

"Shiver my holotopes," he remarked uneasily, "here's going to be a regular shindy soon."

"What is it, your honor?" I asked. "Here's the thermometer has 'falle twenty inches in thirteen minutes, and the mercury has turned pink," he roared. "Shin up the main truck, you young powder-monkey and report on the theodolite!"

COURT IS IN SESSION

Three Cases Being Heard Today

Concort of Co No 1

Territorial court is again in session today before Mr. Justice Dugas, two cases being heard by consent. This coming on in the forenoon was a re-trial of '89 entitled Macaulay Bros. vs. A. V. T. Co. The defendant company is a Victoria corporation formerly engaged in transporting goods to Dawson via the scow route. In the fall of '99 it is alleged the company contracted to bring in a large quantity of supplies for Macaulay Bros. One of the scows containing the consignments was wrecked in the straitsway. It was an ice jam which occurred and the consequent overflow many of the goods were damaged by the water and the balance did not reach Dawson until the following summer. The suit is for \$7000 damages, said to be the value of the cargo and the loss sustained by reason of its non-delivery within the time agreed upon.

This afternoon die two suits of Macaulay vs. Kelly are being heard.

London, Nov. 20.—It is generally agreed that reorganization of the British army is imperative. The sabre and lance have already been abandoned as obsolete and a short magazine rifle will shortly be adopted. A new mounted contingent is to be recruited in Canada for South Africa. Gen. Roberts will be permitted to retire immediately after the coronation.

OVER THE DIVIDE.

By ED. HERING.

Gold Run had her share of social enjoyment on Friday evening, Nov. 6th, at the opening of Hoyt & Hart's new road house, No. 28. The program commenced with a wrestling match between Wm. Burdock, the undefeated champion of gold run and the Swanson of Dawson. Burdock weighed at 110 pounds and Swanson at 120 pounds and the match was exciting from start to finish and was won by Burdock.

Burdock grappled with his antagonist for twelve minutes, during which time great skill and science were displayed, resulting in a clean victory for Swanson. In the course of the match Swanson secured a technical knockout, securing the last ten minutes. With Swanson was appointed a draw, which decision was approved by all those present. Looking back upon the match it is interesting to note that the great prize of \$1000 was offered to the victor by the promoter, and that the match was a success in every respect.

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POSITION IS WANTED

By a Man-Whom-Late-Once-You-Knew

Unemploy'd

To the Public: Being unable to secure a position by my profession, that of bookkeeper and accountant, at the rate of \$100 per month, and not desiring to leave a country of such great opportunities as the Klondike territory, the outside where there are no possibilities for a struggling young man, I took a position as "steerhead" in a Jack-jack game for which I have been paid \$5 per day, largely to furnish me with food and a place to sleep. By the first of February I return to my former position of clerk, but having been deprived of my usual means of subsistence, all that time the problem that confronts me is: How am I to get until the first of February?

From now on for the next few months I am willing to do any kind of labor from keeping books down to porter work for \$5 per day and to support myself. I have had experience in departments of mercantile work and can furnish testimonials as to my blameworthy character, and my standing to be fact that for the last months past my occupation has been such that I did not care to inform my family on the outside of it. Should I be so fortunate I will send all claims to compensation if I tender entire satisfaction. Address: "B," care of Daily Nugget.

Condition of the River: A meager report was received concerning the upper part of the river. It has been cleared at Selkirk on Tuesday. Six of the crew of the Emma Nott arrived at that place on day on their way outside. The report the walking very bad and making slow progress.

Hootalqua reports the same condition. The river is bank full and ice and is liable to run and create a moment.

Lieutenant Van Spitzbergen was quite so conspicuous from his position sitting. Perhaps the jabbering of the frightened coolies made him nervous besides, it was now near sunset, and getting dusky. At all events, the lieutenant—or mate—failed to do anything on the chosen roof, and when they fell into a large area, and as before a mandarin's house. We didn't see what became of them, but as they were life-preservers they probably met with no worse than a usual meeting.

Thus again lightened our knees, sped on its way, until just as night fell we came to the coast. My cutting holes in the sail, we can gradually descended toward the water, keeping a sharp lookout. I ordered me and the mate and six men to report any sight of aught appear.

Within twenty minutes I remarked "Sail ho!" and pointed out a black proa just ahead, and a little to the westward. "But I'm afraid," said the mate, "that we shall be the east of her."

The Captain said something about watching a grammocoptera, and cut loose one edge of the sail. My surprise, the kite-boat on the proa, and as they were life-preservers we were astir at once. I turned to the westward, and soon was just over the proa. Then the captain ordered the hands up the rope toward the net of the yard, and the captain and I swarmed up to within about a foot of the yard, and the captain and I saw the proa and the mate and six men to report any sight of aught appear.

As the mast fell away and the proa was cut, the weight of the sail and the Manxmen turned the proa over like a pancake, and we scudded quite comfortably upon the deck of the Malay vessel. Whereupon the crew of pirates—for it was a pirate cruiser we had dropped upon—decided that we were running from the skies, and made haste to drop overboard.

I will only add that we had some difficulty in sailing the Malay proa to Sumatra, and there disposal of our cargo, which—had we been valuable than we were, when the Penny-Whistle struck the whale—would have been a different matter.

"And," said Mr. Averill, "I have always thought that Captain Fitzstephen was one of the most distinguished navigators I have ever met, but as I see your sister and her mother have returned from their voyage, I'm going to ask you to excuse me. I shall come back again for you to the 'Sailor Ben.'"

"There!" said the small boy, "don't you think Mr. Averill has a lot of exciting adventures?"

"Well, I wouldn't put it that way," said Mr. Averill, with a hesitation. "If I was to put it that way, I should say that he's a very good fellow, and he's got his ship named 'Sailor Ben.'"

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sent one of the Malays down below, and the other to the cook's galley. They came back soon, and the captain tied some things to the cord and I drew me to haul away.

I drew up the cord and on the end of it I found a telephone attached to a bit of wire and a note from the captain. It read: "Remain aloft till further orders. I send you some supper and a telephone. Eat the supper and attach the telephone to the sail. We have a telephone on the other end of the wire. The thermometer is still falling, and there is no danger that the breeze will fall. If it blows harder you might as well be up there as anywhere else. Yours respectfully, ADOLPHUS FITZSTEPHEN, Captain, Penny-Whistle."

I followed directions. Opening the can of food with my clasp-knife I found it contained excellent mocc-turtie soup, and I made a good supper upon it. Then I fastened the telephone to the side of the sail and called down:

"Hello, captain!" "Hello," the captain answered. "Do you get me all right?" "All right," said the captain. "Take a look around and let me know what's in sight."

I looked around the horizon, and was about to report "All well," when I happened to glance down at the water right in front of the vessel. I almost dropped from the sail.

"Captain!" I shouted, "there's a whale dead ahead! That's the blow!" The captain dropped the telephone and made a rush for the bow; but before he had gone a fathom the Penny-Whistle struck with a dull, blubbering thud, and stove in her bow.

At once she began to go down by the head, and the crew had only time to crawl up the rope that held the sail when the Penny-Whistle sank beneath the sea.

Fortunately, the wreck broke loose from the dragging rope it became entangled with out best bow anchor, and though the wreck sank the rope was still held taut, and the sail still floated in the air.

We were flying at a terrific rate of speed, and the crew became disoriented. The captain and mate were just above them on the rope, and the crew below were jabbering together in tones that boded mutiny. All this went on I could hear through the telephone.

"This no kind of ship!" said one of the coolies. "Ship all gone. We all captain now. Cook, give us more soup!"

"Avast your patter!" sings out the captain, "or I'll cut you all adrift. I'm captain of this rope, and I won't have any mutiny!"

The men still muttered, but evidently were afraid of the captain.

The captain hauled up his telephone and hailed me:

"Hello, there, Midshipman Averill, I think the wind's dropping a little, do you see any land in sight?"

I looked around the side of the sail and reported a hazy blue line to the southwest. I examined my pocket-atlas, and reported also that I thought it must be the island Formosa.

"All right," sings out the captain, "I'm coming up."

And up he came along the rope as nimble as a spider. Soon he was sitting beside me on the sail.

"Cut a hole through, so we can see where we're heading," said the captain; and with my clasp-knife I cut a square piece out of the sail.

We were going at such a rate of speed that the land was soon plainly visible—an island—separated in the middle by a chain of fountains into two plains. The eastward side, when we were just over it, was seen to be wild and uncultivated, and the captain decided that we wouldn't land there.

But the wind fell so rapidly that we began to think we should not clear the tops of the mountains.

"We've got to lighten ship somehow," says the captain. "Let me see what your atlas says about Formosa."

He studied the book a while, and then said: "It's a barbarous sort of a place on the east side. But I shall have to drop some of the crew there. The cook's complexion will protect him, and the Malays are only half-civilized, anyway. I think I'll have to let them go."