

The Klondike Nugget

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THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1898

GOOD MORNING, GENTLEMEN!

The outside world is anxious for authentic information concerning the Klondike gold districts. The miners and other residents of this region are equally desirous of learning what is going on outside as well as of home occurrence. Hence the publication of the KLONDIKE NUGGET. We have no higher ambition than to satisfy our readers.

THE NORTH AND THE UNSUCCESSFUL GOLD DIGGER.

The star of empire has ceased to take its course westward. In fact, so far as that direction is concerned, it long ago reached the jumping-off place. The land of promise now lies in the direction of the polar regions, and Horace Greeley, if now alive, would doubtless advise the young man to go north instead of west. The same old restless spirit that induced our forefathers to push their way from the Atlantic coast to the inland forest and prairie, has never entirely died away, and as the past year has amply demonstrated, needs but an incentive to call it into active life. The return of the treasure ship Portland in August last proved to be that incentive.

What the results of this vast influx of gold seekers into this northern country will be, no man at this time can definitely say. From figures given out by the transportation companies and customs officials, it may be safely stated that 40,000 men, each with at least a year's supply of provisions, have left the states and Canada for the gold fields of the north this spring. These, in addition to the men who succeeded in getting in last fall and those who were already here, will easily aggregate a grand total of 60,000 men, every one bent on the same object and straining every nerve to accomplish it.

That gold will be discovered almost beyond the dreams of avarice, is already an assured fact. The world already has been stricken dumb with the marvelous tales of fabulous riches that have come down from the Klondike mining district. A great deal that has been published has been full of exaggeration and false statements, but enough truth has been gleaned from amongst it all to warrant the statement that no gold fields on the face of the earth today excel in extent and wealth those of the Northwest Territory and Alaska.

In spite of this fact, however, there will be thousands who will fail to strike it rich and many who will not strike it at all. It is a matter of history almost, that in previous rushes of this character scarcely one man in one hundred has made a rich strike. While this ratio may not hold good in the present instance, it is obvious that a large proportion of those who are now prospecting the rivers and creeks of this country will fail to find the wealth they so eagerly are seeking. In view of this fact it becomes interesting to speculate as to the future actions of these men when they become convinced that they are not destined to be fortunate as gold hunters. Some undoubtedly will return to their homes as quickly as possible. A single winter in this region will be sufficient to make them feel that there is a more profitable field for their activities in a milder climate. But others again, daunted by failure at gold digging, or rather digging for gold, will turn their

hands to other pursuits. There are other sources of wealth in this remarkable country, besides the gold fields. There are untold quantities of silver, of copper, of lead and iron yet waiting to be brought to light, while coal beds are certain to be uncovered ere long. Oil has already been discovered. There are forests to be cut down and fisheries to be developed; in short, the country is filled with resources only awaiting the brain and muscle of man to be turned into wealth.

The unsuccessful gold hunter will not be slow to realize what all this may mean to him. If riches do not come in one way they may in another. In the future development of the Northwest Territory and Alaska no one may be expected to play a more important part than the man who came expecting to find gold and was disappointed.

HOW THE NUGGET WILL CIRCULATE.

THE KLONDIKE NUGGET is a newspaper name already known throughout the length and breadth of the United States and Canada, even though this is its first issue. The venture was extensively advertised, and the movement by dog teams over the long and tiresome trail of the large plant (for this country) and a year's supply of stock has been watched and noted by the various correspondents of the leading metropolitan dailies.

The eyes of the civilized world are turned toward this gold-bottomed region and thousands are waiting for even a line of news from the Klondike. To satisfy this thirst for information the Metropolitan Printing and Binding Co. of Seattle, the owners of THE NUGGET, will reproduce each issue by photographic process and print NUGGETS by the tens of thousands. All subscriptions for the outside will be mailed from the Seattle office. Papers can be ordered through the Dawson office to be sent to any address in the world.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

Elsewhere in this issue of the KLONDIKE NUGGET extended reference is made to the war now in progress between the United States and Spain. We cannot, however, refrain from sending to our brethren in the states a message of cheer, and to the soldiers and sailors at the front, congratulations for successes already accomplished, and the hope for others greater and more decisive. The hand of Spain has lain as a curse upon every country or province which has been compelled to acknowledge her yoke. Cruel and relentless toward those weaker than herself, and treacherous to a degree in her dealings with her equals or superiors in strength, Spain has become an eyesore and a disgrace to civilization. Her conduct of the Cuban war has been most barbarous. Her commanding generals, with possibly one exception, have been little more than titled cut-throats. She will find, however, that war with the United States is vastly different from what she has been accustomed to in her efforts to put down the Cubans. There can be but one outcome. America will triumph and Spain as a nation will be reduced to comparative insignificance. She has long been crumbling away, and few tears would be shed should the war end in her total annihilation.

Keep the good work up, Uncle Sam, and if more soldiers are needed send a recruiting officer to the Klondike.

There are not many newspaper offices where type can be set 24 hours each day without the aid of artificial light. That condition, however, now exists in the office of the KLONDIKE NUGGET. It is not the result of any special brilliancy on the part of the staff, but must rather be attributed to the kindness of Old Sol. The sun follows the established order of things in this region and does nothing by halves.

If you fail to make a ten-strike during your first month's prospecting, don't curse the country and say it contains no gold. All creeks are not Bonanzas and Eldorados, it is true, but there is gold in

abundance yet to be uncovered, and patient searching is the best means of finding it.

When a man in the states makes a successful business venture, he is said by his friends to have struck a Klondike. The word will doubtless be given a place in the next dictionaries as an equivalent for great wealth.

There is no color like the glitter of virgin gold, no music like the tinkle of nuggets falling upon a gold scale, no place where eye and ear alike can be so thoroughly satisfied as in the Klondike diggings.

It cannot be said that many of us came to the Klondike to escape enlistment in the army. Most of us newcomers were on the trail before hostilities began.

Boys, if you return to the states by way of Seattle, don't forget to give our advertisers in that bustling city a show. They have the true Klondike spirit.

STORIES OF CAMP AND TRAIL.

[The NUGGET invites contributions to this column from all its readers. We venture to say that every man who has come over the trail has a pet story to tell when a favorable occasion arises. Please give us this benefit thereof.]

On the shore of a snug little cove on Windy Argo some twenty-five tents were stretched and twenty-five boats were in various stages of construction. Axes and hammers were ringing and saws were merrily buzzing. It seemed as though a miniature navy yard had suddenly sprung up and that the life of a nation was hanging upon the rapidity with which those boats could be constructed.

Directly opposite the camp and plainly within sight of the workers, a huge mountain arose, the sides of which were still pretty well covered with snow. Suddenly one of the men dropped his hammer and gazed across the Argo at the mountain. High upon the snow an object with four legs could plainly be seen moving leisurely upwards.

The man called the attention of his partner to the object, and both simultaneously yelled "bear." Axes, hammers and saws were immediately dropped, a rush was made for tents, and 25 men all armed to the teeth were soon hurrying across the ice in hot pursuit of the game. High up the mountain-side the shaggy monster climbed, and when a goodly altitude had been reached dropped behind a rock.

The attacking party concluded that they had above them a specimen of the famous silver tip, and having heard of the traits of the animal decided to move cautiously to the attack. For mutual strength and safety they divided into groups of five and moved in a semi-circle up toward the place where the animal disappeared from sight.

After an hour's arduous climbing the first group came within a distance of a hundred yards of the spot. Cautiously rounding a huge crag they beheld the object of their search curled up behind the big rock. A hasty council of war was held and it was decided that it would only be fair to the other hunters to wait their arrival before actual hostilities were opened. Also in order not to frighten the game it was deemed best to withdraw from sight. A half hour's delay brought the remainder of the party up, and with rifles cocked and revolvers and knives within easy reach a simultaneous advance was made upon the enemy's fortress. At fifty yards every man suddenly stopped and raised his rifle to his shoulder. The monster had risen and turned his face toward them.

A moment later twenty-five men were silently picking their way down a mountain side and a large Newfoundland dog was frisking at their heels.

It was not safe to mention "bear" in that camp for some time afterwards.

It was a biting February morning on Skagway trail. A long tortuous procession of animals, sleds and drivers was moving slowly upward from the foot to the summit. A bitter wind filling the air with pulverized snow swept down the trail and in consequence every one was in an exceptionally bad humor. About half way up the mountain an old German with a rope about his neck was tugging away at a sled and at the same time endeavoring to persuade a nondescript cur to "push on." Behind the sled and pushing about as much as man and dog together pulled, was the German's wife, clad in a suit of "hand-me-downs" which had evidently done service for her lord and master some years previously.

Everyone who has been over the Skagway trail knows that it is a pretty difficult climb to the summit, especially if the climber has likewise to assist a sled in the ascent. The dog refused to "push" in a manner satisfactory to the old man and he soon began to hurl at the canine a shower of epithets which are too well known to require repetition here. The woman did not take kindly to this treatment of the dog, which was evidently her own personal property, and during a momentary respite administered a severe rebuke to her husband.

The old man took the tongue lashing in silence and the procession soon moved on. The dog continued his exasperating conduct and it was not long before the old man lost his patience entirely. Seizing a short club that lay in the trail he made for the dog and the latter was soon filling the air with prolonged yelps. It did not last very long, however, with something that sounded strikingly like a large swear word the woman came round from the rear and with a few blows about the same number he had employed with the dog the only difference being that she had no club.

The man appearing to realize what was coming ceased beating the dog and turned around with an insulting expression on his face, but only to receive a blow in the short ribs—a blow that would have almost killed him. The first was followed by a second almost as forcible, accompanied by a voluble outburst of German rhetorical flourishes which doubtless was intended to inform Mein Herr what his gold wife thought of him. By this time the old man was on his knees and begging for mercy. Then it was that the tender feminine nature of his

ter half asserted itself and she allowed her erring spouse to rise. Hereupon the crowd gave a cheer, the combatants resumed their places at the sled, the old man "mashed" up the dog and peace and quiet again reigned on Skagway trail.

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