

CLEAR CREEK MINING STORY

Of the Way Some Big, Honest Men Love.

How Joe Bartlett Sacrificed Himself for Sake of Pretty Kitty Carter and Her Lover.

From Thursday and Friday's Daily.

"She'll be hard to tether, Kitty will. It'll be like lassoing a butterfly, an I know as can do it ain't appeared in camp yet," said Joe Bartlett meditatively. "As for me, I ain't got the show of a chance. How in thunder can I expect a dainty little girl like Kitty to care for a rough, ignorant feller like me?"

He took the pipe from his mouth and, knocking the ashes from it, filled it carefully, but it was evident that his mind was not upon his task.

"Cap't even speak grammar as I'd ort to," he muttered with disgust. "But they ain't nothing I wouldn't do for Kitty—Lord love her—even to studying a grammar book."

Joe was modest. He had no self-esteem whatever and undervalued his merits. That so remarkable a creature as Kitty should ever love him was to be considered only in the light of an impossibility. If his love became hopeless, he reviled himself and blushed at his temerity.

Yet Joe was foreman of the new mine at Clear Creek camp and the most important man in the place.

"No, the man ain't arrived yet," continued Joe, "an when he does"—he turned a little pale—"when he does God help Joe Bartlett!"

That evening, as was his habit, Joe was at Amos Carter's cabin. There were two reasons why he liked to spend an evening with Carter—he enjoyed swapping yarns with him over their pipes and Kitty happened to be Carter's daughter. Kitty never suspected his love. Joe knew that she did not return it, and he was not a man to wear his heart on his sleeve. If any one had asked her about her opinion of Joe, she would have confessed frankly that she was almost as fond of him as of her father.

In the midst of a story of the plains which he was telling for the twentieth time there was a loud rap on the door. Carter went to open it. A stranger stood on the threshold, a tall, slender, well made young fellow, wearing the garb of the city bred man.

"Is this Mr. Carter's place?" he asked.

"That's my name, young feller. Will you come in?"

"I was told," said the newcomer as he complied with the invitation, "that I should find Mr. Bartlett here."

Joe came forward and offered his toil hardened hand to the stranger.

"You are Mr. Ames, the superintendent's son, I guess. He wrote me you were coming up for a spell, but I didn't know we'd see you till the next stage. I am glad to see you, sir," he said heartily.

A certain indifference or indolence which seemed habitual vanished from the young man's face and manner. He held out his hand frankly.

"Thank you. I have come to rusticate. I have a bad reputation at home. It arises from a slight difference between the governor and myself. I am conscientiously opposed to work."

He squared his shoulders and laughed. "I am supposed to take father's place here, but I have perfect confidence in you, Bartlett, and I shall take it as a favor if you will forget to remind me of the responsibilities of the situation."

Again his boyish laugh rang out, and the others laughed in sympathy.

He was unmistakably a good deal of a dandy. His linen was as immaculate as it would have been in the city, and the hand from which a diamond flashed was as white and shapely as a woman's.

"We must be good friends, Bartlett," he continued, "for I want you to let me down easy on the labor problem. Dad wants to make life a treadmill for me."

A broad smile from his hearers greeted this statement.

"I hope you know what work is, young feller," said Carter, his smile ending in an audible chuckle.

Clay Ames never knew what reply he made. His eyes for the first time had met Kitty's, and he forgot everything else but the tall slip of a girl with the wild rose face.

In less than a week everybody in camp knew that the superintendent's son was in love with Kitty Carter. Half the men in the camp were his rivals, but they all liked the young fellow, who had made himself one of

them from the first night of his arrival. Kitty's ways were maddening. If her willful heart favored any one, even her handsome city lover, she discreetly kept the knowledge to herself.

Joe Bartlett had just left the office and was on his way to the mine. Looking up, he saw Kitty's flying figure speeding toward him. He knew at once that something was wrong. She was breathless, her lips were blanched and her eyes wild with terror.

"Kitty, what is it? Anything wrong at the mines?" he asked anxiously.

She caught his arm to steady herself. "There's been a slide!" she gasped, "and Clay!"

A sob choked her voice, and the agony in her face went to Joe's heart like a knife stab. His face whitened. "Is Clay anything to you, Kitty?" he asked huskily.

"Everything—all the world to me," moaned Kitty. "My heart will break if he dies!"

Joe unclasped her trembling fingers from his arm.

"Please heaven we won't let him die, dear," he said gently, and a moment later he was gone.

How the men worked to reach the death trap where six of their comrades were entombed until, exhausted, they were compelled to fall back, while others filled their places! How one man, tireless and determined, kept always at the head, never resting for a moment. To tell all this would make a story of itself.

Joe Bartlett inspired everybody and cheered and encouraged the despairing crowd that gathered about the entrance of the mine, and when, after hours of hard work, the last dividing wall of earth was penetrated and an opening made large enough for man to enter, it was Joe Bartlett who, with no thought of his own danger, climbed through into the chamber beyond and one by one lifted the half dead men to those waiting on the outside to receive them.

Young Ames had been farthest back and was the last to be rescued. He was very weak, but he waved his hand feebly to the cheering crowd as Joe lifted him back to life and safety.

Through the opening in the wall of earth the excited, shouting crowd had a glimpse of a grimy, radiant face—Joe had caught sight of Kitty when she first saw Clay Ames—then there was a sickening sound as of muffled thunder, a horrible, underground groaning, followed by a crash. A second slide had occurred and Joe Bartlett was buried beneath it.

For a second or two the crowd was awed into silence by the awfulness of the tragedy and then a cry of horror burst from a hundred throats. Women screamed and men grew white and covered up their eyes as if thus they might shut out the memory of the brave face that but a moment before had smiled at them from its grave.

It was hopeless from the first.

Yet never did men work more heroically than the miners of Clear Creek camp for the next twelve hours to reach their comrade. Rough men most of them were, but they cried like babies when at last Joe's crushed body was lifted from under the debris and the light of day fell upon his unconscious face.

They carried him to his own cabin and laid him upon the bed. The bravest man in Clear Creek camp had given his life for his comrades, and the entire camp was in mourning.

Moonlight flooded the cabin where Joe lay. The smile which had illuminated his face in the last moment of his life rested upon it. Two people—a man and a girl—stood beside him. The young man's arm was about the girl's waist, and her face was hidden upon his breast.

"He was so good!" she sobbed.

"He died for your sake and mine!"

"Yes, dear," said Ames gently, "he was the best and bravest man I have ever known." His arm tightened about her slender waist. "I am glad," he said huskily, "that he did not have a sweetheart."

"It would have killed her," whispered Kitty, laying her tear wet cheek against her lover's face. "But Joe did not care for women. I am sure he never loved any one."

And they never knew, for eternal silence had kissed the dead man's lips.—San Francisco Examiner.

Concerning Ice Bets.

From the condition of the river today it looks as though those who laid their money that the river will be solidly closed by the first day of November, will pay the other fellows. Even those who have until November 5 to win money on the closing of the river have begun to feel that maybe they have not a sure thing. One over-confident individual offered this morning to bet \$50 to \$100 that the ice will be moving in the Yukon on November 10th; but he took the precaution to make the offer in a crowd in which he knew there was no money, all its members having worked lays last season.

WINTER SIGHTS IN DAWSON

Many Fine Sleighs and Cutters and Spirited Horses.

The Small Boy and His Improvised Coasting Apparatus—Keep an Eye On Him.

There are sleighs, and then again there are sleighs. This year they are seen in all varieties here, from the ordinary broken down last year's Yukon dog sleigh to the modern and elegant cutter, famed in poetry and song as the source of romance.

Many of these, brightly painted and luxuriously upholstered, are seen on the streets daily, and are a decided improvement over some of the contraptions seen in the past doing duty as a means of conveyance.

Of course the dog sleigh in all its picturesque unloveliness is still with us, and the small boy is out with any old thing that will slide down hill, from two barrel staves fastened side by side to an eight-foot Yukon sled.

Apropos to the hill, the small boy and the thing that slides, it will be well for citizens to remember that in turning street corners in the neighborhood of the foot of a hill, it is always a good idea to keep one's eyes and ears wide open. The coasting apparatus of the average small boy has a very harmless appearance when not working, but those of mature experience know that it has a way of gliding upon one with the stealth and quietness of a live wire, and that it is also about as deadly in its effect as a jolt from a locomotive. Remember, also, that the small boy with the ingenuity of youth, has a way of yelling like a Comanche at you to look out after you have been left a mangled wreck, and of remaining as silent as a grave yard till after his fell designs have been consummated.

He Strikes Back.

Editor Nugget:

Dear Sir—Governments, it is said, "derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." How is that consent obtained? Independent Voter says it is purchased, and instances Mark Hanna. Did ever anyone hear of such child's talk? Is it reasonable to suppose that Mark Hanna could or has purchased the majority of the voters in 65,000,000 of people? Or, is it true that the American citizen is an object of barter and sale? I as an American utterly repudiate any such sentiment. Independent Voter not only shows bad grace, but equally poor sense in bringing to an issue what has already been settled at the polls in '96. Was not the whole power and ingenuity of the Democratic party brought to bear on that phase of the election of '96? Was it not claimed that Mr. McKinley was personally indebted to Mark Hanna to a large amount; further, that Hanna saw no way of reimbursing himself but through the election of Mr. McKinley. Have not subsequent events proven this to be utterly false? Did not a majority of American citizens repudiate this most effectually in '96, and in such a manner as ought to have been sufficient to penetrate the density of even Independent Voter? It seems to me he has made very little use of his time, for he is not only a bad Republican, but he is a very poor Democrat.

The Democratic party has shown at least good sense in dropping as political issues what proved to be false in their calculations—the "Silver question," "Dollar wheat," etc.

My advice to him is to hurry up an get in line with the party whip before he essays to advance arguments in behalf of that party. I have no objection, whatever, in taking up and discussing a policy of either party which proves to be an issue; but I do most strongly object to wasting time on what has already been settled by a majority of the people.

I did not deny that Mark Hanna spent large sums of money in the interests of his party; but on the contrary, I frankly admitted it, showing wherein he justly did so. I also knew where some of it came from, but I was not before aware, until Independent Voter apprised me of it, that he possibly borrowed some of it from his political opponents, namely, the "pawmaster in Coxy's army." Since that organization was an outgrowth or product of the Democratic administration, I suppose he will have no hesitancy in accepting this view of it. As a Republican I would be in favor of paying it back, as the party no longer needs it, and perhaps poor Richard does.

As to the "almighty dollar being absolute monarch of the United States of

America" there is no greater slander on the republic, nothing so utterly and meanly false has ever before been advanced by the party which Independent Voter represents.

There is no place in the world today of the magnitude of the United States where the people generally are so well off; where the opportunity to all is so great to gain a competence; where any man, if it is in him, may raise himself to an honorable position by his own efforts and where it is so absolutely in the hands of the citizens to select their own rulers. If you seek proof of this turn to the past history of your country.

He throws bouquets at himself for his good sense in deserting a party or a cause when he thinks it is wrong. Burke says (I quote from memory), "A soldier may be stationed in a place of great physical danger, or danger to bodily health, on a pestilential swamp, swept by the deadly germs of typhoid or malaria, or some other fell disease; he may remain and die at his post, but he must not desert." So with a man when he has chosen his party; there may be great evils in the party, what party is without them; but I ask whether it is not more manly, more noble, more patriotic, to seek to elevate your party than by deserting it; leave it to sink lower in the scale of national degradation; or leave it Phoenix-like to rise from its own ashes to nobler empire?

Away with this rot and froth about expansion; we are all Americans. Away with this bogie of imperialism; does not our empire extend from sea to sea? Is it not established in the hearts of the people? Have we not a president who is clear, statesman-like and honorable, capable of guiding the destinies of the nation, and placing it on a level with the best governments of the world?

Then, like a true American, drop this cavil about trusts and combines, about free silver and free trade and do honor to the nation by electing the noblest American of them all, Wm. McKinley.

CALIFORNIA REPUBLICAN.

From Another Bryanite.

Gold Run Creek, Oct. 23.

Editor Nugget:

Dear Sir—I was pleased to see one Bryanite who had the courage to fling his "banner to the breeze" in spite of the force and array of the enemy.

Yes, indeed, let an impartial vote be taken from the creeds of American citizens and it will surprise the natives. Not that we say Bryan will be elected, for we know the odds and forces that are against him, but it will show as the brother said, who the "horny-handed sons of toil" are in sympathy with, and not simply because he (Bryan) is the idol of the people, but because of his real sympathy for the greatest number of the masses who toil to enrich the few. Of course "Boodle is king," and reigns supreme, any school lad knows that. Yet dearly as we love fair and honest wages, still we have not the stigma of falling down to worship that infamous monarch of men.

Yes, indeed, W. J. Bryan holds the masses as never yet one man held them, and though he may again be defeated, yet still his cause and name is dear to the hearts of the people.

ANOTHER BRYANITE.

Must Exercise Discretion.

Editor Nugget:

I am pleased to see that steps are being taken to protect dumb brutes in this city and country as such a society is very much needed. But I wish to impress upon the minds of those who are members and who contemplate becoming members of the society that it does not do to estimate the amount of punishment inflicted upon a dog by the extent of his yells. I am a dog driver and I have one malamute that if a whip is even raised over him he out-hows the demons of hades and keeps it up for ten minutes at a time. He is a good dog and requires but little correction; but if he ever opens out on the street, now that the society has been formed, I am sure to be arrested and the chances will be that the dog has not been touched. Men have more than once stopped and cursed me for, as they very naturally supposed, abusing that dog when he has not been touched. He is a chronic howler and many other malamutes are just like him. Therefore, there should be eye-witnesses to actual abuse before any arrests for alleged cruelty are made. The howls of a malamute are not an index to the extent of his suffering.

DOG MUSER.

Are Patiently Waiting.

A number of creek mine owners and operators are now patiently waiting for the Klondike to freeze over in order that they may begin the work of freighting out machinery, of which there are hundreds of tons in Dawson which is intended to be moved out on the various creeks as soon as the river can be safely crossed with heavy loads.

WERE PROBABLY DROWNED.

Archie League and Robert Williams Inquired For.

Last Seen in July When Leaving St. Michael for Nome in a Small Boat.

In the list of missing people of whom inquiry is made of the local police by their friends on the outside, there appeared yesterday the names of Archie League and Robert Williams, both of Minneapolis.

Some time in the latter part of August a member of the Nugget staff received a letter from Thomas Carroll, who left here for Nome on the second trip of the Hannah and who stated in his letter that League and Williams were supposed to have been drowned between St. Michael and Nome about the middle of July, possibly earlier, or it may have been later. The young men left here in June in a small boat and made the trip without incident to St. Michael at which place Carroll met them, and which place they left early one morning to sail across the open sea in their small boat to Nome. Carroll wrote that for several hours after the boys left there was a stiff fair breeze, but that early in the afternoon one of the heaviest gales of the season came on. Later Carroll went to Nome by steamer and he had been there three weeks when the letter referred to was written to the Nugget man, and at the time of writing League and Williams had not arrived at Nome; neither had anything been heard of them since they sailed out on the open sea from St. Michael. As a result of the storm of the day on which the boys started, a number of small boats were reported as having been later found in the vicinity of Norton bay, where they had washed ashore; a few bodies were also reported as having been found in the same locality at various times through the summer, but of those recognized none were reported as being that of either League or Williams. As they each had a number of friends in Dawson it is but natural to suppose that if they had reached Nome safely they would have been heard from long ere this.

Both the young men came here last fall from Skagway where League left his wife and where they had a comfortable little home. He was an actor, his chief talent being in the composition and rendition of comic songs.

Robert Williams was employed by the W. P. & Y. R. in the capacity of passenger train brakeman last year, but resigned his position to come to Dawson a year ago. Both were members of the Fraternal Order of Eagles and both were very popular with all who knew them.

POLICE COURT NEWS.

Police court was somewhat rejuvenated this morning, there being two cases up for hearing.

Edward Williams had partaken of more whisky than is obtained in water for domestic purposes hauled in a whisky barrel, for he showed signs of harboring the dark, chestnut brown taste that is only cultivated by frequent libations of the real thing. He paid \$10 and costs.

Annie Pestelles, the decolette attired female mentioned in yesterday's police court report, was present this morning and pleaded guilty to living an immoral life. She paid a fine of \$5 and costs.

There were no cases on for hearing before the police court this morning. This quiet state of affairs is in nowise due to lack of vigil on the part of the police for such is not the case. It is not in the province of the police to buy booze for a man until he becomes drunk in order that he may be subject to arrest, and they are not doing it. One cause for the prevailing quietness may be that the booze has been watered until a man can not hold a sufficient amount of it to effect his head. Another reason might be advanced and that is that many water haulers are using whisky barrels and housewives all over town are complaining of a whisky taste in the water. Few men have yet complained and it may be that they are getting drunk at home where the police do not see them.

However, there will be at least one case up for hearing tomorrow, as last evening Miss Annie Pestelles, a resident of Fourth avenue, appeared on the street in a one-button-cutaway dress. A policeman noticed Annie, likewise her scant attire, and warned her to appear in court this morning. She heeded not the warning and a warrant for her arrest was issued. Therefore, unless Annie fled by night in a small boat, or took out herself wings and flew over the ice to the soil of hospitable America, she will tomorrow afternoon explain to the court her reasons for mixing up decolette attire with a Klondike winter.

Will Try Again.

C. M. Van Cleave, one of the pioneer Bonanza creek miners, is in the city arranging to have some heavy mining machinery hauled-out as soon as the Klondike river freezes over. Mr. Van Cleave's experience as a layman has not been of an encouraging nature, but he is not yet discouraged. With his partner, Mr. Spencer, he has taken a lay on No. 1 above on Bonanza, where modern machinery will be placed and where Mr. Van Cleave is entitled to make up for all the bad luck he has had in all his previous life, for none are more deserving than he.