

MR. MAIDEN'S PAPER MAIL

St. Louis Post-Dispatch Shows Gross Ignorance

Of Facts Concerning Yukon, But Still the Paper Failed to Come.

A. J. Maiden of Bonanza, British Columbia, has sent to the Sunday Post-Dispatch what is perhaps the most remarkable newspaper subscription ever sent to St. Louis.

Mr. Maiden is a Sunday Post-Dispatch reader to him this winter, though he lives 6850 miles from the Post-Dispatch office, must have his paper sent 2300 miles by rail, 2500 miles by steamer and 2000 miles by dog sleds over Alaskan trails, must pay 30 cents postage up on each paper sent, and will not get a paper until it has been 40 days from the press.

Mr. Maiden's home is at the mouth of Bonanza creek, a hundred miles southeast of Dawson, the metropolis of the Alaskan gold fields. Early in September he was in Dawson, and he went to the Sour Dough hotel and wrote this letter to the Post-Dispatch:

Dawson City, Sept. 10. Gentlemen,—I enclose \$10 for the Sunday Post-Dispatch. Send it as first-class mail to Bonanza, Yukon Territory, as long as the money lasts. A. J. MAIDEN.

This letter reached the Post-Dispatch office Oct. 8. It had been en route 28 days, and that at a time of year when the mail steamer had not yet been compelled to seek winter quarters on the Yukon river because of the ice.

The Sunday Post-Dispatch weighs seven ounces. The first-class postal rate is 1 cent for each quarter ounce of mail. So Mr. Maiden's Sunday Post-Dispatch costs him 30 cents a week for postage, the additional 2 cents being put on for good measure, inasmuch as the paper must go into British possessions. The price of the paper is 5 cents, making a total cost of 35 cents to the Bonanza man whose winter would be cheerless without it. Twenty-nine weeks at 35 cents exhausts the \$10, so Mr. Maiden is paid up to May 8, 1902, his first paper having gone out Oct. 13.

Mr. Maiden desires that his paper go as first-class mail because all first-class mail is carried in a leather mail pouch under key. The rate for second-class mail matter is 1 cent a pound, which would enable Mr. Maiden to get his paper at least started without postage, the newspaper publisher paying the postal charge. But Mr. Maiden's paper must go over 2000 miles of the long journey in a very primitive way. When they reach the port of St. Michael, just above the mouth of the Yukon river, they will be turned over to carriers who will make the inland trip to Dawson on dog sleds, the frozen Yukon serving over much of the route as a roadway. On this long and dangerous journey of many days and great hardships there is little protection for anything but the first-class mail. Mr. Maiden has made the trip, and he knows something of the dangers. He wants his Sunday Post-Dispatch to come to him dry and intact, and he knows this can only be accomplished by getting the paper in the first-class mail pouch. This is why he is willing to pay 30 cents postage upon each paper.

The Sunday Post-Dispatch mailed to Mr. Maiden Oct. 13 is by this time nearing the dog and sled stage of the journey. The paper sent Oct. 26 is by this time on board a ship that must be making her way north in the vicinity of the Aleutian Islands. The paper sent Oct. 27 is aboard ship but a short distance from Puget Sound. The fourth paper left St. Louis this morning for Seattle.

Mr. Maiden ought to get his first paper in time to read it Christmas day. His letter came to St. Louis from Dawson in 28 days, but the papers sent in response must be taken through under different conditions. The mail boats are no longer running on the Yukon river, and this fact makes a great difference in the time consumed by a piece of mail sent from St. Louis to one of the interior cities of the Klondike. The 1890 files from St. Michael to Dawson must be covered on foot and with dog sleds. This will easily double the time consumed in making the

Dawson down to Bonanza. The government post department will get the Sunday Post-Dispatch to Dawson, but Mr. Maiden must either carry the paper the remainder of the distance himself or have it sent down by a traveler. Anyway, it will be a comfort and worth the money, for the Sunday Post-Dispatch is a great newspaper which anyone may pardonably desire so much he will lift his voice from afar out in the wilderness crying:

"Send it to me!" Mr. Maiden is but 1800 miles from the North Pole. He is 2000 miles in the interior from the Alaskan coast. He will be fortunate if a mail sled reaches Dawson, a hundred miles from him, as often as once in two weeks. The Sunday Post-Dispatch agent at Skagway, who has 20 subscribers, ordered his papers stopped for the winter just when Mr. Maiden ordered his started, the Skagway man saying it would not be possible to get into the interior papers leaving St. Louis later than Oct. 13.

But Mr. Maiden is a Sunday Post-Dispatch reader of sterner stuff. He means to have his favorite paper to enliven and illumine the dreary Arctic night, and no obstacle of frozen sea or snow-heaped trail may say him nay. He pays \$10 for the paper for a period of time in which it costs the home reader \$1.40, yet he digs up his yellow dust joyfully, knowing full well that the best publishers can do is to blaze away in the night (hopefully) at 35 cents a shot.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch, Nov. 3, 1901.

The above article, taken from the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, refers to Mr. A. J. Maiden of No. 30 above Bonanza. Mr. Maiden is certainly one of the most experienced miners in the Yukon today, as he left the States 16 years ago and has not been outside since.

Mr. Maiden is a man who likes to read and knows by experience that second-class mail will not come to Dawson in the winter time; that is why he sent to have the St. Louis Post-Dispatch come by first-class mail. But, unfortunately, for some reason (which Mr. Maiden would like to have explained) after paying 30 cents postage his paper did not come right through as first-class mail. Mr. Maiden only received two copies before Christmas, and the rest after navigation has opened.

For Double Murder

Brandon, Man., June 20.—This morning at 8.05 Walter Gordon expired on the gallows the murder of Charles Daw and Jacob Smith. The execution was carried out without a hitch, and life was pronounced extinct 13 minutes after Radcliffe sprung the trap. The last act in the drama was not marked by any sensational incident. The doomed man walked to the scaffold, accompanied by his spiritual adviser and jail officials, without the faintest sign of fear. Gordon walked to the scaffold exhibiting the greatest calmness. Last night he slept but little. He spent the greater part of the night in converse with Governor Acton, of the jail, and with his spiritual adviser. Previous to leaving his cell to mount the gallows stairs, the prisoner shook hands with Radcliffe. It was while Rev. Mr. Henry was reciting the Lord's Prayer and when he had reached the words: "And forgive us our trespasses" that Radcliffe pulled the bolt and Gordon's body went crashing through the trap. Great care had been taken that only those having some direct interest in the execution, such as clergymen, newspapermen and physicians should be present to witness it. Large crowds had gathered early on the hills outside the prison, but they saw little of the proceedings.

The Fabulous Basilisk

The basilisk was the most famous of the many fabulous monsters of mediaeval folklore. According to the popular notion, it was hatched by a toad from an egg laid by the cock of the common barnyard fowl. In the ancient picture books it was usually represented as an eight-limbed serpent or dragon, sometimes with and sometimes without wings. Its name is derived from basiliscus, meaning a little king, and was applied because the creature was figured with a circle of white spots on its head which much resembled a crown. The cockatrice, a species of basilisk, besides having a crown possessed a comb which was an exact counterpart of the cock's.

Pliny assures us that the basilisk had a voice which "struck terror to the hearts of men, beasts and serpents." The Bible classes it with the lion, the serpent and the dragon as one of the most formidable creatures. Old writers, Pliny, Bascho and others, say that its bite was mortal in every case, that its breath was suffocating and that no plant would grow in the vicinity of its lair. Its dead body was often used, suspended in bottles, to prevent swallows from building there.

Yield Much Gold

Seattle, June 26.—"The gold output of the Nome region will be as great this year as the combined amount exported last year and the year preceding," said John Stanley, an arrival on the steamer Ohio, yesterday at the Northern hotel. Mr. Stanley until last March was United States deputy marshal, and until a short time before he left was chief of the Nome fire company. He is connected with the Trans-Alaska Company and has had charge of several stations along the line of which it was proposed to carry mail across the country to Nome. He says he feels confident that the Trans-Alaska railway will be built from Iliamna bay to Port Clarence bay, a distance of about 600 miles.

The Kusokwim diggings in the country south of the lower Yukon, Mr. Stanley says, are proving rich, but those on the Koyukuk are not coming up to expectations. Nome will soon be supplied with plenty of water for mining purposes by the system of canals now under construction. This will greatly facilitate mining operations and will have the effect of increasing the yield of the claims.

Mr. Stanley was mayor of Skagway after the notorious regime of "Soapy" Smith. When the Nome excitement broke out he left that place for the new camp.

Natures Ice House

The number of birds that go to the arctic regions to breed is vast beyond conception. They go not by thousands, but by tens and hundreds of thousands, and because nowhere else in the world does nature provide at the same time and in the same place such a lavish prodigality of food.

The vegetation consists of cranberry, cloudberry and crowberry bushes, and these, forced by the perpetual sunshine of the arctic summer bear enormous crops of fruit. But the crop is not ripe until the middle and end of the arctic summer, and if the fruit eating birds had to wait until it was ripe they would starve in the meantime, so they arrive on the very day of the melting of the snow.

But each year the snow descends on an immense crop of ripe fruit before the birds have time to gather it. It is thus preserved perfectly fresh and pure, and the melting of the snow discloses the bushes, with the unconsumed last year's crop hanging on them or lying, ready to be eaten, on the ground.

The frozen meal stretches across the breadth of northern Asia. It never decays and is accessible the moment the snow melts. The same heat which thaws the frost brings into being the most prolific insect life in the world—the mosquito swarms on the tundra. No European can live there without a veil after the snow melts. The gun barrels are black with them, and clouds of them obscure the sight.

Thus the insect eating birds have only to open their mouths to fill them with mosquitos, and thus the presence of swarms of cliff chaffs, pips and the wagtails in this arctic region is accounted for.

The Right to Vote.

There are many full fledged English citizens who are disqualified from membership in parliament and from taking part in parliamentary elections. Thus all peers of the realm, except those Irish peers who do not happen to have been elected for life to represent their order in the house of lords, are barred from the exercise of franchise. So, too, are police officials, high and low. They neither have a vote nor are they eligible. Ineligibility to parliament extends to the Anglican clergy, to Scottish Presbyterian ministers and to the Roman Catholic priesthood. Undischarged bankrupts and those convicted of felony and who have not completed their sentences and are merely freed on tickets of leave are likewise disqualified from election to parliament. So, too, are young men under the age of twenty-one and persons who, having been judicially declared insane, have not been legally restored to their civic rights and privileges.

Insanity, however, does not constitute any disqualification in the upper house of parliament. Lunatics are permitted, to take part in the divisions in the gilded chamber, and at the time when the Irish home rule bill, enacted by the house of commons, was defeated by the house of lords no less than three crazy peers were brought down to Westminster by their keepers from the insane asylums in which they were held under restraint and voted as honorary legislators against home rule being granted to Erin.

Tasmanians plant apple trees close together. The average orchard is set out ten feet apart instead of twenty or forty feet, and as much as 600 in a single acre.

ALL RECORDS ARE BROKEN

In the Matter of Local Market Cheapness

Best Brand of Flour Sells at \$3. per Sack—Butter, Hay and Oats Very Low.

Who would ever believe after seeing flour sell in Dawson the spring of '98 at \$110 per sack that in but a little over four years the price would drop down to \$2.50 and \$3 per sack, yet such is the case in Dawson today. It is not old flour but fresh, hard wheat Ogilvie flour. Soft wheat flour can be had at the previous price, \$2.50 per sack of 50 pounds.

Potatoes, new and assorted, are selling at 38 per hundred and old ones at from \$5 to \$7.50. Lemons and oranges are slow at \$11 per case. Butter that cost from 35 to 40 cents per pound to land in Dawson can be had at from 20 to 30 cents per pound for the reason that very heavy shipments have been received by small dealers and speculators who can not afford to hold it at any price.

Granulated sugar sells at 8 cents, and eggs can be purchased at an old price by the case, the retail price by the dozen being but 50 cents. Eagle cream is abundant at \$8.50 per case. The meat market is well stocked with the exception of veal, which is scarce. Meat prices have undergone no change in the past week.

Hay and oats are one-third cheaper than ever before in Dawson, this week's prices being, hay 4 1/2 to 4 3/4 cents per pound and oats 5 1/2 to 5 1/4.

The general quotations are:

STAPLES.	
Flour	2.50 3.00
Sugar, per 100	8.00 9.00
Beans, per 100	8.00 9.00
Beans, Lima	10.00 10.00
Rolled Oats, per 100	8.00 9.00

MEATS.	
Beef, pound	22 1/2 60
Veal, pound	35 35
Pork, pound	30 50
Ham, pound	25 30
Bacon, fancy	30 40
Mutton, pound	30 35@50

BUTTER, EGGS, CHEESE.	
Agan's butter, 60-lb.	\$27.50 1.50can
Elgin butter, 60-lb.	27.50 1.50can
Coldbrook	22.50 25.00
S. & W., 48-lb.	30.00 1.50can
Eggs, fresh	10.50

MILK AND CREAM.	
Eagle, case	8.60 9.90
Highland, case	10.00 12.00
Carnation Cream	8.50 10.00
St. Charles	8.00 9.00

CANNED GOODS.

Roast beef, doz	3.00 3 for 1.00
Mutton	8.50@4.50 2 for 1.00
Ox tongue	12.00@15.00 1 for 1.25
Sausage meat	4.00 2 for 1.00
Lunch tongue, case	9.00@11.00 1 for .50
Sliced bacon	3.00 4 for 1.00
Roast turkey	7.00 1 for .75
Corned beef	3.00 3 for 1.00
Salmon, case	8.50 2 for 1.00
Clams, case	11.50 3 for 1.00
Tomatoes	5.50 3 for 1.00
Corn	4.25 3 for 1.00
String beans	6.50 2 for 1.00
Green peas	6.50 2 for 1.00
Cabbage	7.50 2 for 1.00
S. & W. fruits	14.00 2 for 1.50
Simcoe fruits	9.00 2 for 1.00
Choice California Mission	
Fruits	8.50@10.00
Silver Seal	11.50 2 for 1.25
Succotash	7.00 3 for 1.00
Luback's potatoes per tin	8.00
Beets	9.00 2 for 1.00
Asparagus	14.99 1 for 1.00
Asparagus tips	14.99 1 for 1.00
Celery, 4-5 stalks, doz	12.00 1 for 1.00

CHICKENS, FISH AND GAME.	
Poultry, pound	40 45
Broilers, fresh	50 60
Greyling, fresh	40 40
Halibut	30 35
Whitefish	50 50
Pickled	40 50
Salmon	30 25

MISCELLANEOUS.	
Potatoes	7 8.50
Onions	12 20
Cabbage	85 35
Turnips	30 28
Lemons, case	10.00 12.00
Oranges, case	10.00 12.00
Rolled oats	8 9
Oats	5 6
Hay	4 6
Soap	12.50
Tobacco, Star	1.00

The Nugget's facilities for burning coal this side of San Francisco.

A Woman's Humor

Great is the humor of women when she doesn't mean it, great is the nerve of woman when she doesn't need it, and great are the nerves of woman when it so pleases her. This combination is blamable for the following: A very pretty girl sat in a Long Island railroad train. Suddenly the whistle blew. It is perhaps not necessary to say that a Long Island railroad whistle is more efficacious than otherwise. It is tuned to the key of W and is operated with a great diapason, giving out a brand of yelping shriek different from anything known to nature. To repeat, the whistle whistled. "O-o-ow!" cried the pretty girl. "Isn't that awful? I should think the railroad company would have these things

oiled. It is an outrage." Her companion had often heard of wetting whistles, but never before of oiling them. Think it over.

Was Known Here

Fred R. Gardner died yesterday of consumption at a lodging house on the corner of Occidental avenue and Jackson street. The deceased was a stage comedian by occupation and a member of the Fraternal Order of Eagles. The body was removed to Bonney & Stewart's and relatives in New York will be notified of the death.—Seattle P.-I., June 22.

Fred Gardner has acted in Dawson and in '98 and '99 was engaged in mining in this district. He joined the rush to Nome in 1900.

Job printing at Nugget office.

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U. S. MAIL

S. S. NEWPORT

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