

# THE KLONDIKE NUGGET.

VOL. I. No. 21

DAWSON, Y. T., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31, 1898

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## AT LAST SHE IS LAUNCHED.

The Paid up Members of the Miners' Association Have a Meeting.

An Interesting Session—Committees Appointed—Expressions of Sympathy With Individual Miners.

Mosday afternoon, as per notice from the organized of the Miners' Association of the Yukon Territory, Mr. Frank Dunleavy, the members met in the Presbyterian church to perfect plans of organization.

The report of Mr. Dunleavy was most interesting. He told of the many expressions of good will he had met from the miners and their almost unanimous approbation of the association and its objects. The gulches were more or less deserted but it could be safely relied upon that the membership of the organization was going to be very large. Hundreds of men were anxious to join but had not the money to spare at this time of the year. All were perfectly cognizant of the need for the association and were anxious to see it a success. The report was unanimously accepted.

Mr. P. R. Littlefield was voted into the chair and Dr. McDonald made secretary. The trustees of the funds reported having received from Mr. Dunleavy the total sum of \$200 the paid up subscription of 52 memberships. Expenses had been paid to the amount of \$40. \$52 printing expenses and \$8 expenses of the organization up the gulch. By vote the report was adopted.

The following gentlemen were elected a committee to draw up rules, by-laws and constitution to report at the next meeting: A. N. McCuen, Percy McDougal, Col. D. MacGregor, W. Van Herstien, George M. Allen, Wm. Sean and J. W. Biddle. By vote it was afterwards decided to add the following: Joe Irvine, Max Endeman, C. S. W. Burwell and Fred Hutchens.

"IT'S A HUGE JOKE IN THE GOLD OFFICE." That's the Way it Is Looked Upon in the Sanctum of the Good Mr. Fawcett.

One of the most laughable things imaginable is an army of men leaving home, family, friends, business and occupation, buying outfit and starting for the gold fields of the Yukon Territory. It makes one's side almost burst with laughter to see the above mentioned men landing at Dyea or Skagway or any of the entrances to the aforesaid gold territory in the middle of winter and toiling with his goods over the terrific trails encountered enroute. It causes screams of delight to be heard from these men, having toiled and struggled over the passes to locate at the head of the lakes and there proceed in the hilarious and pleasant pastime of whistling timber and building boats. Nothing is so provocative of mirth after completing boats as the endeavor to navigate the lakes and rivers which lead to the Klondike. And nothing causes such an excess of exhilaration of spirits to the prospective miner as the upsetting or wrecking of his boat and loss of supplies in the treacherous currents and on hidden rocks.

The gentlemen present were a thoroughly earnest body of men and it could easily be seen that great things are ahead of the association. It was the unanimous sense of the meeting that the committee make its report as quickly as possible and lose no time. The first of next week will see the association with constitution, by-laws and permanent officers. Until then, Mr. Dunleavy will continue to act as organizer and will take subscriptions at Vernon & Story's auction room, opposite the Mining Exchange.

An earnest and sincere vote of thanks was given Mr. Dunleavy for his endeavors on behalf of the association. Mr. Dunleavy had neither asked for nor received compensation for his services.

A vote of thanks and accompanying applause was given with a right good will to the gentleman, who, having completed his work, is now preparing for his departure for the outside.

### Think it a Chronic Kicker.

Everybody in Dawson has seen and smiled at the little diminutive jackass colt which, with its mother, roams our streets unmolested and not afraid. Being the only colt ever seen here attracts lots of attention, and the little fellow is being constantly called upon to enter vigorous protest to unwarranted attentions by raising its heels in the air.

Saturday night a company of ladies and gentlemen were taking a constitutional down toward the Klondike bridge. The first and second editions of ass hood were discovered alongside the road, and the party stopped to admire and exclaim. Of course the name of the little colt was asked and the owner stated that it had none. "Let us name it!" exclaimed the ladies, all at once. The owner gave his consent, and they commenced a long and laughing argument on appropriate names. Some thought that the little creature looked homesick and natural and should be called Samsony Ann. Other ladies thought it such a "sweet, cute little darling" it should be named Pansy. Finally one lady declared she had solved the problem of securing an appropriate name. She said the first number of the *Nugget* she had seen, started out kicking and it had been kicking ever since, so she proposed that name for the little animal which was thoroughly demonstrating its efficiency in the same direction. The suggestion created much amusement, but the name was given and so we record it.

### Captain Barrington Dead.

Captain E. M. Barrington is dead. He died Monday after a lingering illness of a month. Typhoid fever was the immediate cause of his demise, though nobly hard work and worrying attention had worn him down to the point where the disease took such a hold of him that he could not shake it off. The Barringtons are from Whidby Island, Puget Sound, where the father was a pioneer. The boys grew up more or less on the water. The deceased came in last fall with his brother Sydney, and after

wards went out on the ice. Returning this spring he joined with Messrs. McConnell and Hamilton in purchasing the Willie Irving with which boat he successfully navigated the upper Yukon until stricken with his mortal illness. The deceased was 31 years of age and single. The body is embalmed and will be taken back to his island home by a sorrowful coterie of friends and relations. Accompanying the body will be two brothers: F. McGrohan, an uncle; George Newland, a cousin, and Chris Fisher, a brother-in-law.

It is particularly appropriate that the remains should be borne up the Yukon by the Willie Irving, the boat which pioneered the upper river and of which the Captain was so proud.

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From Purser Quarre the *NUGGET* learns that eight more of the Moran fleet may be expected to arrive during the present week. The *Gustine* originally belonged to the Big Square Co., but was purchased by the Alaska Exploration Co. for freight purposes. She has on board a large cargo consisting of imported liquors, coal oil and general merchandise, all consigned to the company. She will remain in Dawson only until her cargo is discharged, when she will return down the river.

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There can be nothing so indescribably funny as two partners coming down the river together landing at Dawson, and shortly one of them taken down by fever or disease, as to see his body laid away among strangers in the land into which it had come to make his home.

We can picture nothing funnier than a prospector laden with blankets, grub, pick, pan, axe and shovel climbing over the hills and mountains in the summer heat, and marches trying to secure a claim and having done so, delayed and worked his prospect end upon applying at the gold commissioner's office that his claim has been recorded by some one else. Ha, Ha, Ha!! It makes the very suspenders break and buttons to leave their garments. How amusing is all this. On the appearance of our issue last Saturday a copy of course found its way, as usual, into the gold commissioner's office, and having read of the incompetency there existing, a call was made at a certain business office by one of the gold commissioners' clerks who in a laughing mood stated it was considered a good joke in the commissioner's sanctum. Miners, prospectors, diggers and those endeavoring to record claims will appreciate how funny this all is. Ha! Ha! Ha!!! We can scarcely contain ourselves for merriment. It's a good joke on the miners from the G. C.'s point of view.

Arrested for Stealing Whiskey.

Wilson & Barret are wholesale liquor dealers located in a cabin next to the Pacific hotel. These day they hired a man named Bradley to do some work moving stuff around. It is supposed that while the partners were otherwise engaged the hired man took a 10-gallon keg of whiskey, carried it out of the cabin and secreted it under the nearest building. Anyhow, when night came and Barret retired to sleep in the cabin he was aroused to full wakefulness by suspicious footfalls around the cabin. Opening the door he discovered the defendant and the keg of whiskey. Bradley was held over to the superior court.

Fires at "Little Joe's."

"Little Joe's" restaurant, on Front street, between Second and Third, came very near being the scene of a conflagration on Monday afternoon about 5:30 o'clock. It is believed to have originated from a hot fire. Some five of the roof boards were burned completely through before the fire was subdued, and a big patch of the roof was open to the sky.

The building is situated in a solid block of other buildings, and there certainly is a moral

connection with this fire. Here we are in Dawson, with eighteen thousand dollars worth of fire fighting apparatus of the very best kind, and not a piece of it—not so much as a bucket available. The logs in our buildings are dry as tinder and every building is covered with moss as inflammable as hay. It does not require the gift of prophecy to foresee what will happen if ever a fire gets started, and yet the people will not take sufficient interest in the fire department to build a house for the engine and put a fire in it.

Check!!

The *NUGGET* is even more willing to praise than to censure. Its scorching article last week entitled "Colossal Moral Turpitude" evidently did some good for on Monday the side door was comparatively unused. On the door was to be seen the following notice:

Editor NUGGET:

Having read the article in your paper concerning the "Dominion muddle" I wish to relate a few circumstances on that subject myself.

Just after losing a claim on Bonanza which I had re-located, and after being refused,

the return of my recording fee, I went over to Dominion. A few days prospecting and I found what I at first took to be a vacant tract.

Careful cruising showed it to be a whole claim. When I staked the claim I blazed my tree in the presence of two witnesses. The paper stake was blazed but not written on until I came to Dawson but could not get it recorded though I stood in line with the thermometer marking 40 degrees below zero. As I could not get into the office I went personally to Mr. Fawcett outside. He told me the books on Dominion were closed. I asked him if I couldn't make a prospect and record the claim and hold the ground and I couldn't get it until it was officially surveyed. Later on I asked him when Dominion would be surveyed and he said it might be a year, two years or never. From the first I have always believed there was some tractors intended on the first stakes of Dominion creek and time will tell whether or not I am in the right. Once I got into the office without standing days and days in line and I saw an old gentleman holding his records of one of the creeks—I think it was Sulphur. I asked Mr. Bolton if any payment of a fee or in any other way a man could obtain the right to look at the records. He said "Well, yes but what do you know?"

I said "I don't know private business of my own."

"Well," said he, "any information you will gladly give you."

"Yes," I said, "I suppose I can go out to the creek and stake and work and when I come here again you will give me the information that it is already recorded."

"Oh, we don't do any business like that here."

"I don't say you do, but it is done nevertheless."

The old gentleman was given permission to finish copying his records after dinner but it being Saturday I did not go back until Monday. Bolton was acting gold commissioner that day and when I asked for the records to copy, he said, "I got orders from Mr. Fawcett that the records of Dominion are not to be shown as the books of the creek are closed and it is the intention of Mr. Fawcett to give the vacant unrecorded claims to the purchasers in good faith of other claims which had two and three certificates issued against them."

Mr. Editor I would like to ask you who is actually more in "good faith", the men who have staked and dug holes and build cabins and develop the country, or is it some speculator who got "bit" on some false certificate. I say unashamedly, of my own knowledge, that this has been a concocted scheme from beginning to end. But where is the end? Here was the creek closed in November of last year and now it is nearly September and nothing definite done with it yet.

The warning in your paper mentions No. 47, which must be the one I staked. I tried to record it as 75 before but the survey has changed the numbers, and it is now 73. Your warning is correct when you tell us our claims have been staked lately again.

Tried twice in December to record, but I need say nothing more on this matter for my affidavit to Ottawa will cover the entire ground.

After declaring the creek to be closed, Mr. Fawcett opened the creek suddenly below 120.

Hearing of the stampede I went over and staked my own claim again, but was not allowed to record. By misreading me, saying the entire creek was closed he caused me to lose that chance on claim.

I have been to Fawcett and told him that I wanted him to record my application for the claim as someone had staked over me. He got angry at once and said he wouldn't do it. I told him I would put in a protest. He said I need not do it for he would not accept the protest. The names on the stakes are "Alan" on one stake and "Clark" on the other, though afterward the last name was erased.

I built a cabin along with Nels Henderson and waited for the official survey. Mr. Caddenhead, the surveyor, took our names and affidavit and ordered us off the claims. He said there were no squatters' rights on claims.

I consider the men that located on the unrecorded claims of Dominion to be as respectable and law abiding a class of citizens and subjects as ever entered the Yukon valley, and fully entitled to the utmost consideration.

How long are such things to go on in this way? How much longer must we wait? What are the feelings of a prospector who has put his modish of labor and then gets "left" through such officialism as prevails in Dawson.

Hoping to hear something in regard to Dominion from the commissioner through your paper, I am yours, most respectfully,

D. N. GARTHLEY.

### As a German Viewed it.

Last Sunday forenoon a Dawson citizen was coming down the trail from Eldorado city and having been absent from town for several days was naturally very anxious to learn the latest.

Seeing a gentleman, who proved to be a German, reading a paper in front of a tent, he approached him and the following conversation ensued:

"What are you reading?"

"The *NUGGET*," was the reply.

"What date?"

"The last."

"What's new?"

"Oh! It knocks hell out of me dem officials."

### NOTICE.

#### Bluer's Association.

A meeting of members will be held in the Pioneer Hall on Monday evening, at 7:30, to consider and adopt the rules and by-laws of the association and the election of committee and officers. All members are requested to be present and persons wishing to curio are invited.

By order of PROVISIONAL COMMITTEE