

The Klondike Nugget

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LETTERS. And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Tuesday and Friday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run.

MONDAY, MARCH 3, 1902.

\$50 Reward.

We will pay a reward of \$50 for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of any one stealing copies of the Daily or Semi-Weekly Nugget from business houses or private residences, where same have been left by our carriers.

KLONDIKE NUGGET.



AMUSEMENTS THIS WEEK.

Auditorium Theatre—"On the Rappahanock." New Savoy—Burlesque and Vaudeville.

THE REAL CULPRIT.

Outside papers now arriving in Dawson contain the most sensational reports conceivable of the manner in which the orders-in-council affecting the Treadgold concession were received in Dawson, and the effect upon the community.

The following taken from the Seattle Star of Feb. 17 will indicate the sort of stuff with which the country has been flooded:

DAWSON BEING DEPOPULATED THROUGH A SWEEPING ORDER.

All Work is Abandoned and Miners, Prospectors and Business Men Make Preparations to Seek American Soil at Once—Dogs Go Beyond Price—Camp in State of Turmoil.

MONSTER MASS MEETING IN PROGRESS.

Concessions Granted by the Privy Council Give the Treadgold Water and Mining Syndicate Absolute Possession of All Vacant Ground and All Ground to Become Vacant in the Richest Portion of the Klondike—Canadians Join Americans in Indignation and Will Leave for Other Fields—Business Men See Ruin.

"Dawson, Y. T., Feb. 17, * * *

"Consternation followed the announcement of the sweeping order, and a mass meeting was called to take action. The first step was by the Liberal Club, which wired resolutions to Ottawa praying parliament to thwart the action of the privy council.

"The people are excited as never before and at this hour are holding a monster mass meeting where the nature of what is a real disaster can be thoroughly understood. All miners who are not already in possession of paying claims of sufficient richness to warrant their remaining in the district and paying the royalties exacted are preparing to leave for the American side, and dogs are now out of the market. By tomorrow night the trails down the river will be covered with men who are going to new fields. Business men are the ones that will suffer the greatest financial loss, as in the depopulation of the camp they see ruin confronting them.

"A large percentage of the men who are thronging the streets and making preparations to leave the camp announce their intention of making Eagle City their objective point, from where they will scatter out to the various fields that have been but slightly prospected. Many others, particularly the old-time miners, say they will go to Circle City, where they will outfit for interior work, and still others propose to head over into the Tanana and Kuskokwim districts.

"Unless action is taken at Ottawa immediately six weeks will see a deserted camp and not a prospector in this portion of the country. The

miners will make no further attempts in the Northwest territory, as they say, with good reason, that it is unprofitable to work and develop a country where they may lose all rights whenever they find anything of importance. Canadians as well as Americans are aroused and many of the former will seek American fields."

Whoever is responsible for sending a report of the above nature from Dawson should be driven from the country. If there is any person in Dawson so hostile to the interests of the community as the author of that report must be, the fact should be known, and the sooner the better.

The damage created by the publication of such an article is scarcely calculable. Every newspaper of any size in the United States and those in Canada having no knowledge of the real facts, have contained the above or similar articles and to attempt to secure an equally wide-spread denial would be impossible.

If Commissioner Ross based his remarks in referring to the Treadgold concession upon such newspaper reports it is no wonder he characterized them as "hot air." The whole thing is false and misleading in every particular and contains scarcely a single allegation which can be said to have foundation in fact.

When it is remembered, however, that the News of this city was filled for several days with matter equally false and almost as sensational—it is scarcely to be wondered at that the outside papers have gone so far astray from the facts. The News set itself to the task of persuading the community that every miner and business man was ruined and in the pursuance of that effort resorted to falsification and exaggeration of the most pronounced nature.

The results of that policy are now being seen. The sensational press all ways on the lookout for such material, seized eagerly upon the mass of fictitious statements with which the News was filled and they have now been spread to the four quarters of the globe. Thanks to the Daily News of this city, the belief prevails in the commercial centres of the world that Dawson is in its declining days.

And what has been accomplished? The case against Treadgold has not been made one whit stronger than it would have been through a recital of the unvarnished facts. The prospects of securing a cancellation of the grant are no better than they would have been by relying entirely upon the truth—and, in fact, the governments' position has been strengthened to this extent, that it is able to describe much of what has been published against the concession as false and unduly exaggerated.

In the face of existing conditions we doubt if the News, even, will have the temerity to defend the distorted statements to which it gave publication. In so far as the position of the outside press is concerned, the News is the real culprit.

Committed Suicide. Milwaukee, Feb. 14.—Word was received in Milwaukee today of the suicide by hanging of David C. Jones, a well-known railroad man, at Ottumwa, Ia. Mr. Jones formerly was division freight agent of the St. Paul road at Milwaukee, general Northwestern freight agent at Minneapolis, and later division freight agent at Cedar Rapids, Ia.

Change of Base. Mr. Geo. A. Hunter, formerly with the Ames Mercantile Co., is now with Sargeant & Pinsky, and will be pleased to have his many friends call upon him at the latter place.

Shoff's Cough Balsam cures at once. Pioneer Drug Store.

Swell Shirts. See our new line, sizes 14 to 18. New Ties and Collars.

J. P. McLENNAN. 233 FRONT STREET.

Chat Cottage In Spain

I had been indulging in a grumble all to myself, and felt the better for it. Every now and then I am convinced that it is good for me to set down dispassionately and without bitterness the ill that one is heir to through being sole unwed daughter of the house. I put down the petty mortifications, the small trials, the constant pin pricks, then I add them up and look at the sum total. "That, my dear," I say, "is your little load; why make a fuss about it? Others have far more to bear; up with the bundle and carry it another stage!"

My mother and I had that morning fallen out, or, rather, gently disagreed, over the arrival of my clerical brother John's tenth child, an arrow for which there seemed absolutely no room in his over-full quiver. But my mother, dear soul, was charmed at the news; what did it matter, she said, how many there were; every baby brought so much love with it. Being a prosaic person, I suggested that a baby did not, however, bring its own boots and shoes, and that nine olive branches seemed really enough for the poor vicar of a poor parish.

My mother assured me, first, that I was hard-hearted, and secondly, that I "knew nothing at all about it." She sent John a five-pound note, and his wife an invitation to come "as soon as possible, and stay a fortnight, bringing the darling baby; "had it dear John's eyes?"

It was not so much the arrival of the tenth superfluous infant, poor little soul, that I grumbled at as the curious unfairness of things in general. In the arithmetic of this world the division sums have always seemed to me to be worked out wrongly. Why, for instance, should John have ten children, and Agnes two husbands—not together, of course—and all the others mates and offspring, while I spent three-fourths of my year looking after nephews and nieces, who wrote afterward—or their parents did—to thank "Grandmama" for a delightful visit. Grandmama also sent them cakes or hampers; but I know who made the cakes, and who packed those hampers. My mother invariably had the glory, whilst I had the trouble.

Now a model maiden aunt would no doubt have asked "nothing more, nothing more." But I had not started out with the idea of being an aunt at all; my auntship had been thrust upon me. It did not seem fair. And so I went on musing over the tablecloth that I was darning. Yes, the world needed reform; too many good and pleasant things fell into one lap. One girl got the presents, the trousseau, the love, the honeymoon, the husband, the home, the children. Another woman got—nothing, and, having nothing, she got nothing added unto it. That was the law and the prophets. Now, if I were Jove, or the father of a family, I would arrange matters differently. The girl who did not marry should have a trousseau; she should have, not exactly a honeymoon perhaps, but a jolly trip to Switzerland or Italy; she should also have some money to buy her own presents with. The less attractive she was the more I should bestow upon her, to make up for other things. Nothing, of course, could make up for the crown of life, the love that is beyond and above everything else; but, at any rate, in my proposed scheme of amendment the girl would get something.

For myself, I had not gone unwooded, and my mother was wont to declare that I had sadly neglected what she was pleased to call my "chances." It is convenient to be able to settle down soberly into any handy nest with almost any respectable male; but this faculty was denied me. Like other girls, I had dreamed of a not-impossible he, and this dream lover had seemed so far above those who presented themselves in tangible everyday flesh that I had never been able to discard him for any one of them. He was heart of my heart and soul of my soul; the others simply represented an establishment—a thing I did not crave for in the least. I wanted love—not merely a certainty of bacon and eggs in the morning and a good dinner at night.

The bees were humming and there was a warm drowsiness in the air, laden as it was with the scent of the jasmine that lovingly hung around our front door. The garden gate clicked and I looked up to see who was coming in. My work dropped and I rose smilingly, but without haste. It seemed perfectly natural to see him waiting for me by the Gloire de Dijon roses, and that I should go out to him with glad eyes and outstretched hands. For it was he, my other self, the man I had loved all my lonely years. His face—kind, resolute, strong, humorous—was quite familiar to me, yet I had never seen it before with my mortal eyes. It was

not specially handsome, but it satisfied me; I could never have been happy with a man lacking a chin or possessed of a nose like General Wolfe's. My heart was so full that I could only murmur, "You are come then?" He took both my hands into his firm clasp and smiled down into my eyes.

"Dearest, I am grieved that you have had to wait," he said; "but you will come now, will you not?" "I am quite ready," I answered, without any pretense of coyness; joyously, in fact, I did not even ask where we were going. As we left the garden and turned down a tree-shaded path I had never noticed before, all the harmonies of nature seemed to resolve themselves into a glorious wedding march to the music of which we two walked hand in hand.

What did we talk about? I hardly know; yet I felt the delight of unburdening myself to one who understood and loved me. I told him how tiresome I often found my life, how trivial and unsatisfying; he did not, being he, make the mistake of enumerating its advantages. I even confessed to him what a trial I found George's common little wife, who might have stepped into our family from behind the counter of a third-rate draper's shop.

"Yet she patronizes me because she has a husband and two children," I said pathetically. "But you have me," said my companion, smiling again, and then we stopped to kiss each other, and laughed out of sheer lightness of heart. Love was enough; it filled my empty cup to overflowing.

Time having nothing to do with the enchanted land in which we were wandering, I know not how long it was before we reached home.

"I knew your simple tastes, so I did not build a castle for you," at length my companion said.

"A castle?" I repeated wonderingly.

"Darling, yes, I knew you would prefer a cottage. Here it is, then; a cottage in Spain."

"We are in Spain!" The idea did not exactly surprise me, but I had to get used to it. A cottage, too, in that country seemed out of the common; but how much more reasonable and comfortable than a castle in Spain, with its airy foundations! When I saw it I was enchanted, for it was just what I had dreamed of all my life. It stood in the midst of a garden filled with roses, and dear old-fashioned flowers with honest faces; there was a porch with wide seats; and inside the walls were lined with books—the books that my soul delighted in. There was not much furniture, and there were absolutely no knick-knacks. The lightness and brightness that pervaded the whole place cannot be described. I caught sight of myself in a mirror let into the wall. Heavens! was that I, that happy youthful vision, smiling back at me? Yes, and beyond a doubt I was beautiful too; what a wonderful, delightful country was Spain!

"Why did I never know of this cottage before?" I asked.

"It has been here for years waiting for you," answered my companion tenderly. "While I waited too—I have stood by your side many a time and looked into your eyes, saying to myself, 'Today she will recognize me; this time she will understand.'"

"I have been blind," I replied. "Oh, how blind!" My real life began. I realized that a period of shadows only had preceded it. Sometimes we wandered into the deep green forest that surrounded our tiny home; sometimes we read or talked; when we were silent our souls held intimate communion. I fancy we must have dined off rose leaves and quaffed pure nectar out of acorn cups. My spirit was bathed in the peace of heaven; I had no doubts, no fears.

Happiness cares nothing for such tedious divisions of eternity as days, weeks, months, and in our cottage in Spain there was not a single clock. So I do not know the exact time when a nameless terror began to assail me, a haunting dread that never left me.

This reached its climax when I saw my beloved companion fingering a small key, which he presently put into my reluctant hand. How cold that tiny key felt!

"Can I not stay here for ever?" I murmured piteously.

"Dear heart, this country has one drawback; no one is allowed to reside in it continuously."

"It is a very foolish regulation," said I tearfully.

"All building ground in Spain is granted under that condition," answered my companion tenderly. "You must go back to the world, dearest, and play your part in the drama people call life. But you will take the key of your real home with you, and whenever your spirit is weary and you long for rest, you can return here."

I fell sobbing upon his breast. "I thought you were a real husband and this was a real house," I cried. "but you are only a dream husband, after all!" "Why should that distress you?" he said, and kissed my lips and hair.

There is a good deal to do in the house, for John's wife is here with the new baby, also the baby before that, and the baby before that. They have come for three weeks; and then we are to have Ethel's delicate twins, and poor old fractious Miss Cross, who is so ridiculously like a very homely cow belonging to Farmer Stubbings that I always expect her

to say "Moo" in answer to my questions. Life does not, however, seem so tiresome and perplexing, because I never quite forget that I possess a cottage in Spain, to which I can return at any minute—E. Braine in London "Outlook." All kinds of game at Bonanza Market, next Post Office.

Sun Time Always.

Alex. McCarter of the Dawson Jewelry Store has completed arrangements with L. Neelad, C. E. by which he will hereafter be in a position to give the people of Dawson absolutely correct sun time. It can always be relied upon and there will be no variance whatever.

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