

THE PIEDMONT NOT DESTROYED.

Dave Colskey Breaks Through and Freezes Both Feet.

Wouldn't Keep the "Poke"—Forty-five Miles per Day to the Man the Average Made by the N. W. P.

Mr. F. R. Burnham, who owns valuable interests on French Hill, and is quite well known here, arrived in town a week ago from the outside, indirectly from London. He left Skagway on January 20th, and made the trip through alone. Visited by a Nugget representative at the passage of the anti-alien mining law by the legislature of British Columbia, had created a great deal of discussion, beside stopping to a degree the flow of people to Skagway and the Atlin country. He had heard many Canadians quoted concerning the measure and they were generally sorry for its passage, not that it was unjust, for the United States laws do not allow Canadians to "stake" except in Alaska, but because the several questions of dispute between the two countries—boundary, fishing, mining, etc.—are now in the hands of a commission, and the passage of the measure had a tendency to retard a peaceful solution of the problem.

Asked about the reported destruction of the steamer Piedmont, with the lives of 150 persons, Mr. Burnham said it was untrue and entirely without foundation. A lot of wreckage was washed ashore just this side of Victoria, a few weeks ago, supposed to be the remains of a steamer from Japan; but no other known marine disaster had occurred on the Pacific coast for a considerable time. On the evening prior to his departure from Seattle, Mr. Burnham says, a report was circulated about town to the effect that Congressman Dingley, of Maine, had passed away.

N. S. Thompson and A. F. Knight arrived in from the outside this week, and were guests at the Yukon hotel. Mr. Thompson will proceed to Eagle, where he has business interests. J. A. Rouse, a gentleman who has many friends in the Klondike, and who established the Dominion Bazaar last year, arrived in from the outside a few days ago. Among the other interesting articles he brought with him were one hundred copies of a history of the American-Spanish war.

Froze His Feet.

Dave Colskey, of the Klondike Trading Co., participated in a stampede to Nine-mile creek, a tributary of Indian river, on Saturday, and as a consequence, he is now confined to his bed with a pair of swollen feet, having broken through the ice of a glacier into the water beneath. He is likely to be laid up for some time, the feet being in a badly inflamed state. Indian river tributaries have attracted a great deal of attention of late, and prospectors are going over in quite large numbers.

An Honest Man.

Mr. Gibson, a Dominion miner, fills to a dot the axiom that "an honest man is God's noblest work." Ed. Herring, a representative of the Nugget Express, had lost his "poke" and \$30 in dust, while on a late trip to Dominion and, believing it buried in the snow or that it fell into the hands of some unscrupulous person, he made up his mind he would never see it again. But the "poke" happily came under the vision of Mr. Gibson, as it lay on the trail, and, seeing an "id." concerning it, he this week returned it to the possession of its grateful owner.

Claim Contest Appealed.

Gold Commissioner Senkler rendered a decision this week in the contest of Wilkinson vs. Waugh, which grew out of a controversy regarding the boundary line between their creek and bench claims on lower Bonanza. The contention was primarily due to the fact that the bank of the creek at this point is abrupt and high, which led Mr. Wilkinson and other hillside men to stake quite low down. Mr. Faurett, while still gold commissioner, had surveyed the ground and established an arbitrary line in conformity with the "base to base of hill" regulation, which resulted to the great advantage of the creek claim owners, though the retired official insisted later in his evidence before Gold Commissioner Senkler that he sought only to effect "an equitable adjustment" of the trouble. Mr. Senkler found in behalf of the defendant in the action and Mr. Wilkinson, through Attorney Lisie, at once took an appeal to Ottawa. The defense was represented by Attorney Tabor.

Mail.

The following letters are at this office awaiting delivery: G. J. Mulkey, A. M. Corbett, E. A. Suter, A. W. Schurt, A. A. McCandless, Geo. W. Earle, C. E. Berry, A. J. Stretch, Weldin Russell, H. P. Marcus, Clarence W. Johnston, Frank M. Combs, J. Kirkwood, Geo. P. Moro, Chas. L. Taylor, G. W. Moore, James H. Rae, James Goodman, Joseph H. and Nathan M. Gilbert, L. C. Dobbett, John Brogan, R. C. Lapham, J. W. Raymond, C. F. Peterson, Theo. Eggart, S. M. Ogden, S. Bosworth, Hamilton Watt.

A Fireman's Life is Not

The firemen were summoned from the downy folds of their warm robes on Monday night in response to an alarm from the Phoenix. There was no fun in the experience, it may be inferred, for the night was cold and windy and the hour late, and no comfort followed when, after the usual prompt run, no fire was found. Investigation developed the fact that Nellie Moore had opened the window of her room

THE RAVEN.

(With apologies to Poe.)

Once upon a winter dreary, As I struggled, weak and weary, On the Chilcoot Pass, with burdens never borne by man before;

While I on my sled was strapping Many a useless Klondike trapping, Suddenly there came a clapping On the trail, behind, before.

"Tis the dog team, then," I muttered, "On the trail, behind, before." Quoth the drivers, "Mush on, more."

Down the lakes my way I wended, And I wished my journey ended, When each night, as I rested, some miles further than before;

But next morning forth I'd sally, And my strength I'd try to rally, As from every hill and valley Rang the watchword, "Mush on, more." "Tis but their way," I muttered, "For I'd heard it oft before," "Only this, and nothing more."

Down the Yukon then I started, And my hopes had not departed, For I thought the gold was somewhere down along its magic shore.

'Tis the creek I packed with ardor, Neither deemed I but the harder, On occasions when my arder Played out sooner than before. 'Tis a way they have, these larders, Playing out forever more, Cheerfully I "mushed on, more."

'Till one day when I was camping, After long and weary tramping, For by this time I had packed up creeks a hundred, less or more;

There a raven came and found me, And he coolly strutted round me, And did not utter a sound me With his chairing outpour. "Tis a joke," I feebly muttered, (Tho' I'd heard it oft before), Quoth the raven, "Mush on, more."

"Bird," I cried, "or thing of evil, Whether bird, or whether devil, Must I mull on this forever, prospecting up creeks a-galore? Shall I never find the treasure, So manifold in measure That I may lie down at leisure, Somewhere here, along the shore? Shall I never find a cabin, Never rest with this dog team?" Quoth the raven, "Mush on, more."

And the raven still is sitting, Still is sitting, never fitting, On the pulchra bunch of icicles just above my cabin door;

And it doesn't sound like joking When I hear that raven croaking, For he seems a curse invoking, As he mutters, "Mush on, more." While I in my cabin linger, On this frozen Klondike shore, Sits and mutters "Mush on, more." E. H. C.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Mr. and Mrs. Barlow left for the coast on the 23d.

Mr. Milne, of the Parsons Produce Co., left for the outside last Saturday.

Messrs. Healy and Jackson went to Grand Forks Tuesday on important business affairs.

Lloyd Bots has left for the outside and expects to return up river with a stock of goods just as soon as navigation opens.

Dawsonites who happened to be on the streets Thursday night were edified by the sight of a falling meteor, which illuminated the landscape brilliantly for several seconds, and traversed a wide expanse of the heavens.

Dr. Mary Mosher a few days ago submitted to the examination before Canadian doctors, who is required by the medical ordinance, and is now allowed to practice, having successfully passed the trying "exam" of her rivals.

An enjoyable dancing party was given on the 24th by Blanchard & Sullivan at their ball at the Forks. The hall was filled with merry-makers until a late hour, and the time never lagged from the first. The music of Stanley's orchestra afforded the usual high order of satisfaction.

Dr. E. R. Kenner is starting out again over the ice on Wednesday morning, having only arrived here on the 21st. This will make the third time he has made the ice trip between the coast and Dawson in the interest of his company, the Klondike Development company.

An amusing story comes from Enley. Twelve miles from town someone lost a dog, which was left alongside the road and soon froze stiff. Some wag came along the other day and set the dog up in the snow and labeled him, "P. C. Richardson's Express; with delayed mail; side tracked."

Bills are out for the first ski tournament ever held in the Yukon basin, under the auspices of the Arctic Ski club, on the afternoon of the 17th instant. This will be a public affair, and a large number of the best ski runners hereabouts will participate in a series of contests for prizes, cash and otherwise, to the value of about \$500, among them a \$50 medal, to be given by the Nugget for the longest jump. In the evening a ball will be given at the Family theatre, together with a fine supper at the Royal cafe. The ski club now has a membership of sixty, including two ladies.

The Benefit.

The Tracy benefit on Sunday night was a big affair. The volunteer musicians were: Violins, C. E. Warrick and Arson; clarionets, Stahl

and Lyons; cornets, Lyons and Monogram; bass, McKyer; piano, A. Quigley. The orchestra secured much applause with such selections as "Poet and Peasant," "Bridal Rose," "Pom March," and "The Vampire."

A program was furnished by the following well-known and popular performers: Jones Bros. in their trick house act; "The Tramps," by Frank Howard, with tableaux by Tracy, Cropp, Bell and the Newmans; E. J. Deylilo, in club swinging; Cropp and Bell, in duets and solos; Mulligan and Linton, sketches; Prof. Parkes, pictures; Graicie Robinson, character work; Newman children, as the militia of the last century; Mollie Thompson; George Nobles, in limitless bass solos; The Rudolphs; Fred Tracy in illustrated songs; "Little Nugget," as the little Belgian girl is called; Miss Clifford. The performance concluded with the last act of Triss, by the old Tivoli stock company.

There were to have been several sparring exhibitions, but the police ruled it out. The volunteers were Rooney and Gleason, Williams and Agnew, and several other lights of the pugilistic arena.

POLICE COURT ITEMS.

Joseph King forcibly remonstrated with Thomas Yerk because of the careless manner in which the other flourished a loaded revolver in the vicinity of his person, and was fined \$5 and costs as a result.

Ed. McDonald and Henry Spence comprised a brace of disorderlies. Their offenses only differed in detail somewhat; but there was no difference in the justice meted out to them. "Ed and costs or 15 days in jail," was his worship's laconic comment.

Walter Gifford was up for a lesson in good citizenship, in which, the complaint against him set forth, he seemed to be somewhat negligent in that he had wantonly disturbed the white dove of peace and caused the sacred bird to flutter from her perch in fright. It was his first lesson of the kind, he said, and was let off with a fine of \$20.

A. Samz and Bert Curtis, gentlemen of leisure, were afforded three months time in which to acquire at government expense the manly art of wood sawing. George Wade got four months for a midnight incursion into F. M. Gordon's woodyard and James Farrand escaped with a fine of \$20 and costs, after indulging in a period of unlawful exhilaration.

Justice Harper enjoyed the unique experience of leaving before him a prisoner who could not spell his own name. He could pronounce it—or pronounce it—but his pronunciation was as imperfect as his erudition, and it was finally agreed that he should be docketed as "Adolphus Kike," which was as near as could be arrived at and entirely suitable for the occasion. Incidentally it may be stated that Adolphus was charged with being drunk, for which he was fined \$20 or 14 days on the woodpile.

Henry Hibbard came down from his road house on Hunker to witness the late glove contest at the Monte Carlo, and the exhibition seemed to create in him a sense of his own physical prowess. At least, when asked by the police to "mush on" the closest of the fight, he demurred and resisted. This was accepted as establishing a dangerous precedent, and the police took the gentleman in. Mr. Hibbard protested to the judge that he had in no wise created a disturbance, but he left \$5 in the exchequer of the court just the same.

Henry West is billed for a trip to American territory and his departure will occur within the next 10 days. There is no comfort in these facts to Henry, for the weather is anything but alluring at present and he has not the facilities for traveling with comfort, besides which the itinerary of his proposed trip was arranged entirely without his consent. But he is going just the same, or neglect to do so means a long term of hard labor on the government woodpile, and if there is one thing more than another which Henry appears to abhor it is work. It was because of this evident antipathy for labor that resulted in his presence before Justice Harper on a charge of vagrancy.

Mrs. Augusta Gifford told a tale of woe that would have wrung tears from the eyes of an Indian dignitary. She had, she claimed, done the washing, mending and cooking for Mrs. Thomas Society during a period of three months, and had in other ways done as a wife to him. For this he had promised to give her one-half of all he earned here, but now he seemed inclined to evade the obligation. At the close of a long story of assumed wrong, in which the foregoing came out, the court told the lady that her complaint set up a claim for two months wages, whereas she did not appear to have any facts upon which to base it, and he referred her to the territorial court, which would likely have jurisdiction, and endeavor to ascertain the extent of her claims upon Mr. Stockley.

Carlo Bily has a number of laymen, at his clinic on Hunker. Naturally he is anxious to keep up the amount of remuneration he is unearthing; but he can't do it when the laymen won't allow him about the cabin and shafts; besides that, one of them appeared to have overheated a quantity of provisions belonging to him. This state of affairs he had prepared to inform the judicial ear of Justice Harper, and had secured the arrest of Patrick Guinness Sullivan, the practical offender, on a charge of theft. But, at the last moment the friendly offices of Attorney Woodworth were secured, the learned gentleman poured oil upon the troubled waters, a settlement was effected and the sunshine of serenity again illumined the disturbed atmosphere.

Joseph Ginzburg appeared before his worship in the guise of an oppressed one and told a tale of woe that was heightened in effect by his inability to talk "queen's English" and an air of unsophisticated honesty. He had been employed by Maria Fairchild as a maid of all work while the latter conducted the restaurant at the Melbourne, and when their relations had ceased the financial understanding arrived at was not to Joe's satisfaction. He therefore appealed to Justice Harper to act as referee, and was awarded the sum of \$50, with costs of the action, whereas his claim had been for \$17. The judgment carried with it the feeble intimation that default of payment would subject the defendant to four months imprisonment at hard labor.

Arrivals and Departures.

Dr. Bonner, who owns valuable mining interests at discovery on Hunker, arrived in from Canada on Tuesday, accompanied by Recco Morgan, of Qu'Appelle, and was a guest for some days at the Klondike hotel. The doctor did not have anything of interest to add to the late outside news already published by the Nugget.

A party of four citizens, consisting of J. W. and J. H. Irvine, M. P. Kidd and Dr. H. H. Brookhart, left on Tuesday for the States.

Herman Knobel has arrived from the Forty-mile country with his right arm in splints and a tale of suffering that is anything but comfort

giving to the bearer. It was on Cassiar creek, where he had gone on a prospecting expedition. Night and darkness overtook him while eight miles from camp; he broke into the water, which froze his clothes stiff, fractured his right arm by a fall, and so badly injured one of his legs as to cripple him. When he finally reached camp he was nearly dead, and has been under a doctor's care ever since.

Official Weather Bureau.

The temperatures for the week ending Wednesday, February 22nd, show a constantly increasing variation.

Table with 4 columns: Day, Lowest, Highest, Wind Miles per hour. Thursday: -23.2, -33.6, 2.0. Friday: -24, -40.9, 0.2. Saturday: -27.4, -22.7, 2.8. Sunday: -9.0, -15.2, 8.0. Monday: -13.8, -37.0, 0.6. Tuesday: -26.5, -41.4, 2.2. Wednesday: -11.0, -37.6, 9.0.

Territorial Court.

Judge Dugas, in Territorial court, will take up the new calendar of criminal cases this [Wednesday] morning. Among them will be those of Moses, Bates, Carr and Dyer, the first three being on charges of theft, the last being a charge of false pretenses.

Grand Opening.

On Friday next the Butler hotel will be opened at Grand Forks under the management of the popular Billy Thomas. There will be a full orchestra of six pieces under the leadership of Sam Stanley, while Ben Davis will act as master of amusements and leader of the cakewalk. There will probably be a couple or more stage loads of people from Dawson alone.

Claims Bought and Sold.

By Louis Couture, North West House, two miles above mouth of Hunker.

The Regina Club Hotel Bar is the standard of Dawson in quality.

Do you know Albert W. Williams, the wood-hauler, at 17 above, on Bonanza?

Large contracts for freighting and wood a specialty—Albert W. Williams, 17 above Bonanza or the White House.

A nice line of stationery, time, pass and memo books, tablets, paper and envelopes at Pioneer drug store.

The best meals served in the city are at the Regina Club Hotel.

The Dining Room service of the Regina Club Hotel is such as to invite you back again.

Special Rates for room and board by the month at the Regina Club Hotel.

Give your contracts for freighting and packing to Albert W. Williams, 17 above Bonanza, or leave orders at the White House.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

LAWYERS: C. M. WOODWORTH, M. A., L.L.B., Advocate, Solicitor, Commissioner, Notary, etc. Five years' practice in Northwest Territory Room 3, A. C. Office Building.

TABOR & HULME—Barristers and Solicitors; Advocates; Notaries Public; Conveyancers. Offices, opposite Monte Carlo, Front Street.

BURRITT & MCKAY—Advocates, Solicitors, Notaries, Commissioners, etc. Office, the A. C. Office Building, 3rd St., Dawson.

CLEMENT BATTILLO & RIDLEY—Advocates, Barristers, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Money to loan. Office, Adcock Building, opp. Opera House saloon.

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS: DR. J. WILFRED GOOD, M. B., S. B. C. P., Edinburgh. Late Surgeon to Winnipeg General Hospital. Office, Klondike Hotel, 1st Avenue, Dawson. Telephone No. 16.

DR. J. H. KOONS, Physician and Surgeon, Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa., Proprietor Miners Hospital, Eldorado City.

DR. J. O. LACHAPLLE, Montreal University Physician & Surgeon, Victoria House.

DRS. BROWN & LEE—Crown and Bridge work. Gold, Aluminum or Rubber Plates. Fine gold and alloy fillings. All work absolutely guaranteed. Room 12, A. C. Office Building. H. AMUNDSON, souvenir jewelry and diamond setting.

T. G. ALBIN, D. D. S.—All work guaranteed. Office with Nugget Express Co., Colorado City.

WANTED.

WANTED—To purchase a good horse, in flesh and set for sleigh. Must be in good condition. Inquire, manager Fairview.

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST—Black Newfoundland dog named "Cup." Last seen at 22nd Bonanza. Finder return to this office and receive reward.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE.—First-class Thawing and Hauling Plant. Thirty horse power boiler and engine with friction hoist. Falcon Joslin, 111 2nd Street.

Tivoli Theatre and Dance Hall.

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS FOR Week Commencing Monday, Feb. 27.

FRED BREEN.

ENWMAN CHILDREN OATLEY SISTERS GADWILSON And 10 Other Specialty Artists.

When at Grand Forks stop at the

HOTEL BUTLER.

BAR AND CAFE.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

Finest of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

"Nothing is too good for us."

Billy Thomas, Mgr.

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