

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, Sulphur.

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KLONDIKE NUGGET. MONDAY, JUNE 8, 1903.

MUST NOT BE OVERLOOKED.

The bulk of available virgin ground left within the known gold bearing area of the Klondike and Indian river districts is almost entirely tied up in concessions.

Under a single grant, ground to the extent of 50 square miles has been removed from the individual staker and now lies undeveloped, awaiting the time in the distant future when it may please the concession holders to begin active operations.

Other large blocks lying in the heart of the gold-producing area are in identically the same position. Their wealth of treasure is kept in the ground and unless the concessions are revoked bids fair to so remain for an indefinite number of years.

In a communication which appeared in Saturday's issue of the Nugget Mr. C. M. Woodworth estimates that a general cancellation of concessions would give employment to 1200 men in addition to those now actively engaged in mining.

This figure we regard as essentially conservative. If all the concessions should be thrown open there would, we believe, be found lucrative employment for double the number contained in Mr. Woodworth's estimate.

It must be remembered that within certain of these concessions, notably the Bronson & Ray and Matson, numerous claims are already being worked by parties who had secured locations prior to the concession grants being issued.

By virtue of this condition the ground covered by the grants has been well prospected without cost, to the concessionaires and the value of the latter's holdings is no longer a matter of speculation.

If these grants were revoked practical miners would be prepared to go to work immediately and begin the actual development of the ground that has so long remained idle. The "dead work" has already been done and there would be no expensive preliminary operations required.

The situation is entirely different from what it would be were the concessions located in a distant and unknown portion of the territory. The concessions lie for the most part at the very door of the city of Dawson. Their probable value from a placer mining standpoint is known to every miner in the district and there is not the slightest shadow of doubt that a far greater number of men than Mr. Woodworth estimates would find room for their operations within the concession confines.

So far as the immediate future of the camp is concerned, the opening of the concessions named and others of similar character would be of greater benefit even than the cancellation of the iniquitous Treadgold grant. The latter is objectionable chiefly by reason of the special privileges conferred and on account of its uncertain conditions of tenure which make it impossible to determine the exact limits of power which the grantees would ultimately secure.

The so called hydraulic concessions are a present hindrance to the progress and prosperity of the district and represent an immediate loss to every legitimate interest in the territory, which loss may be computed in dollars and cents with reasonable accuracy.

Treadgold constitutes a menace to the future welfare of the community

and must be combatted to the last. But in the meantime the enemy in the form of blanket hydraulic grants, which is at the door of every miner and business man in the territory, must not be overlooked.

EMPIRE BUILDING.

The Klondike stampede of 1897-98 has opened up a northern empire which will continue to increase in importance and greatness as time elapses. The widespread attention that is now being given to Alaska by the people and government of the United States is due almost entirely to the fact that the lower river country received the overflow of the great stampede.

The north is not altogether regarded as a barren waste. The public mind is gradually becoming awakened to the immensity and variety of wealth which lies under the shadow of the Arctic circle and the interest thus created will never again slacken.

Both Yukon and Alaska have before them a future which while impossible of absolutely clear definition is nevertheless pregnant with potentialities. The work of foundation laying is still under way in both territories, but that work is being capably performed and the superstructure which time will rear will justify the expenditure of time, labor and money that has been involved.

A vast amount of quiet organizing is in progress by both parties on the outside which is taken by many people to indicate the approach of a general election. The last two years have been unusually prosperous and it has become proverbial that a good crop year is a favorable time for any party in power to seek re-election. Nothing will be known definitely, however, until the powers that be have spoken, which, up to date, they have not done.

No enterprise of more moment to the people of the Yukon was ever undertaken than the task of convincing the concession investigating commission of the injuries which are accruing to the territory from the Treadgold and other grants. The committee which has undertaken this work should have the financial as well as moral support of the whole community.

The White Pass Company is making special inducements to tourist travel. There is no prettier summer tour in the world than a trip from Puget Sound to Dawson and return via St. Michael. Thousands of travellers should be brought this way every summer.

The miners of Boucher, Miller and Glacier are doing good work in opening up their respective districts and their efforts should at least be recognized to the extent of furnishing them with good roads.

It is to be hoped that the Treadgold commission will come to Dawson in time to report before the adjournment of parliament. The matter should be settled once and for all during the present year.

The town of Bonanza will celebrate Dominion Day in old fashioned form. An attractive program has been arranged and the event should attract a large crowd of visitors from Dawson and the creeks.

If Dawson alone can raise \$2500 to be expended in a day's celebration, the territory as a whole ought to be good for twice that amount to push forward the concession fight.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

THE PEOPLE'S FORUM

Communications for publication in this column are invited upon all questions of public interest. Correspondents are requested to be as brief as possible and to sign their names, which will be withheld if desired.

Bonanza, June 8, 1903.

Dear Sir:—I am an old miner and have noticed much trouble and dissatisfaction created among partners on claims by the thoughtless actions of one or more of the parties concerned, therefore would like to give a few words of advice to mining men in general.

Don't be poking around in the mud box alone. Don't spend much time down in the drift alone when not at work. Don't place yourself in any position that could be construed as a breach of good faith. Don't presume that your partners know you to be perfectly honest, and take liberties any more than a stranger, as it is liable to create suspicion on their part which might lead to ill feeling and discord. A word to the wise is sufficient.

SOURDOUGH.

Destroyed by Dynamite

Salonica, European Turkey, April 30.—The Ottoman Bank here was destroyed by dynamite today. The Turkish office and other buildings also were attacked, resulting in a panic during which two men were killed and two persons were injured. A detachment of 2,900 additional troops have since arrived here from Smyrna.

Quiet has been restored. The attack on the bank was carried out by two bands of men. One party assaulted the guard and the other hurled the bombs. It is thought the strong room resisted the explosions. Several of the men who took part in the attack have been arrested.

The destruction of the French steamer Guadalupe by an explosion while leaving this port Tuesday was evidently caused by a bomb. A Bulgarian has been arrested in connection with the outrage.

In an encounter with Turkish troops yesterday at Nevrokop, European Turkey, eighteen Bulgarians were killed and fourteen were made prisoners. There was also a serious case of over 100 insurgents was annihilated.

Vienna, April 30.—Telegrams received here from Sofia declare that the Mitylene Bank at Salonica also has been burned.

An official telegram reporting the Salonica outrage says that fifty other dynamite explosions occurred in different parts of the city at the same time, and that many persons were killed or wounded.

Vienna, April 30.—The Neu Freie Presse says that fighting, reported from Sofia, Bulgaria, yesterday, between Turkish troops and a large band of insurgents on the right bank of the River Struma, in the district of Dzhumaja, or Dzumaja, near the frontier of Bulgaria, in Macedonia, occurred last Tuesday. The insurgents lost eighty-three men killed, and the Turks had thirteen killed or wounded.

No Pull Needed

During the past few days some substantial improvements have been made on Seventh avenue between Church and Hanson streets with the result that close by neighbors have grown jealous and are talking about "pulls" and making other base insinuations when the truth of the matter is that the city council had nothing whatever to do with the improvements made. Messrs. Bannerman and McCrellan, residents of Seventh avenue, did the work themselves and at their own expense.

WANTED—Woman for general housework. Apply this office.

Clarkson's Interference

Isabel Archer would again teach in district No. 4. This was the chief topic of conversation in the Casparville postoffice.

When she had gone home at the end of the spring term, she had bitterly declared to certain intimates that she would never return. Those who knew best how Lem Tudor had bullied and tormented her did not wonder at her decision. Lem was chairman of the school board, and having set his mouth on the young teacher, he had made life a burden to her.

He was not a pleasing suitor. He lacked even the rough manhood that sometimes atones for the absence of that polish which society gives. A bully by birth and nature, as his father before him, he had used his official position to obtain as his wife not the woman he loved, but the one who would do him the greatest credit.

Casparville was sorry to lose Miss Isabel. There was no one who supposed that she would ever return unless Clarkson should ask her. Clarkson was taller in the Casparville bank. He was diffident and reserved, so that, though undoubtedly an admirer of the pretty teacher, his methods of wooing her were sadly lacking in dash and nerve evinced by Tudor. And, though she certainly smiled upon her bashful suitor, he had just as certainly allowed her to leave Casparville without screwing up his courage to ask the fateful question.

Yet after the distributing of the 9:30 mail Tudor had announced to the bystanders that Bell Archer was going to take No. 4 again.

When he got over to the lumber yard, he drew out the letter and re-perused it with no pleasant expression on his heavy face. It ran:

Dear Mr. Tudor—Very much to my regret I find that I shall have to apply for the school again this season. I had hoped when I left Casparville that I would no longer have to teach but the little income left from my father's estate has so depreciated that my mother needs it all, and I shall have to go to work again. It is too late to obtain another school, so I will have to take No. 4 if the place is still open. You have made my position in Casparville a very hard one, but I suppose this cannot be avoided, so I accept your offer. Yours truly, ISABEL ARCHER.

As he folded up the letter his soul deepened. "She's a little fool," he declared savagely, "but I'll win her yet, just to spite Harvey Clarkson. She will have to give in to me in the end, and then you bet I will make her pay for all she has made me stand for."

When she arrived the following week, it was Lem Tudor who met her at the station and escorted her to the hotel. There was a broad grin on his face as he rudely jested with her. When he winked solemnly and flagrantly at the group of loungers on the corner by Sweeney's saloon, the girl blushed a rosy red, but she knew that remonstrances were of no avail.

"I'll call with the buggy this afternoon and take you over to the schoolhouse," he said as he handed her suit case over to the man of all work at the tiny hotel. "See that you are ready at 2. I've had the building painted and bought you a new chair and had the blackboards fixed up."

No. 4 was about three miles from town. As they sped over the quiet country road that afternoon she found herself wondering why the drive appeared so long.

"I'm taking the long way round," he explained in answer to her comments. "I want you to see what a good horse this is. I got him from Bascom last month. I thought you would come back, and I wanted to have an animal that would pass all the rest when I took you out to drive."

"I am afraid that I can go out very little this fall," she said coldly. "I want to study and fit myself for a city school next year."

He laughed harshly. "You had better keep on the soft side of the chairman," he said warningly. "I let you come back because I like to see you, but if you don't behave Millie Stephens will have No. 4 for the winter term."

"Now, see here, Bell," he went on, "you and me might as well understand each other. I let you come back because I want you, but if you are going to stand on that confounded dignity of yours there's going to be trouble. You be nice to me, and in the spring we'll be married, and you'll have the finest house in Casparville. If you keep on being silly, you'll be sorry. Why, you haven't even kissed me yet." And he made a motion as though to take the caress.

She gave a cry and sought to ward him off, but his powerful arms were around her, and she could not tear herself loose. His heavy, brutal lips had almost touched hers when the sound of wheels caused him to desist and a light buggy drove up. "I think Miss Archer," said the newcomer, "that you had better change to my buggy. Here at least you are free from insult."

for what thou hast done for the banker and what thou hast not done for the people. We thank thee for all these things because it is our duty as a good Democrat to do so. It may be 'against the grain,' but we will take our medicine. We will work our wives to death, starve our children, sacrifice our homes, crucify liberty and kill prosperity, but will never go back on our dear old party, and on thee, our most adored Cleveland. Thou art more account than all of us put together. Thou knowest more than the South and the West. Call us fools; spit in our faces; wipe your feet on us; we will love thee all the more. And now, our great political father, we leave us in thy care. Do with us as thou wilt; kick silver into the middle of the next century; give more privileges to the national banks; illude more bonds; preserve the McKinley bill; establish state banks; foster trusts; bribe congressmen with patronage; fish whenever thou carest to, and we will endorse everything thou doest, carry Cleveland rosters, campaign torches and for evermore sing thy praise. Amen."

WHITE WING PRAYER

The Offering of a Democratic Chairman

During Grover Cleveland's occupancy of the president's chair and about the time of the panic of '93 the following prayer was uttered:

"Oh almighty and all-powerful Cleveland, who art in Washington, when not fishing; thou who art the father of Ruth and Ruth's sister, and of Maria Halpin's boy Oscar, and the god-father of the Democratic party, (his father wouldn't own it if he were here), we hail thy name as the great political prophet of the century. We bow down before thee in humble political obedience. When thou sayest go, we go; when thou sayest come, we come. We have no desire but to serve thee. If thou sayest black is white, we will swear to it and lick the everlastin' stuffin' out of the man who disputes. When thou takest snuff we will sneeze a when thou sayest free silver we will echo thy words, when thou sayest gold then gold it is. We are Democrats after the improved modern type. Our business is to vote the ticket and vote 'er straight. What is it to us whether we have free silver or not? We are but dogs that eat the crumbs that fall from our master's table. When the crumbs fall we wag our tails; when they don't fall we stand and wait until they do. This is Democracy which elected thee, our great and almighty Cleveland. Oh, most adored master, we love thee for what thou hast not done for us. We love thee because thou art Cleveland. We humbly surrender ourselves to thee. Do with us as thou wilt. Though wheat is but 40 cents a bushel, we love thee, though cotton is low, we love thee, though business is dull, we love thee, though thousands, millions are out of employment, we love thee; though our children are clothed in rags, we love thee, though our wife, the dear companion of our bosom, is scantily dressed and looks so shabby she can't go to church, we love thee, though we are sinking deeper in debt and poverty is knocking at the door and hunger is staring us in the face, we still love thee. This shows our great faith and love for thee. Our wives and children we are willing to sacrifice, even as the Hindoo mother sacrifices her offspring by throwing it under the crushing wheels of the juggernaut. Oh, mighty Cleveland, words cannot express our love for thee. We love our party, too. What care we about the many promises made? We know it promised free silver, and we know it won't give it to us, but we lied when we said it. We thought then that we had some manhood about us, but we ain't. We have no independence. Thou, oh mighty Cleveland, hast all the manhood and independence in the party. We are fools, liars, lickspittles, mudsills. We have no business to want anything or to say anything. Last year we favored free silver and now we have to oppose it. We favored it then because we thought it was all right. We oppose it now, most adored master, because thou tellest us to. Ain't we a honey of the first water? Did ever a dog serve his master more faithfully? Did ever a dog get less for it? Oh, mighty master, we are ever ready to serve thee and party. All the pay we ask is to be patted on the back by some local politician and called a good Democrat. We ain't got any sense. We don't want any only enough to vote the ticket. It don't take any sense to be a good Democrat. What a joyful thought! We don't have to think, we don't have to worry. Our work is all mapped out for us. All that is expected is to do what we are told. We thank thee, oh Cleveland, that we are Democrats. We thank thee for the panic. We thank thee for the idle men and women in the land. We thank thee for the banks that have busted and the thousands of business failures since thou hast come into power. We thank thee for the hard times. We thank thee for the clothes our wife needs and cannot get. We thank thee

H. Pinkier AUCTIONEER

And Commission Merchant Front St. Opp. L. & C. Bldg. "I cannot understand, sir, why you permit your daughter to take the breach of promise. You mention that you were bitterly opposed to our engagement because I was good enough for her and would grace the family."

"Young man, that was sentimentality is business."

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SOME RE... PL... Many People... Ferry Kept Busy... Stream of S... Sylvan D... Captain Hubrick, that queen the Yukon of Queen street to... point, did a rushing... day, making trips... order to accommo... siring an outing at... solitude of West D... tractive environmen... hills were dotted... afternoon by grou... many of their elde... wild flowers; whic... fusion. Scattered... erment road roun... puncturing the qui... ness that now ch... West Dawson we... people, staid old m... to all sentiment... in the first parox... lights and sweetn... and no flowers, a... quiet nook some... from the beach pa... The day was sun... an ideal Yukon w... enues out to lose... biting, wintry day... those of the futu... enjoyment of the... ranches back from... the hill and also... bass below the vil... by many of the pig... one in a dozen up... the city did not ca... of wild flowers g... woods and side hil... tween the ferry lan... tage was a refres... with fresh from t... pruned and drun... rustic touch "mid t... solitude. The view from the bluff road is subli... being over one's... panoramas, every p... from the side to... being so plainly... cided occurred to... of the afternoon... turned out to be... little children; wh... parently deficient... lowered their chapp... river for the pres... flowers; unaccompa... being over night... one a little boy and... girl. Arriving on... at once started to... search of bluebell... At this point the... and in order to ma... is compelled to visi... son, to placem... said to the childre... stream was heard... and those at the... to look up were ho... little girl half way... baby a hundred and... steep incline, lying... clinging for dear li... bushes and crownin... her voice. Had she... had started to tal... have stopped until... reached. Her brothe... feet or more belon... usually started to... it is doubtful if he... fered by any sear... reached her in time... needed on the roa... for the ferry was... on his back dressed... water or a prospect... to beat the cry of... frame, the back and... scrambled with the... loop, accustomed... long over. As he... one he spoke to her... ing her to hold on... soon be there. He... next too soon as h... exhaustion she was... relinquish her hold... he arms he passed... concert, and reas... the perilous descent.