

The Klondike Nugget

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ALEX. BOON, Publisher

From Wednesday and Thursday's Daily.
AN APPROPRIATE PRESENTATION.

The services of ex-commissioner Ogilvie to the Yukon territory were appropriately recognized last evening by the presentation of a handsome souvenir from the attaches of the civil service in Dawson.

Mr. Ogilvie's work in this territory has by no means been confined to the term of office which he has just completed as commissioner. For a number of years prior to the discovery of gold on Bonanza creek, Mr. Ogilvie had represented the government in various capacities in the territory during which time he acquired so valuable a fund of information respecting the district that he became a recognized authority on all matters pertaining to the Canadian Yukon.

When Major Walsh retired from the commissionership, the position was tendered Mr. Ogilvie in recognition of the work he had previously accomplished in this country.

Mr. Ogilvie came to Dawson as commissioner at a time when affairs were in what may be termed a chaotic condition. He has spent nearly two and one-half years in the task of establishing system and order where confusion previously prevailed, and conditions as they exist at the present time are the very best evidence of the success which has attended his efforts.

The town of Dawson has particular reason to feel under obligations to Mr. Ogilvie who has taken at all times a personal interest in looking after the affairs of the town which usually come under the supervision of a municipal government.

The spirit which prompted the presentation of last evening will be generally and heartily endorsed.

The ex-commissioner is soon to leave Dawson and in doing so he will carry with him the best wishes of the community for success and prosperity in whatever line of activity he may elect to engage.

MODERATE ACTION.

The strike now in progress among the machinists and iron workers has developed some interesting facts which show what reasonable men may accomplish, when they earnestly seek to reach an agreement.

The machinists in Seattle having joined the strike, an effort was made to draw out the skilled mechanics employed by the street railway companies of that city. Many of the strikers insisted that action be taken without delay, but wiser counsel prevailed.

If the skilled mechanics in the employ of the street railway systems should leave their places the fact was realized that the street cars could not be operated and that great public inconvenience would ensue.

It was decided, therefore, to confer with the street railway management and ascertain if an equitable arrangement could not be reached whereby it would not be necessary for the men to join the strike. A meeting between representatives of the strikers and of the street railway companies resulted.

At the conclusion of the conference an agreement had been reached whereby the street railway managers agreed to abide by the results of the strike provided their own men continued at work. In other words, if the strikers secure the concessions which they are demanding, the street railway companies will make similar concessions to the machinists in their employ and meanwhile the latter are to continue in their places. The incident serves to demonstrate the fact that the strikers have a keen and comprehensive grasp of the situation. By their moderation and fairness of action they have beyond question enlisted public sentiment in their favor, and public sentiment is an important factor in determining the result of a strike.

It is quite evident that hotheads and demagogues are not conducting the machinists' strike, and that fact alone presages success to the strikers, although there are not enough facts at hand to warrant an expression of opinion as to the merits of the case.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Minister Sifton will leave for Dawson on or about July 1. The distinguished gentlemen should be given a royal reception in this

city as a mark of the fact that the community appreciates the present efforts of the Dominion government in furthering the Yukon territory's interests.

At the time of the vice-regal visit last summer we had little but unfulfilled promises to acknowledge, but in the interim it must be said that the government has done very well by us. Some substantial method of recognizing that fact would be quite appropriate and undoubtedly would be greatly appreciated both by the premier and his minister who practically directs the destiny of the Yukon.

The conditions upon which the interior department of the United States has granted a rehearing in the Skagway townsite case do not offer much encouragement to the people of that town. It would have been more profitable to Skagway had no opposition to the original decision of the department manifested itself. In the end there is scarcely a shadow of doubt that the Moore title will be sustained and the people of Skagway will sooner or later come to understand that they have gone to much trouble and placed themselves under heavy expenses to little or no purpose.

U. S. Customs Collector of Alaska Ivey still holds his position in spite of all efforts that have been made to oust him. As a steady and persistent office holder Ivey is a class all by himself. He has been denounced as something or other wicked ever since he received his appointment, but he has always been able to show his superiors where he is a badly and undeservedly abused man. Ivey is well named. He clings to his job as the ivy vine clings to a stone wall.

China has at length yielded gracefully to the inevitable and agreed to pay a fine for having recently disturbed the peace—the said fine aggregating the neat sum of \$337,000,000. This does not mean, however, that the trouble is entirely at an end. The fine is yet to be divided among the jurymen who brought in the verdict, which process itself should produce more or less interesting developments. The question is who will receive the largest share.

Careful inspection of food supplies offered for sale in Dawson is an absolute necessity. The large profit which is possible from the sale of spoiled or damaged goods afford strong temptation to unscrupulous men and experience has proven that there are parties in Dawson who are willing to take all possible advantage of any such opportunities. Any commodities offered for sale as food supplies which are unfit therefor, should be promptly confiscated and consigned to the garbage scow.

Steamboats departing or St. Michael last year were loaded to their full capacity with stampede en route to Nome. When the Nome bubble burst the tide of travel turned once more toward Dawson. Even yet stragglers are drifting in, having spent a year in swinging around the circle. There seems to be a sort of magnetic influence in the atmosphere of Dawson. Once having been inhaled, its influence is very difficult to overcome.

The Arctic Brotherhood grows apace. The organization continues increasing in strength and bids fair sooner or later to absorb a large proportion of our population. It would increase the popularity of the order if the grand camp were transferred to Dawson. This city is the center of the activity of the A. B.'s and is the natural location for the headquarters of the order.

The Klondike river is no longer to be used as a dumping place for garbage. The scow system was inaugurated yesterday and is a distinct improvement over the former plan. The difficulty now is that the scow is not large enough to meet the requirements. That, however, is a difficulty which may be overcome, and in the meanwhile let us give thanks for what has been done.

We should like very much to hear the sound of quartz mills in operation, but thus far our ears have listened in vain. There is no lack of faith in the quartz resources of the territory, but it is refreshing occasionally to see faith accompanied by work.

If that much talked of mid-summer carnival of sports is to take place, preparations therefor should be begun im-

mediately. There is no time to be lost if the proposed events are to be carried out to a successful conclusion.

Dogs are almost as conspicuous on the streets by their absence as formerly they were by their numbers. The present condition is a very happy contrast to what we have been accustomed in previous summers.

Baseball is coming to the front in Dawson. There is no more healthful and invigorating sport, or none from which players and onlookers alike receive more real, genuine enjoyment.

The importation of new theatrical talent will fill a long felt want in Dawson. The sour doughs still have a strong hold but a little chechako blood will be very acceptable.

The miners' lien law still slumbers. If some method of reviving it is not devised pretty shortly, it will soon become a case which will demand the services of the coroner.

When thieves fall out honest men are said to receive their dues. Likewise when steamboat companies begin cutting rates, there is a chance for the public to even up old scores.

The dog ordinance has effectively solved one of the most perplexing problems with which Dawson has ever been confronted.

The cleanup is progressing at a very satisfactory rate.

Skagway Romance.

The truth of the saying that love laughs at locksmiths and irate parents has been again exemplified. This time by two of Skagway's young people.

William Cleveland and Stella Bloch have been keeping company for a long time, much against the wishes of the girl's parents. Not long ago the mother exercised the parental prerogative and forbade the young man the privileges of the parlor or in any way paying attention to her daughter. But there was love—deep abiding love—between the two young people and they had no trouble in arranging meetings far beyond the range of opposing parents.

The girl's parents felt that she was lapsed from young Cleveland and thought that a change of scenery would woo her from her choice and being desirous of this end arranged a pleasure trip for her to Seattle, expecting when she came back she would be irresponsible to Cleveland's coying ways. This might have been true if pretty Stella had been gotten far, far away from her beau, but she was not. Stella was given a pleasant farewell party and a host of friends wished her a bon voyage, but clever Willie Cleveland didn't.

Much as Stella liked the trip to the Queen City she loved Willie more and the scenic beauties of the great inland sea were not to be compared with the beauties of her Willie.

Parents, friends—and Willie—gathered about the dock one evening as the Victorian was about to leave. The final good byes were spoken, and Stella seemed sad indeed.

Willie acted as if he were very, very sad at having his sweetheart leave him and he may have shed a few tears. But Willie was a strategist. Beneath this exterior appearance of sadness beat an exulting joyous heart, for he, too, was going on the Victorian. He knew it, Stella knew it, but nobody else, except the boy's father who is said to have financed the scheme.

In the hurry of the final leave taking Willie quietly slipped around to the other side of the boat and entered a stateroom, which he had previously engaged. Those who know love's ways can readily imagine how the thing was arranged.

They got off at Juneau and soon thereafter a matrimonial knot was tied.

The parents of the girl a few days ago decided that they would investigate the thing a little so started for Seattle on the last boat, expecting to find their daughter there. But they will not. The newly wedded couple returned on the City of Seattle last evening.—Alaskan, May 27.

In Water Many Months.

The body of Frank Schlag was found in the river near the railroad dock at Whitehorse a few days ago, he having disappeared from that town last fall. Early in the morning of last September 21st Schlag was put out of the Windsor hotel for being drunk and creating a disturbance. He staggered away and was never afterwards seen until a few days ago when his body was found nearly buried in mud under the dock and beneath a few feet of water. He was a German and about 50 years of age. Considerable money was found in the dead man's pockets. The police took charge of the body which, after a coroner's inquest, was buried at Whitehorse.

Send a copy of Goetzman's Souvenir to your outside friends. A complete pictorial history of the Klondike. For sale at all news stands.

FREDERIC YALE LIKE CAESAR

Saw and Conquered Every Obstacle That Came in His Way.

But His Indomitable Will Lead Him to Attempt a Feat Which Caused His Hair to Turn White.

Frederic Yale was like Caesar, for he came, he saw, he conquered, and with this achievement he did himself credit, even although his triumph pertained not to the farthest parts of Gaul, but to a commonplace boarding house, where he tarried during his sojourn in a certain inland town.

This boarding house was by nature a weary wilderness—in the drawing room overgrown with weedy gossip and at table, under the surveillance of the proprietress, revealing barren stretches of silence. But from the moment of Frederic Yale's arrival it all blossomed as the rose. Merely his presence wrought a metamorphosis, for he sat at the table like a king and looked as handsome as Adonis and in manner showed himself a veritable William of Orange, caressing and familiar, yet civilly dignified.

He talked, too, delightfully. Evidently a man of wide travel, interestingly and picturesquely he interspersed into his conversation sundry anecdotes and recollections of many lands. Although far from proving the old fashioned literary conversationalist in monologue, he evinced cozy chattiness with every one individually. It was sports with the younger fellows, business and cigars with the men, matinees with the young ladies, cards and books and news with their mammas, while even with the silver haired dowager in the corner it dwelt with enlivening loquacity upon her maladies, her reminiscences and the caprices of the climate.

As a crowning luster, however, over and above all his accomplishments and graces, the newcomer attracted attention as a man of secrets. For who does not find an alluring quest in the unraveling of the ominously hinted, unknown bygone intertwined about the heart of a stranger? And of such a stranger! Frederic Yale was mysterious in two particulars, principally because of the perfect whiteness of the abundant hair curling about his youthful face, while a poignant subordinate interest attached to a handsomely gemmed locket, delicately and diminutively feminine in outline, which dangled from his watch guard as a charm.

Those who had scrutinized the trinket most carefully reported that one side was embossed with a miniature of a young woman's face, framed in a resplendently plumaged nest. But this, pointing to an affair of the heart, were those of the household who would fain discredit. For soft innuendoes were already afloat of an alliance between Mr. Yale and an engaging sylph of the boarding house, who had whispered to the dowager her opinion of him. Her confidant, relishing the gentleman's advances upon herself, had promised her most masterly tactics in behalf of the girl, who, inexperienced in matrimonial campaigning, would certainly never have essayed the subjugation of so rich an empire as he unless aided by the counsels of some veteran commando, such as the aged lady.

As women are proverbial romancers, it goes without saying that the locket and the snowy curls and the incipient intrigue became pet themes of conversation around the fashion plates and the embroidery of the household. But with equal zest were they discussed in the smoking room, at the billiard tables, while among the few juveniles suffered by the landlady they provoked an excitement which made their poor mother quiver lest in some unguarded moment they should execute their resolutions of approaching Mr. Yale on the topic. She told them it might vex him, evoking severe reproofs before others, although there lurked within her the suspicion that he was, after all, too sweet tempered ever to become incensed at small offenders.

Gradually, however, it became apparent that all the house were harboring similar designs to those of the children and that all shared on their own account the mother's expectations of leniency in case their queries should prove unwelcome to Mr. Yale.

For some days they had hoped that his general communicativeness respecting his experiences as a traveler would lead to a voluntary disclosure of the mystery; but, none taking place and the time of his stay being limited, they determined to wait no longer upon his pleasure lest he should some day leave and his secret go with him, they being none the wiser.

So whenever the gentleman was absent the others fell to plotting for some way of ferreting out the mystery, if possible, without laying themselves open to reproach. The chosen plan provided that at the close of some dinner a certain member of the company should begin an entertaining, exciting and prolonged tale; that the ladies should propose to withdraw to the reception room to hear his conclusion;

that this story should lead to a general desire for each one present to relate the most thrilling adventure to which he or she had ever been a party; that the lights should be snugly lowered as an additional decoy, and that if Yale did not readily deliver himself of his history divers little tactful, persuasive hints should be thrown out, with a view to coaxing it from him. Then, if at last they nettled or aggrieved the gentleman, they would rely upon his customary good humor for a happy issue out of their tribulations.

Little need had they, however, for any artifices beyond the first story, which was perpetrated during a certain dinner's final cupful of coffee, for at this unpretentious caravansary the coffee appeared in continuous performance.

No sooner did the hazardous quality of the first recital's incidents come to light than Mr. Yale, the cynosure of all eyes, assumed an aspect of signal and miserable abstraction. Ah, he let his fingers ripple through his terrible white hair, and, eureka, they fondled that strange, beautiful little locket!

Only a few impatient minutes later, in the murky glimmer of the drawing room, his laurel crowned listeners, were ushered into the presence of the sphinx. It was a sweetheart affair. At his first words the sylph's breast was depleted of all hope. He said that several years since, while trying to win his chosen lady, he found his greatest barrier in her twitting him as a carpet knight. So when he planned a tour of Scandinavia he offered to expose himself to all the peril of capturing a grebe along the scraggy cliff of the coast and promised her the priceless plumes of the bird. She admirably agreed that if he would bring her such a royally won trophy she would give him a locket bearing a portrait of herself arrayed in the feathers, a token of her plighted troth.

Pursuant to his intentions, he was lowered in the usual way over the edge of the Norwegian precipice to a nest of grebes. The prize was secured, and he was being raised to the top when the rope encircling his body loosened. After varied dangers he landed upon the summit, to find his raven black hair turned milk white. The horror of that unutterable moment was branded upon him forever not only on his external person, but also on his mind. Never could he recall it, said he, without overpowering emotion.

Adding only that he had achieved his aim, which was worth all, Mr. Yale left the room. The audience, with a suggestion of guilt within their hearts, gave ear in indescribable silence to his ascent of the staircase and entrance into his room. While still under the charm of his narrative they sat when, perhaps a half hour later, his door reopened, for him to pass out with a letter, which he was seen to post before returning to his chamber.

The letter read thus: Lucie, carissima mia, can keep it no longer. Shall I tell the end or the beginning first? You can't know soon enough. Would have written a part of it the night I arrived here had I known how it would come out. If only you knew what dire catastrophe befell your lockless and on that lockless true love as he boarded the train which took him away from you.

Starting late for the station, I hustled through the streets rather friskily, thereby probably unsettling my wig, so when I tried to pass from my seat in the car out to the smoker, while we were swinging by at full speed and the wind was blowing high, it proved too much for those false hairs of mine.

The wig whiffed off to the forty thousand corners of the earth, leaving my bald pate in puribus naturalibus. Covering it and my humiliation with my handkerchief, I sat in shame until we pulled up at this microscopic community, where fresh calamities chased me on that my dies irae. Only one coiffeur in town and but one wig in his stock—a white one! However, until another could reach me from home I made capital court of my afflictions to drive dull care away during my separation from you. I laid a scheme which did not go a-gley for becoming an object of interest to my boarding house and somewhat of a talker and for posing as a globe trotter. This evening came my delicious opportunity (the people were mad with curiosity and made it) for spinning a scandalous yarn about the turning of my sable tresses into white!

Forgive, if it needs forgiveness, my bringing you even into that nonsense, for you are ever in my thought, and gladly would I let my hairs become white or any hue of the rainbow in jeopardizing life for you. Or, which might please you better, rejoicingly would I grow some capillary organizations of my own.

Tell me what you think of the escapade and believe and cherish always your friend,

FRITZ.

—Chicago Tribune.

Henry Guy Carleton, the playwright, stammers very badly at times. Not so long ago he stopped Nat Goodwin on the street and said to him, "Nat, will you g-g-give me half an h-hour for f-five minutes' con-ver-sation?"

Mumm's Pomeroy champagne \$5. Regina Club hotel.

GOLD SCALES ARE PROVIDED

By Government For Re-Weighing Gold at Boundary.

All Dust Taken From the Country to be Weighed to Prevent Crooked Work on Government.

From Thursday's Daily. In order to properly enforce the new regulations relative to the exporting of gold dust from the Yukon territory which requires royalty certificate—or a certificate from the gold commissioner to be produced at the boundary, to the effect that the royalty on the gold dust has been paid, Major Wood, the commandant of the N. W. M. P. in the Yukon territory is sending by the first boats to Whitehorse and Fortymile large gold scales and every shipment of dust from this country will be weighed at these posts in order to ascertain whether the amount of dust will tally with the amount specified on the certificate.

The law will be strictly enforced and any amount upon which no certificate can be produced or any amount over and above what the certificate calls for will be subject to forfeiture and will be seized by the officer of the post making the discovery.

This is a very important matter to everyone who intends taking or shipping any dust out of the country this summer and to avoid trouble should be attended to before starting.

SAILORS JOIN IN

General Strike Which Was Instituted by Longshoremen.

The striking longshoremen aren't doing a thing in Seattle. Capt. Roberts, the popular skipper of the Victorian, stated that there was plenty of trouble and he considered the situation serious. "The strike is general," said Capt. Roberts, "and takes in not only longshoremen but sailors as well. We had trouble at the Seattle dock but managed to load our cargo although we did not get out until 1 o'clock on the morning of the 24th when we could easily have sailed at 9 o'clock on the evening of the 23d.

"All of my seamen walked off the boat and I only had one old standby and this one with much difficulty got several more old salts and with the aid of my officers I made a good trip up unloading in remarkably short time at the different ports in spite of an inferior crew. The longshoremen's difficulty is regarding foremen hired by the different wharf companies. Of course as the sailors are in the new union taking in themselves and truck handles they must strike also when the longshoremen do. Not only are the steamers suffering but also the sailing boats.

"The Farallon was also having trouble but sailed from Seattle at 8 o'clock in the morning of the 24th so I was informed at Vancouver. It was an odd sight presented on the Seabeacher dock where she was loading. On the 23d the longshoremen struck, objecting to the foremen employed by the company. Chas. Peabody, manager of the Alaska Steamship Co., was equal to the emergency and went to work with non-union men assisted by Foreman Brooks of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company and helped load the cargo of 400 tons. The Farallon went over to Tacoma to unload concentrates without a single sailor aboard, being manned by her officers. She returned to Seattle and completed her load of 800 tons and ought to arrive here Wednesday some time about night.

"When the trouble will end is hard to conjecture. One thing, I can pull off my coat and pitch in handling freight as well as the next one."—Alaskan, May 28.

Departing Steamers.

The steamer Bailey which sailed last night for Whitehorse was temporarily held at Klondike City owing to her breaking a crank pin. A new pin was soon made and the boat sailed about midnight.

An immense crowd witnessed the departure of the steamer Louise last night, although there were but very few people to be seen on the boat. It was anticipated that a large majority of the sports would take that boat but for some unaccountable reason they failed to materialize at the time of sailing.

Owing to necessary repairs on her steam captain the Monarch did not sail last night. She will probably get away today.

Lake LeBarge.

The latest telegraphic report from Lower LeBarge says that the steamer Clifford Sifton left Lower LeBarge several days ago to try and break through the ice to Whitehorse but to-day has reported as only ten miles up. The Flora, Clossett, Anglian and Goddard left early this morning to break through but are making progress slowly although they are not out of sight yet. The lake is about the same, breaking a little but still pretty solid.