

LARGE ADDITIONS TO U. S. NAVY.

Uncle Sam Will Build Twenty-Eight New War Vessels.

Citizens of Havana are Afraid that the Insurgents Will Take Summary Vengeance—Threats Being Made.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 23rd.—The navy department opened bids to-day for sixteen torpedo boat destroyers and twelve torpedo boats, to cost in the aggregate not to exceed \$16,900,000, as provided in the last naval appropriation act.

The twenty-eight destroyers and torpedo boats constitute the largest single addition ever made to the navy. The destroyers are to be completed within eighteen months, and the torpedo boats within twelve months. According to the requirements of the department, the destroyers are to be about 400 tons, and are to cost not more than \$255,000 each, while the torpedo boats are to be about 150 tons and to cost not more than \$170,000 each.

HAVANA, Aug. 23rd.—The local papers express considerable doubt, based upon a re-reading of President McKinley's message to congress last April, in the light of recent events whether the United States government has definitely pledged itself to declare Cuba's independence.

A number of prominent men have recently received threatening letters signed by insurgents. Several of these letters tell those to whom they are sent that they may choose the sort of tree on which they will be hanged after the insurgents have entered Havana. The correspondent heard a well-known resident who has always been in the employ of Spanish houses and treated invariably with consideration, advise his son, an insurgent leader not to come to Havana unless at the head of a victorious column, even if the Americans ordered him to come.

Paseual Goicoechea, a prominent native plantatist, has received a letter from the insurgent leader, Calmejo, a native of Santo Domingo, now at Neuvaspas, Matanzas province, telling him he hopes to capture him.

"I will not kill you," says Calmejo, "but I shall tie you to a tree so that the mosquitoes may kill you and the aura bird devour you." Others have letters telling them they will be beaten and afterward drawn and quartered. Leading merchants at Cienfuegos and planters in that district have been warned that they must leave the island.

The planters who have received such threatening letters fear greatly that the threats may prove to be more than Cuban boasting.

SPANIARDS CONCEALED THE NEWS.

While Americans Were Winning, Bulletins Appearly Announcing Spanish Success.

NEW YORK, Aug. 23rd.—Senor Roman Lopez, editor of La Correspondencia de Puerto Rico, the principal journal of the island, which is published in San Juan, has arrived in Poñee.

"San Juan," he said, "has been cut off from the world since the war began. I could only print official bulletins issued by the government, regarding the progress of the war. It was weeks after the battle of Maniba before the government issued a bulletin admitting defeat. The news of the destruction of Cervera's fleet reached San Juan the day after it happened, but I was not permitted to print even a rumor for ten days. Later Capt.-Gen. Macias issued a bulletin stating that six American vessels had been sunk. He declared the six included two battleships.

The truth was never published in San Juan, but the facts leaked out unofficially. The same secrecy was observed when Santiago surrendered. Early in the war the citizens of San Juan, who are extremely pro-Spanish, credited the official announcements of victory, but after Santiago fell they lost hope. Even the most rampant Spaniards began to admit that Spain was not able to fight the United States.

"Before the Americans landed in Porto Rico many citizens of San Juan organized to defend the island. After the landing they began to hear stories of the strength and efficiency of the American army, and the regiment was disbanded. We had little news of the progress of the campaign in Porto Rico, but could easily tell that things were going against the Spaniards. I was permitted to print nothing about the American success; nevertheless, the fact crept into San Juan, greatly discouraging the Spaniards among the population.

Macias maintained a bold front and maintained his waning authority. For weeks I have been expecting to be awakened during the night by shells bursting. We feared bombardment and siege. Everybody realizes that the city could not have been successfully defended.

When the news of peace came everybody rejoiced. Even the Spanish officers knew the war was hopeless, and had better be brought to an end soon. The terms caused a little mortification, but the Spanish residents now seem to be an American territory rather than a Porto Rican republic. Most of the Spaniards will swallow their discomfiture and remain on the island and become American citizens.

Those of the better class naturally feel humiliated, but if the government of the island is to be changed, they prefer to be a part of the United States. They expect an era of great commercial prosperity from American rule.

Yesterday the famous guerrilla, Firrago, was captured near Comano and brought to jail here. He is accused of burning the village of Colo. He denies his guilt emphatically, but admits having slain several Spanish soldiers while skirmishing in the mountains. Gen.

Macias announces his intention to detect and punish the perpetrators of the Clats massacre.

AND STILL ANOTHER.

A Robbery of Gold on Little Skookum—Mysterious Visitors Take \$600 of Gold Dust.

In an interview with Major Walsh, just previous to his departure for the outside, that gentleman remarked to the NUGGET: "Through private information I am assured that we have in our midst a large criminal element which only awaits the favorable darkness of winter to commence operations."

Never was a statement borne out more literally than that remark by the major. Robbery and burglary, and burglary and garroting are beginning to fill up our local columns as never before.

Last Friday afternoon Messrs. Tedman and Beckett were at work on their discovery claim on Little Skookum, as usual. As is customary, in this corner of the world their tent was left unsecured, though out of sight. Upon returning to camp for supper it was seen that someone had been rummaging around inside the tent. In alarm Tedman hurriedly looked for his sack containing \$600 in gold. The sack and contents had disappeared and though the police were notified as soon as possible the robber or robbers had vanished. There are a lot of men here, undoubtedly, who have mistaken their sphere in life, and as soon as they can be located they must be presented with a "blue ticket."

You will want the NUGGET during the winter months. Delivered twice a week for \$2.50 per month.

Large Gold Shipment.

The last considerable shipment of gold from the Klondike took place Wednesday, the boxes being carted from Dawson's two banks to the N. A. T. & C. Co. boat Cudahy, which left in the afternoon. The bank of British North America was the first to get its gold down to the landing. Their shipment of nearly \$750,000 or 50,000 ounces was enclosed in eight strong wooden boxes hauled to the dock in two loads. Later in the forenoon a throng gathered around Lancaster & Calderwood's spanking bay team in front of the Canadian Bank of Commerce to witness the loading of the 40,000 ounces or \$600,000 which makes the fourth shipment of the bank this season—and it is not the largest one either. The eight boxes were of inch lumber reinforced and ironed and the lids screwed on and the screws sealed. They were not averaging more than fifteen inches square but the expressions on the faces of the six men carrying them was indicative of their great weight. 3,333 pounds of gold in bricks, dust and nuggets was the precious load presided over by Mr. Bailey Smith. The load, representing so much luxury and comfort to so many people, was escorted down Front street by policemen, officers of the bank and the curious throng to a point in front of the steamer Cudahy and there a halt was called and photographer Haag got in his fine work. Then the small boxes heavier than solid iron—were loaded onto the track cars and transferred to the steamer.

Each bank sends a representative with their consignment of gold and the whole is accompanied by Constable Dorris, of the Northwest Mounted Police. The Bank of British North America consigns its gold to the mint of San Francisco and the Canadian Bank of Commerce is sending to Seattle. By the time this treasure arrives in Seattle it will be observed that the P-I will be telling the world of the arrival of another ten millions.

Wife and Child Dead.

Mr. Paul Moran, of Moran Bros., the now famous shipbuilders of Seattle, left Dawson on the Cudahy—a boat of his own building. Mr. Moran has not been home for nearly a year; his duties keeping him at Dutch Harbor, superintending the construction of the boats which have made the Yukon trip this year, the Power, Hamilton, Cudahy and others. The Pilgrim, the eleventh of the twelve Moran boats to leave Seattle for St. Michael's this summer, arrived safely in St. Michael's a few days ago. Of all the boats built by Moran Bros., only one has been lost. News of disaster by storm, rock and sand bar has been assailing the intending purchasers of the boats for months and it appeared to be the prevailing opinion that such terrible losses as the firm was supposed to have suffered must, of necessity, swamp them. The birds of ill-omen are crowing the other way now, for with only one boat lost and the balance sold at Klondike prices Moran Bros. are on the high wave of success.

Mr. Paul Moran might be expected to be looking forward to his return home. Not so, however. In the year of his absence he has received the news of the death of his dearly beloved wife and child, so that his home-coming cannot but be a gloomy one.

The NUGGET tells all the news just as it happened. Twice a week—\$2.50 per month.

A Long Trip.

Constable Dorris has been chosen for a trip which will probably take him until Christmas to complete. He accompanied the shipment of treasure on the Cudahy which left Dawson Wednesday afternoon. He will stay with it until it reaches terra firma for the last time and in Uncle Sam's territory. While he has received no extended leave of absence, the trip will take him to the principal coast cities and well the fact is he has seen several years of continuous hard service in the gloomy North West, and he has his "snack" with him and his friends wish him a good time before he returns which he expects to do shortly before Christmas.

Here's a Snap.

For Sale a good snug cabin 14 x 16. High and dry location. Price, \$700. HEMEN, this office.

HOW BILLS ARE SETTLED IN DAWSON.

Sour Dough Posts Chee Charko on "Tricks That Are Vain."

A Hurried Settlement of Accounts Brought About by a Departing Steamboat—One Way of Enforcing a Rebate.

"There is one thing I like about this new mining camp," said Chee Charko, to Sour Dough, upon resuming the conversation reported in a recent issue, "and that is the ease with which debts are collected. It appears to be the rule that accounts are due as soon as created."

"Yes," said Sour, thoughtfully, "maybe you don't see the inside workings."

"I guess there is always an appeal to the court, with odds in favor of the man bringing suit," said Chee, with warmth.

"Think so?" said Sour, with relaxing features. "Never heard of a man with a concession who dared not bring suit, did you?"

"I don't quite understand."

"Of course you don't," said Sour, with a patronizing air of superiority. "Guess I'll tell you about Beaton."

"Who's Beaton?"

Sour commenced to smile at his friend's eagerness. "Why, Beaton is a 'sour dough stiff,' and went to work for a government official on the opposite side of the Yukon at ten dollars per day. He put in ten days and was ordered to quit, and—"

"Why, I know, wages can be collected easily enough, and—"

"Yes," said Sour, "You're one of those new fellows that know so much," and Sour proceeded to whistle a plug of "Canadian."

"Well, now, look here; don't get huffy," said Chee, apologetically; "I'm only looking for information. You say he was an official?"

"Yes, a government detective," Sour was thoughtful for fully three minutes, and then commenced smiling serenely, as he conjured up the picture of his friend Beaton, collecting his hundred dollars, at sixteen an ounce, to call the debt square, and told him he'd either take that or nothing. Well, Beaton rushed around and got a lawyer and put the matter in his hands; then he walked the street like a man who felt he had done a wise thing. Opposite the company stores was a crowd awaiting the departure of a steamer, and who do you think was on the deck of the boat?"

"Not the lawyer, surely?" said Chee.

Sour's sides heaved with internal amusement, and he hunted a seat on a pile of dog feed, so that he would not laugh himself off his feet. "No," it was the detective, and Sour commenced to shake alarmingly.

Chee gazed irritably at his friend for a minute with unsmiling face, and then said "I'm sure I can't see anything funny in a fellow running away from his debts."

Sour chuckled and gasped but finally managed to say: "That's not the point, you blooming chump."

"O! that's not the point?" repeated Chee sarcastically. "Maybe you'll be so kind as to enlighten my benighted understanding."

Sour shook himself together with an effort and proceeded seriously: "Well, Beaton rushed over the gang plank to the official man chaser and says 'Why, I don't know you was going away.' 'You didn't?' says the detective. 'You ain't going without paying me my money,' says Beaton. 'I offered to settle with you once,' says the detective. 'Well, hurry up and say what's the best you can do,' says Beaton. The official haggled and chewed the rag and the departure whistle started to blow and Beaton hastily accepted fifty dollars and a promise of the rest when the claim was sold."

Sour had been threatening a seismic disturbance and now broke out in a fit of silent chuckling. He held his sides and swayed from side to side, dislodging a pile of evaporated onions behind him.

Chee's lips curled in derision and he spoke loftily: "So that's the point, is it? It's real funny, too," and Chee sternly repressed a desire to give his friend a shove over into a pile of belated last year's eggs which were lying around in open boxes. "I'm tickled to death to see the point."

Sour brought himself together with a great effort and replied: "Why, you blooming chump, I haven't got to the point yet. Why can't you wait a bit. You see the whistle blew again and they hurriedly settled on the \$50 basis, and then Beaton sprang across the gang plank to the dock, and the detective followed him to shove. 'I thought you was going away,' says Beaton. 'You're off your nut,' says the official. 'I never said I was going.' 'No, but we settled on that basis,' says Beaton, 'and I think you intended to fool me.' 'Well, you damned fool, if I can settle my bills better on the deck of a steamer than on dry land I'm going to do it.'"

"So that's the point?" said Chee.

"Yes, that's the point," and Sour led his friend through the maze of wagons on Front street to Billy Lloyd's.

The NUGGET is published on every Wednesday and Saturday.

Not Included in the Bill.

There is a humorous side to even the joyless life of a Klondiker. The steamer Clats is advertised for a trip up the river to White Horse. A hand-bill from the office of our contemporary sets forth to the world that on that boat greatly reduced rates will prevail; that meals will be extra but births free. The document in question does not advise the public whether or not medical attention or nursing is also included.

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