

The Klondike Nugget

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KLONDIKE NUGGET, MONDAY, MARCH 16, 1903.

TREADGOLD A MENACE.

Dawson has greater resources behind it today than any other placer camp in the world. This statement is made unreservedly and without fear of successful contradiction.

President Roosevelt's blunt, common sense way of dealing with trusts has not had the effect of making the trust-makers his enemies.

A few keen stiletos are already in process of burning for use on the political anatomy of Joseph Andrew when the next Dominion election rolls around.

The grand jury indictment does not seem to have created a great impression upon Mayor Tom Humes of Seattle—other than to affect his risibles.

Overloaded dog teams may be seen leaving for Tanana almost daily. Something should be done to prevent such cruelty.

The people must stand together for a public water system or they stand an excellent chance of being lost in the shuffle.

Suspended From Duty. St. Louis, March 3.—Police Captain Sam Boyd, of the Fourth district, was suspended today after a conference with Chief Kiely and President Harry B. Hawes, of the police board.

There is no desire on the part of the government to see this territory gradually lose its population to Alaska, and that is exactly what will occur if the Treadgold grants are confirmed.

While very little is being said, it remains a fact that considerable is being done in the direction of quartz development. In a quiet way a good many thousands of dollars have been expended on quartz property this winter and the present activity will

be greatly increased with the approach of warm weather. The Nugget is informed upon excellent authority that a ten stamp mill will be placed on one group of properties at an early date, which fact in itself is an indication of the course toward which events are shaping.

Commissioner Congdon will undoubtedly be able to throw light upon the government's intentions with respect to the Treadgold matter. The premier's telegram dealing with the subject is not as clear as might be desired and on that account the information which the new commissioner will bring with him will be awaited with all the more eagerness.

It is satisfactory to note the fact that men who have heavy interests at stake in the town and throughout the adjacent mining district are now interesting themselves in the matter of pressing upon government attention the necessity of granting important legislative reforms.

President Roosevelt's blunt, common sense way of dealing with trusts has not had the effect of making the trust-makers his enemies. In fact certain of the most prominent among them have indicated their approval of Roosevelt's policy as tending to afford protection both to their own interests and those of the public as well.

A few keen stiletos are already in process of burning for use on the political anatomy of Joseph Andrew when the next Dominion election rolls around. The fraternal exchanges now in progress among the self-styled opposition leaders is merely evidence of the fact that there is no campaign immediately pending.

The grand jury indictment does not seem to have created a great impression upon Mayor Tom Humes of Seattle—other than to affect his risibles. He takes the position that the people elected him upon a specified policy and that in carrying out that policy he merely followed instructions.

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There is no desire on the part of the government to see this territory gradually lose its population to Alaska, and that is exactly what will occur if the Treadgold grants are confirmed. It does not require a prophet to see the point of the argument for the facts in the case are altogether too plain.

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HER CHAFING DISH

"Gracious goodness!" groaned Betty as the door closed on the last lingerer. "It's over, and if I ever give another one you may shoot me, Jim."

After all, the last lingerer still lingered, but there were reasons. Jim was properly surprised and masculine in obtuse.

"What was wrong?" he inquired, amiably. "The whole thing was a howling success, your chafing dish mess didn't boil over or burn and Thompson made seventeen different kinds of a fool of himself! What more do you want?"

"Peace of mind," said Betty, solemnly. "Are you sure, Jim, you don't feel ill? Are you just as well as you ever were?"

"I can stand anything but one of your rarebits, Betty," said Jim, tactfully, "and since tonight it happened to be oysters, I'm all right. What's up?"

Betty sunk down wearily on one of the high chairs. "After all, it was your fault," she began. Jim raised his eyebrows resignedly. "If you hadn't dropped the standard to my chafing dish last Sunday night when we came home starved to death, I shouldn't have had to have it mended up for tonight."

"I got another letter from Bertha two days ago, and in the letter was a list of things I would need for the trip. I would require very few clothes besides my travelling suit, but I was to take along plenty of material for fancywork; some good books, a pair of sheets and pillow-cases, a comforter, a hammock, five pounds of candy and, above all, a revolver—as big as one as I could handle—and plenty of cartridges."

"On Bertha's claim was a small building with one room and a little lean-to for a kitchen. There was one broad window, the roof was low and two sides of Bertha's little house were covered with morning-glory vines and blossoms. The nearest habitation was more than a mile away."

"In such a retreat you may imagine the kind of time we had. We waded on the sandy bottom of the Cheyenne, boated on Little Crown, carried water from a spring on a neighboring hillside and lived through the one really exciting event of my whole life."

"One dark, rainy night Bertha and I awoke at the same instant, each with the same impression. Some one was trying to pry open the window. "Well, we leveled our revolvers, guessing the location of the window, and pulled the triggers as fast as our fingers could work them. When the last chamber had been emptied all was still but our breathing. The little room was full of smoke and we managed to open a ventilator in the kitchen, but neither would stir out."

found me simply howling, and she said timidly that her sister in Pullman had a chafing dish that looked very nice and would I use it? So I sent her on a dead run for the next train and I telephoned papa and Dick not to come to dinner at all, and I began to set the table and was sure all the time that Nannie's sister was giving a chafing-dish reception and high tea to an Pullman. But at 7 o'clock she showed up with it, and at 8 o'clock you people began to come and at 9 o'clock we went out to the dining room."

"And then things were all right," said Betty, comfortably.

Betty leaned forward. "Jim," she whispered, "it was all right while the butter and celery were cooking and when I put in the milk. But when I put in the oysters—oh, did you see the slump in the cracker crumbs? Oh, Jim, it didn't taste—but is sour milk and oysters poison? For that dreadful milk curdled and I took chances and dished it out. And I shall never give another!"—Chicago News.

WHERE ALL THE BULLETS WENT TO

"When my cousin Bertha wrote me that she was going to North Dakota to serve the last six months of proving a claim and invited me to go along with her I was wild with delight at the idea," said the north side girl. "You see, I knew that I should have papa's sanction at the start. He had always been telling me that he would like to feel that his big, brave daughter if thrown on her own resources would get on well."

"Well, I quoted these remarks at him and so won him over. Then the two of us wrung mamma's reluctant consent from her. "That's the way I got a chance to try my spunk, as papa said. "I got another letter from Bertha two days ago, and in the letter was a list of things I would need for the trip. I would require very few clothes besides my travelling suit, but I was to take along plenty of material for fancywork; some good books, a pair of sheets and pillow-cases, a comforter, a hammock, five pounds of candy and, above all, a revolver—as big as one as I could handle—and plenty of cartridges."

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side the door or even strike a light. We lay awake for what seemed to be many hours, with reloaded weapons in our hands, until at last we dropped asleep. "The first thing we did in the morning was to look at the window, every pane of which we expected to see shattered. But there wasn't a single broken pane, nor a hole in the door or in the side of the cabin. There wasn't a single bullet hole to be found."

"Then there came to Bertha a thought. I agreed with her that we had been given blank cartridges."

"In a day or so we had got well over our fright. Our departure was approaching and we began making preparations to return home. In one corner of the room was a little clothes press, if it may be called by that name. At the top was a three-cornered shelf, and under it a double row of hooks. It was covered with a chintz curtain that touched the floor. In this we had hung our traveling suits and other garments, and we now prepared to take them out and hang them on a line out in the sun to air. No sooner had we put the garments on the line than we were both struck with their condition. Our shirts looked as if a dozen red-hot cinders had dropped on the shirt waist; were shattered as if pounded with a hammer, and our stocks and other things were the worst-looking objects imaginable."

"What in the world!" we both started to say. Then Bertha suddenly darted to the outside corner of the house where the closet was. Quickly tearing away the morning glory vines she brought to view the weather boarding, which presented a strange sight. It was as full of holes as the top of a pepper box.

"How it happened I can't explain. Indeed, I wouldn't if I could!"—Chicago News.

They Killed Her Cow

An action of trover and trespass has been brought against Ernest Hitchcock of Pittsford, as member of the state board of cattle commissioners, by Mrs. C. B. Loggins of Williston. This is a test case determined upon by the Williston farmers who pledged the money required for it, and are supporting the plaintiff. Many cattle were killed in 1901-2 in Williston by order of the cattle commissioner and bitter hatred of the board was engendered thereby. Mrs. Loggins had a herd of 17 cattle tested and of that number nine were ordered killed, and for them she received from the state \$84. Mr. Hitchcock never made an examination of the cattle after they were killed to determine if they were diseased and is therefore liable. The action is returnable at the March term of Chittenden county court. At the time of the killing, 3,471 cattle were tested in Williston and of that number 911 were killed, the owners receiving \$14,351 for them.

Makes Record Voyage

Vancouver, B.C., March 3.—Steamer City of Seattle, Capt. Jansen, arrived tonight from Skagway, completing a record-breaking run from Ketchikan to Vancouver. She made that part of the trip, 865 miles, in 41 hours, and will finish the run to Seattle tonight in a total of 50 hours. The trip was like a summer run, with neither fog nor wind. Eleven of the thirty-eight passengers who came by the Seattle were from Dawson, and they will be amongst the last to come out before the opening of navigation. The last two stages which arrived at Whitehorse brought practically no passengers at all, but travel down river to Dawson is fairly good.

The White Pass & Yukon Route. PASSENGER AND MAIL SERVICE. DAWSON TO WHITEHORSE. The only line maintaining regular relay stages with fresh horses every 23 miles. Fares lower—time faster—most comfortable only at the best road houses. LEAVE DAWSON—Mondays - Wednesdays - Fridays, 1 p. m. - Sundays, 9 a. m.

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Burlington Route. No matter to what extent point you may be destined, your ticket should read Via the Burlington. PUGET SOUND AGENT M. P. BENTON, 103 Pioneer Square, SEATTLE, WA.

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The Northwestern Line. Is the Short Line to Chicago and All Eastern Points. All through trains from the North Pacific Coast connect with this line in the Union Depot at St. Paul. Travelers from the North are invited to communicate with F. W. Parker, Gen'l Agent, Seattle, Wa.

Pacific Packing and Navigation Co. Successors to Pacific Steam Whaling Co. FOR Copper River and Cook's Inlet. YAKUTAT, ORCA, VALDEZ, HOMER. FOR ALL PORTS in Western Alaska Steamer Newport. OFFICES SEATTLE: Cor. First Ave. and Yester Way. SAN FRANCISCO: No. 30 California Street.

GO TO THE GRAND FANCY DRESS CARNIVAL. At the SKATING RINK ON St. Patrick's Eve., Monday, March 16. Lady Skaters Free. General Admission 50c. Costumes May be obtained from Professor E. Searell and from R. Thorne, Auditorium.

SHOES. I am showing a Full Line of Ladies' and Children's Lace, Button, Oxfords and Slippers. RED KID SHOES FOR CHILDREN. J. P. McLENNAN 233 FRONT ST Phone 101-B Agent for Standard Patterns.

The Jane Hawkins and had a mind her own. Jane's kind to make even People whispered of a shrew, but the suitors from h Jane Hawkins w ting this with the \$150,000 in her ow as sh pleased, n with more than power. Billy Ord kin, both clerks had come within influence, and they the rest. Now, while Jane mind, she didn't time. She had mind of hers, l liked Billy Ordway equally well, and s half-assured withi would marry the who should offer hi Now if the two know this mental Hawkins each would neck in the effort to and on his knees, I know it, however, the arctic about h tropics. She couldn demonstrate if sh on Deacon Hill. Tom Jenkins were a question, and that's short of it. One night the two with other when calli View heires. It wa ter night one year a rituals for the hand o man are calling on be of the liveliest kind o there is nothing do was the case that nigh Billy Ordway said o the age of Heatsie Har Jane. "She's 25," sa kins rather sharply, says she's only 21. By birthday is tomorrow going to tell you how e "I hope you will hav eris," said Tom Jen stumbling incapacity to brighter. "Oh, I'm not of a pe tion," said Jane; "I' away something on my nerve anything," an woman cast a look th meaning in it on both their looks in the big Eddy Ordway and Tom up a great thinking. Th ing over in their mind mark of Jane Hawkins, to himself. "Tonight the birthday is the time question," and each add "I don't believe the othe go two nights in success chase, sure enough. "After banking hours I' struck out for his room dressed himself until a and as did one of the b he poked down every books of the bank. Tom Jenkins likewise be his room and made a toilet. Then both young of got walled impatiently "use to come when they property starts out to mak call upon which so m ed. Tom Jenkins turned in time to see Billy Ord way to his buttonhole b large ear bound for Lake also, across himself, had note the extreme care w Billy Ordway had attie from his petest leather sh oit, hat. "Great boots," to himself, "he's bound on record-I am: I must get the elevated will be a registered avenue by ten And Tom boiled through crowd and up the steps of t like the old-time bolt snow-blow. He caught a tra was pulling out of the st into a seat, congratula and on his luck. Now for Billy Ordway. Th which he had reached a point the tunnel under the rive cable had itself up in h and the car came to a s "It'll be all right in a few d and the conductor remonstrat to Billy and the rest of the gers kept their seats. Half an hour passed, and th the sign of an untying of the cable. Billy's impatient