

The Klondike Nugget

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GRIM PATHOS.

In yesterday's issue of this paper the fact was recorded that Fred Hutchinson, an early Yukon pioneer, is dead. There is nothing particularly startling in the event itself, for death is something of too ordinary occurrence to attract more than passing notice. In this particular case, however, there is an element of pathos which may well occasion a moment's reflection. Twelve years—the best years of his life—were spent by Mr. Hutchinson at various points in the Yukon valley. He was one of the few who piloted the way for the many. As was the case with scores of others who came in the early days, fortune played him many a trick before finally smiling upon his efforts. Twelve years of exposure to the varying hardships of Yukon pioneer life brought him at last to the coveted goal and he was able to return to his home with a fortune which to most people would represent fabulous wealth.

Twelve years of toil and hardship, of exposure and privation brought him to fortune, but brought him also to death's door.

In the struggle for wealth he was the victor, but in struggling for life in which to enjoy the fruits of his toil, he was compelled to yield. Such, alas, is altogether too often the fate of the pioneer—the man who paves the way and makes smooth travelling for those who come after. If the truth were known of all the lives which have been given up in the work of establishing this northern country as being fit for human habitation the world would stand aghast. For the most part such things seldom become known. Many a victim has been claimed in the struggle whose name even has never been recorded. Nature has yielded her grip upon the icy wilderness of the Yukon valley with the utmost reluctance, and in doing so has demanded and received a sacrifice of human life and human effort appalling almost to contemplate.

It is not hard to understand, however, that men may lose their lives while in the thick of such a struggle. But to die when the palm of victory has just been won, and enjoyment of the fruits thereof is just at hand, furnishes an example of intermingled pathos and tragedy which cannot but affect the most calloused, and which almost passes finite comprehension.

Twelve months ago the cleanup on the various creeks was in full swing and a goodly quantity of dust had been brought to Dawson and found its way into the channels of trade. The unexpected backwardness of the season this year has caused the dullness of winter to be felt in commercial circles rather longer than usual. It goes without saying, however, that conditions will continue for a short time only. Cool weather may delay matters for a short time but in the end the Klondike's golden harvest will be larger for the current season than ever before.

GOOD ROADS.

The government has placed men at work on a number of the roads leading to the various creeks, and improved conditions of travel may be looked for in the very near future. Under any circumstances the roads would be in a more or less bad condition at this particular time of the year. Prompt attention is, therefore, all the more necessary. The best investment the government has made in the territory is the system of public roads, which has been constructed. It is just as important, however, that the roads should be kept in repair as it is that they be made in the first place.

Money expended for the purpose of keeping the public highways in good condition is money well and properly invested. Every effort on the part of the government along the line of improving the conditions under which the miner labors means ultimately increased governmental revenues for a proportion of every dollar's worth of gold taken from the grounds, sooner or later finds its way into the Dominion treasury. In point of importance to the success of the miner, a good road is almost as valuable as a good claim.

There appears to have been little or no ground for rumored reports of small-

pox cases which recently have come in from the outside. If someone will come forward and explain what advantage accrues from spreading such dangerous and absurd rumors the community at large will be under distinct obligations.

The order issued by Superintendent Primrose requiring that all dogs be tied up has had a most wholesome effect. Rigid enforcement of the order for a short time should serve to stamp out entirely all lingering traces of rabies.

A CZAR OF LABOR.

In watching the development of the gigantic combinations of capital that have been the most striking incidents in the recent life of our neighbors there can be no doubt that a common thought has been what the relations between such irresistible aggregations and their workmen would be. The thought has doubtless been an uppermost one in the minds of the thousands who derive a living in the multiplied industries over which Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan is the czar. It appears that we may not have long to wait for an answer. The coal miners of the Scranton region, over which the recently formed steel trust exercises unquestioned sway, are again preferring requests to their masters, and in default of a satisfactory answer may go out on strike. President Mitchell of the men's association has been in New York for some days endeavoring to obtain an interview with Mr. Morgan or some one entitled to speak for him, but so far he has not been successful in seeing the great magnate. Indeed, the latter declines to hold any conference with the men or their representatives, but being interviewed by Father Phillips, a clergyman deeply interested in the welfare of the men, he stated confidently and assuringly that there will be no strike, and, relying on this assurance, there does not seem to be much apprehension in the Scranton region.

There can be no question but that the great trust is in a position to be fair to its men. The excuse which has served for justifying an inexorable attitude towards employees exists but to a very small extent in the case of the steel trust. They are supreme in the half dozen industries that go to the production of steel. It is shrewdly suspected that even Mr. Carnegie was not an altogether free agent. Messrs. Rockefeller and Morgan were in a position, it is said, to make it very difficult for him to get either coal or ore in sufficient quantities, qualities or values to keep up his output. Where Andrew Carnegie could not live other men will be too wise to venture. The trust has, therefore, the whole vast market of the United States in its hands. It has no real competitor. It can make prices whatsoever it chooses. It will not have the excuse, therefore, that it grinds the faces of its employees in order to meet the tactics of a rival manufacturer. It can be generous to its employees, and put their wages on the price of its commodity. Will it? It appears as if an answer to the question may not long be delayed.

If it chooses the other course its power for evil would be enormous. Half a dozen of the great industries, with all their workmen and the thousands of women and children dependent on them, are in their hands. In actuality this is the case. Potentially, of course, the proposition might be stated in converse terms. Mr. Carnegie's millions and the whole fabric which includes them have come into existence by reason of the humble toil of those grimy men working in the coal mines, iron mines and blast furnaces of Pennsylvania and other states. It is estimated that in the one industry in which the strike is threatened 145,000 men are employed, and that 600,000 women and children are dependent on them.—Toronto Globe.

WORKING IN THE LOBBIES.

The Toronto Globe signs for some Carrie Nation to descend upon Ottawa and cut down the lobbyists to the last man. The Dominion parliament is evidently not so easily "worked" as that of British Columbia. One company seems to control the horse here. When it says "Don't grant that charter until I give the word that the interests of the country are safe," a sufficient number of the members for its purpose are speechless and helpless. It has issued a decree to the effect that the Crow's Nest Southern Railway company has agreed to accept its terms and the members of the British Columbia legislature have virtually been informed that they may now proceed with the business which the people elected them to transact. The railway company perceives that its autocratic attitude has aroused public opinion against it to a dangerous point, and it has instructed one of its servants in the house to incorporate a farcical clause in the bill purporting to bind the Crow's Nest company to give the Canadian smelters the precedence in supplies of coal and coke. Even the legislature is compelled to justify the actions of the C. P. R. The former attitude of the valiant patriot would have made it

ridiculous if it had withdrawn without some sort of explanation.

It may be out of place to point out to the agents of this autocratic, patriotic corporation that by their high-handed proceedings they are arousing a feeling of antagonism and resentment towards their company that may be found difficult to allay when the time comes, as it surely will, when the good will of the country will be considered of some value. An attempt was made in the railway committee at Ottawa to strangle a scheme of Mackenzie & Mann in Manitoba that the C. P. R. did not approve of. But the committee did approve of it and all the eloquence of Judge Clarke, whose occupation in life is to attend to the interests of the C. P. R. at the Dominion capital, proved unavailing. The judge intimated that the committee had departed in an extraordinary manner from the precedent, and a member from the Northwest intimated that it was a healthy sign for the country that such was the case. Formerly all the C. P. R. had to do was to ask for anything it wanted. Mr. Blair, the Minister of Railways, informed the judge that the interests of the people were fully as worthy of consideration as those of any railway company.

The day may come when the voice of the charmer who sings his alluring song in the lobbies will no longer be heard and the chief business of the legislator will be to protect the interests of those who elected him to represent them.—Victoria Times.

A Fortune for Some One.

In the northwest corner of Colorado there awaits a tidy fortune for the man or set of men who can devise and execute some scheme to corral it.

Here in what may be truly called "Unknown Colorado," is a country still in that interesting border condition between the passing of the Indians, the trapper and the hunter and the advent of the settler. This region is so recently vacated by the Indians that the legends about them are still fresh. There are cattle on a thousand hills, free of brand, and not a bill of sale for them held by any man.

They are to be had for catching. With a wagonload of food, a few cow ponies and plenty of grit you may secure over 2000 fat and fine beef cattle.

The old time cowboys of Routt and Rio Blanco counties know of their existence, and more than one has tried by some means to become their owner. In the folklore of the country two stories are told. When the Mormons, or Latter Day Saints, of Utah, were traveling the desert in search of the Zion, they struck portions of what is now Colorado. In order to better spy out the land, their forces were divided into several parties. One took a route through Fort Collins and crossed North Park from corner to corner. Continuing, it went through Egeria and Twenty-Mile Parks into what is now Routt county. It camped one night in a large bottom, after its usual fashion. A terrible mountain storm blew up at midnight, and the cattle, which were browsing near by became terrified. The customary plan of circling about them failed to check the runaway, and soon 1000 head or more were coursing madly down the gulch.

The roughness of the country, the blackness of the night and the absolute madness of the cattle made it impossible for the Mormons to head them off. When the storm ceased and the morning broke 1000 mangled beaver were found piled one on the other at the foot of a tremendous cliff.

The pilgrims passed on, and today there still remains a huge pile of bleached bones to mark the site of the catastrophe. A few of the cattle, however, the last to go over the bank, and whose fall was broken by the mass beneath, managed to crawl out, maimed and bruised, to wander forth and propagate and multiply into the herd that now inhabits the valleys of the Snake and Bear rivers.

The other solution is credited to the Indian department. Cattle furnished to the various Indian agencies were all branded with Uncle Sam's special "I. D."

It is told that when the Indians were transferred from the range of the White river to their present reservations in Utah, the department cattle were hastily and carelessly rounded up and sent with them. Later round-ups developed the fact that a large number of cattle had been overlooked. It is supposed that the present cattle are the offspring of others who escaped the second and third of those haphazard round-ups.—Ex.

Vest-Pocket Guide.

The Yukon Vest Pocket Guide compiled and published by Miss Alice McAndrews, is now out and is on sale at the various news and book stores of the city. It is replete with valuable information to the miner and prospector and is likewise a good business directory of Dawson, Grand Forks and the various creeks. Every man in the Klondike should provide himself with a copy of the Yukon Vest Pocket Guide which he can do at \$1 per copy.

The Massachusetts Frog Company has just been incorporated in Maine, with a capital of \$5000, its object being declared in the application to be "to buy, sell, breed and import frogs and like animals."

WAS TROUBLED WITH GERMS

Burrowing Into His System Like Prairie Dogs

And Began to Die Himself and Grow Thin—Common Sense Ideas of George Ade.

Once there was a thoughtless man who had been plugging along, eating three square ones each day, gaining about a pound a month, and not taking any care of himself at all.

One night he happened in on a lecture course to find out the germ theory of disease. When the pictures were shot on the screen, he learned that ordinary drinking water and many kinds of food, such as he had been using, were chock full of three-eyed dinguses with curly tails and long feelers. The lecturer explained that when a few flocks of these organisms moved into a gentleman and began to play house and nibble around, it usually meant that there was going to be another order for satin lining and silver handles.

The man who had been knocking around for thirty-eight years, drinking out of hydrants and troughs and eating any old thing that could be masticated, was scared stiff when he realized how many thousands of times he had firted with death.

From that moment he decided that he would not touch any water unless it had been boiled and skimmed. When he couldn't get boiled water, he would demand Vishy or Deep Rock or a certain Lithia containing .007 parts of sillykilate of polarium, which is good for whatever you happen to have at the time.

Occasionally he would forget and take a swig of plain water, the same as other people were drinking. Then, when it was too late, he would recall those pictures of the germs, and he could imagine a whole menagerie of these little animals grazing around through his inwards and leading bold expeditions into the most remote corridors of his being. After he had thought about them for a while, they would seem to be about the size of oyster crabs and sometimes it seemed to him he could feel their little claws tickle when they were doing a Mobile buck on the gleaming surface of his diaphragm. He wondered what would happen to him when all of them strated to gnaw their way out.

He began to wear a haggard, persecuted look. The microbes were hidin' at every corner, waiting to pounce out at him. In order to be able to stand them off, he consulted the authorities and found that it was no use. The crafty little creatures were floating around in the air and the only way to beat them was to breathe through a sieve. They were camped out by the million on a moldy piece of bread, while one cubic inch of Roquefort cheese contained 14,500,000 of them, many of them bearded and wearing curved horns, the same as a Billy goat. He began to drink carboic acid. It is horrible to know that while one is slumbering, the brutal bacilli are climbing up the brass bedstead and over the flowered spread and tunneling into the system from all directions. When a man begins to realize that he is merely a repository for a large zoo of micro-cannibals, he feels unworthy and discouraged.

This man became so worried and apprehensive that he could not sleep of nights. So he began to read up on nervousness and learned that he would have to let up on tea and coffee and cigars and pastry and nearly everything else that he really liked. He put himself on a diet of asbestos breakfast biscuit, and some other kind of health fodder which resembled the excelsior packing that comes around lamp chimneys. When he was thirsty he had a little sterilized milk or a nice refreshing cup of would-be imitation coffee, made out of purified barley. He began to take his temperature and examine his blood under a microscope. When he discovered that a minute form of tadpole was playing hide-and-seek among the corpuscles, he gave a low moan and ordered a fresh lot of insect powder.

Now, it is well established that he who begins to scrutinize his interior economy and brood over the conduct of the germs that he happens to be chaperoning, will get ready, sooner or later, to do what is known as the appendicitis act. Every time this man had a stitch in the side, he went and shaved himself and brushed his hair and got ready to make a neat, respectable appearance on the operating table. Then the doctor would come and go over him with a silver plated tack hammer and try to locate the imaginary lumps. It would require an awful argument to convince the man that he was all right.

As might have been expected, he began to get daffy on the subject of nutritive qualities in food. This was another wild tack, for which the scientific works and the health hints in the paper were responsible. At the table he would poke suspiciously at the dishes and want to know how much

nitrogen, carbon, starch, dextrine, sugar and albumin they contained. It took away the appetite of those who had to associate with him. Instead of going ahead and eating, he merely monkeyed with chemical compounds and used his stomach as a resort. He began to exhibit the jerky mannerisms of a Kansas reformer and it was whispered at the office that he was slightly touched. But he was not. He was simply making a consistent effort to conform to the new fangled science of living, and it was wearing him to a rack of bones.

One day while he was in a condition of panic from having, in an unguarded moment, eaten some undone ham which probably contained the deadly trichinae, he walked his brother Thomas, who was traveling auditor for an investment company. Thomas was fat and sassy, with a patch of red on each cheek.

"Ah, brother," said the germ gladiator, "I judge by your nippy appearance you have been subsisting on gluten and dodging the bacilli."

"What in thunder are bacilli?" asked brother Thomas.

"Surely you are aware that the universe lately has been overrun by small bugs, invisible to the naked eye," said the learned brother. "If a buff bacillus with a blue stinger gets into you, it means lumbago. If one of the six-legged fellows with a plaid husk starts a hatchery somewhere on your preserves, then you may consider yourself elected for spinal meningitis, and so on. There are now over 800 varieties running at large, seeking whom they may devour. I have figured that it is impossible for any person to escape them for any length of time. Our only hope is to prepare for the battle by eating petrified wafers, drinking antiseptic and keeping a private drug store in the closet. For three months I have been in a hand-to-hand struggle. I am still in the ring, but I am getting wobbly. I can never tell what minute a germ is going to sneak up behind me and soak me good. It keeps me pretty busy when one has to have one's eye peeled for 800 different kinds, knowing that the whole push has it in for one."

"That is strange," said brother Thomas. "I have been all over the country putting up at bad-beanereries, eating and drinking everything I wanted from pie to Pilsner, drinking 87 different samples of well water in country hotels, and raising Cain generally. I have not carried any drugs with me. Neither have I sat up at night to throttle the animalcule when they came in through the window to do me dirt. How does it happen that I, who have taken no precautions, am strong as an ox and feeling boss, while you, who have been making such an intelligent warfare on the little rascals, look as if you were ripe for a plain white coat in the ward for incurables?"

"It seems," said the sufferer, "that the pesky things show a spirit of retaliation. They get after the people who are trying to investigate them."

Moral.—Never assume a sleeping germ.

GEORGE ADE.

Mrs. Nation as a Schoolgirl.

The older people of Versailles, Woodford county, Ky., are now talking of Carrie Nation, the Kansas saloon smasher, as they knew her when she was a little school girl.

She was a flaxen haired, rollicking girl of 12 years, whose father, George Moore, 40 years ago, owned one of the handsomest country places on the turnpike.

Carrie Moore exhibited as a school girl the same traits of leadership, courage and determination which now characterize her assaults on the saloons.

George Moore, Mrs. Nation's father, came to Versailles in 1853. He was born in the Walnut Hills neighborhood, nine miles from Lexington, Ky. He first married a Miss Bowman, of Fayette county, by whom he had one daughter, who is remembered as a very beautiful girl and a great belle.

His second wife, the mother of Mrs. Nation, was Miss Campbell, of Boyle county, Ky. Another daughter, Mary, and several sons were born to the union. Carrie (Mrs. Nation) was born in Boyle county.

She was nine years old when her parents removed to Woodford. The family was very prominent there. Mr. Moore was a farmer and live stock trader, and his standing in the community was excellent. During part of his residence there he was very wealthy, but he is said to have lost heavily in trading and speculation.

Upon the summit of a hill just back of the Moore farm there is still standing an old stone schoolhouse, where, during the fifties, Prof. Hanna, a schoolmaster from Pennsylvania, instructed the children of the neighborhood in mathematics, spelling and history.

VARIOUS COMMITTEES MEET

And Submit Reports on Celebration Details.

Victoria Day Will be Gala Event in Dawson—Much Interest is Being Taken.

From Friday's Daily. The committees having in charge the arrangements for the proper observance of Victoria day by the citizens of Dawson and surrounding territory are working hard to make the celebration the best which has ever taken place in Dawson. A meeting of the general committee was held last evening and the various sub-committees presented reports which show that the arrangements are rapidly being completed and everything will be in readiness by the 24th.

The chairman of the committee presided and the following reports were received:

Finance committee—Messrs. Spitzel and Tobin reported on behalf of this committee, and advised the meeting that they had so far collected \$100, though very little canvassing had been done. They were satisfied that they would collect sufficient money to meet all the requirements of the celebration. Received.

Printing—Capt. Woodside stated that his committee had placed the following work: Three hundred full street posters to the News; 75 ribbon badges to the Morning Journal; also copies to the amount of \$15 in each newspaper. It was resolved to call for tenders for the best cash offer for the right to print and distribute the program of events for the day.

Sports—The secretary read the report of the above committee as already published, which was received with the following amendment: Greasy pole event to be eliminated.

On the motion of Messrs. McLennan and Clarke, the matter of awarding a prize to a football game to be held on the day of the sports was left in the hands of the sports committee.

Parade—Mr. Hugh McKinnon, on behalf of the parade committee, stated that as the result of an interview with Commissioner Ross, that worthy gentleman had promised to help the committee in the matter of clearing the streets, and would do his utmost to help them in every way possible. He would also be happy to open the day in proper form. Received.

General—Mr. McKinnon was elected manager in chief of the sports. The following names were added to the committee: Chas. Barwell, Geo. Noble, John Grant, Dr. McFarlane, Frank Johnson, J. L. Timmins, E. B. Condon, Messrs. Orr and Tukey.

A special committee consisting of the chairman and Messrs. McLennan and Falconer was appointed to call on the school authorities with a view to getting the school children to sing a few patriotic songs during the morning.

Moved by W. M. McKay, seconded by R. P. McLennan, that it is the sense of this meeting that strenuous efforts should be made to have a permanent park for the town of Dawson, and that object in view the secretary be instructed to write to the council requesting them to set aside a piece of reserve ground that may be used for athletic purposes, and thereby alleviate the great difficulty the citizens have to contend with in the matter of arranging a day of recreation such as this committee purposes doing. Carried unanimously.

The meeting then adjourned till Tuesday evening at 8:30 at the Board of Trade rooms.

PERSONALITIES.

Mme. Modjeska is no longer under a decree of banishment and may return to her Poland if she will.

In his boyhood laziness was the prevailing sin of Kitchener. His father sent him to a school for girls as a heroic remedy.

Senator Warren of Wyoming is the only man of his business in the senate. He is an undertaker in Cheyenne, although proprietor of a general store.

Baron Armand Rothschild of Paris, the nephew of the late Baron Rothschild, will take over the direction of the Rothschild banking house in Frankfurt.

Former Speaker Thomas B. Reed says that he is eschewing politics not only in his actions, but in his conversations. He is a lawyer now, and a lawyer only.

Two of the very greatest men of the nineteenth century were born on one and the same day—Charles Darwin and Abraham Lincoln, who both first saw light on February 12, 1809.

Capt. Nehemiah Mayo Dyer, who commanded the cruiser Baltimore during the battle of Manila bay on May 1, 1898, has been placed on the retired list by reason of the age limit.

The Duke of Abruzzi, in honor of his own expedition, was the other day declared by the local government a citizen of Rome upon the occasion of his lecture on the polar regions.