

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 212
(DAWSON'S BUSINESS PAPER)
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.
ALEX. BIRD, Publisher

THE SEMI-WEEKLY NUGGET.

The very best way to keep your friends on the outside posted about affairs in Dawson and the adjacent mining district is through the Nugget's Semi-Weekly edition. The Semi-Weekly Nugget contains in each issue a volume of information which exactly fills the requirements of the parties on the outside who desire to keep in touch with local and territorial affairs. Each number contains eight pages—forty-eight columns—of bright, newsy matter and no event of interest or importance is omitted. The Semi-Weekly is mailed regularly to outside subscribers without extra charge. Send it to your friends and save letter writing.

PREDICTIONS NOT REALIZED.

The flow of gold dust from the creeks to Dawson has already begun. Each day offers a little longer time available for sluicing and it is now only a question of a very short time until every creek in the district upon which dumps have been taken out will be the scene of the utmost activity. The Klondike's harvest time is at hand, and from every indication the harvest will be more valuable this year than ever before.

The pessimistic predictions so freely volunteered three years ago are no longer heard. It was quite the thing at that time to hear the life of the Klondike as a profitable field for mining operations placed at three or four years. Old miners who claimed to have all the history of placer mining at their fingers' ends, from the days of the California discoveries down to the present time, were accustomed to look wise when talking of the life of the Klondike and many of them did not hesitate to place the limit under five years.

Time has amply demonstrated, however, that all such predictions were entirely without foundation. At the end of three years of constant development work it is now the almost unanimous verdict of those who are in closest touch with the actual conditions surrounding the mining industry of this territory, that it is as yet only in its infancy.

Not only is it a fact that a larger number of men are now at work than ever before but it is likewise true that each man under present conditions represents the accomplishment of a much greater amount of work within a given time than was the case when the old methods of operation prevailed.

The actual working area has increased so rapidly that at the present time when—according to early predictions—the mining industry should be on the wane, a larger amount of ground is under actual process of development than ever before.

In this connection it is a significant fact that the largest holders of Klondike mining properties are today our heaviest investors. It is none the less significant that the government has now under construction or in contemplation a system of public improvements based entirely upon the conviction that the Yukon is a country of stability and permanence.

It may be set down, therefore, as a proposition incapable of dispute, that the early predictions that the mining industry in this territory would be short lived, are entirely erroneous. Three years of increasing growth and expansion have served to disprove such theories entirely. It is not now a question as to how many years the Yukon will live. The question now is how long it will be before we outstrip some of the older territories. It would not be surprising in the end should this territory cause British Columbia, even, to look well to her laurels.

VICTORIA DAY.

General interest is being manifested in the preparations now being made to properly observe the return of Queen Victoria's birthday. It is in every respect fitting and proper that due recognition be given to the day. "Victoria day" as it has been officially termed, will hereafter be observed by British subjects the world over, as an event commemorative of the brightest epoch in English history. The day is to be observed not alone as marking the birthday of a sovereign who ruled with distinction beyond the term of an ordinary life time.

It will serve to recall the era in which the greatest of Britain's marvelous achievements have been accomplished. The Victorian period is filled with the names of men who have left to posterity monuments of the most enduring nature. In every sphere of human activity the Victoria era has scored its triumph. Victoria day is well named for during the period for which it stands, Britain won her greatest conquests, both of peace and war.

The twenty-fourth of May is rightly entitled to a high position among British holidays, and we have no doubt that Dawson will join most enthusiastically in arranging an appropriate celebration for the day. Previous efforts along the same line have invariably met with success and there is every reason for belief—in spite of the shortness of the time—that a most successful program of exercises and sports can be arranged.

The Nugget bespeaks hearty support to the movement.

HUNKER CREEK ROADS.

Hunker creek miners have a good strong, legitimate objection to offer as to the manner in which that creek has been treated in the matter of road construction. Hunker is one of the oldest creeks in the district. Its reputation as a gold producer is steadily growing, and the output for the present year bids fair, according to most reliable reports, to exceed all previous records. Notwithstanding these facts, Hunker creek is entirely cut off from Dawson so far as approach by wagon is concerned. The trail around the cliff near Bear creek is reported as being almost impassable even for pack animals, while up and down Hunker creek itself there is practically no trail at all.

The Gold Bottom road which connects with the ridge road at the Dome is badly in need of attention and in fact as is noted in our local columns today is of little practical value so far as the transportation of freight at the present time is concerned.

Hunker creek is entitled to far better treatment than has thus far been accorded to it. We do not mean by this to suggest that any of the creeks have been treated too well, but Hunker has certainly fared badly. Immediate attention should be given to the wants of that creek, and steps taken to afford quick and rapid transportation of freight.

NOTICES SHOULD BE POSTED.

A number of complaints have been made of parties riding or driving at too rapid a pace over the new bridge. It would hardly seem that any warning should be required in such a case, but it appears that in the absence of notices on the bridge to the contrary, a number of infractions of the law have occurred. There is an ordinance now in force covering the matter and any one who violates its terms is liable to pay a fine. To insure closer observance of the law it would be advisable that suitable notices be placed at both ends of the bridge stating the terms of the ordinance and the penalty involved for its violation.

By so doing it is altogether probable that no further difficulty would ensue.

Callaban, the man who kidnaped millionaire Cudahy's son has been acquitted. The evidence was sufficiently damning to warrant the judge in giving instructions to the jury practically to bring in a verdict of guilty. The jury, however, determined to give the man his liberty which was done. The chances are that a few anarchists were on the jury who took into consideration that the prisoner in demanding a heavy ransom for young Cudahy, was aiding in spreading the doctrine of compulsory distribution of wealth. To account for so extraordinary a verdict in any other manner seems almost, impossible.

Traffic across the Yukon should be discontinued until the ice is out of the river. Yesterday one of the fire department horses broke through the ice and was drowned, and the driver had a narrow escape from meeting a similar fate. The incident is sufficient to prove that the ice is no longer safe. The best way to avoid such accidents is to run no risks of their occurrence.

Let everybody join in and make the celebration of Victoria day an event long to be remembered in Dawson's history. The various committees which

have been appointed are in every respect capable of carrying out the different tasks allotted to them and if proper support is received from the public, Dawson will be assured of a successful celebration.

The situation with respect to the needs of Hunker creek was by no means magnified in this paper yesterday. Corroborative reports have since been received which make it appear that the facts are even more serious than was set forth in these columns yesterday.

Chronic Stampede.

Editor Nugget: It is but natural that, having gone to the trouble and expense of reaching the Klondike from the outside, a man should endeavor to get hold of as much property here as possible; but the idea of a man turning all his attention to stampeding without ever stopping to put a pick in the ground he acquires thereby is not the best thing for the country. Men get the stampeding craze the same as the gambling craze; they are wild to be off on the mad rush to stake a claim and in many cases that is all there is to it, all interest appearing to wane as soon as a claim is staked and recorded. In more than half of these cases the representation work will never be performed and the claims will be open to re-location in another year. Less stampeding and more development is the greatest present need of the district.

SOUR DOUGH.

Correction.
Dawson, May 7th, 1907.

Editor Nugget: I wish you would please correct an item in your paper of last evening, in which it was stated that I had presented each member of the Civil Service Hockey Team with a pair of golf cuff-butons. The buttons were presented to the team, not by myself, but by a number of enthusiasts of whom I was one. By making this correction you will oblige, respectfully,
DUFFERIN PATULLO.

Self-Denying Priest.

Father C. F. Fevre, who looks after the Catholic church interest at Whitehorse came into the city from there yesterday. He is going to Victoria and Vancouver to purchase material for a fine house of worship which will be erected at Whitehorse this year. The venerable father is a character in his way and if one of the reporters on the big dailies in the Sound gets a hold of the reverend gentleman he will regard it as a great find and will be sure to make several columns of the story. His life in the north has been full of romance and if it were published would be as fascinating as any fiction.

Twelve years ago Father Fevre left the comforts and prospects of a life in civilization to become an exile in a land of ice and snow. No thirst for gold actuated him to leave friends and fire and to brave the terrors of a life in Alaskan wilds and no hope of returning home with riches inspired him in the trials and struggles of a dozen years. It was a plain sense of duty—nothing more.

When Father Fevre first came to the north he was in the prime of life and buoyant with hope. He went into the far McKenzie river country to carry the faith to the Indians. For eleven long years he remained among them and they almost regarded him as one of them. About a year and a half ago he bade them what will undoubtedly be a final farewell and worked his way to Whitehorse, where he has been for the last 12 months.

On the next boat he will go south and in a few days will be in the midst of the whirl of life again. He anticipates great changes. When he left the Sound cities were not equipped with all of the accessories of civilization that they now are and the father will behold for the first time an electric car. Of gold he has seen and heard much in the north but down there they have another kind. A smooth-faced, slippery tongued gent peddles it around in big hunks one or more of which he will leave with anyone for a loan. It is a "gold" brick and of all such the missionary needs to keep very shy. He may also find out some thing about bunco men, sure thing men, three-card monte men, shell men and the other fungus growth of the down country civilization who have great schemes to make money quick—for themselves. The reverend father needs to be very, very careful to whom he displays his well-filled pocket book.

Father Fevre loves life in the north. His work is bearing fruit and if business had not called him away it is probable he would never have gone out. But once out he will take some time to hunt up old friends and review the scenes long past. Time has dealt with him very sparingly and he is yet in good health.—Alaskan, April 26.

No Time to be Lost.

He (timidly)—Now that we are engaged I—I presume I may—may—kiss you as much as I please, mayn't I?
She (encouragingly)—Yes, indeed. Make the most of your time, dear. There's no telling how long an engagement will last nowadays, you know.—Stray Stories.

THE DEATH BIRD'S MISSION

to Warn Travelers of Impending Danger.

Has Never Been Seen and Its Voice is Heard Only at Night—M. Quad's Experience.

Long enough before I, a lieutenant of infantry, made my first trip across the great Staked plains of Texas as an escort to a couple of civil engineers I had heard of the death bird of the desert. No living man had ever seen it, but there were plenty who had heard its notes, and its notes always meant danger. One might travel to and fro on the Staked plains for a year and never see a bird of any sort except about their edges. The only living things to be met with are serpents, lizards, scorpions and skulking wolves. The aridness and desolation are too much even for the buzzards.

The death bird, so the legend went, appeared only at night, and then no man saw him. His notes were peculiar, and no hunter could imitate him, but one hearing them in the silence of the night and the desert could make no mistake. Before making the trip an old hunter said to me: "There is but one danger to look out for—the Apaches. They may follow you clear across the desert. They will not attack you by daylight, but at night, without your having seen a sign of them, they will creep upon you as softly as serpents and spare none. Listen for the notes of the death bird, and when you hear them take instant warning."

There were 16 of us in the party. Fourteen soldiers were supposed to constitute a force able to take care of itself anywhere. There was more anxiety as to our water and rations than as to the Indians who might dog our footsteps. It was midsummer, and the heat on that great surface of sand and alkali soil was simply terrific. After the first day, when we were clear of shelter, a march of six or eight miles was all any one was capable of. The nights brought cold breezes and recuperation, but they also brought a loneliness no person can describe. Men afloat on the wide ocean in a small boat hear strange sounds at night and are made afraid. Men on the desert are almost made cowards by the uncanny surroundings. If there is a chirp of a cricket or the howl of a coyote, it is not company. It simply adds to the loneliness. If the night is unbroken, then it is as if a heavy blanket had been thrown over your head to shut out the living world.

We saw nothing of Indians. No one believed that a party took our trail. A faithful watch was kept, however, but after a few nights when I had come to realize how helpless we really were I found my self depending on that legend of the death bird. If we were menaced, he would warn us. We had been out a week when there came the blackest of black nights. It was black because it was moonless and a storm was gathering. Our tents were set up in a cluster, but they could not be seen at a distance of six feet. Three sentinels were on duty, but they could not see the sands at their feet. If the Indians had followed, there would never be a better night for a surprise. It would be no trick at all to creep within stabbing distance of the sentinels, and a volley of arrows and bullets sent through the tents must wound or kill most of us.

I was sitting in the door of my tent an hour after midnight, wondering how soon the storm would break, when there came to me from a point not far distant the notes of the death bird. They sounded a bit like the call of a quail, and yet they were unlike. They were like words instead of notes. They were soft and clear, and from the very first they said to me: "Look out! Look out! Look out! Danger! Danger! Danger! Death! Death!"

I repeat that the bird seemed to be talking instead of crying out in its natural notes. I may have got this idea from my state of nervous apprehension, but so it was. I turned and woke up the two sleeping engineers and asked them to listen. They did not make out words as I did, but one of them whispered: "That's a danger cry, or I never heard one. I tell you we are menaced by some great peril!"

Thrice the death bird called its notes, and then all was silence as before. A soldier was sent creeping away to call in the sentinels. A few rods to the north of us, as we had noticed when going into camp, the sands had been toyed with by some strong gale until the ridges almost formed a natural fort. With the greatest care and in the deepest silence we left tents and baggage, and, taking nothing but our water bottles and muskets, we crept out of camp to the north and by and by reached the fort. It was so dark that men had to be felt for instead of spoken to, but at the end of half an hour we lay in line with our muskets resting on a sand ridge and pointing toward camp. One could tell by the feeling in the air that

he storm would soon break and that the first break would be a vivid flash of lightning. The men were instructed to fire with the flash in case it revealed Indians about.

At last, when we were all in a tremble with anxiety, the flash came. For a few seconds it was as if a great searchlight had fallen upon the desert. It was so blinding that every eye was closed for a second. When opened they beheld a band of 20 Apaches on hands and knees within 25 feet of the tents. A volley was fired straight into their faces and a second as another flash showed a few in retreat, and then we lay there in the pouring rain till daylight came. There had been in the band, as near as we could figure it, 21 Indians. We had fired without aim and the destruction wrought was due to luck or accident, but there were 16 redskins lying dead on the sands around the camp. Among these were a full chief, a subchief and five or six noted warriors. Our volleys had accomplished more than a year's campaigning with 600 soldiers. Indeed they brought peace for two years. Said one of the survivors to me afterward: "We had planned to kill the entire lot of you. We heard the notes of the death bird and knew you would hear them also, but we didn't believe you would understand the warning. Had you not understood and moved away not a man of you would have escaped."

For many days subsequently, as I was posted along the desert or journeyed across it I looked for the death bird at morning, noon and night, but I never got sight of him. His mission was to fly only at night and to tell of peril.
—M. QUAD.

Lucky John H. Baronett.

Tacoma, April 17.—John H. Baronett, the Englishman for whom a fortune is awaiting in England, and who was supposed to have sailed from Tacoma last December on a wheat ship, proves to be one of the best known characters in the Northwest. Baronett is the brother of an English nobleman, who was recently killed in the South African war, his fortune reverting to Baronett. This nobleman at the outbreak of the Boer war, it is reported, raised a company of yeomanry, paying and equipping them himself, and taking them to South Africa.

The story of Baronett reads like that of the Wandering Jew. He is 70 or more years old, has apparently known poverty for many years of his life, and for years and years has lived in different parts of the west. Part of his life was spent on the sea where he was injured to all of the hardships met with by the sailor before the mast. For many years he lived in the Yellowstone National Park where he owned a toll bridge. Some ten or twelve years ago he sold this bridge to the government and since that time he has been mining in Alaska, Montana and Washington. He is an old-time typical western prospector, always carrying around a small piece of ore in his pocket to interest capitalists in his prospects, that have an extraordinary surface showing. Unfortunately he never seemed able to strike the "pay streak."

Baronett left England with a party of friends forming an expedition of adventurous characters who were seeking fortunes and pleasure in his small vessel named the Royal George. This vessel was wrecked on the coast of South America and Baronett and his companions were picked up and taken to Valparaiso. Baronett came on to Washington. His present whereabouts are unknown. Some months ago he left the Sound cities and it was thought he had gone to California, but investigation proved this to be untrue. It is now reported he is in one of the mining towns of Montana. A man by the name of Thomas Steele, from San Francisco, has sent word to Baronett's friends here that he is positive he can find the missing man within a few days stating that Baronett was an old comrade of his in Alaska and that he intends to come and assist in the search.

C. P. R. Looses Officer.

It is announced that R. A. Corbet, chief clerk to E. J. Coyle, assistant general passenger agent of the C. P. R. between Ft. William and Vancouver, has tendered his resignation to accept the position of assistant to Henry Darling, manager of the White Pass & Yukon railway company's steamers on the Yukon river between Whitehorse and Dawson. Mr. Corbet has been connected with the C. P. R. for a number of years and acted as its agent in Dawson and other places. He has always been on the alert and was ever awake to the company's interests. His departure from Vancouver will be regretted by a large circle of friends. Mr. Corbet's headquarters will be at Whitehorse. Mrs. Corbet and Miss Corbet, his mother and sister who reside on Berrard street will remain for the present.

Mr. Darling will have quite a staff of bright young men from Vancouver. There is E. A. Quigley who has been employed for a number of years in the customs service. He will act as purser on one of the company's steamers. "Chubb" will be much missed by a large number of friends and his loss will be felt by the Vancouver lacrosse club, of which he is the general secretary. Then there is Harry A. Johnson, one of the best known and popular

young men in the city, who with J. J. Hiller and William Cameron will also go north to act in the capacity of pursers on the company's steamers. Mr. Hiller resigned his position of general baggage agent of the C. P. R. several weeks ago. Mr. Johnson was his chief clerk. F. Victor Austin goes up from Victoria to also take a position as purser. Mr. Cameron has been for some time in the employ of the Union Steamship company. It is understood that a farewell supper will be tendered Messrs. Quigley, Hiller and Johnson by a number of their friends.—Vancouver World.

Wrath of Voters Scorned.

Politics in New South Wales is quite as uncertain a game as it is in this country and the member of parliament who is ungrateful enough to forget his constituents is likely to hear from them. The Western Grazier, which is published at Welcamnia, New South Wales, prints this letter which the member of parliament from the Big River country received not long ago. It was written by a man who had applied for a job and failed to get it: "Dear Sir—You're a dam fraud, and you know it. I don't care a rap for the billet or the munny either, but you could have got it for me if you wasn't as mean as mud. Two pounds a week ain't any more to me than a shillings is to you, but I object to bein made an infernal fool of. Som after you was elected by my hard workin' a feller wanted to be me that you wouldn't be in the house more a week before you made a haas of yourself. I bet him a cow on that, as I thought you was worth it then. After I got your note saying you declined to act in the matter I drove the cow over to the feller's place and told him he had won her. That's all I got for howlin' meself horse for you on poof day, and months before. You not only hurt a man's pride, but you injure him in bizness. I believe you think you've got in agen. I don't. An' what I don't think is of more consequence than you imagin. I believe you take a plebsin in cutting your best friends but wait till the clouds roll by an' they'll cut you—just behind the ear where the butcher cuts the pig. Yure no man. Yure only a tute for a few squatters. An' I don't think yure much of a grafter either. Go to hades. I lower meself riting to a skunk even tho' I med him a member of parlemant."

"LOPES TOO BLOOMIN' 'IGH."

The Englishman's Only Comment When the Broncho Threw Him. "Most Englishmen are considered pretty fair horsemen, but when it comes to riding a bucking broncho some of them are not in or on it for long," said the owner of a large cattle ranch in Wyoming to the writer the other day. "For instance, a rich young Englishman recently came out to my part of the country in quest of some good investment. He was at my ranch as a guest for a few days, and one afternoon as the cowboys were about to round up a bunch of cow ponies the young man said that he would enjoy a good ride in the saddle. He said he was used to riding only thoroughbreds, and he didn't think he had a horse good enough for him. The boys convinced him that they had one of the finest horses on the plains, and he knew how to ride he was welcome to the animal. He was apparently delighted when questioned about his ability to ride and answered that he could ride any kind of a horse. A sheep looking broncho was accordingly brought out from the corral and saddled. Though the beast appeared half dead, he was the worst bucker in the herd.

"'E's lifeless," said the foreman when the pony was brought to him. The boys said the nag would wake up after the first mile, and mildred got into the saddle. The first buck jump placed him on the horse's neck, and after the second he was in the atmosphere. He turned a double somersault and landed on the sharp end of a cactus plant. When he picked himself up, one of the boys asked what he thought of the thoroughbred now. The question made the Englishman turn pale.

"'E's a good 'oss," he answered. "But he lopes too bloomin' 'igh."—Washington Star.

A Beggar's Reasoning

First Beggar—Why didn't you tackle that lady? She might have given you something.
Second Beggar—I let her go because I understand my business better than you. I never ask a woman for anything when she is alone, but when two women are together you can get money from both, because each one is afraid the other will think her stingy if she refuses. This profession has to be studied, just like any other, if you expect to make a success of it. See—Harlem Life.

Fixed It.

Mamma—Now, Freddy, mind what I say. I don't want you to go over into the next garden to play with that Binks boy. He's very rude.
Freddy (heard a few minutes after ward calling over the wall)—I say, Binks, ma says I'm not to go in your garden because you're rude, but you come into my garden—I ain't rude.

Miners Strike.

Cumberland, Md., April 13.—A strike is on at the mines of the Marysville Smokless Coal Company, in the Chesdale region. The men, who had been receiving 50 cents a ton, demanded 55 cents a ton, the scale rate at other mines. The mines are closed.

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