The Klondike Nugget

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From Wednesday and Thursday's Daily.

CHRIS SONNICKSON.

The death of Chris Sonnickson brings to mind again the fact that the pioneers of the Yukon are passing away, one after another. The old timers are gradually disappearing and the burden of opening up this northern country for human habitation is being transferred to other shoulders.

Chris Sonnickson was of that hardy class of men who dared to penetrate into the wilderness of the Yukon valley before its possibilities had become known. To him and others of a similar mould is due the fact that the way has been blazed for the large population now dwelling at intervals along the entire length of the river.

Sonnickson's farm on Stewart river is a monument to the sturdy character of the man. He was among the first to demonstrate the agricultural possibilities of this country. As yet the importance of this work is scarcely realized, but sooner or later it will be. The time will come when thousands of acres of land along the Yukon and its tributaries will be placed under cultivation, producing all the hardier grains and vegetables required. When that time arrives it will be easy to understand the obligation under which the entire community rests to the pioneers who opened the trail for others to follow.

The Nugget offers its tribute of respect today to the memory of Chris Sonnickson who is well entitled to be ranked among the pathfinders of civilization.

MAY YET BE REALIZED.

The pan-American exposition recently opened at Buffalo, New York, is being conducted on a scale which in some respects approaches the world's fair exposition at Chicago in 1893. Every government on the two American continents is represented at the exposition which bids fair to bring the various peoples who inhabit the western hemisphere into closer contact than any other single influence that might be mentioned.

A close reciprocal relationship between the different governments of the American continents was the dream of Jas. G. Blaine's life, and that dream may yet develop into living actuality.

The completion of the Nicaraguan canal will work materially toward the attainment of that end although a far more important move would be the construction of the contemplated Pan-American railway system.

In any event the Buffalo exposition will bring the various races concerned into much closer relationship than ever they have sustained toward each other before—and after all, intimate acquaintance is the first and most important essential in reaching anything like Blaine's ideal.

A LONG ROAD.

This is the season of the year when the man (woman or child, as the case may be) who has subsisted for six or seven months on bacon and beans and kindred delicacies, begins to get square with the world. The Dawson market is flooded with fresh eggs, fruits and vegetables and these luxuries now are to be had almost for the asking.

A few days ago it was possible to buy eggs of extremely uncertain age and flavor at the very modest price of $2.50 per dozen. But now what a change. The autocratic storekeeper formerly acted as though he was doing a charitable deed when he condescended to sell a dozen eggs at the price mentioned. Now he is the purchasers' most obedient servant when he pockets 50 cents in exchange for the same quantity. The old saying that it is a long road which has no turn was never more beautifully illustrated. The Dawson consumer is now having his innings and he may be expected to make the most thereof.

MOVES RIGHT ALONG.

One year ago at this time the exodus from Dawson to Nome was at its height. Small boats were departing for the lower river carrying scores of stampeders intent on reaching Nome at the earliest possible moment, while every available steamboat in port was pressed into service to carry the throngs who clamored for tickets. Thousands of people left during the rush but other thousands came in to take their places.

Dawson lost none of its stability by the departure of the stampede to Nome, and the return of hundreds of them before the close of navigation last year bore silent but forcible evidence to the fact that after all the Yukon country has yet to produce a town the equal of Dawson in respect to the permanent and substantial character of the resources behind it. Stampedes may come and stampedes may go but in spite of them all, Dawson moves steadily along the even tenor of its way, notwithstanding all pessimistic prophecies to the contrary.

A new feature is added to the Nugget today in the form of a department devoted exclusively to happenings on the creeks. We are inclined to believe that our "Over the Divide" columns will be found to contain reading matter of a most interesting nature, not only to the hosts of Nugget readers on the creeks, but to our town patrons as well. In making this special feature of creek news the Nugget merely recognizes the fact that the mining interests of the territory are constantly growing in importance and in consequence are entitled to increased attention from a newspaper standpoint. Creek readers of the Nugget are invited to hand contributions to our creek representatives or forward direct to the Nugget office.

An examination by the health officer of all animals brought to Dawson to be slaughtered for the local markets, would be a timely, and in fact it may be said, is a necessary step. It is a well known fact that cattle in anything but proper condition have at times arrived in Dawson, and have been placed upon the market with scarcely any delay. During shipment from the outside to Dawson any animal is certain to suffer more or less, and on this account particular attention should be given to those which are brought in for the purpose of being slaughtered for human consumption, a systematic examination of such animals would probably effect a substantial improvement in the quality of meat sold in the local market.

The fact that contact with a live wire is no joking matter is plainly illustrated by the experience of Messrs. Hawkins and Fawcett as detailed elsewhere in the Nugget today. Wires which are not insulated are rather a dangerous thing to come in contact with under any circumstances. When the means of contact is a steel chain the danger is decidedly aggravated. The remarkable thing about the case in question is the fact that the men escaped so easily. It is a wonder that a genuine case of electrocution did not result.

The time will come when an almost continuous stretch of gold bearing territory extending from Dawson to Nome will be under process of active development. It may come to pass in the fullness of time that the Yukon and Alaskan gold fields will yield so abundantly of the precious metal that the world will be compelled to adopt a new monetary system. Pending the arrival of that time, however, most people will be found perfectly willing to accept all the nuggets and gold dust that happen to come their way.

Dawson is now the objective point of thousands of tons of freight representing the products and manufactures of every country beneath the sun. During the next ninety days a supply of all classes of commodities will be brought to this city sufficient to last a population of 15,000 people a period of twelve months. The task of providing Dawson and the adjacent mining district with a winter's supply of provisions is very similar to the work of preparing to undergo a siege.

Fortunate claim owners whom the spring cleanup finds with a comfortable surplus in the bank should not overlook the fact that Dawson presents opportunities for safe investment which will compare very favorably with anything which will be offered on the outside. Incidentally it may be mentioned that, other things being equal, money ought by rights to be invested where it is made.

Steamboats plying in the Yukon are now supplied with cold storage facilities making it possible to place in the Dawson markets all classes of fresh meats, fruits and vegetables in practically as good condition as when originally shipped. This is another step along the line of substantial progress which has made such a marked change in local conditions during the past three years.

The Yukon is making a strong effort to approach the high water mark recorded in the spring of 1898. Should the water rise a few more feet, it will be necessary once more to resort to canoes in carrying on traffic. From present indications Dawson has a splendid show of going down into history as the Venice of the North.

Lake Lebarge is reported as being still solid with the prospect that the ice will not break up sufficiently to admit of steamboat navigation before June 5. Apparently the lateness of the spring is not to be confined to the vicinity of Dawson. As far as reports have been received, warm weather has been unusually late in arriving at all points up and down the river.

The reliability of the winter mail service is well attested by the fact that copies of the Nugget mailed to outside subscribers during the winter season arrived at their destination with almost unvarying regularity. Considering the difficulties of travel, the service given by the mail contractors during the cold season was in every respect highly satisfactory.

It is understood that the prevailing high water in the Yukon is due entirely to the Pelly and Stewart rivers. Should the Big and Little Salmon and Hootalinqua rivers rise proportionately Dawson may yet experience a repetition of what occurred in the spring of 1898.

The fact was noted in these columns some time ago that the labor lien law was not dead but merely sleeping. If something is not done pretty soon we shall begin to think that rigor mortis has actually begun.

STEAMBOAT NEWS.

Steamer Sifton left late last night with an unusually heavy passenger list. She carried a large number of way passengers with outfits for different points along the river. About 23 boats were part of her freight and five tons of supplies. The following voyagers were booked for the trip:

Mrs. Johnston, R. Zesinger and two children, P. W. Dana, J. W. Hinkle, Wm. Derschtin, M. Weber, Mrs. M. Weber, A. Yeo, Mrs. C. P. Campbell, C. L. Boig, O.F. Finch, J. A. Padley, John McDade, A. Anderson, James Hart, S. Barrett, T. Gelevich, C. C. Nelson, A. Billway, Mrs. J. B Grandy, Chas. McIntosh, Col. S. S. Wright, Mrs. S. S. Wright, Mrs. M. Powers, Mrs. Monoghan, L. Pacaud, M. R. Bond, A. K. McLean, G. Okis, S. Glencross, D. McDonald, R. White, J. Stowell, F. Hebert, O. Binner, D. Lipsett, G. W. Lipsett, F. S. Neill, E. M. Morris, F. Russell, A. K. Faber, M. Daniels, A. E. Clendenan, Quigley, J. Clusien, Geo. Heney, Geo. Heaney, Al Loveley, R. McIntosh, D. Bonnin, E. Ostm, Gus. Anderson, J. A. Carpenter, D. Prenson, Mike Smith, B. Murray I. Thompson, W. H. Moss, W. Williams, John Syok, Carl C. Myhr, L. W. Silbet, O. H. Berg.

The river dropped last night about three inches owing to the comparatively cold weather. Should the sun come out strong, however, it is expected that the river will again raise rapidly.

The Ora is the next boat expected at the L. & C. Co. dock. She returns from Stewart river about the 3d of June. Immediately after her arrival she will be dispatched to Whitehorse and make the trip through the lakes as by the time of her arrival at Lower Lebarge the ice will have gone out there.

The Bonanza King is to sail from the White Pass dock today or tomorrow.

Charley Hall, representative of the A. C. Co. at Fortymile has been appointed general appraiser of all goods of the A. C. Co. on the Yukon. He will start down river on the Leon and appraise each station in succession. Mr. Phillips, of Eagle City, resident agent of the A. E. Co., will accompany him in all probability, the latter acting for the A. E. Co. After the report of the two gentlemen has been received the stock of the companies will be taken in, as per valuation made, by the new company, The Northern Commercial Company.

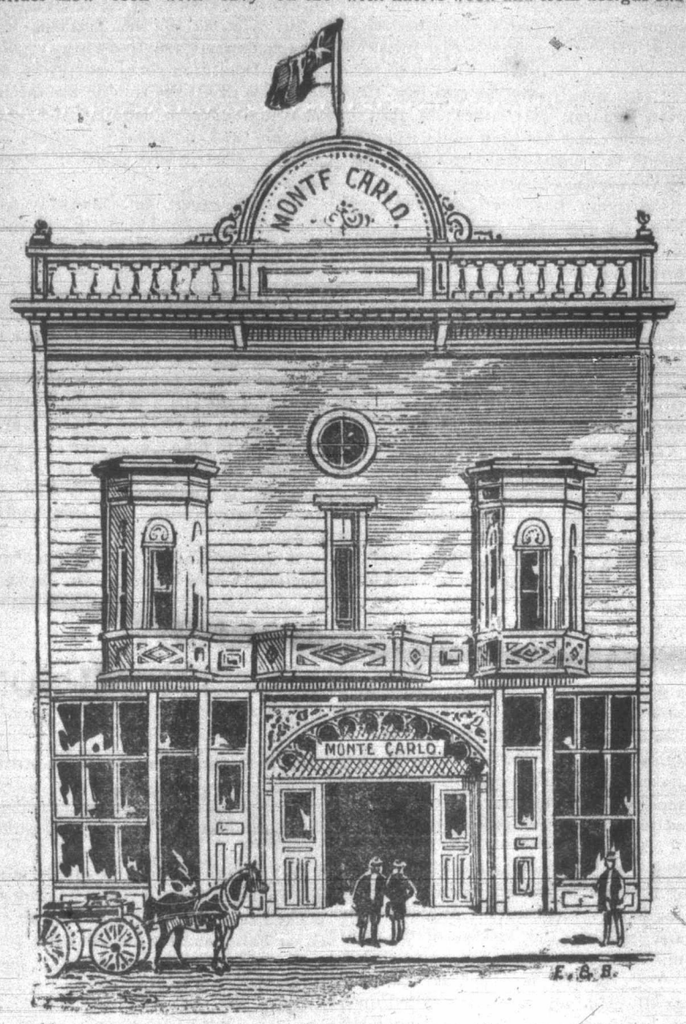
Commendable Work.

A large force of men in the employ of the government is busy these days repairing streets, opening old drains and digging new ones and otherwise putting the city in good condition for the summer. A number of mud holes which were practically impassable have been filled in and a few more days work will result in nearly all the streets of Dawson being put in good shape for travel.

THE MONTE CARLO BUILDING COMPLETED.

A Handsome and Imposing Edifice Owned by Mr. George de Lion.

George De Lion has completed the decoration of the Monte Carlo building which was built by him last year, and it now makes a most attractive and imposing picture of handsome architecture. The erection of this building was considered by many a piece of foolhardy enterprise on the part of Mr. De Lion, but today the people who decried the progressive spirit of its builder now look with envy on the magnificent structure and wish they had the means and foresight to do likewise. The site upon which the building rests is in all probabilities the most valuable real estate holding in Dawson with the possible exception of the neighboring corner.



The first floor is occupied by the large saloon leased to Murray, O'Brien & Powell. A particularly attractive entrance adorns the place, lattice scroll work being used for ornamentation, with fancy multicolored electric lights arranged in an arch overhead. On either side of the fine saloon are smaller stores, one occupied by Lindeman, the jeweler, and the other by Pond & Shuman, each with large plate glass fronts, the same as used by similar outside metropolitan stores.

The upper story is leased by the Zero club and occupies all of the second floor save two front handsome office rooms.

This building was made entirely with native wood and from designs submitted by local architects. It stands today a credit to the city and a source of a big income to its owner. Mr. De Lion is largely interested in Dawson realty and owns practically all of West Dawson.

The steamer Marjorie, whose shrill whistle is heard every twenty minutes as she plies from shore to shore of the swift flowing Yukon, is also the property of George De Lion and one in which he takes the greatest pride. The boat is a handsome and powerful little craft and can compete in a test of speed with the biggest boat on the river.

The Modern Fable of Alexander and Society.

BY GEORGE ADE.

Once there was a man named Alexander, who lived in a town that vibrated with excitement for a full week after a donation party or a school exhibition. Most of the town seemed to be waiting for a high wind to come along and give it a fare-ye-well lift, but there were two brick blocks with red galvanized iron cornices and a ginger-bread courthouse that had put the rural taxpayers into the hole for 200 years to come.

When a stranger happened along every one who lived there told him it was a nice little town for fear that he wouldn't be able to find it out for himself.

Alexander owned a plant in this town and by close figuring he had succeeded in getting enough of the hateful rhino to enable him to build a large pink-and-yellow house with more than $2000 worth of jig-saw scallops tacked all over it. The wife of Alexander was Elvira, and their daughter was Farina, the name having been found in a cook book.

When the family sat on the piazza of their palatial home the sun got into their eyes so that they were unable to recognize the common run of town people who got along by delivering milk and raising their own truck.

Elvira and Farina went to Europe one summer with a personally conducted drove that had been picked up and driven in from as far west as Walla Walla. They came home with their carry-alls full of breakable junk, and began to use a little French, although Elvira had to brace herself and hold on to something when she got rid of a long one. While doing the grand tour of the hotels they had met some lovely gentlemen who wore gloves even when they were not working around horses and who hurried into real dress suits the minute the sun went down. So it was pretty tough to come back and settle down among the provincials who wore the $8.88 kind from Eisenstein's. When they alighted at the depot it seemed to them that the town had been driven several feet into the ground. They had picked up a few points on architecture by reading the guide book, and when they came back and looked at their fancy house, they suspected that it would have given M. Ruskin a case of the fan-tods.

Alexander began to observe a new order of things. Instead of putting the entire supply of victuals out on the table so that all hands could pitch it, Elivra had the course brought in a little dab at a time. Alex put up a medium holler, but he was overrruled in such a jiffy that he never came back. He had to learn to use an individual butter dish and a finger bowl with a fruit and vegetable exhibit sailing around in it.

It soon became evident that Elvira and Farina were getting too swagger to be tied down to a water tank much longer. They wanted to hie away to the city, where they could mingle with their own kind. Also, Elvira wanted to get outside the sphere of influence of a lot of spiteful old tabbies who had oragnized the I-knew-her-when club. They had Elvira's record just about right, including names and dates, and they had put on their vermillion and feathers and went out ghost dancing and waving their tomahawks because Elvira had got so dratted high and lofty that she couldn't see where they came in at all. They said she seemed to forget the time when she had to give lessons on the melodeon and could have put all her duds into a hat box.

When Alex's factory went into the combine and he doubled his stake, then Elvira made the star play of her life. The trio got into a parlor car and went right up to the city to drop a few dividends into the slot and take out more or less social prominence. Alex was going sideways and trying to derail the expedition, but Elvira ordered him to take hold of her dress and keep close behind, and she would land him right in among the chosen and elect.

For a time after arrving in town they lived at a hotel, but the street cars made so much noise that no one heard of them being on the scene. Alex began to get lonesome, so he warmed up to the porter at the hotel, and he was getting chummy with the night clerk when Elvira told him to drop it, and said if they wished to be mistaken for the real thing they must give all subordinates and employees the fishy-eye and pretend not to see them. Elvira had been looking over the ground, and she said that in order for them to get into the running it wuold be necessary to take a house out on the avenue and begin to entertain every one who had a drag. Alex proposed that they slip back to where they could be the biggest ducks in the puddle without knuckling under to anybody, but Elvira thought of the I-knew-her-when club, and she said they had come up to get into society and they were going to get in even if they had to dig a tunnel. Alex wanted to know what it would be like, but she couldn't say. She said society was something like the Masons. The only way to find out all about it was to get in, and those who were in didn't dare tell. But she thought it must be exhilarating, or there would not be so many trying to butt in. She said that after she had become identified with the swell set she expected to cause a good deal of pointing and whispering wherever she went, and once a year she would get her name on the program for the dog show. She said that the general public would all the time be wondering what she was going to do next, and she would be in the papers so often that after awhile the printer would get tired of setting up her name and would keep it standing in type the same as the notice for sarsaparilla. Alex didn't see the good of it, but he held on to her dress, as directed, and she took him over the jumps. Only he warned her that he would not wear a piece of glass in his eye or smoke cigarettes because those things did not fit his kind of a face.

The family leased a large chilly house built in the style of Louie the Something, and engaged an Englishman with a petrified face to buttle for them, and began to go to places where people didn't need invitations in order to get in. Now and then Elvira and Farina would clutch Alex by the arm and whisper, "Here comes one now," and then the woman folks would hold their breath until the representative of the most exclusive circle had passed on.

"He 'pears the same as anybody else to me," Alex would say. "Up here where everybody wears these John Drew clothes and puts up a touch-me-not front, I don't see how you can tell t'other from which."

Then they would have to explain that there was a woman named Mrs. Wetherby-Glue, who had a little book in which she kept a list of all the sure-enough, sassafras-scented specimens of the aristocracy, and no matter how much agony you threw on, if you were not in this book, your name was Dennis. So the game was to induce this hyphenated lady to let down the bars and stamp your ticket.

After they had been thrashing around the outposts for a few months without seeing a chance to slip through the lines, Elvira decided to give a dinner and invite all the well known characters they had met, and make it a sort of opening wedge. When the regrets came pouring in, it seemed that every new acquaintance was indisposed, or had serious illness in the family, or was compelled to decline on account of a recent bereavement. Alex read all these throw downs, and said there was one consolation. If there was that much sickness and death in the local four hundred, he figured that the whole caboodle would be extinct in a couple of years, and then he would be afforded a happy relief from his troubles.

Elvira and Farina were hanging on the ropes for a few days after the proposed dinner party made a fizzle, but they did not give up. They pulled themselves together and resumed sawing wood. They slathered Alex's money on subscription lists and forced their way into all the charity dress parades, and got a large upholstered pew right in the parquette circle of the church attended by the notables, and they positively refused to be overlooked.

After three years of patient endeavor they got their wish, for all things come to him who puts up his margins and continues to look pleasant, and who is so resilient that he comes back into shape every time the band wagon runs over him. Elvira and Farina and Alex were invited to break bread with Mrs. Wetherby-Glue.

"Tonight's the night," said Elvira, trembling like an aspen. "You want to be sure and laugh every time the mother superior springs one of her mots, and remember that the little cup early in the deal contains consommé and not tea, so don't toss any loaf sugar into it, or back to the country we go."

After the triumphant event, when they were coming homeward in the carriage, there was a sound of subdued cussing. It was Alex.

"I don't like to beef," he said, "but I feel like the farm hand from Muscatine that counted out his summer's wages and then picked up the wrong shell."

"Cheer up," said Elvira. "It was a tolerably punk evening, but, thank goodness, we have arrived. By the way, where were you all during the solemnities?"

"They had me tucked away behind the shrubbery at the foot of the table," replied Alex. "A spare lady and I were hiding down there together. She told me all about her spitz dog, and I said, 'Yes ma'am' over 800 times. I calculate that I have put in the best years of my life and blown $40,000 to find out about that dog. Stop the hack! I want to get something to eat."

And he got out and went into an Oyster Bay.

Moral: The cheapest and best way to find out about gay society is to buy the half-dollar kind, for sale at all news stands.