

The Klondike Nugget

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From Thursday and Friday's Daily. SPASMODIC VIRTUE.

The Social Purity League formed in Seattle for the purpose of purifying the moral atmosphere in that city has met with a decided obstacle. The proprietors of a gambling house arrested in that city for conducting a "wide open" house were found not guilty, by a jury within a very few minutes. At the last municipal election Seattle declared for a very liberal policy with respect to gambling and kindred evils. Mayor Humes has steadfastly kept to the promises made before his election and the gamblers have operated under quasi mayoralty protection ever since. It appears that the purity league in attempting too much has accomplished nothing. That is often the fate of such movements. Reforms of a radical nature cannot be secured in a day. They must be reached by gradual process rather than through sudden and extravagant outbreaks. Every city has what may be termed spasmodic periods of virtuous agitation, the effects of which are ordinarily not of a lasting nature. Seattle will probably prove no exception to the rule. That city is now enjoying a very high degree of prosperity, consequent upon the wonderful growth of its northern trade and its entry into the markets of the Orient.

As a natural result, undesirable classes of people have been attracted thither—classes of people who invariably are drawn toward localities where affairs are in a flourishing condition. Seattle has risen up in an effort to purge itself of the law-breaking element, but apparently without consequential results.

As a seaport town and a town toward which the steps of hundreds of more or less successful miners are directed every year, it is not to be wondered at that Seattle is not possessed of all the earmarks which characterize the New England village. Its efforts along the line of moral regeneration are highly creditable whether they prove successful or not.

Experience has proven, however, that in such communities evils will exist, and ordinarily speaking, it is better by far to take measures for regulating and controlling them rather than attempt to weed them out entirely. With the former process there is some show of success. But the latter never will succeed so long as human nature remains human nature.

PROMPT ACTION REQUIRED.

A postmortem examination of the remains of Aaron R. Ewing has revealed the belief that deceased came to his death as the result of a bite from a dog suffering from rabies.

Of the large number of people who have been bitten since the first outbreak of the disease this is the first case which has been attended with fatal results. On this account it has been held by many that radical measures in dealing with the situation were not necessary. Public sentiment has not been fully aroused to a realization of the situation by reason of the belief which has more or less generally prevailed that the disease which has been so common among dogs is not genuine rabies.

This illusion has been effectually dispelled by the result of the case noted above. One man has died from the bite of a dog affected with rabies. That fact has been definitely determined by a post mortem examination. How many more cases of a like nature will be brought to light cannot be said.

It is apparent however, that the time for prompt and decisive action has arrived. In the opinion of this paper one of two measures should be immediately inaugurated. All dogs irrespective of ownership should be killed without delay, or if that is deemed too severe, owners of dogs should be compelled to keep the animals tied up and any dogs found at large should be dispatched instantly.

An order to this effect should not only include Dawson but should be extended to the creeks also.

There is nothing to be gained by endeavoring to close the eyes of the community to the real gravity of the situation. It must be recognized as presenting aspects of a most serious nature. What has occurred in the past cannot

now be prevented, but certainly it is within the province of the authorities to take such measures as will serve as nearly as possible to protect the community from future danger. Every dog now at large represents a possible menace to human life. That fact in itself is sufficient to warrant extreme action, even to the extent of killing every dog in the territory.

There is no necessity of exaggerating the situation. It is sufficiently serious when viewed from a knowledge of the mere facts, relieved of all color and enlargement. What is wanted is prompt and energetic action based upon the conditions as they actually exist. In taking such action the authorities may be assured, we believe, that public opinion is behind them.

The Nugget has published the news of the combination of heavy Yukon commercial interest, ahead of the News, from the time the first announcement was made. The first intimation that any such movement was on foot was given to the newspaper readers of Dawson and the various creeks of the district, through the telegraphic columns of the Nugget. Following this came the details as they were announced from time to time all of which have been published in this paper from one to three days in advance of the time the same matter appeared in the News. Last night the Nugget published exclusively Capt. Healy's opinion on the matter, as forwarded by cable from London, which may be accepted as establishing beyond question that the N. A. T. & T. Co. is not concerned in the combine. In this matter as in all other important happenings the Nugget has been ahead of its contemporary.

The Arctic Brotherhood will give an entertainment in the near future which promises something unique and interesting to a degree. A travesty in the form of a take-off on the work of the order, entitled "Arctic Brotherhood Exposed" will be produced, which undoubtedly will induce many checkmates to seek admission into the real mysteries of the order. The A. B.'s have become an important factor in Dawson social and fraternal life, and are continually enlarging the sphere of their influence. The order is based upon broad and liberal lines, is well calculated to meet such conditions as prevail in this northern country. The entertainment soon to be given by the local camp promises to be a complete success both artistically and financially. Leaving any other reasons aside the entertainment will be well worthy of patronage from the standpoint of merit alone.

It is characteristic of the enterprise of Dawson merchants and property owners that nearly all the parties who were burned out in the recent fire are making immediate preparations to rebuild. The vitality which has been displayed by Dawson in the face of adverse circumstances is most remarkable. Fires and floods and various other disasters have come and gone leaving destruction and loss in their way, but no discouragements have been severe enough to dishearten the men who have invested their money in Dawson enterprises. The fact that new buildings will be erected immediately to take the place of those destroyed in the recent fire is only one more testimonial to the determined and energetic spirit which has been characteristic of the business men and property owners of Dawson since the beginning.

The fact that six or seven inches of snow have fallen since the first of this good month of May, merely goes to prove what has often been pointed out in these columns, viz: that the Yukon country is no respecter of precedent, persons, things or what not. Not only has Dawson seen snow fall during the month of May and August but it has also witnessed—and our doubts of 1898 will give evidence to the truth of the statement—a very generous down-pouring of good old-fashioned rain in the month of December. There ought to be a sufficient variety of climatic conditions in this country to satisfy the most fastidious.

Among other claims for uniqueness possessed by Dawson may be cited the fact that snow has fallen during every month but two in the past year. There may be people who will have the temerity to say that this is not to be considered as an attractive climatic

condition. But that is to be expected. We would probably find kickers if it snowed every day in the year.

From the tone of Capt. Healy's opinion on the combination of Yukon commercial interests it is quite evident that competition is not dead as yet by any means.

Heavy Canadian railway interests are now being merged under one management. The combination idea seems to be spreading like a Green Bay tree.

The President's Itinerary. Washington, D. C., April 13.—Several matters in connection with the itinerary of the president's western trip were decided today. Former Senator Carter and Mr. Bache, representing the transportation company of the Yellowstone Park, arranged for the trip through the park. Usually the park is not opened to tourists until the middle of June, owing to the fact that the park is at an elevation of 7000 feet and is not completely clear of snow until that date. For this occasion, however, it will be opened this year a fortnight earlier. The presidential party will reach Butte, Mont., May 28 and will lunch there, proceeding in the afternoon to Helena, where dinner will be had. The party will reach the park on the morning of May 29 and spend three days traveling through it. In this brief time all the features of the park cannot be visited, and several of the famous geysers will necessarily be missed. But the plan is to have the party see the best scenery and the most picturesque of the great natural wonders in which the park abounds. Upon leaving the park on the evening of May 31 the party will double back to Anaconda and thence southward for Salt Lake City. The Kansas itinerary will include stop at Topeka, Emporia, Ottawa, Baldwin, Lawrence and possibly Junction City.

Capt. Pitcher, of the First cavalry now stationed at the Presidio, San Francisco, is to succeed Capt. Good as superintendent of the Yellowstone Park.

The Farmer's Happy Days. Oh, the cows in all beribboned, as the pigs is washed clean, An th' lambs is sheerd like poodles as they gambol on th' green, An they's fags stuck in th' hayricks, an th' farmhands is struck dumb As they see th' boss in duck pants, For th' summer boarder's come!

Th' cook has washed her neck an ears an cut her finger nails, Th' choreboy with some marble dust has burished up th' palls, Th' dairy maid's in short red skirts th' which is frolicsome, An th' boss puts on a necktie, For th' summer boarder's come!

Th' ice cream cow's been put on ice, likewise th' cow condensed; Th' ram has had his horns cut off, th' bull, he has been fenced; Th' meader's full of stooks, an th' well is full of rum, An th' boss puts on his store clothes, For th' summer boarder's come!

Th' clover's soaked with perfume, an th' grain is gilt with gold; Th' sour milk's been well sugared an th' cheese been scraped of mold; Th' sign "For Sale" has been taken down th' erst-while looked so glum, An th' hull blame farm's been brushed up, For th' summer boarder's come!

Oh, Arcadia has come at last, an I'm a Corydon, An th' dairy maid as Phyllis is a kind of gettin on; Th' mistress drinks her champagne with th' label on it—Mum! While th' boss is writin' love-letters, For th' summer boarder's come! —Harold MacGrath in Syracuse Herald.

FACTS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

A single codfish produces more than 1,000,000 eggs in a season.

When a bee, wasp or hornet stings, it is nearly always at the expense of its life.

The power of serpents to charm birds and small quadrupeds is a well authenticated fact.

Toads, frogs and serpents never take any food but that which they are satisfied is all.

Serpents are so tenacious of life that they will live six months or longer without food.

Toads become torpid in winter and hide themselves, taking no food for five or six months.

Turtles dig holes in the seashore and bury their eggs, covering them up to be hatched by the sun.

The whale suckles its young and is therefore not a fish. The mother's affection is remarkable.

It is believed that crocodiles live to be hundreds of years old. The Egyptians embalmed them.

Lobsters are very pugnacious and fight severe battles. If they lose a claw, another grows out.

The head of the rattlesnake has been known to inflict a fatal wound after being severed from the body.

Then She Had to Explain.

"How does it come," she asked, "that you haven't named any of your sons after a great man? You have no George Washington or Henry Clay or U. S. Grant in your family, have you?" "No," he answered, "but you know our oldest boy is named after me." —Chicago Times-Herald.

Cruel Suspicion.

"You miserable vagabond!" said the indignant woman with the shawl over her head. "You ought to be ashamed to go around asking for charity with a nose like that!" "That's where I was vaccinated, ma'am," replied Tufford Knutt stiffly. —Chicago Tribune.

MAJOR CROFOOT'S BIG PLAN

To Make Millions for Share Holders

In the Great American Combination Baby Carriage Company—His Own Invention.

As the man turned into the doorway leading up to Major Crofoot's office he had a look of determination on his face. As he ascended the well worn stairs his tread showed aggressiveness. As he banged the major's door open and entered he had the air of a creditor who'd get his money or carry away his pound of flesh. The major was in. He sat at his desk smoking a very short stub of cigar, but as the door opened he whirled with a bland smile on his face, and, rising, with both hands held out, he exclaimed:

"Well, now, but this truly a coincidence—a coincidence! Come right in, my dear fellow—come right in!"

"Oh, I'll come in fast enough," answered the caller as he suited the action to the words and came to a halt in the middle of the room. "Now, then, no more skulking and dodging. You owe me \$10 borrowed money, and I want it right off the reel."

"My dear Mr. Shine," said the major as he took a last puff at his stub, "you formerly had an office next door. We became acquainted. You learned that I was temporarily embarrassed, and, sizing me up as an honest, ambitious man, who would ultimately overcome his bad luck, you kindly forced a \$10 bill upon me one day."

"I deny it!" shouted Mr. Shine. "Why, hang it, you were annoying me every day for a month before I let you have the money, and you told me a thousand lies to get it!"

"When you so kindly forced that money upon me," continued the major as he smiled and walked, "I said to myself that some day I would repay you a thousandfold. It was your trust, your confidence, in me that touched me. I was almost unknown to you. For all you knew I might be a dead-beat. You had only your judgment to go on, but your judgment was right. This very morning I should have telegraphed you to call in."

"Oh, you are going to pay, eh?" "Major Crofoot always pays his debts, sir, and in some cases he returns \$100 for \$1. It will be so in this case. I could have paid you back long ago, but was waiting to make it a memorable occasion for you. The time has arrived. My dear fellow, let us shake hands."

"What for? You owe me \$10. You say you are going to pay it. I don't see the object of shaking hands."

"Yes, you truly cast your bread upon the waters," said the major as he paced the width of the room and looked into vacancy, "and I am pleased that your returns will be so great. Do you know I love a man who trusts to my honor and integrity? Let a man show his confidence in me, and I would sell my shirt for him. Yes, you kindly forced \$10 upon me, and—"

"And now you kindly force it back again," interrupted Mr. Shine. "It's no use dodging, old man. I'm here for my money and am going to have it."

"My dear fellow, you are one of the few who trusted to my integrity when I was down on my luck, and I therefore pass over your hard words now. You haven't heard of the Great American Combination Baby Carriage Company, have you?"

"No, sir."

"Because it is just being incorporated and we are taking the greatest care not to let anything get out until we are ready. My own creation, sir, and the biggest thing of the decade. If we don't make a million dollars out of it the first year, I shall be more than surprised. I wouldn't take half a million in cash for my chances."

"That's all blamed nonsense!" shouted Mr. Shine as he began to bristle up. "I know you, you old soft sooper! You want to dodge that \$10, but I'll have it before I leave!"

"My own inventive idea, as I told you, and it will astonish the world. The baby carriage can be changed into a cradle, a hammock or a sled by moving a lever. Good for summer or winter you see. Is provided with a stationary milk bottle, a whistle and a rattlebox. Has an ice chest and a soothing syrup department. As the wheels turn a mouth organ plays. Provided with a patent brake, rubber tires and a mothproof cover; also has revolving fans to keep the flies away. After the baby gets out of long dresses he can use the carriage as a tricycle. That's the invention, Mr. Shine. Organized on a capital of \$750,000, and shares to be sold at par. There's more than millions in it."

"I don't care a rap if there is. What I want is my \$10, and I'll give you just five minutes to shell out."

"I was going to offer you the secretaryship," softly observed the major, "but the salary will be only ten thousand a year. What I shall offer you

and what I was going to telegraph you about as you came in was the purchasing agency. We shall want a man to buy the milk and soothing syrup and see that they are pure. The salary will be at least \$15,000 per year, with perquisites thrown in. My dear man, you trusted me. This is your reward. Now, will you shake?"

"Not by a darned sight!" shouted Mr. Shine as he bobbed around. "None of this sort of rot will stand me off on my \$10. Do you want me to take it out of your hide?"

"And you can buy stock at par, my dear fellow—stock that will be worth 150 inside of four weeks. I have arranged for that. That stock will pay you at least 100 per cent. Invest \$10,000, and you have an income of \$25,000 per year. That's what comes of trusting to the integrity of Major Crofoot. Is it enough? If not, just say so, and I'll add \$5000 from my salary as president."

Mr. Shine deliberately removed his coat and vest and flung them on a chair. "Or if you want to borrow \$10 for a day or two you can have it and welcome. I'll just step out and get it for you."

The major stepped, and Mr. Shine removed his collar tie, and cuffs. Then he spat on his hands and limbered up his arms and waited. He waited for half an hour—two hours. Then he got up and dressed himself and kicked over the chairs and desk and went out. The major had stood him off once more. M. QUAD.

STORIES ABOUT OWLS.

The Birds Can Make Themselves Very Unpleasant Companions.

They say all sorts of mean things about owls. If a man hasn't much respect for your gray matter or intelligence in general, he will say you are as stupid as an owl. On the other hand, if you are brilliant and he likes you it would be just like him to say you were as wise as an owl. And there you are. To come right down to the subject, an owl is not by any manner of means the stupid bird many people believe him to be.

Mr. John A. Lord, a taxidermist, says the Portland (Me.) Express, relates a story about how he had once gone out to look at some traps he had set for rabbits. When he reached his traps, he found that a rabbit had been caught, but something had carried it off and left no trace of its identity behind it. That night Mr. Lord took two or three traps and baited them about where the game had been stolen the night before. A rabbit soon got ensnared, and Mr. Lord proceeded to watch it from a nearby cover. For a long time everything was quiet, except for the frightened tugs and jumps the imprisoned rabbit made to get free. Suddenly there was a whirl of wings, and, like a flash of lightning, a great horned owl pounced out of the gloom down on to the struggling victim. He killed the rabbit instantly and began to eat it.

In his movements he got one foot into another trap and found that he in turn was a prisoner. He thrashed around for some time, when Mr. Lord and a friend went to his release. The friend did not know the peculiarities of the great horned owl so well as Mr. Lord did or he never would have attempted to lift the bird by his well foot. The owl wasn't feeling particularly amiable and made one of its famous passes at the man, fastening its powerful claws in the fleshy part of his right hand.

There was a very animated scene for a few moments, and about all that could be seen was a bunch of man and owl rolling about the ground. When the combatants were brought to their feet again by Mr. Lord, the owl refused to break clean, and his claws remained firmly imbedded in the flesh. The owl had to be killed and the tendons in the leg cut before the cruel claws could be opened and withdrawn from the man's hand. He learned something about owls, however.

Mr. Lord relates how he once saw fully 50 crows after a great horned owl. They made it so hot for him that he dropped to the ground, where they began to dart about him. The owl merely hunched himself up into a defensive position and let them play their game. He kept so still that they became bolder, and finally one came near. Like a flash that "irresistible right" shot out and fastened on Mr. Crow. There was one doleful squawk, and it was all over. The owl then deliberately pulled the dead crow apart and ate it before the screaming flock that was watching him. It is safe to say that they did not come near enough to bother him after that.

Right here it might be well to state a little something about the manner in which an owl strikes its prey. If you ever noticed when owls pounce down on their victims, they usually stretch their legs out in front of them. They strike in with their sharp claws, throwing their bodies forward and literally sitting down on the unfortunate object upon which they have fastened. This gives them a leverage and locks the sharp claws together in the flesh of the victim so firmly that it is impossible for them to let go again until they have straightened out their legs. They can generally put their claws through any flesh they pounce upon.

Gentle Spring.

"When the mud is on the crossing and the slush is in the street, And you feel the water oozing through the leather to your feet, When the Women's skirts are dragged and their noses pinched and blue, When you find you'll have to buy another cord of wood or two, When you feel as if 'twould be sort of sweet relief to die,

You may know that gentle spring is coming—coming—by and by."

Age Sadness.

"And did you pocket your pride we asked anxiously. "I—I tried," sobbed the eternal feminine, "but I couldn't find it." Far down the wind shattered the waiting of the zeitgeist.—New York Press.

NEW COMPANY ORGANIZED

Called Yukon-Klondike General Trust Co.

Meeting Held Last Night When Board of Directors Was Selected—Object of Organization.

From Friday's Daily. A meeting of those who will compose the Yukon-Klondike General Trust Company was held last night at the territorial courthouse with Judge Craig and Chas. McDonald in the chairs as temporary president and secretary respectively. A set of suitable by-laws was adopted and a board of trustees elected as follows: Judge Craig, R. P. McLennan, H. J. Wills, Z. T. Wood, H. Te Roller, Thos. O'Brien, J. T. Lilligow, F. C. Wade, D. Doig and Alex McDonald. The board of trustees will hold a meeting at the same place tomorrow night for the purpose of electing permanent officers.

The objects of the company are to transact a general business in buying and selling mining property and real estate, looking after investments and transacting business for non-residents and other such business as comes legitimately within the province of a general trust company.

A Nine-Hour Day.

Chicago, April 13.—The Tribune says:

The first move in what is likely to be a bitter fight between the International Association of Machinists of several of the railroads entering Chicago, has been made in demands by the association on the Chicago, Great Western Railroad. The demands call for a minimum scale of 29 cents an hour, shortening of the workday from ten to nine hours and regulating the apprentice system. The officials of the railroad company are expected to make a reply within the next few days. If they refuse to comply with the demands of the union all of the 200 machinists in the employ of the company, the majority of whom are employed in the shops at Oelwein, Iowa, will, it is said, be called out.

Heretofore there has been no fixed minimum scale, it having ranged from 25 to 27 cents. The demand for a nine hour work day is in accordance with the determination of the machinists to secure shorter working hours throughout the country, and will include all shops where union men are employed. For a long time there has been much dissatisfaction with the apprentice system and it was decided at length to insist on certain changes.

While the machinists have delivered their ultimatum only to the Chicago Great Western, the same demands, it is said, will be made on the other big companies, entering Chicago and preparations are being made quietly for making a fight to secure them. The officials of the union have been at work for some time organizing the men in all of the shops of the several roads and declare they have met with sufficient success as to feel confident of their ability to get an enforcement of their demands. As in the case of the Chicago Great Western, the machinists have had no written agreement with the roads and an effort will be made to secure one.

The machinists also are preparing to fight a nine hour work day in all of the shops in Chicago, beginning on May 20, and while the officers of the union say they think a victory will come without serious trouble it is generally believed that strikes will result. This, for the reason that at least three-fourths of the shops are not members of the Metal Workers' Association, with which the union has agreements, and it is known that several shops have indicated that they would not grant a nine-hour day.

Pointed Paragraphs.

The widow's favorite novel, "Put Yourself In His Place."

Nothing worries some women like the absence of worry in others.

A man has to be dead a good while before he is a patriot in the eyes of some people.

A wife is sometimes known as a man's better half—and sometimes as the whole thing.

Sometimes it takes the speaker longer to clear his throat than it does to clear the hall.

Every horse race is a sure thing, but the trouble is a man usually bets the wrong way.

If you can't wash your face without freezing the water, it's a sure sign you are cold blooded.

The best way to keep on the right side of people is not to let them get on the wrong side of you.

The soldier who gives a good account of himself at the front is apt to give a better account after he gets back home.—Chicago News.

Age Sadness. "And did you pocket your pride we asked anxiously.

"I—I tried," sobbed the eternal feminine, "but I couldn't find it."

Far down the wind shattered the waiting of the zeitgeist.—New York Press.