

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 12
(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.
PUBLISHED BY
MASON BROS., Publishers

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily.
AN ALL YEAR CAMP.

The theory that the Klondike is exclusively a camp for winter diggings has been proven by long experience to be entirely erroneous. In the early days of placer mining in this territory it was accepted without question that winter time was the only season when dirt could be successfully taken out, and the idea that summer work can be prosecuted to any extent is of comparative recent origin.

The successful operation of summer work has come about largely as a matter of necessity. If all creeks in the district were as rich as Eldorado there would have been no necessity for practicing economy in developing the district. To the fact that so large an amount of ground of comparatively ordinary richness has been discovered, must be attributed the extraordinary efforts that have been put forward to prosecute summer work.

In order to pay for its development such ground must be worked by economical methods. Obviously, ground which will run from fifty cents to twenty-five dollars to the pan can be worked with much less regard for economy than ground which will not average above fifteen cents.

The steam thawer, operated in summer time, when one handling completes the entire work, has solved the problem. So generally has this become recognized that it is probably safe to say that more than one-half of the work of placer mining in the Yukon territory will hereafter be done in summer time, the winter work being confined largely to creek beds which cannot be worked except when the ground is solidly frozen.

As a result, there is no distinctly idle season, operation being distributed, according to the nature of the ground, over the entire twelve months of the year. The Klondike is neither a winter nor summer camp. It is an all year proposition.

REQUIRES A FACILE PEN.

On Wednesday of this week, the contest for the prize of \$50 offered by this paper for the best story contributed for publication in our special holiday issue will close.

All contributors are requested particularly to see that their respective manuscripts are in the Nugget office on the date mentioned. By the terms of the contest none received after the 5th inst. will be considered.

This move inaugurated by the Nugget has served to stimulate interest in literary matters to a marked degree and will demonstrate to a certainty the possibilities of the Klondike country as a source of original literary material. India, Africa and Australia have proven fruitful in this respect, each having been celebrated in song and story until their characteristic features are matters of common knowledge to all readers of contemporary literature.

There is no reason why the same thing should not be true of the Yukon territory. The material is here in plenty, the only requirement being the facile pen which will properly portray the situation as it is.

We think our prize story contest will constitute a very good start toward a solution of the matter.

CLOSES TOMORROW.

Tomorrow (Wednesday) is the last day for the receipt of entries in the Nugget's prize story contest. All those who intend contributing to the contest are urged to send their manuscripts in without fail before tomorrow evening. In order that no possibility of error may arise we append the conditions of the contest, to which we draw the particular attention of all those who desire to compete. The length of the story is not to exceed 4000 words, but may contain less than that number. All manuscripts are to be signed with nom de plume of author only and to be accompanied by a sealed

envelope containing both nom de plume and author's real name. The time given for the preparation of the stories has been somewhat limited and more particularly so in view of the fact that leisure moments for literary work are not altogether too abundant with most people of our community.

In spite of this fact, however, a degree of interest has been manifested in the contest which has proven most gratifying. We have no doubt that the feeling of interest which has been awakened in the Klondike, as a field for efforts in a literary line, will not be allowed to die out.

Klondike stories written on the scene of action will ere long be attracting widespread attention.

OUR GAME.

While the fact is not generally realized, it is nevertheless true that we are living in the center of a veritable sportsman's paradise.

There is no season of the year when game of some kind is not abundant. Around the upper waters of the Stewart river birds, and animals as well are to be found in great numbers, and taken without difficulty, as they have been thus far subjected to but comparatively little annoyance from hunters.

Stories of countless herds of caribou roaming the valleys in the lower country are frequently told, and in the Nugget today are published the facts respecting the presence of an immense drove of these animals around the headwaters of Fortymile river.

One is reminded of the tremendous herds of buffalo which roamed the prairies of the western states a quarter of a century ago. Those noble animals which were once so numerous as almost to cover the plains, have entirely disappeared except where they are kept and cared for in captivity.

The slaughter of the buffalo was a crime, for thousands were killed where hundreds only could be used. When it was too late the mistake was seen and some little effort made to rectify it but it could not be done.

In dealing with our magnificent game preserves—among the last left on the continent—we have the experience of the past as a guide, which experience can be taken advantage of with much profit.

We do not want our game indiscriminately slaughtered, nor yet should any unnecessary hardship be imposed upon the sportsman or the man who may gain a livelihood through his prowess in the chase.

There will be splendid sport from the hunter's standpoint in this country for years yet to come, if some reasonable measures of protection are adopted whereby unnecessary slaughter may be prevented.

We are honored with a letter from Mr. Joseph A. Clarke, S. F. P., S. C. C., and R. A. W. C. E. The distinguished gentleman pays us several well merited compliments which neither our modesty nor our space will permit us to print. Incidentally he deprecates a suggestion which he says appeared sometime since in these columns, wherefrom the inference was drawn that he, the said Joseph, had attempted to express Mr. Arthur Wilson's opinions in a public debate. Inasmuch as Mr. Wilson himself has not been heard from in the matter we feel greatly pleased in assuring our much esteemed correspondent that we are perfectly convinced that he never so endeavored to represent Mr. Wilson.

The local water company is to be congratulated upon the success which has met their efforts in keeping the water mains open thus far during the winter. We hope that no greater difficulties than those which have already been overcome will be met during the balance of the cold season. No greater inconvenience to the community could be imagined than the necessity of again resorting to the river for water for household purposes.

The News wearies the public with its tale of woe respecting its French-Canadian editorial as much as it did

when the subject of "exclusive telegrams" was under discussion. It is so seldom that a new idea ever illuminates the columns of our contemporary that when one does happen, by chance, to creep in, it is treated by the News with the veneration due a patron saint.

Some bold, bad villain recently entered the News office and stole a couple of papers off the file. The first thing we know some one will be walking off with the News editorial scissors and paste bucket—a disaster the possible effects of which are horrible to contemplate.

The Sun is hereafter to be issued but once a week, which change, says the Sun scribe, "will enable us to get out a better paper each issue." On that sort of count, if the Sun were to issue but once a month an improvement of about 400 per cent would be expected.

This is the time of year when the average Klondiker looketh well to the chinking in his cabin, and loveteth to linger in the morning beneath the protecting warmth of his fur robe, if perchance he be so lucky as to possess one.

The prevalence of severe colds and diseases resulting therefrom is somewhat alarming. Every precaution must be taken to avoid general sickness or our reputation as a healthful community is liable to suffer.

St. Andrew's night has gone by, but the memory of it will linger long with those whose pleasure it was to attend the splendid event.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Prudhomme is not out of voice by reason of his somewhat prolonged abstinence from participation in public affairs.

We never heard it hinted that the Tacoma News "was owned by a Canadian." But then of course—well, the less said, sometimes the better.

America's Great Opportunity.

In this practical world there is nothing quite so great as a great opportunity.

During the past twelve months much has occurred in England. More than 200,000 troops, the flower of British manhood, have been chasing Boers in South Africa, and have been causing the government to spend millions of dollars a day, and to lay the hand of taxation heavily upon the people. With the absence of part of England's working force and with the presence of the financial problem, the sharp-witted American saw his chance. This has happened not only in regard to the transportation problem in London, not only in respect to the charters for trolley lines in the other cities of England, Scotland and Wales, but also in respect to the building of large industries on American plans and the profitable employment of American capital.

England made millions out of our civil war and did not lose anything in our war with Spain. Now it is the turn of the United States.

In round numbers, we are now sending from our shores \$4,000,000 worth of exports every day. Of this over \$1,000,000 per day is in manufactured goods.

Take the increase by decades. The figures given are quoted from a statement from the treasury department: "In 1860 the exports of manufacturers averaged three and one-half millions per month; in 1870 they were a little over five millions per month; in 1880 they were less than ten millions per month; in 1890 they were twelve and one-half millions per month; in 1899 they were twenty-eight millions per month, and in the fiscal year 1900, thirty-six million dollars per month." More than three-fourths of these exports go to Europe.

In big things this country leads so markedly that sometimes it hardly seems that it has any competition. In wealth it is at least 25 per cent a head of any other nation. In coal and other resources it has a paramountcy—to borrow a word from our current politics—which towers beautifully. In the annual products of its manufactured industries it is nearly 50 per cent ahead. —Saturday Evening Post.

The Treasure Island.

Some days since mention was made in this department of the fact that Los Angeles business men were preparing to send out an expedition to look for great riches on an island off the coast of Alaska. The greatest secrecy

has been maintained regarding this project, and even now no very clear statement can be made.

It appears that a short time ago there came to Los Angeles a sea captain who had been shipwrecked on the island in question, bringing with him samples of beach sand which he had taken from the island when he made his escape. He claims that there is an immense quantity of sand of the same richness in gold as that which he exhibits, and the mildest estimate is that it runs to \$500 per ton. He seems to show faith in his own discovery, asking simply that an expedition be fitted out at an expense of \$25,000, to be in charge of Los Angeles men, when he will guide the party to the island. In case the conditions there prove to be just as he has described them he is to receive \$75,000 from the Los Angeles men; otherwise he is to get nothing for escorting them to the island.

Naturally the captain has not revealed the location of the island to any one, not even the investors in the syndicate which has been formed, for his alleged secret is his stock in trade. Of course, if there are miles of sea beach which run to \$500 per ton in gold, only requiring washing to recover it, it is about the richest thing ever known, and even the wonderful story of "Treasure Island" may be discounted.

It is understood that there has been no difficulty in getting up the syndicate, and that a vessel will leave for the island in the course of a few days, spending the winter there, ready to begin work early in the spring, if nothing can be done during the winter.

The members of the syndicate, however, are most reticent, and while it is known that a wholesale merchant of Los Angeles is president, and that several of the leading bankers are members, most of the members are unknown, and no one wishes to be advertised as being counted in. There is evidently a feeling on the part of all that possibly the stories told are too good to be true, and they do not care to become known as rainbow chasers. But, at the same time, their confidence in the enterprise is sufficient to warrant them in "taking a flyer" on the quiet, in the hope that it may be proven to be as described. —Los Angeles Herald, Oct. 23.

Cursed by Imperialism.

Oakland, Nov. 2.—Robert McKilligan, former sheriff of this county and one of the best known men on this side of the bay, arrived here yesterday from Nome, where he has been for the past several months. Up in the famous mining camp, according to Mr. McKilligan, the administration is experimenting with imperialism. Thus far the scheme has worked to the discomfort of the miners and the detriment of Mr. McKinley's representatives. It was only through the counsel of conservative spirits like the former sheriff that an uprising of the miners was prevented. There was a well organized movement on foot to disarm the troops and wipe out the courts as a final step toward securing justice for the workmen and prospectors, without corporate or political backing.

"The men of Nome have had all of imperialism they want," said Mr. McKilligan. "They have been handled most shamefully by the troops there, who are operating at the suggestion of the courts. Military government doesn't suit the American, especially the brand that has reeled in the freedom which Californians have enjoyed. There is scarcely a man in Nome who hasn't got his fill of the administration. The judges do as they like, especially when men without money or political influence are concerned. The judge makes a ruling, and whether it is right or wrong, the soldiers go out and enforce it at the point of the bayonet. The thing is, to say the least, un-American and outrageous.

"The miners get tired of getting the worst of it and decided to object forcibly to being ordered about by the troops like a lot of sheep. So one day several hundred of them met to take measures to change the complexion of things. It was the intention of these men to band together and revolt. They planned the disarming of the troops and the wiping out of the crooked courts. However, a few men, including myself, who, while in full sympathy with the spirit of these desperate men, went among them and finally got them to agree to submit to the condition of affairs a while longer.

"If you get a claim that looks pretty good, some fellow of influence will hear about it and the first thing you know there will be a question raised about your right to the claim. The court will be against you unless you have money. I happened to strike something that looked pretty good. The news of my find spread over the camp. A few days afterward a man came to me and said I had no right to the claim. I didn't bother talking to him. I just got my rifle and told him if he wanted the claim he had better take it. If they were going to try the imperialist racket, I thought I might just as well be an imperialist. That game can be played both ways. The only protection a poor man has in Nome under this reign of imperialism is his rifle."

A YUKON PILOT AT HOME

John Laggas Interests His Stockton Friends.

With Stories of the Golden Klondike—He Was Employed by the A. E. Co.

A nugget of pure gold, as large as half an English walnut, was presented to ex-Mayor Inglis this afternoon. It came from his son George, who is in Dawson, and was handed to Mr. Inglis by John Laggas, a well known resident of this city, who for two years and four months has been engaged in navigating the waters of Alaska and the Yukon. In the box containing the precious nugget there was a carved walrus tusk, fashioned into a crib board, as a memento of the far northland.

Mr. Laggas arrived home last night, and today his residence at No. 1115 South Center street looked like a museum, so many curious had been brought. Being an old man-o'-war man, he took especial interest in the work done by the Indians of Alaska and the collection at his house is a varied one. There are many walrus tusks made into fancy or useful articles, small canoes, fishing spears, snow shoes, etc., all the handiwork of the Alaskan Indians. Some very creditable engraving is shown on some of the tusks, figures being cut in and filled with a black pigment made of tobacco ashes.

Of the many people who went to Dawson when the Klondike craze first broke out there Mr. Laggas is the last one to return. A number of those who went later are still there, however. George Inglis is doing first rate and is the bookkeeper at the store of the Alaska Exploration Company. All the men are well treated, as the manager, Capt. I. N. Hibbard, is a first-class fellow, and they are also well paid. "Duke" Manchester is still selling water in Dawson and is making money. The McNoble brothers, who went up with Laggas, but returned home on a visit, are again navigating the Yukon and are doing well.

"I made more money during the time I was away than I had made in Stockton in twenty years," said Mr. Laggas to a Mail reporter. "The only thing I am sorry for is that I am not 20 years younger. If I were, I would bring you boys back a sack of gold dust. If the young men here will go there and work they can make plenty of money. I wouldn't stay away from that country for anything. I am going back next March."

The vessel on which he returned, the Morning Star, brought a ton and a half of gold, shipped by the Alaska Exploration Company, and Mr. Laggas was sent along to guard it. Aboard the boat it was said the gold was worth about a million dollars.

The Stocktonian reports that Dawson is getting to be more civilized than it used to be. When he first went there water was about a dollar a drink. On one occasion, when he drank at a saloon with five other persons and laid down a \$20 piece he received only \$9.50 in change. He was half inclined to turn around and come back to Stockton immediately. Small watermelons sold for 25 cents apiece and tomatoes at 75 cents each. Prices are much lower now, however. A sample of cigars sold in that country was brought home by him. The cigars are enclosed each in a bottle and cost \$1 apiece. Another reminder of the country is a mastodon tusk, found 14 feet under ground, which has been presented to Dr. Fred Clark.

During his absence Mr. Laggas met with no adventures of particular moment except on one occasion, when a barge which he was piloting was driven on a rocky shore in a terrific gale, the towline having parted, and he was for 24 hours alone, in momentary expectation of the wreck going to pieces. As he had no boat he would have been drowned or dashed ashore and killed by the force of the water beating on the rocks. After 24 hours help arrived and he was rescued. —Stockton (Cal.) Mail.

HOSE CLAMPS

Try our home manufactured Iron and Brass Hose Clamps...

McDONALD IRON WORKS

J. E. DOUGHERTY, MANAGER

Works, 4th St., opp. Government Telegraph Office.

Office, 2nd Ave., near McDonald Hotel.