

The Klondike Nugget

(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
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A. F. GEORGE Associate Editor

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NOTICE.

When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation." THE KLONDIKE NUGGET asks a good figure for its space and in justification thereof guarantees to its advertisers a paid circulation five times that of any other paper published between Juneau and the North Pole.

SIXTEEN-FIFTHS OF A CLAIM.

"The way of the transgressor is hard," sings the psalmist, and it was never truer than in the government offices of Dawson. How Hardy, the government carpenter, will get out of the scrape which his connection with the Harvey vs. Hardy case has forced upon him is not yet apparent. When the gold commissioner's office awarded to Government Employee Hardy a piece of ground for months refused to Prospector Harvey, the fraud was so palpable that everyone knew at once that higher officials were behind the case. Who it was owned the claim with Hardy and were merely using him as a tool could only be guessed. At the trial of Harvey's protest two men were picked out as the probable wire pullers and were put on the stand.

With an air as childlike and bland as that of Bret Harte's Chinaman, Inspector Madden swore that he owned no interest in the claim. Oh, no, it was nothing to him whether Hardy got it or not. As showing how shrewd were the suspicions of those who put him on the stand, we mention the fact that shortly afterwards, when some trouble with a mortgage took place, a bill of sale of one-fifth to Madden suddenly put in an appearance and was recorded.

Another gentlemanly official who was suspected of having a finger in the pie was Riley, a particular friend of Governor Ogilvie, and an understrapper to the same Madden. As Riley had been "getting in" on some fractions just before this time and had displayed an abnormal interest in getting Harvey off his ground, he was placed on the stand to see what he knew about it. He cheerfully subscribed to the oath. Oh, no, indeed, he didn't own anything. What wicked things men are to suspect youthful innocence like his. And he looked for all the world as if butter would congeal instead of melt, if placed between those ruby lips. Poor fello', he was heart broken and in sore distress that even his presence was required. A ray of holy effulgence illumined his face as he assured the complaisant gold commissioner that it was but his undying devotion to duty led him to such active measures in the enforcement of Hardy's claim to the ground.

And now we find that immediately after the production of the same mortgage, which had brought Madden's bill of sale to light, there simultaneously appeared another bill of sale of a fifth to Riley.

And then there was a nice clerk in the gold commissioner's office of sleek aspect and fluent pen. Some of his valuable time was also spent in Gosselin's office—but of course Gosselin has nothing to do with the case. Nevertheless Mr. Clerk bobs up serenely with another fifth.

Then an employee of a bank

comes to the front with a claim on the ground acquired through Hardy, and finally two or three others, until the town is agog with anticipations of a beautiful trial in which rascals will be exposed and honest men get their dues.

But suddenly the bone of contention is removed by the awarding of the claim to Harvey, the miner. Snarling and snapping and gnashing of teeth all stops as if by magic, and with dove-like and peaceful countenances the disputing ones extend the hand of fellowship and resolve to bury the hatchet which came so dangerously near exposing the whole plot.

But stay! Gentlemen there is still something to fight over. The claim has yielded quite bountifully while in your possession, and there is something like \$2500 laid away somewhere. If you will only just scrap over the money, the public and The Nugget is guaranteed a most edifying spectacle. If there are any more fifths than the 16 we know of it ought to show up if you will only get into court with your disagreements.

A GOLDEN STATUE.

Colonel Miles is a hustler and has some original ideas. He wants to see this country properly put before the world at the Paris exposition. Montana did herself proud at the World's Fair with a life-size statue of Ada Rhcan in solid silver, worth some \$500,000. The colonel thinks the Klondike ought at least to have a life size statue of some good looking miner in solid gold.

That is a splendid idea if it could be carried out, for every traveler to Paris would undoubtedly be much impressed with so much wealth in such a form.

Judging by the size of a six-thousand-dollar "poke," it would take a million in gold dust to put up such a statue as say Joe Boyle would make. As the gold would be idle for the year it was at Paris and for two months in getting it to and from the exposition, the loss at the customary 2 per cent per month would be \$280,000. Insurance and transportation on gold to the outside is 5 per cent, or \$50,000. Thus it is seen that the shrinkage, even if at the end of the year the model was remelted and returned to commerce would be about \$330,000.

It may be urged that the statue need not be made solid. In reply we simply point out that at the art capital of the world any merely gilded statue from the Klondike would be ridiculous. We cannot compete, from an artistic standpoint, for the attention of the sightseers of Europe. Then again it is suggested that the gold could be rented outside about a modicum of the above cost. True. But would that be a Klondike exhibit? Wouldn't it be rather like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out? The golden statue—as an idea—is all right, but we doubt its practicability.

Another difficulty presents itself. Who would furnish the gold? The government has not sufficient, and it would have to be secured here and there in a few thousand dollar lots, making an endless array of people partners in the enterprise. The varying quality of gold dust precludes the possibility of any considerable number of men agreeing to take pot luck together and mix their gold in one big conglomeration.

It is probable that a large exhibit of dust, nuggets and bricks could be secured for the exhibition, each contrib-

utor being guaranteed the safety of his contribution, the same to be returned to him without the loss of melting at the end of the year. Such a display would attract nearly as much attention as a statue and each exhibitor would have the satisfaction of attaching his name to the exhibit, together with a description of his mine—a valuable consideration to the man desiring to sell, as most of them do. The contributors to the Montana silver statue were unknown in the exhibition.

DON'T HIT A MAN WHEN HE'S DOWN.

To hit a man when he is down is cowardly. To stab him behind his back is despicable. To smile pleasantly in his face for months and then slander him at a distance of 1800 miles is so contemptibly pusillanimous that we hasten to get through with the ungracious task of relating the occurrence.

On Wednesday the News came out with an attack upon an absent man under the glaring head lines "Crooked Cornell Defrauds and Absconds." The cowardly effusion in question professed to relate how a departed Cape Nomer had defrauded Mine Host Stevenson, of the Hoffman house, of a large diamond ring, which had been deposited as security for numerous advanced sums of money.

The Thursday News took it all back, with a painful attempt to placate the feelings—not of the Cape Nomer, who will not hear of the attack for many months, nor be able to get an answer back in less than five—but to placate the feelings of mine host of the Hoffman.

As the alleged "Crooked Cornell" came to Dawson with the News and quit them for employment with The Nugget, a reporter was dispatched to interview Mr. J. W. Stevenson on the subject.

"I don't want to talk about the matter at all," said Mr. Stevenson. "I told the News people that I had never had a diamond ring of the departed Cornell and that he neither had borrowed nor owed me a cent. They wanted to 'roast' Cornell, and so they put it in their paper after I had denied it. They have promised to remedy it in the next issue."

So that is all there is to it. The News carried a grudge against Cornell ever since he quit that office. Not daring to say one word against the man as long as he was in Dawson to defend himself, the News deliberately printed what they were advised was false as soon as he left town. Being assured by Mr. Stevenson himself that the story was untrue, they printed it anyhow, under glaring headlines in one issue, and then took it back in small letters the following day.

A journal constantly occupied in talking back one day what it affirmed was true the day previous, is too trifling of facts to merit being recognized as a contemporary by more painstaking and truthful newspapers. The imbecile spleen which would sacrifice their own reputation for truth for the paltry satisfaction of striking at an absent man, to whose face they dared not speak one disrespectful word, is contemptibly beneath an honest man's notice. The Nugget has absolutely no interest one way or another in Cornell, except that he is absent, and the News told of him what it knew to be false at the moment it was printed. A bad man pulling fa-

ces at a blind man or calling hard names to a deaf mate would not be half as paltry as the attack upon the absent Cornell, after months of complaisant bows and smiles.

Brave as a jackall; bighearted as a Spaniard; powerful as a canary; truthful as Ananias; choice as a buzzard; generous as a Shylock; voracious as a village gossip; noble as a degenerate, is the latest display of a spleen which the vendors carefully hid in their bosoms as long as the hated individual was where he could reply.

LOOKS LIKE A PLOT.

Colonel Steele is the one government official, above all others, who has filled his position with honor to himself and country, and his peremptory removal at a time when the air is filled with rumors of more oppressive legislation to come; when the papers are occupied with accounts of mysterious concessions of enormous tracts of territory to shady companies, believed to be acting for those elevated to power by the suffrage of the country; when suspicious hints of the existence of a whiskey ring is heard on every hand; when, indeed, the whole air seems impregnated and stifling with malodorous threats of oppression and promise of future injury his removal at precisely this moment is indeed full of foreboding to every honest inhabitant of the Yukon country. In a few weeks at most we shall again be in an ice-locked land, and for months, in the usual course of events, there can be no mail communication with the outside world. True there will be a telegraph, but it will be the property of the government, and censorship is not unknown even in this latter end of the nineteenth century. Sifton's plans are not yet apparent, but past acts prove him to play a deep game, and the removal of the colonel from such a prominent part in Yukon affairs was not brought about without a motive.

A Lodge Room.

The undersigned wants tenders from the owners or managers of halls suitable for a lodge room.

A. F. GEORGE, Nugget Office.
Special Deputy of the Arctic Brotherhood.

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