

THE KLONDIKE NUGGET.

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DAWSON'S BIG JOKE

Two Excursion Parties Are Kept on the River Over Thirty-Two Hours

BUSINESS OF THE TOWN TURNED TOPSY TURVY.

Each Boat in Turn Lends Assistance to the Other.

Business in Town Handicapped By the Incident—Victorian to the Rescue—Excursionists Sleep in Relays—Some of the Passengers Travel on the Three Boats.

Dawson always does things on a large scale; hence, when circumstances designed that the excursion to Forty-Mile last Sunday should develop into a joke it had to become a colossal joke, beside which "the bear" and all its mythical prototypes are mere incidents. The steamer Tyrrell, which was chartered by Messrs. Cooper & O'Brien, pulled out shortly after one o'clock with a passenger list of about two hundred, and a few minutes later she was followed by the Bonanza King with 368 souls, under the chaperonage of Tom Chisholm, Harry Edwards and Thomas Sparks. The run down was made in good time and without incident, and occupied about three hours. After the excursionists had been allowed an hour's time in which to view the historic place the Bonanza King started on her return trip, and the circumstances which were to turn the occasion into a mammoth joke began to unfold. The Bonanza King had got a couple of miles up the river when the captain of the Tyrrell prepared to pull out, but he was horrified to discover that the cylinder of one of the engines had become cracked in some way and to such a serious extent that the engine was useless until the damage could be repaired. Realizing that this might take a long time, and having an eye to the interests of his passengers, the captain decided to summon the Bonanza King to their aid. Accordingly he blew a signal of distress, and repeated it again and again as the Bonanza King, unmindful of the call and its cause, continued on her way. But fortune was to favor the luckless ones in an unexpected way, for when the Bonanza King had reached a distance of about three miles she was observed to go ashore and tie up, preparatory to taking on wood. Taking advantage of this, the captain of the Tyrrell dispatched a dusky Siwash in a birch bark canoe with a message to the Bonanza King, reciting the circumstance of the damaged cylinder and asking for help. In response to this appeal the Bonanza King gallantly returned to Forty-mile. Fifty-one passengers were taken aboard and while the transfers were being made the Bonanza King took on a supply of cordwood. Of course, the return of the Bonanza King was provocative of much good-natured fun, and the Tyrrell passengers were "joshed" unmercifully. "Uncle Andy" Young became the spokesman for the jokers, and for half an hour he kept up a roar of laughter by his witty efforts.

The exchange of pleasantries was finally interrupted by the pulling out of the Bonanza King, and the band on board sent a parting thrust at the remaining Tyrrellites by jocularly playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Farewell, My Own True Love," while the Tyrrell band retorted with "We'll Not Go Home Till Morning."

While the wood which had been taken aboard at Forty-mile lasted, the King made slow, but sure, progress against the swift current, but the supply was so short that the early morning hours found it completely exhausted. In this extremity nothing was left but to tie up to the shore and on the deck wood. An hour was thus spent, and the deck was finally covered with as odd an assortment of fuel as was ever seen on a boat. Then the crew fell upon the sticks with all sorts of implements, from the regulation cross-cut saw to the carpenter's saw. By this time such of the passengers as were not overcome by fatigue or sleep seemed to realize the humor of the scene, and began to "josh" the boat's crew. One of them fashioned a little whistle out of a willow and made mock efforts to call the straggling passengers from the shore. The dancers of the earlier hours had long since become exhausted, and both decks were covered with all kinds of objects, from the top of a valuable upright piano to a single fourteen-inch board suspended eight feet from the floor. These became the game of three particular roisterers, who, armed with two drums and a harmonica, paraded noisily throughout the ship, waking everybody from their slumber, and bringing many to their feet in wild alarm.

This night work on the current, but the manageable, lifeless fuel which she had secured from the shore proved entirely unfit for the demands, and at nine o'clock she was sent to the shore again. At this stage Big Tom Chisholm began to rout out the sleepers in the staterooms and turn over the berths to the un-

fortunate ladies who had, for lack of accommodations, been obliged to sit up all night.

While the King was tied up the last time another steamer was seen approaching. She soon proved to be the Victorian, of the Canadian Development Company, and one of the best craft on the river. The information was like a ray of sunshine through a clouded sky to the weary passengers of the King; and as response to a whispered request from the shore there was a mighty rush to get aboard. A rate of \$2 a head was soon arranged, and within five minutes the boat was going up the river with nearly a hundred of the King's passengers. The King had also sought to buy some wood, but the Victorian did not have enough for her own use, and the King's crew and passengers again fell to work gathering up trees and carrying them aboard. The Victorian arrived at Dawson at about 4:30, only one incident occurring en route. As the boat rounded a sharp bend she struck a large tree, which was floating broadside with the current. The cross-current also struck the prow a moment later, and the boat was thrown suddenly from her course, at the same time careening to one side until the water poured over the deck in a torrent. Practically all the passengers were on the upper deck at the time, and fright took possession of them, but happily the incident passed off without consequence.

To return to the Tyrrell. No sooner had the injury to the cylinder been discovered than a crew of men were set to work making repairs, and by 4 o'clock in the morning she was able to be on her way again. As she reached a point about 20 miles above the river, the cross-current also struck the prow a moment later, and the boat was thrown suddenly from her course, at the same time careening to one side until the water poured over the deck in a torrent. Practically all the passengers were on the upper deck at the time, and fright took possession of them, but happily the incident passed off without consequence.

The excursionists had been away from home a day and a half, and it seemed like a week to them, so crowded with events had been the hours. It was the best natured crowd that ever existed; not a harsh word was spoken and the annoyances were accepted without a grumble. At home the situation was odd. Most of the amusement resorts and saloons had turned out en masse to die of starvation and when Monday dawned without the return of the boats there was hardly a place but was affected. New forces were seen behind the bars, rambling layouts were left unattended there were no bands for the theatres and several hundred houses were not opened at all. A little anxiety was felt about town, which increased as the hours grew, the popular theory being that one or the other of the absent boats had met with a dreadful disaster.

The following resolutions were adopted by the Bonanza King passengers who returned to Dawson on the steamer Tyrrell:

WHEREAS, The steamer Bonanza King having been delayed on her return trip from Forty-mile during the late excursion to that point, and

WHEREAS, Through the courtesy of the captain and owners of the steamer Tyrrell, all passengers on the former boat who desired were furnished transportation to Dawson, and

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished the captain of the Tyrrell and given to the press of Dawson for publication.

Judge Dugas as a Nimrod.

When the steamer Victorian went to shore eighteen miles below town, in response to a call from the Bonanza King on Monday, one of the persons to board her was Judge Dugas, of the Supreme court, accompanied by his private secretary, Mr. Lamprey, and Dr. La Chappelle. It was plain that they had been on a hunting expedition, for they carried a large string of ducks and snipe as trophies of their hunt. It was learned that the party went down the river the day before, but failed to take one of the excursion boats back in the evening. The boats failed to show up as expected, and the whole night was spent in watchful waiting on the river bank. It was an unexpected and not particularly agreeable incident, but his lordship withstood the fatigue with amiable composure, and secured none the worse for his vigil when the Victorian finally came to his aid. The success of the day's shooting is evidence that the judge is no less skillful in the use of the gun than he is in disentangling knotty problems of law.

Exploring Expedition Abandoned.

Mr. O. W. Jackson who, with Dick Emmons and Martin Gorman, left Dawson March 8 on an exploring expedition through Alaska, returned to the city on the Columbian last week and reported the abandonment of the project. As will be remembered by readers of the Nugget, the party left here with but a small quantity of provisions, intending to live principally upon the spoils of the chase. They traveled west from Selkirk on snowshoes with dogs and Indian guides, but met with absolutely no game, and when the provisions in hand became short the Indians deserted them. Only one man in the party, namely Mr. Emmons, was requisitioned with the country, and he was suffering excruciatingly with snow-blindness, so it was decided to abandon the trip for the time being. After a council of war, it was decided to take the trail back, which was done, and the party finally reached Selkirk, but not until four days had been spent on a diet of raisins alone, with 25 raisins constituting some of the meals. Both

men and dogs were nearly spent for want of food, and their escape from death seemed to them providential. Mr. Jackson says it may be said for him that straight rice is a mighty poor diet for anybody but John Chinaman, and raisins are good only when served in pudding. Messrs Gorman and Emmons will remain at Selkirk until they hear from Captain Healy, who is expected in soon, and learn whether he desires another attempt made during the summer.

Memorial Day.

What does he who drops his tears Above the silent soldier dead? He drops the water of grief for years Upon the struggle stern and dread, And lifts our reverence instead For Blue and Gray and brotherhood, And all the noble men who stood On battle fields and knew no fears— He lifts his soul who drops his tears.

What does he who scatters flowers Upon the silent soldier's grave? He scatters emblems of the hours Of peace to us who live to see This sacred day of memory, The day we reverence the brave And noble men who died to save To us that glorious land of ours— He gathers love who scatters flowers.

—RUSSELL S. BATES.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

The river is again rising rapidly. Joe Jourdan & Co. have constructed a substantial steamboat landing before their place of business. The libel case of McCook vs. the Nugget is set for trial before the Territorial court at ten o'clock Thursday.

The steamer Canadian arrived down on Tuesday morning with twenty sacks of mail taken on at the foot of Hoodlana. The Canadian Development Co. have been awarded the contract for carrying the mails to and from the Yukon.

The coal from the Yukon mines was tested by the first steamer one day last week and proved very satisfactory. One of the late arrivals from Lake LeBarge reports that when he passed Tagish post in April 1900 people had already registered there. The police stopped the late arrivals from selling goods at retail from their barges. The action was generally commented upon.

M. L. DeForest, did a neat piece of decoration at the Horseshoe for the Queen's birthday. The resort looked exceedingly attractive. Bob Ainley has just been apprised that a large stock of carbide which he had on the way in, was lost in the river at a point near Stewart.

An order has been issued that all the tent structures in the business part of the city must be covered by lumber by Saturday as a preventative of fire. Joe Jendouan, a pioneer resident of the Yukon, died on Wednesday of pneumonia, and the funeral took place at 2 o'clock Friday afternoon from ploucer hall. Mrs. William Zahn, late of St. Paul, Minn., died on May 23 on Haggart creek, a tributary of McQuestion river, where she had spent the winter with her husband.

Among the well known citizens who left for the outside on Tuesday were Jack Raymond, O. Shay, Gene Odine and Fred Johnson. They each take out a gold sack of goodly proportions. The passage of the new mining regulations for the Yukon territory, as published exclusively in the Nugget, has been officially confirmed by the recent receipt of mail from the outside.

The oddest cargo discovered in the tons of merchandise brought down the river last week was a large load of matches. The consignee is evidently not fully acquainted with Yukon affairs. Fred Golling, a popular young citizen who had long been associated with the telephone company as lineman, has resigned his position and taken a commission as assistant purser on the Tyrrell.

Col. Evans returned to Selkirk on the Columbian. He was accompanied by Capt. Bennett and Sergt. Darlington, who have been assigned to duty there. Capt. Pierce succeeds Capt. Bennett at Dawson. P. R. Ritchie, Mrs. Hill and Miss Edith Robinson spent Sunday delightfully at Grand Forks and vicinity. They were handsomely entertained at various places, including the office of the Nugget Express.

Mr. and Mrs. Ron Crawford gave a musicale on Tuesday evening for a small company of friends. Those participating in the program were Mrs. Crawford, Messrs. Edwards, Whitford, Gillispie Sealer, Kallenborn, Clayton and Hazard. The Bonanza King, of the Flyer line, departed Tuesday afternoon on her initial trip to White Horse rapids. There was a fair passenger list aboard. The Columbian, of the Canadian Development Co., left an hour or so later with a good list of passengers.

The John C. Barr brought in an unusual passenger in the shape of a large, handsome lynx, which was captured down the river last winter. Tom Chisholm secured it for exhibition before the Aurora and it is looked upon as a sort of peace offering for that late bear joke. Louis Schonborn, former proprietor of the Yukon Hotel, left for his home in Iowa on Tuesday, owing to poor health. There is no one in the country more respected than Mr. Schonborn, and he leaves with the best wishes of all who know him, including the Nugget.

A large crowd of merry-makers attended the masquerade at the Horseshoe on Wednesday night and an enjoyable time was had. The prizes were awarded as follows: Best costume, Evaline; best sustained character, Kitty Kenny; best gentleman waiter, Curley Monroe. The prizes were respectively a Yukon pin, a souvenir ring and a nugget pin. The oddest looking craft ever seen in the port was dropped down from the island opposite Klondike City on Tuesday. It is the steamer Emma, and she is distinguished by having three house-like decks built upon a rather blunt hull, each one smaller than the other and resting squarely upon the center of the one below. She was dived of her machinery last fall.

ARCTIC SAW MILL

UPPER KLONDIKE FERRY.

Sluice and Flume Lumber a Specialty.

ALL KINDS OF DIMENSION LUMBER. LOWEST PRICES IN THE KLONDIKE. City Agents: Shaw & Ziegler. Office at Mill. BOYLE & SLAVIN Prop.

AMERICANS OBSERVE MEMORIAL DAY

Patriotic Services in Honor of Heroes of the Civil War.

British as well as American citizens took honor to the occasion—Gov. Ogilvie Delivers an Address—Features of an Interesting Event.

A large crowd of patriotic Americans gathered in the A. C. Co.'s warehouse on Tuesday afternoon to celebrate the recurrence of Decoration day.

Col. Davis, as chairman of the occasion, made an opening address of welcome, and then called upon Leroy Tozier as orator of the day. Mr. Tozier spoke with force and feeling upon the origin of the custom of decorating the soldiers' graves. He referred to the fact that the friendliest relations now exist between the north and south, and pointed out occasions where graves of those who wore the blue and gray were decorated alike. His reference to the amicable feeling between England and the United States mentioned "good neighbors," Mr. Tozier's address was appreciated by all who heard it.

The Newman children then favored the audience with patriotic songs, responding to several encores. Capt. Jack Crawford spoke feelingly of soldiers' days, and recited a poem of his own composition on "Memorial Day."

Gov. Ogilvie was then introduced and spoke briefly. He pointed out the fact that Americans and British are all at the same "book," and that each alike glory in the brave deeds of their soldiers. An instance of the valor of an English soldier was told with much effect. "British soldiers," continued the governor, "are lying dead in every country. Had England a decoration day every land on that day would be covered with flowers." The governor's remarks were well received.

Mrs. O'Neil led the audience in singing "Tenting Tonight." Music was furnished by a volunteer band, consisting of eighteen pieces. At the conclusion of the program all joined in singing the national anthem, "My Country 'Tis of Thee." The Rev. Dr. Grant then led in prayer, and closed the exercises with the benediction.

"Mush On."

Owing to the largely increasing population of Dawson, which is typical of the summer season, the police have decided to make an effort to keep the sidewalks in the business part of town free from loungers. Accordingly the order to "mush on, gentlemen," will be more likely become a common request from the guardians of the law. One man heard it addressed to him on Monday, and he made it in such strong language that he was taken to the barracks and next day arraigned before Capt. Harper.

At Forty-Mile.

A Nugget man who visited Forty-Mile on Sunday, visited the post of the N. W. M. P. and was entertained by Constable Robert Taylor, who is in charge. There are but four officers there now, and the fine quarters are practically empty, including the jail.

The only mining news of importance found was that Jack Wade creek is holding an expedition, and all owners of prospects there are happy. Elliott Herriek had just arrived down and reported that he and his partners had about finished the dam which is to turn the water from "the link" as it is known, and run it into a straight channel. The work will be of great public service, while the Herriek and his partners will have a promising piece of ground in the old river bed to prospect.

The townsfolk of Forty-Mile have been recently surveyed under instructions from the surveyor, Tom O'Brien, who evidently looks for a boom in town property. Mr. McAndrews went to Forty-Mile on Sunday, and will act as assessor against Thursday the appointment of a regular official.

Lost Hands and Feet.

There is one man, at least, who has cause to remember with gratitude the late excursion to Forty-Mile, and that is David Mathison, formerly a citizen of Tacoma. Mathison, who brought him and his undertakes in the program of big-hearted Tom Chisholm, and in one brief minute raised him from the depths of despair to the pinnacle of hope and cheer. Sometime last winter Mathison, who was a prospector in the Forty-Mile district at the time, was caught on the trail one bitterly cold night, and was so badly frozen that it was deemed necessary to amputate both his hands and feet. He was then placed in a cabin at Forty-Mile, where he remained, all but neglected and in an agonized state of mind owing to his helplessness and the thoughts of his family at home. It was brought Tom Chisholm to his door on Sunday.

Anyone who knows Tom might have guessed what was bound to happen. The unfortunate man was carried to the Bonanza King by Tom's orders and brought to Dawson. Big Tom under his charge and care, and the big-hearted guardian hopes to be able, by some means or other, to have him sent home to his family in the states. The man has most worthy subject of charity, and Dawson's big-hearted business men will see that Tom is fairly looked in his most laudable undertaking in the man's behalf.

A Broken Rib.

Geo. Roache, an employe of the A. C. Co. and a passenger on the steamer Flora from LeBarge to Dawson, is suffering from a broken rib sustained while on board the boat. Roache was carrying a heavy box of oranges from the steamer at the time when she had been beached for repairs. Accidentally he fell into an opening which had been cut into the hold for the purpose of examining the injuries which the boat had sustained. The rib was set by Dr. Woolf, and Roache at last accounts was doing well.

Next Messenger

OF THE

Nugget Express

Leaves for the Coast on or about

SATURDAY, JUNE 3d