

The Klondike Nugget

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ALLEN BROWN, Publisher.

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily. NEEDLESS ALARM.

A movement looking toward government ownership and management of all Canadian railways is being vigorously advocated by a number of leading Canadian statesmen and newspapers. This movement has been brought about largely as a result of the immense combination of financial interests which have recently been effected in the United States.

The Toronto World is foremost in urging the theory of government ownership as a protective measure against possible encroachments of American capital. The World is of the opinion that Jim Hill is endeavoring to enlist capital to secure control of certain Canadian railway stocks and affects to view the matter with no little concern.

Why such an exhibition of foreign enterprise should occasion any alarm in Canada is difficult to understand. The surplus capital of Europe has been seeking investment on the American continent for fifty years and more. The western part of the United States would still be in a large measure a bowling wilderness had its development not been made possible through the enlistment of British and other European capital.

The immense productive energy which the United States has developed, particularly during the past two decades, has created a surplus which naturally is looking for favorable investment. If a portion of this surplus is directed toward the extension of Canadian railways and the development of Canada's great natural wealth, the extent of which is scarcely realized as yet, it must be evident that Canada will be the gainer and in no respect the loser.

Every acre of wheat land that is made productive, and every coal, iron or gold mine that is forced to yield of its hidden stores, means so much added to Canada's general wealth and prosperity—no matter whether the stock in the railway which hauls the product to market is held in Canada, the United States or Timbuctoo.

There are many things which may be said in favor of government ownership of railways, as indeed the same is true of all other public utilities. Abuses which have become prevalent of the extraordinary power enjoyed by large corporate interests have led many thinkers to the conviction that government control of the same is the only way out of the difficulties involved.

It is something new, however, to urge such a step for the purpose indicated above, viz., protection against foreign investment.

The Toronto World is needlessly alarmed over the situation. Canada can absorb millions upon millions of capital no matter from which quarter of the globe it comes, and the more millions that come the better for Canada and Canadians.

Government ownership of railways may be all right, but there is a clear absurdity in urging the movement for any such reason as the one noted.

NOT ALWAYS TO THE SWIFT.

The history of the Klondike district during the past three years furnishes an apt illustration of the truthfulness of the old saying: "The race is not always to the swift."

When the great stampede of 1897-1898 was at its height the main thought which animated every man, woman and child on the trail was to be among the first to reach Dawson. To the minds of the stampedeers bedazzled by glowing fairy tales of wealth to be had for the mere picking up, all that was necessary for the accomplishment of their purpose was to reach Dawson ahead of the crowd.

Whoever should be able to distance the multitude was to have the powers of Dame Fortune at his command. Such was the universal belief among all the hosts who struggled and toiled to get their outfits over the pass and down to a point where they should be able to build a boat and embark for Dawson.

How vain was this belief, subsequent events have plainly shown. Hundreds of those who arrived in the van of the stampede made up their minds almost immediately that everything worth

having had already been taken and made preparations to return to the outside without delay.

Others who arrived at much later dates, undertook with undaunted courage the work of securing a foothold in the country and in no few instances their efforts were crowned with success. The worm was not to the early bird by any manner of means. In other words, arrival in Dawson ahead of the rush did not guarantee a good claim, and on the other hand a little delay did not hinder the man who was properly ambitious and possessed of energy and perseverance from securing a piece of ground upon which to locate. As a matter of fact some of the best ground in the district was staked and recorded after the last echoes of the great stampede had died away and thousands who came and saw and were satisfied with seeing only had long since returned whence they came.

Opportunities are still to be had for the seeking and new creeks which have never as yet been disturbed by the sound of pick and shovel, and which are now regarded as possessing no merits worthy of consideration will be made to yield abundantly of their hidden treasure.

The money which has been made out of the mining industry in this territory, has resulted from steady and persevering work—from a policy of stick-to-itiveness which in the end must win in any sort of enterprise.

There is room yet and will be for years to come for men who are willing to work and work hard in order to attain the end which they seek.

So far as the Klondike is concerned, continued and persistent effort has counted for more than mere swiftness in winning the race for fortune.

According to estimates made by officials of the White Pass & Yukon railway a larger tonnage will be hauled over that road during the present season than has ever before been the case. This fact augurs well not only for the White Pass railway but also for the future of the Yukon country generally. Heavy trainloads of machinery and supplies mean increased work and a constantly growing area of territory under process of development. There is a point in this connection which may well be taken under consideration by all intending shippers. Orders for supplies from the outside should be placed as early as possible. The rush which has heretofore prevailed at the close of each season of navigation has invariably left large quantities of goods scattered along at various points between Skagway and Dawson. The loss consequent has always run into large figures. Past experience has shown that freight seldom reaches Dawson when expected. Delays must always be counted on and the only way to obviate risk is to ship as early as possible in the season.

The News hails as a brand new, spick and span, re-inforced, triple action original discovery a proposition to establish an assay office in Dawson. This is indeed highly refreshing. A government assay office and what it would do and what it would not do for Dawson is something entirely new—that is, it is new to the News as is everything else in the line of news. As a matter of fact everyone in Dawson aside from the News is perfectly aware of the fact that the assay office question has been discussed from every conceivable standpoint. It has been dressed up and dressed down, turned wrong side out and right side in. It has by turn been stood on its head and again been stood on its feet. Everybody has had his say about it, and to date there are yet to be recorded two opinions on the matter which may be said to be in entire harmony. And yet the News never heard of the question until Saturday last. Our contemporary is certainly getting worse if such a thing is possible.

Tomorrow will be the first day of May and it will be thoroughly in accord with the eternal fitness of things for Dawson to begin the month by cleaning up back yards and otherwise contributing to the appearance of the town. Vast heaps of tin cans are to be found all over town—monuments which should be hauled off to the river before the ice begins to give signs of breaking away from its moorings. Spring has arrived in good earnest and it is due from Dawson to show some evidence of appreciation of the fact. If everyone who has a tin can pile or other heap of refuse near his dwelling will begin immediately the work of cleaning up, a remarkable change in the appearance of the town will take place within a very short time.

If the footbridge across the Klondike can be secured at a reasonable figure, the same should be purchased and thrown open to the public. Otherwise it would be advisable for the council to begin figuring the cost of another bridge. Toll bridges in a country that has more than paid for itself from the beginning are decidedly out of place.

Pauses plucked before the first of May make a pretty good showing for the Klondike, where we are supposed to have nothing but winter. Mr. J. A. Acklin, whose gardens produced the blossoms, has done wonders toward demonstrating the floral and agricultural possibility of the Yukon.

Two bank officials having stolen all the bank's funds possible recently committed suicide. What satisfaction is thereby given to the depositors does not appear. It was bad enough for the officials to steal the money but to commit suicide immediately afterward is like adding insult to injury.

With local taxes all paid and rebates received which are due from the government, the finances of the territory will be in a very comfortable condition.

When the Klondike country is thoroughly prospected, wonders will be revealed which now are entirely unsuspected.

It begins to look as though those people who have banked on an early break-up may still have a chance for their money.

Intuitive Knowledge.
"You are such a worthless fellow!" she faltered, with quivering lips.
"My darling!" protested the youth vehemently.

"For I am only 17 years old, and I love you desperately!" exclaimed Mand, her eyes filling with hot, blind tears.
"Foster St. Cyr pressed his hand to his throbbing temple and wondered if the intuition of this mere child had indeed discovered his true character."—Detroit Journal.

Wells as He Writes.
H. G. Wells, the novelist, is described by The Saturday Evening Post as working regularly every morning at his writing. "In the afternoon Mrs. Wells transcribes on the typewriter the morning's work, and in the evening both of them go over the day's result. It is often changed tremendously by the night's criticism. It's no use my promising to send 'copy' to you by Saturday," said Mr. Wells to an editor. "I must wait and lay it before my wife. She will know whether I can do it, and she will see that I keep my promise." Mr. Wells' marriage is a literary partnership as well.

Economy.
"How Mrs. Scrymger hates to see money wasted!"
"Yes. She told me she accepted Mr. Scrymger chiefly because he had made a long railroad journey to propose to her."—Indianapolis Journal.

Mexican Time.
Mexico is considering the advisability of adopting a standard system of reckoning time. At present Mexico has an official time, computed at the capital and telegraphed to various parts of the republic. That time differs from Greenwich 6 1/2 hours. It is the time adopted by the railroads and telegraph lines, but in many parts of Mexico, especially in places not in telegraphic communication with the rest of the world, local time prevails.

Charged His Mind.
Last week a negro convict was taken from Wichita to the penitentiary. On the way down he begged the sheriff to tell the warden that "I am sickly and not able to work in the coal mines." The sheriff promised and, after seeing the warden, told the negro that it was all fixed, that he was not to work in the coal mines, but be watchman at the deadhouse instead. "Jerusalem!" shouted the frightened negro. "Tell dat warden I kin dig forty tons ob coal a day, an' don't let him put me wid dem corpses!"—Kansas City Journal.

Bert Collyer Returns.
Bert Collyer, formerly advertising solicitor for the Sun, arrived yesterday from a visit to his old home and an extensive tour of the east. He reports a hard trip down the river, the trail being under the water in many places and very muddy on the cutoffs. He says there will be little if any more travel before the opening of navigation.

Although not wholly recovered from his recent illness U. S. Consul J. C. McCook is able to be at his office in the A. C. building. It will be some time yet before he is fully restored to his usual health and vigor.

The signal flag of the A. C. Co. is now flying on the Yukon opposite Third street. This will inform the citizens of the movement of the ice.

HIS POST-BELLUM CAPTURE

Was Almost as Easy as Anything He Found

While Soldering in Cuba—But He Couldn't Stand For an Arrow in His Heart.

Gladys was superstitious. But she was also young and pretty and lovable, so this trifling folly only added to her charm and made her men friends feel brave and enlightened whenever she betrayed her weakness. As a natural consequence of this peculiarity she was afraid to sit on a dark veranda alone and would never think of going for a walk in the evening without a fearless escort. She wouldn't open an umbrella in the house, walk under a ladder or pick up a pin that lay with its head toward her, and she wouldn't sit in a room that had three lamps lit in it at once, though she didn't object strenuously to one that was more dimly furnished. Of course she was laughed at a great deal for her foolishness, but she shook her head wisely and continued to carry lucky stones in her pockets and to perform the many little rites known only to the superstitious. Knowing these things about her, the following soliloquy can be more readily understood:

"I just knew something would happen—that would be unlucky, and now we've gone and quarreled. I saw the new moon over my left shoulder, and because he laughed at me I know I only bowed to it seven times instead of nine before I made a wish. But he needn't have been in such a hurry about getting formally engaged, for I'm sure I've been treating him just as well as any one else, and better too. He might have known that I think more of him than any one else, and he might have waited until I was good and ready. But he just thinks that because he was at Santiago and all the girls want to kiss him he should have his own way about everything. But, oh, I do wish we hadn't quarreled, for he looked so angry that I'm sure he'll never make up friends again." And the tears came to her eyes.

The fact is that Gladys was a flirt without the slightest intention of being one, and she couldn't understand the fierce jealousy that her conduct caused in her circle of admirers. Before Lieut. Halloway had accepted the position of commandant in the military academy on the outskirts of the town she had never had any serious trouble with her retinue. But when he appeared on the scene he promptly began, after the manner of a hero, to charge the citadel of her heart as he had the blockhouses in Cuba. Like all the rest of the girls, she had worshipped him for the dangers he had passed, but her worship was the only one that appeared to interest him. He took it seriously from the beginning, and when he began to offer his worship in return she was very much flustered and very happy, but she could not be expected to drop all her other followers at once. Lieut. Halloway, however, insisted that they be mustered out without delay, and that meant that she must settle down as being engaged, a thing she had no intention of doing for at least another couple of seasons. So when he found he couldn't have his own way he retreated in good order and entrenched himself in a dignified military reserve. Whenever he passed by her window, as he was obliged to when going to the postoffice, his head was carried a shade higher than would be demanded by a martinet, and the set of his shoulders would have satisfied even the critical Mulvaney. He walked with "eyes front," though it is just possible that he noticed the fact that the curtains usually shook as if they were being moved aside a trifle by some one who was peeping from behind them.

A week of this masterly inactivity made them both very unhappy, and the lieutenant was showing signs of attempting conquests in other quarters before Gladys realized that something must be done, though she didn't exactly know what. Of course she couldn't send for him and tell him that she was now ready to become engaged, and, if he wouldn't come of his own accord, how could a protocol ever be agreed to? There were no open hostilities, it is true, but neither was there a siege. The little war of hearts was in danger of ending in inaction, without a victory for either and with a defeat for both, so Gladys thought it all over and racked her mind for some plan that would restore the status quo. It was then she remembered that one evening when Lieut. Halloway was laughing at her superstitions he told of an old one that was very prevalent in the time of Catherine de Medici, when people found it necessary to sway others secretly to their will. He told her how the astrologers used to make figures of wax or any substance that would melt readily and then destroy the person piecemeal by piercing the effigy at whatever part they wished to affect. While she was thinking of this she was looking idly from her window at the boys of

the military academy, who had erected a snow fort, on the top of which they had built a square shouldered snow man. When they completed the figure, they placed a military cap on its head and attached to it a placard bearing the name "Lieutenant Halloway." Here was a figure that would surely be melted in a few days, and it was ready to her hand! Of course she did not wish to destroy her hero, but she was very anxious that his hardened heart should be materially affected, and what she should do at once became clear to her.

On the following afternoon Lieut. Halloway was passing the snow fort on his way to the postoffice. He stopped to view the fortifications, intending to give his pupils a lecture on military engineering, and presently he noticed the placarded effigy of himself. It was readily melted in the afternoon sunlight, and while looking at it idly he noticed something piercing it under the left shoulder just where its frosty heart should be. Stepping nearer, he pulled out an arrow which he at once recognized as one of half a dozen that he had made for Gladys' little brother, and finding it there perplexed him. He knew that the little man was one of his most ardent admirers and besides not wishing to do him injury would not wish to lose his arrow. While he turned it over in his hand the truth suddenly flashed on him. He remembered having told Gladys about the superstition of bewitching by effigies, and the foolish little wench had evidently acted upon it. Laughing softly to himself, he put the arrow in his pocket and went his way.

That evening Gladys was both surprised and delighted when the servant brought to her Lieut. Halloway's card. But of course it would not do to let him know that she was glad to see him. Anyhow he was under the influence of the spell, and being sure of him, she could afford to punish him somewhat before consenting to make him happy. Summoning all her stateliness she went to the parlor and bowing stiffly in response to her visitor's cheery greeting. He had been thinking the matter over ever since finding the arrow and was glowing with self-satisfaction owing to the conviction that she really loved him after all. But her coolness disconcerted him a trifle. Of course the evidence was sorely circumstantial, but still he didn't feel that he could possibly be mistaken.

"I thought that you had forgotten your old friends," she began.

"Not at all," he replied. "I was simply waiting for them to show a flag of truce."

"Why, I thought heroes never waited, and that above all they didn't accept defeat readily and beat a retreat. But I am glad to see that you have evidently accepted the terms of peace and have modified your claims. For my part, since we were good friends before you developed imperfections I am willing to let bygones be bygones."

"But I don't want bygones to be bygones. It was because I thought!"

"Dear me! How could you do such a thing? I always understood that soldiers were not allowed to think."

"Not when under orders," he replied, "but your orders were not quite tangible enough, and I thought it allowable to use my discretion."

"But I have been told that discretion makes men retreat instead of advance. But the orders I last gave you were surely definite enough."

"But I had reason to suppose that you had either countermanded them or wished to. And I didn't feel it could be possible that after having been so dear to another you could be so cruel as to throw me over simply because I wanted to have you all to myself and to have the right to let all the world know how happy I was."

"In short, you wanted to have the right to make all the nice fellows of my acquaintance recognize your belligerency and not let me have any more good times."

"Now, please be in earnest, Gladys, dear. You know how much I love you even though I let anger keep me away for a week and make me utterly wretched. But I wouldn't be here tonight if it were not that I knew you wanted to make up."

"What on earth is the man talking about?" said Gladys, with a pretty affectation of wonder.

At this point Lieut. Halloway began to fear that he had allowed himself to fall into an ambush, and he prepared to defend himself.

"Why," he said, "I came because I thought you wanted me."

"Dear me! What could have put that into your head? I'm sure if you didn't come because you wanted to yourself I couldn't think of detaining you for a minute. I know you are expected elsewhere and that the town is simply full of reconcentrados who are dying for your company." And as she said this her tone was decidedly irritating. The lieutenant, however, was not used to warfare of this kind, and as he was getting the worst of it, he decided on immediate action. Taking the arrow from his pocket, he held it out to her.

"I thought you meant this to be a token that there was to be peace between us."

Gladys blushed crimson when she

saw the little splinter of wood and tried to stammer that she didn't know what he meant. Her embarrassment proved that she understood only too well, and the soldier proceeded to deliver an ultimatum at once.

"Do you surrender?" he asked.

"Oh, give me time to think," she replied.

"Indeed I won't. I am tired of this manana policy and will argue to nothing but unconditional surrender." Seeing that her little folly had been found out and that the lieutenant was in deadly earnest in spite of his jesting words, Gladys surrendered.

After their differences were made up and the terms of the treaty agreed to Lieut. Halloway said laughingly:

"So you actually believed all that nonsense I told you that night about bewitching with effigies and tried to destroy my heart by piercing it with an arrow—just as if you hadn't pierced it long before."

"But why shouldn't I believe in it? It brought you back, didn't it?"

"Oh, nonsense! I would have come back anyway, for I could never have lived without you."

"You were managing pretty well," she said, with a pout.

"Not exactly so well as I appeared to be, or I wouldn't have accepted the message of the arrow so readily."

"But you couldn't help yourself. You were under the spell, you know."

"Spell nothing. I can hardly believe that you put faith in that old nonsensical mummery."

"But it brought you back," said Gladys, with a wise shake of her head.

And, seeing there was nothing to be gained by arguing, the hero dropped the subject and made his prisoner as comfortable as possible, as became a generous conqueror.—Ex.

Beautiful Illustrations.

By all odds the most carefully prepared and choice souvenir of the Klondike and the trails and routes leading to it ever compiled and published is that just issued by Photographer H. J. Goetzman. It comprises an even 190 pictures selected from thousands, each one being a perfect reproduction of the original subject photographed and without misrepresentation or embellishment.

Beginning with a natural view of Wrangell narrows, the collection leads on to Dawson and the Klondike with views of life and action as it was at Dyea and Skagway, on the Chilkoot, at Bennett and points along the lakes and river as seen during the first rush to the country. More modern scenes along the route, including many of the White Pass & Yukon Route, of the new town of Whitehorse, of steamers shooting Miles canyon, Whitehorse rapids and Five Fingers. Dawson scenes of all interesting points are also embraced in the souvenir; the primitive structures, the churches, hospitals, early day hotels and stores, and the massive warehouses and commercial houses of the present day, the modern hotels and cozy residences.

The mines and miners are not slighted, as every department of the work of mining from starting the shaft all through the diversified labor to slitting the dump is depicted in a manner as natural as the work itself. Exterior and interior views of cabins and mines constitute very interesting features of the compilation and from them can be formed a very accurate idea of the appearance of claims by persons who were never within thousands of miles of a mining country. Leaving Dawson there are pictures of various points of interest on the lower river and at St. Michael.

The souvenir is handsomely bound in a dark lavender colored cover on the front of which in gold tints is the rising sun just peeping over the mountains along the Klondike river and east of Dawson while beneath the words "Klondike Souvenir" are two picks, a shovel and a gold pan, the latter partially filled with gold dust and nuggets.

Such views as are contained in the souvenir, if obtained at all, cost all the way from \$1.50 to \$2.50 each and it is to supply the demand at a trifling cost that Mr. Goetzman compiled and published the book which he is supplying at the nominal price of \$5, less four cents each for the pictures, the most natural, beautiful and perfect of the subjects treated that have ever yet been selected and compiled, all the pictures having been taken by himself and the selections made from an accumulation of three years' care and research. Don't spend months endeavoring to describe to your friends in writing the wonderful scenes you witnessed in coming to and since reaching the golden Klondike, but send them a copy of Goetzman's souvenir which will give them a better knowledge of the Klondike in 20 minutes study than you can convey on a ream of closely written paper.

Generous.

"What's your fare?" asked old Fip of the cabby the other day and met with the stereotyped reply: "Ten." "Well, sir, I will leave that to you," said old Fip, buttoning up his pockets and walking off. "You're the first person who ever left me anything yet."—London Fun.