

## The Klondike Nugget

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## NOTICE.

Pages 3 and 6 of this issue of the Semi-Weekly Nugget are taken from Wednesday's daily, pages 4 and 5 are taken from Thursday's daily, and pages 1, 2, 7 and 8 from Friday's daily.

## ROOSEVELT AND THE TRUSTS.

How to deal with great industrial, commercial and transportation trusts is a question that is commanding widespread attention on both sides of the Atlantic. Far-sighted statesmen are beginning to realize the danger that lurks in unrestricted combinations of capital and are directing much of their best effort toward a satisfactory adjustment of the difficulties involved.

President Roosevelt has taken an advanced position in opposition to the trust evil although his utterances have nothing of a radical flavor. He does not favor anything in the nature of summary action, nor will he countenance any theory which involves the immediate revolutionizing of existing industrial conditions.

Viewed in the abstract, the trust represents a threat against the constitutional liberties of the people and a possible menace to government itself. When one man by virtue of property control holds within the hollow of his hand the destinies of a million or more people—and that is the position occupied at the present time by Morgan, the king of trust builders—it certainly is time to consider the desirability of establishing limitations.

The tremendous industrial and commercial development that has taken place in the United States during the past quarter of a century, by which Morgan has been made a possibility, may be attributed to three primary causes. First, the existence of unlimited and invaluable natural resources. Second, the application of the amount of labor required for their development. And third, the investment of capital—the initial force necessary to set the engine of labor in motion. All three may be said to have been equally important in reaching the advanced position occupied by the great republic at the present time. In the absence of natural resources, there could have been no development. Without labor, those resources would still be lying dormant. Had there been no capital ready to give impetus to the latent energy of labor, little or nothing could have been accomplished.

It is obvious, therefore, that labor and capital alike have been necessary each as the complement of the other and had either one been lacking, the marvelous growth of the country would have been a practical impossibility. The question, therefore, arises and it may be said will never be downed until satisfactorily answered, "In what manner is a satisfactory distribution of the products of capital and labor's combined efforts to be made?" In that question is contained the whole meat of the trust question and to approach the problem from any other standpoint is to overlook and discount the primary point involved.

From recent utterances of President Roosevelt it is evident that the clear-headed American executive is prepared to go to the root of the matter as nearly as lies within his power. Sudden and radical changes would do more harm than good and perhaps postpone indefinitely the accomplishment of the desired end. But it may be accepted that the adjustment of the trust evil has become a part and parcel of Roosevelt's policy, and before the expiration of his term substantial progress in that direction may reasonably be anticipated.

**STEWART RIVER OUTLOOK.**  
A significant fact is contained in the announcement that an extensive mercantile establishment is now being located at Duncan Landing on the Stewart river. From the date when the first steamboat ascended the Stewart to Fraser Falls the country tributary to that magnificent stream has slowly but steadily been forging ahead. No other district in the territory possesses more varied resources or offers better inducements to men of industry and perseverance who are accustomed to force their way against hardships and obstacles. Along both banks of the river, are extensive tracts of low lands of excellent fertility and well calculated for profitable agricultural development.

The finest timber growth in the Yukon territory is found on the upper reaches of the Stewart, while the fame of the district for game and fur bearing animals has been spread far and wide. These attractions while of great importance are merely accessory to the inducements offered for engagement in mining enterprises, which are becoming more widely recognized every year.

The permanent era for the district may be said to have just begun with the entry of heavy commercial interests.

Three years ago the venturesome prospectors and trappers transported their own supplies by means of poling boats. Last summer regular transportation communication was established and from this time on the requirements of the men engaged in developing that section of the country will be supplied on the spot.

It is a question now of a comparatively short time only when the Stewart river country will be the center of a considerable population, all engaged in profitable pursuits.

**THE NEW LIEN LAW.**  
The working of the new lien law introduced by Mr. Prudhomme in the Yukon council will be watched with the greatest of interest. It appears evident that the ordinance was drawn with due regard for the fact that the powers of the council in dealing with such matters are limited by federal statutes, and there is every reason for belief that its provisions will stand every legal test to which they may be subjected.

The demand for a lien law which would take precedence over any and all other forms of encumbrance cannot be met by act of the territorial council—a fact which should be thoroughly understood. The protection given in the lien ordinance is as comprehensive as is within the authority of the council to give, and any effort to go beyond that point would simply mean nullification of the whole ordinance the first time a case under its provisions should be brought in court.

An important point contained in the new law, is found in that section which makes the employer responsible to the full extent of his estate. If the dumps on a claim are covered by encumbrances given prior to the date the laborer was employed, the latter may proceed against the employer and recover his claim from any other available assets.

Other equally important provisions are contained in the ordinance with every man seeking employment in the mining districts should immediately acquaint himself. If every laborer would put himself thoroughly as to the exact rights he enjoys under the law many costly law suits would thereby be avoided.

Practical demonstration of the truth of the old saying "murder will out," is found every day in the records of the courts. No matter with what care and caution the deed may be planned and in spite of every effort to destroy all clues, it remains a fact that very few murderers escape without leaving some trace by which they may be followed. The blood of the slain calls for punishment of the slayer and it is the history of such awful crimes that sooner or later the perpetrator is either successfully hunted down and captured or else unintentionally betrays himself. Every such crime that has occurred in this territory has resulted in due and proper punishment being meted out—and it appears that the awful tragedy of June last will prove no exception to the established rule.

People who are permanently settled in the Koyukuk country are satisfied with the outlook for that district and feel the utmost confidence in its future. The sections of the country thus far prospected have given abundant evidence of gold-bearing values and there are immense stretches where a pick and shovel as yet have never been used. The Koyukuk is comparatively a new camp and time will be required before much can be expected of it from a producing standpoint, but it is evident from the fact that people are staying there and that transportation and commercial concerns are reaching out in that direction for trade that the district has a prosperous future before it.

The determination of the government to send an expert to other mining communities for the purpose of investigating methods of conducting hydraulic operations on a large scale

is to be heartily commended. There is no disagreement in this territory upon the fact that abundant room for successful hydraulic operations is offered just as soon as the proper methods have been devised. Valuable information will undoubtedly be derived as a result of Mr. Beaudette's investigations.

Clarke is lacking in every essential desirable in the man who is to be charged with the important duty of representing this territory on the floor of the house of commons. He is long on abuse when surrounded by a clique of his immediate admirers but outside of that particular sphere he possesses none of the required qualifications. Clarke would not last more than ten minutes in parliament. He might prove a curiosity for that length of time but thereafter he would not even interest anyone.

Clarke's star has been on the wane ever since the convention which nominated him adjourned. There was not a man in the whole list of delegates who did not know when the thing was over that it had been jobbed from start to finish. The methods pursued were distinctively of a Tammany nature and savored of bossism in every stage of the proceedings. The voters are now familiar with the facts and place the seal of their disapproval thereon in an unmistakable manner.

It has required a long time for this territory to secure recognition of its rights from the federal government, but results of the work done in that direction are now manifesting themselves in an unmistakable manner. Long range government has never proven satisfactory, and never will do so. Ultimately the Ottawa authorities will be asked to grant full and complete powers to the Yukon territory to formulate and pass its own laws and it may be added that indications point to the fact that the request will be granted.

The News is doing all it can to drum up support for Clarke but the results are proving pitifully weak and disappointing. From Clarke's standpoint, after pleading his claims never under any circumstances to lift a finger in Clarke's behalf, Brother Beddoe is certainly in an awkward predicament. However, the News would not be in its normal condition if it attempted to outline and follow a consistent policy.

The Yukon territory now ranks with other provinces of the Dominion of Canada in that it possesses an appellate court, from whose decisions appeals will be taken direct to the supreme court of Canada. Thus another advance has been made along the line of progress. Litigation will now be far less expensive than formerly and many people will be enabled to take advantage of the appeal court who have been deterred thereto from heretofore on account of excessive costs.

The News' support of Clarke has become so extremely wishy-washy that a very grave suspicion has arisen in the Clarke camp that the evening fopper is liable to flop again at any moment. Should that very probable event take place it will merely be in keeping with the News' long established record.

In spite of direful predictions the mine owners of the district are going about the work of preparing for winter operations in a manner that indicates plainly their knowledge of what they are doing. The prophets of evil are for the most part miners of the fireside variety.

Clarke will not poll one vote out of ten cast south of Indian river and if he gets two out of ten votes on this side he will do better than some of his warmest supporters now believe will be the case.

A man who would abuse decent, respectable citizens in the way that Clarke has abused Messrs. Roediger and Beddoe ought not to be elected dog catcher, let alone being sent to parliament.

If our opinion on the question is asked, we would prefer to have genuine, old-fashioned, Yukon September weather, rather than the Puget Sound brand which is now in vogue.

After two years of careful nurturing Brother Beddoe has forsown his congressional aspirations and now is credited with designs on a seat in the Yukon council.

If the bank clearances of Dawson were published every day the figures would indicate a volume of business which would surprise a great many people.

The home of Fred Kammerer was gladdened on Monday last by the arrival of a bouncing 12 pound son. Mother, son and father are all reported in excellent condition.

## PROBABLE CANDIDATES

## Being Groomed for the Election

To Seats on the Yukon Council  
Names of Those With Political Aspirations.

Not alone in the Dominion election is the interest of the local politicians being engrossed to the total exclusion of all else. There is to be another election besides that of a member of parliament within the next ninety days and while the honor of securing a seat among the five elective members to the Yukon council is not quite as great as that of a berth in the house of commons, still the salary is about the same and one does not have to leave home and travel several thousand miles over a bleak and desolate trail for at least part of the way, in order to serve his constituents. Within the past week a great deal of interest has developed in the territorial election and quite a number of possible candidates are receiving a grooming at the hands of their friends. Such is true to a greater extent on the creeks in the Klondike district than it is in the city and the convention which will place in nomination the two candidates in that district will doubtless see some warm stunts performed by many of those who have political aspirations.

At the present time there are no less than nine gentlemen mentioned who have as much as admitted their willingness to lay aside the pick and shovel for a portion of the time in a year in order to assist in legislating for the benefit of the territory at large. They represent five of the principal creeks in the district and all are well known among the miners and the business men of town. Bonanza, the most populace of the creeks has five prospective candidates—Captain McLeod, Dan McGillicuddy, Ernest Rivard, Hector McMillan and Henry Willett, the latter of upper Bonanza. John McDougall, associated with the Johannsen claims on Flunker, is said to have a political bent in his bonnet and Aimee Leconte, of Last Chance, is presumed to be afflicted in the same manner. Dominion has a representative in the person of Wm. Cassidy and Sulphur one in Charles Garbutt. All of the foregoing are with the opposition, while the government has a number of probable candidates of the latter have not yet come to the front.

Since Indian river and the Klondike have been made into one district with two representatives, in all probability, each party will nominate one Englishman and one Frenchman, there being such a large number of the latter that it is considered they are entitled to have one of their own number on the ticket.

In the Dawson district the only candidate who has been given any prominence at all, and he has not stated definitely that he will accept the nomination even though it is tendered to him, is Dr. A. B. Thompson. A. J. Prudhomme has been mentioned as likely to succeed himself and J. R. Grey has also been spoken of as a probable winner. Among the impossibilities that have been mentioned are W. A. Beddoe and Moses McGregor.

From the Whitehorse district no indication has been received that would indicate that they know an election is to take place, though the electors in that section will doubtless be awakened to a realization of the fact within the next month or so.

## Andy Caned

Upon the return of Detective Welch a few days ago Andy McKenzie was agreeably surprised by being presented with a cane which was brought in to him by Mr. Welch. The present is from Sam Matthews, an old friend and one of the stoutest of soundings. The stick is a branch from a crab apple tree as straight as an arrow and finished in the natural color of the wood. The head is a piece of quartz grasped in the closed claws of an eagle, and is emblematic of the order of which both are members. Matthews was at one time a heavy property owner in Dawson owning the McCormick corner, the property on which the Cascade laundry now stands and numerous other choice bits. He cleaned up \$50,000 in one season, lost the bulk of it, made another strike and finally went outside with about \$20,000 to the good and is now enjoying life in southern California.

## Leg Broken

Alex. McLeod a teamster was taken to St. Mary's hospital this afternoon suffering from a broken leg. The injured man had been up the Klondike while trying to extricate his wagon from a mud hole.

## Born

The home of Fred Kammerer was gladdened on Monday last by the arrival of a bouncing 12 pound son. Mother, son and father are all reported in excellent condition.

The two housemaids burst into a

## A STRANGE CASE OF ART AND CRAFT.

By GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

(Concluded from Wednesday's issue.)

II.  
The maids said that Mrs. Dunby was in one of her tantrums next morning; and, in truth, that lady was not in an amiable state of mind. It was quite natural that Mr. Berry, the butler, had not returned from Brighton overnight, for it had been settled that he should pass four-and-twenty hours at the seaside; but that Rimmer and Small, upon whom she looked with favor, should have taken advantage of her kindness and, in the absence of master and fellow-servant, stopped out all night too, was unpardonable, and she said so in the hearing of the maids, and, in addition, uttered threats about reporting their conduct to Mr. Ehrenberg on his return.

"Which she just won't," said one of the housemaids; "but fleas in their ears when they do come back is nothing to it."  
"My word, yes!" said another. "There will be a shindy!"  
The said "shindy" occurred much sooner than the maids anticipated, for they had hardly spoken before there was a violent ringing of a bell. "What bell's that?" said one.  
"Picture gallery," said the cook, who never answered bells, but had a very good ear for music. "You gells have been leaving your brushes and brooms there after sweeping up yesterday when the men went away."  
"I didn't," said one housemaid.  
"And I'll swear I didn't," said the other.

Jangle went the bell again, more violently than before.

"Why don't you answer the bell, Mary?" said the first speaker.  
"Well, I'm sure, Sarah!" replied the other, tartly. "It's not my place to answer the picture gallery bells. Where are the footmen?"

Jangle went the tinnitination again, and cook spoke wisdom.  
"She's in a regular tantrum, my dears, and I'd go up together and share it, if I was you. There, don't stand haggling!"

Cook had great influence with her fellow-servants, and her advice prevailed, the two housemaids entering by the open picture gallery door just as Mrs. Dunby had placed her hand upon the bell handle with the intention of keeping it there till the summons was answered.

"Oh, there you are at last!" cried the irate housekeeper. "Now, then, if you please, have the goodness to explain that!"

She stood in a tragedy-queen attitude, pointing at a holland covered chiffonier, upon which stood a port wine bottle and a tumbler, the first empty and displaying its patch of seawash, and beside it, impaled upon a pocket corkscrew, a dispirited looking, sodden cork, the glass holding still about a tea-spoonful of port-wine crust, showing that the bottle had been drained.

The maids stared at the bottle and glass and then back at the housekeeper, before turning questioning eyes upon the other.

"Well, why don't you speak?" cried their questioner.

"I dunno what you mean, ma'am," cried Mary.

"And I'm sure I don't neither," said Sarah.

"No lies, if you please," cried the housekeeper, angrily. "If you'll take my advice you'll be open and confess."

"Confess!" said Mary. "I've nothing to confess."

"And I'm sure I ain't," said Sarah.

"Shame upon you both! I've suspected it for long enough. Late at night, too, after I'd gone up to bed!" said Sarah, firmly.

"I mean that you two took advantage of Mr. Berry being out and the men servants away to go down to the butler's pantry and steal that wine."

"That I'm sure we didn't," snorted Mary. "Nothing of the kind."

"It's false!" cried the housekeeper. "You two planned it, I'm sure, and had in I don't know who the grocer's man or the butcher, or some other two friends of yours—to drink your master's wine; and as soon as he returns you may make up your minds to be turned away without characters."

"Oh, very well," said Mary loftily. "Don't mind what she says, Sarah, dear; good places are plentiful enough, and it won't be much of a loss to leave a situation where the housekeeper drinks."

"What?" cried the lady in question, turning pale.

"And has in a German furniture-moving man to half finish a bottle of master's port wine."

"How dare you!"

"And has so much herself that she forgets to put the bottle and glass away."

"You impudent hussy!" cried the housekeeper, almost foaming.

"Faugh! I saw you smiling at him yesterday, and him being sweet as sweet to you. Didn't you, Sarah?"

"Well, I did see something, certainly," said Sarah. "And—"

"If you please, Mrs. Dunby," said cook, entering the gallery, looking sharply from one to the other, "the front door bell rang, and here's that German furniture moving man come back."

The two housemaids burst into a

shriek of laughter and rushed out of the room, while the housekeeper's face became of the color of fresh putty.

"Anything the matter, Mrs. Dunby?" said the cook.

"The matter? Oh!" cried the housekeeper.

Few words, but intense of the instant, and she stalked into the hall, to find the foreman from Hoffmann Freres waiting, hat in hand, just inside the door.

"Good morning, mattam," he said, with a respectful bow. "I am sorry to trouble you, but there is a great mistake."

"And pray who has made it?" said the housekeeper, icily, and with tightened lips.

"I subpose, mattam, it was de Herr Ehrenberg."

"Yes, mattam. If you would read dot telegram."

He placed the message in her hands, and she read—  
"Hoffmann Freres—Despatch, London. A mistake. The three cases not to be taken to my London house, but sent by S.W.R. to The Willows, Dalepond-on-Thames."

"Ha!" said the housekeeper, coldly. "But the cases are here."

"Yes, mattam."

"Then what do you propose to do?"

"What dis telegram say, mattam."

"Take them to Mr. Ehrenberg's country seat."

"No, mattam. I had brought de van and de case, and we shall take all de deings to Nine Elms."

Mrs. Dunby looked very cold and stern, but her heart seemed to be on fire and burning with the unjust injuries she had received, as she read the telegram over again.

"Very well," she said coldly; "I suppose it is all right. Make haste, please, for I am busy."

"I thank you, mattam," said the foreman; and he went slowly to the door, which was opened for him, to sign to the waiting men with the van, who immediately began to open the back of the great, lumbering vehicle and draw out the empty cases.

"An aw, fery zorry to trouble you all over again, mattam," said the foreman, politely.

"Never mind," replied the housekeeper coldly; and then she stood guard as in duty bound, while the business of the previous day was reversed. She saw the heavy packages removed and the piano restored to its outer case, and neither of the statues could have been so stony as the aspect of Mrs. Dunby and her distance of manner towards the foreman, while when the two housemaids passed through the long gallery twice over—casually, of course—there was a flash from the housekeeper's usually dull-eyes that was absolutely withering.

The moving took some time, for the men were very deliberate in their motions, and their foreman punctilious in the extreme over the relaying of the rolled-back carpet, and the filling up and signing of a printed form of receipt.

But at last all was done, the cases were in the van, locked up, the men in their seats upon the lowered tail-board, and the foreman by the driver, ready to raise his hat to the housekeeper as the party were driven away.

"Ha!" said Mrs. Dunby just then, with a snort, as she caught sight of two tall, picked footmen out of livery coming down the side of the square. "There's going to be something said about this."

Prophetic words. Ten minutes later Rimmer's ears tingled, and Small, in despite of his eft, felt worthy of his name.

"Old cat!" he said to his fellow servant, later on. "I thought we'd pretty well got the length of her foot. Think she'll tell the gov'nor when he comes back?"

"You bet!" was the surly reply.

The week which followed was not pleasant for anybody; even Mr. Berry, the butler, did not seem benefited by his run down to Brighton, and the general consensus of opinion in the servants' hall was that matters would be made warm when "master" returned.

They were, and much sooner than was anticipated. For three days after there was a surprise—Ehrenberg came home in a cab, no notice having been sent so that the carriage might meet him and his lady, and consequently no preparations had been made. The shutters were still closed and the furniture remained decked in holland.

"Been awful," whispered Mrs. Ehrenberg's maid hastily to the housekeeper. "Nothing the matter, but she's pretended that she was getting worse, and he was obliged to bring her home."

There was nothing for it but for all the staff to set to work to make the place presentable for the travelers, and as soon as Ehrenberg had finished the scratch dinner and was sitting over his wine alone he sent for the housekeeper.

"Well, Dunby," he said, "is everything right?"

"Well, sir—"

"Stop!" cried the great collector, excitedly. "Don't tell me there has been a burglary amongst my gems?"

"Oh, dear, no, sir. Everything in the collection is all right. I was going to allude to the conduct of the

servants during your absence."

"Is that all?" said Ehrenberg, calmly.

"Yes, sir; but it's very serious, sir, and I feel it my duty to speak."

"Go on, then, and get it over. You know I don't like to be bothered about these petty domestic troubles."

"Yes, sir, but this is very serious. I came down one morning, sir, to find that two of the women had been having visitors in the night, and there were traces of their carousing in the picture gallery."

"What traces?" said Ehrenberg, glaring.

"An empty port wine bottle, sir, and glass."

"In my gallery?"

"Yes, sir."

"Confound their insolence! But port wine? In the night? Where were the men? Were they in it?"

"No, sir; I am grieved to say that they had taken advantage of your absence and were out all night."

"Discharge the lot. A fresh staff of domestics. Mrs. Dunby. With such a collection of art treasures as mine I must have servants that I can trust."

"Yes, sir. I am sorry to complain, but the maids were most insolent to me."

"Then speak out when you are applied to for their characters."

"Yes, sir."

"That's all, then?"

"Yes, sir; I don't think that I have anything else to say."

Mrs. Dunby looked very cold and stern, but her heart seemed to be on fire and burning with the unjust injuries she had received, as she read the telegram over again.

"I'm very sorry, sir. My mistress then, has been so ill?"

"Rubbish! There, that will do."

"Oh, there is one thing, sir. The three great cases arrived from Vienna."

"The three great cases?"

"Yes, sir; by Hoffmann Freres; and I had them placed in the picture gallery."

"Three great cases!" mused Ehrenberg. "And you had them placed in the gallery?"

"Yes, sir; but the men came with your telegram saying that it was a mistake."

"Ah, of course!" cried Ehrenberg. "I felt that there was nothing to come here."

"Exactly, sir, and they took them away next day."

"Took them away next day?" said the collector, changing color. "My telegram? Good heavens, woman! I sent no telegram. Where is it?"

"Here, sir," said the housekeeper, trembling, and she produced the delivery note, the receipt for the packages, and the telegram, all neatly pinned together.

Ehrenberg glanced at them and thumped his fist on the table.

"A conspiracy!" he roared. "Woman, do you mean to tell me you received these great cases and had them placed in the picture gallery?"

"Yes, sir."

"And they were there all one night?"

"Silence!" roared Ehrenberg. "And they were fetched next day?"

"Yes, sir."

"What were they?"

"Statues, sir, in two cases, and a piano in the other."

"How do you know?"

"They opened the case and took the piano out."

"A planner, Sammy?" groaned Ehrenberg, involuntarily quoting old Weller's words to his son. "Oh, oh, woman, woman, you've ruined me!"

He upset his wine and ran out into the hall, bounded up the short flight of stairs, threw open the gallery door, and switched on the electric lights, to reveal a state of peace within, for the holland draperies met his eyes from end to end, and as the trembling housekeeper tottered in he dropped down upon a covered settee and began to mop his streaming forehead.

"A false alarm, Dunby," he said, huskily. "I was afraid that—I thought—I don't understand—yes, I do!" he roared, springing up and rushing to the nearest portion of the wall, to seize and whisk aside the hanging holland covering of a picture.

"I knew it! I knew it!" he cried, piteously, as an empty massive gilt frame met his eyes. "My Valasquez—worth thousands!"

He went to the next drapery and dragged it aside.

"That heavenly Rubens!" he cried, and rushed on.

"Before another—" he groaned.