

The Klondike Nugget

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KLONDIKE NUGGET. THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1903.

SELF SACRIFICE SUBLIME.

Our good neighbor the News has given notice of intention to bring suit in a variety of cases sufficient to keep the courts busy for a term of months.

Quite a time ago the public was informed with a grand flourish of trumpets and rattle of castanets that the News would seek redress for a direct charge of attempted blackmail. The insult was not to be wiped out through the time honored medium of pistols and coffee, nor was it to be righted through the somewhat more prosaic method of a criminal libel action. Nay! Nay!! The only balm that could heal the deep thrust that had been aimed against the tender feelings of our contemporary was a dollar and cent specific—but even this homeopathic remedy seems to have been forgotten in the mad clamor for revenge upon those who for the nonce have forgotten their political pledges.

This spirit of self sacrifice displayed by our contemporary must be regarded as one of the most marvelous exhibitions of forbearance recorded in human history. The News stands charged under oath of an effort to extort blackmail. The intended victim has placed his hand and seal to the damning document and in minute detail describes the method alleged to have been pursued. Moreover, he invites examination and investigation into the matter in order that the facts may be known to the satisfaction of the public.

One would naturally imagine that the rich, red blood of passion would leap so tumultuously through the editorial arteries that all other considerations would be forgotten in an immediate and strenuous demand for vindication.

But no. The News must carry forward its self imposed task of regulating the universe no matter what trivial hindrances may present themselves.

Of what importance is an allegation of blackmail even though given under hand and seal, compared with the stern duty of flying a cabinet minister who is now in England?

What broods it, that people are reading the unanswered affidavit and wondering as to why and wherefore? Is not the Yukon council in session and will not the country get itself to the demnition bow wows if the News does not deliver its daily heart to heart dissertation upon the obligations of members?

Of what concern is so light an accusation, when considered in connection with the necessity of instructing the local scavengers in the performance of their duties? There is menace to public health in an undumped load of garbage, and the blackmail case must bide a wee.

We, therefore, entreat our readers not to deal harshly in thought or word with our contemporary. In good time, peradventure, ere the first quarter of the 20th century has passed into oblivion, the News may find time to set aside the cares and responsibilities of running the country and carry out its purpose of seeking redress before the courts. We know full well that there are not wanting those who have made unkind references to the ancient proverb dealing with the beam and the mote. But they must be moved by personal feel-

ings and know not the responsibilities of statecraft.

There are others who mention "corroborative evidence" and similar high sounding terms—from what motive we wot not. Suffice it to say that time creeps on apace and weighty public matters still engage our contemporary to the exclusion of private wrongs—presenting a spectacle of self sacrifice infinitely sublime.

The leading editorial in the Sun of this morning deals with a communication recently published in this paper concerning the Treadgold concession. Our contemporary starts out with the assertion that "the article in question was not refused space in the Sun." Following this bold remark is upwards of a column of explanation setting forth the Sun's reasons for not publishing the article, concluding with the statement that the correspondent "suffered no great amount of surprise at the failure of the Sun to assist him in creating political capital or capital against the Sun." Our contemporary is quite likely to find people questioning its veracity if it does not succeed in making its statements tally somewhat better.

An incident unheard of before in the annals of Yukon history occurred at the council meeting yesterday. Councilman Lowe asked for the modest sum of \$100 per month for the maintenance of an assay office at Whitehorse and allowed his request to remain at that figure, in spite of the insistence of other members that the amount was too small. We doubt if a precedent for the incident could be found in the annals of legislation.

The statement was made at the recent board of trade meeting to the effect that local capital is ready to invest in a water system to supply the mining districts. This matter should be thoroughly investigated and all the facts relating to it secured and made ready for the consideration of the parliamentary commission.

A railroad which will open up the interior mining districts of the territory would be the means of effecting a tremendous increase in population. There are hundreds of square miles of mining ground yet unprospected, waiting the day when quick and cheap communication with supply centres is afforded.

A paper which hurrahs for every governmental act, whether right or wrong, cannot expect to retain any influence or standing. The Sun is right in saying that criticism of its policy, or rather lack of policy, is popular.

Under favorable weather conditions the cleanup this year should exceed that of 1902 by not less than 20 per cent. With a proper water system installed the amount would easily be doubled.

There is enough work in preparing the case against the Treadgold concession to keep the board of trade busy until the time when the promised commission arrives.

A water system is badly needed, but it is not wanted at the price of the community's prosperity.

Grand Jury Dismissed. Guthrie, Okla., April 4.—Chief Justice Buford today dismissed sine die the Logan county grand jury, which for three weeks has been investigating the charges of boodling in the Oklahoma legislature. The final report of the jury contained no new indictments against legislators or

lobbyists, but stated that sufficient evidence had been secured to make it certain that improper means had been used to secure legislation, although the testimony was not strong enough to warrant individual indictments.

In dismissing the jurors, Judge Buford stated that if legislative boodling continued he is in favor of a law that will make the visit of a lobbyist or agent of a corporation to the legislative halls a criminal action. He stated also that such legislative boodling would lead to the adoption of the initiative and referendum system.

Post Office Bureau. Washington, April 14.—The investigation into the affairs of the post office bureau has progressed sufficiently to establish the fact there has been unwarranted expenditures, amounting to extravagance of the gross character, in the purchase of supplies for postoffices and in making unnecessary expenditures. Reports have been received from postmasters relating to this branch of the investigation, and enough has already been discovered to show that the needless outlay has amounted to large sums in the last four or five years. An official of the department stated today that as a result of the investigation now in progress there would be a pruning of expenses and allowances.

This extravagance has been occasioned by the purchase of supplies, machinery and equipment for the larger offices of the country that were not needed in the transactions of official business, in frequent changes of letter boxes, their repair and repainting and in the adoption and frequent changes of letter boxes, form of supplies and other equipment in the free delivery service. Hereafter whatever may be the result of the pending investigation, these expenses will be pruned down and passed upon by higher officials than division chiefs in the department.

It has also been determined by the department to make a change in the management of the rural free delivery service. This will be transferred to the office of the fourth assistant postmaster general, Mr. Bristow, who will give this branch of the service his personal supervision. This is an assurance of radical change in the management of that service. It is known that Mr. Bristow and Mr. Machen, the present general superintendent of free delivery service, are not on friendly terms officially or personally, and it is expected that Mr. Machen will refuse to remain in the service, when the business of his division is transferred to the fourth assistant's office.

Assaults Two Men

Chattanooga, Tenn., April 4.—As a result of signed cards published in the Chattanooga Times a few days since, State Senator J. Walter Peak attacked J. H. Cantrell and William Dowling, two of the most prominent citizens of the city, on the street this afternoon and bruised them. Mr. Dowling was eating at a public place when Mr. Peak came in unobserved and hit Mr. Dowling over the head three times with a stick. Mr. Dowling was seriously hurt. Walking down Market street, Peak met Mr. Cantrell and, after applying a threat tried to hit him with the stick. This Mr. Cantrell caught and Mr. Peak then smashed him in the face with his fist. Peak was cited to appear in police court on Monday.

Stenberg's Slight

Berlin, April 4.—According to the Taegliche Rundschau, the German military and forestry attaches at Washington have suddenly returned to Germany because Minister Von Ceterburg declined to leave cards for their wives, maintaining that he was not obliged to call on every lady belonging to the embassy. Maj. Otto von Etzel is the German military attaché and Herr Schneck the expert for forestry and agriculture at Washington.

Do you want a good laugh? Then don't miss the opera "Erminie" at the Auditorium four nights next week commencing on the evening of, Victoria day.

Delight of House-Cleaning

There are certain times when I almost reach the point of thinking it would be good to be a man. That is putting it strongly, too, because, if I were a man I would have to work, and working doesn't mean, of course, planning and cooking or having cooked three meals daily for 365 days every year. Work is going to an office or a field or a factory or a mine every morning and not owning any home except as a place to eat and sleep in and sometimes to bring your friends to for eating and sleeping. If I were a man I'd have to work at law, or agriculture, or mining, or teaching, or politics, or medicine, or letters, or mechanics, or something. If I were a man I'd have to succeed, and it must be dreadful to have to succeed in order to retain your own and other people's respect.

Being a woman, there is no one with the possible exceptions of the "woman's rights" women, to think any the less of me for staying at home and doing nothing but any things which the people who work have not time or taste to do: Being a woman, it is no disgrace to me to let some nice body do all the working and succeeding for me. If I were a man I'd have to understand politics and I don't see how I ever could. If I were a man I'd have to vote for a man whom I don't see how any one, even his wife, can like. If I were a man I suppose I would have to marry some woman, and it is almost too dreadful to consider being tied for life to a person like—well, say like myself.

But then, if I were a man, even when spring came I could take an easy conscience every morning to my desk or my field or my engine. I could lie down every night in March and April and May and go to sleep with no carpets and curtains and wardrobes and trunks and closets and stairs making horrible faces at me and wearing sleep away; with no dust and moths and microbes dancing through all my troubled dreams; with no whole, dreadful, dusty, cobwebby, germ-breeding house making a nightly nightmare of itself, and prancing on my troubled head. If I were a man, a sleeping or a waking man, I need never think about spring cleaning until some notionate, unreasonable woman suggested it to me and then I could look like a cross between a martyr and a highwayman and retreat to my working place and not come home until there wasn't any other place to go. It is springtime now, and why can't I be a man and work until the annual upheaval is over?

I'll never, never be found guilty of a spring poem. I'm always too busy with thoughts of spring cleaning. Spring is here again, for March has swept dry and clean the wet floor of all our world; the horses are off with the old and on with the new sleek coats; the sparrows are shaking down last year's straw from the gables and are putting in new; the trees have thrown aside the last of the old scales. Spring cleaning has begun. In the garret first, of course, and here in the garret are Eliza and I. Eliza with her skirts very much tucked up and her black face shining with satisfaction as she steps up the last of the steep stairs, balancing on her head a bucket of water, and beating two brooms, a huge basket and a dustpan, and I do believe she enjoys spring-cleaning. I with my head in a towel, in the garret dust of a year. Of a year? I wonder how many years of how many lives are represented in the dust of this old garret of ours. There, Eliza, get up all the stray papers first, the cigar boxes, the shoe boxes, the suit boxes, the flower boxes, the candy boxes—put a dozen or more of the best of them with the best of the wrapping paper into the big wooden box in the corner here. Take any that you would like yourself and throw all the rest away. Fill up your hamper a dozen times, take it down and empty it, then sprinkle the floor, move all the movables into the middle of the floor and sweep, and sprinkle and sweep, while I look into the contents of some of the old chests and trunks. But before you begin we will open the big cedar chest, where lie packed in cedar chips and lavender the patchwork quilts of many, many hundreds of pieces. An airing on the clothes line will freshen them up, and they say they are coming in style again. And Eliza, in her abbreviated skirts, and I with my towel-crowned head, find it hard to stop admiring the old quilts, grandma's and great-grandma's quilts. There's a box of books, books in more languages than one or two, books from a Sunday school primer to a hard, uncompromising leather bound Herodotus. Dusty, musty with their years and years of lying there, old ledgers, old geographies, and how ever did the children of grandmother's day learn from such dreadful books? They must have been born with bigger brains than those that their grown-up grandchildren have. What's the use of keeping any longer, food for moths, receptacles for germs to hide in? Eliza wouldn't be a daughter of Africa if she didn't like a few of the Greek and Latin books. She may dust them and keep what she wants and burn the rest. We are going to have a cleaning for a good many dead springs this spring.

So many letters and letters. Ah, I hope that all the people I write my silly thoughts to will burn my letters.

I shouldn't like to think that any one were reading them a hundred years from now, when my hands are dust, and wondering about the quaint, funny old lady who wrote them. And I hope no one will pack away my dresses and hats and wraps when I am dead. I'm so much rather they were given to some person who needs them. Here in the garret trunks are so many crumbling pieces of old finery. I wish I had the heart to burn them, too, but I haven't. I'll shake them out and pack them away for one more year.

The afternoon passes on, and tired and dusty, Eliza and I have ousted the spiders and the mudwasps, have raised and laid again the ghosts of the past, have set the garret to rights and left it clean and wholesome, have finished one chapter of our spring cleaning.

Two days after we get recruits and make an onslaught on two bedrooms, and leave them in the afternoon sweet and fresh and wholesome as any spring morning. Next day two more bedrooms, then the halls and living rooms, the kitchen, the pantries, the porches. Then comes the end of the week, at last. The pictures are all back in their places; the carpets, like the political candidates, "have been up and beaten and are down again"; the fresh curtains have all been hung; if there is a spider left in the house, we don't know about him; the winty dow-panes shine like diamonds; the furniture is glistening, every piece of it; if there is a speck of dust anywhere on wall or woodwork it is not visible to the naked eye; the beds smell so sweet and look so white that it is restful just to see them, and we need rest, every woman and girl of us. From our heads to our feet every nerve and muscle aches, but when we look around us our eyes brighten, when we breathe the purified atmosphere of our house we feel refreshed, and there isn't one of us who doesn't think of all the seasons of the year spring cleaning is the best. And we wouldn't be a man, hot for one dreadful moment, any of us, for never lived a man, from Adam's day to ours, who could see any difference in a house before and after spring cleaning.—Florence Hill Foster.

GIVE THE BOY A CHANCE

Once upon a time there was a boy—not a story-book boy, but the real kind; so real, in fact, that the people in the flat below asked him to wear slippers when he came home after school. And, like many other boys outside of story-books, he hated a school.

He was a great disappointment to his father, who had decided, while the boy was still in knits, that he should become a lawyer. When the mother asked why her boy was destined for the bar, his father pointed to the fact that the uncle for whom he was named was a shining legal light and the most successful member of the family. He kept five servants and counted electric lights in his mansion by the dozen.

The mother, who had helped her son install miniature telephones and mimic railway systems, decided that, if ever her boy had electric lights by the dozen, they would be earned in a different calling than that followed by his uncle. Occasionally she ventured to express this opinion to the boy's father, and the result was domestic discord.

Then the father was suddenly ordered to the Philippines, and a month later the boy failed to pass his examinations. The mother called at the school and was informed that her son was lazy, inattentive, and lacking in concentration. When he ought to be doing sums, he was drawing impossible plans for impossible machinery on the fly-leaves of his books.

Returning home the mother walked past her home, and twice around the block, and then decided that it was a kind providence after all that had taken her husband to Manila.

The next week the boy found himself apprenticed in an electrical shop. In less than a month his shoulders straightened out, and light came into the eyes, where scowls had lurked. He took on 10 pounds of flesh and dropped such items of information as this:

"We will wire the Smithsonian block next week," or "Our Buffalo man was in today."

The "we" and the "our" tell the tale. The boy has found the right channel for his energies. There is no greater happiness in life than to find congenial work. The right channel for energy is the straightest road to contentment. The great trouble is that so many parents think they know which channel is best for their children and endeavor to be conjoined otherwise. The average parent groans aloud when he reads in scare trade that a horrible case of infanticide has been unearthed. He vows he can not read the details—they are so revolting. But without a qualm this same parent will try to divert the channel of his child's energies and wreck a promising life. We all think we know what is best for the other fellow. When the other fellow is our own child, and at our mercy, we are apt to make a mixing of things.

APPEAL DISMISSED

Boyle and McGiverin Must Pay Costs

The case of J. W. Boyle and Harold B. McGiverin, plaintiffs and appellants, vs Thos. J. Sparks, A. D. Field and H. E. Berry, concerning claim No. 20 on Bear creek, has been dismissed by the appeal court, all of the three judges concurring.

The order of the court is that the appeal herein be and the same is hereby dismissed with the costs, amounting to \$369, taxed to the plaintiffs; that the judgment of the gold commissioner be the same is hereby affirmed; and that the cross appeal be dismissed with costs, the same being fixed at \$50.

The costs of one appeal go to offset those of the other, leaving a balance of costs to be paid by Boyle and McGiverin amounting to \$319.

"Erminie" is one of the funniest comic operas that has ever been written. Don't miss seeing it at the Auditorium the first four nights of next week.

Fancy Petalura eggs—at N. A. T. & T. Co.

H. Pinkiert

AUCTIONEER And Commission Merchant Front St. Opp. L. & C. Dock

HOT GAME EXPECTED

Amaranths and Idyle Hours Play Tomorrow Night.

"Don't think that darkness will overtake tomorrow night's ball game," said a member of the Amaranth team today, "for it will be the swiftest ball ever played in the Yukon and don't you forget it."

Each team is confident of a walk-over and that the other fellows will be the ones to explain how it happened. As one team on the other must have its colors trailed in the dust the battle for supremacy will be a warm one.

Considerable work is now being done on Dawson streets, principally on First avenue which is being graded of all refuse, leveled and graded up and otherwise being put in good condition for next Monday's celebration.

American Goods FOR MEN'S WEAR Cahn, Wampold & Co. Guaranteed Clothing, Dunlap, Stetson and Gordon Hats, Banister and Geo. E. Keith Shoes, Cluett, Peabody & Co. Shirts and Collars, Wilson Bros. Shirts and Neckwear, E. & W. Collars and Cuffs, Deimel Linen Mesh Underwear. Agents for Cutter & Felder Shoes.

SARGENT & PINSKA, 116 Second Ave.

The White Pass & Yukon Route. The only through line to Whitehorse and Skagway, with connections for all points on the outside. THROUGH TICKETS. Our first class passenger steamers consist of Whitehorse, Dawson, Selkirk, Yukoner, Columbian, Canadian, Victorian, Bally, Zealandian and Sybil, which will give a daily service between Dawson and Whitehorse.

Burlington Route. No matter what eastern point you may be destined, your ticket should read Via the Burlington. M. P. BENTON, 103 Pioneer Square, SEATTLE, WN.

Alaska Flyers...operated by the Alaska Steamship Company. Dolphin and Humboldt Leave Skagway Every Five Days. FRANK E. BURNS, Supt. ELMER A. FRIEND, Skagway Agent.

Pacific Packing and Navigation Co. Successors of Pacific Steam Whaling Co. Copper River and Cook's Inlet. YAKUTAT, ORCA, VALDEZ, HOMER. FOR ALL PORTS In Western Alaska Steamer Newport.

Bar Toweling. Red and Blue Checked, all widths. I am quoting special prices This Week. Bunting... Red, White and Blue. J. P. McLENNAN. 105 Second Ave.

Memoirs. Mr. Shylock Homes, the... H. Pinkiert... Amaranths and Idyle Hours Play Tomorrow Night... "Don't think that darkness will overtake tomorrow night's ball game," said a member of the Amaranth team today... "Erminie" is one of the funniest comic operas that has ever been written... The case of J. W. Boyle and Harold B. McGiverin... Considerable work is now being done on Dawson streets... American Goods FOR MEN'S WEAR... SARGENT & PINSKA... The White Pass & Yukon Route... THROUGH TICKETS... Burlington Route... Alaska Flyers... Alaska Steamship Company... Pacific Packing and Navigation Co... Copper River and Cook's Inlet...