

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NO. 12. (Dawson's Pioneer Paper) Issued Daily and Semi-Weekly. GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. Daily. Yearly, in advance \$30.00 For month, by carrier in city in advance 3.00 Single copies 25

NOTICE. When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation."

LETTERS. And Small Packages can be sent to the Carriers by our carriers on the following days: Every Tuesday and Friday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run.

MONDAY, MAY 12, 1902.

\$50 Reward.

We will pay a reward of \$50 for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of any one stealing copies of the Daily or Semi-Weekly Nugget from business houses or private residences, where same have been left by our carriers.

KLONDIKE NUGGET.



AMUSEMENTS THIS WEEK.

Auditorium—"Uncle Tom's Cabin." Orpheum—Burlesque and Vaudeville.

EXIT WINTER.

The ice broke in front of Dawson last evening, the event marking the beginning of the Yukon's summer season. Winter has relaxed its last hold upon the country, and for several months to come warmth and sunshine will prevail where frost and cold have so long held sway.

Within a few more days the welcome sound of steamboat whistles will be heard on the river and quick communication with the outside world will once more be established. Prosperity is again abroad in the land, and its stimulating influence is noticeable among all classes and conditions of life.

Dawson has emerged from the long, dull winter in a healthier condition and with prospects for business brighter than ever before. Confidence in the future of the city and in the mining district upon which it depends for existence is more strongly established than ever as is witnessed by the amount of building now in progress. The sound of hammer and saw is heard on every hand, and structures for residence and business purposes alike are in course of erection.

Every now and then some more or less atrocious crime committed in the south causes correspondents to hint darkly, or sometimes openly assert, that it is connected with some member or scion of the Bender family.

The current summer season, the arrival of which has been officially announced by the breaking of the ice, bids fair to surpass all its predecessors in the amount of activity and the general prosperity which it will witness.

The full details of the destruction of St. Pierre only serve to heighten

the appalling nature of the disaster. It is almost impossible to comprehend the tragedy in its full meaning for the reason that contemporaneous history furnishes nothing upon which to base a comparison. Forty thousand souls without warning or notice hurled into eternity—the human mind refuses almost to grasp a catastrophe of such stupendous proportions. Truly, the wonders of providence are worked out in a mysterious manner.

The Transvaal peace negotiations are being carried forward in such a satisfactory manner that a date in the near future has been named upon which all hostilities are presumed to cease. It appears certain now that the one small cloud which threatened to look darkly upon the King's coronation festivities will be removed.

Notwithstanding the fact that there are people in Dawson who still maintain that the mines are worked out, it is no unusual event for a claim to sell for \$25,000 or \$30,000. In such a case money speaks with unanswerable eloquence.

Queen Alexandra has declined to allow liquid ointment to be poured on her head at the coronation, and it will therefore be applied in crystallized form. Thus does modern common sense replace the dusty traditions of centuries.

When the garbage piles that have been accumulating on the ice during the winter pass entirely beyond view, Dawson will breathe a sigh of pronounced relief. Since warm weather set in, they have been extremely offensive.

Nothing.

A traveller in the Bolivian Andes says that at one time, while his cart was making its progress through passes and over dizzy heights, he had a chance to learn how two taciturn persons may show their satisfaction at meeting in other than the conventional way.

It was midday, and under the glaring vertical sun drowsiness had invaded us. We slept until we were awakened by the approach of the mail cart coming in the opposite direction, the first civilized vehicle we had encountered.

They were evidently pleased to meet, but had nothing whatever to say. At last one inquired: "What news?" "Nothing," replied the other. "What did he say?" asked the first, doubtless continuing a conversation a fortnight old.

"Nothing." "Good!" and they drove on.

What He Left.

In a little New England village lived a lawyer famous for drawing wills, in which branch of the business he had long enjoyed a monopoly of the business of the county.

On the death of a certain respected citizen there was much speculation as to the value of the property, and village gossips undertook to find out the facts. He hunted up the lawyer and said, rather bluntly: "I suppose you make Blank's will?"

"Yes." "Then you probably know how much he left. Would you mind telling me?" "Not at all," answered the lawyer, deliberately. "He left everything he had."

Thrown Into a Canyon.

Every now and then some more or less atrocious crime committed in the south causes correspondents to hint darkly, or sometimes openly assert, that it is connected with some member or scion of the Bender family. This notorious family lived about 30 years ago at Cherryvale, about 30 miles below Independence, Kan., and consisted of a father, mother, son and daughter. The son was the

BOYS' CLOTHING

Suits, Shirts, Shoes, Stockings, Caps, &c.

J. P. McLENNAN 233 FRONT ST. Phone 101-B

younger of the two children, and his share in the many murders committed was never known. Kate, the daughter, was a young woman of considerable attractiveness, and she acted as a lure to many of the unwary victims.

The stories told and repeated of their crimes are many and awful, and like all such sources of sensational literature, have been drawn upon frequently by imaginative writers for exaggerated, thrilling tales. Only last fall Kate Bender figured in a mysterious murder. Another time last year a man who had trouble with his wife claimed she was the great and only Kate Bender, and his assertion was given some credence.

These things were being talked of one day in the presence of the writer when a man, whose name, for obvious reasons, is withheld, spoke up.

"I tell you," he said, "if everybody knew those Benders as well as I did, there would be less of that kind of talk. That chap that has Kate Bender for a wife must be a spiritualist; and any one who has shaken hands with any of the rest of the family since I saw them last must have had an asbestos glove.

"Was I there? Well, I guess I was, and it was as good a night's work as ever I helped to do, notwithstanding that we are ever since amenable to the law. They were a bad lot, and no mistake. They took a good many innocent lives, but not so many as stories of them have since said. The people around Cherryvale began to suspect something wrong, but were slow to act. So slow were they that the Benders had time to learn that they were suspected. Like wise people, they thought that their hearty was getting bad in that climate, and concluded to move. They did not have a farewell ball, nor have a party at the station to see them off. They just got into a wagon and pulled out like a suburban family going for a picnic. They passed through Independence, but did not put up at the biggest hotel. It was a private picnic party, and they did not want a crowd musing up their lunch.

"They camped six miles from Independence on the Verde Gras river. A few of us heard of the picnic and, being offended at not being invited, caught up with them there. Our welcome was not very hearty, but we proceeded to enjoy ourselves. It was a nice night for a picnic, and the rushing river, as it tumbled into unfathomed abysses, here made suggestive music.

"Did you ever roll rocks into a hole a hundred feet deep and hear them splash in the deep, turbulent water below. It's great fun. That is what we did that night. Some of the rocks were not heavy enough, and we weighted them. When we got through there were a few more rocks in the Verde Gras river, and the world was rid of as tough a quarter as ever sang the death song."

—L. T., in Anaconda Standard.

The Elephant's Little Joke.

The "Midway" at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo was designed especially to furnish amusement, and no doubt fulfilled its purpose admirably. It was not design, however, but accident which was responsible for a funny incident witnessed by some visitors from New York, one of whom tells the story in the Sun.

We were loitering past the animal show when I noticed a queer sort of chair in front of the place. It was of wood, heavy, and square, and remarkably wide, and the seat was less than a foot high.

While we were wondering what it was for, a baby elephant came out of the menagerie building, and when it reached the chair, sat down in it. The "barker" also came along and began his efforts to draw a crowd.

Just in front of the chair stood a group of people discussing the question of where to go next. One woman was only a foot or two from the elephant, but all of them were standing with their backs to the chair, and were quite unconscious of any one or anything near them.

The elephant seemed to decide on investigating the group. The woman had her belt pinned down in the back with a large-headed pin that gleamed temptingly in young Mr. Elephant's eyes. He stretched out his trunk and began fumbling with the pin.

The woman felt something and put her hand around to see that her belt was in place. Before her hand got there the trunk was gone. She satisfied herself that her clothing was secure, and then brought her hand back to the front again. Up went the trunk for a second attempt. The woman was so occupied in the discussion that she was probably only half-conscious of being touched, for she did not turn around even then. She merely put her hand back on another reassuring expedition, which again missed the exploring trunk.

Once again the elephant found the

field clear. This time he was surer of his ground. He deftly took the head of the pin, drew it out, and then swiftly jabbed it—there is no other word for it—into the woman's back. "Scream? Oh, yes. She jumped about three feet, too, and as she came down she whirled around to see what had struck her. When she saw that elephant she jumped another three feet. I have seen the Midway very lively at times, but I don't think I ever saw anything any funnier than that.

The elephant? Oh, he never cracked a smile.

Caught in a Stampede.

Two years ago, when the cowboys of northeastern Arizona came together to find out who was the "best man" in various ways, James Evans won the steer-tying championship by roping, throwing and tying a vicious steer in twenty-four seconds. But in a recent round-up the champion did a more remarkable thing, by which, says the Kansas City Star, he saved his own and another's man life.

While he and some companions were camping for the night on a high table-land, which ended a few miles away in an abrupt drop of two hundred feet, a storm swept through the mountains. Made nervous by the lightning, the herd of fifteen hundred cattle stampeded in the direction of the precipice. Evans and his men mounted hurriedly, and circling to the front of the maddened cattle, tried with whoops and revolver shots to turn them back.

In the dense blackness of the night Evans's horse missed his footing and went down in a heap, one leg in a gopher-hole. The horse of a cowboy named Davis, running close behind, stumbled over Evans's horse, and Davis, too, came to earth and lay still, unconscious.

Fifty yards away came the herd, and a short flash of lightning showed Evans the situation. The swiftly moving sea of cattle reached one hundred yards each way. Unable to arouse Davis, and never thinking of leaving his disabled comrade, Evans took the only chance of saving both.

He emptied his own revolver and his companion's into the center of the herd, cutting a breach in the front of the mass. Then throwing the inanimate form of Davis over his shoulder, he awaited his opportunity.

As one of the leaders brushed by, Evans, with one movement, put the body of Davis across the shoulders of the steer, and mounted, also. Vainly the animal leaped, bucked and side-jumped. With his legs wrapped tightly around the body of his mount, Evans drove his spurs deep in, and held himself and Davis in place.

The steer, wild with rage, agony and fright, rapidly left the herd in the rear, and veering to the right in a furious gallop, carried his riders out of danger. Then Evans rolled off the back of his strange rescuer, and a half-hour later, when his cowboys turned the herd at the rim of the canon, and rode back to look for the foreman and Davis, they found them, both unconscious. The weary steer, with his sides covered with blood, lay exhausted a short distance away.

The outfit ordered a medal for Evans, and the steer has been pensioned for life on the best alfalfa in the valley.

A Government Job.

Two advertisements which lately appeared in a Washington paper are worth a little thought on the part of young men. They read as follows: "Will give \$100 to any one who will secure me a government place paying \$60 to \$75 per month. Have strong indorsements. Address —"

"Will pay \$200 for influence which will secure me a clerical position under the government. Address —"

Here are two persons so sure that the way to get a government job is to grease the palm of some congressman or senator that they pub-

licly announce their readiness to bribe any one who can "deliver the goods." The assumption is wholly false. There is not and there never has been anything to support it, and the sooner any applicant for government position rids himself of it the better his chances will be.

The unfitness of both these applicants needs no further demonstration than their advertisements. They know, or should know, that the door of the civil service examination stands open to all who are worthy to enter.

Another point which should not be overlooked is the smallness of the salary stipulated—fifteen to eighteen dollars a week. It is less than competent mechanics earn, less than paid to young men in hundreds of occupations of civil life. Moreover, advancement for clerks in government service is slow, increases salary are small, and tenure of office, at the best, is precarious.

No; a young man of brains and gumption had better be sawing wood or pounding sand into rat-holes than wasting his time trying to get a petty government job through "pull." He may have to wear a colored shirt instead of a white one, but he will be farther ahead at the end of ten years. Besides, he can preserve what is worth more than money—his manhood.

A story is told of a Boston lawyer whose quick wit never deserted him either in courtroom or elsewhere. One day a client entered his office, and throwing back his coat, said irritably:

"Why, your office, sir, is as hot as an oven!" "Why shouldn't it be?" was the calm response. "It's here that I make my bread."

Job Printing at Nugget office.

\$80 M. CURRENCY.

DOME CIGARS

\$1,000.00 Standing Offer To the person that will prove that this is not a genuine Long Filler Havana Cigar.

Beginning Monday, May 12, we will offer to the trade only in case lots containing 2,500 each

FREE 1 Box Horseshoe Tobacco, 1 Box Seal N. C. Tobacco, 1 Box Bull Durham Tobacco, 500 Vanity Fair Cigarettes, 500 Turkish Cigarettes.

This Cigar has been duly registered and any person or persons imitating this brand or part thereof will be prosecuted.

Townsend & Rose, FIRST AVENUE.

DOLLARS!

\$15.00 SUITS \$18.00 SUITS \$22.00 SUITS \$25.00 SUITS

On Display in Our Show Windows. Best Material, Style, Workmanship.

N. A. T. & T. CO.