

The Klondike Nugget

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From Monday and Tuesday's Daily.
PROPER ACTION.

An ordinance recently placed in effect respecting stray animals should be carefully read by every owner of horses and cattle in the territory. The ordinance makes it an offense punishable by fine or imprisonment for such animals to be left astray during the winter season unless they are in good condition. It also provides that water and feed shall be available for their use. It seems somewhat remarkable that such a law should be required, particularly in this country, where horses and cattle have such high value. Experience of the past proves, however, that there are men who are sufficiently cruel or careless to require that such a regulation be passed and stringently enforced.

If a horse has outlived his usefulness and his services are no longer of value to his owner, it is far better that he be killed immediately than that he should be turned out to die of slow starvation. There is no particular cruelty involved in killing an animal which is no longer of any service to his owner. Common sense and the law as well justifies such action. As long, however, as the animal is alive it rests with the owner to see that he is cared for, and failure to fill this obligation merits punishment. We are pleased to note that the authorities have taken the matter up, and hope the law will be rigidly enforced.

THE GOVERNMENT MINT.

The announcement which has recently come in from Ottawa to the effect that a mint will be established in Canada by the government, contains a message of considerable import to us of the Yukon. Undoubtedly such a departure on the part of the government would be a preliminary step to the establishment of an assay office in Dawson, which it is generally agreed would satisfactorily settle the vexed gold dust question.

There is no disagreement as to the general principle that gold dust as a medium of effecting exchanges is undesirable. In every transaction wherein dust is used someone is certain to suffer. If the dust, as not infrequently happens, is of higher value than the accepted price at which it is taken the man who pays out the dust is the sufferer. If the contrary proves to be the case the other party to the transaction is the victim.

The element of uncertainty which must always be taken into consideration naturally tends to keep the price of commodities at a higher figure than would be the case if in every sale there was no doubt as to the actual value of the consideration. If there is to be any doubt as to the intrinsic worth of what the merchant receives for his goods, he will take good care ordinarily that the doubt shall appear on the right side of the ledger.

The only satisfactory solution to the matter that has been suggested is a government assay office at which actual value of all gold may be secured, less a nominal fee for melting, etc. The establishment of a mint will undoubtedly be followed very shortly by the location of an assay office in Dawson.

W. M. KINLEY, PRESIDENT.

William McKinley has been re-elected president of the United States by an overwhelming vote.

To anyone who has kept in touch with the trend of events in the States during the past three years, the result of the election is occasion for no surprise. In fact as has been pointed out at numerous times in these columns, it has been difficult to conceive the possibility of any other outcome.

President McKinley took office four years ago, when the United States was in the midst of a financial depression such as had not been experienced in many years. His inauguration was the signal for an immediate and distinct change.

Confidence, which had been shaken

to its very center by the fear that Bryan might be elected was immediately restored. Industries which had practically been in a stagnant condition for months revived, and in a short time, commercial and industrial prosperity prevailed over the entire country.

Close upon these domestic triumphs followed the Spanish war, which added to the laurels with which the administration had covered itself and which paved the way to other and even greater achievements.

The administration of the affairs in the Philippine islands was thrust upon McKinley, and to that task he has applied himself in a manner which reflects the utmost credit upon his wisdom as a statesman and skill as a diplomat.

With his plans for the future government of the new possessions but partially executed and those plans constantly being hindered and balked in every possible manner by his political opponents, McKinley was compelled by the expiration of his term of office to submit his policy for the approbation or condemnation of the people.

It has rested, therefore, with the great body of sovereign electors in the States to determine by their ballots whether they would uphold the man who has in every respect followed their instructions throughout his administration, or whether they would, in pursuing a fancy, turn aside from their own convictions and endeavor to undo the work which has been accomplished under such tremendous difficulties and hindrances.

The result has proved as the Nugget has said it would do, that the people of the United States are honest with themselves and true to their public servants who faithfully and efficiently administer the duties imposed upon them.

The election of McKinley by such an overwhelming majority places the stamp of popular approval upon his financial policy which has brought to the States so wonderful a degree of material prosperity. It places the same seal upon his foreign policy which has made the United States a nation honored and respected throughout the length and breadth of Christendom and it marks the confidence of the people in the ability and wisdom of the administration in dealing with the numerous and complicated questions which have arisen as a result of the acquisition of the Philippine islands.

McKinley is in the Whitehouse for four years more. In those few words lies the entire story, but simple and few as they are, they are fraught with meaning of the most intense importance.

They mean a continuation of prosperity and progress. They mean a steady advance in every line of commercial and industrial interests. And finally they mean a determination on the part of the great masses of people in the United States to place no stumbling block in the way of the man who so ably and nobly is working out the great destiny that lies before the republic.

Business houses in Dawson are operating now on the same lines as followed by all successful concerns on the outside. Competition among them is keen and competition always calls for the liberal use of printer's ink. The Nugget's advertising columns not only indicate that Dawson's merchants are awake to their opportunities but are also keenly alive to the merits of the best advertising medium which our enterprising and progressive city affords.

Indications point to a much heavier snow fall this winter than has occurred in any previous year since the Klondike gold discoveries were first made. This means high water and lots of it when navigation opens.

A large number of thawing plants have been placed in the Fortymile district during the past summer, and the amount of work in contemplation for the winter far exceeds what has been done in any previous year. As soon as

titles to property are secured in the lower country, there is every prospect that a lively camp will be built up. Undoubtedly that district would be considered rich if it did not suffer in comparison with the Klondike.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Sun, assures us with much gravity that it went to enormous expense, etc., to secure the list of Canadian nominations. All that tremendous expenditure might just as well have been saved, as the entire list was published in the Nugget 24 hours ahead of the time it appeared in the Sun. The editorial shears might have saved a good sized telegraph bill. Possibly they did. Who knows?

Has Killed Many Indians.

Some Texas historian has recently produced a volume devoted to the pioneers of the "Lone Star State" and graphically describes the hardships endured by the first white men who attempted to settle the country adjacent to the Brazos. Among those who first made the attempt was Henry L. Dillard, now a highly respected citizen of this county, who in the early '70s had taken up a ranch on the Brazos, about 35 miles from old Fort Griffin, at that time the only military post in the heart of the fierce Comanche tribes. Dillard was at the time a slender lad of not quite 19 years, fresh from the verdant mountains of Tennessee, to whom danger was a stranger and fear an idle dream. He had a nice little bunch of cattle, some horses and a team of mules. The latter he used for hauling watermelons and other vegetables, which he raised in abundance on his ranch, to the fort down the river, where his garden truck was always in great demand.

It was a sultry afternoon in August that Dillard, accompanied by his young brother, William, a boy of 12, left Fort Griffin for their home, after having disposed of a load of watermelons. Gen. Buell, who was in command at the post, had asked him to remain over night, but Dillard had courteously declined the proffered hospitality and, whipping up his team of mules, set out on his journey of 35 miles. When about 20 miles out from the fort he suddenly espied a large band of Comanche Indians, all mounted on ponies, and armed with Winchester rifles, bows and arrows, togged up in war paints and gorgeous costumes. They were on the warpath and a quick glance at the savages soon convinced Dillard that he had a big fight on his hands. The younger Dillard suggested that perhaps all the Indians wanted was the mules and advised abandoning the team, which was accordingly done. The Comanches, however, were out for the "whole thing" and, forming a circle around the two boys, opened fire. Dillard in the meantime was retreating toward a low swamp, filled with brush and stumps of burnt trees. Within 20 feet of him walked the boy, carrying the sack that contained the cartridges for the rifle and six-shooter that was dealing death among the redskins under the skillful manipulation of his elder brother. Bullets were flying thick and fast around them and every moment Dillard expected to be killed. Once in the retreat he stumbled against a bunch of brush and fell face to the ground. Veterans of the civil war had told him that men when first shot always fell face forward and felt no pain. The Indians, seeing him fall, supposed he was dead and, dismounting their ponies, rushed up to secure his scalp. Dillard regained his feet and emptied the contents of his revolvers into the foremost Indians and the battle was resumed with renewed energy until the swamp was reached, when the Indians, lessened in numbers to the extent of 11 killed and five wounded, retreated in bad order, returning at dusk to bury their dead. Dillard and his young brother returned to Fort Griffin that evening after dusk and reported the fight to Gen. Buell. The next morning a company of soldiers set out for the marauders and on the spot indicated by Dillard were 11 fresh graves, thrown up the night before. The trail led to the north, in the direction of the Indian territory, and the lieutenant in charge of the company, who is yet in the army, says it was one of the bloodiest he ever traveled. Three weeks later the Indians stopped at Murphy's big ranch in the territory and told of an encounter they had with a "little medicine man" down in Texas, who had killed 11 of their party and wounded nearly a dozen. Gen. Buell says that Dillard was one of the greatest Indian fighters that the west has ever produced and that this government owes him a debt of gratitude for the part he has taken in helping to prepare this western country for future generations. Friends of Mr. Dillard's in Texas are urging him to put in a claim against the government for his mules and wagon taken by the Comanches. He is entitled to it and a bounty of \$100 a head for every redskin that bit the dust before his unerring aim.—Glasgow Review.

Local Election Bets.

A search for those who put their money on Bryan, in order to be successful this morning, should be conducted on the plan adopted by the philosopher

of old who, in order to find an honest man carried a lantern in daylight.

The heaviest winners are Jackson and O'Brien of the Savoy, who won \$8000 from Tom Kirkpatrick, who it is said is the heaviest individual loser.

Billy MacRae of the Aurora No. 2 management, is said to be the chief individual winner, as his bets estimated by those who are closest to him, foot up to a figure closely approaching \$7000. Jack Marshbank is another heavy winner, but as many of his bets were made in comparatively small amounts, and he does not feel disposed to discuss the matter it would be difficult to place an estimate upon the total amount.

Scotty, the urbane gentleman who turns the wheel in the Aurora No. 2, and deftly makes the ball go round, won about \$700. Andy McKenzie who dispenses liquid refreshments across Tom Chisholm's bar and looks wise while he is told how it happened, dropped three or four hundred dollars, and says he would do it again the same way.

Mr. Thompson, of 43 Bonanza, glories in the possession of his nameless mule, the pride of 43, and a thousand dollars of Tom Kirkpatrick's money.

Besides the bets named there are a great many smaller ones which will bring the total of the money changing hands on the election up to a high figure, quite likely reaching as high as \$30,000 even more.

It is supposed in gambling circles this morning that as soon as this money is turned over it will liven matters up considerably at the various games, as a large per cent of the money bet on the election is gambling money which has been tied up for some time. Already the effect has been felt, and last night after the Nugget extra first appeared, there was a noticeable increase in the play about town.

The Theatres.

Notwithstanding the fact that last evening came the anxiously awaited news of the American election, and that everyone and his wife was on the qui vive for the earliest news, the theatres were well filled long before it was time for the curtains to raise.

At the Savoy the evening's entertainment opened with a most laughable farce by Jim Post, entitled "Pooling a Farmer."

The farmer, Squire Squintum, together with his wife and daughter are the victims of a grafter named Pilgrimage, and of a practical joker, their Irish servant, Furgie. The former sells the squire a mechanical statue, made as he says of Parisian marble, for which he induces them to pay \$10,000. A crank operates the statue which assumes different poses according to the music which proceeds from under the pedestal. A large stuffed club is used and when different members of the family turn the crank great execution is done with the club. The statue comes off the pedestal at the end, when Furgie discovers that it is not a statue but Pete, a young man who was discharged early in the game for making love to Rosa. They elope and marry and everyone lives happy forever after.

The single act of this is followed by an olio which holds the audience to the last.

Dion Bouicault's great and well known drama Colleen Bawn was presented to the Standard's patrons last evening in a way long to be remembered.

Lang is not only a first-class artist in legitimate work, but his strong directing hand shows throughout the play. He is assisted in the production by the best talent procurable, such as Lewis, Layne, Thorne, Mulen, Lawrence and others in the male parts, and Vivian, Julia Walcott, Mabel Lenox and May Eldridge in the female cast. The piece is too well known to call for a description, other than to say that its production was fully up to that to be seen anywhere. The scenic effects are masterpieces of the stage setting art, and although the piece is a long one and therefore trying to the actors, interest never lagged for a moment.

The American Negro Today.

The distaste which the new generation of blacks feel for thorough and continuous work is most conspicuously shown to their objection to following trades, says the Contemporary Review. Owing to the distance caused by the size of the estates in the age of slavery, which made it inconvenient to send for white mechanics, who generally lived in the villages, it was the custom to train negroes to most of the common handicrafts. There were blackmiths,

carpenters, shoemakers and saddlers on all of the most extensive plantations, and many of these men were very skillful in their trade. They had from boyhood served an apprenticeship with old slaves, and for years have been called on to do a great quantity of work. A craft was often passed down from father to son, and luts, on the same estate, been in the hands of the members of the same family for a century or more. One may travel how many hundreds of miles through the rural districts of the South and not come upon a single black mechanic. And this seems all the more remarkable when it is recalled that in the numerous colleges for the blacks established in all parts of the southern states manual tasks have been used as an important branch of the system of instruction.

The graduates of these industrial schools either give up their trades altogether or they do not return to their native rural communities as the most promising field for such pursuits. In most cases the trades are abandoned, because to follow would make necessary a confining and exacting life in one place. White men have practically usurped all the handicrafts in the rural districts, while the negroes still continue to look to the tasks of the field for subsistence. These tasks they can drop in one locality without risking their chance of securing work in another, as would be the case if they were mechanics. Such tasks they can also perform with as many intervals of indolence as they like.

He Missed the Motive.

This is a story which Representative Eddy, of Minnesota, tells on himself. Mr. Eddy not only enjoys the situation when the laugh is turned against him, but has a sense of humor which leads him to start the laugh sometimes himself.

"In making the campaign in my district one year," said Mr. Eddy, "I took along as an attraction a veteran of the war of 1872 and of the civil war who was a famous hand at beating the drum. He was a drummer from away back and could arouse a whole township. Drum music is an incendiary kind of thing, anyhow, and the old captain's drumming was particularly stirring."

"Well, one night, after the captain's drum had given the usual overture, I commenced my speech to the populace which had been lured to the scene by his drum. I noticed at the foot of the rostrum, the same being a big dry goods box, a bright-eyed little fellow about 12 years old, who sat through the speech, following me with great attention. It pleased me very much. Any fool can interest an audience of adults, but it takes a genius to hold a child."

"So, after the speaking, I went down and spoke to the little fellow, and after shaking hands with him asked him how he liked my speech."

"Oh, it will do," he said; "but if I was you I would keep the captain a drummin' all the time."—Washington Star.

The Paramount Issue.

Pueblo, Colo., Oct. 21.—At Canon City yesterday Governor Roosevelt spoke in part as follows:

"There has been some talk as to what the paramount issue is in this campaign. I will tell you, and I have made up my mind within the past 48 hours what the paramount issue is. The paramount issue is to keep the orderly liberty that has made us what we are. The paramount issue is to keep our national self-respect by each individual keeping his own self-respect and respecting his fellows; keeping the right of free speech, keeping the right of political discussion, so that we may be able to settle our political differences satisfactorily and fairly, after a full hearing given to anyone, whatever his views may be, if he expresses them decently and in proper language. There is danger of imperialism, aye, but it is not from the direction in which Mr. Bryan is looking. The only danger of imperialism that will ever come in this country is if it is invited as a reaction against anarchy. The worst thing this country can have is the man sitting in case at home, exciting other men, who are ignorant, to deeds of violence, and whether exciting of violence be by a politician or the editor of a newspaper, the effect is the same."

Another organized attempt was made by a small minority to interrupt the proceedings. This mob was composed mostly of boys, with a few men who shouted for Bryan, and cheered so as to interrupt the speakers.

The Mascot Dead.

Barney, the pet bear and mascot of the fire department, is no more. He died Friday evening as the result of a bite he received some time since from a mad dog. Hydrophobia, said the boys next day in Hall 1, when asked what had caused the bear's death. Barney died in terrible agony, frothing at the mouth and tumbling about the room, chewing and snapping at everything in sight. The entire company of fire fighters climbed to the top of the chemical engine to escape the insane fury of the naturally docile pet.

The skin will be preserved and stuffed.

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