

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 12
(DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY)
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From Thursday and Friday's Daily.
CRUDE SENSATIONALISM.

The town of Skagway which is entirely dependent for its existence upon the fact that it is the gateway to the Dawson market, supports a newspaper known as the Alaskan. That paper for reasons unknown has taken upon itself of late, the task of publishing all manner of falsehoods and gross exaggerations respecting affairs in Dawson.

From the tenor of the distorted and falsified reports which the Alaskan claims to receive by telegraph from Dawson and more particularly from its foolish and unwarranted comments there is a plain intention manifested to make trouble.

The following from the Alaskan of the 13th inst. will indicate the general character of its Dawson "dispatches."

(Special Dispatch to Daily Alaskan.)
Dawson April 12.—Mrs. McConnell has appealed to United States Consul McCook against the recent indignities of the yellow-legged officers. She was confined to her bed suffering from a long illness, and when the case was called against her for criminal libel, wherein the officials were prosecutors, her attorneys appeared and filed the necessary and customary physician's affidavit stating that she was too ill to appear. Notwithstanding this fact a delegation of officers battered her door down with their muskets and rushed in. They had their own physicians hold a consultation while the unfortunate woman was in hysterics, and they reported to the court that she was too ill to be removed. A guard was left in her cabin. However, to further worry the entangled woman with their presence.

Commenting upon the above, the Alaskan airs its views upon the matter in the following language:

Mrs. McConnell's appeal to Consul McCook for protection from Canadian cowardice arouses the manhood of every free-born American. The lady was ill in bed when a band of yellow-legged officers broke through her door and surrounded her as she lay on her couch in convulsions. A consultation of physicians showed conclusively that she was not avoiding the subpoena, and they reported that she was too ill to be disturbed. It is about time that the United States would make the Canadians understand that defenseless women and American citizens must be respected.

As a matter of fact the so-called "special dispatch" is almost entirely a tissue of falsehoods, and the editorial comment is absolutely uncalculated for and without justification. The present course of the Alaskan will result ultimately to the injury of that paper and the town where it is published. The apparent intent is to effect a disturbance of the pleasant relations now existing between Americans and Canadian citizens in Dawson. No such result will ensue for the simple reason that no occasion for anything of the kind exists. The only possible harm that can arise from the Alaskan's very crude display of sensationalism will be through such impressions as may be spread on the outside. It might be well to determine, however, whether the people of Skagway sustain the policy which the Alaskan is pursuing, and whether or not they will resist a course of action which is directed against their own interests, and can be actuated by none other than malicious reasons.

The Nugget is of the opinion that it is quite within the province of the Board of Trade to look into the matter. A communication from that body to the Skagway Chamber of Commerce would we believe have a most salutary effect.

Col. Steele has denied the report that Lord Strathcona presented him with the sum of \$25,000 for his services in South Africa. In view of the widespread publicity that has been given the report, it is up to his lordship to come down handsomely to the colonel even though it is a little late in the day.

INTERESTS MUTUAL.

The assurance given by Capt. Hansen as to the intention of the new combination of commercial interests toward this country, is very gratifying. The policy of the new concern as outlined in the Nugget of yesterday will be such as will tend to the protection of the interest of the producer.

The extent to which development may be profitably prosecuted during the next few years depends almost entirely upon the reductions which it will be possible to make in the cost of operation. Eggry reduction which can be made in the prices of commodities means the possibility of more ground

being worked and more men being employed.

The transportation and commercial interests represented in the Yukon country have extraordinary power in their hands. It rests largely with them to say whether districts now opened shall be developed along constantly enlarging lines or whether the contrary is to be the case. It is for them to say also whether heretofore undeveloped localities shall be prospected and given an opportunity to demonstrate their value.

It is not difficult to see that there are strong reasons why the new combination should look carefully after the interests of the miner. Immense capital has been invested throughout the Yukon valley, and that capital will be protected only through general prosperity. In short the interests of the big companies and the individual miner are mutual. The prosperity of the former hinges largely upon the success of the latter. This fact, it is evident, is thoroughly appreciated by the new combination which is to play so important a part in the future of the Yukon country.

The policy of the new concern as thus far outlined indicates that its promoters have an intelligent and comprehensive idea as to the relations which should exist between the commercial and producing interests of the country.

A MUCH NEEDED ROAD.

Prompt action should follow the recommendations of the public works committee with reference to the construction of a road to Eureka. That district has been developed sufficiently during the past winter to warrant the council in giving special attention to its wants. Eureka creek is no longer on the list of possible gold producers, but must be given a place among the other creeks of the territory whose value as yielders of gold has been demonstrated beyond doubt.

Under existing conditions freighting to the creek in the summer time is almost an impossibility. The Indian river country is of a very boggy nature and in fact travel on foot is very difficult after the beginning of warm weather. It is apparent, therefore, that until the public roads are extended to Eureka it will be almost impossible to transport machinery or heavy supplies of any nature to that creek during the summer season. What has thus far been accomplished in the way of opening the Eureka district has been done under the utmost difficulties. It is certainly time that the government should come forward and give all the assistance in its power toward helping along the good work.

The immediate construction of a road to Eureka will not only help that creek but in all probability will be the means of establishing the fact that there are other creeks in the same locality which will well repay prospecting. Montana creek has already received favorable mention from parties who are familiar with it, and undoubtedly it will shortly be found necessary to include that creek in our system of public highways.

The Eureka road is needed now, and construction of the same cannot be undertaken with any too much haste.

The city of Portland, Oregon, is soon to have a new daily newspaper. Portland has so long been dependent upon Harvey Scott's Oregonian that the establishment of a new paper in that city will doubtless come to them very much in the nature of a shock. The new paper will probably be somewhat on the Hearst order, if, indeed, that energetic newspaper promoter is not the entire power behind the enterprise. It is difficult to imagine what Portland will do with a paper conducted on the Examiner plan. Whether the Arcadian metropolis of the Willamette can be brought to realize the beauties of sensational journalism presents a problem the solution of which will be awaited with much interest.

From the number of new buildings being erected on every hand and the amount of improvements under way it is quite evident that Dawson will be prepared for any kind of a rush in business that may come along. Present indications certainly point to a season of unexampled prosperity.

When the question of incorporation is presented to Dawson in a way that will justify support from the taxpayer as well as from the office seeker, the

movement will be entitled to a respectful hearing. Dawson will be ready to incorporate when it is shown that by so doing a better and more economical administration of local affairs can be secured than we enjoy at the present time.

An editorial paragraph in the News last evening explained the merits of certain lines of French novels and Turkish cigarettes carried by a local house. We are pleased to note that there are a few subjects upon which our contemporary is able to express an intelligent opinion.

Canadian merchants will receive more of Dawson's trade this year than ever before. As a matter of fact this trade belongs naturally to the cities of Vancouver and Victoria and had they displayed a proper amount of energy and enterprise two years ago they might have controlled a large volume of business which they are only now beginning to secure.

If the ice in the river goes out as peacefully as the snow has disappeared from the townsite, the danger of a flood will be nil. The difficulty is that one cannot tell how the ice will break up until the break up is actually at hand—and then it is just a case of watch and see what happens.

The fact should not be overlooked that all taxes which are paid before the first of May are discounted ten per cent. The next two or three days should see the tax collector's office transacting a very large volume of business.

It is announced that Aguinaldo is to become an American citizen. The first thing we know Ag will be running a branch of Tammany Hall in Manila, with a mayoralty bee buzzing around his scalp lock.

It begins to look as though the miners' lien ordinance has been struck by a nolle prosequi or something equally serious.

A commission to inquire into the sanity of the Skagway Alaskan would be about the right thing.

Job Lots.

Prisoners in Morocco are compelled to pay the officers for their trouble in arresting and escorting them to jail. This plan keeps the police alert.

Not only New South Wales, but Victoria and South Australia are cultivating the olive with good results, and the oil is likely to become an important article of commerce.

Breathing is an art. People in sedentary occupations might considerably counterbalance the evils due to want of exercise by increasing the rate of breathing during one or two hours a day, thus adding to the oxygen entering the lungs.

The telescope, so far from being, as is generally averred, the outcome of the famous experiment of Galileo, was known at least three hundred years before his time; while the microscope certainly dates from the early part of the ninth century, although greatly improved in the sixteenth by Jansen and others.

At the birth of a Japanese baby a tree is planted that must remain untouched until the marriage day of the child. When the nuptial hour arrives the tree is cut down, and the wood is transformed into furniture, which is considered by the young people as the most beautiful of all the ornaments in the house.

During the siege of Ladysmith a mocking bird in the British camp learned to imitate the warning whistle given by the sentries whenever the flash of a big Boer gun announced a coming shell. Not only that, but, according to the account of a British correspondent in the besieged town, the bird also imitated the "scream and buzz" of the flying shell.

A new use for the bagpipes has been found—by a Scotman, too. A Highlander who owns a sheep farm in a mountainous district of California is in the habit almost daily of playing his pipes all over the ground. The skirling has had the happy effect of scaring eagles out of the locality, in which these birds of prey had formerly done considerable damage by carrying off lambs, and even grown sheep.—Ex.

Innovation in Mining.

Messrs. W. R. Terrill and O. C. Mercier have taken a lay on claim 44 below on Bonanza which they will at once begin work upon as a ground sluicing proposition. Terrill has a number of teams which will be employed in ploughing and scraping and the entire claim will be worked uniformly. Terrill is an old railroad man, but for the past three years has been freighting at Skagway, Atlin and the Klondike.

Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

BILLY BAXTER IN SOCIETY

He Has No Use for Duplicate Whist Parties.

Where Colonial Dames Trump Partners' Aces—High-Class Opera Not to His Liking.

Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 1, 1899.

Dear Jim—There is no new scandal worth mentioning. What I started to write you about was Hemingway's duplicate whist party which was pulled off last night. I had a bid, and as there was nothing else stirring, I put on that boy's size dress suit of mine, and blew out there. Jim, you know the signs you see on the dummies in front of these little Yiddisher stores, "Take me home for \$10.98," or "I used to be \$6.21, now 'm yours for \$3.39." Well, that's your Uncle Bill in a dress suit. Every one takes me for a waiter.

I have just been thinking this society push over, and I have come to the conclusion that an active leader in society has more troubles than a man in the wheat pit, and a man in the wheat pit is on troubles about as often as he is on wheat. If you don't believe it, ask Joe Leiter. He was long on both at the same time.

Take the woman who uses fair English and has coin, and let her display the same good, cold judgment that has made her husband successful in business, and some rainy Thursday morning the four hundred will wake up and find a new member has joined the order. While she is on her way she'll get many a frost, but after she lands she'll even up on the other candidates.

I have heard it said that locomotive engineers as a rule suffer from kidney troubles, caused by the jolting and bumping of the engine. If jolts and bumps go for anything, some of these people who are trying to break into society must have Bright's disease something grievous.

Jim, if you have never been to a duplicate party see some of those people play whist and then order your shroud. Last night for a partner I drew an old girl who was a colonial dame because her ancestors on both sides had worked on the Old Colony railroad. She must have taken a foolish powder or something, just before she left home, as she was clean to the bad. She had to be called five minutes before each play, and the way she trumped my ace the first time around was enough to drive a person dippy. Once she mentioned her husband's diamond-studded airship. Poor old lady! Probably took a double dose by mistake. How careless!

Everybody was making a great fuss over some girl who is lecturing throughout the country on "Man as Woman Sees Him." Talk about lavish eyes. My boy! my boy! but this dame was there with the swell lamps. A hundred candle power easily. I tried to sit up to her, but there was nothing doing. I might have known I was a dead one. Because why? Because Mr. Percy Harold was talking to her, and he knows all about rare china, real old lace, and such things. When I came up the subject was Du Bois' Messe de Marriage. (Spelling not guaranteed.) I asked about it this morning, Jim. A Messe de Marriage seems to be some kind of a wedding march, and a bishop who is a real hot dog won't issue a certificate unless the band plays the Messe. Mr. Percy Harold kept right on talking about Jack Hayes being so desperately in love with Mrs. Hardy Steele, and how late they were getting home from the opera the other night, and what a shame it was, as Mr. Steele seemed like a nice fellow. There I stood like a Harlem goat. I couldn't put in, because I have so many troubles of my own getting home from any place at all that I haven't time to keep tab on other people. I must be as slow getting onto scandal as the injured husband. If 15,000 people know something about a woman, my number is 14,000, and the husband's number is 15,000. It seems strange, but the husband always seems to get wise last.

But to return to the girl with the electric eyes. I hung around in that sad dress suit like a big dub, hoping that the conversation would finally get switched to theaters or dogs or sparring, or something where I could make good, but Mr. Harold had the floor, and he certainly had me looking like a dirty deuce in a new deck. I stood for him till he suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, fudge!" because he had forgotten one of his rings, and there was where I took to the tall timbers. If I were a ring I wouldn't let a guy like that wear me. Now will you kindly tell me why it is that a girl will throw a good fellow down every time for one of those Lizzie boys? If I thought there were enough men in the country who feel as I do, I would start "The American Union for the Suppression of Lizzie Boys."

Well, I decided to get into my class, so I started for the smoking room. I hadn't gone three feet till some woman

held me up, and began telling me how she adored grand opera. I didn't even reply. I flew madly and remained hidden in the tall grasses of the smoking room until it was time to go home. Jim, should any one ever tell you that grand opera is all right, he is either trying to even up, or he is not a true friend. I was over in New York with the family last winter, and they made me go with them to "Die Walkure" at the Metropolitan Opera House. When I got the tickets I asked the man's advice as to the best location. He said that all true lovers of music occupied the dress circle and balconies, and that he had some good center dress circle seats at three bones per. Here's a tip, Jim. If the box man ever hands you that true lover game, just reach in through the little hole and soak him in the solar for me. It's coming to him. I'll give my word of honor we were a quarter of a mile from the stage. We went up in an elevator, were shown to our seats, and who was right behind us but my old pal, Bud Hathaway from Chicago. Bud had his two sisters with him, and he gave me one sad look which said plainer than words, "So you're up against it, too, eh?" We introduced all hands around, and about 9 o'clock the curtain went up. After we had waited fully ten minutes, out came a big, fat, greasy-looking Dago with nothing on but a bear robe. He went over to the side of the stage, and sat down on a bum rock. It was plainly to be seen, even from true lover's seat, that his barelets were sorer than a dog about something. Presently in came a woman, and none of the true lovers seemed to know who she was. Some said it was Melba, others Nordica. Bud and I decided it was May Irwin. We were mistaken, though, as Irwin has this woman lashed to the mast at any time or place. As soon as Mike the Dago espied the dame it was all off. He rushed, and drove a straight-arm jab, which had it reached would have given him the purse. But Shifty Sadie wasn't there. She ducked, side stepped, and landed a clever half-arm hook which seemed to stun the big fellow. They clinched, and swayed back and forth, growling continually, while the orchestra played this trembly Eliza-croising-the-ice music. Jim, I'm not swelling this a bit. On the level, it happened just as I write it. All of a sudden some one seemed to win. They broke away, and ran wildly to the front of the stage with their arms outstretched, yelling to beat three of a kind. The band cut loose something fierce. The leader trotted out about \$9.00 worth of hair, and acted generally as though he had bats in his belfry. I thought sure the place would be pinched. It reminded me of Thirsty Thornton's dance hall out in Merrill, Wisconsin, when the Silent Swede used to start a general survival of the fittest every time Mamie the Mink danced twice in succession with the young fellow from Albany, whose father owned the big mill up Rough river. Of course, this audience was perfectly orderly, and showed no intention whatever of cutting in, and there were no chairs or glasses in the air, but I am forced to admit that the opera had Thornton's faded for noise. I asked Bud what the trouble was, and he answered that I could search him. The audience apparently went wild. Everybody said "Simply sublime!" "Isn't it grand?" "Perfectly superb!" "Bravo!" etc., not because they really enjoyed it, but merely because they thought it was the proper thing to do. After that for three solid hours Rough House Mike and Shifty Sadie seemed to be apologizing to the audience for their disgraceful street brawl, which was honestly the only good thing in the show. Along about 12 o'clock I thought I would talk over old times with Bud, but when I turned his way I found my tried and trusty comrade "Asleep at the Switch."

At the finish the woman next to me, who seemed to be on, "said that the main lady was dying. After it was too late, Mike seemed kind of sorry. He must have given her the knife, or the drops, because there wasn't a minute that he could look in on her according to the rules. He laid her out on the bum rock, they set off a lot of red fire for some unknown reason, and the curtain dropped at 12:25. Never again for the money. Far be it from me knocking, but any time I want noise I'll take to a boiler shop or a Union station where I can understand what's coming off. I'm for a good mother show. Do you remember "The White Slave," Jim? Well, that's me. Wasn't it immense when the main lady spurned the leering villain's gold, and exclaimed with flashing eye, "Rags are royal raiment, when worn for virtue's sake." Great!

"The White Slave" has "Die Walkure" beaten to a pulp, and they don't get to you for three cases gate money, either.

Say, Jim, if you ever happen to be hunting around for a real true old sport, don't overlook Gen. Hemingway, last evening's host. When it comes to warm propositions he is certainly the bell cow. They all follow him. He is one of those fat, bald headed old boys who at one time has had the smallpox so badly that he looks as though he had lost a lot of settings out of his face. He hustled for about twenty years, harnessed up a bunch of

money, and now his life is one continual crimson sunset. Some people know when they have enough, but when the old general has enough he doesn't know anything. Smoke up, Jim! I didn't get that one myself the first time I heard it. Every time the general gets lit up, he places his arm around your shoulder, puts his face close to yours, blows ashes in your eyes, and tells you confidentially, so that every one in Texas, can hear him, that he knew your father when the seat of his trousers was ragged, and he didn't have one dollar to rub against another. I don't mind that so much, but every time he comes to a word with the letter P in it, he spits all over a fellow. Why, the other night he was telling me about our newly acquired Possessions, the Philippines, being a land of Perpetual Plenty, and for a while I thought I was in the natorium. Under the circumstances I don't know which would be more desirable, a plumber for the general, or a mackintosh for myself. Yours as ever, BILLY.

P. S.—Jim, you know those little white checks they issue in some bars and you pay at the cashier's desk? Well, one of the boys just telephoned me that he saw Johnny Black a few minutes ago in a downtown place with a beautiful sash-on, and that he was eating his checks because he was broke. He had swallowed five checks amounting to \$2.30 before the bartender tumbled. That's a new one on me, and it's all right. My! but that boy John is a sincere drinker.

A Badge of Shame.

"Back in 1850," remarked a New Orleans professional man, chatting about old times, "a moustache was regarded with great suspicion all through the Mississippi valley. It was supposed to be the mark of either a military swashbuckler or a gambler and a gentleman, particularly if he wanted to go into society, shaved smooth. Beards were looked upon as an unclean foreign affectation, and I recall a curious incident based on that prejudice. A charming young English gentleman, who was a near relative of a distinguished man of science, was visiting at a river town noted for its aristocratic and punctilious society. He was a fine specimen of physical manhood, following a fashion which had just obtained a foothold in London, he wore a heavy blonde moustache and a set of luxuriant, curly whiskers—much after the style of our old friend Tally in "Tribby." Nowadays he would be eyed the possession of such a superlative ornament, but the good ladies of the town were greatly perplexed, and after much consultation they finally decided that they could not countenance such a barbarous custom and would have to decline to receive him unless he shaved. The young Englishman realized that he had to choose between whiskers and ostracism, and being a plucky chap, he packed his trunk and went back to London on the next boat. To revert to the mysterious connection between gamblers and moustaches, a thatched upper lip eventually became such a well recognized badge of the trade that card sharps who wanted to avoid suspicion were forced to share clean. One noted professional, who worked the big river boats, looked a great deal like a sanctimonious deacon when his moustache was removed, and he used to make a point of dressing in a long-tailed, rusty black coat with a white cravat. Going up to Vicksburg one night, I was sitting in carshop when he attracted the attention of a group of gay young gentlemen playing poker in the main saloon. He was seated by himself reading a book, and was evidently unknown to the party. "I'll bet that old rascal plays poker on the sly," said one of the crowd. "Ask him to join us," said another as a joke, and the first speaker acted on the suggestion. The stranger was very reluctant at first, but finally said he 'calculated he wasn't too old to learn,' and took a hand. A couple of hours later he got off at a landing with every dollar in the crowd, remarking casually that he would now give his moustache a chance. On another occasion I was going up to Louisville on some important business, and had been warned especially to look out for gamblers. We had the usual crowd of sharpers on board, but they were all shaved clean, and it chanced that among our passengers were a lot of army men, fresh from the West, whose moustaches were countenanced. Consequently, when we reached the old Gall house at Louisville and I made some inquiries of friends, I was chagrined to find that all the people I had been fraternizing with were gamblers and all those I had been snubbing and avoiding were gentlemen."

German Consul's Powers.

Interesting, but very little or not at all known, not even to those whom most concerns is the fact that Mr. Walter Wensky, the German consul, is commissioned by special treaties, to give attention also to the interests of the subjects and citizens of Austria, Hungary, Switzerland and Luxemburg, entitling him to legalize papers, administer oaths, etc., for their countries. He thus represents in all about 100,000,000 people.

The Seven-Up Kid yesterday acquired an interest in a valuable French mining claim.

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