

# THE KLONDIKE NUGGET.

VOL. I. No. 9.

DAWSON, N. W. T., WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 1898.

PRICE 50 CENTS

## WHISKEY SMUGGLING THE RAGE.

### The Police Are Active Day and Night and Catch Some of the Liquor.

#### A Small Boat Load Captured Sunday Morning by a Watchful Constable—The Four Owners Fined \$50 and Costs.

It is well known at police headquarters that there is large amount of whiskey smuggling being carried on at various points on the river and many an extra hour is being put in by our small force in special patrol duty. Sunday morning about 2:30 Constable Piper saw two men innocently carrying their blankets from the beach near the barracks to some point down town. Upon giving chase the men with the blankets speeded up in a most suspicious manner and were commanded to "halt". They proved to be F. C. Rogers and C. H. Traber, and their packs contained each a five-gallon keg of whiskey. The men were turned over to other policemen, and Constables Mallet and Coats proceeded under the direction of Piper to the beach where two more kegs were found. Boat No. 232 was seen to be making away from shore and Piper and Mallet took the first empty boat available and gave chase. The race was a short one, and upon being overhauled, boat 232 proved to contain another six kegs of the forbidden joy dispensing "hoops." The occupants of the boat, J. J. Dusel and Howard Hamilton, together with F. C. Edgar and C. H. Traber, were arraigned before Justice Starnes on Monday and fined each \$50 and costs. The 50 gallons of good whiskey was also confiscated. The foregoing fine is the minimum penalty that can be given, the maximum being \$200 and six months in prison.

The difficulty in securing the proper permission to bring in the whiskey supply of Dawson is largely responsible for the amount of smuggling going on. It is much better for the consumer that the whiskey should be smuggled Canadian goods than "hootchinoo" manufactured at Dawson. The dispute of authority in whiskey matters between the lieutenant governor and the commissioner of the Yukon district has resulted in a deadlock which will have to be broken before it will become cheaper to bring whiskey in legally than to run the risk of smuggling it in.

#### Give Them a Hand.

Adjutant Powell, of the Salvation Army has had to leave the little band of Salvationists at Dawson to continue his work at Skagway. The adjutant had a Sam Jones style which nightly held big crowds at the meetings, and many people unconnected with the movement regret his departure.

Ensign McGill is now in charge and a lot for the barracks has been secured. They will build on Fifth avenue, just behind the Presbyterian church.

Last week the Salvation boys came down the Yukon with a raft of logs for their new barracks. No one told them that to make the landing at Dawson they must round the bluff above quite close to shore, and the result was that the logs are lying a mile or two below the city and have to be loaded in a boat, one or two at a time and rowed back to town against a stiff current.

The Salvation Army has become a permanent institution in all our larger cities and have done a vast amount of good among a class needing their help. They propose to do the same here and the Nugget bespeaks for them a generous hand in helping them with their logs. Dawson has a large number of men who are compelled to be idle just now. The work of the Army is deserving of aid and we prophesy that next winter there will be many among us who will have reason to be glad they are here with their practical sympathy and help.

#### Grown By a New Process.

Tom Collins says the Klondike river is not a proper stream. It does not act as any other decent and well-meaning river, but proceeds along lines of its own, contrary to all good and well-established precedent. Tom was coming down last week with a small raft which he wanted to bring ashore near the mouth. Now, despite all his rowing the river just deliberately held him out where the current was strongest and steadily swept him onward to the mighty Yukon. Near the bridge was a cable strung across the river; it had been used in the construction of the bridge and now was just nicely in reach of our Tom. A brilliant idea hit him. He would make fast to the cable, snub

the raft and afterwards take it to shore at his leisure. A hundred feet of rope lay coiled on the raft with one end made fast. Whatever was to be done must be done quickly. Seizing a bit of the rope he was just in time to pass it over the cable, pass a few coils of it under his feet and stand upon it. Woe, woe, to Tom Collins! Before his triumphant smile had time to fade from his face, before he could comfortably turn around—yes, in fact, before his Waterbury had time to flick twice, the raft had passed under the cable and the snubbing rope became taut. "Poor Tom! The next instant the coils of rope had drawn his feet bodily up to the cable and there he hung, like a discomfited chicken. The cable was swung down stream until it became taut as a bow-string; but Tom's head was hardly raised out of the water thereby. With a mighty effort he reached up and gripped the cable with his hands, in which position he hung, looking like a half-shut jackknife. Yell after yell he launched at the laughing bystanders on the bank and a boat was rapidly made ready for his rescue. "Cut the rope!" yelled the men on the bank to the man in the boat. A keen knife was produced and the next instant Tom's raft was free; so were his feet and so was the cable. What a combination!

Released of its mighty strain the cable shot through the air up stream like the released string of an archer's bow. So did Tom. He was holding on to that cable for dear life. A meteoric course of 30 feet and when the cable started just as suddenly and violently back again, snapping poor Tom's joints like a whip-cracker—with the whip in the hands of a Texas cow-puncher. Backward and forward he went, threshing the air with his nether extremities, and incidentally and occasionally also, threshing his would-be rescuer in the boat. Weaker and weaker became the vibrations of the cable until at last Mr. Collins found himself landed in the boat and finally on shore.

After taking his first good breath in four minutes Tom commenced to examine himself for broken bones. He found his frame to be still intact and in one consecutive piece, but he declares he is ready to make affidavit that the unusual and severe stretching process he went through on the cable, has lengthened him out six inches. He is positive that when he first took hold of that treacherous line his height was but five-foot-seven, while now anybody can see for themselves that he is at least six-foot-one.

The Nugget gives his statement for what it is worth.

#### A Special Re-issue of The Nugget.

Immediately upon this issue, of the Nugget leaving the press we will place thereon more forms containing a reprint of the special of Saturday, July 9. The demand for the papers was greater than we could supply and several hundreds more copies are required to go round. By calling at the office after this issue you can secure what copies you want.

#### From The Seat of War.

Unconfirmed rumors are being brought in by late arrivals of interesting doings in Cuba by the American army. Seven engagements are reported between the landed Americans and the Spanish troops in each of which the American troops succeeded in driving the Spanish back. This leaves the Americans within three miles of Santiago with a decisive engagement most imminent.

#### Hard to Find.

Some of the Nugget subscribers have been disappointed in not receiving their copies of the paper promptly. To all such we can only offer, as an excuse, the difficulty in locating cabins and places of business which everyone who has attempted to find a particular person has experienced. Addresses as given out in Dawson are often misleading and indefinite. For instance, when the route carrier has to find "the cabin with the screen door," or "the slab house facing the river," or "the big tent with the two-store pipes," or "the cabin three doors south of where all the dogs are," he is very apt to travel some little distance before he finds all the people he is looking for. Subscribers are asked, therefore, to be considerate and before long everyone will receive his paper right on time.

#### Those Streets.

Complaints are still being made as to the condition of Dawson's thoroughfares. Some of the streets are well-nigh impassible for teams and others are rapidly approaching the same condition. On First avenue, below the mills, the street is a regular slough and several cases have happened recently where horses were unable to move until the wagons were unloaded. Some of the teamsters have taken the matter in hand and are doing their best to remedy things but they feel that some assistance should be contributed by the government.

#### Cheap Labor.

How cheap human labor may become from excessive competition is well illustrated by the wood trade. Wood for fuel is one of Dawson's problems and it has always commanded a good figure. At present there is something of a scarcity of wood for sale as access to the timber has been shut off by a wise and benevolent (?) government. The number of men who desire to cut wood or are willing to do anything else for hire is appalling. Every pound of their supplies has cost them a dollar to bring in, making living quite expensive. Yet in order to cut cordwood one must first of all

hunt up some man with a concession and cut for him. So many people have hunted up this "man with a concession" that he is hardly to be blamed for taking advantage of their eagerness to work and getting them as cheap as possible. Stewart who holds a concession on the Klondike river is getting as many men as he wants to cut wood at \$3.50 per cord. The wood is in eight-foot lengths and the rick is eight by four. This makes two cords and the cutter gets \$7.

#### Hard Up For Reading.

The Nugget receives so many testimonials of appreciation that any one particular case would hardly be worth recording but for the originality of the giver. He worked his way laboriously over the sidewalks (he was not used to sidewalks) to our office and opened the door with: "Well boys I thought I'd like to tell you how we like your paper. Last winter we were so hard up for reading that we used to go to the stores and pay the storekeepers so much an hour to let us read the labels on the cans but I reckon the cans won't be in it this winter against the Nugget."

#### Discoveries on Stewart.

Three discoveries have been staked on the tributaries of Stewart river. Copper creek is about twenty miles from the mouth of Stewart and has been staked. Black Hills creek is forty miles from the mouth of Stewart. The discovery claim on this creek is about twenty-five miles up, and the locators are said to be getting from five to twenty-five cents to the pan on bed rock.

The third discovery is on Nelson creek—a stream entering the McQuesten some 150 miles above its confluence with the Stewart. The value of the new finds is yet to be demonstrated.

#### LOCAL BREVITIES.

Old mail has again been moved. This time it goes back to the barracks for distribution.

There was another new mail Friday morning and the usual large crowd at the doors again.

Friends of Louis Lang took charge of the body and interred it at the cemetery on Sunday.

It is reported that a new postal staff is on its way to Dawson and will take charge of postal affairs after August 1st.

Wild red currants have appeared in the market and of good size and quality. When the season is a little older there will be acres of them to be had for the picking.

A raft went down the river Friday morning and got by the town before it could be stopped. The snubbing line broke when they tried to make the landing and they were still going, as far as could be seen round the bend.

The recorder's office has been supplied with another entrance for the public. Recording any will be attended to through one door and entrance to the other departments can be secured through the other.

The Green Tree is being fixed up in nice shape and is giving its many customers better satisfaction than ever. The finest lines of cigars are served over the bar and a choice stock of cigars is kept always on hand. Give them a call.

The mill of J. W. Williams was shut down on Tuesday from a scarcity of logs. Dawson cannot afford to see her mills shut down at this time of the year and it is hoped the logs on the way down may not be tied up much longer on the bars.

Dawson has a weather prophet equal to, if not greater than Wiggins, or in fact any furnished by the weather bureau. J. Knight, proprietor of the "Jolly Old Timer" is much given to atmospheric prognostications which have been surprisingly verified and his reputation grows apace.

French Pete, the butcher, had on exhibition last Saturday, a great curiosity in the meat-trimming line. A log of mutton was taken and all bone and skew excised. The piece was then given the form of a swan and overlaid with ornamentation. Rigley's restaurant served it for Sunday's dinner.

The Willie Irving left on Sunday evening for White Horse rapidly silyly crowded with passengers to the smoke-stack. Her upper deck was lined over for the accommodation of the passengers and made a cool pleasant sleeping room. As she passed along the water front the passengers cheered as lustily as they did on leaving Seattle, and were answered from the shore just as noisily here as there.

A report was brought down the gulch on Saturday that a man on Dominion creek had shot nine moose at a point where he well knew it would be impossible to get out the carcasses. The herd was shot down to try the power of a 30-30 rifle. While the police have never yet troubled anyone for shooting game with or without a license it would be apt to go hard with that wanton slayer of much-needed game if his name were published.

On Sunday evening the Rev. Turner, at the Presbyterian church made some amusing allusions to his trip over the trail to the Yukon. He said, indeed, the swearing among the laboring, tugging multitude was such that I often wondered if I was the only Christian there. We modestly suggest that had the gentleman been compelled to drive dogs over the trail he might have found so much justification for the swearing as to reduce even that number by one.

The medical profession is well represented in Dawson. Stories have been circulated around the world of professional visits being paid at the rate of \$200 per visit and numbers of doctors left a good practice to brave the snows and gales of Chilkoot pass. Each outgoing steamer carries its proportion of the men of medicine for, being intelligent men, it did not take long to convince them that medicine was as much overdone on the Klondike as all other professions and branches of business. Three physicians left on the Ore.

## HOW TO CAUSE A STAMPEDE.

### An Ordinary Telephone Message Does the Work.

#### How Little It Takes to Start Men Out on a Wild Goose Chase—Didn't Look for Tom Lynch.

The following is a correct report of a conversation last evening between a new arrival and an old-timer. They were old friends and had just met by accident on Main street. The usual strong expletives had been used expressive of their meeting and Mr. Chee Chaco was now looking for information from his old friend Mr. Sour Dough.

"Well, Sour, old boy, I'm very glad I met you for I can't find out a thing in this blooming country. Tell me, Sour, old fellow where to go, you know to get a claim?"

Mr. Sour Dough grinned a noiseless laugh (a peculiarity of the Klondike) and replied: "I'll tell you, Chee, you'll need both eyes and ears for that."

"Well," says Chee "what's the matter with getting in ahead on some of these stampedes? What was all that excitement around the Dominion saloon? Sunday, you know? I think it must be what you old-timers call a stampede."

Mr. Dough chuckled without a laugh, and drawing his new found friend aside said: "I'll tell all about it if you will just not talk so loud. Nobody talks out loud here. You see you might say something and when you went to record or wanted information you would get left sure. Well I'll tell you about this stampede. You see the telephone company had just joined the ends of the wires together and my friend John Lee and my other friend Lynch were at the gulch end of the wire. Says John Lee (who is a devil for mischief don't you mind) to Tom Lynch (and Tom Lynch's eyes are always twinkling) says to Tom: 'I'm going to call up the Dominion saloon and send for a few of my friends and acquaintances; so he takes up the phone and hollers: 'Hello! hello! hello!!! Is that the Dominion saloon?' It is, was the answer. Well, says John Lee giving Tom Lynch a dig in the ribs 'Find Tom Lynch as quick as you can and tell him to bring three friends with him; to the Forks says John. He hung up the phone."

Chee Chaco interrupted his friend long enough to ask: "Well, I suppose the man at the Dawson end looked for Tom Lynch and couldn't find him, seeing he was already out at the Forks?"

Sour Dough smiled a smile of great superiority. "Don't talk so loud, Chee, I don't know whether they were looking for Tom Lynch or not; but I do know there was the damdest little stampede out to the Forks in about a half hour, that you ever saw," and Sour leaned his head back against the wall and went through all the motions of laughing heartily, but making no sound save a "whoee! whoee!" like an asthmatic pair of bellows.

"He opened his eyes, but evidently was far from seeing the point of the story. 'What did they go out there for?' he asked.

Sour raised his hands in disgust. "Can't you see," he whispered; "somebody didn't look much for Tom Lynch nor Tom Lynch's friends, but for their own friends," and Sour leaned back and shook all over in an ecstasy of silent enjoyment.

"But nobody of any sense went out on such a fool-stampede?"

"Well, I reckon. Mine-inspector Norwood at the Forks was just besieged. One fellow came putting out there with a letter to him, telling what a good fellow the bearer was and bespeaking for him any information he might possess as to where the 'strike' was.

Ladies as well as men came up to the cabins on Eldorado, all out of breath with the race, just begging for information about where the new strike was. At 15 above the owner was gotten up in the night and taken aside by some fellows who had just sold out on Dominion for upwards of \$20,000 each. To a request for information, he replied:

"Well, I don't know as I have heard of no stampede, but I did hear about a week ago at the Forks that somebody had picked up a nugget on French gulch."

Sour laid back and knocked his head against a wall to testify to his immense enjoyment of No. 15's witty reply.

(To be continued in our next.)

#### King Salmon Is King.

To our reading disciples of Isaac Walton in the East the way we fish on the Yukon will be an "eye-opener." The salmon have only just commenced to run and all have their noses up stream. A great net 100 feet long and from 8 to 10 feet wide is generally used. A boat at each end takes the net up stream and drops it in the water. It forms a half moon and together the boats and net travel for a mile or so down the river. Then the net is raised and with increasing frequency is found to contain which are world beaters for size and weight. The smallest we have yet seen in the markets weighed over 50 pounds and the largest over 125 pounds. And the end is not yet. The price commanded at our markets just at present is one dollar per pound.

Finest perfumes. Pioneer Drug Store. Second ave and 2nd st. E. Shoff.