

# The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 111  
(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)  
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ALLEN BROS. Publishers

## CONTINUED GROWTH.

The Nugget responds today to the pressure upon its advertising columns and gives its readers a paper substantially increased in size over the regular issue. It has been the aim of the Nugget from the very beginning to accommodate itself to the demands of the local newspaper field.

The Nugget was not started as a big paper with the expectation that Dawson would grow up to it. The original Nugget was a very modest affair, and the various improvements and increases which have from time to time been made were only such as were warranted by the continued growth and development of Dawson and the Yukon territory generally.

The small four page weekly paper which was started in the spring of 1898, has expanded and grown with the expansion and growth of the community. When Dawson demanded a daily paper, the Nugget began its daily publication to meet that demand and now further attests its confidence in the permanence and stability of the town by materially adding to the size and contents of the paper.

The growth of the Nugget has been entirely legitimate and has been based upon sound business principles. This paper looks forward to the future of Dawson with the utmost faith, and bases that faith upon reasons of a most substantial nature.

The public may rest assured that the Nugget will continue to meet every demand of the newspaper readers of the community and will spare no effort in fulfilling this purpose.

## THE LIEN LAW.

The ordinance now pending before the Yukon council entitled "Miner's Liens for Wages," commends itself to us as being a measure which will reach the desired result in an equitable manner. It has been generally conceded for two years past that some means should be taken to insure to the man who is employed in the mines in the Yukon territory, payment for his labor. The necessity for some such measure was very clearly demonstrated twelve months ago, when scores of laborers discovered upon the arrival of the cleanup season that they had worked all winter long, practically, for no remuneration.

It is altogether improbable that such a condition will again exist, but it is, nevertheless, most desirable that men who employ labor should understand that in so doing they assume a responsibility which is not to be shirked. This end, it appears to us, will be satisfactorily reached in the pending measure.

The salient sections of the proposed ordinance make provisions as follows: First, the miner has a lien upon the output of the claim upon which he has worked to the extent of three months' wages. Second, such lien does not take precedence over a mortgage or other charge made and recorded prior to the commencement of the work, by virtue of which the lien is sought. Third, the laborer must present his claim before proper authority within thirty days after the completion of the work or forfeit his right to any lien.

It appears evident that it is the intention of the framers of the ordinance to give adequate protection to the rights of all parties concerned. The laborer has a claim upon the work he performs for ninety days' wages. This is certainly a sufficient length of time, for no man should work for a longer period without reaching a settlement with his employer.

Rights acquired prior to the laborer's lien are protected by the second section noted above, although just how far this protection extends can scarcely be determined until a case under the ordinance is brought before the courts. This seems to be the only uncertain feature in the law, which may be amended later, if it is found to work unsatisfactorily.

The requirement that the laborer shall file his complaint within thirty days after completing the work over which the lien arises is just and fair and cannot be complained of from the standpoint either of employer or employee.

Viewed in its entirety, we are of the opinion that the ordinance shows con-

scientious effort to attain a result which should have been reached long ago. There can be no argument as to the desirability of protecting the laborer in securing the wages he earns. The life of a miner in this country is altogether too hard to allow him to be defrauded of the fruits of his toil. He is entitled to every cent he earns and should be protected in his rights if the entire machinery of the law is required for that purpose. The lien ordinance now before the council may have its weak points, but unless something better is produced we hope to see the measure speedily enacted into law.

## EXIT CARRIE.

Carrie Nation, the Kansas Amazon whose trusty ax has carried destruction and devastation throughout the liquor dispensaries of her state, has finally met her match.

Carrie made the fatal mistake of crossing the border and invading Missouri, Kansas and Missouri are two separate and distinct propositions entirely. There are many reasons why Carrie's work should succeed in Kansas and meet with total failure in Missouri. Kansas takes more pride in producing a phenomenon like Carrie than in beating the world's corn crop record. From the average Kansan's point of view, one Carrie Nation is worth more from an advertising standpoint than a yield of 100 bushels of wheat to the acre or even a month of successive cyclones.

Ever since the time when Kansas gained national fame as the bone of contention between the abolitionists of the North and the slave holders of the South, that state has held the championship belt as an originator of reforms. Kansas has had reforms growing out of bad times and reforms growing out of good times. When grasshoppers and hot winds leave the Kansas farmer with a slack crop at harvest time, he immediately inaugurates a movement for reform in national finances and clamors for an unlimited issue of paper money.

When bursting corn cribs and wheat elevators crowded to their fullest capacity, proclaim a prosperous season, Kansas forgets her financial woes and finds time to look after her moral and spiritual welfare.

Incidentally she usually manifests a similar interest in her neighbors. Thus it is that the redoubtable Carrie having worked consternation among the saloon men of Kansas, has sought to carry the war into Africa—in other words she has crossed the border into Missouri.

By rights Carrie should have known better. She should have known the Missourian is an unimaginative personage. She should have known that he takes no pride in funnel-shaped clouds or short haired women. In fine she should have remembered that he is still a Missourian and must be shown—also that in per capita consumption of whisky he yields the palm to no one.

Alas, for Carrie, she forgot all these things. She remembered only her ax, and the good red liquor, with which she had soaked the soil of Kansas even as in the days of old John Brown the same soil had been soaked with bright red blood.

Carrie went and saw—but conquered not. She enriched the treasury of Kansas City to the extent of \$500 and accepted a pressing invitation to leave town immediately.

The Missouri campaign probably marks the beginning of Carrie's end. The spell which has seemed to surround the smasher's ax is broken and the smasher herself has been compelled to retire in confusion.

Nevertheless, Carrie is entitled to the admiring plaudits of her state, for she has kept Kansas before the public eye for months, during a time when most people being busy with their own affairs, might otherwise have overlooked the fact that the Sunflower state is still upon the map.

## AGRICULTURAL POSSIBILITIES.

There is no reason why Dawson should not be supplied with all the fresh vegetables required for local consumption, from its own gardens. Experiments of last year demonstrated quite clearly that garden vegetables of superior quality can be raised in abundance, and that during the warm season several yields may be taken from the same ground. The almost continuous sunlight of summer compensates for the shortness of the season and it is probably a fact that a given space of ground

properly cared for will produce as much in a season as is ordinarily the case in more favored climates.

We believe that the importation of potatoes and other of the hardier vegetables will no longer be required when the possibilities of the country from an agricultural standpoint are fully understood.

The fact that such vegetables can be successfully and economically produced has been proven beyond question.

The only thing required is that this work be undertaken with system and upon a scale such as existing conditions require.

Dawson has ample storage facilities and will provide a market for all the vegetables which can be grown.

There is an opportunity in vegetable raising for men who have unsuccessfully sought fortunes in placer mining.

A straw of hope has been held out to the people of Skagway that the United States interior department will grant a rehearing in the celebrated townsite dispute. It does not appear from the decision already handed down that there is the slightest possibility that any change will be made in the decision recently rendered by the department, but Skagway, evidently, is willing to continue the fight as long as hope—no matter how forlorn it may be—remains. To a disinterested spectator it would seem that the best policy for Skagway to pursue is to accept the ruling of the department and start in fresh upon new lines. Continuation of litigation which now seems inevitable will only produce a protracted period of uncertainty which is always disastrous.

Dawson had rather a close call this morning. Had the wind come from a different quarter the business portion of the city might easily have been destroyed. As it was, the prompt and energetic action of the fire department doubtless saved much loss which otherwise would have ensued.

The startling information is conveyed in our telegraphic columns today that Dawson will soon be visited in a private capacity by a man who refused a government position in this territory. Thus again it is demonstrated that truth is oft times stranger than fiction.

Mrs. Edward McConnell does not believe in employing lawyers. In view of the present status of the McConnell case it would seem that the legal brethren are an entirely superfluous commodity on this mundane sphere.

A bench show ought to be a great success in Dawson. Such a show would develop the fact that there are many blooded canines in this town—something which as yet is not generally suspected.

Nearly all the drains leading to the river carried a sluice head of water yesterday which would seem to indicate that sluicing on the creeks will not be deferred for any considerable length of time.

Several New Yorkers have been arrested for participating in a Sunday production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It would seem that New York is endeavoring to imitate Dawson.

A banquet to ex-Commissioner Ogilvie will be given hearty public endorsement. When Mr. Ogilvie leaves Dawson he will carry with him the best wishes of the community.

The many pretty compliments which the Nugget has received since the last increase in the size of the paper are most gratefully appreciated. Thanks, everybody.

If one quartz mine develops from every fifty locations recorded, the Klondike ought shortly to be deafened by the noise of stamp mills.

When Old Sol really makes up his mind to turn himself loose there will certainly be a hot time hereabouts.

It is up to someone to begin the manufacture of a noble prosequi brand of hootch.

Now for six months of good, healthy prosperous times.

## Sluicing on Hunker.

Reports from Hunker are that sluicing is being actively carried on there, especially on claims 20, 33 and 36 below. On the latter two claims water is being pumped by machinery. Should the weather warm up, sluicing will be general all along the creek in another week or two days.

# CEPHAS THOUGHT VALENTINE

## The Proper Thing to Express His Pent-Up Feelings.

## But Telatha Got It and Cephas Instead of Widow Payne Who Wore Her Dress a la Train.

Telatha was skimming the milk. It was the hour for skimming milk in Eden—that was the name of the town—and as Telatha, in the capacity of hired help, took care of Dea Wright's dairy, you were always sure of finding her among the milkpans at that hour.

Cephas Wheeler was surer of it as he came plodding up the lane, lifting his feet and setting them down with quite unnecessary force.

"There's sunthin' on his mind," murmured Telatha, tranquilly watching him. "There allus is. It's lucky 'tain't never anything very heavy, or 'twould break down. His mind wa'n't built to carry much of a heft. I make no doubt he's comin' to ask me whether or no he'd better speak up to the Widder Payne. La, what a fool a man is!" and Telatha went comely back to her skimming.

There had been a time when Cephas Wheeler had asked Telatha the question he was evidently intending to put to the Widder Payne. But that was ten years ago, and Telatha could not at that time leave her father, who was falling from day to day. So nothing had come of it, except that Cephas appeared to deduce the conclusion that since Telatha had refused him herself, she was bound to provide for him in some other way, to which end he had brought all his affairs to her for adjustment these many years. These affairs were mostly of the sentimental sort, for Cephas was continually "getting his eyes," as he expressed it, on some particular charmer of Eden township. But somehow they all proved unsatisfactory on a closer acquaintance, though more than one had shown decided favor to the village beau, who owned two farms and a house at the Cross Roads.

This last affair, however, promised to be more serious. The Widder Payne was 25 and a beauty, and she had money in the bank.

"Look here, Telathy," began Cephas, bursting in among the milkpans and planting himself on a stool behind the churn; "I'm goin' to send a valentine."

"I wunter know. Take the end of your comforter out o' the buttermilk, Cephas," mildly admonished Telatha, the unmoved; "and don't glare like that; you'll sour the cream."

"Telathy, this is a serious business," protested Cephas, looking as if he were going to be hanged; "an' I want some serious advice. This ain't goin' to be a common valentine. Now, Telathy, if you wanted to send a woman a valentine that would put it into her mind that you was ready to offer her your heart and hand, what kind of a one would it be?"

"You don't need to put it into her mind; it's there a'ready," returned Telatha literally. "You know what to say to her better'n I do, Cephas."

"I tell ye a valentine is the proper beginnin' this time o' year," insisted Cephas, irritably. "The only question is, what form of a valentine, Telathy, should you—?" Cephas leaned forward with his hands on his knees and his voice dropped to a ghostly whisper—"should you send one in the form of poetry?"

"Poetry is some like peppercorns," mused Telatha; "good in its place. No, at a fun'ral—"

"Who's talkin' o' fun'erals?" put in Cephas, testily. "Listen, now, Telathy, I'm goin' to read you some poetry."

He rose, and, standing behind the churn, unfolded a sheet of foolscap.

"The name on't," he announced, "is 'The Sword of St. Valentine.'"

Telatha nodded and laid down her skimmer to listen. Cephas began declaiming with a vigor that made the milkpans vibrate. It was a rhymed outburst of devotion, fervent, but mercifully brief.

"I made it myself," said Cephas, modestly, when he had finished.

"So I should judge," returned Telatha, serenely resuming her skimming.

"Mebbe you don't understand it," said Cephas, loftily. "The teller, you see, goes and sings a song under her winder to tell her his heart's broke."

"If 'twas I don't b'lieve he'd make all that noise about it," observed Telatha, beginning on another pan.

"When folks' hearts break they don't go off with a bang and hit the bystanders, Cephas."

Cephas was struck by the acuteness of this criticism. He looked a little blank.

"Wal, darn it all, Telathy, she's got to have a valentine!" he protested, "and paper ones with flowers on 'em hain't to my notion. There's nothing original about 'em."

"Then buy her something nice," said

Telatha, soothingly. "She'll understand that, if it ain't poetry."

"I would if I only knew what," said Cephas, despondingly.

Then he brightened up at a sudden thought.

"Why, I'll buy it and bring it round here tomorrer, so's 't you can help me make up my mind, he said. "It won't have to be sent foretomorrer night."

And, looking mightily relieved at this solution of the difficulty, Cephas departed.

The next day, Telatha, taking her pans down from the shelves at the usual hour, spied Cephas coming up the lane. He was floundering through the deep snow, much incumbered with parcels of all sorts and sizes. Telathy looked at him in some surprise as he came in and dumped the bundles in a heap on the floor. There was an air of determination about him that was rather new.

"Now, look here, Telathy," he began, opening up one of the bundles, "how'd you think this would do?"

He held up a plaster of paris shepherd, with startlingly blue eyes and a mouth that either by intention or a chance stroke of a maker was in the shape of a letter O. He was embracing the shoulders of a chilly-looking shepherdess who stood gazing into space with the unruffled calmness of Telatha herself.

"Ain't it a good hint?" said Cephas romantically.

"Land sake, Cephas," returned the unimpressible lady of the milkpans, "what's the use of hint done out in earthenware? You'd better up and tell her all about it. You'd oughter be able to perpose as well as a graven image."

"Wal, look here then, will this suit?" said Cephas, undoing another parcel with the same air of determination.

"Wax flowers," murmured Telatha. "La, they're purty and no mistake. But them roses have maple leaves, Cephas, and—"

"Wal, I can't help it. I didn't make 'em," snapped Cephas. "Here—look at that," displaying a red and green pincushion shaped like a heart and profusely decorated with glass beads that might have been intended to represent teardrops.

"Don't know's it's best to give a woman a hint that she can stick pins in yer heart," he said gloomily.

"Slong 's it's only stuffed with bran it don't make any prickler difference," rejoined Telatha. "But I guess she's got pincushions enough, Cephas."

He opened the last and largest parcel and flung the folds of a shimmering silk across Telatha's shoulder.

"Take care, Cephas, it'll be into the cream pail," warned Telathy; but her eyes were shining with admiration of the beautiful fabric. Silk dresses were rare in Eden.

"Wal, will that do?" demanded Cephas.

"I should think so," replied Telatha, cautiously, "but I don't know much about her tastes and notions. She's terrible stylish, Cephas."

"She ain't no sich thing," replied Cephas, "but she's goin' to be."

Telatha thought of the Widder Payne's last hat, and opened her mouth to argue the matter. But Cephas came out from behind the churn with startling suddenness.

"You're mighty hard to suit, Telathy," he said grimly. "If you won't have any of the things, will you have me?"

He drew himself up superbly. Telatha was lifting her last pan from the shelf. She looked across it at Cephas.

"Do you mean will I have you if the Widder Payne won't?"

"Hang it, no!" shouted Cephas. "You hain't goin' to marry me to the Widder Payne, unless I'm a mind to, air ye? It's you I'm askin'. Will you, Telatha Allen, have me, Cephas Wheeler?"

"La, yes, Cephas," returned Telatha, beginning to skim the pan, "if you're sure it's me you want."

Cephas came around the table.

"Put down that skimmer, Telathy," he said. "I've got on my satinest west-cut. It's ten year since I kissed you, an' then I was so all-fired mad I didn't appreciate it as I'd oughter."

"Cephas," said Telatha, pushing him away to look at him; "you didn't mean it for me when you made up 'The Sword of St. Valentine'?"

Cephas looked abashed. "No, I didn't," he answered, truthfully. "I was layin' out to send it to the Widder Payne—like a fool. But last night I went down to her house after I left here, and there she sot in a dress that reached half across the room, an' I fell over it—an' then I'm blamed if my tongue didn't go all the evening like that churn dasher an' I couldn't get a word in edgeways, an' I sot an' thought of you, Telathy, skimming your milk and holding your tongue like a sensible woman, and I realized what a fool I'd been. I see, now Telathy, 'twas the thoughts of you that allus come between me and the rest of the women folks."

"I'm glad you didn't mean the poetry for me," Telatha said placidly, "because 'twould have been such a bad beginnin'."

"There hain't no other woman like

you in the world, Telathy," exclaimed Cephas, looking at her with a burst of admiration.

"Wal, I guess I'll wash up the milkpans," said Telatha—Springfield Republican.

## Babe Found on Doorstep.

A ring at the door bell, the sound of retreating footsteps and the discovery of an infant on her doorstep was the strange experience of Mrs. Albert Leslie last Wednesday night at 10 o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Leslie have adopted the child and will rear it as their own. It replaces a child of about the same age which death took from them only a few days before the little stranger came.

Mr. Leslie, who is a compositor employed by the Post-Intelligencer, stated last evening that he did not desire to discuss the matter for publication, and would only do so because it was a much out of the ordinary that he believed it might be of general interest. He says he had gone to work when his wife heard a ring at the door bell of his residence, 919 Cherry street, and went to the door. There she found a girl baby lying, wrapped comfortably in good, substantial clothing. She took the infant into the house and found a letter pinned to its clothing. There was no address and no signature. The letter read as follows:

"This baby needs a good home, and I heard you lost your baby, just two days older than mine. I am alone in the world, the baby's father having deserted me before it was born. I am not capable of making a living for myself and baby, and I feel sure you will both do what is right by this baby."

"You need have no fear of my ever bothering you, for I have made up my mind that it is best for her. Good pure blood flows in her veins; she is of respectable parentage. My parents died when I was young and I know how to appreciate a good home, for I was friendless and homeless. Good bye."

There were absolutely no marks of identification. The clothing was inexpensive but comfortable. There were no ornaments of any description. The little girl has brown hair and dark eyes, and seems to be healthy. By the statement that she is two days younger than their own child, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie have decided that the child was born March 20, and they have made a memorandum of that fact, and of the date of her coming to them, April 3.

They have named the child Helena Irene Leslie, and by that name she will be known through life, unless a mother, able to prove her claims, should some time appear.—P.-I., April 5.

## A Conspiracy.

When brother and sister disagree, honest sentiments have a pretty good show for expression.

"Oh, I know all about that, Bud! You can talk about not marrying the best woman you ever saw and about the delightful freedom of bachelorhood, and you can pretend ennui, and you can pose as a hater of our sex, but I know all about it."

"So? What a feminine little Solomon you are!"

"Shut up! Wise women don't have to be like Solomon to be a whole lot wiser than he ever was. You pretend indifference because the girls are so indifferent to you. That's what is the matter, and I know it. You couldn't make any headway with them, so you put on a bold front and superior airs. I know several of them that you're not fooling, and it only makes you ridiculous."

Bud was boiling, but tried with an absurd effort to look pleasant.

"Is that so?" And there was a sizzling note in his voice. "Would you condescend to name the girl outside of yourself who is the most skeptical of my sincerity? What! Kit Jones, your special chum? That girl fairly courted me."

"Fairly courted you? She took the only plan she could think of to keep you away. She would die an old maid if you and she were the last two people on earth."

"We'll see," he snapped. Level headed Miss Jones led Bud a weary chase. She told him his faults, changed the subject every time he showed serious symptoms, plainly indicated that he was a nuisance and when she did finally accept his suit declared it was the only way to get rid of him. Then she and her prospective sister-in-law got together in each other's arms and gloated over the success of their conspiracy to knock Bud off his hobby.—Ex.

## Wily Woman.

"John," she asked, "how do you like this hat on me?"

"Oh, I don't know," he answered.

"Have you bought it?"

"No, not exactly. I brought it home on approval. I intend to take either this or another one, which is \$2.50 more in price, but I thought—"

"Florence," he interrupted, "that's the most becoming hat I ever saw you have on. Write to them first thing in the morning that you'll take it, so as to make sure they'll not sell it to anybody else."

She got the hat.

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