

# THE KLONDIKE NUGGET.

VOL. 3 No. 27

DAWSON, Y. T., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1899

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## ROYALTY MAY BE REDUCED

### New Mining Regulations for the Yukon Territory.

#### Security of Title to Be Guaranteed—Fines Instead of Forfeiture—Big Changes Pending.

Mr. Fred C. Wade, crown prosecutor for the Yukon territory, arrived in Dawson from Ottawa on Friday last, being accompanied by his wife and children from Winnipeg. Having attained the dignity of sour-doughhood in the territory, and having in his law practice run against many of the incongruities of the present mining regulations, Mr. Wade found himself in a position to offer many suggestions to the law-makers at Ottawa. Mr. Wade was seen by The Nugget man with a multitude of questions. "How about the royalty, the lapsing of licenses and grants, the insecurity of title, claim jumping and the rest of the burning questions of the hour?" was asked by the inquisitive news gatherer. Mr. Wade replied:

"The minister of the interior is giving the closest study to all these questions and has drafted orders in council intended to remedy once and for all a great many of the difficulties referred to, particularly those with reference to representation and renewal of licenses and certificates.

"I found the minister regretting exceedingly that owing to the abnormal length of the session and accumulation of business in all parts of Canada, he was quite unable to visit the Klondike this summer, as it is his desire when he does come to remain long enough to thoroughly investigate everything concerning the prosperity of the country, and to do everything possible for its welfare. He is even enthusiastic enough that he talked seriously of coming over the ice this winter, and will in any event reach here next season."

Concerning the newly drafted regulations now before the governor in council at Ottawa, Mr. Wade said:

"Security of title is the central idea of the proposed amendments. As you are aware, the title to mining claims were previously threatened in a great many ways.

"First, by a lapse of a free miner's license. If the regulations were strictly interpreted this would deprive the miner of his property or shift the ownership to a partner.

"Secondly, a neglect of a free miner to renew his lease would seriously endanger his title.

"Thirdly, failure to represent for three months in the year was sometimes fatal.

"Fourthly, the rimrock test by which boundaries of creek and bench claims were determined, was full of danger for the simple reason that rimrock was often buried beneath muck and gravel, and boundaries sometimes cannot be ascertained until the creek claim holder has removed considerable of the dirt of the bench claim holder, or vice versa.

"Fifthly, it has always been possible for the second staker of a claim to get a certificate of grant for the claim and become the owner of the record by placing in a sworn application stating that he was the first. On the advent of the first staker at the office he found that he had been anticipated and could only regain his claim by means of a contest in the gold commissioner's office.

"Sixthly, there is no provision for the issue of patents to a free-miner for a placer claim at any time, no matter how long he may have represented and worked his property.

All these circumstances tended to render title to some extent uncertain. Hitherto the gold commissioner has managed to get over most of these difficulties by interpreting the regulations very liberally in favor of the bona fide mine owner and prospector, and there was very little to fear under his administration.

The minister of the interior fully realized all the difficulties presented by the regulations so far as security of title was concerned, and has determined to take every step possible to make the titles to placer claims in the Yukon absolutely certain.

"The imposition of a fine upon a miner neglecting to renew his license is all that is necessary to prevent a repetition of the neglect. This is the system in British Columbia and will no doubt be adopted upon the Yukon. Second, a provision that the holder of a certificate of grant is absolutely entitled to a renewal will prevent the lapse of title as in the second enumeration.

The provision that on failure to represent for three months the claim will revert to the crown, instead of being open to relocation will absolutely do away with 'jumping.'

"If stakers who apply to record a claim are required to wait for a stated number of days after staking before the issue of a certificate of grant, he will be unable to anticipate a prior staker.

"The adoption of conventional boundaries for creek placer claims instead of the rimrock test will also do away with a great amount of uncertainty.

"The issue of a patent after a certain number of years' working will also add stability of title.

"A regulation giving placer claim owners the option of paying to the government an annual flat fee of say \$200 will be very convenient to many claim owners, and especially to capitalists and others required by their business engagements to be absent from the country for a certain part of the year, and who are at the same time anxious to invest in the Klondike. It would also effect an immense saving in very many cases. Doubtless very many who have heretofore spent large amounts of money every year in a perfunctory way in representing their claims without really developing their properties, or benefiting the public, will much prefer paying a flat rate to the government in the same way as under the existing quartz regulations. Should the revenue from this source prove considerable it might prove an argument for the reduction of the royalty.

"As I have stated, the minister of the interior is giving the closest study to all these questions and when I left had already drafted orders in council intended to remedy the evils complained of. He is also giving a great deal of attention to the hydraulic regulations, recognizing fully that hydraulic mining has a great future before it on the Yukon. The chances are that the hydraulic regulations will be fully considered and be improved on in many ways this winter."

"Mr. Wade," interjected the scribe, when can we expect the new placer claim regulations to go into effect?"

"I can't say. They were under discussion when I left."

"In alternate block reservation, Mr. Wade, the government already retains one-half the discovered country to itself. The reverting of lapsed claims to the government has been tried before. Will it not take another 25 per cent of the ground away from the prospector, making a total of 75 per cent to the government and only 25 per cent to the prospector?"

"Not necessarily. A provision for the immediate auctioning off of the ground will provide against that."

"Is Mr. Clement returning to the territory?"

"Yes."

"In his old position on the council as legal advisor?"

"Yes. His salary has been advanced to \$5000 per annum."

"To compensate him for withdrawing from private practice, is it not?"

"Yes, that is the reason. He has also been designated to administer the estates of intestates."

Thanking Mr. Wade for courteously granting such a lengthy interview upon subjects so vitally interesting to our readers, The Nugget man withdrew.

#### The Right Medium.

Mr. Nels Peterson, manager of the Yukon Flyer Transportation Co., is among the number of business men in Dawson who understand and appreciate the value of advertising in The Nugget, Dawson's pioneer and popular paper. In a communication addressed to The Nugget, Mr. Peterson speaks in part as follows:

We desire to take advantage of this opportunity to thank the management of your valuable paper for the many courtesies extended to us through its columns, and feel that ample returns have been made us for monies expended in advertising. Yours truly,

NELS PETERSON & CO.

Beer, ale, porter and wines served to table guests on Sunday at Cafe Royal.

## A VICTIM OF FORTY-MILE

### Henry Hornung Drowned in Its Treacherous Waters.

#### With Several Companions He Was Thrown Into the River, But All Excepting Himself Escaped.

W. M. Johnson, who has just returned from a trip to Jack Wade creek, reports the drowning of Henry Hornung in the waters of Forty-mile river on the 27th of September.

A party of six men, composed of C. Miller, Dick Styne, Chas. Mulchey, Geo. Craig and the two men above mentioned embarked together in a boat at a point about 40 miles above the mouth of Forty-mile river.

At a point about two miles below Canyon house a series of swift rapids occur, somewhat similar to the Five Fingers, in the Lewes river. Almost midway in the stream and directly in the track of the boat was a half submerged rock.

Despite the efforts of the men at the oars they were unable to avoid the rock and the bow struck it full head on. All the occupants were hurled into the icy water, which at that point was from six to eight feet deep. By dint of swimming and hard scrambling all the parties but Hornung managed to reach the shore at a point 150 yards below where the accident occurred.

Hornung, however, was unable to swim, and, after a desperate struggle, was forced to succumb to the icy waters.

The next day the body was recovered and taken to Sam Patch place, where decent burial was given it.

Deceased came to the Yukon from Tacoma, having lived in the suburb of that city known as Old Town. His effects were taken in charge by the American officials.

#### The Bal Masque.

The reopening of Nigger Jim's Pavilion on Thursday night was the occasion of much hilarity and amusement, intensified by the masking of some 25 of the most popular dancing girls. There were handsome costumes and homey ones; expensive ones and costumes of cheapest calico. There were nymphs, fairies and butterflies; clowns, geisha girls and negresses with mouths from ear to ear. Some were handsome, some were grave and some were gay. Some were intent upon fun; others were intent upon winning the valuable prizes offered by Jim. But whatever the character, they were besieged with partners, while the crowd of interested onlookers were packed like sardines in a box.

The harmless revelry was maintained at its height until near morning, when the prizes were distributed, the judges being George Appel, Fred Teay and Al Wessel.

Florence Lamar was awarded a handsome solid gold Yukon pin for being the best dressed lady in the bunch. Jack Carter and Mamie Hight were awarded the first prizes for being the best waltzers. The lady's present was a handsome lady's gold hunting case Waltham watch. The gentleman got a valuable fob with the buckle studded over entirely with small nuggets.

Pearl Hall and Sam Moore were awarded the second waltzing prize, consisting of a large ornamented cake.

The most comical character was Freda Muloff who, with black face and automatic mouth presented an atrocious

spectacle. The prize was a bottle of wine. Pearl Hall, as a geisha girl, was awarded the prize for the best sustained character. The costume was dainty and striking and was carried out in detail. There were several very elegant costumes, and altogether the affair was the most remarkable of the season. It was designed to mark the reopening of the Pavilion all shining with new paint and paper, and presenting an appearance of coziness and a charm very attractive to the wayfarers of the Klondike.

#### TO WALK TO PARIS.

#### Or Work His Way by Way of Dawson, as He Pleases.

L. N. Jacques is in Dawson on an odd mission. He is from Atlin and has duly recorded papers showing that he and Andy Garlarns have each wagered their mining property, one to the other, that Jacques could not start out of there and make a round trip by way of Dawson and Paris arriving back again in Atlin by March, 1900. The deeds are all duly made out subject to the foregoing conditions, Jacques to start without a penny and to ride or walk or swim, as he sees fit, but to make his own way as best he can. To a Nugget man he expressed the utmost confidence in his ability to win the property, which is well located and of increasing value.

The certificate of record to this strange compact is signed by the gold commissioner and the agreements are duly attested and sealed by Notaries Chas. Aubin, M. Graham and McLeod, all of Atlin.

#### Why He Suicided.

August Trabold, the owner of 58 above on Sulphur and numerous other valuable properties, was in town Monday to give the police the particulars of Alexander Lind, the man who shot himself in his cabin on Thursday night.

Lind was a single man of Scandinavian origin and about 35 years old. He worked for Trabold on 58 above on Sulphur for 43 days at \$10 per day. Water drove the men out of their shafts and Lind then had nothing to do unless he accepted a lay on Gold Run offered by Trabold. He didn't accept. His pay was not due until November, but Trabold advanced him first three ounces and afterwards another six ounces when he came to town. Lind was much discouraged when water drove him out of the drifts of 58 and remarked that life was not worth living as he was being compelled to live it. With his six ounces he tried to tempt dame fortune in town by patronizing the game. He lost. He had already provided for the fatal act by advising his friends that if anything happened to him the balance due him was to be forwarded to certain relatives in Sweden. In conformity with his wishes the \$280 still due him, less burial expenses will be mailed to his people.

#### A Handsome Picture.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. McConnell have departed for the outside. Mrs. McConnell took with her a handsome life size oil painting of herself painted by Mr. Richard Davenport. The work was well done and has the added merit of being a purely home production. To add still more to its Klondike distinctiveness, Mrs. McConnell took out with her a large sack of \$5000 in gold from her Gold Hill claim, which is to be used in decorating a massive wide frame to be prepared outside.

#### Colder Than Dawson.

At the wood pile abreast of Ainslee creek it was seven degrees below on Sunday morning and eight degrees below on Monday morning by the best make of standard thermometer.

Pocket memo books, counter blotters, time books, pens, pencils, ink, mucilage, paper fasteners, letter paper and writing tablets for sale at Nugget office.

For space in warehouse apply to Nugget Express office, in the Aurora.

# You Save Money

....AT....

## The Ames Mercantile Co.

### ARCTIC SAW MILL

UPPER KLONDIKE FERRY.

ALL KINDS OF BUILDING AND DIMENSION LUMBER.

Rough Lumber \$100 per 1000

Special Inducements to Contractors.

Office at Mill. J. W. Boyle

Telephone, Forks Line.

# The Klondike Nugget

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### NOTICE.

When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation." THE KLONDIKE NUGGET asks a good figure for its space and in justification thereof guarantees to its advertisers a paid circulation five times that of any other paper published between Juneau and the North Pole.

### WHO WILL BE YOUR CHOICE?

Who are going to be the nominees for the two elective positions upon the Yukon council? There are plenty of men willing to accept the honor—and do as little of the work as possible. There are factions in our midst which will try to make their choice the choice of the voters, but this can be largely obviated or nullified by the public freely taking advantage of the privilege of nominating whom they please. The Americans are disbarred from themselves casting a vote, but they are so intimately connected by business or friendship with those who have a vote that it behooves them to take an interest in the nominees as though they had the final decision as to who should occupy the vacant chairs.

To be a suitable representative a candidate should first of all be a man with the time and inclination to attend the weekly and semi-weekly sessions of the council. This may seem an easy requisite to procure, but in truth, is not so in a community where every man is so engrossed in his money-making pursuits as in Dawson. There is no leisure class to choose from, and many otherwise suitable men are kept on the creeks by their numerous important mining interests.

Undoubtedly our elective representatives should be men heartily in sympathy with the people of the Yukon—men who are well known to be so by past experience. It is to be regretted that oftentimes a "dark horse" is more easily elected than a well known citizen for the reason that nothing, either good or bad, is known of him. The result too often is an unsuitable representative.

Again, to be suitable the man should be of such a calibre, of such a public-spirited build, as to already have marked him as such an one. A man's light cannot be hidden under a bushel, and that citizen who has lived one year on the Yukon and has continually regarded the iniquities which prevail here with complaisant indifference is utterly unsuited to be placed upon the Yukon council as a check upon the local government. Numerous special taxes are to be imposed upon our people and we must know that in the law-making body we have men whose hearts are right, and who will take care, if it is in their power, that no taxes are imposed simply to furnish spending money for the council, or simply to endow some sinecure of an office for attaches. Above all, our representatives must be honorable men, who can be depended upon neither to sell out or be coerced into a wrong course by those with vested interests, or by the powers that be. They must be men who love light rather

er than darkness so that the secret star-chamber methods of the council just dissolved may never again be duplicated. We want men with convictions so frank and above board that they themselves have no fear of publicity, and who will insist upon the light of public intelligence being turned into that secret council chamber—a chamber which, for impenetrability, would put to shame the council poring over the secret dossier of the Dreyfus trial.

To sum up we want a man and not a mouse to represent us. Such men are here and it is to the interest of every man in the country that the ring candidates be turned down as fast as nominated.

### CAPT. HEALY ON THE ROYALTY.

Capt. J. J. Healy, the founder and manager of the N. A. T. & T. Company, differs from The Nugget as to methods of influencing the government for the best interests of this country and has not been at all averse to making known his difference of opinion. The Nugget has similarly differed with the captain and has likewise not been withheld by modesty from publicly stating those differences. But there can be no question or doubt but that the prosperity of the Yukon territory is equally near the heart of both, and recent utterances of the captain to the representatives of the officials of Ottawa may well serve as a text for even the strongest journal and journalist. Said the captain:

"I believe that the two great and burdensome taxes are directly opposed to the best interests of the country and are contrary to justice. I refer to the royalty on the output of gold and the tax on timber. Without the one the other becomes useless. If we had no gold we would have no use for the timber, and similarly, without the timber we cannot get the gold. The steamboatmen, the merchants, the saloonmen, the gamblers—in fact all the enterprises which live upon the men who delve in the earth for gold are left practically untaxed, while the very commodity upon which we all exist, gold, is taxed almost to the breaking point.

"In Manitoba the cost of arable land is \$1 per acre. Here it costs \$10 per acre. Is it the intention of the government to exclude the possibility of men making this land a permanent place of abode or a desirable land to inherit? I believe that the country can be made an agricultural country, and that instead of being migratory, from which all are striving with all human means to escape from it can be made a desirable land for homes and happiness.

"I believe 50,000 men will be at Cape Nome the following year. You will find the Nome district to be the greatest mining camp the world has ever seen. If this was the 1st of September instead of the 15th, you would find your specially taxed mines thrown back to you and there would not be men enough in the country to work the 10 per cent from the ground.

"I am a mountain man—or rather Western man. I expect to die and be buried in this country. I am unhappy when away from the country in which I have spent the best years of my life; but before I die I should like to see the wrongs righted which are inflicted upon this people, and that will not transpire until the miners are allowed to delve in mother earth and bring forth hidden

treasure freely for a free people. Utilize without special taxation the timber lands of the country, and give to the people the arable lands that they may make the Far Northwest, as I said before, a land of peace and happy homes."

The foregoing is forcible and to the point, and might well be listened to by our law-makers, for already the drain of men from this camp to the freer land of Nome is seriously affecting the working of Klondike mines and if the stories of Nome's wealth being equal to that of the Klondike are borne out by this winter's development we are forced to agree with the captain that many of the insecure leases of these claims will be voluntarily relinquished by discouraged miners to a too grasping government.

### WHISKY PERMITS.

The government at Ottawa a few months ago was vigorously engaged in turning out prohibitory laws for this territory. So vigorous and sweeping were the measures adopted that those who had bought and paid for retail licenses here were actually alarmed for a while, seeing that if the measures were carried out, the licenses would be rendered valueless. Importers were stopped with their wares at the gateways into the country, and reports poured in of the A. C. being blocked, N. A. T. the same, Alex McDonald ditto, and innumerable smaller dealers all in the same boat, and the territory going dry. But every drop of the liquor has since arrived safely in Dawson, and now it appears that no prohibition was meant at all. The country fathers were simply "out with the big mitt," as the expression goes. The Yukon council was issuing whisky importation permits upon the payment of a stipulated sum and all comers were treated upon an equality. This missing of such a splendid opportunity for a "graft" displeased the Ottawans and the defect was quickly remedied. The process now is to proceed to Ottawa either in person or by deputy. After an interview with Sifton, the permit seeker is referred to Confidential Agent Riley. A palaver and a release of a stipulated amount of filthy lucre is made about which the world knows nothing. The emissary is then placed in possession of a piece of paper which passes a stipulated amount of liquor and the permit can either be used or peddled out to the highest bidder.

It is such a pretty plan. No one importer knows what another one paid for the same privilege and consequently is in a position to be freely bled for the good of the cause. It is a pretty scheme and is most instructive to our local body of law makers. It gives them to understand that if they don't take advantage of the goods the gods offer, then the opportunity will be taken away from them and given where it will surely be utilized. It is needless to remark that since importers have learned the road to Ottawa all the stopped whisky has been allowed to reach Dawson, and most of it is on sale.

### A GREAT DEMAND.

Probably not many more than a hundred of the steam boilers for thawing and hoisting plants have arrived out of five times that number ordered. There will of course be others come in yet but the lateness of the season and the condition of navigation precludes

the possibility of a very large number putting in their appearance before navigation ends for the season.

Two thousand thawers could be profitably used this season. Indeed the thawer is the only possible solution of the labor problem which has been brought into prominence by the Cape Nome stampede. Contracts for \$1.25 per hour, to include the washup in the spring have been offered and refused on Dominion. A thawer to lessen the number of men required to thoroughly work a claim is most essential on much of the Klondike ground which it has been proved cannot possibly pay all the taxes against it and then pay the wages which it is very probable will rule this winter. Men can be seen on every hand hustling for thawers and many favorable offers of lays are made for men with such machines to pitch in and work out a claim that the owners may clean up and leave the country for other fields.

A year ago, as winter was settling in with a resistless regularity seen nowhere else on earth, there was noticeably a foreboding feeling of almost fear—a sensation of being helplessly locked up in prison—which pervaded the community and which is particularly conspicuous this year by its absence. No more is it possible, as last winter to be absolutely without communication with the outside world for four long months at a time. Anxious husbands and fathers have viewed with satisfaction the completion of the telegraph line and the perfecting of the mail carrying system, which is to leave no gap between summer service and winter service. Indeed so many of these husbands have been joined this summer by their wives and children that for a large proportion of us there is no more anxiety now in many a camp which last year was gloomy and foreboding. Each year this land becomes more and more fitted for a human habitation and the improvement is so rapid and startling that no man is found to bold as to try his hand at a pen-picture of conditions one year from date.

With the advent of frost disappears all danger of typhoid fever excepting where the seeds of the disease are already sown. Never was the sanitary knowledge of the nineteenth century better demonstrated to be founded upon scientific fact than here. Compared with the summer of '98, the summer of '99 has been strangely free from the disease which put sickly fear into the heart of many a strong man only a year ago. Proceeding upon the theory that typhoid was simply a filth disease and that where there was no filth there would be no disease, regulations were made and enforced which at times appeared hard, but which time has proven to be amply justified by results.

### A "Parachute" Road.

In a communication from a friend up the creeks which was not received until the subject matter became a little old for publication we find the following trenchant paragraph: "We are today paying \$20 taxes here per man to one outside. Our best ground is being sold by the government at Ottawa amongst themselves. We are not allowed to have a voice in our government; and what money is expended is used \* \* \* in building a parachute road across country, so that our local government may ride the ridges and inspect the country without coming in contact with the great unwashed masses." Excellent service and moderate prices at the Cafe Royal.

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## "A SOUR DOUGH'S STORY,"

### Or "How a Gold Run Claim Was Lost and Won."

A Complete Novelette in One Chapter  
—Sour Dough Puts Chee Chahko Next.

Our old friends Mr. Sour Dough and Mr. Chee Chahko met one day last week for the first time in months. Friend Sour had just returned from a trip outside, while Chee, being a new arrival, had occupied the summer in observation which, as will be seen, had not resulted in putting him "on the inside." In conformity with modern Klondike development, Sour wore the stiffest of high linen collars, which had chafed a red ring round his neck about the height of the lower lobe of the ear. Chee was attired in bicycle knickerbockers and negligee shirt.

"Holy smoke!" exclaimed Chee, "but I'm glad to see you back. How did you find things outside?"

"Didn't find 'em at all," remarked Sour sullenly. "You see, everything found me. Had on a nugget chain and a nugget pin and seemed like as everybody was waiting at the depot for me."

Chee laughed. "Things seemed kind of cheap after being up here so long, didn't they?"

"Cheap be d—d!" said Sour emphatically. "Can treat the crowd on a half a dollar and a fellow thinks he's going to have a sheol of a time on a few ounces, and he wakes up one morning and counts his change, and finds he'll have to be a blooming assisted emigrant if he gets back to Dawson at all. Why they've got one of those dummed nickel-in-the-slot machines on each end of every bar, and things are so cheap a fellow doesn't like to save his nickels so puts them in the machine. Then he gets interested and buys a few dollars' worth of nickels. Nickels don't seem to amount to much, and yet he'd better buy wine in Dawson than play the machine." And Sour glowered ominously and led the way into Tom Chisholm's saloon.

Chee took lemonade and Sour took a big horn of—he didn't care what. A repetition at Chee's expense and the pair found themselves again on the street.

"Where will we go to have a private talk?" asked Chee, who had an idea that Sour could post him on a certain important matter.

"A fellow's more alone in a crowd than in a private room in Dawson," was the sage reply. "Let's go to the theater. Arizona Charley has got a play on in which a bridge breaks down and the horse drops 14 feet into a tank of water, leaving the rider hanging in the air."

At the Grand the pair took another drink—lemonade and whisky—and proceeded up to the row of boxes, where they found themselves as much alone as if locked up in a bank vault.

"Say, I'm in trouble!" commenced Chee.

"Ah, ha!" broke in Sour. "You've been and got a hold of a claim somewhere and can't get it recorded. Is that it?"

"You're off this time old man. I bought one already recorded."

"No gold in it, and got a payment to make," suggested the old timer.

"Wrong again. The fact is it's a dandy, and now a fellow comes in and says it's his. For the life of me, I can't see how the government can escape liability for giving me a clear abstract if the protestant has any claim on the ground."

"Liability nothing. It would bust the government to make good all that people have lost through its employees," and Sour touched the button in disgust. "Has the other fellow got any valid claim?"

"Come to look into the matter," continued Chee slowly and thoughtfully, "I rather think he has. Fact is I'm a thousand out and I can't afford it."

"Why don't you do as was done with No. 37 Gold Run last winter?"

"What was that?"

"Well—I mean—don't you think you could make out a good case if you could keep the other fellow out of court? Let me tell you about 37, and you'll see what I mean," and both drew their milking stools close together for a good talk, after having satisfied themselves that the play of the Arizona Scout had not yet arrived at the bridge scene. Sour drew the box curtains to and-but-

toned the door, and in low, careful tones commenced:

"You see, it was this way. Leo Schifferle was cute, and when Edgar decided the creek was no good and went outside, Leo moves onto his claim ready to relocate as soon as the time came. The creek was becoming better known every day, and so to keep other people off—ha! ha!—Leo pretends he is on the ground a-representing for Edgar. Ha! ha!" and Sour dug his forefingers into Chee's ribs to point the joke.

"What good would that do?" asked Chee lugubriously.

"Why, darn it, can't you see he fooled 'em?" and at thought of the horde of stakers coming to spy out the land, and being led to believe it was never to lapse, Sour rolled from side to side on his stool in silent mirth, only a hearty chuckle escaping now and then to testify to his enjoyment.

"Well, you see," he continued, after recovering his breath, "Leo recorded the claim and counted himself worth a few thousand ounces, when up comes an ex-official who said the claim was his and was very positive. Leo said he knew better, so a day was set before the gold commissioner for a hearing. Well, the day come around and Leo had all his witnesses and made out a spanking good case and then they all goes to lunch." Sour stopped to laugh in his usual inaudible way and was interrupted by:

"I don't see anything funny about that."

"O, you don't?" and Sour straightened up for a minute. "Don't you see the other side hadn't been heard yet?"

"Nothing funny about that."

"No, but there was when they met after lunch," and Sour took three minutes to laugh quietly to himself. "You see, when Leo got back they wouldn't let him in to hear the other side of the question, and"

"Why, you don't mean to say he was kept outside?"

"Locked out," laconically.

"Did he try the side entrance?"

"Yes, and he pounded on the door—ha, ha—and went to the clerk at the front door, and—" Here the comicality of one party to an important suit being locked out of court struck Sour so severely that he nearly exploded. Nothing but a pressure on the button connecting with the bar saved him.

"Why, that's not funny a bit," said Chee, indignantly. "I call it a d—d fraud."

"O, but you don't see the point yet," laughed Sour. "Leo got in after awhile."

"O, he did, did he?"

"Yes, and the interested ones were just going out."

"O, they were," scornfully interjected Chee.

"Yes, and one of 'em says, 'You lost your case, young fellow,' and that was all the satisfaction he got— But look here we're missing the show," and in an instant both heads were through the divided curtain and both pair of eyes fastened on the stage.

Sure enough there was an inclined plane leading to a high bridge. On the stage was a melee of murderous Indians, helpless maidens and rescuing cowboys.

Up the inclined plane rushed Charley, the rescuer, on his fiery mustang, and— But the horse had been there before and instead of standing over the trap sped on like a deer. At the appointed place Charley grasped the stringer on which he was to dangle while the horse went into the tank. Down dropped the bridge—and so did Charley, for he missed his hold and went head first into the tank below. The accidental change of program brought down the house and in the uproar attending the curtain call for Charley, all in his dragged finery, we lost track of our two friends.

**He Never Goes There Any More.**

"Young man," shouted the irate father, "if I ever catch you here again I'll use my cane."

"As you suffer with the gout," responded the young man, "you'll probably use your cane whether you catch me or not."

Then the cane was used right there.—Chicago Record.

**Brotherhood Matters.**

Mr. E. J. Fitzpatrick has been deputized to attend to the details of the organization of a Dawson camp of the Arctic Brotherhood.

A. F. GEORGE,  
Special Organizer for the Yukon.

**Lost or Strayed.**

Back brown husky dog, about 8 years old, weight 102 pounds; owner can have same by calling and proving same at Hobbs' store, Klondike City, and paying for this advertisement.

**Telegrams.**

Send your telegrams to the outside via the Nugget Express service. Messages delivered to the nearest telegraph office for forwarding.

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OUR BOATS ARE SMALL AND FAST . . . .  
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Operating river steamers

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W. H. EVANS, MAKING CLOSE CONNECTIONS WITH THE

S. S. "GARONNE," Sailing from St. Michael July 1, August 15, Sept. 15.

First Class Accommodations for Passengers. Sailing dates of river steamers from Dawson will be announced later. Watch this space.

CHAS. H. NORRIS, Mgr. Yukon Division. FRANK J. KINGHORN, Agent, Yukon Dock.

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Flooring, Ceiling and all Kinds of Planed Lumber, Bars, Counters, Furniture and Inside Furnishings of all Kinds.

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THE YUKON FLYER TRANSPORTATION CO.

Steamers "Bonanza King" and "Eldorado."

SAFETY, SPEED, COMFORT UNEXCELLED SERVICE.

For reservation of staterooms and tickets or for any further information apply to company's office.

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The Latest and Most Improved Facilities for

Second Avenue . . . WARM STORAGE

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DON'T FAIL

To see Mrs. Dr. Slayton, if you are interested in any of the affairs of life. Marriage, sickness, trouble, mining, in fact anything you may want to know. Office: Cabin, cor. Third ave. and Third st. Hours, 10 to 5.

## AN UNCONSCIOUS ALLY.

All's Fair in War and in Love,  
Especially in Love.

(A Novelette.)

I have always had a remarkably large number of friends of my own sex. I trust this should lead people to give me an undue amount of credit for amiability and sweetness of disposition. I may as well state at once that I have a marriageable brother.

Being possessed also of a fair amount of brains, I was never for a moment deceived as to the nature of the affection lavished upon me by most of my female friends. But when my dearest chum, the girl I really thought loved me for myself alone, told me she was engaged to be married to my brother Fred my grief and anger knew no bounds.

I had gone over to stay all night with Maud and had lain awake till 3 a. m. exchanging confidences, and all the time the sneak never said a word about Fred. At last I dropped off to sleep and was just in the midst of a glorious dream, in which I was leading the cotillon with a magnificent man with soulful eyes and a bank account in seven figures, when Maud suddenly threw her arms about my neck, entirely shutting off my wind and scaring me almost into nervous prostration, and with a burst of tears confessed that she had been keeping a secret from me for two whole days and that we were to be really, truly sisters, not just sisters in affection, as heretofore, etc.

I managed to wriggle out from under Maud's arm, and then I sat up in bed and said things. I don't remember exactly what they were, but they must have been pretty bad, for Fred didn't speak to me for a week (of course Maud had to tell him, and Maud herself went around looking like a suffering martyr whenever we chanced to be under the same roof).

I was convinced that I was the most miserable girl in the world after that, and the worst of it was that everybody, including Maud herself, thought that I was only mad because she was engaged first, an imputation which I need not say was entirely unjust.

I'm sure I could not see what Maud had done that was so wonderful anyway. Fred is anything but brilliant, and I never considered him even good looking, while as long as mamma lives he hasn't a penny to his name except his salary, which is by no means princely.

But Maud! You'd have thought she'd landed a Vanderbilt or a poet laureate the way she acted.

I pretended not to notice her airs and nursed my grief in proud silence, but I had no doubt that I was the most wronged and unhappy creature that ever lived until subsequent events taught me that our affairs are arranged by an all-wise Providence in whom we may safely trust, no matter how dark our way may seem at the time, I shall never doubt the wisdom of Providence again.

To begin with, I found I was likely to get a lot of amusement out of this engagement. Fred was madly jealous of Maud all the time, though any one could see with half an eye that she was simply mad about him and in deadly fear of losing him herself.

He would come home at least three times a week, pale haggard and wild eyed, a man bereft of hope. The rest of the time he was madly joyful and talked about Maud as if she was several degrees higher than the seraphim. It was enough to make a St. Bernard dog laugh just to see him.

I also found further consolation in the fact that his state of mind interfered seriously with Fred's appetite, that I got all the extra pudding and things that had always fallen to his share (Fred was always a greedy thing), and then Perceval Jones came from abroad.

Perceval was a millionaire's son, with a face too beautiful for words and a taste for Ibsen.

Of course all this made him desirable beyond most other men, but I must say the way the girls of Archerville made different kinds of fools of themselves about him was enough to disgust even a woman's rights advocate with her sex.

I need hardly say that I was smart enough to treat Mr. Jones with marked coolness. The first time I met him my behavior seemed to puzzle the pampered youth. The second time he appeared distinctly grateful. On the third he asked permission to call, and I went home at peace with all the world, even Fred.

For five consecutive afternoons after that I sat by the tea table in the back drawing room, attired in my best gown, expecting Perceval—in vain.

On the sixth he came.

"What a delightful surprise," I said

gushingly. I was a trifle nervous from waiting so long.

"Ah, thanks!" he remarked, looking disappointed.

And then mamma came in and in spite of my previous warnings finished things by treating Mr. Jones as if he were Albert Edward or Mark Hanna or at least a royal duke. Mamma never could resist a millionaire.

Our visitor took his leave in less than half an hour, and I knew that unless I adopted desperate measures Perceval Jones was lost to me forever.

But I'm not one to give up easily, and after thinking hard thinks all night I finally hit on a plan and went to sleep at daybreak and slept till noon as sweetly and as innocently as a child. Early in the afternoon I telephoned to Maud and asked her to go with me out to the golf links at 4 o'clock. Then I telephoned to Fred to meet us there and proceeded to make a fetching toilet with a light heart. When we reached the links, there was Mr. Jones (he had mentioned that he was going the day before).

He was looking bored, as usual, but cheered up when I treated him with haughty coldness.

I eluded his attempts at conversation, however, and threw Maud in his way whenever I could.

I was rewarded by seeing him seat himself by Maud's side and commence a disquisition on Ibsen as Fred came around the hill on his bicycle.

No sooner did Fred's eye light on the couple than he commenced to glare like a madman, and in spite of my innocent efforts to keep him away he wound up by being so outrageously rude to Mr. Jones that that gentleman was confounded, and Maud went home in tears.

As for me, I went to bed happy. My plan was working to a charm.

A day or two later I got mamma to ask Mr. Jones to dinner and managed to have him take Maud out. That settled it. Fred treated Perceval in such an insulting manner that even he could hardly overlook it, and he left early, to mamma's distress and my secret joy.

After that I began to meet Perceval every time I went out of the house. No matter whether I walked or drove or rode a wheel I was sure to encounter him before long, and he would escort me on my way, leaving me always on our return at the end of the street leading to our house.

"Since your brother, who is your guardian, dislikes me, so, I cannot go to your home," he would say regretfully, and I would blush and stammer an apology. "But I must see you in spite of him," Perceval would add with a melting glance, and I would go home in the seventh heaven. At last after three weeks of this surreptitious courtship Perceval could stand it no longer.

"Be my wife, Rosamond!" he cried one day. "Never mind what they say at home, I must have you. I never knew what love was before."

Poor boy, he had never known the bliss of trying for what he wanted. Before this it had always dropped into his lap.

But I couldn't trust him even then. "Oh, no!" I said timidly. "I dare not."

Fred would kill you if he thought of such a thing."

"Let him try," said Perceval valiantly. "I'll have you in spite of him. See, here is the minister on his porch, Rosamond. Come, darling, he will give me the right to claim you from your brother."

And before I knew what I was about I found myself in the minister's parlor being married in a bicycle skirt and pink cotton-shirt waist.

Ten minutes later I walked into Fred's office, leaving Perceval waiting outside, looking a little pale about the gills, but with a combative gleam in his eye.

"Fred," I remarked coolly as I looked my brother square in the face, "I want to thank you for what you've done for me. I'm Mrs. Perceval Jones, by your leave."

Then a smile of incredulous relief spread over his face.

"Gosh!" he ejaculated "To think that the fellow actually wanted you!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

### Pa's View of It.

Daughter (with some show of embarrassment)—Pa, did Clarence interview you last night?

Pa—He did.

Daughter—And what was the result?

Pa—Well, my impression of the result was that he was about to retire from literature and become a confectioner.

Daughter—A confectioner? You are indulging in levity now, pa.

Pa—Not at all, for when, in rejecting his suit, I spoke disparagingly of his calling, he struck an attitude and boastfully declared that I would yet live to see the day when his works would be in every one's mouth.

## FRESH MEATS! POULTRY!

Wholesale and Retail.

The Str. Lotta Talbot supplies Fresh Beef, Mutton, Pork, Turkeys, Geese, Chickens, Eggs, Lard, Butter, Sausage, Tripe, at Reasonable Prices.

STEAMER LOTTA TALBOT,  
YUKON DOCK.

ALASKA MEAT CO.

### BILL AND THE MULE.

Together With the Old Man's Idea of Their Intelligence.

I had been riding around over the mountains since early morning looking at timber and exploring roads leading to it, and about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when I struck the main road again, I met a long legged mountaineer walking by the roadside with a staff in his hand and a yellow dog at his heels. He stopped as I approached, and, knowing what that meant, I pulled up to learn what he might want.

"Scuse me, stranger," he said, letting that pass for the usual salutation, "but have you saw anything in yer travels uv my boy Bill in a mule?"

It was a rather vague proposition, and I asked for plans and specifications.

"Well," he explained in a drawl "the mule is just a mule, but Bill is a knock kneed, whopper jawed, freckle faced, sorrel topped, cross eyed, pigeon-toed, lopsided kind up a runt in town line clo's an a straw hat."

"I saw a mule," I explained, "about an hour ago down the main road, and when I got over to the branch that comes in here I saw a boy in town linen and a straw hat, but the mule didn't have either bridle or saddle, and I hardly think it could be the one the boy had been riding."

"I reckon yer wrong thar, stranger. All Bill had to ride hit with wuz a papaw bark string to hits lower jaw, an, like's not, he went to sleep an plumb fell off, an the mule jist went pickin along most anyways. Much obleeged, stranger. I reckon I'll be gettin by!"

We parted, and he started off along the branch road.

"Oh, say," I called to him, "the boy is that way! I saw the mule down the main road."

"That's all right, mister," he answered cheerily. "I'm lookin fer the boy. The mule's got sense enough to come home hisself."

### The Disgusted Big Brother.

I'd hate to be a girl,  
With a lot of hair to curl  
Every time I ever started anywhere—  
With a lot of stays to lace,  
And, to keep my clothes in place,  
More than forty pins to stick in, here  
and there.

No wonder woman's slow,  
When she's fixing up to go;  
You'd be poky, too, if you were in her  
place,  
With hooks all up your back,  
With a pair of brows to black,  
And a lot of stuff to smear upon your  
face.

Oh, 'tis wonderful to me,  
When a maiden fair I see—  
A maiden with a beauty that is fresh  
and sweet and rare—  
Knowing what I do of girls,  
With their crimpings, puffs and  
curls,  
That they ever manage to succeed in  
getting anywhere.

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### Insulted.

Contractor—Did you offer that alderman \$500, as I directed?  
Secretary—Yes, sir.  
"How did he act?"  
"He looked insulted."  
"What did he say?"  
"He said I ought to be in the penitentiary."  
"What did he do?"  
"He took the money."—Chicago Tribune.

### The Invalid's Mecca.

Traveler—Is this a healthful locality?  
Native—Well, rather. We have had but one death in nine years, and that was the doctor.

Traveler—Indeed! And what did he die of?  
Native—Starvation.—Chicago News.

### How to Manage 'Em.

"Mrs. Young says she has solved the servant problem."  
"She's a genius! What's the solution?"  
"Why, she says all you've got to do is never to find any fault, submit to everything, do as you're told, keep out of the way and pay good wages, with privileges, and you won't have a bit of trouble."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

### A Gun Play.

Passers-by in front of the A. C. Co.'s boarding house late Saturday night were witnesses of an episode that for a brief

time promised serious results. Two young men, one of whom is well known around town were noticed engaged in a wordy altercation. The voices of both were pitched above the ordinary key. Each man was telling the other his opinion of him in language somewhat more expressive than choice. Suddenly one of them was seen to pull a good sized six-shooter from his pocket and proceed to whirl it around somewhat indiscriminately, much to the discomfort of several onlookers who immediately sought cover. However, the gun play seemed to be very much in the nature of a bluff and the aspirant for blood soon became sufficiently cooled off to put the weapon away and retreat. The small crowd which had gathered breathed a sigh, partially of relief, but more of regret. The curtain was rung down upon what might have added another to Dawson's already rather lengthy list of tragedies.

### Alex Said What T'ell.

The lot next the McDonald hotel on Second avenue is occupied by a generous display of steam thawers, the property of Alex McDonald. Their presence reminds us of a little incident of last winter when thawers were just beginning to demonstrate their value, which was yet little known. A Sulphur creek partner of the big fellow was in town to try and persuade Alex to get a steam thawer for the claim. The idea was "new fangled" and contrary to the big miner's experience in this north land. He is reported to have listened in silence until patience gave out.

"Hoot Mon!" he is said to have exclaimed. "Dinna be wasting my time and your ain wi' sech fool notions as burning the ground wi' machinery. Ye'd better gang awa' back to the claim and dig me a pot o' gold for miself."

And now Alex is the biggest owner of thawing machinery in the Klondike, and would use twice as much if he could only get it through the freight blockade at Bennett. Verily, the Sun do move.

### Counted the Steps.

"No," said C. W. Tennant to a Nugget man the other day, "the government wagon road to and from the Forks is a delusion and a snare. The creek road is still the best, unimproved as it is, and besides is one hour shorter. I have counted the steps on both roads, and from the A. C. store in Dawson to the Gold Hill hotel is by way of the creek just 20,979 steps in my usual manner of walking. By way of the government wagon road it is just 28,579 steps between the same points. The road is destined to be unused by Bonanza creek men, because of the descent which must be made from the ridge down some gulch to the claims. The miners themselves are now building their own road, notwithstanding that they have already contributed in taxes to the wagon road on the ridge which they cannot use."

### Meeting of British Cabinet.

London, Sept. 29. — The Transvaal question occasioned a meeting of the British cabinet at 12:30 p. m. today. Downing street, in the vicinity of the cabinet chamber, was crowded by a throng of people all morning. Each minister, as he alighted from his carriage, was loudly cheered. It was for Chamberlain, however, that the crowd reserved its most demonstrative applause; to him was given a great ovation. Nothing new respecting the Transvaal has developed during the day. The Cape dispatches continue warlike in tone, and voice the indignation of the British contingent against the Orange Free State.

### How He Looks.

London, Sept. 29. — The health of Dreyfus is far from satisfactory. Immediately after being released, a correspondent describes him as thoughtful, prematurely aged, with soft eyes, a smile like a woman's and submissive in his demeanor. He expressed great gratitude for the sympathy which has been extended to him by the British people. His very first act on being released was to send a wreath to be placed upon the coffin of his friend and champion, M. Schuerer-Kestner.

### Notice to Subscribers.

The sudden leaving of our town circulation man before acquainting his successor with his route is liable to leave some of our friends without their favorite paper. Please notify us of any failure in delivery and oblige The Nugget.

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sh Cabinet.

The Transvaal a meeting of the 2:30 p. m. today, e vicinity of the e crowded by a e morning. Each ted from his car- ered. It was for t, that the crowd e demonstrative ap- given a great ova- respecting the d during the day. e continue war- e the indignation gent against the

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# REFUSED HIM A SHELTER

## One Story of Suffering and Death Across the Line.

### A Kind Hearted Captain Carries Him Down to Circle—Too Late for Medical Assistance.

No paper will be able ever to gather up all the stories of hardship for which this northern quarter-world is responsible. The latest to come to light is the tale of suffering and death of one John H. Bracken of Eureka California. John Bracken was rendered almost destitute last summer by a fire at his California home which left him with a wife and six children and no roof to cover them. The stories of sudden wealth which this country held for such as he attracted him this way, and with his brother H. W. Bracken, he started from San Francisco for St. Michaels. A season of fierce hard traveling on the Koyukuk and nearly 1000 miles of waterways had been explored, while the gold hunters had decided that no fortune lay for them in that direction, so they rowed back to the Yukon and took passage on a steamer for Dawson. The steamer froze up at the mouth of Dall river, and since the Brackens could not reach a camp where they could dig for gold they proceeded 15 miles up the Yukon, built a cabin and started a wood camp. Building a camp in a temperature of 40 below zero resulted in the Californians frosting their fingers and toes; but the camp was soon finished and the frosted members healed. Some 200 cords of wood were cut and piled on the bank, while the brothers still found time to house and entertain a thousand of the Koyukuk stampedeers who passed that way last winter.

About March 1st, this year, John Bracken grew lame in the right knee. Some thought it was just a temporary lameness brought about by hard work, while others suggested scurvy. He resisted all treatment and was in reality the beginning of the end. The well brother loaded the sick man on a sled and hauled him down river to the nearest frozen-in steamboat having a doctor. Being penniless, and the knee steadily growing worse, the dying man was refused admittance to one boat after another, until the last had been reached, and was sledded back again to the wood-yard cabin to gradually grow worse and die. On the sunny days of spring he would be sledded out into the sunshine, but it failed to revive the failing strength. Then the river opened and busy steamboats appeared, but none ran close enough for a long time to hear the distressed hailing of the Brackens. At last the John Cudahy put in, and Capt. McCarthy volunteered to take the sick man to Circle. At that point he was received in the United States military hospital and there he died a short time ago of a tuberculous knee.

H. W. Bracken buried his brother and returned to his wood yard to find the navigation season closed and all chances of disposing of his wood gone for the year. Being an all-round mechanic and patentee of the well-known Bracken safety elevator used in the mines and hotels of California, he came on to Dawson, arriving here a few days ago, stranded and discouraged.

#### Lost \$7,200.

Caprice, the motto singer of the Monte Carlo, lost a package of bills amounting to \$7,200 on Thursday night last and suspects two prominent Dawson gentlemen of their abstraction. She swore out a complaint to that effect.

It seems so impossible that the gentlemen accused could be guilty of such an act, and we are so convinced of its all being a mistake, that as a matter of courtesy we refrain from giving their names.

Caprice's story is that the money was done up in a small bundle which she wore constantly. She says that after doing her "turn" on the stage she went to the aforesaid gentlemen in one of the boxes. She swears she had the money still with her when she afterwards went with them to Gertie Lovejoy's rooms over the front of the Monte Carlo. From there they went to Nellie Holgate's room. There was more or less cutting up and one of the visitors was more demonstrative and boisterous than the other and him she accuses of unfastening and abstracting the stuffed bundle.

The money was done up small and consisted for the most part of \$100 bills so that it did not make a very large parcel. Nevertheless she is confident

that she had it when she left the stage, as she felt for it and found it in place as usual.

The police are working on the case.

#### Major Terry at Skagway.

Skagway, Sept. 29.—Capt. Stearnes, Major Perry and Mr. Perry's family are here en route to Dawson. Major Perry was seen by your correspondent. He comes to Dawson to assume the office made vacant by the recall of Col. S. B. Steele to Regina. Mr. Perry has been connected with the N. W. M. P. since 1891, and has been posted at Vancouver for three years past. Interrogated as to the reason of the change he said: "Col. Steele's recall possesses no special significance, and I can assure you that it is not at all in consequence of any dereliction of duty that a military or semi-military commander is changed from one post to another about every so often. My own change from Vancouver, to which post I have become much attached, to a distant post in the far north is but a swing around the circle which is generally found to be advantageous to the service, notwithstanding its possible disagreeableness to the officers affected by the order."

"I expect to reach Dawson before the flowing ice renders travel by water impossible. Inspector Primrose is temporarily occupying my place in Dawson."

#### WILL YOU?

My dear, before we take the vows,  
Upon the altar's shrine,  
Will you agree to help me out,  
When you are truly mine?

Of course I'll rustle snow and ice  
To thaw as suits your need,  
And even bring the firewood,  
Whene'er you coaxing plead;

But here upon the Klondike creeks,  
I need a helpmate true,  
And ere we take the fateful step,  
I'll have to know you'll do.

As it is hardly square for you  
To stay in Dawson town,  
While I, upon a frozen claim,  
Am frying slapjacks brown.

Nor for your finer soul to soar  
Amidst celestial scenes,  
And leave me here in loneliness  
To live on pork and beans.

While you should not insist, your health  
Requires a trip outside,  
But stay and share the winter's cold,  
As well becomes a bride.

And will you light the morning fires,  
And wash my woolen shirts,  
And darn my socks and cheerful wear  
Abbreviated skirts?

While should we find, when spring  
appears,  
The clean up doesn't pay,  
Will you consent to cook and run  
A roadhouse by the way?

Or scrub and wash to get a stake,  
While I am musing, round  
To find a place to blow it in  
Upon some other ground?

If you will guarantee in faith  
To do all this, and more,  
I'll promise true I'll love you as  
I've never lov'd before

—Asa Thurston Heydon.

#### The New Hotel.

Donovan and Connelly have just completed the new Hotel McDonald. It is the intention of the proprietors to run this house strictly as a first class hotel. They have the opportunity, to say the least, as the McDonald is without exception the finest fitted up house in all the far Northwest. It is lavishly furnished and lighted throughout with electricity and will be formally opened to the public next Thursday. Messrs. Donovan and Connelly extend to all a hearty invitation to inspect this monument of the progress of Dawson and also to partake of the festivities of the opening; when a social dance will be given in the evening. May our jolly hosts have the success their enterprise deserves. Remember the date, next Thursday evening, October 5th.

#### Change of Address.

Take notice, that Albert Mayer, the popular jeweler has removed from Second street on to Front street, in the Monte Carlo building.

#### Arctic Brotherhood.

All members of the A. B. are requested to send the names and addresses of their friends who desire to join the Dawson camp, which is about to be organized in this city.

A. F. GEORGE,  
Chief Deputy Camp Dawson, No. 4,  
Nugget office.

#### Notice of Removal.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce down town office has removed from the A. C. Co. office building to the office formerly occupied by Arthur Lewin, on the main street, opposite the Yukon dock.

# TWENTY-FIVE SCOWS STUCK

## And Sixty More Enroute Down the River.

### Almost Every Steamer Has Left Dawson for the Last Time This Season—The Merwin Does Not Go Down.

With the probable exception of a few of the small boats, all the steamboats, navigating between Dawson and Whitehorse, have started on their last trips. Although the river is higher now than it was this time last year, still there is not sufficient water in which to run the large boats. The Reindeer is still aground about 30 miles above Selkirk and the probability of her arrival in Dawson this year is very remote. According to Mr. Campbell, of the Ora, some 25 scows and barges, heavily loaded, are hung up on various bars between here and Whitehorse; and 60 more are en route; many of them will be unable to reach port this season. The W. K. Merwin found it impossible to sell enough tickets to warrant her going to St. Michael, so the contemplated trip has been abandoned.

#### ARRIVAL OF THE SYBIL.

The steamboat Sybil, arrived from Whitehorse Friday night. Her manifest showed 80 tons of freight, 11 horses and 12 sacks of mail. She brought down 48 passengers, among whom were: Mr. and Mrs. E. Merman, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Booge, Mrs. Miller and two children, Mrs. McCaul, Mrs. D. Sola and daughter, Mrs. Davis and child, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Alban, Mrs. Crane, Mrs. Debney, Mrs. Dexter Claude Moore, Miss Hughes and Miss Booge. The Sybil started on her last trip to Whitehorse Monday afternoon, with a list of 31 passengers. She will return to the mouth of the Hootalinqua river and there go into winter quarters.

#### WILLIE IRVING ARRIVES.

On Saturday afternoon, the Willie Irving tied to her Dawson dock, after an uneventful trip from Whitehorse. She had aboard 30 tons of freight and carried 38 passengers, 18 of whom were taken from the stranded Reindeer. Among those who arrived on the Irving are: Mr. and Mrs. Woodworth, Mr. and Mrs. James Parks and two children, Mr. and Mrs. Meder, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Estep, Mrs. Coutts and four daughters, Mrs. W. H. Hughes, Mrs. Barrett and son, Mrs. J. R. Powle, Mrs. Gregg, Mrs. Davis and son, and Miss Adler. With a passenger list of 22 persons, the Willie Irving started for Whitehorse Monday evening. This trip will probably be her last for the season.

#### ANGLIAN AND LOW DEPART.

On Friday the Anglian left for Whitehorse. Among her 21 outgoing passengers were Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Tyrrell, Mrs. Desucca, J. B. Agen and H. A. Bonner. She towed a scow up the river, and intends to return to Dawson. The Philip B. Low departed Monday afternoon, with a fair passenger list. This is her last trip. She and the Gov. Pingree will go into winter quarters at the mouth of the Hootalinqua river.

#### THE BARR ARRIVES.

The N. A. T. & T. Co.'s steamboat John C. Barr, arrived from Circle City Monday night. She carried 65 tons of freight and registered 33 passengers. Mr. and Mrs. Coburn were among the arrivals. The Barr reports that the Seattle No. 1 is aground about two miles this side of Circle. The Seattle No. 3 and the A. C. pilot boat Victoria are endeavoring to release her, and undoubtedly will be successful. The John C. Barr will go into winter quarters immediately.

#### THE W. S. STRATTON LEAVES.

On Saturday the government telegraph boat W. S. Stratton left for Whitehorse. Mr. J. B. Charleston, the constructor of the line, and most of his assistants, were aboard. Mr. Charleston will inspect the offices on his way to Whitehorse. The Stratton will go into winter quarters immediately after the completion of her present trip.

#### THE ORA LEAVES.

The B. L. & K. N. Co.'s steamboat Ora arrived Monday morning at 7 o'clock. She was loaded with 25 tons of freight, and towed a scow which carried another 15 tons. She had a passenger list of 17 passengers. The Ora returned to Whitehorse Tuesday. It is undecided as to whether or not the boat will return again to Dawson this year.

#### Going Out of Business.

It will be easy on those who are about to purchase anything in the upholstering line, such as lounges, mattresses, etc., or easy chairs and draperies, as our old friend H. E. Stumer is closing up his business preparatory to a trip outside. He will sell at greatly reduced prices for the next 30 days. His present address is on Third street, near the corner of Second avenue.

#### Cold and Warm Storage.

The public should know that I have now completed an extensive warehouse of the above description near the corner of Third street south and Fifth avenue. Terms are reasonable, and will be given upon application. Goods guaranteed. FRANK E. WOLFE.

George Russell and Sam Bradwan committed a nuisance, and each was fined \$10 and costs.

All persons ordering outfits of the Yukon Outfitting & Express Co. are requested to call and examine goods and close the accounts. Warehouse, Third street and Third avenue, Dawson.

Don't forget opening of Cafe Royal Wine Rooms, Monday night, Aug. 14.

You can get stationery in big variety at the Pioneer Drug Store. E. Shoff, chemist.

Private dining and wine rooms at the Cafe Royal.

You can get your eyes tested and glasses fitted at Pioneer Drug Store. E. Shoff, chemist.

\$1.50 Turkey dinner at Cafe Royal Sunday. \$1.50.

# For Forty-Mile Str. BURPEE

Will sail from Smith & Hobbs' Wharf EVERY MONDAY AT 1 O'CLOCK P. M. Carrying Nugget Express, Freight and Passengers.

For rates on express matter apply to Nugget Express. Freight and passenger rates, Craden & Wilcox, Second avenue. Steamer can be chartered for special service on reasonable terms.

# AIR-TIGHT HEATERS AND ROADHOUSE RANGES

McLENNAN, McFEELY & CO., Limited, Front Street, Dawson.

# Green Tree Saloon

JIM HALL, Prop. Cafe and Club Room Attached. FINELY FURNISHED ROOMS.

# THE SCANDINAVIAN AMERICAN BANK of Seattle, Wash

ANDREW CHILBERG, President. A. H. SOELBERG, Cashier. Gold dust received for delivery to the mint or assay office in Seattle. Prompt returns made.

# Lancaster & Calderhead

General Storage and Commission Merchants. Office and Warehouse, COR. 4TH ST. AND 2ND AVE. Dawson, Y. T.

# City Market

GEISMAN & MAUER, Props. Second Ave., bet. Second and Third Sts. Freshest, finest, fattest beef, pork and mutton in Dawson. Wholesale and retail. Special prices to restaurants, steamboats and hotels.

# GRAND FORKS Machine and Blacksmith Shop

All kinds of Machine Work and Repairing. GRAND FORKS, ABOVE BUTLER HOTEL. GEO. McCORD, Proprietor.

# IF IT IS QUALITY YOU WANT For Your Winter Outfits COME AND DEAL WITH US.

MOHR & WILKENS, DOWN TOWN STORE S.E. Cor. 3d st. & 2d av. UP TOWN STORE Opp. Klondike Bridge

## ACCUSED OF A MURDER

### William Bennett on Trial for the Killing of A. Braemer.

Other Cases in the Territorial Court—A Number of Civil and Criminal Actions Disposed of Monday.

At 10 o'clock on Monday morning William Bennett was placed on trial for the murder of Arthur Braemer, at Dawson, on May 16th, 1899. Hon. Fred C. Wade prosecuted for the crown, and Attorney McCaul represented the defense. The following gentlemen comprise the jury: James Purdy, Graham McTavish, Dan Carmody, Thomas Law, E. E. Tippon, and Bailey. It appeared from the testimony of Henry Kern, a witness for the crown, that both the deceased, Arthur Braemer, and the prisoner, William Bennett, were employed by Kern to work in the latter's brewery, which is situated at the south end of Front street in Dawson. About 4 o'clock on the afternoon of May 16th, Bennett, whose duty was to deliver the beer, returned to the brewery with a number of empty cases. He brought them into the room, where Braemer was employed in cleaning beer bottles. The prisoner asked the deceased, Braemer, to assist in taking the empty bottles out of the returned cases. Braemer angrily replied, "take them out yourself." Bad words were exchanged between the two men; the loud and violent language attracted the attention of Mr. Kern, who, at the time, was in an adjoining room. He entered the place where Braemer and the accused were quarreling, and arrived just in time to stop Braemer from hitting the prisoner over the head with a bottle. Mr. Kern advised the men to stop fighting and told the deceased, Braemer, to engage in work in some other room. At this Mr. Kern went in to another part of the brewery, and the two men were left together for a few minutes, at the end of which short space of time, Braemer came into the adjoining room, where Mr. Kern was. The deceased was angry and excited, and continued to use abusive language regarding Bennett. Some two hours afterwards Braemer complained to Kern of a headache. Efforts were made to relieve him, but death ensued before morning. Since Braemer had left the room, where Kern had witnessed the trouble, the two men had not been together. Bennett continued to deliver beer until 6:30 p. m. Dr. Good, the second witness of the crown, testified that he made a post mortem examination of Braemer's head; that death resulted from a fracture on the left side of the skull, and that such a fracture could only have been caused by a heavy fall, or violent blow delivered with a blunt instrument. Capt. Harper swore that the prisoner admitted that he had struck Braemer over the head with a bottle, but that Bennett, at the same time, asserted that he had acted in self-defense. This, in effect, was all the evidence which was submitted by the prosecution. No one saw the accused strike Braemer nor did the latter make any statement, before death; as to the manner in which the fracture was received. Many witnesses as to Bennett's quiet and peaceable character will be introduced by the defense. No doubt the substance of the prisoner's defense is that when Mr. Kern left the men together, Braemer again attempted to strike the prisoner over the head with a bottle; that the latter, in defending himself struck deceased a light blow over the head with an empty bottle; that in the struggle which ensued the accused threw or shoved Braemer against a post which supported the ceiling; that the deceased struck his head rather violently against this post; and that thus was occasioned the fracture which resulted in Braemer's death. The trial will not be concluded till Tuesday evening.

#### FREDERICK WARREN GUILTY.

Frederick Warren pleaded guilty to attempting to commit suicide. He explained that immediately prior to his attempt, he had been drinking heavily; that he sincerely regretted the act, and that if given his liberty he would never be guilty of a similar offense. It also appeared that he had been one month in

J. J. DONOVAN.

M. CONNELLY.

### Hotel McDonald

Cor. Second Ave. and Second St., Dawson, Y. T. . . .  
Electric Lights, Electric Bells. Every Modern Convenience. Handsomely Furnished. Entirely New. Cafe attached. First-class Bar.

jail, awaiting trial. Judge Dugas gave him a lecture and committed him to six hours' imprisonment.

#### THE YUKONERS MUTINY CASES.

The persons charged with mutiny on the Yukoner were discharged upon motion of Crown Prosecutor Wade. The complaining witness Captain Morine is without the territory. The prisoners for some time past, have been out under bonds; but many of them served several weeks in jail before securing bail. These mutiny cases have been pending since June 22d. These are the names of the parties accused: Bernard Larsen, captain; T. S. Cunningham purser; Richard Hotz, chief engineer; Wm. Spalding assistant engineer; Herman Franz first mate; Edward J. Flannigan, fireman; Charles Mahoney, oiler; Robert Tessmer, cook; F. R. Jackson and Del Riemann, deck hands. A number of the released men took passage on Monday afternoon for the outside.

On September 16th, Judge Dugas noted the forfeiture of bonds in a number of cases, in which the defendants, at that time, failed to appear. Such defendants were given till October 1st to appear and deliver themselves in court; and thus avoid the order of forfeiture.

On Monday the bonds of all those accused of crime, who had failed to appear, were declared forfeited. The following are the cases in which forfeitures were entered: Queen vs. Antonio Barbuto, two cases of the Queen vs. Beasley, Queen vs. W. J. Allen, Queen vs. Hayward, Queen vs. J. C. McPherson, John Reuf and James Gordon, Queen vs. A. J. Kronert, Queen vs. Haussler. The defendant in the case of the Queen vs. Mangold, plead not guilty to a charge of stealing, the date of trial will be set at some future time. In the case of the Queen vs. Nelson Emerson, accused of stealing, the defendant pleaded not guilty, and his trial was fixed for October 15th. The trials of the following cases were fixed for October 15th: Queen vs. Leroy Pelletier, Queen vs. Henderson and Queen vs. Crane.

The indictment against Andrew Anderson, accusing him of mining gold from A. Coates' placer claim, was dismissed.

Motions were made and heard in the following civil cases: Motion for judgment was granted in the case of Geo. Lyon vs. Ed. McConnell. The plaintiff recovered \$228 from the defendant upon the contract price of a quantity of beer. At the same time, the court decreed that five bottles of champagne in

possession of the plaintiff should be returned to the defendant.

The argument on the motion to obtain money out of court, in the case of Bert vs. Howard was continued. In Ross vs. Rehder et al, the court entered an order suspending the injunction and restraining order, which were granted some time ago.

#### POLICE COURT ITEMS.

John Owens was fined \$10 and costs for disturbing the peace and being guilty of riotous and disorderly conduct.

John S. Conroy was plaintiff in a suit for wages, against A. L. Renney. Judgment was given in favor of Conroy for \$23 and costs.

Richard McConnell, John McMillan, Tom Nicholson, John Johnson, R. McBrien and John Davis were found guilty of being drunk. Each were assessed \$10 and costs.

J. J. Brady, George Thompson and W. J. Mauley, pleaded guilty, on Monday, to the charge of having committed a public nuisance. The inspector imposed a lenient fine of \$10 and costs on each defendant.

J. H. Campbell, George Marchett, John G. Paddock, Howard Wilson, George E. Buck, D. McGinnis and William Brown pleaded guilty to the charge of drunk and disorderly. Each were fined \$10 and costs.

About a week ago, David Glynn Thomas was arraigned on a charge of insanity and subsequently liberated. Last Friday he was taken into custody again, and a similar charge was lodged against him. He was committed and will be transported to the insane asylum at New Westminster, B. C.

Armen Legult came to town from the creeks the early part of last week. He brought with him \$300 in gold dust, the result of four months' work. After imbibing rather freely, he visited Fourth avenue, and, according to his story, was enticed into a house of ill-fame conducted by Gussie Bulin, a colored woman. At this place Legult claims that his pocket was cut from his trousers and the sack containing the \$300 in gold dust taken from his possession by Gussie Bulin. The colored woman maintained her innocence, and swore that Legult never entered her house until accompanied by a policeman. For lack of sufficient evidence the magistrate was obliged to discharge her.

Reduced rates at the Cafe Royal.

#### PERSONAL MENTION.

William Hurson a talented and popular musician, has returned from a visit to the states.

Captain Cartwright and Constable Lenkliter, of the N. W. M. P., arrived last Friday from Sixtymile.

Mrs. H. Alvin and J. V. Millington are recent arrivals from Victoria, and have registered at the Hotel McDonald.

"Check" Bowman and Frank McGregor have returned to town after a brief visit to their claim on Magnet gulch.

City Detective W. L. Meredith, of Seattle, is anxious to hear how his uncle, Thomas G. Patterson, is getting along.

Mr. Snell, the clerk of the territorial court, has fully recovered from his recent illness, and has assumed his official duties.

Mrs. Leroy Pelletier departed last Monday on a trip to Philadelphia. She will be accompanied by her husband as far as Selkirk.

D. McArthur, W. H. Gillis, W. I. Hobbs, Charles McKay and E. L. Webster, were among those who arrived last Saturday on the Willie Irving.

Steve Bailey was a visitor to Dawson during the week. He and his genial brother Tom Bailey, are the owners and operators of a promising piece of property on Hunker.

On last Sunday John Manning suffered a very painful accident. While riding from Dawson his horse fell through a bridge a little this side of the roadhouse at No. 60 below on Bonanza. The animal rolled on him, and Mr. Manning sustained a fracture to one of his ribs. The broken bone has been set, and hopes are entertained that the injured gentleman will speedily recover.

#### LOST AND FOUND

FOUND—Large malamute dog, on bar about 30 miles up the river. Owner can have same by proving property and paying charges. Apply at Nugget Office.

FOUND—Pocket book, belonging to Ella M. Daly. Owner can have same by proving property and paying charges. Apply at Nugget Office.

#### WANTED

BOY who has had experience in a printing office. Apply at Nugget office.

WANTED—Steam Thawer, about seven-horse power, fully equipped, stating price. Apply K, Nugget Office.

WANTED—Man who understands engraving. Apply Nugget office.

WANTED—I have a 33 h. p. boiler, hoisting engine, complete for steam thawer; will place same on Hunker, Bonanza or Eldorado, for percentage or will take lay; only prospect of ground will be considered. Apply A. D. Williams, 2d ave., below 6th st.

#### FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Tin-lined water tank; capacity about 300 gallons. Apply Nugget office.

#### RESTAURANTS.

THE FRENCH RESTAURANT, cor. Third St. and 3rd ave. Open all night; Regular \$1 dinner from 12 to 8. Meals sent out. Delicious French pastry a specialty. Breakfast 25c.

#### LUNCH COUNTERS.

MINERS' HOME—Coffee and Lunch Parlors, confectionery, cigars and fruits; neat and homelike; pure cream and high grade coffee a specialty. Mrs. M. Morgan, prop., cor. Third ave. and Third st.  
C. J. BOYD'S 25c. Lunch Counter, Second ave., next P.O., entrance also on First ave.; big stack of hot and coffee, 25c.; corned beef, tea, coffee or milk, 25c.; sandwiches and coffee, 25c.; ham and eggs, or steak and eggs and coffee, 75c. Bread, cakes and pies for sale. 9-23.

#### BLACKSMITHS.

OSBER & HAWLEY, Third ave. south, bet. 3d and 4th sts.; blacksmithing, machine, wagon and sleigh work done promptly at low prices; scientific horseshoeing a specialty.

#### PROFESSIONAL CARDS

LAWYERS  
WADE & AIKMAN—Advocates, Notaries, etc. Office, Bonfield Building, opposite A. C. Store, Dawson.

BURRITT & MCKAY—Advocates, Solicitors, Notaries, &c. Offices, A. C. Office Building. Safety deposit box in A. C. vaults.

TABOR & HULME—Barristers and Solicitors; Advocates; Notaries Public; Conveyancers. Offices, Green Tree Bldg.

CLEMENT, PATTULLO & RIDLEY—Advocates, Barristers, Notaries, Conveyancers, &c. Money to loan. Offices, First Avenue.

#### PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS

DR. J. WILFRED GOOD, M. B. S. R. C. P.—Edinburgh; late surgeon to Winnipeg General Hospital; medical health officer for Dawson; large and varied supply of glasses. Office Room 11 Fairview Hotel, telephone 24

J. H. KOONS, M. D.; A. C. Building.

#### MINING ENGINEERS.

TYRRELL & GREEN, Mining Engineers and Dominion Land Surveyors. Office, Harper st., Dawson.

#### OYSTER PARLORS.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS! Every style. Eastern, coast and cove oysters, prepared by scientific oyster chefs at "The Kory." Second avenue, between Second and Third streets. Turkey dinner Sunday, \$1.50.

#### BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS.

A. M. STEFFIN—Builder and contractor, Second avenue, opposite B. N. A. Bank. All kinds of carpentering work done; plans drawn and estimates furnished on building contracts.

# The Nugget's

success as the Pioneer Paper of Dawson, having grown from the size of a postage stamp, printed on a hand press, to a large eight-page semi-weekly, set up by a typesetting machine, and printed on a modern power press, all of which has been accomplished by a large circulation among the miners on the creeks and liberal advertising patronage from the merchants of Dawson, has prompted the owners to issue a

## Special

edition in September, which will be printed on book paper and encased in an elegant lithographed cover—a work of art in itself. The Nugget's special edition will be handsomely

## Illustrated

not less than fifty views appearing. It will contain pages of original matter descriptive of the mines, the creeks, the town and life in Dawson, and will be as complete and handsome a special

## Edition

as was ever issued on the coast. The Nugget is the only paper in the territory provided with an art department, and has the only office prepared in every way to issue a special edition.

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