

THE KLONDIKE NUGGET.

VOL. I. No. 9.

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

PRICE 50 CENTS

WHISKEY SMUGGLING THE RAGE.

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

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

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

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

Give Them a Hand.

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

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

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

Grown By a New Process.

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

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

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

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

The Nugget gives his statement for what it is worth.

A Special Re-issue of The Nugget.

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

From The Seat of War.

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

Hard to Find.

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

Those Streets.

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

Cheap Labor.

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

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

Hard Up For Reading.

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

Discoveries on Stewart.

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

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

LOCAL BREVITIES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The men who were recently paid off on claim 17 above, on Bonanza, are somewhat sore over what they think was an imposition. They claim that the owner, a certain Mr. Henley, well known from one end of the gulch to the other, paid them off with gold at \$17 per ounce. The gold was probably worth the money, yet when the men reappeared at Henley's store a few hours later to purchase supplies, not a cent more than \$15 would be allowed them. The latter price is that which gold is used uniformly in this section, either in payment of wages or for merchandise.

HOW TO CAUSE A STAMPEDE.

An Ordinary Telephone Message Does the Work.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(To be continued in our next.)

King Salmon Is King.

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

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The Klondike Nugget

ISSUED SEMI-WEEKLY

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 20, 1898

THE KLONDIKE CITY AFFAIR

A number of the inhabitants of Klondike City have called at the Recorder office to recite their grievances against the recent survey of the Klondike City flat, the prices asked the squatters for their own lots and the summary order that they could either pay up at once or get off the ground. The ground was surveyed Crown lands until a couple of weeks ago and the majority of the squatters had first sought the then two highest authorities at this place and had been advised to "go ahead and build if you want to; your squatter's rights will be respected and in time to come you will be assessed a merely nominal sum to defray the cost of the survey." The survey has now been made and the prices of occupied lots vary from \$100 to \$600. What is more, the discontented cabin dwellers are calmly informed that "they have no squatters' rights" as there is no such thing in the whole land.

The Nugget is in sympathy with its practically dispossessed subscribers of Klondike City and will endeavor to make their true standing plain. Legally there are no squatters' rights in any of the territories; that is to say there is no act of Parliament or constitutional provision which gives the squatter any claim on land which he may even have occupied and improved for a lifetime. Morally and by well established precedent the squatter has been decided to practically own the land he occupies. The history of the North West Territories has been a continual history of the attempted dispossession of squatters by understrappers of the government, the resistance (sometimes aroused) of the settlers, and their final recognition by the government. Not a settlement but has its own history on this matter, and every contest establishing a precedent for our Klondike City friends. What is more, the government has even recognized the purchaser of squatters' rights—that is to say individuals who were not squatters themselves but had bought out some one that was.

Here is the situation in a nutshell. Our squatters have well substantiated the fact that a hardship is being worked upon them. Many of them were on poor "lays" last winter and at the present time have barely enough dust in their possession to pay for the lot they occupy. If they pay for the lot they will not have a cent left to lay in their winter's supply. Some of the squatters are well able to pay the assessment but feel outraged that they are being compelled to buy what they already thought they possessed. The Nugget has been appealed to so often, for advice and encouragement, that it here outlines a course which will undoubtedly result in the end in the squatters getting their rights. Let them organize themselves at once and make an assessment of say \$15 apiece. Twenty men will thus raise \$300. This will secure the services of a good Canadian lawyer, (an American would do as well but he can't practice in Canadian courts) who will immediately stop anything like summary ejection. The case could then be properly presented at Ottawa with the undoubted result that the squatters would eventually be confirmed in their rights.

The armed resistance made by squatters in other territories we cannot for a

moment countenance in the Yukon district. All such talk must be dropped at once. The whole townsite in question is hardly worth the sacrifice of a single human life. Sixteen thousand dollars buys the whole seven blocks. But every man of British extraction knows that never yet was right so secure that resistance to wrong and oppression was not a crying and ever present need. An intolerance of imposition is an attribute of our race. We have become great because of our keen sense of right and intolerance of wrong. Whether it is a matter of a million-dollar townsite as at Edmonson or a handful of dispossessed miners at Klondike City, the principle involved is the same. The famous proverb might easily be transposed to read: "Eternal resistance to wrong is the price of liberty."

THE FIRE SITUATION

The city of Dawson is growing faster probably than any city in the North West Territory ever grew. It must be admitted that the most of the buildings going up are of an exceedingly transitory character, being simply skeleton frames with canvas coverings; yet, nevertheless, with the erection of every one of the new buildings there is an ever increasing danger of disaster by fire. There is now an almost unbroken line of buildings on each side of Front street for half its length. That a third of the buildings are not destined to become permanent structures, but adds to the danger of the situation. For every tent or wooden building that goes up, there is a stove—or else there will be very shortly. Every stove has its stovepipe reaching above and through the roof. It is in these stovepipes that the chief danger to Dawson lays of disaster by fire. No bricks can be obtained for building necessary chimneys and the nearest line for cement is up the Stewart river. The weather is warm, yet the ordinary fires used in cooking have easily demonstrated the danger. Canvas roofs are to be found perforated in a thousand places from sparks. In dozens of cases the stovepipe is not surrounded even by the usual tin protections and the canvas lies snugly against the stovepipe. Nor is it alone in the canvas buildings that risk is incurred. In the more substantial structures the roofs are all moss-covered. The moss becomes dry as tinder and inflammable as punk. Sparks from above, or ignition from contact, have already been known to cause mysterious fires.

For a few months in the year we have an ample supply of water near at hand and hope soon to have an abundance of the usual appliances for handling it. For the balance of the year the use of water is forbidden by natural conditions which tie up the water in unavailable chunks, the only liquids being the whiskey, which would add but fuel to the flames, and what little water is kept immediately around the stoves. Still there is much that could be done to lessen the dangers of a clean sweep by fire. Under a municipal form of government there would have been already appointed a body of inspectors who would exercise a rigid censorship of all buildings and stoves. At every point where stovepipes pass near the building, suitable non-combustible material would have to be used, and many of those smoke conveyors which are now emitting a shower of glowing sparks would be muzzled by spark-arresters of wire-netting.

THE HARDER TASK TO COME

The end of the Spanish-American war is already in sight. In fact there has been no doubt as to the final result at any time since the war began. Spanish poverty and sluggishness are no match for American wealth and energy and hence the issue of the war has been unquestioned almost from the beginning.

It will not be an exceedingly difficult task for America to defeat the Spaniards. Her hardest task will begin when the war is at an end. Whether a home government is organized for Cuba, or the island shall be actually annexed as one of the United States, the latter government will be held morally responsible by the civilized world for the preservation of law and order in Cuba. We do not

apprehend that any great effort will be made on the part of the United States to secure possession of the island, rich though she be. The war was entered upon in defence of the highest of ethical principles, and should it result in America taking possession of Cuba, the impression would go abroad that the war instead of being carried on for the sake of principle, had degenerated into a contest for the acquisition of territory. Hence it may be expected that in so far as Cuba is concerned the United States will interest itself only to the extent of establishing a strong and centralized government composed of the Cubans themselves.

But this task will prove an exceedingly onerous one. The population of Cuba is of such a mixed character and the interests of the inhabitants are so diversified that it will be a matter of the utmost difficulty to frame a constitution or code of laws satisfactory to a majority of the people. Again, though the Spanish army will be driven out, the Spanish influence, a growth of centuries, will still remain and it may well be supposed that whatever obstacles the Spaniards who elect to stay in Cuba can secretly throw in the pathway of the new government, will be freely and cheerfully thrown. Also, it remains yet to be determined just to what extent the Cubans will be capable of ruling themselves. If they prove no better than the average of the Central Americans it will scarcely be safe to entrust the reins of government entirely in their hands. Altogether, we are inclined to think as stated above that Uncle Sam will find his task only begun when the last Spanish ship has been sunk and the last Spanish battery silenced.

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 and administration
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AN ORGANIZATION IS REQUIRED

A Communication of Much Interest From a Johannesburg Gentleman.

He Suggests a Body Which Will Deal With All Mining Matters and Will Become an Authority Too.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KLONDIKE NUGGET: Sir, I would solicit a small space in the columns of your esteemed journal to advocate the establishment of an institution which has as its object the Transvaal gold-fields, whence I emanate, been of indispensable service and benefit to the mining industry. I must confess, on my arrival here I felt deeply chagrined and astonished to find that under the British flag such unanimity of opinion prevailed as to the legislative and administrative evils which exist in our midst. I might comment that it is a singular satire upon the representations which are now being made on behalf of British interests by the secretary of state for the colonies to the Transvaal Government urging the latter to adopt a more enlightened and liberal policy towards the mining industry of that country. It seems to me, from the condition of things prevailing in this remote corner of the Empire, President Kruger would obviously be justified in employing the "tu quoque" argument with such triumphant effect that the white, orchard, affected by the Right Hon. Mr. Chamberlain would quickly suffice itself with the blushing hues of a pink carnation.

Recognizing as we do the elements of success contained in the unity of strength and a judicious organization thereof, I would respectfully suggest to the committee, which has taken up with such public spirit the jointed grievances from which the community is suffering, the advisability of forming a chamber of mines, of which a president, vice-president and executive shall be appointed to be elected from amongst members, who would consist of representative mine-owners and others materially interested in the welfare and prosperity of these fields. Such an institution would admittedly enjoy immense influence and power, become the recognized medium of intercourse between the government and claim-owners, and, in safeguarding the people's rights and interests, it would speak with no uncertain voice in vindication thereof, and, in all matters pertaining to the mining industry, act with that fulness of authority and effect which attach to the opinions and utterances of a representative and responsible public body.

It ought, furthermore, to become a bureau of a semi-official character for the dissemination of reliable information concerning the Klondike to the outside world. Miners would meet to consult their mutual interests, and be furnished with whatever knowledge they desired to possess in connection with their calling, while an arbitration court might very wisely be associated with the constitution of the chamber for the hearing and adjustment of disputes. I confidently believe that the formation of such an institution would be of incalculable benefit to the country, and be capable of fulfilling functions as meritorious and far-reaching as those performed by the Transvaal chamber of mines, which now owns its palatial building containing a museum filled with samples of the mineral resources of the country; here the executive might meet once a week, or more often to ventilate subjects and adopt resolutions dealing with the large and important interests which are confided to their care and deliberation. In conclusion, I may mention that I am given to understand by a prominent lawyer in this town that the corporation could obtain corporate powers under a special ordinance entitled "The Board of Trade Act."

Learn yours, etc.,
MONTAGUE LEIGHTON
DAWSON CITY, July 15, 1898.

Monte Carlo Closed.

The Monte Carlo was closed last week by agreement of the partners Jack Smith and Bill Gates; the latter gentleman better known to our outside readers as "Swiftywater Bill." There had been some money difficulties between them, and \$12,000 at the bank in Gates' name had been attached by Smith. Amicable arrangements are under way for re-opening the place, which is in a very desirable location and was doing a good business.

Took "Nuggets" Out With Him.

Mr. Zach. F. Hickman, one of the proprietors of the Nugget, has gone to the outside in the interests of the paper. He will visit all the large cities of Canada, including Ottawa, and also many of these in the United States. He carries with him a complete file of the Klondike Nugget, and before returning to Dawson in September will see to it that this paper is known from one end of the land to the other. The foreign circulation of the Nugget will be supplied from our Seattle office. Mr. Hickman left on the Ora on her last trip.

A New Thawing Apparatus.

T. W. Allenby is going up to the mines to test a new contrivance for burning the ground. There have been numerous appliances put on the market for dealing with our auriferous frozen gravels, but heretofore they have been singularly unsuccessful, one and all. The patented method of building a cordwood fire in the shaft or in the drift, and after the fire had burned out and the smoke cleared, of removing what fire had been found to be thawed. has not been improved on up to the present time. The time lost in waiting for the fire to die out and the smoke to clear has been avoided in summer, in some sections, by using the fire at

the surface to heat large rocks which were afterward thrown down the hole. It requires a large amount of fuel to operate in this way and the method has not been generally adopted. Again, in burning by fire, after the first foot of ground has been thawed, all heat to penetrate to greater depth must slowly pass through that foot of mud.

The apparatus of Mr. Allenby's designed to overcome these difficulties. It consists of a tank or case in which a wood fire is burned. A rotary blower, operated by hand, forces the hot air down the shaft to the point desired to be thawed, the cooled air re-ascending through the center of the shaft. The blast can be shut off at any time and the thawed ground is immediately ready for removal. By burning but a few inches at a time a great economy in fuel is supposed to be effected, while the saving in time is apparent.

A Quick Trip to White Horse.

The Willie Irving returned to Dawson on Saturday, having made the trip to White Horse and return very successfully. The actual running time was less than six days and another forty-seven hours were used up at Pelly. The ascent of the Five Finger rapids was made on the right hand side going up, though an attempt was made on the opposite side. The "White Horse" would get nearly through but when she climbed the "jumping off place" where the water makes a sheer descent of a number of feet it would raise her wheel out of the water and she would stand still. She is, however, as staunch a little craft as sails the river, and had no difficulty in getting up on the opposite side.

Deaths on the River.

Frank E. Wall, a member of the Masonic Fraternity of Crookston, Minn., died June 29th, on board the steamer Ware, between Rampart City and Tanbana. His remains were interred at Port Adams.
The body of Louis Lang was fished up in the river at Dawson on Friday last. It will be remembered that the deceased was one of a party wrecked on Indian river on June 28th. Mr. Lang was from San Francisco.

RANDON REMARKS.

Are the people of Dawson satisfied with the present unsatisfactory condition of the city?
At one dollar per hour per man, how much does it cost Dawson in one week to get her own mail?

The Methodist-Episcopal church, usually very aggressive, has no organized society in Dawson. What's the matter?
There will be no shortage of provisions in Dawson, nor even a lack of variety, if present indications count anything.

When you are in Rome do as the Romans do, but when you are in Dawson you must do just what is ordered from Ottawa.

When the main street of Klondike City was cleared of campers the town lost half its population. Was this a wise move?

Wonder if the forty-four claims reserved from location on Dominion creek bring anything worth mentioning for prospectors?

There are three sawmills at each end of the city, each running night and day. Yet an unsold wagon load of lumber cannot be found.

The gold commissioner informs us that he is still on deck; but he has vouchsafed no information as to how soon he will have to walk the plank.

Overheard—Customer: Have you a pocket stove in stock? Storekeeper: No, sir; I heard yesterday of condensed blankets, but never before now of pocket stoves.

The gold commissioner's office can now be approached from the road on an elegant board-walk. For this and some other blessings the waiting miners are devoutly thankful.

Profiting by last winter's experience and the present low prices of provisions many of the up-country miners are already purchasing their supplies for the next winter.

We respectfully suggest that some Australian miner give us a brief digest of the Australian mining laws. We all admire the ballot laws of the southern continent; possibly the mining laws are equally worthy of admiration, if not of imitation.

POLICE COURT ITEMS.

In another case of disturbance Albert E. King was let off with the costs.

R. Burns labored hard for two days for taking firewood from W. J. Berry.

N. Norbeck paid \$15 and costs for assault. F. McCabe paid just \$3 more for the same offense.

Ruben Marsh, charged with making a disturbance and fighting on the streets was discharged.

F. C. White accused C. G. Caldwell of non-payment of wages and the defendant paid a fine of \$50 and costs.

H. McCloskey was drunk and disorderly, but his fine was suspended as he wanted to start for home and did not have enough for steamboat fare and fine also.

In the case of Chas. Jones, charged with assault by Mrs. Christine Thoinson, he is bound over in the sum of \$50 to keep the peace for one month and to pay the costs.

The Seattle Yukon S. S. Co. settled out of court with W. A. Westcott. His charge was non-payment of wages. The similar case of E. Morgan is not yet disposed of.

There were ten drunks disposed of and five cases of committing a nuisance within the town of Dawson. The fine for the last offense is one dollar and one dollar costs. Two refused to pay and served two days in prison.

Last week was a busy time at the justice courts. B. Henson accused W. H. Straight of unlawfully taking a gold sack, but failed to appear and prosecute. Fred Schenker also failed to push his charges against A. H. Jose for non-payment of wages.

On information furnished by F. S. Belcher, a verdict was returned against J. L. Tarr for having liquor illegally in his possession. Tarr paid the fine together with the costs, the informer getting one-half of the fine money. Tarr paid \$50 and costs for the same offense and Belcher gets half of that also.

Perhaps It Will Come Today.

Mr. W. H. Churchill, agent for the Columbia Navigation Co., will give a first-class passage ticket, including meals and berth from Dawson to Seattle, free, to the party who first reports to him a sighting from Dawson the first steamer of the company from the outside to arrive here.

Mr. Churchill expects the "Magnum" or "Evergreen" to be the first of his company's fleet to arrive.

A TEN ACRE PUBLIC WOOD YARD.

A Good Supply of Building Material Is Insured Us For Next Year.

Our Cool and Pleasant Midnight Hours Used for Sport and Recreation by Our Dawson City Youths.

The Clausen race can be depended upon at any time to supply its own wants, if the thing can possibly be done. One of Dawson's most immediate necessities is more building lumber. Undoubtedly this "aching void" will be a thing of the past after this season, but such is truly the case at the present moment. To supply the existing need there are six more sawmills either just completed or to be in operation within a week. G. D. Stewart & Co., have just started to cut their mill being on the waterfront a short distance south of the barracks. The Klondike Mill Co., F. G. Noyes, manager, will have a large mill in operation on the Klondike slough in a very few days. If indeed, it is not sawing already. Three miles up the Yukon Mr. Wm. Murdoch has erected a mill. Colonel Howville has a large sawmill coming up on his first steamer and already has another mill in operation at the mouth of the Pelly river. The lumber will all be brought to Dawson as long as there is open water in the river to float it down. The Kerry Canadian mill Co. has its mill also at the mouth of the Pelly river, having recently followed the crowd down from the lakes above.

The mills which have been supplying the lumber required by Dawson's sudden expansion are the Harper & Ladue mill, Yukon Sawmilling Co., Hubbs & Smith, Williams, and lastly, the Waldoon mill.

The mills applying for berths the coming season have become so numerous that the officials at Ottawa have taken alarm. The forests of the Yukon district are neither so thick nor so dense but they can easily become depleted, and it has been deemed advisable to stop the granting of any more mill privileges until the need for them can be shown. That the need will not exist after this year is apparent to all observing men.

A Ten-Acre Wood Yard.

From the mouth of Klondike to where the bluffs run down to the water's edge north of town, the waterfront of Dawson is occupied. Where not reserved by the police, the buildings and boats are thick or thicker than even stakes on Dominion creek. At the north are log booms, acres in extent, and to the south are also acres of boats, many of them being occupied as dwellings. Hundreds of men were anxious to begin laying in Dawson's winter supply of firewood, yet not an inch of shore could be found for a woodyard site. Not a stick of cordwood has yet been brought in.

The foregoing is the actual condition of things found by Major Walsh and Timber Agent Willison last week. The result of the conference was the issuing by Major Walsh of one of an order to the police setting apart ten acres of the police reserve for a public wood yard. The shore line and the rest of that ten acres will be devoted exclusively to fuel. No companies will be given concessions, but all men will have equal rights in common.

Some regulations for the government of the "fuel patch" will have to be issued. A time limit will have to be set upon the occupation of the water front by rafts. The demand for space within that ten acres requires that each user thereof shall pile and maintain his wood in such a manner as to occupy a minimum of space. The police will exercise supervision of the tract and see that driveways are maintained between the racks.

Probably, in not another town in North America has the control of firewood been dignified as in Dawson. Without official interposition by Major Walsh, as above, the "freeze-up" would have found Dawson without a wood-pile, since a place to land or a place to pile would have been beyond the reach of all but the wealthy.

It is by attention to these smaller details of government that an administration demonstrates its fitness.

Baseball at Midnight.

On Sunday evening last, at the fashionable hour of 11:30 p. m., an enthusiastic audience of lovers of the great American game gathered in front of the Pavilion to witness one of the most exciting contests of the season. The players consisted of Dawson's youthful celebrities, whose waking hours are usually spent in panning out sawdust from the saloons and business houses. After appointing a committee to keep stray malamoots and donkeys off the diamond the game was called.

The rooters, of whom about 500 covered the benches, were by no means slow in cheering the favorites. "Sour Dough," "Mackinaw," and "Skinny" claimed the greater part of the crowd's attention and their efforts well deserve all praise. In fact Sour Dough held such high favor with the audience that they insisted on his being given four strikes instead of three, which ruling the umpire sustained amid great applause.

The game was interrupted several times by a Che-chaco dunkey, which insisted on occupying the pitchers' box and serenading the crowd. The umpire ruled him out of order and "Skinny" mounted the intruder, and by means of sundry kicks and with the assistance of Mackinaw, who brought up the rear with a slab in his hands, rode Mr. Donkey off the diamond in triumph. The game continued until an early hour when the crowd dispersed. The score was not announced.

R. STAUF C. K. ZILLY

STAUF & ZILLY

Mining and Real Estate Agents

Mining claims bought and sold.

Drafts Issued and Cashed

CLAIMS HANDLED FOR NON-RESIDENTS

We will exchange currency for gold dust.

The Alaska Exploration Company

Operating the elegant river steamers

LEON LINDA

And ARNOLD

Connecting with

Palatial Ocean Liners

AT ST. MICHAEL

Direct for San Francisco, Cal.

We are in the field for business. Our stores and warehouses are now in course of construction at Dawson and other points along the Yukon river.
L. R. FULDA, Agent.
For further information enquire of SYDNEY HANSARD.

BLANK BOOKS Time Books

POCKET BLANK BOOKS DIARIES

Lead Pencils, Pens and Ink

WRITING PADS

Loggers' and Carpenters' Carbons and Pencils

Document and Business Envelopes

Legal and Journal Cap

Fine Stationery and Desk Supplies

Also Paper Checks, Dice and Dice Boxes.

And all kindred supplies in stock at our office.

The Klondike Nugget

Rear of Townsite Company's Office

A FINE LINE OF

LADIES' FOOTWEAR

AND GENTS' PUMPS

AT

VARIETY STORE.

First Ave., between First and Second Sts.

PRICES REASONABLE.

Joslin & Griffin MINING BROKERS

High Class Mines

... a Specialty

FIRST ST., BET. FIRST AND SECOND AVENUES.

Desirable Lots for Residence and Business

Locations

FOR SALE BY

Harper & Ladue Townsite Co.

Office
Corner Second Street and Fourth Avenue

you with your first out- friends and us some advertisement O. K. be- y of this paper.

SEATTLE

DOWN CO.

AND OUTFITTERS

OF COMMERCE

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can Bank of Seattle

Dredging Co.

SON & CO.

AGENTS

to All Points in

THE LAKES of the

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Fruit and

Vegetables

ARE THE BEST

Alaska and Mining

SHOE

LIQUOR CO.

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Every Style

ST-CLASS

IS THERE A RING WITHIN A RING.

An Original Communication From a Man Who Was on the Stampede.

"Diogenes" Tells of Some "Inside" Matters and How His Party of Four Were Unsuccessful.

Mr. Editor,

Dear Sir—I think that your readers will like to here how we "stamped" the Dominion on the night of July 8. Well to begin with, Mr. Editor, we got "inside" knowledge. In fact we were sent out. I wouldn't like to tell you who by for we all turned out to be blundering fools for the men we sent us was got ahead of by men who knew it sooner. We started at 10 o'clock at night and was told that the general public was not to be told of the opening of Dominion creek till Saturday morning. Well we were expecting one of those "Oh, be joyful" feelings when we started (there was four of us). We were light packed and had good sound feet when we struck the Bonanza trail. I experienced a strange sinking of the heart when I first noticed that where we turned out to go up Hunker creek the trail showed unmistakable signs of having been well used recently and the toes showed the track to be all going the way we was going. At Hunker creek we met a man who begged us to tell him where we was going but when we have a good thing the next thing is to keep it. On Hunker trail we found some fellows sitting down to rest and they got right up and followed us though one of the party was so dead fagged he afterwards came back and died in the hospital (so I hear.) Well Mr. Editor it was on the seven mile cut-off on Hunker that our troubles began. There was no trail and it was the darkest part of the night. The big rocks was all square and on edge. We passed two hundred men sitting and laying down resting themselves. Then we began to "smell a mice," as the poet says. One of our party fell down and had to be left behind because he was hurt bad.

The next man we met was a fellow named Cummins, I think, and had a cabin on Dominion creek kinder keeping his wether eye on a piece of ground which he was going in to get a permit to prospect as Mr. Fawcett had told him he would have to do on Monday morning. He begged us for God's sake (Cummins not Mr. Fawcett) to tell him what the rush was and I told him Dominion was open. He almost cried when I told him because he said as how he had already met a thousand people and he knew his ground was already staked by some of them. He turned rite round in a hurry but he found his claim was staked all rite and somebody else had got it. Well Mr. Editor, we crossed the ice at the head of Hunker and crossed over the divide. The ice was full of cracks and we overtook some of the stampedeers pulling some of their party out of the holes where they had slipped in. We was so tired by this time we didn't care who got ahead of us so we sat down with about a hundred more. They told us there was a big crowd ahead of us who had gobbled up everything in sight. Somebody had told them what was known more than the fellows what told us. There must be a ring inside a ring but I am sure the men what told us that they had the first information and was honest in sending us out.

Well, Mr. Editor, we found everything gone when we crossed over and the people coming back. It was morning now and raining. We went all wet through and through again and found the floor of every cabin we come to was covered with people asleep. They was so tired they was all lying on their backs and their faces black with mosquitoes. They couldn't open rouse up to fite them off.

We met Mrs. Hammel coming back. Mr. Hammel is Healey's head man and somehow they was more on the inside that I was for I hear she was many hours ahead of me and got a good claim. Well Mr. Editor nobody blames anybody for taking advantage of anything they found out but Mr. Editor it aint fair when one employe is not allowed to know as much as another. I spoke up sharp when I got back but the party what sent me and my party said how he couldn't see how anybody had knowed it before; but there was no use kicking now but we would try and get in first on the next denle.

We saw Dr. Fullerton out there and also Mr. Snell, both of Seattle. They both got left. People was laying around thick under every shelter we come to for everybody was dead tired and the hill over the seven-mile cut-off was steeper than Chilecot pass. We was madder than hornets to find everything staked but we kept on down to 90 below the lower discovery and still everything staked up solid. Well we was wet and more tired than I can tell you and we just took a short snooze in the rain and then started back. Coming back we met a thousand people what had seen Mr. Fawcett's notice put up on Saturday morning but of course anybody was a fool to start then. They was all mad when they heard what we told them and talked pretty strong but it was because there was nobody to hear them. I saw a lot of them at the mass-meeting last Wednesday and they didn't have nothing to say; they was afraid their rites would be endangered if they come out bold like.

As we was coming back we saw a dead man carried out by friends but did not get his name. The mosquitoes were so thick in places we had to make a hole in the air to breathe in. I was in bed two days when I got back and aiff still lame.

An old lady was sent back from Hunker. When she found so many was alica I of her she

was easily persuaded to accept of help and return. To sum up, Mr. Editor I can't tell you now how it was that so many of us on the "inside" got left. The men what sent us out was as badly fooled as we was. I traveled 150 miles. Your Truly,
DIAGENES THOMPSON.

Oatley Sister's Concert and Dance Hall.
The new place of the Oatley Sisters, on Main street, is proving the move to have been a wise one. However, the hall is crowded nightly and a much bigger place could be filled.

Well-Deserved Success.
Capt. C. W. Anderson is one of the lucky ones on Dominion creek. He got a bench claim opposite No. 27, below the upper discovery and has just been allowed to record. The claim, while no bonanza, is lining his sack to the tune of about 75 cents to the pan. There are a number of claims in the same bench which are doing as well. The captain has been in for a year and has prospected conscientiously since he came, so that his modest success is well-deserved.

Word From the Skaguay Railroad.
J. W. Humphreys and F. E. Widner left Kansas City on June 14th, and have just arrived in Dawson. They report a mile of the Skaguay railroad as completed and rapid progress being made on the balance of the road. A force of one thousand men is kept constantly at work.

The Pavilion Theatre.
The show at the Pavilion is a good one, as is testified by the uproarious applause which can be heard for blocks around. Be sure and see Breese's witty creations if you want to laugh.

Dawson's Telephone.
Dawson City has now telephone connections with the hotel at the junction of Bonanza and Eldorado creek. The line was completed Sunday and is now in uninterrupted service.

Mail for Dawson.
The steamship Alliance left Seattle about June 12th, with over 40 tons of mail for Dawson and other near points. She connects at St. Michael's with the Seattle No. 3 and this big mass of mail is expected here about the 25th inst. The postage stamps alone cost \$18,000 and everyone of us will feel that he has a kick coming unless he gets at least a bushel of the long-delayed letters from home.

A Wild Goose Stampede.
Some few hundred prospectors were sent on a fictitious story of a Frenchman who came out over the ice on Little Salmon, from the headwaters of the Pelly and who brought \$70,000 out.

One party took an Indian guide and went across from the mouth of Little Salmon to the McMillan river, and were followed by hundreds of stampedeers. Others followed an Indian straight up the Little Salmon for forty-five miles then across Lake Faber thirty miles and again up the Salmon twenty miles; here a portage of twelve miles was made to the Pelly river which was struck fully two hundred and fifty miles up.

Parties from each trail report the country to be a continuation of clay banks where not even a color could be found.

A party of five wintered at the head of Faber Lake and prospected that country thoroughly, but could find nothing promising.

PERSONALS.

Mr. Thomas O'Brien has gone to St. Michaels to hurry up the new stock for his Klondike City store.

Frank F. Leeds, special Alaskan correspondent for six or eight middle-western newspapers, is in the city selling things up.

Messrs. Harry Frutis, A. Leipsitt, Ed. Manning and Wm. Haley, all of San Jose, Cal., arrived in town Sunday after an extended exploration of Salmon, Stewart and Pelly rivers.

Mr. C. Leavitt, the well-known circulation agent for many years of the Seattle Times, has just arrived after a detour up Stewart river. Mr. Leavitt is probably one of the best-known men in Seattle.

Rev. J. Turner served at the Presbyterian church last Sunday. He just comes in over the Lake Teslin route. His mission here is to organize the Methodists and see a church built. He is quite eloquent, and we believe, destined to become quite popular.

Mr. F. H. Browning arrived in Dawson Monday to the great satisfaction of a host of friends. Mr. Browning and party were wrecked on Lake Bonnet, but had gotten near enough to shore before being swamped by the storm so that all made the land in safety besides saving some of the outfit. Mr. Browning is president of the Dyer Land Co.

Perhaps It Will Come Today.

Mr. W. H. Churchill, agent for the Columbia Navigation Co., will give a first-class passage ticket, including meals and berth from Dawson to Seattle, free, to the party who first reports to him sighting from Dawson the first steamer of the company from the outside to arrive here. Mr. Churchill expects the "Monarch" or "Sovereign" to be the first of his company's fleet to arrive.

Goodwin Bros. will serve a Turkey Dinner Sunday for the modest sum of \$1.50, near Mining Exchange.

California Restaurant for first-class meals, reasonable prices. Try it.

The best home-made bread and cake at Little Gem Bakery and Coffee House, opp. Campbell's drug store.

Have your prescriptions filled by Kelly & Co. Druggists, Front street.

Finest cigars in Dawson, Pioneer Drug Store, E. Shaft, prop. Second Ave. 2nd st. W.

Fine line of Domestic and Imported Cigars, Kelly & Co. Druggists, Front street.

Fresh Tomatoes, Cucumbers, Oranges, Lemons and Nuts also Fine Candies, next to the Monte Carlo. R. J. Gaudolfo, proprietor.

For a Fancy Lunch
Choice pastries and the finest coffee, call on the Vienna Bakery and Coffee House.

Finest line of soaps and perfumes, Kelly & Co. Druggists, Front street.

In Rome do as the Romans do; in Dawson as the Dawsonians do. Buy your drugs at Pioneer Drug Store, 2nd Ave. and 2nd St. E. Shaft. 117.

We solicit your dispensing; accurate work, Pioneer Drug Store, E. Shaft, Second Ave. and 2nd St.

Staple and Fancy Sundries, Complete Stock, Kelly & Co. Druggists, Front street.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS
P. D. CARPARK, M.D., Physician and Surgeon, The Forks.

DR. RICHARDSON, University of Toronto.
DR. NORQUAY, University of Manitoba.
Physicians and Surgeons. Office open day and night.

LAWYERS
C. M. WOODWORTH, Advocate, N. W. 4, Notary, Etc. Office opp. New England.

C. W. TABOR, Barrister and Solicitor, Advocate, Notary Public, Commissioner, Opposite Monte Carlo saloon.

B. BRITTAN, MCKAY, Advocates, Solicitors, Notaries, Commissioners, or Commissioners for Ontario, Quebec and British Columbia.

STENOGRAPHERS AND TYPEWRITERS
EXPERT TYPEWRITING. Writing from dictation a specialty, and all work where speed and beauty figure. Legal documents of all kinds drawn. Reasonable rates. R. L. Beecher, with Sydney Hansard, opposite Dominion saloon.

MRS. NELSON, Expert Typewriter and Stenographer. For Sale—A new Typewriter, \$10. Library Building.

DENTISTS
R. G. CALDWELL, Dentist, Office opposite the Dominions.

Job Printing

In all its Latest Styles executed from new type faces at this office.

We have facilities for

Check Binding

Perforating, Numbering and

Stapling

STOCK VERY COMPLETE AND WELL ASSORTED

Plenty of type and press facilities for the quick execution of

Pamphlets, Blanks and Programs.

THE KLONDIKE NUGGET

Rear of Townsite Company's Office

PAVILION THEATRE

ONLY SHOW IN THE CITY

First-Class Artists Only. Complete Change of Program Weekly

CROWDS GREET THE PERFORMERS NIGHTLY AND ENCORE EACH ACT

Best dance floor in the city. First-class music. Everybody dances after the show.

If You Want to Enjoy Yourself Thoroughly Visit the Pavilion

WANTED
WANTED—Benzine or gasoline at Nugget office.

WANTED TO TRADE
Will trade a half interest in a mining claim for a year's provisions. Enquire for M. at this office.

WANTED
A situation by woman as cook for men in mines. Address M., this office.

LOST AND FOUND
FOUND—Bunch of keys near Harper and LaRue's mill. Owner can secure same by paying for this ad. at the Nugget office.

LOST
A black Newfoundland dog, medium sized, and answers to name of Pat. Grown when placed. Had chain fast to collar when last seen. Finder return to Maria Riedeselle, Massage and Bath Parlor, Front street, or inquire at this office. Suitable reward.

FOR SALE
FOR SALE—New Typewriter, Jos Mayer Bros. First Ave., Dawson.

FOR SALE
A splendid Peterboro canoe, length 20 feet, 30 inches width. Price \$50. Inquire at this office.

FOR SALE
Owner desiring to leave the city at an early date will sell a valuable lot on Second Avenue, between Third and Fourth, inquire at Nugget office.

FOR SALE
Will sell two claims on Swedish Creek near discovery at a low price. Owner desiring to leave the country. Inquire at Nugget office.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN
Possibly one of the best mines on Hunker creek. Full claim, well developed and equipped. Plenty wood and water. Royalty paid on this year's output. Small percentage of the ground remains. In excellent shape to begin operations. May represent business which demands presence outside, so rather than remain and work my ground will sell it for cash at a sacrifice. Also have claim in the twenties below on Bonanza. Investigation invited. Address Sora Dourin, this office.

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Seattle No. 3 and barges will leave Dawson for St. Michaels and down river points on or about July 25, and connect with our A. I. S. steamer for Seattle.

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Operates over our line and handles Express Matter for all points.

Orders for freight coming in will be handled promptly. Goods insured en transit and stored at Dawson and other down river points 90 days free of charge. This enables miners to prospect with a light outfit and call for their goods when permanent camp is located.

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For rates and other information, call on H. FEROLLER, Agent, Library Bldg., Dawson.

Changes in gold and silver prices had pursued a steadily upward ferrous, who was merely as no less. A lady named the hapless Major Walsh's had hidden his rectitude and he was holding struggling app known as "fort The poor, dis impelled by his his superiors perait. That when his super "Woe! woe! men encompass Documents o in darkness, an even been used part in its ow was not even t to day roasted such was the