

THE DAILY KLONDIKE NUGGET.

VOL. 1, NO. 242

DAWSON, Y. T., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1900.

PRICE 25 CENTS

TRY...
MILNE
FOR YOUR
COFFEE
Whole or Ground.
TEA....
Indian, Ceylon, Japan
Full line of Groceries
III First Avenue

EXTRA!

WILSON - PRUDHOMME

Elected As Members of the Yukon Council by a Heavy Vote.

Sufficient returns have been received at this hour—8 o'clock—to establish conclusively that Messrs. Wilson and Prudhomme have been elected to seats on the Yukon council. The creeks, more especially Bonanza and Eldorado, have gone heavily for the successful candidates, and Dawson is also solid for them, although the majorities are not so large.

Several precincts up the river where there is no telegraph station and one or two on the creeks which are not connected by telephone with Dawson are still to be heard from. The total vote at these places is so small that the result cannot in any way be affected. The total vote thus far reported for each candidate is as follows:

Wilson 1190, Prudhomme 976, O'Brien 773, Noel 641.

The vote in the different precincts is appended below:

TAGISH.

Wilson 5, Prudhomme 0, O'Brien 10, Noel 1.

OGILVIE—Sixty Mile.

Wilson 4, Prudhomme 1, O'Brien 3, Noel 0.

SELWYN.

Wilson 3, Prudhomme 2, O'Brien 4, Noel 3.

BIG SALMON.

No votes polled.

HOOTALINQUA.

Wilson 11, Prudhomme 7, O'Brien 1, Noel 4.

LOWER LEBARGE.

Wilson 3, Prudhomme 1, O'Brien 4, Noel 2.

FIVE FINGERS.

Wilson 3, Prudhomme 2, O'Brien 3, Noel 1.

CARIBOU CROSSING.

Wilson 5, Prudhomme 4, O'Brien 38, Noel 33.

SELI IRK.

Wilson 3, Prudhomme 0, O'Brien 5, Noel 2.

WHITE HORSE.

Wilson 15, Prudhomme 13, O'Brien 78, Noel 68.

FORTY MILE.

Wilson 5, Prudhomme 6, O'Brien 5, Noel 4.

34 LOWER BONANZA.

Wilson 26, Prudhomme 17, O'Brien 10, Noel 7.

60 LOWER BONANZA.

Wilson 79, Prudhomme 67, O'Brien 23, Noel 10.

GRAND FORKS.

Wilson 162, Prudhomme 138, O'Brien 28, Noel 10.

of the election of those gentlemen to the Yukon, they would be unable to accomplish anything in opposition to the present members, as they would be in the minority. This looks plain enough, but Dr. Catto stated as a fact without explanation that one man, or even half a man could block the vote of the council. By what legerdemain of the intellect he reached this conclusion I do not know, nor do I wish to burden you with the unnecessary task of finding out, but what I should like to know is how this can be done. Can you explain?

If you can explain how half a man or even a whole one could accomplish this feat it may make a difference in several votes.

ONE IN DOUBT.

(The action of the Yukon council on any matter whatever has before now been wholly prevented by the opposition of one man, but that was at a time when no quorum was present without W. H. P. Clement, who refused to be present at meetings unless the public was excluded. However that time is now passed, and the Nugget is wholly unprepared to answer your question or throw any light whatever upon the manner by which Dr. Catto arrived at the conclusion credited to him. Give us an easier one.—ED.)

An Important Decision.

In the case of R. Kearney, Hon. Mr. Justice Craig handed down a most important judgment yesterday to the effect that all persons who rescue rafts are entitled to a lien on the rafts saved for salvage. This judgment sets at rest an important question affecting the bringing of timber and cord wood to Dawson from up-river points. It is held in the judgment that Mr. De Leon, owner of the ferry Marjorie, would have been entitled to a lien on a certain raft belonging to C. J. Kearney, which was saved by him a few months ago, had he taken the proper steps to assert the lien, by reporting his claim at once to the collector of customs at Dawson. As he failed to do this the case against Kearney, who was criminally proceeded against for stealing a raft under lawful detention for salvage lien, was dismissed. It is understood, however, that De Leon will now proceed against Kearney civilly for the amount of his claim.

COMING AND GOING.

One of the objects of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will be to secure more complete legislation on the subject.

Mr. Geo. E. Merryman will leave this evening in the Ora for the outside. They will visit all the principal cities in the States and will return to Dawson over the ice in January.

People who couldn't get their freight down the river on steamers, are, in many instances, kicking themselves for not leaving it in Whitehorse instead of starting it late in the season on snows.

Engineer Rush, of the A. C. Co., has transmitted electrical power from the engine room to the company's wharf, where he is operating a fuel factory a little smaller than the one in the other end of town.

Police Court News.

In police court this morning, A. D. Williams was fined \$10 and costs for assault on the person of a man named Thomas.

Geo. Perry would be heard this afternoon on the charge of having imbibed hooch to such an extent as to cause him to become drunk and disorderly.

Who's Got Cranberries?

Manager Davis of the Pacific Cold Storage Co., presented the Nugget today with a splendid turkey taken from the refrigerator of the Steamer Kerr. The noble bird will be discussed at the Nugget mess house tomorrow.

The Holborn Cafe for delicacies.

Table de hote dinners. The Holborn.

The warmest and most comfortable hotel in Dawson is at the Regina.

If we haven't got what you want we'll send for it. Hammell's, the Forks.

ELECTION TO-DAY

Is Very Quiet and Orderly, No Trouble or Disturbance Occurs.

A. F. GEORGE OBJECTS TO INDIANS

Voting But Receives a Call-Down From the Sheriff.

JOE CLARK ALSO QUIETED

Over At The Klondike Bridge Where He Is Looking After Votes As They Arrive from Creeks.

Election day in Dawson is, in some respects, much the same as election day anywhere else, with the possible exception of fewer drunks, less use for patrol wagons, and a dearth of fistic arguments.

Polling places are so quiet in fact that policemen on duty there are troubled with ennui and cold feet. The only time during the day up till 2:30 p.m., that an arrest seemed imminent was about noon, when A. F. George objected to the polling of an Indian's ballot in the booth on Fifth street near Second avenue. He is said to have replied, when told that the returning officer had said that Indian voters were to be polled, that he didn't care a ham sandwich, or words to that effect, and the returning officer paid a visit to the booth, where Weldon Young is deputy returning officer, and told him that if any further incident of like nature occurred the offender was to be promptly turned over to the police officer on duty there and sent down to the police station.

Later in the day Joe Clarke, who was busy seeing that good Canadian voters were treated with proper courtesy upon their arrival, and that they were not put to the expense of toll when they reached the Klondike bridge, brought a number of prospective voters to the bridge and told the lady in charge to charge the toll to him, or at all events to some one with whom she was not satisfied to accept as a debtor, and upon her demurring to this arrangement the irrepressible one used some language not in keeping with the usages of polite society. As a result the sheriff paid a visit to the scene of discord and told Joseph that if anything further of the kind happened he would be arrested.

Both parties were represented on the streets by supporters who traveled about picking up forgetful voters and delivering them at the booths laden with good, disinterested advice.

At the headquarters of both parties the scene is one of subdued peace and quiet, though the attitude of those present denotes great expectations kept in the back ground for the present by great restraint.

They are waiting, only waiting till the returns are in this evening, when it will be known who will have to eat crow.

It is doubtful if all the votes will be polled by 5 o'clock, the hour when voting must stop.

WHOLESALE

A. M. CO.

RETAIL

...OVERCOATS...

From the great stacks and immense variety one would almost think this an exclusive overcoat store. Every desirable style including Fine Dress Overcoats, Business Overcoats, Storm Ulsters, Fur Lined Raglans, Meltons, Revers, etc. Silk, Satin and Fancy Worsted Linings at prices that will remind you of home.

...AMES MERCANTILE CO...

Do Your Titivating Before Winter Settles Down

...WITH...

Sherwin-Williams Mixed Paints

For all classes of work—House paints, floor paints, stains and enamels in all colors.

McLENNAN, McFEELY & CO. Ltd.

WE ARE NOT RUNNING A NEWSPAPER

—BUT—

WE CAN GIVE YOU A GOOD ROAST

...JUST THE SAME...

N. P. SHAW & CO.,

...BUTCHERS...

Second Street, Near Bank of B. N. A.

WE ARE NOT RUNNING A NEWSPAPER

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The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER IS
(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.
ALLEN BROS. Publishers

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

DAILY	
Yearly, in advance.....	\$40.00
Six months.....	20.00
Three months.....	12.00
Per month by carrier in city, in advance.....	4.00
Single copies.....	25
SEMI-WEEKLY	
Yearly, in advance.....	\$24.00
Six months.....	12.00
Three months.....	6.00
Per month by carrier in city, in advance.....	2.00
Single copies.....	25

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.

LETTERS

And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Wednesday and Saturday to Eldorado and Bonanza; every Saturday to Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, etc.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1900

WHO IS THE LEPER?

Last evening the Nugget published the sworn declarations of Thos. O'Brien and W. C. Young, wherein it was stated that the business manager of the Daily News had pledged the neutrality of that paper during the local campaign for the sum of \$2500. This proposition was made in the presence of several witnesses, all of whom will make similar declarations if called upon to do so.

The Nugget has no desire to prolong this discussion or unnecessarily to add to the load of disgrace and infamy under which the News is at present staggering. It is an unpleasant task under any circumstances to point out the shortcomings of another and in exposing the debasing lengths to which the News was willing to go for the sake of a few dollars, the Nugget has experienced a feeling of sincere regret.

When the Nugget made its first expose of the method by which the Wilson-Prudhomme committee gained control of the Daily News, we did not know of the offer which the News had tendered O'Brien and Noel.

In the light of this knowledge, it is not difficult to understand why the News made its original attack upon the Nugget, claiming that the independent attitude of this paper had been purchased by O'Brien and Noel.

It is a failing among some newspapers exactly as it is among individuals to apply standards of self-measurement to others. So it happened with the Daily News. The manager of that paper, openly and in the presence of some half dozen witnesses agreed to remain neutral during the campaign for the sum of \$2500. When, therefore, the Nugget assumed an independent attitude in the campaign, the News immediately jumped to the conclusion that this paper had been bought as it (the News) had endeavored to sell itself. A full and detailed explanation of this paper's attitude has been given in these columns before. The Nugget has remained independent throughout the campaign for the sole and single purpose of stamping its disapproval upon corrupt political practices exactly as in the past it has condemned corruption in office.

The News, unable to comprehend such a position, has made the fatal error of judging this paper by itself and hence the unpleasant dilemma in which it finds itself today. We feel sorry for our contemporary that it is repudiated alike by its friends and foes. But it has no one but itself to blame. It has brought itself into general contempt in such a way that there can be no escape. A thousand years will not serve to live down the burden of infamy which it is carrying. It is before the public in its true light and will be judged according to its deserts. Who is the leper?

WHAT IS M'INTYRE?

The Daily News ought to have a guardian. The Nugget has made this statement before and we accentuate it today. It is time for the courts to step in and rescue our contemporary from the injuries which it persists in inflicting upon itself. If they don't the

News is liable to become so angry with itself that suicide will some day or other prove inevitable.

We have at various times had occasion to point out the News' peculiar talent in the line of making blunders. Every day impresses us more and more with our contemporary's ability in this direction.

Last night's issue of the News furnished a striking example. In that issue Mr. Wm. McIntyre, the proprietor of our contemporary, states positively and unequivocally over his own signature that he is a Canadian, and that the charge which has been made against the News that it is an "alien" paper is untrue.

In this connection it is interesting to note the sworn declaration of the manager of the News, Mr. J. H. Caskey, which declaration in accordance with the well known regulation of the Yukon council is now on file with the clerk of the territorial court and open to the inspection of anyone who chooses to inquire for it.

The principal clauses in this declaration which is sworn to on oath are as follows:

"That the proprietors of the aid newspaper (the News) are Richard Roediger and Wm. McIntyre.

"That Richard Roediger is a native and citizen of the United States of America.

"That the said William McIntyre is a native of Canada, by birth, but is now a citizen of the United States of America, and carries on business at the office of the Dawson Daily and Weekly News."

It will be seen therefore, that by Mr. Caskey's sworn declaration, Mr. McIntyre is an American. According to Mr. McIntyre's signed statement he is a Canadian.

The question arises "What is McIntyre?"

The Nugget sees more work ahead for the News' affidavit men.

It Will Be Square.

Dawson, Y.T., Oct. 16th, 1900.

Editor Klondike Nugget:

Dear Sir—As many men are becoming interested in your U. S. election scheme, several have asked what assurance we would have that it would be a square deal. Will the ballots remain sealed until the close, and will there be a Bryan man appointed to help count the ballots? Or have you some other plan? Knowing which candidate you favor, it is but natural that such questions are asked by men of opposite views. Please answer in the columns of your paper and you will oblige me very much.

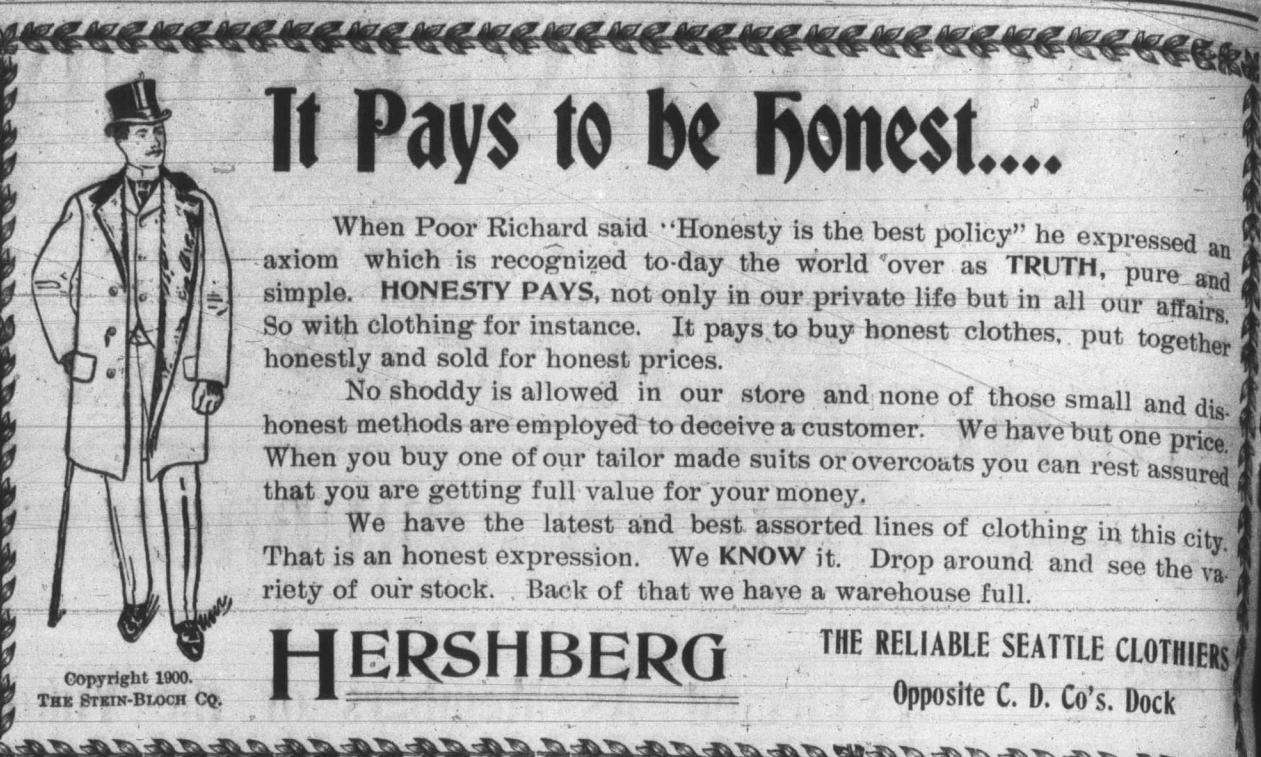
A DAILY READER.

(That there need be no fear on the part of voters but what the Nugget's election will be fairly conducted, it is only necessary to say in answer to the foregoing that the ballot box is entirely closed with the exception of the slot where the tickets are dropped in, and that it is not locked, but securely nailed. Anyone who desires to convince himself of this fact is invited to come and examine it for himself. When a voter comes to the Nugget office with his ballot, he deposits it in the box himself, and it will remain untouched till the day of election. Regarding ballots sent by mail, it may be said that if the sender follows the instructions as published, and marks "vote," plainly upon the envelope, his ballot will go into the box without having the seal broken on it. If he does not do this, and the enveloped is opened, he has himself to thank for it, as there is no way of distinguishing such mail from other matter unless it is properly marked.

It should be borne in mind that the conditions of this election are such that the souvenir goes to the candidate who receives the most votes here, without any reference whatever to his success or failure in the election in the states, and this very condition and the fact that the result of this election will be known and published before final returns can be received from the outside should be a sufficient guarantee of the Nugget's intention to conduct the election in a perfectly fair and impartial manner. But to obviate the possibility of charges of fraud which might be made afterwards, voters may be quite sure that known adherents to both political faiths will be present at the count.—ED.)

The liquors are the best to be had, at the Regina.

See Hammell's new store at the Forks. Everything to wear for sale.



It Pays to be Honest....

When Poor Richard said "Honesty is the best policy" he expressed an axiom which is recognized to-day the world over as TRUTH, pure and simple. HONESTY PAYS, not only in our private life but in all our affairs. So with clothing for instance. It pays to buy honest clothes, put together honestly and sold for honest prices.

No shoddy is allowed in our store and none of those small and dishonest methods are employed to deceive a customer. We have but one price. When you buy one of our tailor made suits or overcoats you can rest assured that you are getting full value for your money.

We have the latest and best assorted lines of clothing in this city. That is an honest expression. We KNOW it. Drop around and see the variety of our stock. Back of that we have a warehouse full.

HERSHBERG

THE RELIABLE SEATTLE CLOTHIERS
Opposite C. D. Co.'s Dock

STROLLER'S COLUMN.

It is now so late in the campaign that the telling of the story will not do any harm, the Stroller having kept it to himself for fully a week.

There are numerous roadhouses on Bonanza, and the average landlord as he is found at the up-to-date hostelry of this character is usually not adverse to making a few dollars outside the dull routine of daily transaction. The campaign which terminated in the election being held today has at some points on some creeks been quite a boon to the roadhouse men, all of whom have in connection with their eating and sleeping departments "A" bar at which only the best liquors and cigars are sold, and it has been the bar annex that has caused the campaign to be of particular interest to the roadhouse landlord.

The proprietor of a Bonanza roadhouse which, for convenience, we will say is on 52 below, although it is not, decided that he could augment his cash receipts for the week by having a political meeting at his place, so he invited two of the candidates to meet the voters of that portion of the creek at the Sickle and Sheaf roadhouse one night last week. The candidates were only too pleased to accept the invitations as there were many voters in that neighborhood whose hands they desired to clasp just once more before the closing of the campaign. The word was passed up and down the creeks and to the hillsides and benches, the gulches and pups and everybody arranged for attending the meeting at the Sickle and Sheaf.

Then followed two busy days, for the expectant landlord. An extra amount of cooking was done; the landlord walked up the creek four miles and borrowed two dozen extra whisky glasses from another roadhouse; he ordered an extra stock of case goods from Dawson and, lastly, had made for himself a bar apron, something he had never worn before in his life.

The eventful evening came and with it came the two candidates and every miner within a radius of five miles. The dining room was thrown open for the meeting and into this the sturdy miners strode without cleaning the mud from their big boots, and otherwise enjoyed all the comforts of home by spitting tobacco juice copiously on the floor. Both candidates spoke at length and the very best of feeling prevailed. It was a unanimous meeting and the candidates felt that it was well with them.

At the conclusion of the last speech the landlord hastily slipped out to the bar room, put some fresh goose grease on his hair, slicked it down with a whisk broom, donned his bran new apron and stepped behind the bar where he began to busily wiping glasses which were already clean and dry. But the expectant patrons failed to come. The candidates and miners remained in the dining room, the latter patiently waiting for somebody to "say something" and thinking all the time of what the governor of North Carolina said to the governor of South Carolina. Nothing was said and the hour of bed time having long before arrived, the miners began to drop out and away to their various homes. By the time the landlord of the Sickle and Sheaf had gone over his borrowed glasses for the eleventh time one of the candidates sauntered into the bar room and said:

"As I have four miles to walk yet tonight, believe I will take a drink before I start."

"Certainly!" said the polite landlord. "I have Scotch, Canadian club, Old Crow, Jesse Moore, three star Hennessy brandy, Pabst and Schlitz beer; what will you have?"

"I don't care for anything but a glass of water," said the candidate for a seat on the Yukon council, "but if you have not got any handy, don't

THE KLONDIKE CORPORATION, LTD.
Strs. ORA, NORA, FLORA

The only independent line of steamers between Dawson and White Horse, Light Draft and Swift. No loss of valuable time on account of sandbars and low water. Best dining room service on the river.

SMALL BOATS

Make the Best Time!

Save Time and Money by traveling on steamers which are always reliable at any stage of water.

Office at L. & C. Dock.

R. W. CALDERHEAD, Agent



DON'T FRET ABOUT THIS BOY!

He'll get through all right.
He bought his outfit at

...RYAN'S

Front Street, Opp. S-Y. T. Co. Dock

PRESIDENTIAL BALLOT.

I hereby certify that I am a citizen of the United States and fully qualified to vote in the approaching presidential election.

My choice for the offices of president and vice-president is as indicated below:

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT WILLIAM McKinley

VICE-PRESIDENT.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT WM. JENNINGS BRYAN

VICE-PRESIDENT.

ADLAINE STEVENSON

SIGNED

Instructions: Mark your ticket thus, X in the space opposite the names of the candidates for whom you wish to vote. Each voter is entitled to one vote only. Place ballot in sealed envelope marked "Vote" and mail or send to Nugget office.

BLACKSMITHS AND MINERS

IF YOU WANT

Cumberland Coal, Round and Flat Iron, Steel Horse Shoe Nails, Shoes, Kaps, Hammers, etc., try THE DAWSON HARDWARE CO.

SECOND AVENUE

PHONE 36

bother about it, as I can step outside and eat some snow."

When a neighbor dropped in next morning at 9 o'clock the landlord of the Sickle and Sheaf was still behind the bar wiping glasses in a bewildered way and murmuring to himself ever and anon "Who am I?"

There is one element or feature about local politics that the Stroller cannot understand, but the Stroller may be somewhat dense. The feature to which he refers is the fact that all local speakers when they begin to talk, start out by defending their own past reputations and bragging about their past records, all of which wears an air of suspicion according to the Stroller's unsophisticated way of looking at things. A record without a spot needs no defense, and when a speaker has to apologize or explain any past acts he invariably weakens his cause. However, it may be the custom of the country to defend past actions, but if it is it should be changed. Making explanations and sending telegrams such as "burn that letter" prevent James G. Blaine, the greatest statesman America has known in the last half century, from being elected president of the United States. If a record has to be stood over with a club to prevent assaults on it, the owner should keep out of politics and off the stump.

Brimstone & Stewart have received their carpet sewing machine.

Fur caps; ladies' and gentlemen's

J. P. McLean.

THE OLD HARPOONER'S HEART

Was in the Right Place Although He Was Gruff.

How Old Nat Myers Gave Up His Life and Why Betts's Children Revere His Memory.

The ship moved on in silence through the tranquil waves of the north Pacific—the old Arctic, the lucky ship of the sealing fleet. A man was standing near the forecastle, shading his eyes with his hand and peering out ahead. He was tall and strongly built, his face marked by the tattooing instruments in use in the north seas. Yet he was an American and had the air of a model sailor, as indeed he was—Nat Myers, harpooner in the captain's boat and king of the forecastle. No man of all the crew had more influence, but it was not the influence of fear, for the men loved him. With the strength of an ox, he had the calm, even temper so often seen in men of giant build; as if, knowing his strength, he would not use it against his weaker brethren.

Standing upon the forecastle by his side was a boy about 12 years of age—a beautiful lad, with brown, curling hair, sunny blue eyes and delicate face. "How do you feel since you have been in the Pacific?" said Nat.

"I get stronger every day."

"You've been cuddled too much and swelled too much candy and such truck. Once let me git you so you can eat a horse like a man, and you are all right."

Georgie Betts was the captain's new, and the doctors had said that only thing which would save his life was a sea voyage, and they gave him in charge of Capt. Jacobs. That worthy passed him over to Nat Myers. "Take care of him," he said.

At first Georgie fairly hated the old oil, who forced him to eat salt pork and bolt tough corned beef dignified by the names of "salt horse" and "mazogany," when it was almost impossible for him to eat. He complained to his uncle, who grimly said that he had nothing to do with the matter.

"But he'll kill me, uncle!"

"No, he won't, my boy. He'll make a man of you."

As the days went on, and Georgie grew more accustomed to life on board ship, he really began to like his tormentor. He had gained so much strength that he could run up the rigging like a cat, and the smartest men on the ship could not catch him when he was once upon the ratlines. And by the time they had passed the Sandwich Islands, although a delicate-looking boy, he was stronger than he had ever been in his life.

"Lookee here—we are going to have the worst storm you ever see."

"Pshaw! There never was a fairer day."

"Lookee, my son," said Nat in a threatening manner. "Member what I told ye about contradicting me?"

Three hours later, when the first-mate had the deck, and Nat was standing on the topgallant forecastle, with Georgie by his side, the squall burst upon them with sudden fury. The first wave which came aboard crushed in the rail and swept the decks, and Georgie Betts was carried out into the boiling ocean.

It was broad daylight, and Nat, with a cry like that of a wild beast robed of her young, hurled himself over the rail, holding in his hand a light plank, the only thing which he could seize. They saw him rising, upon the top of a great wave, and then Georgie Betts came into view beyond him, struggling for his life.

"Bear up, my lad!" they heard him cry through the roar of the tempest. "Old Nat is coming!"

The boy, who, slight as he was, was a strong swimmer, tossed his hand in the air as a signal that he heard.

The crew of the Arctic could do nothing, for it required all their strength and skill to save the ship. A dozen voices together volunteered to man a boat.

"No, lads," said the captain sadly. "No man can love his nephew better than I do mine. I will not risk half a dozen lives for two. Besides, the ship would run a boat out of sight in half an hour, even if we could lower one. Bear a hand on the braces—meet her, meet her, you at the wheel; don't let her fall off!"

And the Arctic sped on before the awful gale, leaving Nat Myers and Georgie Betts at the mercy of the angry sea. The old sailor struggled on, and at last, with a cry of joy, he saw the boy clutch the end of the board.

"That's right, my son," he said. "Cheerily, cheerily, lad!"

"The ship is away," said Georgie sadly as he saw the Arctic rush on before the wind.

"Never you mind, sonny." And he passed his arm about the lad, and, stripping off his belt, raised the boy so that he lay upon the board and then bound him to it, face down, but in such a position that he could raise his head a foot or more from the board. He was swimming beside the board, pushing it before him.

"Why don't you get on the board, Nat?" said Georgie uneasily.

"Never mind me," replied Nat. "I'm all right, you see."

But, although he spoke so bravely, he felt in his heart that he had made his last voyage. The weight of his heavy sea clothing was dragging him down, and he knew that the board would not bear them both.

"I'll die for him!" he thought. "It may not save him, but I can do that."

He shifted his hold on the board and moved up until his face was close to that of Georgie Betts.

"Kiss me, lad," he said; "and, if you escape, don't forget old Nat Myers."

The boy raised his head and pressed his lips to those of the old sailor.

"I love you, Nat," he said.

Then Nat Myers, with a simile upon his face, fell back to his old position. Once Georgie spoke to him, and he answered. The storm had ceased, but the waves were running high, and an hour passed on. Then, a league distant, Georgie Betts saw the white sails of the Arctic returning in search of those she had lost. With a glad cry the boy turned his head to look back at Nat, but the sea was a blank. The brave man had died in silence sooner than bear down the frail support of the boy he loved. And the children of Georgie Betts love the memory of that brave old sailor who died for their father's sake.—Ex.

Expedition a Fiasco.

"The syndicate expedition which came north this spring in the steamer Sainoa with a concession from the Russian government to prospect a thousand miles of the Siberian coast is a thrilling fiasco," says a Cape Nome correspondent of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

"The Samoa recently came into port with 30 or more Russians aboard practically the prisoners of seven Americans. Arriving here the vessel was placed in charge of American soldiers and later the sensational situation was investigated here by Col. Evans and Lieut. Jarvis, of the United States treasury department.

"As a result the Cossacks will be sent back to Russia, while the Americans will return to San Francisco in the Samoa. The whole affair will be reported to the authorities at Washington city and correspondence will probably be opened at once with the Russian government to ascertain what Russia's future position will be in regard to American concessionists.

"Last year George D. Roberts, a San Francisco mining man, visited the large European cities and succeeded in interesting French and English capital in a project to thoroughly prospect the coast of Siberia. Pooling issues with a Russian syndicate represented by Col. Woullarsky a concession was secured from the Russian government of 1000 miles of coastline.

"The steamer Samoa was purchased

and the expedition was outfitted in San Francisco, among those actively composing it being Mr. Roberts, the organizer; Mr. Dadouneditch, a civil engineer representing Woullarsky; John A. White, a London capitalist, and a corps of mining experts. The Americans aboard numbered eight.

"The Samoa, Capt. Johnson, left San Francisco June 8th, and after stopping at Plover bay long enough to land a party of prospectors, came on to Nome, arriving July 6th. After a few days here, during which time the nature of the Samoa's business was kept very quiet, the vessel sailed for the Siberian coast. About two weeks later she again showed up in the roadstead and there were rumors current that all was not well.

While no member of the expedition is known to have said anything there was talk of dissensions between Mr. Roberts and Dadouneditch. It was even said that a party of Cossacks, who had been taken along ostensibly as laborers, had fired upon the American flag.

"None of these rumors, however,

could be authenticated and the Samoa

put to sea once more, still surrounded by a haze of mystery. It was stated that the Samoa would be gone until September 1st. When, therefore, she returned to Nome for the third time on August 21st it was pretty generally surmised that more trouble had broken out. It developed that when the Samoa

was off the coast of Siberia the Russian

transport Yakout was sighted and hailed and at the instance of Dadouneditch about 30 Russians were transferred from the transport to the Samoa. Dadouneditch said the Russians were laborers, but as soon as they were aboard he volunteered the information that he had now 30 armed Cossacks at his back and proposed to depose Mr. Roberts as head of the expedition. He also disclosed the fact that not only was he the representative of the Russian syndicate of which Col. Woullarsky was the head, but was also an agent of the Russian government, and that the Cossacks aboard were soldiers, some of whom were clothed with administrative powers.

The Americans armed themselves that night and while a majority of the Russians were asleep below posted themselves in positions of advantage. Two armed men were placed on the bridge, one at the bow, another at the stern and others took their stand at such places as offered good opportunity for effective shooting. The Samoa was then headed for American waters. When Dadouneditch learned that he had been outwitted he was furious, but by that time the vessel was beyond Russian jurisdiction and Capt. Johnson, backed by the resolute Americans, asserted his full authority as commander of the steamer. On board the steamer San Pedro, which bears this letter to the Post-Intelligencer, is Mr. White, of London, who will go on to Washington to make a report of the affair. It is believed here that some international complications may arise as a result of the trouble."

Territorial Court.

The case of the Queen vs. Gallagher took up the time of the territorial court yesterday morning, a number of witnesses being examined.

Gallagher was accused of stealing sundry gold nuggets from the claim of John Peterson on Hunker creek where he was employed as a miner. Peter Peterson and a man named Lansman testified to having seen the accused pick something up from the bedrock and put it in his pocket, but the evidence was not strong enough to convict and the case was dismissed.

CREEK NOTES.

Messrs. Shultz, Anderson and Nelson, of Monte Cristo, have sunk a new shaft since the cold weather set in, and are again working a big force of men. The dump next spring will be the largest yet taken out of this claim.

Messrs. McKensey and Miles, of Mag-net gulch, have just received their new 25-horse power horizontal return tube boiler, which will be placed at once and a big dump taken out the coming winter.

Mr. Jas. Mitchell, of the Forks, popularly known as "Jimmy," has taken charge of the N. A. T. store on 29 above Bonanza, succeeding Mr. Jackson, who returned to Dawson with his family for the winter.

Mr. Miller, of 9 Victoria gulch, is in town on business matters.

Mr. John King, of 60 above Bonanza, went to Dawson the fore part of the week to look after his winter's stock of goods.

The committee which was sent up to upper Bonanza by the people of Grand Forks made a favorable report regarding the building of a winter road, and a financial committee has been appointed to raise \$2500 for the above purpose. A large part of the amount has already been raised and men will be put to work immediately to complete the road. As the completion of this road will take a large amount of the Indian river district travel via the Forks, the business men of that enterprising burg have taken hold of the matter with a vim that shows their mean business.

Monte Cristo roadhouse, on 29 below Bonanza, has been doing a rushing business lately. Charley says "We had a warm time the other night."

The big crowd of men who were making the road up Eldorado were making fine progress, completing about one-third of a mile each day, when suddenly one day last week something snapped and about 50 men were thrown out of employment and the road uncompleted. Why is this thus, and what is the cause of the thusness?

Already signs of activity are seen on the various creeks, and a number of

claims that were not worked last winter will not be idle the coming season.

Boundary Telegraph Line.

On the 10th of August the telegraph line to the boundary was commenced, and yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock, the wire was grounded where the Dominion of Canada meets the territory of Uncle Sam, 84 miles north of Dawson.

The line from Eagle to the boundary is also nearly complete, there being four miles of wire strung, and eight miles of poles up. It is estimated that in about ten days telegraphic communication with Eagle City will be open.

The telegraph line to Vancouver is not complete nor does there seem to be any good reason for supposing it will be completed this winter.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

M. A. Hammell has opened a men's furnishing goods house at the Forks.

Furs of all kinds at Ladue Co.

New Goods • New Prices

We have just received a new and most complete line of

LADIES' AND GENT'S WINTER GARMENTS

Our goods are the best and our prices are low. We would be pleased to have you call and examine our stock.

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**Finest Stock of New Goods
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**Whetters the Appetite
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..Dainties..****WE HAVE THEM FRESH**

Cranberries, Puddings, Mince Meats, Pates, Imported Cheese, and everything the most fastidious epicure would demand.

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**UNDER OUR ROOF FOR ANYTHING
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A BOAT SAILS

Nearly Every Day

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More New Goods**BLOUSE WAISTS**

In Velvet, Velveteen, Silk, Satin, Sateen and Wool. Black or Colored.

WRAPPERS

In Flannel, Sateen, Silk, Cotton and Eiderdown.

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NIGHT GOWNS

Flannelette—All Colors and Prices.

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FRONT STREET,
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THIRD ST., NEXT TO GANDOLFO'S A Full Line of Souvenir Jewelry in Stock. Special designs made to order.

Best imported wines and liquors at the Regina.

A LOVE FEAST

Was What Took Place at The Very Quiet Meeting Last Evening

BY YUKON PARTY SUPPORTERS.

Harmony Reigned Supreme As There Was No Opposition.

BARNEY SUGRUE GOT MONEY

And Frank Buteau Broke His Suspenders During a Flight of Oratory.

The meeting in the Orpheum last evening was attended by a large and enthusiastic crowd, though the attendance in the balcony was noticeably smaller than Monday evening.

Shortly after 8 o'clock Mr. McFarlane announced that the meeting was under the auspices of Candidates Wilson and Prudhomme.

Ben Ferguson made an announcement concerning the opening of the house.

Mr. Davidson was chosen chairman of the evening and returned thanks for the honor conferred upon him and regretted that he would be thereby debarred from addressing the audience upon the issues involved. He closed his remarks by calling upon Mr. Woodworth as the first speaker.

Mr. Woodworth arose with alacrity from where he had been sitting upon his hat and said that it was his desire to confine himself to the issues of the campaign and avoid personalities. He said there was a law in the territories which said that it was a crime to steal, and he thought the same principle should apply in the case of the campaign. He referred to an incident which occurred at a recent meeting on Bonanza, where Mr. Noel and Mr. Sheldon C. Young, are alleged to have resorted to what Mr. Woodworth credited Mr. Young with having said was a campaign lie.

"Let us not," he said, "precipitate a race war here, but let us elect English speaking men in the persons of Alexander Prudhomme and Arthur Wilson."

"This platform (referring to that of O'Brien and Noel) seems to have Wade written all across it."

The speaker addressed the audience at considerable length, and made a strong bid for the vote of the miner by telling of the reforms his party was in favor of, and picking out the weaker spots in the opposition platform.

He wanted a search light turned upon the past actions of government officials, and he wanted the mining records thrown open to public inspection. "We are proud that we are Canadians, but we are ashamed that we have to apologize for the past three years' record in the Yukon."

He was frequently greeted with applause.

"Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Noel are elected a howl will go up from one end of Canada to the other that the government's policy in the Yukon is sustained by the people, and the howlers have been turned down," he said, and voices in the audience were heard crying "never."

Mr. Prudhomme then addressed the meeting, saying that he would take but very little time from the speakers, as he had had a hard week's campaigning and was tired.

He said there was little difference in the platforms, because one was copied from the other.

"You are told," he said, "that it is not so much as the men. But you want to look at the past records of the men."

He regretted that Mr. Wilson, his colleague in the fight, was not present, but asked his friends who would vote for him to vote for Mr. Wilson also.

He closed his remarks with a short address in French.

Barney Sugrue received the ovation of the evening. A stranger would have supposed that he was a popular candidate. He referred to his reception on a former occasion when the opposition

had turned the lights out first and thrown nails at him in the dark. "I did not come into this country to have nails thrown at me in the dark," he said. "I came here to get a fair show, and I haven't had it yet." He referred to silver coin in relation to the nails, and some one threw a half dollar upon the stage and Barney began looking to see where it went, but was motioned not to by the chairman.

The speaker, with his usual wit, kept the audience laughing for the half hour taken up by his address. He scored Mr. Wade and said in closing that he should be passed up like a white chip as he didn't count anyway. The independent ticket, he said was being run on jawbone, and when it was all over some digging would be necessary to pay the bills. The opposition was being run on principles of extortion.

When he closed he received a long round of applause.

At the call of the chair, Dr. Thompson crawled out of his overcoat and hat and said that when he came to the meeting he did not know that he had anything to say, but that he believed it to be the duty of every citizen who had his country's good at heart should say what he felt to be right on all matters affecting the public good.

He then went on to enlarge at some length upon the birth and growth of the platform of the Yukon party ticket, saying that it was the outcome of the agitation which led to the forming of the citizens' committee.

Dr. Thompson referred to Mr. O'Brien as one who had milked the government cow dry. He was the man who could go to Ottawa and get legislation and liquor permits, and opposed to him was Arthur Wilson, who had come to the country to develop it. He did not think that there should be any more professional men on the Yukon council. This was in reference to Mr. Noel's candidacy.

Frank Buteau spoke in the interests of Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Noel.

Up to this time the meeting had been very harmonious, but the speaker was interrupted many times. Dr. Catto in making his way past a large tin reflector at the stage entrance produced considerable stage thunder, and the speaker's suspenders broke. He held up his ticket for today's election and the chairman had to ask the audience to allow the gentleman to finish his remarks.

C. S. Barwell then addressed the audience briefly, and was followed by Dr. Catto, who said that today he had been spoken to during the day by a member of the Yukon council who had said: "Suppose you do elect your men, what can they do? Supposing we simply say to them we will not act upon your advice?"

"I smile," said the speaker, "because I contend that one man can block the Yukon council—a half a man can block it!"

He dwelt some time upon the assay office as one of the chief issues, as opposed to the banks.

Mr. McCaul was called for by the audience and responded by saying that he was ashamed of himself for not having taken any interest in the politics of the territory till within the past few days.

He believed that the citizens' committee had accomplished great good by its agitation, and he thought that the general plan adopted by that organization was the most successful one which could be adopted.

He referred to the election of the Yukon party candidates as the thin end of the entering wedge. Of course he assumed that the election referred to was a foregone conclusion. The speaker referred to the opposition as apologists for the government for its Yukon territory.

Col. McGregor (not being chairman) was at liberty to speak. He did so. He said he didn't know that there was anything left to be said, so he began by relating an anecdote having to do with the lengthy legs of a schoolboy's trousers and whose duty it was to cut them off. The place where the laugh should have been at the end of his funny story, was filled by a large aching void. The audience was getting tired and evidently believed with the colonel that there was nothing left to be said, and left in large numbers.

"Now, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I don't think I will keep you any longer," said the speaker in closing and a large round of applause followed.

James McKinnon told the audience that tomorrow there might be other objections raised, besides the usual questions, if they were known to be active Prudhomme and Wilson participants.

He touched upon crooked political practices and whisky permits, and closed by assuring the people that it was only necessary to stand together to elect the ticket as it stood.

Many violent cases of cold feet were noticeable about this time, and it was becoming evident that the meeting was not warm enough to keep the thermometer from falling below the tolerance point.

A. F. George said that he was a news-

paper man and everyone knew it, and while he couldn't speak in public he was never asked to do anything that he didn't attempt it. Therefore he spoke. Mr. George said he had been wielding a pick and shovel up on Bonanza creek, and that he was in touch with the miners. He said also that every time he had to renew his free miners' license he wondered what he was getting for his money. He closed his remarks by some advice concerning the solidity of the vote today.

Then Mr. Woodworth proposed a vote of confidence in the Yukon party candidates, and the whole crowd, or what was left of it, sang "God Save the Queen," and everyone began hustling to find a stove with fire in it.

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