

THE KLONDIKE NUGGET.

VOL. I. No. 5.

DAWSON, N. W. T., TUESDAY, JULY 5, 1898

PRICE 50 CENTS

THE SPANISH FLAG AT HALF MAST.

Did It Mean Death of Americans, or of Spanish Officers.

The Heaviest Bombardment of the War—Sampson Will Bombard Moro Castle—Shafter's Army Landed in Several Places.

ON BOARD THE ASSOCIATED PRESS DISPATCH BOAT DAUNTLESS, OFF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, Saturday, June 18, noon, via Kingston, Jamaica, Sunday, June 19, noon.—The most ominous token of death was flown from Moro castle. The saffron flag of Spain was half-masted for several hours. The significance of this is not known. It is not customary to half-mast flags, but possibly some Spanish leader was killed by the heavy fire of guns, though some officers of the squadron believe that the flag was half-masted as a notification to the Americans that Lieut. Hobson and his brave men were dead. If such is the case they must have been wantonly murdered. The Spanish might seek to lay their death to the bombardment, but not a shot from the Americans struck the fortress.

Neither Admiral Sampson nor Commodore Schley believe that Lieut. Hobson and his party have been killed. We have 17 prisoners taken at Guantanamo, including a lieutenant, besides a number in the United States for reprisals or exchange.

A careful inspection of the fortifications along the crest of the hills defining Santiago harbor since the bombardment Thursday morning shows the American gunners spread wreck and ruin everywhere. Some of the batteries were demolished beyond repair. The vaults which circled over the hills as thick as swallows around a chimney for hours after the firing ceased furnished gruesome evidence of the fatality among the Spanish soldiers. Hundreds of troops could be seen from the ships digging in mounds of earth piled by the explosion of the projectiles from the heavy guns for bodies, while their heads were fanned by the wings of the black scavengers of the battlefield. There were two spots, one on the east and the other on the west of the harbor, which were denuded of foliage. The hilltops seem literally blown away. These marked the places where the 200-pound charges of gun-cotton blown by the Vesuvius landed.

There was evident demoralization among the Spanish troops during the bombardment. Officers could be seen with drawn swords, driving the men to the guns, but even then they could not be forced to stay as long as our fire was directed at them. Fifteen minutes' night work of the Vesuvius had shattered their nerves.

It is believed by some that the 13-inch projectile fired from the Texas, which was reported to have exploded the powder magazine in one of the western batteries, did not fall in the battery, but went beyond and blew up one of the ships in the harbor.

A dramatic incident of the bombardment was the act of a Spanish officer, who bravely ran along the parapet under a heavy fire, encouraging his men to stand by their guns. Shot and shell rained about him, and after one terrific explosion he was seen no more, and the parapet disappeared. He could not have escaped death.

From the foretop of the Brooklyn, 2900 yards distant, the men in the grounds could be noticed, but a minute later dust and flying debris would take their places, and when the smoke raised away only a spot of red earth could be seen—guns and gunners had been swept away. It was the most deadly and destructive bombardment of the war thus far. Scarcely a shot from the big guns of the squadron went astray. The aim of the gunners was superb, and not only were the forts annihilated, but the batteries on Cayo Smith, up the harbor, were destroyed. Had all the ships used smoke-

less powder, as did the New Orleans, there would remain no signs of guns or fortifications to indicate that there had ever been any defenses there. There were no casualties on our fleet, though our ships held a fixed position. The half-stripped ships gunners never worked with more enthusiasm. The words of Rear Admiral Sampson were:

"First silence the batteries on the shore and then continue firing until the fortifications are reduced."

The order was exactly obeyed. It was the first time that such instructions had been given, and the men responded with a will.

In 38 minutes the order was given to cease firing, and the message went to each ship from the admiral:

"Well done."

MINING COLLECTING THE ROYALTIES.

Some Exceptions Made and On What Ground.

The Old Claims Located Before the Law was Enacted Exempted this year, But Will Have to Dig Up Next Season.

It is a hard matter to get the royalties. Many mine owners prefer to pay the percentage demanded on each clean-up—once or twice a week as the case may be, or even every day if possible. To facilitate them in this matter the two mining inspectors of the district are and have been for some time located at the forks of Bonanza and Eldorado creeks. The money so collected is forwarded directly from the inspectors to the Bank of Commerce, oftentimes without the Commissioner's knowledge of either the amount or the payers. There are several classes of mines exempt from paying royalties. First, by far the largest number of mines are exempted under the provision which exempts from royalty all mines not producing over \$5,000 per annum. Then there is a mining law by virtue of which a mining lease may be renewed on payment of one hundred dollars.

There is another class which is exempted. No one who staked or recaptured their claims before this new royalty law went into effect can be expected to contribute to the royal coffers. This covers a large number of claims and will reduce the total amount collected to a point below anything anticipated by those making the law. This year when these men come to renew their leases (miners in the North West Territory only hold their claims on a yearly lease) they will come under the new law and next year will have to cough up with the rest.

The payment of royalty and retaining to the state alternate blocks of tonnage is proving a most objectionable regulation. From expressions let fall by those in authority at this place it is easily seen that they too are opposed to the measure. It is probably merely a question of time before a more liberal law will be made giving encouragement to the hardworking prospector and miner who is putting in the best years of his life with so poor a prospect of reward. But the people should lay the matter before the Ottawa people in a most emphatic manner in order to secure quick relief.

IT WAS STOPPED BY THE POLICE.

The Glove Contest Was Too Warm for the Officers of the Law.

The ten-round sparring contest between "Kid" Williams, the American, and "Pluto" the Australian, for a purse of \$1,000 was stopped in the second round, on the evening of July 4th, by the interference of the police. Both men are small and tip the beam, when in condition, at about 122 pounds. "Pluto" is a midget, and appeared to be in the pink of condition, while Williams, though of fine physique, was evidently soft and fat from want of work. Considerable trouble was experienced in securing a referee, but Coolgardie Smith was at length decided upon and officiated to the complete satisfaction of all present. Pluto appeared to be the favorite from the start, and when he leaped into the ring, was called to the ropes and responded in a neat speech.

When time was called the men sparred for an opening. The opening soon came and Pluto made the most of it, tapping his man on the heart and wind. The "Kid" reached out lively but for the most part his blows fell short. A right hander forced Williams to the floor, but he rose by the time the referee had counted six. The round was a hot one, but ended decidedly in the Australian's favor.

The men came up lively for the second round neither wasting any time. The "Kid" recovered somewhat but soon showed signs of weakening. The claret was flowing freely and this brought about the police interference, which occurred before the second round was completed. The fight was called a draw.

AMERICANS CELEBRATE.

Rather than Muzzle the Speakers' all Speeches are Dispensed With.

It was with the wildest enthusiasm the large American population of Dawson welcomed the advent of the Fourth of July. Scarcely had the watch ticked a few seconds after midnight on Sunday when a regular fusillade of pistol shots broke the Sunday stillness, and noise and lots of it became the shrill order of the hour. With hoarse "whoop!" and "halloo!" every loyal sleeping son of Johnathan jumped from his cot and joined in the general racket. They sprang from their thousands of tents from one end of Dawson to the other end of Klondike city, and proceeded to pierce the air with all kinds of projectiles from an assortment of all kinds of guns in the hands of all kinds of men, but every mother's son of them jubilant of the fact that for the first time in history the vast Yukon was being awakened from her sleep of centuries by ten thousand loyal Americans who could not and would not forget "the day we celebrate" even though thousands of miles from home. But while thousands of rounds of valuable ammunition were being expended in ear-splitting jubilation the native population of dogs and other animals were stamped as never before in their lives. The canine residents of Dawson simply went crazy with affright and added vastly to the general hilarity by their curious escapades. They would tear along the main street at their topmost speed, exhibiting every sign of abject fear, and at the end of the street would turn and race back again at an apparently still greater rate and with their fears but augmented. Their yelps and whines all helped swell the Fourth of July noise, and was encouraged with many a "mush on!" and sly pelt with sticks or clods of earth. Many valuable animals sprang into the Yukon river and made a vigorous swim for safety on the opposite shore. Many of them followed a leader over the mountain back of town and some of them have not been seen here since. J. H. Williams had a team of six dogs who took that direction and one of them, a large hound, has been since heard of on Bonanza with sore feet and dragged tail but still running as if dear life depended upon it.

Some loose horses helped swell the general jollification with their cow bells, but we understand that it was amongst the police and other non-American population that the greatest consternation prevailed. Sleeping policemen jumped from their couches with wondering exclamations and surprised questionings as to what could have started such a general massacre as appeared to be going on outside the stockade. Hurrying for their arms the surprised gentlemen were confronted by their clocks which calmly informed them that it was now 12:11 July 4. Much mollified were they when they discovered that the blood curdling yells and universal racket was occasioned by nothing more than the home-hungry "Yanks" celebrating the advent of their greatest and most glorious holiday. For half an hour was the thing prolonged with an occasional skyrocket at the north end of town, and then guns were laid away and some sleep taken in preparation for the sports of the day.

The athletic sports in the afternoon were witnessed by large and enthusiastic throngs. A summary of the events is here given. The boys' race was won by Hines Deifel against five competitors; hundred yard dash in heats, won in eleven seconds by Wm. Knight, of Australia, with twenty-seven rivals for that honor. In the sixty yard dash Bert Ford took the pennant and the prize after a hot contest in heats with sixteen others. F. Copeland proved the best heel-and-toe walker while Mr. Bolan "put the heavy stone" beyond the mark made by twenty competitors. In the jumping contests Bert Ford proved the best in the running broad jump and G. W. Brimston excelled in the running high jump.

"Billy" Huston's brass band furnished the music for the occasion, but the afternoon speaking in Pioneer hall was dispensed with. The police requested the committee to caution the speakers beforehand not to do or say anything which would call for interference, and rather than muzzle the speakers on an occasion on which the American Eagle screams and flaps her wings without let or hindrance the speaking was "called off" by the committee.

The committee of arrangements consisting of Messrs. C. C. Gaisford, Leroy Tozier, F. Joslyn, E. A. McGrath, G. C. Battles, L. S. Burdell and G. G. Debnay bought up all the fireworks in Dawson and they were let off at night amid general enthusiasm. Of course the absence of darkness somewhat marred their beauty, but such little things do not and cannot dampen the ardor of Americans.

Much interest was taken in the afternoon in a game of baseball on the sandbar in front of town. For want of better names the rival clubs called themselves "The Sour Dough Stiffs" and "The Cheechakos." The bats were heaved from discarded boat masts and the balls were of all kinds from the ball of twine to the round-ed block of wood, but though the sand was ankle deep and in spite of the other disadvantages the national game was played with as much zest and enjoyed by the onlookers as though it was the final game of the season being played by the Chicagoes and Philadelphiaes. The score was eight to nine in favor of the "stiffs."

THE FAVORITE PEACE OF AMUSEMENT.

Crowded Houses Nightly Testify to the Popularity of the Outley Sisters.

About the most popular place of amusement in the city is the Outley Sisters' Concert Hall. From their first appearance—afternoon till late in the evening—their songs and dances hold a large crowd. Between their appearances dancing is indulged in to good music and on a good floor. Their buck-and-wing dance is well worth witnessing, and the singing of little dog plays is always cheered to the echo. Remember the place—corner 24th and Third avenue.

THE YUKON PARABLES: NO. I.

What Meaneth This Handwriting On the Wall?

The Prophet of Old Interpreted the First—The Prophet of the Yukon Would This Latter, Had He Been Permitted.

Once upon a time in a wicked city a great king gave a feast; and in the midst of the feast there appeared upon the wall a strange handwriting, *mene, mene, tekel, upharain.*

The wise men of the kingdom were called upon to explain the strange handwriting, but were unable to do so. At length there arose one from among a people held in bondage under that king, a prophet, Daniel, who spake thus: O, great king! I will interpret to you the meaning of the strange handwriting, and this was the interpretation thereof: "Thou art weighed in the balance, and art found wanting."

And in that night the kingdom of the Chaldeans came to an end.

Many thousands of years passed away and it came to pass that there was another feast, in honor of a great country. The feast was not given by the great king, nor was the great king present, but there were among the multitude of those assembled to do honor, not only those from among the people, but counsellors of the king, and those who had waxed fat and were high in favor with that king, yea even greater than that king.

And it came to pass while they were drinking the wine, that there appeared upon the wall, in letters of gold, the words that were seen of the great king of long ago. And those who were there of the great king's counsellors, when they saw the words knew the interpretation thereof and they were troubled in their thoughts and their countenances changed, and they said, "How shall we interpret the meaning of this thing so as to cause no offense to the king?" And there were none among them, nor yet even of those who, though not of that country, yet desired to become in favor with that king and his counsellors, who would give the true interpretation thereof.

At length there arose one from among the people, who would have spoken the interpretation thereof; for it was the pride and boast of that country in whose honor the feast was given that the poorest, nay the very humblest, of the people might speak on matters touching their welfare and that of their country.

But when this man, who is high in favor with the people, would have spoken and set forth his grievance and that of the people, the counsellors of the king and those that were high in favor became exceeding wrath, and in their desire to contrive that the interpretation should not be spoken, did use such language and so bear themselves that a feast which should have been an honor to so great a country, became a byword in the streets of that city, until it was asked openly on the housetops: "Do the counsellors of the king fear the interpretation of the omen, and do they see the coming of the 'night'?"

Who Will Win the Ticket.

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.

