

# THE KLONDIKE NUGGET.

VOL. 3 No. 29

DAWSON, Y. T., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1899

PRICE 25 CENTS

## A LIFE PRISONER IN DAWSON

### Mrs. Vincent Says She Is Kept Here Against Her Will.

#### After Losing a Fortune of \$50,000 and Becoming Destitute She Claims She Is Detained Here.

The Canadian law which allows the detention of absconding debtors from the country by the issue of a capias warrant has worked well in Dawson in the majority of instances. Like all good things of human invention it can be put to base uses, and though designed for the good of the people, may by perversion, be made their oppressor. This and much more is brought to one's mind by an appeal made to the American people through the San Francisco Examiner in a recent issue, the appeal being from La Belle Brooks Vincent. The issue in question has just reached our exchange table and contains a sensational account of the harsh imprisonment of Mrs. Vincent, and further goes to state that while absolutely penniless from unwise investments, she is detained in the territory against her wishes, without the means of self support, and this after a judicial investigation of her case had brought about her dismissal. But here are some excerpts from the story told by herself in the Examiner:

"I let him have \* \* \* \$4000 in cash, adding \$2500 later, and then, upon his guarantee that the mine would yield enough in a few weeks to place us both in prosperous circumstances, I consented to assume \$2500 of his previously contracted debt—a total investment of \$9000, which represented a half interest in the mine. In reality my share was not worth \$10,000, but this I did not know. And I have never received one dollar from the property.

"My partner induced me to receive the mine at a fictitious value of \$20,000, and give him my note for \$14,000, secured by mortgage on the property."

The story goes on to tell of the trouble with employes after she had expended \$25,000.

"Knowing that I had come to Dawson with plenty of money, these men—there were about 40 of them, mostly Americans—refused to believe that I was now destitute. Their greed made them blind to everything but their desire to have a share in the spoils. They hung about my cabin like vultures. When they had taken all and still demanded more, I became almost desperate in my indignation and ordered them away.

"Take this!" I cried, throwing into the crowd my \$1.50, which was in quarter-dollar pieces; "it's all I have in the world. Take it and buy yourselves some American manliness and honor and decency!"

They actually scrambled for the coins. But my taunts angered them and incurred the spite which afterward placed me in jail.

She then goes on to tell how "for days she lived on pilot bread and tea, being actually in destitute circumstances. Her note for \$14,000 as a balance to be paid on the Dominion claim was still out, and upon a rumor spreading that she was about to leave the country, and though the claim was still there as security, she was seized and imprisoned.

"I was seated at a table in my cabin one afternoon writing, for I am engaged on a novel to be called 'The Strange

Confessions of a Suicide,' a story of the trail and the camp, which will uncover the real life of this country; and I am also writing a juvenile book of Capt. O. B. Olson's travels in the Arctic, South America and Greenland. I called 'Come in,' in answer to a knock on the door, and Constable Stewart entered with a warrant for the arrest of myself as a fleeing debtor. My freedom had been sworn away by a perjured oath.

The trail to prison led across the splashing waters of the Klondike, and over a long, narrow, swinging bridge. The jail was a low log building with iron gratings that looked out crabs' eyes from under the edge of the roof. I passed a row of locked cells from the gratings of which peered the faces of hardened criminals and dissolute, drunken women. Night and day for nearly a week I was in a cell with sounds of ribaldry and sickening profanity about me.

"It is a horrible thing to be in prison. I have had my own houses and lands and have judged critically the work of the contractors who gave me polished woods, mosaics and brass finishings. I have traveled in Pullman cars and on magnificently appointed ocean steamers. I have enjoyed the luxury of the best hotel service between Florida and the Klondike roadhouse.

"And now I was No. 8 in the jail at Dawson.

"I was hungry, for I had been living on charity for days. A kind corporal in charge gave me bread and cheese and a cup of cold coffee brought from the guard room where some soldiers on duty had been eating.

"I was there because I had befriended a man who begged for my money to save him from utter ruin. My attorney explained the occurrence as an attempt on the part of my persecutors to extort bonds from some one who might from kindness desire to get me released. The bonds would further secure my note.

Fourth of July—America's day of freedom I spent in jail. A kind-hearted guard who overheard my sobs—for I could not help giving way to tears—offered to allow me to stand upon a box where I could see what was passing outside. There was Captain Jack Crawford in the lead of the procession on a bay horse, dressed in cream-white leather breeches with leather fringe, a ruffled blouse, yellow tie and cowboy hat. There was speechmaking and applause and the American flag waved over America's sons on British soil.

"A few days afterward I was summoned before the judge and my case dismissed for lack of evidence, but I am not at liberty. I am certainly watched, lest I attempt to go out of the country. I have no employment that brings me money, and my health is breaking. All I ask is to be allowed to return to Chicago, where I can earn my living and join my child. I will gladly sign papers pledging to send back to Dawson every cent I can make."

The foregoing is decidedly interesting to Dawsonites. If people can be made life prisoners in the Yukon territory merely for making unfortunate investments and losing their fortunes here, The Nugget wanted to know it, and dispatched a scribe at once to interview Judge Dugas.

"Is Mrs. Vincent detained in the Yukon territory against her wishes?" was asked.

"Mrs. Vincent was arrested on a capias, yes," was the reply.

"Is it possible that in the nineteenth century one can be detained in a foreign land because they may have been unfortunate in their investments?"

"That is not the intention of the law at all. The Yukon territory is not a jail—as I remarked at the trial—and the law is designed simply to prevent debtors laughing in the face of their creditors, and boldly taking passage outside

with the proceeds of their fraud in their pockets."

"But is not a fact that in the particular case of Mrs. Vincent she had simply lost her money and wanted to go home?"

"You must remember that I dismissed the case," was the judge's reply.

"But wasn't she in jail four days upon a flimsy charge of fraud which you yourself dismissed?"

"That was simply because she didn't furnish bonds."

"Maybe she couldn't," the scribe suggested.

"Maybe not."

"Will she be allowed to leave the territory now?" was asked.

"Why, yes, unless—well, you see, an applicant for a capias must swear that he has reason to believe that the person is leaving with the intention of defrauding. I am very particular about issuing them."

"Then the situation, Judge, as I understand it, is that though Mrs. Vincent may have once shown that she has really lost her money, other creditors may keep stepping in with capiases and keep the woman here indefinitely?"

"Well, before issuing the capiases I must first be shown grounds for believing fraud is intended."

And there the matter stands.

Our readers can judge for themselves whether or not the law can be made an instrument of persecution or not. Mrs. Vincent claims that she is not allowed to leave Dawson. In proof of it she shows that she was once brought back when escaping, and the second time when she tried to leave by steamer she was brought back and jailed. Having gone through the court in one case, she says, does not give her freedom. She claims to be watched and dogged, and to know that upon any attempt to leave another capias will issue, and so on indefinitely.

#### At the Monte Carlo.

The entertainment at the Monte Carlo opens with a comedy-burlesque, entitled "Me and Jack." The program describes the piece as "written for laughing purposes only. Plot, any old thing; time, any old time; place, any old place." The players throw life and zest into the affair, and their efforts are appreciated by the audience. Miss Nellie Hoigate and Miss Emma Forrest display symmetrical forms, and sing topical songs. Alice Jennings and Jacqueline are exceptionally good in their burlesque. Eddie O'Brien and Mulligan are inimitable. The olio part of the show has some very good features. Sid, Annie Merrell, Mulligan and Linton in a sketch, and Florence Broce, are clever and entertaining. The act entitled "On the Bowery," as produced by the O'Brien family, and the portrayal of Hebrew characters by Eddie O'Brien and his daughter Annie, are of themselves well worth the price of admission. The O'Briens are vaudeville artists, and probably the best that ever played in Dawson. Beatrice Larue is a wonderfully sweet singer, and she displays good taste in the choice selection of her songs.

You'll notice a difference in our neckwear, underwear, hosiery, gloves and mittens. They don't have that mussy, jumbled look; they are made properly; they appeal to good dressers. At Parson's.

## "THREE MEN AND A BOAT."

### But the Boat Disappears and the Governor Says ---

#### The Governmental Party Camped 20 Miles From Dawson—To Return by Horseback Route on Saturday.

The daily doings of great men are of interest to the humblest. Commissioner William Ogilvie's doings are no exception to the rule. At present he is in camp on top of the divide, running between Dawson and Twelvemile creek. It is expected that when he and his hunting party returns to town on Saturday next—the horses have been ordered to go after them Friday—there will be constant occupation for the government teams all winter in hauling down the moose meat and venison which has fallen before the governor's mauser (that's the kind he uses) rifle. But that's not what happened to the three men and the boat. You see the horses were to be caparisoned and loaded at the barracks and the governor lives in the priest's house by St. Mary's church. There were sleeping bags, night caps, robes and shoestrings, and all the other latter day Klondike comforts which had to be brought up to the horses since it was too much to ask the horses to go to their loads. A police canoe was secured overnight and moored abreast of the house. Early Wednesday morning the hunters obeyed the scriptural injunction, "To take up thy bed and walk," by packing their bulky wraps down the high steep bank to the river. Then the fact was discovered that someone had "swiped" the Peterborough in the night. Now, it happened that the governor was nervous and irritable from close confinement and newspaper attacks and—"Where the blankety blank is that blank boat, I'd like to know the blankety blank, blank who took it, the blankety blank thief that he is. No wonder that the people shoot one another. Some of 'em ought to be shot. And blankety— But let us draw the curtain on the governor's righteous wrath.

#### Obituary.

Thomas Wilkerye died on the 3d inst. at Bourke's hospital, after an illness of three weeks, with typhoid fever.

The deceased was 33 years of age and a native of Osgoode, Ont., where he leaves a mother and four sisters to mourn his death. He left his parental home about 15 years ago for California. Some years later he went to British Columbia. The deceased, in coming to the Yukon last year, was a victim of the "all Canadian" route (the Teslin). He contracted cold on the journey and from its effects never recovered. Ottawa papers please copy.

#### Spontaneous Combustion.

The coal piled up in front of the N. A. T. and T. Co.'s warehouse was discovered to be emitting steam on Sunday last and it was decided to shovel it over to cool if it should be heating. Shoveling down into it the mass, on Tuesday, liberated a large volume of smoke and it was then found that the coal was on fire, having heated to the point of combustion.

MANY people trust to luck to pull them through and are often disappointed. Do not dilly dally in matters of health. With it you can accomplish miracles and without it you are no good. Keep yourself in good health by getting Fresh, New Provisions at

## The Ames Mercantile Co.

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ALL KINDS OF BUILDING AND DIMENSION LUMBER.

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Special Inducements to Contractors.

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# The Klondike Nugget

(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)  
ISSUED SEMI-WEEKLY  
On Wednesday and Saturday

ALLEN BROS. Publishers  
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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1899

## 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.

## OPPRESSION V. DEBTOR'S RIGHTS

There is such a thing as honest debt and there are possibly such people as honest debtors. The laws of all civilized communities take such things and such people under cognizance and provide a way in which the debtor can show the honesty of his debts, after which he goes scot free with the chance that he will go and sin no more. The bankruptcy laws of England and America have abolished debtor's prisons. Finding himself involved beyond his depth in financial distress, the bankrupt appeals to his country, and by one act of investigation and distribution the court equitably disposes of what property remains, and the honest debtor is at once placed in the unassailable position where the most peristent and spiteful creditor can neither harass nor dismay.

This system is the result of years of experience and has been found to work comparative justice. The foregoing and much more is brought to mind by the case of Mrs. La Belle Vincent as told by herself and related in these columns.

The following facts of her case are unassailable. She brought money and property here and lost both in speculation. She has been detained in the country contrary to her wishes, and she having passed once through the courts and shown absence of intentional, fraud does not rid her of further prosecution. As the law stands she has not again dared to attempt to return to her American home, for one attempt resulted in the police bringing her back and the second attempt resulted in four days in jail.

The Nugget believes the law, with certain modifications, would be good for all. There should be a point at which its operation ceases. Like a bankrupt the honest debtor should have

some way once and for all to show his or her honesty after which they should be allowed to return to their friends and families without let or hindrance. That feature of the law which permits a debtor to be indefinitely detained in a land which, so far from being profitable to them, has cost them their last dollar should be at once amended out of all likeness to the Siberian system. Failure is sufficient penalty for non-success without eternal banishment in a land which has no attractions save a possible chance at a fortune. Let Mrs. Vincent voluntarily go before the judge and prove herself a victim of circumstances and after proving her case let the order be "Depart in peace," and let none molest. Only in some such law or order of procedure can the Yukon territory rid herself of her horrible likeness to the penal colonies across the Behring

52a.

## A PLEA FOR SELF-PROTECTION.

With the exception of six paid men, the city of Dawson is practically without a fire department. It is very unwise for our fair city to depend upon its untrained and unorganized citizens to recruit the department at the moment of a great fire such as devastated the metropolis of the Yukon last April.

The Yukon council took from our citizens all voice in the management of the department and have handed its control absolutely to Ogilvie, Steele and Clement. Clement has been out of the country some time. Mr. Steele has been gone some weeks, while Mr. Ogilvie is in camp somewhere in the mountains 20 miles from Dawson. Even he, when here, he showed himself utterly incapable of the management and gave as his excuse that he was already over-burdened with affairs.

It would be the part of wisdom to call a meeting of property holders and select a deputation of citizens to wait upon Mr. Ogilvie and demand one of two things—either that he at once increase the department to 30 members to turn it over to a committee who will organize and drill a volunteer brigade. As at present constituted there are not enough men in the entire department to handle the hook and ladder truck. Chief Stewart has protested without avail and now feels that his great hope is in preventing a conflagration since a cure is out of the question. Even if each man under him had the strength of a Sandow and the speed of a Hampson, they would be utterly unable to handle the station apparatus to do any good.

Gentlemen of Dawson, this condition of affairs must be remedied and at once.

You cannot depend upon Mr. Ogilvie, who could not find time to attend to it even were he thrice as competent a man as he really is. In a spirit of vaingloriousness, the control of a fire department he does not attempt to handle pleases him as a grown child with a new toy. Like 5-year-olds playing at keeping house, Mr. Ogilvie played at investigation in Dawson, played at law-making in the council, played at financing in London and is now playing at being the head of a fire department. Our citizens must not take him seriously nor leave their fate in his hands. We have a perfect right to self government in city affairs, and a much greater right if possible, to protect ourselves from fire with the apparatus bought and paid for by our own contributions. At least let us insure the fire engines.

A man who last summer and winter had a 2x4 store on Front street, Dawson, and who sold out and departed last spring, was heard outside relating to an admiring throng how he enhanced the enormous profits of his business by "taking the best of it" in paying out or receiving gold dust. He related with great relish how his partner fastened a weight underneath one side of the scales, and how he violently objected to such open stealing of a few grains, and, removing it, "took the best of it" to the tune of two pennyweights on the very next sale he himself made. It is needless to remark that the writer strongly called him to account, for his convict methods. He justified himself or attempted to do so by the plea that to his certain knowledge it was the custom from one end of Dawson to the other. While we take issue with him upon the prevalence of this species of dishonesty, we are forced to admit from

individual instances which have come under our knowledge that there is altogether too much of it going on and that there is no organized effort on the part of the government to suppress it.

Once upon a time, Captain Stearnes was appointed inspector of scales and weights and in a short crusade made things warm for the more notorious of false weighers, and then the agitation ceased and such men as the one spoken of outside thrived and flourished as a green bay tree.

The government of the Yukon territory, which at present consists of Mr. William Ogilvie solely, is wont to pride itself upon the vast improvements it has made in Dawson the past year. An analysis of the situation reveals the fact that while Dawson has undoubtedly flourished and expanded beyond all precedent, the government share in the improvement has consisted mostly in notifying our citizens to do this or to do that, and then calmly appropriating the results to their own "power and their glory, for ever and ever, Amen." The owners upon a given street will find themselves notified to construct sidewalks, and it is soon done. This is quite proper, but it is mighty amusing afterwards to watch the governor taking the middle of the streets so he can get a good perspective of the extent of the vast improvements he is making in his Pooch Bah character of Lord High Executioner for the territory.

## PERSONAL MENTION.

S. D. Price, who runs a sawmill at Selkirk, is registered at the Regina.

J. D. Hutchison and S. P. Short, miners from Gold Hill, are visitors in Dawson.

Daniel G. Stewart, who owns a saw mill here, departed for the outside on Monday.

Henry Shoemaker, one of the lucky claim owners on Gold Hill, is spending a few days in Dawson.

D. A. Boehmy is back from the outside, bringing his wife, and will again be seen on his claim on No. 2 Magnet gulch.

Manager Cox, of the Fairview hotel, has succeeded to the sole proprietorship. He has purchased the half interest of Miss Gates.

Dan McLeod, of Dublin, and Murdoch McKinnon, of Nova Scotia, are among those who are registered at the Hotel McDonald.

Tom Ellis, of the road house on 48 below on Bonanza, has returned from the outside after spending two months visiting his relations.

On last Saturday, Ross Eckard arrived in Dawson with a scow loaded with ten sleighs, ten blooded trotting horses and 35 tons of machinery.

R. M. Hilleary was married Saturday, Sept. 30, to Miss Gussie H. Klein. They were married at Geo. G. Allen's home. The couple make Dawson their home.

W. H. Quamm and George Pears, both from Vancouver, are guests of the Regina hotel. Mr. Quamm succeeded in bringing with him ninety tons of liquor.

M. Connelly has severed his relations with the Hotel McDonald. He disposed of his interest to Alex McDonald, who, with Capt. Donovan, will conduct the establishment in the future.

George Marlin returned to Dawson on the last trip of the Florence S. During the past two months Mr. Marlin has had a pleasant time in visiting the principal cities of the United States.

Mrs. J. M. Pickel has returned from Fortymile, where she has been visiting friends. Mrs. Pickel brings with her a beautiful sample of Jack Wade gold, upon which creek she owns a valuable interest.

Mrs. C. L. Hibbard and her son Henry arrived in Dawson on the last trip of the Flora. They will spend the winter with Mr. Hibbard, who is located on one of Quartz creek's best paying claims.

Mr. Ed Seesholtz, who is interested in Jack Wade property, is in town again after several weeks spent investigating the conditions which prevail upon that creek. He is very enthusiastic over the country and fully anticipates that Jack

Wade will equal, if not exceed, Eldorado creek as a producer of gold. Sufficient prospecting has been done to warrant the belief that several hundred men will winter on the creek.

Mr. Harry Stevenson, brother of mine host Stevenson of the Hoffman house, is a recent arrival in Dawson. Mr. Stevenson made an exceptionally quick trip from San Francisco to Dawson. He will be associated with his brother in the Hoffman house during the winter.

## News of the World.

Cape Town, Monday.—A great number of Johannesburg refugees are arriving here daily. The relief committee is paying every attention to those who are in need of assistance.

London, Sept. 25.—A disastrous attempt was made tonight on Trafalgar square to hold a pro-Boer mass meeting.

A handful of speakers attempted to harangue the unsympathetic masses and were mobbed, while the crowd sang "Rule Britannia."

London, Sept. 25.—Chamberlain's last to the Transvaal concludes as follows:

"No conditions less comprehensive than those contained in the telegram of September 8 can be relied on to effect that object. The refusal of the South African government to entertain the offer thus made, coming as it does after four months of protracted negotiations, closes five years of extended agitation and makes it useless to further pursue the discussion on the lines hitherto followed, and the imperial government is now compelled to consider the situation afresh, and formulate its own proposals for a final settlement of the issues which have been created in South Africa by a policy constantly followed for many years by the government of South Africa. The government will communicate the result of its deliberations in a later dispatch."

## Going Out of Business.

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

Messenger service to any claim on the creeks. Nugget Express.

Excellent service and moderate prices at the Cafe Royal.

Remember the location—the new Hotel McDonald block, corner Second avenue and Second street. W. H. Parsons & Co.

## Notice of Removal.

Pickett & Devlin have removed their office to the A. C. Co.'s office building. General freighting and regular stage all winter.

If it is a stylish, perfect fitting suit of clothes, you want, go to Parson's.

## For Sale.

Howe scale, 1,400 pounds; also small stock hardware and cooking utensils. 62 Third street south.

Dr. Duncan, who has charge of Dr. Simpson's practice, has removed to Room 3, of the Hotel McDonald.

Double-breasted reefer coats and vests. Silk lined coat, cut the same length as a top coat, very nobby and warm, at Parson's.

## Nugget Lost.

Friday evening, Oct. 5, a \$12 nugget, valued as a gift. Finder leave at Fairview Hotel or Oregon store.

Steam thawers, pipe and pipe fittings and valves, stoves, tin and sheet iron work at J. H. Holme & Co.'s, opposite Fairview.

## Reduced rates at the Cafe Royal.

We supplant the word cheap for good at our store. Prices are right, where quality is considered, at Parson's.

Dr. Lee has removed from the Bodega block to the V. Y. T. block, upstairs, where he will be pleased to receive his patrons.

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

A conspicuous sign on the water front is the light of the Green Tree saloon. This light is without exception the noblest in town, and its cheerful blaze is a suggestion of the good cheer within.

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

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

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

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## WAS BLOWN OUT TO SEA.

### Dr. Scott Tells His Experience Going to Nome.

#### Went Down Alone in an Open Boat and Is Nearly Lost—Lived on Fish and Game—Indians Friendly.

Fort Get There, Alaska, Sept. 10, 1899.  
 —My Dear Friend: Arrived here yesterday after a voyage of peril. Was blown out to sea, and for two days was on an uninhabited island. Got water by digging a hole in the moss with a spoon. For the past three weeks I have been in a country of almost incessant rain, sleeping outfit, clothes, firewood and all wet. I had headwinds most of the time. I have lived largely on fish and ducks (not very many) and have eaten little that was fattening; yet I weigh 195 pounds, and am hard as iron. No money would tempt me to take the trip again alone. At best it has been often dangerous. Many must have been lost at the mouth of the river and on the sea. I missed the canal and had to put to sea round the island. The cause was that an Indian drew a distorted diagram. The Indians have all been good and friendly and have not caused me anxiety, reports of shooting notwithstanding. Am well but feel like an old man. Slept poorly between sheets last night, waking often with the thought that my boat was slipping from its anchorage. The boat was too large for one man to handle, but I had to do it, and succeeded. I secured passage on the steamer Charles Nelson, which sails to day. All the vessels call at Cape Nome, over which there is intense excitement here. If reports be true it will prove a wonderfully rich camp. I had a civilized bath and haircut this morning and am revelling in splendor. The people here are mostly inclined to be gruff, as they are in the States and have not the kind, brotherly politeness of the Yukoner. I don't like these dude mercantile fellows. I have no time to write more, as the boat leaves shortly. I sold the boat, grub, clothes, stove, utensils, tools, etc., for \$10. Everything like that is dirt cheap here.  
 J. F. SCOTT.

#### The Man Is Recognized.

Our readers will remember the story published in these columns two weeks ago, relating the arrival of an unknown and penniless Klondiker in Seattle, so badly paralyzed as to be unable to tell his name, give his address, the address of his home, where he came from, where he wished to be sent, who he wished notified—in fact was absolutely dead to the world, though still alive. All that was known of him was that he was in possession of a through ticket—Dawson to Seattle—and had been helped from boat to boat by fellow passengers. Mr. J. C. Young, of 42 below on Hunker, volunteers the information that the poor fellow in Seattle is Alfred Fiske, a man in the evening of life, who came into this country last year with his son-in-law Joe Allard. Fiske was a barber and had a wife in Cambridge Mass. He was employed for a while on Slav-in's fraction of 42 below on Hunker, and later on 14 below. He was ailing and fretful, and Allard left the country this summer with his father and brother, leaving the old man to his own devices. Friends saw the ailing man started homewards, supposing that he would rapidly grow better as he got nearer his loved ones.

#### The Barthorfs and the Moose.

The Barthorf brothers, while hunting in the Rock creek country recently, had an unusual and exciting experience with a buck moose. The moose was discovered on the side hill and both the boys, taking a hurried aim, shot, and looking through the peep sight of their rifles, discovered that they had wounded their game. One of the boys made a detour to intercept the frantic animal, penetrating a copse of

spruce trees to gain his position. While stooping beneath the overhanging brush, much to his astonishment, the man discovered the moose so close that the warm breath of the animal was blown in his face. The moose immediately charged furiously upon the frightened hunter. Making a dive for the hunter, he endeavored to hook him but fortunately his right horn got entangled in the brush, throwing the animal heavily, he being wounded in the left shoulder. Barthorf, having exhausted his ammunition, yelled lustily for his brother, who came running up the hill, he having the rifle, but upon reaching the scene he was so exhausted by his uphill climb that he was unable to even hold the gun to his shoulder. The moose, seeing the newcomer, immediately charged upon him. The hunter dodged around a tree and then the moose played "chase the devil around the stump," much to the disgust of the unhappy rifleman. After awhile Barthorf regained his senses and a hurried shot stopped the battle, the moose dropping at the feet of the nimrod. Both boys say they will be sure in the future they have the drop on Mr. Moose before ever again coming in such close relations.

#### How They Won.

In "The Gambling World," by Rouge et Noir, two brothers, Russians, are recorded as having played at Hamburg and won about 500,000 francs.

One of the brothers for some time watched the play, without staking, and noticed the frequent recurrence of the same numbers. He discovered that it was to the fact that in cleaning the roulette the servant was obliged to press heavily on certain parts which took a polish with difficulty. Through this some spots of the brass were depressed in a manner imperceptible to the eye, but palpable in its results. The rolling ball was diverted from its legitimate course by these inevitable indentations; hence certain numbers were sure to win repeatedly during the day, while others never turned up. On this knowledge the brothers acted. When they had gained 10,000 francs a day, they gave up play and did not return till next day. Hence their final success. But theirs was no system in the usual sense.

#### THE POOR PEDESTRIAN.

He went to cross the boulevard  
 When some thing fouled his heel,  
 He backed himself just half a yard  
 And grazed a biker's wheel.

He heard a mighty warning shout,  
 He tried to clear the track,  
 A run, a leap, a wheel about,  
 Just missed a horseless hack.

He hears a yell and starts to flee,  
 But stops and calmly waits;  
 A whoop, a fall, he failed to see  
 The kid on roller skates.

#### LIBELS ON WOMEN.

A Boston paper says that about 300 women have been licensed to preach. The rest have not taken the trouble to get a license.—St. Louis Republic.

The golf nursery is the latest fad. While the mothers knock the balls about it is supposed the nurses give the children a stick or two.—St. Louis Star.

It is said the only difference between Herod and an Atchison gossip is that he only slaughtered children, while she slaughters everybody.—Atchison Globe.

If some women would pay the same attention to dressing the inside of their heads that they devote to dressing the outside, many heads might be improved.—Exchange.

#### A Sure Cure.

A Triplet girl sent a dollar to a smart New York man for a sure cure for freckles. This is what she got:

"Remove the freckles carefully with a pocketknife; soak them over night in salt water; then hang up in the smoke-house in a good, strong smoke made of sawdust and slippery elm bark for a week. Freckles thus treated never fail to be thoroughly cured."—Kansas City Star.

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

## FRESH MEATS! POULTRY!

Wholesale and Retail.

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

STEAMER LOTTA TALBOT, YUKON DOCK.

ALASKA MEAT CO.

#### CHILDREN'S CUTE SAYINGS.

##### A Galaxy of Wisdom Culled From Youthful Minds.

"Tommy, your Uncle John found a little boy baby on his doorstep this morning, and he is going to adopt him," said a mother to her 5-year old son. "Then Uncle John will be the kid's stepfather, won't he, mamma?" queried the little fellow.

There is a great deal of truth in the assertion that knowledge—some kinds of knowledge at least—is largely a matter of instinct. Clara, aged 5, came running into her mother's room the other morning in a state of great excitement. "Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, "cook has just killed an old hen to make her over into chicken!" And yet Clara had never lived in a boarding house.

"Did any one call while I was out, Willie?" asked a mother of her small son. "Yes one man," answered Willie. "Was he young or old?" inquired the mother. "Well, he looked old in the face, but I guess he was awfully young, 'cause he didn't have no hair on his head," was the reply.

Little 4 year-old Mabel was shopping with her mother the other afternoon when it began raining very hard. "Mamma," she said, "why does it rain?" "To make the grass and vegetables grow and the strawberries that you love so well," was the reply. "But why does it rain on State street, mamma?" queried Mabel.

"Now, boys," said the Sunday school teacher, "can any of you name three great feasts of the Jews?"

"Yes'm, I can," replied one little fellow.

"Very well, Johnny. What are they?" asked the teacher.

"Breakfast, dinner and supper," was the unexpected, yet logical reply.—Chicago News.

#### THE VERDICT.

Honors are even between the Columbia and the Shamrock. Each now has a dent in her hull.—New York Sun.

Kansas has plenty of grain on hand and is hoping that Mr. Joe Leiter will consent to stir things up again.—Washington Star.

Small bills are said to be scarce. But most persons can testify to the fact that "monthly bills," big and little, are as numerous as ever.—New York Press.

Efforts are being made to introduce baseball to Brazil, and hereafter the Brazilian diamond may shine brightly on the bosom of the earth.—Philadelphia Times.

Mrs. O'Leary's cow brought on the Chicago fire, but the Tallulah goat must not be allowed to precipitate a war between Italy and the United States.—Memphis Appeal.

In a recent race in Paris the automobiles averaged about 32 miles an hour. When automobiles become common there will be no such thing as the suburbs of a city.—Lewiston Journal.

The London Saturday Review settles it with the decision that Americans are the better gymnasts and Englishmen the better athletes. Clevah! Awfully clevah! And so Review.—Boston Herald.

Russia is blue over the grain crop shortage. American farmers will cheerfully supply the deficit at a reasonable advance in prices. Let Russia take courage and not fear starvation.—Kansas City Times.

A way to embalm ice to keep it from melting has been invented by an Indiana man. If he will discover a scheme to keep coal from consuming, the con-

sumers of the country will hail him as the Dewey of the economic world.—St. Louis Republic.

The King of Belgium is going to save his throne a little while longer by granting "proportional representation" to his rebellious subjects, but he will find that this is only a palliative. Evidently the Belgians are not so docile as they once were.—Washington Times.

A proposition is made in all seriousness that United States senators wear a court dress and sword while engaged in the performance of their public duties. It will occur to most people that the senate is sufficiently picturesque without any artificial trappings.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

#### Exact Figures.

"Yes, it's a fine machine," said the neighbor who had been examining Mr. Ferguson's new bicycle. "What's the length of the crank?"

Mrs. Ferguson answered for him. "Five feet eleven and three-quarters," she said, eyeing her husband dreamily.—Chicago Tribune.

#### Kept His Word.

She—You said that you would shoot your antagonist in the duel through the heart, and you only shot off his great toe!

He—Yes; but you see the fellow was so frightened that his heart had "sunk into his boots!"

#### His Interest.

"What do you think of that round robbin?" asked one Filipino soldier.

"I'm not worried about round rob-ins," was the answer. "I am devoting all my attention to the prospects of a square meal."

#### A Disgusting Accident.

Mrs. Porticoa (at seaside hotel)—I was so shocked to hear that your daughter's horse ran away with her this morning.

Mrs. Veranda—It was perfectly horrible—disgusting!

"I heard she was not hurt."  
 "There wasn't a young man on the drive, and she was picked up by two old married men and a porter!"—New York Weekly.

#### A Message for "Bob White."

Young lady—What is that whistling? Farmer Furrow (host)—That's bob white.

Young Lady—I wish you'd tell Mr. White distinctly that I'm not going out. I don't propose to flirt in any such countrified way.

#### No Difference.

Mistress (greatly scandalized)—Is it possible, Hannah, you are making bread without washing your hands? New Kitchen Girl—Lor! What's the difference, mum? It's brown bread!—American Hebrew.

#### Ample Evidence.

"I should like some evidence, young man, that your intentions are serious," said the old gentleman.

"Evidence!" exclaimed the young man. "Haven't I bought three boxes of candy at 60 cents a pound, two matinee tickets and six plates of ice cream in less than two weeks? How much evidence do you expect from a man in moderate circumstances?"

#### Resource.

Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, was a person of resource.

Whenever she got a new hired girl she took the latter at once to the nursery and showed her the Gracchi, saying "These are my jewels!"

In this way she avoided the embarrassment of having the hired girl all the time borrowing her jewels to wear to social functions.

## OLANGAPO IS BOMBARDED.

Silenced the Guns and Set the Town on Fire.

Riddled the Buildings—Shelled the Entrenchments—Blew Up a Cannon With Gun Cotton.

Manila, Sept. 30.—The United States cruiser Charleston, the monitor Monterey and the gunboats Concord and Zafiro, with 180 marines and bluejackets from the cruiser Baltimore, left Cavite September 19, and, as already cabled, proceeded to Subig Bay to destroy an insurgent cannon there. Owing to the bad weather the operation was postponed until yesterday, when the warships for three hours bombarded the town of Olangapo and the entrenchments where the gun was situated.

At 7:25 the Monterey opened fire with her secondary and main batteries, the Charleston and Concord joining immediately. At 7:38 the insurgent cannon answered, the first shot passing close to the Monterey's smokestack. The gun was fired twice. The American bombardment then became general.

At 9:30 the Monterey advanced to a range of 600 yards, using her main battery. Two hundred and fifty men were landed about 800 yards east of the cannon at 11 o'clock, under a severe Mauer fire. The men from the Charleston were the first to reach the beach, but the Concord's men were the first at the gun, which they reached 11:10. The canon was found to be a 16-centimeter Krupp, presumably obtained from the Spaniards.

Meanwhile the warships continued to shell the shelving beach on the east and west sides to silence the insurgent fire upon the sailors on the trenches skirting the beach. Gunner Oleson exploded 50 pounds of gun cotton in three discharges in the cannon, which has suffered from the fire of the warships.

The Monterey fired for four hours, 21 shots from her 12-inch guns. The town, which was riddled with shells, took fire from several points.

Men from the Charleston, Concord and Zafiro were then landed under a heavy insurgent fire, proceeded to the cannon, which was utterly destroyed by gun cotton, and then returned to the warships. The Americans had one man wounded during the engagement.

### TALK ON CAPE NOME.

Season's Output Placed at \$3,000,000, Including Beaches.

Seattle, Sept. 30.—J. G. Fritz, a member of the state legislature during 1896-7, has returned from Cape Nome, full of faith in the new American Eldorado. He has one of the prettiest collections of nuggets, about 100 in number, that has come from the famous camp. They range from \$5 to \$200 in value each. One, a round-shaped specimen, weighs 12½ ounces, and, according to Cape Nome assay values, is worth probably \$220.

Mr. Fritz talked entertainingly of Cape Nome camp, saying:

The total clean-up this fall, I think, will reach \$2,000,000, and of this over \$1,000,000 will have been taken from the beach. One combination, Lindberg, Lindblom, Brynston and Chilberg, will bring out about \$250,000, and it will all come to Seattle. Why not? They are all Seattle men up there, or are men kindly disposed toward this city. I will probably be laughed at for making such a statement, but the quartette I have named will take more gold from its Cape Nome mines than the celebrated Eldorado creek of the Klondike has produced. Look at the claims they own, 50 or 60 in number. They are 1,320 feet in extent, and all of their properties are rich.

I saw high gambling in Anvil City. One man, whose name I prefer not to give, lost \$18,000 in two hours against the wheel (roulette), and while he was

doing this three others got separated from \$5000 to \$10,000 each. The playing took place in the Northern saloon, owned by Tex & Murphy. They were formerly Klondike sports, but there was no such gambling as that in Dawson.

Yes," Jim Wardner, the veteran mine operator joined in; "there is more gambling in Cape Nome than any other camp I ever knew at its infancy, and I've seen them all. But at that the dealers piled the chairs on the layout while I was there, and took to the beach to dig gold. Now the gold must be pretty plentiful when a sport will get out and dig dirt rather than deal the bank."

### THE BOUNDARY DISPUTE.

George's Dad Undertakes to Discuss the Alaska Question.

Maw was Settlin out on the Porch puttin a new Spinnaker on the After Deck of little Albert's pants the other nite When Ppaw Come Home a exsited and Fung His paper Down and Says:

"It Beets me How this glorious Country of ours is always Gittin into Trouble. It Don't make no Difference Whether Crops is good or Bad they are always sumthing happenin to upset Business. Here they are Talk of war with Canady now." "What about?" maw ast.

"The alasky boundery," Says paw.

"What's that?" says Maw.

"It's what I sed it was," paw says—"the alasky boundery. When I say alasky Boundery I Don't mean the Nickle plate ralerode nor a York Stait cheese facktry."

"Well," maw says purtending She Diden't notus How mad paw was, "I Don't See what we want to Go Fitin Over Alasky fer. If we Got to Fite all the Fites these Here Outside islands Go and Git up With other Folks I Gess we won't never Have no chancet to Do ennything else. We Had to Fite for Cuby and the Fillepeens end now Alasky wants us to Go Fite fer it. What do we?"

"Oh, hold on," paw Hollered. "You Don't no no more about State Affaires Than little Albert Duz about the national Banking Sistum. Alasky ain't no island, and it ain't no Other Country what wants Us to Go Fite its Fites. Alasky Belongs to us."

"Well, Duz Canady want to take it away?" Says maw.

"No," paw answered. "Why Don't you Keep posted on These things? I ain't Got no time To come Home and Tell you all about Them whenever ennything Hapens."

"If Canady Don't want Alasky," maw Says, "what's the Trouble bout?"

"The Boundery!" paw Told her, Speaking purty loud. "Diden't I Tell you the Boundery wunst Before? When I Sed the Boundery I Diden't mean which club Has the man with the Highest Batten averidge."

"But what's the matter with the Boundery?" maw ast.

So paw looked at Her purty Disgusted and Says:

"They ain't no ust To tell You. You'd Fergit Before tomorrow mornin enny how." GEORGIE.

—Chicago Times-Herald.

### After Visiting the Circus.

Mrs. Kiddlet—Why, children, what's all this noise about?

Little Jamie—We've had gran'pa and Uncle Henry locked in the cupboard for an hour, an when they get a little angrier I'm going to play 'going into the lion's cage.'—Tit Bits.

### White Light of Publicity.

"I'd hate to be president of the United States."

"Why?"

"When he doesn't go to church, all the newspapers tell on him."—Chicago Record.

### Arctic Brotherhood.

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

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

# B. L. & K. N. CO.

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Ora, Flora, Nora, Olive May,

Don't Be Caught on Bars . . . .

Remember, the River Is Rapidly Falling

OUR BOATS ARE SMALL AND FAST . . . .  
MEALS AND ACCOMMODATIONS THE BEST

Read Shipping News for Record Trip by Str. Flora.

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OFFICE, AT CITY DOCK

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Operating river steamers

ROBERT KERR, MILWAUKEE, REINDEER, PILGRIM, LOTTA TALBOT, SYBIL,

W. H. EVANS, MAKING CLOSE CONNECTIONS WITH THE

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

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

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

## Dawson Sawmill & Building Co.

SMITH & HOBBS, Props.

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

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ARTHUR LEWIN

Has reopened on Front street, next door south of Dominion, and is prepared to supply you with anything, from a needle to a steam-boat. HIGH-GRADE LIQUORS AND CIGARS A SPECIALTY.

## S. Y. T. Co. Seattle-Yukon Transportation Company

W. D. WOOD, Seattle, President.

The Latest and Most Improved Facilities for

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Bet. 2d and 3d Sts H. TE ROLLER, Resident Manager.

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S. P. BROWN, Gen. Agt., Skaguay. Gen. Traffic Mgr., Skaguay

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STEAMER WILLIE IRVING

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Orders filled promptly

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LESTER TURNER, Cashier

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF SEATTLE, WASH.

Gold dust bought or advanced on. Interest paid on deposits. Safety deposit box is free to customers.

### THE SCANDINAVIAN AMERICAN BANK

of Seattle, Wash

ANDREW CHILBERG, A. H. SOELBERG, President. Cashier.

Gold dust received for delivery to the mint or assay office in Seattle. Prompt returns made.

INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS.

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Railway and steamship tickets sold to all parts of the world.

## Chisholm's Saloon

OLD STAND.

Full line Best Brands of

Wines, Liquors and Cigars

TOM CHISHOLM, Prop'r

### GRAND FORKS

Machine and Blacksmith Shop

All Kinds of Machine Work

and Repairing . . . .

GRAND FORKS, ABOVE BUTLER HOTEL  
GEO. McCORD, Proprietor.

Fine Line of Pies, Cakes, Bread and Delicacies of all kinds.

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DOWN TOWN STORE UP TOWN STORE

S.E. Cor. 3d st. & 3d av. Opp. Klondike Bridge

Lay blanks, bills of sale, deeds and mortgages for sale at The Nugget office. Price 25 cents each.

WON BY

A Dawson at the

The Victor Me hap, but Floor and

There were sweepstakes p house Saturday \$25, and the Trilby Collins, eater of the Pa eree, 'because c fine points of Kline officiated

The hungry Delfel, 'Julé D Sour Dough), F Ober. None of lately so as to the test, while seriously suspediet of sarsapa week, so great v

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But it was not test. Ober prove of all pie eaters. from ear to ear lie edge of the table a low it whole. W on the floor, of

Here was an ac veteran. With an begged referee C back on the table were tied—A sugg corruptible referee ly and properly r moment. Down c Ober, and in ge the pie his forehe to be pressed into in the center. Th it; every bite now his head down every time he raise cating his pie with of a monkey with

ments of the pie sticking now this and now to that, covered with stick nape of his neck. Trojan, and swallo never stopping to other boys, were range of vision o crowd cheered the faster he worked, to gaze over the ed

## WON BY TWO OUNCES.

### A Dawson Champion Pie Eater at the Opera House.

#### The Victor Meets With a Serious Mishap, but Wins Out—Pie on the Floor and Everywhere Else.

There were five entries in the grand sweepstakes pie-eating at the Opera house Saturday night. The prize was \$25, and the pies were blackberry. Trilby Collins, the ex-champion pie eater of the Pacific coast was chosen referee, because of his knowledge of the fine points of the game, while Jakey Kline officiated as judge.

The hungry contestants were George Delfel, Jule Delfel, Jim Ross (alias Sour Dough), Harry Switzer and Chas. Ober. None of the boys had eaten much lately so as to the better fit them for the test, while Charles Ober was seriously suspected to have been on a diet of sarsaparilla, and iron for a week, so great was his appetite.

The boys were lined up in front of a long table facing the audience. Two hands were tied behind each back and at the firing of a pistol five heads were instantaneously buried in five pies. At the first onslaught Sour Dough shrewdly avoided the center of his pasty and stooping till his mouth was level with the table top proceeded to get the edge of his pie between his teeth and slowly eat his way into the middle and then on through to the opposite edge. This left two fragments—one on each side of his head. They were of such handy size that he choked on the first and was out of the race. Meanwhile the Delfel brothers had eaten down through the soft middle of the pie and had left nothing with which to lubricate the rim crust.

Jule stopped to tell George that he must not conceal any of that dry pie edge and George looked up to tell him to mind his own business and eat his own pie. The altercation lost them both the race. Switzer went at his pie like a stolid negro into a watermelon. All attempts at distracting his attention proved futile. First he ate the dry rim while he was fresh and hungry depending upon the luscious center to find a place for itself even after appetite was sated. For awhile he lost ground with the others and seemed out of it entirely. But many is the pie that Switzer has put away within that plump waistband of his, and toward the end of the contest it was easily seen that he was an old hand at the business.

But it was not Switzer won the contest. Ober proved himself a very king of all pie eaters. Stretching his mouth from ear to ear he worked his pie to the edge of the table and attempted to swallow it whole. With a flop it fell over on the floor, of course top side down.

Here was an accident to discourage a veteran. With an imploring gesture he begged referee Collins to put the pie back on the table since his own hands were tied—A suggestion which the incorruptible referee and judge very sternly and properly refused to harbor for a moment. Down on his knees flopped Ober, and in getting his first bite of the pie his forehead, nose and eyes had to be pressed into the mass of sweetness in the center. There was no help for it; every bite now required him to get his head down on the floor, and every time he raised to breathe—masticating his pie with the jaw-bone agility of a monkey with an almond—the fragments of the pie would be observed sticking now this side of his head and now to that, until it was entirely covered with sticky sweetness even the nape of his neck. But he worked like a Trojan, and swallowed like an ostrich, never stopping to inquire what the other boys were doing up above his range of vision on the table. The crowd cheered the boy on the floor and faster he worked. Switzer stopped once to gaze over the edge of the table at his

perspiring antagonist—and so lost the race; for just then as a triumphant finale, Ober ran out six inches of blackened tongue, licked up the last fragments from the pie-stained floor, sprang to his feet and amidst the uproars of the tumultuous multitude pushed to the judge and referee for a decision. With becoming gravity he was declared the winner, having won by two ounces of pie ahead of the nearest contestant. And now Ober is out with a pie challenge for the territory, barring nothing but heavyweights.

#### CONDITIONS ON JACK WADE. Afford Opportunities to Make Money This Winter.

Extensive preparations for winter work are now being made in the Jack Wade district. At the present time, there are between 1200 and 1400 men in the district; all of these, with few exceptions, will remain this winter. This number, however, is insufficient to supply the demand for labor. With wages at a dollar per hour, there is a scarcity of workingmen. The government trail from Eagle City has not yet been constructed, and it is doubtful if the road will be built this season.

About two or three miles up from Sam Patch's place, at a point where Jack Wade creek flows into Fortymile river, a small town has been started, which has been christened Jack Wade by the few who live there. As yet, there is only a saloon, one store, and two bunk-houses, in addition to a few miners' cabins; but just as soon as the Fortymile freezes, a restaurant outfit will be taken there. Even now, many transient travelers visit this district, and the number of such will increase as the winter progresses. The summer work on Chicken and Montana creeks has been satisfactory to claim owners. These two creeks will be thoroughly worked this winter; and it is freely predicted at Fortymile that wages in the district will be at least \$1.25 an hour this season.

#### Thinks the Country is Different.

Editor Nugget: The time when honesty was at home is gone by. A young fellow came to my cabin last night and asked me for a little tea. I gave him the same; he came back after supper and told me that his cabin had been broken open and everything taken, including his winter clothing. About two weeks ago he bought a big lot of provisions and two days after he went up Hunker, returning last night. This poor fellow (his name I think is H. Lueddeke) has had bad luck all along.

This spring he was beat out of his whole last winter's work on Dominion, and when he got to town he found his cabin burnt during the first brush fire on the hill. Then he worked a lay, No. 1 below Hunker, and did not receive anything out of that. I think stealing ought to be punished harder in this country, and those rascals that beat their men out of their wages ought to be made to leave the country; but instead, the biggest rogues are the men that flourish, and the poor workingmen suffer. Things and men have changed since the days of the Sixtymile and Fortymile camp. Yours truly,

HARRY LEMORIE.  
Dawson, Oct. 3.

#### Those Salaries.

The wholesale raise of salaries in government circles is as yet unconfirmed. The rumor was founded upon an article in a Victoria paper of September 25th. It stated that the gold commissioner's salary was to be raised to \$5000 per year, and the legal adviser to the same figure. Private advices from Ottawa also include Commissioner Ogilvie amongst the lucky ones, and \$6000 is the figure given for that gentleman. A few days at most will lift the officials off the ragged edge of suspense, for it is believed that Mr. Clement will bring in the order in council, which is to put officials upon a basis with the smaller of our merchants.

#### Removal Notice.

Dr. Lee, dentist, has removed from the Bodega block to the V. Y. T block, upstairs.

## THE STROLLER'S COLUMN.

The "French Kid" registered a winning of \$1000 against faro bank Friday night. During the succeeding 24 hours, he and his coterie of friends enjoyed a hot old time. They stacked chips so high on the "layout" that the dealers cut them down. They played with the dance hall girls against "alaman-left," and drank whisky enough to float the Reindeer. By 7 o'clock Saturday night the "Kid" had become so helpless that he was incapable of rolling a cigarette. His furious time had dissipated all his winnings. He succeeded in grape-vining his way to a chair near an unused card table in the Dominion and there passed into a state of innocuous desuetude.

Frank Kelly, the rag-time song and dance comedian at the Opera house, had the misfortune to lose his trunks at Whitehorse. He checked them through from Bennett to Dawson, but carelessly neglected to personally attend to their transfer at Whitehorse. The steamboat company assures him that the luggage will arrive before the river freezes, but Kelley may save himself much worry by concluding that he will be lucky if he receives the trunks next summer, without being compelled to pay any winter storage. At present, he is having some trouble in securing a suitable make-up.

It seems strange that the Yukon council is so dilatory in the matter of enlarging the present quarters of the territorial court. Crown Prosecutor F. C. Wade, a member of the council, is decidedly in favor of this improvement.

Judge Dugas has signified his approval by representing, some time ago, to Commissioner Ogilvie, that the partition now separating the territorial court room from the police court room could be torn down and the whole space thus afforded, be given to the use of the territorial court. This seems like a feasible plan, for it ought not to be difficult to find for the police magistrate such small accommodations as he requires. The facility which should attend the transactions of the territorial court business, is now hindered by exasperating inconvenience.

The beneficial effect of the rush to Nome is evident to any one who is acquainted with conditions, as they were a year ago this time. Then the gambling houses and saloons were crowded with hundreds of idle men, who had no permanent places to sleep nor eat. After 1 o'clock in the morning, every chair, every available space on the tops of unused gambling tables, were occupied by persons who passed the nights in saloons, and who ate where and when opportunity permitted. This is not the condition of affairs now. Many of those who spent last winter in this way have departed from the country. Some succeeded in obtaining enough money to go to Nome, or to the outside, and the absence of some others may be attributed to the police department; but the number of all such is small, when compared to those that are still here, who were idle and who lived around the saloons during the past winter. The fact is that the departure of many who had employment last season, has created some demand for labor, and most of the unlucky ones of a year ago have secured work.

Corinne B. Gray, a vaudeville artist and dance hall girl, departed for the outside on the 2nd of this month; she engaged passage on the steamboat Sybil. Before leaving she executed a bill of sale, conveying to Uncle Hoffman, in consideration of \$90, all of her household furniture. After the boat left, Mine Uncle went to Corinne's cabin and found that every piece of furniture had been removed, excepting a bedroom suite, which was being held under an attachment for rent. The swindle was reported to the police, who at-

tempted to intercept the gay fairy at Whitehorse by telegraph; but no news of her arrest has reached Dawson, and it is thought that she has succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the officers. Uncle Hoffman seems to be an easy mark, and Corinne evidently knew a good thing when she should.

#### THE STROLLER.

**Crazy Thomas.**  
Corporal Wilson left Dawson on the steamer Ora on Thursday afternoon to accompany D. L. Thomas to the insane asylum at New Westminster, B. C.

The corporal's term of enlistment in the N. W. M. P. expires in three months, and he is entitled to his discharge outside at the place of his enlistment. He hopes to get a leave of absence when he arrives outside in which to visit his home in the North of England, by which time his term will expire.

The corporal has been the charge de affairs of the town station since the illness of Corporal Belcher last winter. His gentlemanly manner and strict attention to duty, coupled with an unpretentious manner of approaching people has earned him the good will of all in town.

Corporal McPhail arrived from Selkirk Wednesday evening to assume control of the town police in place of Wilson, and has already assumed charge. McPhail was on the town force for many months and is a tried and trusted officer.

#### Cold and Warm Storage.

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

FRANK E. WOLFE.

#### Change of Address.

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

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

Have you Paid Your Taxes

On the Property Which You Own in the States?

**The Nugget Express**

Makes a Specialty of Attending to Such Matters

You Pay the Money We'll do the Rest.

THEATRES.

THE **Monte Carlo** THEATRE...

CROWDED TO THE DOORS EACH NIGHT.

Entire Change of Program Every Week...

SEE OUR NEW PEOPLE.

The Monte Carlo has recently been newly refitted and is now the handsomest theatre in the northwest. Drop in and have some fun.

### LATEST STEAMBOAT NEWS.

This Year's Season Is Drawing to a Close.

The Rock Island, Seattle Nos. 1, 3 and 4 Arrive From St. Michael—The Florence S. Departs.

The present season of navigation is almost closed. It is only a matter of a few days when floating pieces of ice will occur in such sizes as to seriously interfere with returning of the steamboats. The river has raised considerably during the past week, and this has been of the utmost benefit to stranded boats and scows. The Reindeer succeeded in floating herself and arrived in Dawson on Friday. The Florence S. departed for Whitehorse on Monday. Among those who took passage on her for the outside were: Mr. and Mrs. Weinheim, Mrs. R. Crawford, H. I. Miller, Corporal D. N. Bennett, of the N. W. M. P., and G. P. Parker, an U. S. army officer. On Saturday the steamboats Seattle No. 1, Seattle No. 3, and Rock Island, and a large covered barge, the Seattle No. 4, arrived in port. All of these boats are owned by the S. Y. T. Co. The Seattles left St. Michaels on Sept. 1st, and experienced a difficult and tedious trip to Dawson. The Rock Island departed from St. Michaels on Sept. 13th. Her captain confirms the reports of the richness of the Cape Nome country. The lower river is clear of stranded boats. The Milwaukee, under charter to the S. Y. T. Co., left St. Michaels on Sept. 15, and her arrival is expected daily. The Seattle Nos. 1, 3, and 4, and Rock Island will leave immediately for Stewart river, at which place they will go into winter quarters. On Saturday, the Emma Nott, with two scows in tow, reached Dawson; after a trip of 20 days from Whitehorse. She brought down 75 tons of freight, among which were 100 barrels of Schlitz beer, ale, and porter for the new police canteen.

#### A Handsome Institution.

The Nugget scribe was invited to visit Dr. Bourke's private hospital one day this week and felt himself well repaid for the time so spent. In the first place it is capacious and besides having 30 airy and light rooms is the best built structure in town and is entirely upon plans furnished by the doctor, with provisions for ventilation, which are the result of many years of experience. Capacious halls with winding stair cases extending up three stories provide ample change of air, either winter or summer. Everything is spotlessly clean and prepossessing, from the convenient kitchen to the large operating room. Amongst the novelties introduced by the doctor, and one of which he is just a trifle vain, is one for the utilization of heat from the large stoves. Three times the six inch pipes traverse the entire length of the building before entering the flue which conveys the smoke above the roof of the building. By this means there is a condensation of not only creosote, which, by a small pipe is reconveyed to the stove and burned, but of water also, which is caught in a receptacle, and thrown away. It is well worth anyone's while to visit this hospital, which shows Dawson's advancement in the hygienic art as in everything else. Miss Hannah, a Red Cross nurse and Edwin C. Biggs are in charge of the nursing. We congratulate the attending physician, Dr. Bourke, upon his progressiveness.

#### Dawson's First Brick Building.

The completion of the Dawson Warehouse Company's new brick structure works a distinct turning point in the history of building in Dawson. Without doubt the Dawson of the future will be a city of brick structures. General public interest, however, is centered in this particular building, for it bears the unique distinction of being the first brick building and the only genuine fireproof structure ever erected in the Territory.

The promoters of the enterprise, Messrs. McMullen, Kirkpatrick and Hobbs, are among Dawson's most enterprising and influential citizens, each having been identified with the growth and development of our city from its infancy. In a remarkably short period of time they have completed the warehouse, which in every respect is a model for the purpose for which it is designed.

The company purposes to furnish the merchants and any other citizens of Dawson who may have perishable goods with the very best protection, both against cold and fire. The building is heated in such a manner as to preserve

at all times an even temperature and insure the preservation of all goods which may be left in charge of the company.

The building is 30x80, and has a capacity of about 400 tons. The gentlemen who are back of the warehouse are too well known to require an extended notice.

Mr. McMullen, as local manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, has become known to every business man in the community, and is himself heavily interested in various financial enterprises in the city.

Mr. Kirkpatrick is an old "sour-dough," owning some splendid mining properties in addition to his interest in the townsite.

Mr. Hobbs is also an old-timer, and known as a hustler and able business man.

The company is an exceedingly strong one, and its personnel is the very best guarantee of its responsibility.

#### Another Sour Dough Gone.

Joe Cooper has gone, and this time for good. Being a progressive citizen, he kept pace with the march of civilization in this great North west and his saloon was second to none for artistic finish and expensive fittings. But he did not like it. The close competition of latter-day business was disagreeable to the first saloonkeeper in the Yukon territory. He deplored the tendency to cheap drinks with their consequent demoralization upon the community at large. The old family friendships of the inhabitants are a thing of the past and he grew tired of living where he had to be introduced every hour of the day to strange people. Strange faces greeted him at every turn. He cherishes the old Fortymile ideas of hospitality and found them impracticable with our present population. People took advantage of his open heart and gaping purse, while Fortymile experience was no guide in meeting people on latter day propositions, so he sold out to Tom O'Brien for \$45,000 and left the territory for good on the Florence S. He thinks that Nome will tempt him in the spring.

#### LOCAL BREVITIES.

The new fire hall at the bridge is to be two stories and 28x55 feet in dimensions. Jeffries Davison is the government contractor doing the work.

An incipient fire broke out in the Northern cafe on Sunday. The floor, under the cooking range, caught from a live spark, which dropped out of the grate. The alarm was turned in, and the fire department had no difficulty in extinguishing the blaze.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank R. Clark, on Gold hill, will this evening (Tuesday) celebrate the fifth anniversary of a happy marriage at their comfortable home on their claim. A gathering of friends will participate in the innocent festivities and join in wishing many returns of the auspicious occasion.

The Elby road house, 30 below on Bonanza, indulged on Friday night in the festive dance, interspersed with music, singing and refreshments, the approach of the breakfast hour alone bringing about a dispersal of the jolly fun makers. Ross and Carroll furnished the music and right well they pleased the crowd.

#### POLICE COURT ITEMS.

An appeal was taken from the judgment of \$107.50 given to plaintiff in the wage case of Hickey vs. Robinson.

E. S. Sayers was accused of discharging firearms within the city limits on last Sunday. He promised never to do it again, and was dismissed.

Albert Eckelman is accused of carrying concealed weapons. While drunk, he made a dangerous display of the same at the Monte Carlo, last Thursday.

Inspector Cartwright presided over the police court this week. He took Inspector Primrose's place, who had other official duties which required attention.

In the wage suit of Lever vs. McMullen, judgment was rendered in favor of the plaintiff for \$148. The defendant gave notice of appeal to the territorial court.

Joseph Hutchings and Isaac Petersen violated the rules of public propriety by becoming drunk and disorderly. Each left \$10 and costs with the clerk of the court.

Forty members of the sporting fraternity were represented in the police court Tuesday morning by the proprietors of the different gambling houses. Each was touched for the "double limit," and the queen's coffers are richer to the amount of \$2,240.

Emily Lagrace accused her husband of committing an assault upon her with a deadly weapon with intent to do bodily harm. It seems that Mr. Lagrace called on his spouse on Monday morning at her rooms, over the Northern restaurant. His purpose was to lead

## Grand Opening

BRAND'S

## CLUB BATH AND GYMNASIUM....

Third Avenue, Bet. 3rd and 4th Streets

OCTOBER 12, 1899

### 4-Round Set-To Wrestling Match

Best 2 out of 3, catch-as-catch-can.

HIGH-POLE VAULTING

To be followed by a Social Hop

Music by Eggart's Band and Orchestra.

Thursday Evening, October 12, 1899

## DR. BOURKE'S HOSPITAL.

Construction, equipment and staff equal to any hospital outside. Scientifically heated, especially to maintain an equable temperature. Trained nurses in attendance. Inspection invited. Terms from \$10 a day, including medical attendance. Cow's milk and other delicacies required by patients administered.

#### LOST AND FOUND

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

FOUND—Pocket book belonging to Frank Thomas. Call and prove property. Nugget Express Office.

FOUND—Large black Newfoundland dog, white breast and white toe tips. Pay expense. C. Buckley, Adams' hill.

#### WANTED

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

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

WANTED—Man who understands engraving. Apply Nugget office.

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

#### FOR SALE.

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

ONE printing press, 100,000 cards, 100,000 circulars, 1000 sheets assorted Bristol, ink, pencils and stationery by wholesale. Hall next to postoffice.

#### LUNCH COUNTERS.

C. J. BOYD'S 25c. Lunch Counter, Second ave., next P.O., entrance also on First ave.; big stack of hot and coffee, 25c.; corned beef, tea, coffee or milk, 25c.; sandwiches and coffee, 25c.; ham and eggs, or steak and eggs and coffee, 75c. Bread, cakes and pies for sale. 9-23

#### BLACKSMITHS.

OBER & HAWLEY, Third ave. south, near 5th st.; blacksmithing, machine, wagon and sleigh work done promptly at low prices; scientific horseshoeing a specialty.

#### PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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

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

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

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

#### PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS

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

#### MINING ENGINEERS.

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

#### OYSTER PARLORS.

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

her back to the straight and narrow path, from which he claims she has strayed. He emphasized his remarks by flourishing an empty revolver. Emily screamed, and Constable Booth, attracted by her cries, arrived on the scene. Lagrace was arrested. At his hearing he explained to the court the conduct of his wife and expressed regret for drawing the empty revolver. Inspector Cartwright discharged him, but told him to have recourse to the law and not to firearms.

The court-martial of Kelly, Ensley and Lafevre, the three soldiers accused of stealing government rations and selling them to William Sykes, resulted in the acquittal of Kelly and the conviction of Ensley and Lafevre, who have been sentenced to three months' imprisonment with hard labor.

#### Death on Wade Creek.

News is brought from Fortymile concerning the death of Carleton Russell, who died on claim No. 10, above lower discovery, Jack Wade creek, on Sept. 27th. Russell came to Fortymile via the Copper river route, and had been afflicted with scurvy, from which he never fully recovered. A short time before his death he was taken with a sudden attack of inflammation of the bowels, from which death eventually resulted. Deceased came from Gilmore, Iowa, and leaves a wife and several children.

Mrs. A. W. Hall, wife of A. W. Hall, of the Crown grocery, next to the post-office, left for the outside last Sunday. She will spend the winter among her relatives in Texas. We all expect to see her back in the spring. She will be welcomed by her husband and numerous friends.

#### Lost or Strayed.

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

Private dining and wine rooms at the Cafe Royal.

#### BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS.

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

J. J. DONOVAN M. CONNELLY.

#### Hotel McDonald

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

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