

CAPTAIN OBERLIN M. CARTER

For Defrauding the Government
Must Serve Five Years.

Has Been a High Roller and Prison
Life Will Be Hard for Him to Endure.

Capt. Oberlin M. Carter, the United States army officer recently convicted of immense frauds in connection with the improvement of Savannah harbor, Georgia, a work of which he had charge as the government engineer, was sentenced to the Fort Leavenworth (Kansas) penitentiary for five years' imprisonment at hard labor, deprivation of his rank in the army, and dismissal and \$5000 fine.

The contrast between Carter's life for the next five years and his life for the preceding ones could not be more dissimilar. Carter's rooms were always models of luxury. No society girls, nurtured in the lap of wealth, ever exceeded this luxury-loving officer in the costly, artistic elegance of boudoir and bedroom. Priceless tapestries, rare old furniture, toilet trappings in solid gold and silver, fine linens, dainty perfumes—all these and a thousand other elegancies are as much a part of Oberlin M. Carter's life as the air he breathes.

At the Fort Leavenworth penitentiary he must manage to survive for five long years without his wine sippers, his rapid friends, and his perfumed baths. Five changes of toilet a day are not recognized as essential at the Fort Leavenworth prison. One suit is quite efficient, according to the prison code—a stout suit of coarse gray, with a big straw hat in summer and a small blue denim cap in winter.

The man who has played the high roller for years who has been courted by pleasure-loving fashionables, admired by women, and envied by men, will for the next five years be kept under lock and key as a mere thing, duly ticketed and numbered. His number will be marked in glaring red, stenciled on his prison garments in four places—right across the broad of his back, over the right thigh, and on the all of each leg. A more degrading thing—this branding of the criminal more prominently than the government mule is marked—could not be devised.

Fort Leavenworth is not a place where the tastes of prisoners are consulted. Discipline of the handcuff variety is promptly applied as the occasion demands. The prison is a collection of old buildings, entered through a sallyport, guarded night and day by heavily armed men. Inside the sallyport a gloomy archway leads under the offices of the warden and his subordinates, the printing shop, and photograph gallery, to the prison buildings where the convicts are housed, fed and bathed.

At Fort Leavenworth hard labor means just what the term implies. Carter, with hands unused to labor harder than uncorking champagne bottles and throwing away money, will find the conditions far from enjoyable. He will sleep in a regulation prison cell behind a steel-barred door, watched by a guard armed with a shot gun. It is needless to say that the rare carpets and priceless tapestries which have heretofore contributed to his comfort will not figure in his Fort Leavenworth cell.

The bill of fare is not an appetizing outlook for Carter, for this luxurious officer has fattened for years upon the choicest foods prepared by artist chefs. Nothing in the eating and drinking line has been quite good enough for the epicurean captain. Think what five years of Fort Leavenworth prison fare will mean to him—an eternity of gastronomic misery.

The work which falls to the share of almost all new arrivals is with the pick and blasting drill in the quarries two miles from the prison. The stone is for use in the construction of the new penitentiary. Carter comes in for this back-breaking, hand-blistering experience. Fort Leavenworth prison has a set of very severe rules, all rigidly enforced. Should Carter grow disobedient his prison allowance of tobacco will be shut off, he will be denied the privilege of writing or receiving letters, his diet may be restricted to bread and water, and in the event of persistent misconduct he would be handcuffed day and night to the bars of his cell. They stand no nonsense at Fort Leavenworth. Still they work no cruelties and the prisoner who behaves well, takes his medicine, as it were, unflinchingly, is treated as well as he could rightly expect. He can write to his friends and receive their letters; he may subscribe for any reputable newspaper or magazine, and may have books from the prison library.

Every Saturday afternoon Carter will be compelled not only to give himself a cold-water bath with common brown soap accompaniment, but he will be forced to wash and scrub his cell, depressing work for the man who for years has been living in perfumed baths, and relying upon the services of a skilled valet for the simplest tasks of the toilet.—Ex.

Electric Cars in Scotland.
A Scottish paper tells an anecdote in connection with the new electric system just opened in Aberdeen. Two farm servants came to Aberdeen by train, they immediately made their way to the terminus of the electric tramway circuit, where, after looking at the new

creation with much wonder, they decided upon having a ride. Getting on to the top of the car, and after getting well along George street, "Wull," said man Jock, "this is a graun' invention. In Edinburgh I saw them drive the cars wi' an iron rape aneth street, in Dundee they pu' them wi' an engine, but, mighty man, wha wad a' thoct they could ca' them wi' a fishing rod!"

His Admission Was Enough.

A story is told of two prominent Chicago lawyers who several years ago were regarded as being among the brightest lawyers the state had produced for a long time, says the Philadelphia Bulletin. There was great rivalry between these men, and one day they were having a heated argument on the steps of the statehouse at Springfield.

"I'll agree to leave it to the first man we meet," said one of the wrangling lawyers, fiercely.

"All right, and that will settle it once for all—ah, here he is, Charley!"

"We'll leave it to him," "Charley," as the man spoken of approached within hearing distance, "we want you to decide who is the best lawyer in Illinois. We agree to abide by your decision."

"Well," replied Charley, himself an old practitioner, and well known in the capital city, "I plead guilty to being the best lawyer in the state myself."

"Why, Charley, how can it be proved?" inquired the first of the two Chicagoans.

"You don't have to prove it," replied the Springfield man; "I admit it, don't I?"—Chicago Herald.

Dastardly Outrage.

Hot Springs, Ark., Oct. 19.—A father, mother, and four young children were blown to atoms last evening at Sells, Montgomery county, 14 miles from Hot Springs.

While the family was at supper their home was wrecked by an explosion of dynamite. The unfortunate people were Jeff and Maggie Jones, and their children, ranging in age from 6 years to four months.

It is believed that a dispute over a homestead claim prompted the outrage. The county officials wired last night that they were close on the tracks of the guilty persons.

Progressive South-Americans.

How swiftly the gospel of labor-saving inventions spreads nowadays! It took a century for printing presses to supercede goose quills, and two centuries and a half before east Europeans adopted the firearms of their western neighbors, but the telephone has already woven its net-work of wires across the old cloister town of Bogota, in the heart of the Andes. Trolley cars are whirring through the streets of Para and Valparaiso, and a speculator of the latter city is going to try his luck with a cable road to a hotel on a lofty terrace of Mt. Aconcagua.—Indianapolis Press.

Not Piety, but Pork.

The following bit of non-conformist humor is taken from "The Farringtons," an English romance. The speakers are Mrs. Bateson and Mrs. Hankey, worthy wives, but not altogether above feeling a certain pleasure in showing up the ways of husbands.

"They've no sense, men haven't," said Mrs. Hankey, "that's what's the matter with them."

"You never spoke a truer word, Mrs. Hankey," replied Mrs. Bateson. "The very best of them don't properly know the difference between their souls and their stomachs, and they fancy they are wrestling with their doubts when really it is their dinners that are wrestling with them."

"Now take Bateson himself," continued Mrs. Bateson. A kinder husband or better Methodist never drew breath, yet so sure as he touches a bit of pork, he begins to worry himself about the doctrine of election till there's no living with him. And then he'll sit in the front parlor and engage in prayer for hours at a time till I says to him:

"Bateson," says I, "I'd be ashamed to go troubling the Lord with a prayer, when a pinch o' carbonate o' soda would set things straight again."

Career of Roosevelt.

Born in No. 28 East Twentieth street, on October 27th, 1858.

Eight generations of his father's family lived there.

Of mingled Dutch, Scotch, Irish and French-Huguenot ancestry.

Was graduated from Harvard in 1880, a leader in college athletics and with a well trained mind.

Studied law and in 1881 was elected to the assembly. Was re-elected in 1883, 1884 and 1885.

Introduced many reform measures for New York city.

Was Republican candidate for mayor in 1886 against Hewitt and George. Lost by 22,000 plurality.

Member of United States civil service commission under Cleveland.

Resigned in 1895 to become a police commissioner of New York.

Became assistant secretary of the navy in 1897.

Commanded the Rough Riders in the war with Spain.

Was elected governor of New York in 1898.

Was elected vice-president of the United States in 1900.—Ex.

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

For special designs in jewelry see Soggs & Vesco, Third st., opp. A. C.

Any kind of wine \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.

PERSONALITIES.

Lord Kitchener is a Freemason of high degree and holds the office of district grand master of Egypt and the Sudan.

Sir Henry M. Stanley has announced that with the expiration of his present term in the house of commons he will retire from politics.

Ezra J. Warner of Chicago, class of '61, has added \$20,000 to his previous gift of \$50,000 for a science hall for Middlebury (Vt.) college.

Professor Vambéry, the celebrated authority on oriental subjects, has received an invitation from the sultan to pay a visit to Constantinople.

Lord Rosebery, who was for so long a time regarded as the "boy" of the political world, has now outgrown that distinction, for he completed his fifty-third year recently.

Fred H. Rowe of Jacksonville, Ill., the new chairman of the Illinois Republican state committee, is a Vermont man by birth and was educated at Williams college. He has lived in Illinois since he was 18 years old.

Two ex-secretaries of the interior and the present secretary were together in Washington recently, and all of them are from St. Louis. They were General John W. Noble, David R. Francis and Ethan A. Hitchcock.

Captain J. B. Coghlan, one of the heroes of the Spanish war, has been in command of the Puget sound naval station, but has now been given leave of absence because of ill health. He will be succeeded by Captain Dyer of the Boston navy yard.

Former United States Senator James W. Bradbury of Augusta, Me., celebrated his ninety-eighth birthday recently, receiving many callers and messages from all over the United States. He retains his faculties to a remarkable degree and keeps up his interest in current events.

Herr Karl Neufeld, the mahdi's old prisoner, intends, it is said, to return to the Sudan shortly. He has been engaged there as head manager of a large factory, and Mrs. Neufeld, his grown up daughter, his sister and Herr von Natzmer, who was formerly his mother's bailiff, will accompany him.

At the Italian elections there will be some strange parliamentary candidates. Mascagni, the composer, is going to run at Pesaro and thinks he will be elected. He intends to join D'Annunzio in forming a group of "intellectuals" in the legislature. At Fermo it is proposed to put up Ermete Novelli, the actor.

Professor Stoyan Krstoff Vratslsky, a native of Bulgaria, a graduate of Harvard and a writer and lecturer, has finished his studies in this country, but before going home he is furthering a movement for the erection of a monument over the grave in New Lexington, O., of J. A. MacGahan, the war correspondent.

THE GLASS OF FASHION.

Suede gloves in the rare tint of old lace are the novelty of the moment.

Very stylish gowns are made of the old fashioned pongee silk trimmed with handsome embroidery matching it in color.

Unlined skirts of mohair, taffeta silk and lightweight cloths to wear with blouse waists are the thing for warm weather.

Cameo buckles and buttons are revived again with great effect on some of the new gowns made by the smartest dressmakers.

Fichus a la Marie Antoinette and a la Pompadour are very much in favor and quite the hall mark of smartness on the latest thin gowns.

Reports of soft, full hat strings of tulle embroidered in colors on the ends come to us from Paris, but the American woman has not adopted them yet.

A new edition of the polonaise which in shape is very much like a cape worn as an apron has appeared in Paris. The rounded ends finish a little below the waist at the back, and in some instances it is covered with tucks.

Lingerie skirts and blouse waists made of fine white lawn with innumerable tucks and many rows of valenciennes insertion are one of the special features of thin gowns and are extremely chic worn with a cloth of gold bolero covered with lace.—New York Sun.

A Correction.

I wish to correct a notice which I had published in Saturday's Nugget concerning a certain lease and rent receipts given Mrs. Julia Warner, which I, after investigating, found to be correct and negotiable: H. A. DARMS, c26

Mumm's, Pomeroy or Perinet champagnes \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.

The Holborn-Cafe for delicacies.

A new and large jewelry store now occupied by Lindeman; Monte Carlo building.

One ton of coal will go as far as two cords of wood. Does not require sawing. We are selling it at \$25 per ton. The economy must be apparent. Phone 94. Call on us, Klondike Mill Co., N. A. T. & T. block.

Lindemann the jeweler has removed to Monte Carlo building.

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