

SENATORS TO VISIT THE KLONDIKE.

Captain Healy Now In Charge of the Party.

The Barr Goes to White Horse Rapids to Get the Distinguished Party—General River News.

somewhat, and the treasurer will hold the balance in hand for a week on that account. It was suggested by someone that the secretaries be remunerated for their services, but the gentlemen evidenced a disinclination to accept anything, and the proposition was dropped without action.

Watch this space for new location ARTHUR LEWIN, GROCER

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THE KLONDIKE NUGGET--Supplement

DAWSON, Y. T., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7, 1899

THE TRIAL OF A POLAR BEARSKIN.

A Rare Contribution to the Unique in Yukon Literature.

Graphic Description of the Efforts Made to Prove the Ownership of a Robe—The Jury Unable to Reach a Determination.

The following description of a court scene occurring recently at Circle City was handed in this week for publication by a recent arrival from that place. The truth of its statements is not vouched for by the Nugget, though it is by the contributor, and it is published only as a contribution to the unique in Yukon literature:

Scene.—Court-room; present, about fifty residents of Circle. Enter U. S. Deputy Marshal; walks up to desk and takes off his hat, and everybody else does the same. The marshal has tears in his eyes, and presents the appearance of a man who has just lost his rich grandmother.

Mar. [in a cracked voice]—"Well, I guess we'll go on with this thing now."

And thus was the now famous Polar Bearskin trial opened.

Mar.—"Mr. Montfield, call the jury."

Mr. Montfield reads—"Messrs. Wadleigh, Levante, Hook, Durand, Morency and Shropshire."

The first five answer to their names, and take the seats of honor to the left of the acting judge.

Mar.—"Where's Shropshire?"

Mont.—"He'll be here in a minute."

Mar.—"Never mind him; we'll go ahead without him."

Capt. Storey.—"If it pleases the court, that's only five jurors."

Mar.—"Never you mind, five's just as good as six. It's none of your business, anyhow."

Mar.—"Now, Captain, how about that bearskin?"

Storey.—"What bear-skin?"

Mar.—"The one I took from your cabin."

Storey.—"I don't know anything about it; you took it from the Columbia Navigation Co.; it was freight in transit to Dawson."

Mar.—"Never mind all that, what I want to know is, who owns it?"

Storey.—"Look here, Marshal, what am I in this case anyhow; am I the plaintiff, the defendant, or a witness; and I'd like to know by what right you, as a Deputy U. S. Marshal, or anyone else has to go to my cabin and take anything out without any legal measures being taken."

Mar.—"I knew you would kick, you're always kicking; you're a regular calamity howler anyway."

Storey.—"That's just what I'm here for; I get paid for that."

Mar.—"When we take anything we take it, and that's all there is to it."

Storey.—"I know you do; that's just where my kick comes in."

Mar.—"Well, shut up now, and tell us who this robe belongs to."

Storey.—"I don't know what robe you're talking about."

Mar. (getting hot)—"I'll damn soon show you."

Marshal goes into his office and comes back with a Polar bearskin, rolled and tied with a rope.

Mar.—"There's the robe. Now who owns it? That's the question."

Voice from the audience—"Open 'er up, Frank, and let's have a look at it."

Note.—The marshal at this moment took a notion to inform the jury as to the reason they were in court, so he explained it as follows:

"This case, or suit, is brought to prove that that man French owns this robe. You see, he owes the N. A. T. & T. Co. \$40 or \$50 for rent or something, and they have a claim against him for that amount. I seized the robe for that claim, and French now claims that it is not his. Judge Crane wants to act fair in the matter, so he is letting me decide this thing, as he is an interested party."

"Mr. Montfield, what do you know about this robe?"

Montfield.—"I'm sure I can't recognize it to be the robe."

Mar.—"Didn't you ever see it before?"

Montfield.—"I can't say for sure. I'm supposed to be under oath, ain't I?"

Mar.—"Well, 'er, yes, you're supposed to be, but, then, it ain't necessary to swear you in a case like this. I'll be over in a minute."

Montfield.—"I can't swear to that one; I can't say that I have ever seen it before."

Mar.—"French tried to sell you a robe, didn't he? Tell us all about it."

Montfield.—"I went to his cabin and saw a robe there, and he asked me if I wanted to buy it, but I can't say that that is the robe."

Storey.—"That robe belongs to Scates, and when he went to Dawson he gave it to Captain Segass, who entered it as freight in transit to Dawson for the Col. Nav. Co."

Mar.—"Never mind all that; have you got a receipt from Scates?"

Storey.—"No, I don't need one till I land the bearskin in Dawson."

Mar.—"Here, French, what do you know about this robe?"

French walks out from the audience and eyes the robe critically.

French.—"I don't know anything about it."

Mar.—"Didn't you ever see it before?"

French.—"I don't know."

Here the jailer and his prisoners poke their heads out of the cooler, and the marshal turns to them with the query of:

"How's everything in there, Jake?" Then turning to French:

"What do you know?"

French.—"Nothing."

Mar.—"Don't you own it?"

French.—"No, sir."

Mar.—"I think it's yours anyhow."

French.—"That's your privilege, sir."

Mar.—"What do you know about this robe?"

French (with a long face)—"I know nothing."

Mar.—"Well, gentlemen of the jury, you have all the evidence; now we await your decision. Who owns this bearskin?"

Wadleigh (a juror)—"Nobody seems to own it. If don't belong to Scates, or Storey, or French, or you. I'll take it. Give it to me."

Levante (another juror)—"Hold on there; we've all got a finger in this skin. Let's play sluff for it."

Just about this time the whole court—spectators, acting judge and all—were in danger of going into convulsions from continued laughter.

Mar.—"Well, you must decide. You can go into my office and deliberate."

Storey.—"I suppose you are through with me, and I've got work to do, so I ask to be excused."

Mar.—"You can just stay where you are for a few minutes."

Storey (hot)—"What am I in this case, anyhow?"

Mar.—"You're the defendant."

Storey.—"Then, as the defendant, I move that the case be dismissed and the bearskin be returned to where it was taken from."

Mar.—"We return nothing."

Storey.—"You're right; I never knew you do return anything you once laid your hands on. The jury files out."

During the time the jury is out everybody, marshal and all, indulges in a smoke. Big Theodore Whollers tries to impose on the marshal's good nature by putting on his hat, but the marshal cuts him short with the order to:

"Take off your hat. Take off that hat, or give me a cigar."

The hat came off.

At this time the marshal must see his prisoners in the cooler, so he tries to open the door, but, finding it locked, he pushed in vain. Then he tried to tear off the cheesecloth cov-

ering. When it was half off the jailer opened the door, and the voice of the marshal was heard asking the same old question, "How's things in there, Jake?" To reassure himself he went to look for himself, and while he was in there the jury came in with their verdict.

Wadleigh (with a sheet of paper in his hands)—"Whar's the judge?"

Just then the judge returns.

"What's your verdict, gentlemen?"

Wadleigh.—"Tehre it is on that paper on the desk."

Marshal (examining paper on both sides)—"Where is it?"

Wadleigh.—"Here; I'll read it."

Wadleigh, as foreman of the jury, then reads: "Circle, May 4th, '99.—We, the undersigned, jurors in the trial of a polar bear skin, find that it belongs to nobody in particular; so we'll keep it for ten days and give the owner a chance to prove his property. If it is still unsettled at the end of that time we will play sluff and see who gets it for keeps. Signed, F. H. Wadleigh, Charles Levante, Al Morency, Teddy Hook, Joe Durand."

POLICE COURT NOTES.

The cases against Robertson & Wade were settled out of court and the actions dismissed.

William Bennett, charged with murder, was again before the court on Monday and the hearing a third time adjourned.

Henry Pullman, who assaulted George F. Meyers, was impressed with the truth of the old saw that the dancer must pay the fiddler by being fined \$50 and costs.

The rambling fraternity enjoyed a walk to Captain Harper's court on Tuesday, but the enjoyment ended at the conclusion of the walk. It was a sort of periodical levy for the benefit of the governmental exchequer.

David Ripstein, J. B. Dawson, A. E. Morrow and A. Martell evidenced a carelessness in their habits that had long since been tabooed.

Each was mulcted in the sum of \$11, except the last named, who was let off with a caution.

Representation having been made that one P. Haussler, charged with fraud, and whose trial was set in the territorial court on June 10, was not to be found and was suspected of having "jumped his bail," a warrant for his arrest was made out, and efforts to locate him are being made.

"Count" Carboneau was called to answer to a charge of assault, preferred by Alex. Milne, one of his Eldorado employes, but the "assault" consisted in the act of the count taking Milne by the shoulders and ejecting him from a room at the Fairview. The case was dismissed.

Sanyamiguchi's offense was not a serious one, merely the obstructing of one of the streets, and the court was inclined to be lenient with him; but to carry such a name as the one with which he concealed about his person was too much to be overlooked, hence he was compelled to pay the costs of the action.

William Good has but recently arrived from the outside, and is already up to his ears in trouble. While on Marsh lake he had occasion to get some goods from a cache against the expressed wishes of some fellow travelers, and he enforced his claims at the point of a revolver. He was held to answer in the territorial court for his temerity.

Mrs. Nellie Walker complained of her liege lord, Dexter Walker, that he was abusive to her and that she in fearful of great violence at his hands. On one occasion, she testified, she sprang from bed and ran for the neighbors, but he caught her and carried her forcibly back to the house. After the evidence was all in his worship defined the duty of man toward the weaker sex, and then put Mr. Walker under bonds to keep the peace for the term of six months. The pair have their domicile at Klondike City.

British and Chinsamen.

HONGKONG, April 21.—The British extension in Klou Ion district, opposite Hongkong, has been cleared of rebels. The Chinese, followed by British troops, moved from village to village, at each of which the rebels attempted to make a stand, but the British routed them from place to place. The native casualties were numerous.

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and they received notice of their discharge with the keenest pleasure.

Present For The Hospitals.

The general committee having in charge the arrangements for the Queen's birthday met at the Criterion on Saturday night, Captain Burnett presiding and A. W. Taylor acting as secretary.

Mr. Lithgow reported that the sum of \$4,475 had been contributed by the citizens, and \$3,415.85 had been disbursed for prizes and expenses, leaving a balance of \$1,059.15. It was suggested that other bills might still be outstanding which may change these figures

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