

LATEST DAWSON LOVE STORY

An Ohio Man Tells of How He Captured a Wife Here.

His Rival Committed Suicide—He Had to Show Her \$50,000—Triumph at Last.

From Wednesday's Daily
A recent dispatch from Toledo, O., to the Chicago Inter-Ocean contains the following romantic story of love, jealousy, suicide, persistence and marriage in Dawson.

Henry R. Chelton, a former resident of Ottawa county, who has been in the Alaska gold fields, recently returned after an absence of nearly three years. Chelton had been generally regarded by his acquaintances as a confirmed bachelor, and those who knew him best were greatly surprised when he returned with a wife, a bright, intelligent woman of about 35 years of age. According to his story he married her in Dawson City, winning her consent after a long siege.

Chelton was reluctant to speak much of his matrimonial adventure, but the curiosity of a cousin who lives on Walbridge avenue in this city elicited the following statement:

"Two years ago if any one had told me I would ever marry I would have been tempted to resent the insinuation as an insult, for a youthful experience had set me, as I thought, irrevocably against the gentler sex. But I met my fate in far-off Alaska, and in a peculiar manner. I may say, however, that to this day, I don't know as much as I might about my wife. She suits me; I love her dearly, and that is all that is necessary.

"A few months before I married there drifted into Dawson a woman who seemed to possess plenty of pluck and get and some money. She started a boarding house and prospered. She gave her name as Mrs. Varley McKendrick, and said she came from Winnipeg. The men all admired her from the start, but she kept them tactfully at a distance.

"I soon became interested, and I thought that she regarded me with some favor. She was always reticent about herself, but in answer to an impertinent remark by a rough miner one evening, said that she had nothing to be ashamed of in her former life, and upon his sneering rejoinder I knocked him down and thrashed him soundly. For this she seemed to feel kindly toward me, and I, well, I fell head over heels in love with her, and like a fool, told her so that same evening and asked her to marry me. She refused me, but did it so nicely that I thought more of her than ever.

"About this time a New Yorker who had been making considerable money began to board at her place, and she seemed to think he was a pretty nice sort of a fellow. In fact, I thought he monopolized too much of her attention, and I grew rather jealous. I had made up my mind to win her if I could and return home. I had been doing fairly well, and she told me on one occasion that she would like to leave Alaska as soon as she had accumulated a little fortune.

"The New Yorker, a man named Hartsorn, I was satisfied, had made up his mind to marry her, and this stimulated me to press my suit with greater ardor. Well, I was refused again, and so was he. I didn't take it to heart as he did, for the poor fellow shot himself, leaving a letter addressed to her, and to this day I don't know what it contained. But I wasn't made of that sort of stuff, and concluded to try again. You know the old saying about trying again—well, that is what I did.

"She finally told me one evening that the day I could show her that I was worth \$50,000 she would dispose of her belongings and become Mrs. Chelton. I was the happiest man on top of earth, as I had made a couple of good deals, and was climbing toward that figure rapidly. The day came when—well, you don't care so much about that as you do about what happened. I married her. She said that she had no relatives for whom she cared particularly, and readily agreed to come back to Ohio with me. I am going to look around a bit, buy a nice farm, and try to live happily the rest of my life with my wife, who is all and more than she seemed to me, even when I was courting her."

The pair are stopping at the house of a friend, and will soon enjoy a little pleasure trip East, after which they expect to settle down to farming and stock raising.

Now They Are Married.
Fort Worth, Tex., July 20.—The sequel to a very sensational and one of

the most remarkable legal controversies that ever took place in the courts of Texas has just been learned here.

Readers of the daily newspapers will recall the unusual injunction issued by a Dallas judge about a year and a half ago restraining a Mr. Warfield, who represented one of the largest tobacco manufacturers in the East, from meeting or conversing with Mrs. Vivian Morris, nee Moody, formerly of Jefferson, Texas, and a woman noted for her beauty. At the time of this unusual proceeding Warfield and Mr. and Mrs. Morris were residing in Dallas, and the order of the court was issued at the instance of the husband of the woman.

Warfield disobeyed the injunction of the court and was held in contempt. He was fined \$100 and given three days in jail, but on the payment of the fine he was released.

Warfield and the woman suddenly disappeared, and for many months no one knew where they had gone, but only recently their whereabouts became known. They were in Hongkong, China. Information reached here that they were married there a few days ago, a divorce having been granted separating Mr. and Mrs. Morris in this city about ten days ago. The divorce was granted to the husband by Judge Irby Dunklin of the Forty-eighth district. The cablegram announcing the marriage of the woman and Warfield was received at Jefferson some time last week. Warfield still continues to represent the same tobacco company in the Chinese empire. He is said to be quite wealthy and owns considerable valuable property in Dallas.

Decadence of the Cowboy.

Northern Montana is bewailing the decadence of the cowboy; justly it would seem, if there be truth in the report that two border outlaws chased a dozen members of the Diamond R. round-up outfit for 20 miles, in terror-stricken search for refuge, to the town of Culbertson. Think of it! Twelve doughty knights of the plain, blue of lip and wild of eye, spurring their horses to incontinent flight over sage brush and bunchgrass, and ever and anon turning their wan faces backward over shivering shoulders for a look at their relentless pursuers. Picture in your mind's eye the scudding of a dozen jack rabbits close pressed by a pair of ravenous wolves! Oh, the horror of it!

The report from Culbertson says that the cowboys were unarmed, excepting one or two guns in the whole outfit. It is a harsh allegation, and public judgment should be suspended pending the receipt of further particulars. If it be proved true—ah, well, we of Montana must blush for the shame of it! The traditions of the gun are dear to the Western heart. It has barked defiance to law and order, it has been the chief property of the cowboy comedy of "shooting up the town," and it has furnished ragtime music for many a tenderfoot to dance by. Has the westward course of empire relegated the "shooting iron" to the scrap pile? Has it gone the way of the brown buffalo and the preserved Indian? Will it no longer dangle in menace from the belt of the bold vaquero? It would seem so, for the report has it that the Diamond R. outfit was unarmed.

All the world will join in the Northern Montana wail. The iconoclast, Time, has shattered the idol of the "wild and woolly West." The long locks of the cowboy have been shorn; his goatee is preserved only as a memory on the ageing face of Buffalo Bill Cody; his buckskin habiliments have given way to overalls and jumpers, and his bravery is bound between the yellow covers of a nickel novel.

Twelve cowboys chased by two bandits! They will never believe it in the East, where the popular idea of the cowboy is still somewhat awesome and picturesque. Here in Montana, swallowing our pride, we will henceforth look upon him as a herder of cattle and brander of calves—our calfboy.

Gold Dredge for the Fraser.

There seems now to be every probability that a serious attempt will be made to win some portion of the gold dust which is known to lie on the bed of the Fraser river. The undertaking is due to John Cobiedick, who first visited British Columbia in 1896, and has since paid much attention to the dredging possibilities of the Fraser and its tributaries. The conditions existing in the rivers in British Columbia are similar to those extant wherever the gold dredge has not been introduced, insofar that the placer miner may only recover the gold from the benches and bars. Further than this it is impossible for him to proceed, in any stream where any great volume of water exists.

In September of last year operations were commenced in the construction of a dredge of a New Zealand pattern on the banks of the Fraser, near its confluence with the Thompson river and

three-quarters of a mile from the town of Lytton. The major portion of the machinery was purchased in this country from the workshops of firms who have been engaged in the construction of dredges for the last 30 years. Two pontoons 92x100 feet, were constructed, the timbers being bolted to steel frames and both then joined by heavy timbers, forming one solid barge with a space of five feet six inches between the two. It is through this space the bucket ladder travels. Unlike the ordinary harbor dredge—which has only one bucket, a number of buckets form an endless traveling belt, raising the gravel from the bed of the river.

The work was carried to completion under the supervision of an experienced engineer who has been engaged in dredging the rivers of New Zealand for the last 30 years. Climatic conditions have made necessary the enclosing of the machinery, which has been done by building a frame structure the length and width of the pontoons, only leaving a gangway on both sides. The craft is equipped with two boilers, main engine, winches, dynamos, donkey engines, etc., the boilers and engines being built by Robey, of Lincoln, while the winches came from the works of William Symons & Co., Glasgow. The dredge is lighted throughout by electricity, having both arc and incandescent lamps.

The points claimed in favor of the New Zealand dredge are that it is automatic, requiring few attendants and capable of handling large quantities of dirt. The capacity of the one at Lytton is 2000 cubic yards per working day of twenty-four hours. The cost up to the present has been in the neighborhood of \$15,000.—P.-I.

Her Tip of No Avail.

A determined woman from the West visited Washington not long ago for the purpose of interviewing a member of the cabinet on a subject of interest to her. She called, as it happened, just at the time when the frauds in the Cuban postal department were made public, and the majority of the president's advisers, absorbed in considering the matter, had given instructions that they were not to be disturbed.

"So you refuse to take my card to the secretary?" asked the determined lady of the messenger.

"It would be against my orders, and I don't dare to," replied the messenger, politely.

The visitor turned away in high dudgeon, but a happy thought occurred to her and she retraced her steps. "Here my man," she said, insinuatingly, "here is 50 cents. Now will you take my card in?"

"I'm paid a bigger salary than that to keep your card out, madam," responded the darkey, shaking his head.—New York Tribune.

Answers for the Anxious.

Gloriana B., of Westport, writes: "I have a young gentleman caller who is always trying to kiss me. How shall I dissuade him?"

You should dissuade him with a hat-pin or an ax, Gloriana, but as an all-around anti-kiss argument there is nothing so dissuading and at the same time painless as a large Bermuda onion, says the Baltimore American. You should eat one or two or three before the kissing bug flies around.

"Musician," of Waverly, wants to know how to discover whether or not her piano keys are ivory or celluloid. Touch them carefully with a lighted match. If they are celluloid you should then call the fire department.

"Housewife," of Roland Park, asks: "How can I keep roaches out of lard?" Place the butter near by. They prefer it.

"Lucy F.," of Highlandtown, says: "My hair brush shows a good many falling hairs every day. How can I stop them?" Soak the brush in glue over night.

"Rube," it certainly was inhospitable of your friend, whom you were visiting, to refuse to allow you to use his tooth brush. However, we should cultivate a sweetness of disposition which will enable us to overlook such traits in others.

"Worried," of Catonsville: The quickest way to remove indelible ink from a carpet is to pour muriatic acid on the spot. Any carpenter can mend the hole it will make in the floor.

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