

THE ADVENTURES OF A MINER

His Thrilling Experience With an Evil-Eyed Road Agent.

Was Held Under the Highwayman's Gun for an Hour—How He Made His Escape.

(From Thursday's Daily.)

"Once upon a time," said a Colorado mining expert, "I went rummaging around my state looking for coal that was supposed to exist, and after a long trip in a wagon I was nearing the railroad station. As I drove along the ridge of a wooded hill I was suddenly brought up with a round turn by a man stepping out of the bushes and sticking an ugly looking gun straight at me. The man told me to throw up my hands, and that is what I did. The man told me to move up past him till he told me to stop. This I also did, his gun covering me all the time. Then he climbed into the wagon and sat on a box of mineral specimens I was taking back to Denver with me. He never said a word after he told me to drive on when he had seated himself, and I didn't say anything at first, but it wasn't long until I couldn't stand it, with him sitting there so dead still behind me, so I ventured to speak.

"Excuse me, partner," said I as pleasantly as I could, "but I would like to say that if it's all the same to you I wish you would sit here on the seat with me. The old gun may go off, and it wouldn't make it any pleasanter for me to get a bullet in the small of the back."

"Huh!" he grunted. "Are you armed?"

"I told him I was not, and he moved up and sat down besides me, keeping his gun ready for business. As the wagon topped the last rise in the road from which we could see the station about half a mile away he looked hard at me.

"I'm going down there with you, young fellow," he said, "on a little business, and it you say anything about me to anybody or speak of me at all and any disturbance comes up I'll shoot you first off. Do you understand?"

"He was silent for the rest of the way, and when we stopped and he got out he told me to remember, and I nodded. He strolled over on to the platform, and I went to the stable with my horses and came back to the station. I went out on the platform for air. He had moved down to the far end, and I concluded that I would move off in the other direction toward a water tank. I noticed a couple of hundred yards up the track. About the time I had my plans made a handcar came down with six section hands on it who had seen me drive up to the station with the man and his gun. They had seen him loafing about the platform and informed me that to their notion he was a train robber, and they proposed to run him in. They were entirely unarmed, however, and they knew what it meant to tackle a fellow with a gun, so they began to calculate among themselves how to get their man.

"The section hands moved down to the platform, and as it was about noon they got out their dinner buckets and began looking around for a good place to spread their lunch. One of the hands suggested that they might get him dead to rights by spreading their lunch over in his neighborhood, and perhaps if he had been hiding in the hills very long he was hungry enough to ask to join them. The proposition was accepted at once, and the crowd went over and opened up their buckets. They asked me to go along, but I wasn't a bit hungry, though I was as hollow inside as an empty barrel. My friend, however, wasn't feeling that way, for as soon as he saw the food spread out temptingly before him he went right up and asked if he couldn't have a bite. He ate like a man who hadn't eaten for a long time, and he was soon so absorbed in it that he forgot his caution and let go of his gun.

"In a minute a section hand had it, and in another minute they had piled on top of him, and while some held him others tied him, and then they stood him on his feet and started him over to the platform to wait for the train. I was a good deal easier in my mind when I saw the ugly cuss fixed so he couldn't train his gun on me, but it did not add to my comfort to have to listen to the fearful way in which he cursed me for everything vile and shameful in having betrayed him. Who he was or what he was nobody knew then, and I never did find out, but I guess he was a train robber all right and got his dose, for I never saw or heard of him again, and I was on the lookout for a good many years, because

I knew if we ever met there was going to be shooting to kill."—Ex.

For Stranded Nomads.

Washington, Aug. 7.—The question of bringing back the hungry gold hunters stranded at Cape Nome is giving much concern to officials here. Press dispatches from San Francisco yesterday brought word that 4000 men at Nome have signed a petition calling upon the president for relief. The petition has not yet reached here, and it is not likely to do so for a week at least. Treasury officials, however, are already considering what shall be done to aid the men. If, as seems possible, some sort of expedition be sent, its management would doubtless come under the direction of the treasury department, although there is a possibility that the war department might be called upon to furnish transportation.

"To feed 4000 men for eight months on the Arctic shores would be an expense which is out of the question," said one official today. "The only thing which can be done is to send a fleet of ships there sufficient to bring the men back to the Pacific states. That, however, presents another embarrassment, for, while Seattle was the point from which most of the gold hunters embarked for the north, it is certain Seattle would protest most vigorously against having such a horde of destitute dumped upon it.

"Whatever action is taken must be taken at once, for after the first of October winter will fairly have set in on the Alaskan coast. There is almost no native fuel, and after that time miners camped in tents on the shore would be confronted by death from freezing, even had their provisions not given out. There is, therefore, only about six weeks in which to get the men out, as the round trip to Nome from Seattle will easily take 20 days. It follows that there is need for most urgent haste.

"If the situation is as serious as reported the government will probably send relief. Treasury officials have been much concerned all the summer over the influx to the Cape of men who have no means of support and who almost certainly must become charges upon the government. Nevertheless no steps could be taken to check their mad rush north. As a matter of fact, it is generally regarded here that many of those who have gone to Nome have relied upon being brought back by the government in case they failed to make money at the new camp.

"The action of the treasury department in sending a relief expedition to Point Barrow for the relief of the imprisoned whalers three years ago strengthened the faith of the Nome people in getting facile relief, and now they are relying implicitly on being brought back home at the national expense.

Officials say the steamer companies which took the men north should bring them back. There is little hope, however, that the companies will do any such thing. Instead, they figure on leasing their boats to the government for as many trips as may be necessary to bring the stranded miners home. The revenue cutter Manning left Seattle yesterday for a cruise in Alaska waters. The Cutting is already there and the McCulloch will also be sent north. None of them, however, has accommodations for more than 50 miners at the very most, and they can do little to bring back any of the distressed horde.

Learning the Bicycle.

Elwood Rathbone told of an experience he had in trying to learn how to ride the bicycle. "I first tried to learn with some friends, and I made such a poor fist of it and they laughed so much that I gave it up in disgust. However, I was nettled by my failure. I saw stout women and men skating about on bicycles, and it hurt me that I could not do the same. Then I remembered learning to swim when a lad; how I first got so I could propel myself through the water, but could never get my head up and consequently could only swim for so long as my breath held out. Then one day I found I could keep my head above water, and since then I have been able to swim as far as my strength would endure.

"This determined me to make another trial, and I sought a school in a neighborhood where I was unknown. Entering and finding no one present whom I knew, I engaged a helper and thought I was making excellent progress, when my attendant slipped on something and let go of me. My wheel immediately turned round and with fiendish intent made for the path the rest of the bicyclists were following. Realizing the awful design of the monster beneath me, but powerless to control it, I screamed to a blond haired young maiden with soulful blue eyes, who led the van, to get out of the way. But my bicycle would not be denied. With a crash we came together, and I lit on one ear, with the young maiden—who was a heavy weight, by the way—on top. Eighteen or 20 others who were follow-

ing promptly piled themselves on top of us.

"As soon as I was extricated and had got the dirt out of my eyes and throat, I essayed an apology to the soulful eyed girl. She received it in scornful silence, and then remarking, 'You lobster, what you need is a nurse,' started off on her career again. I paid the attendant and quit, but I staid long enough to see a dozen similar accidents happen to others. The last one was brought about by the golden haired maiden's wheel executing the identical maneuver that mine did. She brought to the earth an exceedingly rotund man, but as she happened to be between him and the earth he lit on her with a squash. I dragged her from the wreck and stood her on her feet. 'You don't mind my helping you, do you?' I said tenderly. 'I'm the lobster man, you know.' I was going to say a lot more, but there was a look in her eye that caused me to hold my tongue, but nevertheless to go on my way rejoicing. I've let the wheel alone since."—Ex.

Crooked Faces.

"One of the principal obstacles in the way of successful portrait photography," said an old time local expert, "is the asymmetry of the average human face. The features of 99 people out of 100 are undeniably asymmetrical—in other words, the right and left sides are different in size, shape and general contour. We don't notice this variation unless our attention is attracted to it, but it is there all the same, and for some reason that I am not able to explain it is generally emphasized by the camera. 'My goodness, my face is all crooked in that picture!' is a comment that is frequently heard when ladies examine proofs. They are generally told that the effect is due to the lighting in the print and that it won't be noticeable when the photograph is finished. As a matter of fact, the retoucher can work wonders in removing the evidences of asymmetry. He can lift the corner of the mouth, soften the angle of a jaw and make both sides of the face tolerably fair 'mates' without losing the likeness.

"What I say applies, of course, to full face pictures only, for when the head is turned slightly the deviations are scarcely ever discernible. Nor does the rule hold good invariably even with the front faces. Odd as it may seem some people owe their charm of feature almost altogether to the fact of asymmetry. One of my patrons is a bewitchingly pretty little lady, yet the sides of her face are as different as if they belonged to total strangers. One eye is oblique, while the other is straight; her nostrils are not all on a line, and her mouth has a most extraordinary twist. From these details you would suppose that she was nothing short of a monstrosity, but the very combination I have briefly outlined is the thing that gives her face an irresistible piquancy. Among men asymmetry often lends great strength to a countenance. Bismarck was a striking example of that fact, and so was Gladstone. If you are skeptical, take a full face picture of either and cover one half of it with a card. Then reverse the process and examine the other side. You will be surprised. In fact, you will discover four different men, all distinct types."—Ex.

Indian Summer.

Back in the States the idea that the Indian summer season would come to any portion of the American continent in August, to them the most sultry month in the year, would seem a preposterous and impossible one; yet the kind of weather the Yukon is experiencing now is very similar to the Indian summer of the Middle States in the month of October. There seems to be a general feeling, its basis not being apparent, that the season of winter will begin early this year and that navigation will close correspondingly soon.

Mr. Roche Is Missing.

New York, Aug. 7.—The Hon. James Boothby Burke Roche, member of parliament, has apparently disappeared. For almost three months his friends in this city have not heard from him, and no word from him has reached his hotel. Mr. Roche has large interests in this country, and for some years it has been his annual custom to visit America to look after them.

While in this city—and, in fact, while in this country—he always stays at and makes his headquarters at the Holland house. This year he arrived in America in April and took rooms, as usual, at the Holland for the first month or so. After that he left the city on frequent trips, always, however, retaining his rooms. These trips usually lasted from three to ten days.

About the middle of May Mr. Roche casually said to the clerk at the desk that he was going out of town for two or three days, but that his room was not to be disturbed or changed. From the

time of Mr. Roche's departure in May the hotel people have received no word, either directly or indirectly, from the missing man. They are seriously alarmed over his absence, and fear that he may have met with foul play, or that some harm has befallen him. Among Mr. Roche's interests in this country was a charter from the Canadian government to erect a telegraph line from a point on the Canadian Pacific railroad through to Dawson city, or some other point in the Klondike gold region. He paid frequent visits to Washington while here, it was supposed for the purpose of seeing governmental authorities, to extend his line into Alaska. It is possible, of course, that he may be somewhere in the far northwest looking after his telegraph project.

A Miner's Views.

Grand Forks, Aug. 21.
Editor Daily Nugget:

It is now generally known among the laboring men of the Klondike district that there will be a concerted move on the part of the mine owners and operators to start the coming winter's work on a scale of wages very much reduced from the going rate of the past season. Already one of the large syndicates that operates a number of claims has reduced the scale of wages of its employees 20 per cent, having cut shaft and drift men down from \$5 to \$4 per day and surface men from \$4.50 to \$3.50 per day. Of course the men quit, as they could not become parties to and instrumental in prostituting the only hope of the laboring man in the country.

Now, Mr. Editor, allow me to ask what inducement there is for a man to journey to this benighted region and perform in the dark winter the hardest manual labor to which a man can be assigned in any country, be fed on bacon, beans and canned goods, sleep in a comfortless bunkhouse, run the risk, which is an even chance against him, that he will be beaten out of his hard earned pittance and, if he does get paid, get it in dust which he must discount at from 8 to 10 per cent before he can jingle his hard earned cash in his pocket?

At \$5 and board, where a miner has steady work and is not laying off one-third of the time during which he pays his employer \$1 for every meal he eats, he can save money, enough at least, to pay his fare out of the country in the spring if he has been economical.

The miners, I believe, I can speak for the nine-tenths of them, are not exacting, nor do they want more money for their labor than the operator can afford to pay; but they cannot afford and will positively refuse, in view of past experience and past fraud that has been perpetrated on them or within their knowledge, to accept a reduced scale of wages. We feel that if a claim cannot pay living wages it should not be worked. If there is, on the other hand, anything in it for the operator, there should be something in it for those who supply the bone and sinew which causes it to yield.

It is reported, and likely truthfully, that the same tactics are being practiced now as last fall, to wit: That stories are being assiduously circulated on the outside that there is a scarcity of labor here and that wages are high and "plenty of work at your own price" is awaiting all who come in. Hundreds of men arrived here last fall that were assured before leaving the outside that they could go to work immediately on their arrival at \$1.50 per hour or at \$12 per day and board. They got here to find the places all filled and the percentage of them who have had work more than one-half the time since their arrival is very small.

As there are no apparent reductions in other business channels, the miners will see to it that there are none in theirs. All we ask is our dues and a fair reward for honest labor—as hard as ever man performed—and for this we will stand if there is not a claim in the district operated this winter. Hoping you are, as the Nugget has ever been, the miner's friend, and thanking you in advance for according to me your valuable space, I remain, etc.

MINER.

We Pass It Up.

Editor Nugget:

Will you please inform me as to whether or not I am eligible to election to the Yukon council. My father was a Swede who came to Canada and married a Canadian woman. They moved to Arkansas, where I was born; but when I was 3 years old they moved back to Canada where I resided until coming to the Klondike. If I am eligible to be a candidate I desire to enter the contest as I consider my election a foregone conclusion.

SCANDI - CANDI-ARKANSAS TRAY-ELER.

Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

Sour Dough Leiter Heads for sale at the Nugget office.

THE BOARD OF TRADE

Trustees Say That Gold Dust Should Circulate at \$15.

The Council Is Asked to Take Action Against the Adulteration of Gold Dust.

But little business was transacted at the regular weekly meeting of the Board of Trade trustees held last night, but that little suggested rather a sudden departure from a long established custom. The following resolution was introduced and passed:

Whereas, There is continuous adulteration of commercial gold dust reducing its value per ounce; and

Whereas, Much of the gold dust is of less value than \$16 per ounce even when not adulterated; and

Whereas, The value of gold dust now in general circulation is nearer \$10 per ounce than \$16 per ounce; therefore be it

Resolved, That it is the sense of the Board of Trade of Dawson that the commercial rates at which gold dust circulates should be changed from \$16 to \$15 per ounce. In order to effect this it is Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed by the president to engross and circulate this resolution for the signature of the business-houses of Dawson; it being understood that upon the assent and signature hereto of a majority in interest of the business firms in Dawson, effect shall be given to such change on and after the 15th day of September, 1900.

President Fulda appointed Falcon Joslin, Emil Stauff and F. W. Clayton as such committee.

In connection with the above the secretary of the board has transmitted the following letter:

Dawson, Aug. 23d, 1900.

To the Honorable William Ogilvie, Commissioner of the Yukon Territory, Dawson, Y. T.

Sir: I am directed by the trustees of the Board of Trade of Dawson to transmit to you the following resolution:

To the Honorable William Ogilvie, and the Yukon Council:

Resolved, That we view with great concern the tampering with and adulteration of gold dust, thereby reducing its value very materially below the standing commercial rates.

We, therefore, respectfully request that your honorable body take some action toward repressing the evil.

Trusting that you will give this matter your usual prompt attention, I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,

F. W. CLAYTON, Secretary.

Mr. A. D. Williams was by the chair, appointed a member of the committee on mines, mining and smelting vice J. A. Chute, resigned.

Dawson Man Marries.

W. A. Rogers, who arrived this week from Dawson City, with his fortune made, took out a marriage license to marry Miss Bertha Hart of Los Angeles.

Mr. Rogers has been in the Klondike for the past four years, and has found the icy region kind in yielding to him much of the gold that is hidden in the sand. He brought south with him souvenirs to the value of \$1000. These souvenirs are in the form of nuggets made into watch charms, and will be given to the friends of Mr. Rogers.

Mr. and Mrs. Rogers will go to Kansas City, to the old home of the groom, for a short visit. Mr. Rogers expects to return in the course of a month to Klondike, and will probably take his bride with him.—Los Angeles Express.

More Police.

Of Major Strickland, who accompanied Lord Minto from Victoria to Skagway, on the latter's trip to this place, the Alaskan of August 11th says:

"Major Strickland left for Victoria last night on the City of Seattle. He will return shortly with 25 additional mounted policemen for duty in the Yukon territory. These men are nearly all new to the service, and this will be their first actual duty, having been recruited since last April. However, they have had several weeks of thorough drill, and will be in good condition for service.

Mining Divisions Subdivided.

Under section 35 of the mining regulations, Assistant Gold Commissioner Bell has subdivided the two divisions of the Dawson mining district into three divisions each.

The Tiandik division has been divided into the following sub-divisions: First, Bonanza creek and tributaries, to be known as the Bonanza division of the Dawson mining district.

Second, Hunker, creek and tributaries, to be known as Hunker division of the Dawson mining district.

Third, Klondike river and tributaries other than Bonanza and Hunker creeks to be known as the Klondike division of the Dawson mining district.

The Indian river division has been subdivided as follows:

First, Dominion creek and tributaries; second, Sulphur creek and tributaries; third, Indian river and tributaries, other than Dominion and Sulphur creeks.