

BIFF!

One Strike and Chilkoot Charley's Light Went Out.

Bloody Battle in the Dirty Dog Saloon Last Night.

MISCALLED HIS HAND.

BONANZA BILL HAPPENED TO BE IN A BAD HUMOR.

DEATH IN THE DIGGINGS.

A Cast-Iron Cuspidor Proves to be a Deadly Weapon in the Hands of a Bad Man from Circle City.
—Sensational Windup to a Red Hot Poker Game.

There was a hot time in the old town last night, as the frequenters of the Dirty Dog Saloon will testify.

In the course of a quiet little poker game there was a clash between Bonanza Bill, formerly of Circle City, and a half-breed Indian known in the diggings as Chilkoot Charley.

The stakes were large. Over two million dollars in nuggets glittered on the table when all players dropped out excepting Bill and Charley.

Charley finally weakened and called his antagonist.

Bonanza Bill proudly displayed a pair of fours.

"No good," said Charley, as he began to rake in the shining pot, "I've got sevens."

"Stop!" roared Bonanza, and with a quick movement he seized the cards from Chilkoot Charley's hand.

Charley had a pair of deuces only.

Piqued at the idea of being played for a good thing by a 1-2 breed

Indian, Bonanza Bill lost his temper and, seizing a cast iron cuspidor, he brought it down upon Charley's head with great emphasis. Skull and spit-box were both wrecked by the force of the collision.

The Indian was buried in a snow bank at the foot of Easy street at 2:30 a. m.

The affair is deeply regretted by our best citizens. Seldom has a similar tragedy cast such a gloom over a community. A cuspidor of the kind that was ruined last night is a rare article of bric-a-brac in this section and cannot be replaced except by a lavish outlay of money.

Mr. Yonson Olson, proprietor of the Dirty Dog establishment, is prostrated over the affair. He was not to be seen when the reporter called at the Olson residence on Red Shirt Boulevard this morning. His son, Y. Olson, Jr., responded to the ring of the bell.

"The blow almost killed father," sighed young Mr. Olson. "It was a fine cuspidor; lined with porcelain, and without a flaw in it. There is not another one like it this side of Seattle. Bonanza Bill has offered half the stakes won in the game to square the thing, but father is inconsolable and will not listen. He wants the entire pot."

The New Bank.

Dawson Prepares to cut Some ice in the World of Finance.

The news got around last night that a local banking company was being quietly organized and proposed to put up an imposing edifice at the corner of Broadway and Red Shirt Boulevard.



With characteristic enterprise the MORNING TIMES sent out its entire local staff to run down the story and determine whether it was a cold fact or a bar-room jolly.

It is true.

Dawson will have a bank.

Within three days the corner log of the new building will be laid.

The scheme is backed by Juneau Jack, bonanza king of claim 102. The institution will have a capital of \$4,000,000. Two hundred dollars of this will be kept in the bank for emergencies and the balance will remain for a time in the ground of Juneau Jack's claim, where it will always be available, as Jack says he can go out and dig up a few thousand whenever needed.

At great expense the MORNING TIMES has secured a fine hatchet-engraved cut of the new building showing the Broadway front.

D. C. & E. R. R.

Company Forming to Build a Road to the Coast.

Mr. Hungry Maguire, late of Seattle is endeavoring to interest a few of our citizens in a project to build a railroad from Dawson City to some point nearer civilization. As it has not yet been decided which direction the new road will take, it will be christened the Dawson City & Elsewhere R. R. Mr. Maguire is now ready to receive subscriptions for stock in the company. Speaking of subscriptions, the MORNING TIMES will be pleased to issue receipts for nuggets left at this office by persons who feel the need of a fearless and aggressive family news paper.

PROF, MUG CARVER

Has opened a

NEW BARBER-SHOP

In the rear of the TIMES-Building, corner of the Boulevard and Tomato Can Lane, Dawson City.

Shave \$1.50.

Close Shave, \$1.85.

Hair Cut, \$3.25.

Hair cut, United States style, \$4.00.

Polar Bear hair oil, \$1.00 a throw.

Every variety of safe and stylish barbering while you wait.

THIS IS TO CERTIFY that we have patronized Prof. Carver regularly for three days and can testify that he is an artist in his line, totally unlike any we have ever encountered. No man can leave this handsomely appointed shop without feeling that he has had a close shave.—EDITOR MORNING TIMES.

*cowtf