

JOHN SARGA, MURDERER.

Confesses to Being the Author of the Last Chance Mystery.

Tried to Conceal the Crime by Burning the Tent Over the Remains—Captured at Nome.

At last the mystery of the murder on Last Chance during the past summer is cleared up. The following telegram was received from Victoria by the prosecuting attorney on Wednesday last:

Victoria, B. C., Nov. 9, via Skagway, Nov. 14.—F. C. Wade, Dawson: John Sarga confesses killing Lewis Ballos on the second of July last. We have him in safe custody here in Victoria. Send us the warrant for his arrest on the murder charge. Wire reply at once.

LANGLEY & MARTIN,
Agents of the Minister of Justice.

Our readers will remember that about September 3 a miner came down from Last Chance creek and reported that on a hillside near discovery he had found the remains of a burned cabin. On raking over the ashes he found the charred bones of a human skeleton.

Later W. H. Lucas, of No. 6, came down and reported that the remains of the body were under a burned tent—not a cabin—as reported. He further stated that a foul murder was proven by the skull, which had been crushed in with some blunt instrument as the pole of an ax.

The police went to work on the case at once. Diligent inquiry at length elicited the fact that two strangers had been seen around there in June, who had disappeared somewhere about the time the tent was noticed to have been burned. Those men proved to have borne the names of Lewis Ballos and John Sarga. Which was the murdered man was at first hard to tell. On every creek a diligent inquiry was made, but none answering to the name of Sarga could be found.

About this time Dawson was furnishing vast stampedes down the river for Cape Nome. Search of the boats failed to reveal the much wanted man, and a belief in his guilt began to gain ground. At various times men were under suspicion and were placed under surveillance until their antecedents could be traced. Up and down the river Sarga was searched for, but all in vain. Captain Ray, then in charge of the United States forces at St. Michael, was communicated with and a description of the much wanted man furnished him.

The police dispatches now show that the man was at last captured at the mouth of the river. Communication with Dawson was cut off by the season, but the man was carried down to Puget sound and there given over to the custody of the Canadian authorities at Victoria, B. C. The particulars of how this was done without extradition are not yet to hand.

On Tuesday the Dawson police were notified of the capture and on Wednesday came the above account of his having confessed, showing him to have weakened at the last moment.

John Sarga will have to be tried here in the territory where the crime was committed. To get him here he must needs be brought across United States territory. This is one of the places where Canada needs so badly a port on Lynn canal. The consent of the United States authorities must be secured before a foreign posse can carry a prisoner across the United States territory. Even then a sympathetic or venal judge might hinder the progress of the party. However, the authorities at Victoria have been notified that Sarga's presence is required in Dawson to stand trial for willful murder, and it is sincerely hoped no difficulties will be encountered and that he may be brought in over the ice to quickly meet with his just deserts.

A Drunken Mayor.

Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 20.—On the authority of parties who are very close to Mayor Woodward, it may be stated that he will not avail himself of the opportunity offered by the city council to resign, but will remain in office and court the impeachment trial. The mayor takes the stand that no one is responsible for his own private life, and that as long as he transacts the public business no complaint is justifiable. On

this line the following expression from him is interesting:

"For 23 years," said he, "I did not let a drop pass my lips, and when I was elected to the mayorship I was a sober man. It was my misfortune to preside at the president's jubilee banquet to be held a few nights after my election. Seated at a big round table with the president, paying respect to each toast, with Secretary Alger on one side and General Shafter sitting in front of me, my enthusiasm got the better of my discretion, and I am sure that I behaved myself as well on that night as any other gentleman who was present. There is not one act of malfaisance which can be charged against me, and I propose to stand my ground like a man."

The outcome of the case is involved in doubt. If an issue is reached there may be some sensational disclosures.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

How the Consulate at Hayti Saved a Refugee.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 20.—The state department has received several dispatches from the United States Minister in Hayti, Mr. Powell, detailing quite fully the circumstances of the recent attempted arrest of Du Vivier within the United States legation, also touching upon the political agitation which has existed of late in that country. He states that, owing to the unsettled and rather depressed financial conditions prevailing the political opponents of the government have become active and have held a number of meetings to express their discontent. This has led to a number of arrests on suspicion, although it does not appear that any arrests were upon a regular charge of treasonable acts.

The arrests were quite numerous and in one of Mr. Powell's dispatches he states that there were 69 persons in jail, a number having been discharged. He distinctly states that the government authorities have adopted no summary methods and that none of those arrested on suspicion have been shot.

Concerning the affair in the United States legation, Mr. Powell explains the circumstances quite fully. It appears that the lower floor of the minister's residence is used for the consular office and it was here that the incident occurred. Du Vivier, a local newspaper writer, was among those suspected of treasonable motives. He was followed by a body of soldiers, and having entered the hallway of the building the soldiers followed him and attempted to place him under arrest. Minister Powell appeared on the scene and protested against this invasion of the United States establishment.

During the excitement Du Vivier had been removed to the sidewalk. The minister of foreign affairs, M. Saint Victor, chanced to be passing as Du Vivier was brought out. Mr. Powell at once appealed to the official, who after ascertaining the facts of the situation bade the soldiers release the prisoner. Du Vivier then returned to the protection which had been accorded him and Mr. Saint Victor followed his personal rebuke to the soldiers by a note to Mr. Powell expressing his regret for the occurrence. This was regarded as most ample reparation, and as the Haytian government made no further effort to secure Du Vivier, the incident appeared to be closed.

A week later, when Mr. Powell supplemented his first report, he made no mention of Du Vivier's status.

Fire Engines on the Ice.

Chief Stewart of the fire department has both fire engines now safely housed on the ice for the winter. Both engines are maintained at a steam pressure of 20 pounds, and a well in the ice within the building insures an immediate and unailing supply of water at a moment's notice. The department feels assured that a steady and forceful stream of water can be supplied within two minutes of the alarm of fire, and maintained as long as it may be needed.

The houses on the ice are built snugly of double boards, of a size to comfortably enclose the engine, but are not intended as quarters for the men. These hose carts or the chemical carts. These will continue to be housed at engine houses Nos. 1 and 2, as before. Engineers and firemen will take turns in watching the engines in their new quarters and in maintaining the heaters at the required pressure.

The Swiss government is expected to render its verdict in the Delagoa Bay claim during the coming fall. This claim, growing out of the seizure of the Delagoa Bay railroad, owned by an American citizen, by the Portuguese government, amounts to several millions of dollars.

Candies, 75¢ per box, at Mohr & Wilkens.

THE STROLLER'S COLUMN.

Jack Cavanaugh and a party of vaudeville artists recently arrived from the outside. The trip was made from Bennett to Ogilvie in a scow; from the latter station the journey was made to Dawson over the ice. Cavanaugh tells of a funny incident which occurred one evening a few miles below Selkirk.

Preparatory to making camp for the night, the scow had been taken to the edge of the ice and the party proceeded to go ashore, some 20 feet distant. The ice cracked as one would cross; but all of the women safely reached the bank, excepting a petite variety actress. She had walked only a few steps from the boat when the ice broke and she was precipitated to her neck in water. Her rescue was effected without delay. A camp fire was built on the shore and a tent erected. Then the unfortunate actress realized that all of her dresses, excepting the one which she was then wearing had been sealed securely in a tin box as a precaution to preserve her apparel in the event of a river accident, and it was concluded to defer breaking into the box until a roadhouse was reached. She changed her underclothing—in the tent—and in lieu of a dress she substituted a man's sweater for a basque, and used one of Cavanaugh's blue shirts as a skirt. Thus attired she made the trip to Ogilvie, which was reached some days later. The costume excited curiosity and occasioned comment from all whom the party met.

The latest theatrical venture in the Palace Grand opera house has proven a failure. A number of actors and actresses, under the management of Frank Gardner, attempted to run the show on a stock basis. After a trial of two nights, the members of the company realized that the receipts, when divided would not pay their individual supper "tabs." A further test was useless. The result of the enterprise is easily explained.

The productions were poorly staged, and badly played. Some of the members of the company are capable of good acting; but such as these lacked interest in their work, and did not give sufficient attention to rehearsals. Other players were in the cast who could do nothing else but fail. In fact, some were so exceedingly bad that they must have been advised to adopt the theatrical profession by persons who hated them excessively.

The people who attend the playhouses in Dawson can discern readily between good and poor acting. The experience of the Palace Grand should warn other theatrical managers not to relax in their efforts to secure competent players.

The Stroller was much amused on Tuesday at a rehearsal by the fire department horse at engine house No. 2. The old black nag has been broken to leave his stall and take his place at the hose wagon at the tap of the bell and it was desired to see what he could do on the street. Now, the old rack of bones has been packed to death all summer and his heart is as nearly broken as his feet. Once outside the house he decided he couldn't pull the load, and wouldn't try. Eight firemen shouted, encouraged him and belabored the rusty blackhide, but all to no effect. The horse, which the government gets for his board, has a skin drawn over his skeleton as tight as if shrunk on with alum water. His sides sound hollow and his eyes are sad. It took the combined efforts of some dozen citizens to shove the cart on him and get him going.

"Jimmie the Goat," a local sport, smoked too freely of bad hop last Saturday afternoon and then made a few high plays against faro bank. At the Northern Annex, he placed his "poke" containing \$500 worth of gold dust, in the drawer, and played faro until he was \$900 loser. After he quit, he received his sack and an "in-tab" for the amount which he had lost. Instead of going to the scales he walked out of the house, and proceeded down the street until he reached the Board of Trade. There he played again. When he had lost \$500 of faro checks, the dealer handed the "poke" to the cashier and the latter weighed it in. Further credit was refused, and the plunger departed. The "Goat" is now on the stool of repentance; but none of his excuses will serve to square him with the sports.

Not long since, the local newspapers published that Caprice had been relieved of \$7200 at the Monte Carlo. According to the tale which Caprice told to the police officers, the loss occurred while she was entertaining a few friends in one of the private rooms. She averred that the large amount of money was comprised of currency, which she had

concealed in a bustle under her dress.

Recently a story was circulated which is to the effect that this sum of cheechako money consisted of two dollar bills, and that since the theft occurred Caprice has assumed more symmetrical proportions.

It is needless to say that the fair variety actress is much exercised over this calumny and is making attempts to discover the identity of her reckless traducer.

Most people like robes for a cover, and even a mule will accept one these winter nights. But the strangest cover for a man or beast was guaranteed the other day in a conversation overheard by the Stroller. The various mining and milling interests of Joe Boyle make it possible for him to profitably winter horses which would ruin a poor man. Joe Boyle's man Jack has charge of the live stock. The conversation was between Jack and a cheechako who has a horse which he wanted wintered.

"Got any use for a horse, this winter?" he inquired of the stable man.

"Might be able to use one," was the reply.

"Will you keep mine?"

"Yep."

"Will you take good care of him?"

"Best of care."

"Feed him well?"

"Yep best of feed."

"Stable?"

"Yep; we've got a stable." Jack began to look sad and discouraged.

"Shoes?"

"Yep." Jack looked as if he would like to get away.

"Medicine?" inquired the cheechako.

"By the gallon," answered Jack.

"Blankets?"

"Er—er—what kind of blankets?"

"Fourteen pound will do, I guess."

"We've got lots of cover," said Jack, who by this time had decided he didn't want the horse on any terms.

"All right, you can have him. What did you say you had to cover him with."

"Why," said Jack disgustedly, "we've got the whole aurora borealis for a cover."

"Well, all right," said the innocent owner, "you may take him, but be sure and not let him from under the—the—the—What do you call it?"

"I said the aurora borealis."

"Oh, all right; take him. Don't let him out nights." And the stranger went away with the firm conviction that the aurora borealis was some Klondike expedient of moss and horsehair, or something impenetrable to the chilling blasts of winter.

One Strike at Golf.

Good Man—Do you know what becomes of little boys that use bad words when they are playing marbles?

Bad Boy—Yep! Dey grows up and plays golf.—Chicago News.

Jingle Bells.

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