

AN EDITOR FROM DAWSON

Tells of New Finds and Rich Districts in the North.

Syndicates Will Develop the Indian River Conglomerate Properties in the Near Future.

From Thursday's Daily.

Among the passengers who arrived by the steamer Danube on Sunday morning was Capt. Henry J. Woodside, editor of the Yukon Sun, of Dawson. He is bound east, and W. T. Thompson, late of the Rossland Miner, has taken the editorial chair of the Sun, which has now become a semi-weekly. In an interview on his arrival here Capt. Woodside said he was creditably informed that a good strike had been made at the head of the Stewart, and before he left Dawson a large number had started up.

Boats containing parties of three or four were stringing up the river from time to time. The find is said to be about 400 miles up. A miner who had spent all winter there returned with a pile. The Big Salmon district, Mr. Woodside thinks, is also a rich one. He says that the greater number of the prospectors in the north have a habit of passing over ground which does not pay as richly as Eldorado and Bonanza are worthless. They seem to forget that ground that, while not as rich as those creeks, will now pay as richly as then, in view of the increased facilities, the hardships of former days making only the richest of creeks workable. To show that the Big Salmon district is looked upon as a rich one, he says that at the recent sale of the ten government claims below Discovery, which took place at Dawson on July 2, the property was sold for \$15,500. The bidding was very spirited, which went to show that miners had looked over the ground and found that it was rich. The two principal creeks in this district are Livingstone and Cottoncove. One miner named Black went from Big Salmon to Dawson to bid. Another offered \$4000 for one claim, but could not buy it all.

The reservation of property by the crown, which has the effect of tying up the creeks, works in a way evidently not intended by the government, says Mr. Woodside, and has a bad effect on prospecting and mining. The country must be thrown open. It was imperative, too, that roads be built. The Yukon council had spent about a hundred thousand dollars on roads and other improvements. They thought they would get this money back from the department of public works, but they do not seem to have been able to do so. Otherwise they would have been able to do more work this season.

Capt. Woodside says the police force at Dawson is entirely overworked. There is need of more officers and men, particularly commissioned officers. They have a very large variety of work, filling every position that there are not special officers there to fill. All the police court work is done by the mounted police officers.

Speaking of the Indian river conglomerate finds, Capt. Woodside says there is little more to add to the story written by him for the Sun, which appeared in these columns some days ago, beyond the fact that assays were made by Mr. Marsden, of the Alaska Commercial Company, of specimens shortly before he left Dawson, and Mr. Marsden told him that the results were about \$2 to the ton. This, though, was from the specimens taken from the surface. It is reasonable to suppose that much better results will be obtained from below. There is a hopeful feeling that before long some large quartz reefs will be struck in the Klondike. Every indication points to that fact.

A number of Britishers at Dawson have formed a syndicate to develop the property. Should the ore develop rich it will give the district a great boom. Outside of this find, though, there is no mistake as to the permanency of the district. There is gold on every little creek, and before long hydraulic miners will be making large returns from creeks that are not being touched now.

The Dawson contingent that went to Nome, says Capt. Woodside, are sending back bad reports. The majority were soon expected back. A miner employed by Joe Vincent, a mine owner who came out with Capt. Woodside, wrote from Nome to his late employer, saying:

"I thought I was spit on at Dawson, but I've had it rubbed in here."

Another says it is a regular tunc.

Joe Vincent, says the Yukon editor, came down to purchase supplies and machinery. He wanted 20 tons of sup-

plies and about four or five steam boilers.—Victoria Colonist.

Terror of the Town.

In a letter received at San Francisco from Nome comes further details of the shooting of Wyatt Earp, formerly of Colton, by a man on whom he started to pull a gun in his saloon. Earp was badly wounded, and before he recovers he will receive the intelligence of the death of his youngest brother, Warren, who, last week, was shot at Wilcox, Ariz.

According to the letter Wyatt Earp, who keeps a saloon and gambling house in Nome, has been the terror of the town because of his reputation as a dead shot. He bullied everyone and he was particularly offensive in his own place after he had a little liquor. June 30 Earp quarreled with a customer and being greatly enraged, reached for his gun, which was behind the counter. The customer, who had a large navy revolver, didn't wait for the "bad man" to "heel" himself, but opened fire and put a bullet through Earp's right arm. This ended the fight, for Earp's arm was rendered useless and he lost much blood.

The military authorities investigated the affair and lodged Earp in jail. His followers swore vengeance, but there were too many troops for them to do anything.—San Bernardino News.

Creek Items.

Mr. Richard Harms went down Bonanza apparently walking on air Thursday morning. On inquiry we found he had just received a telephone message: "Wife just arrived."

Mr. E. T. Barnett, foreman on 21 Eldorado has left the services of the N. A. T. Co. and will go to town with Mrs. Barnett to take a well-earned vacation.

Mr. G. B. Thorne, chief caterer on 21 Eldorado leaves in a few days to visit his family. He will resume his old position on his return.

L. A. Bland, of 59 below Bonanza, one of Uncle Sam's boys, leaves for the States in a few days to enlist. Says he will go to China immediately.

A. Garvey, not satisfied with feeding all the transients who come to Grand Forks, is now building a barn large enough to accommodate 20 horses. Mr. Garvey says, "Things will be lively at the Forks this winter."

Messrs. Sutton & Hartney have the contract to complete the government road from 60 below Bonanza to the Forks. Frank Dooner, foreman, informs us that he has 40 men at work at present, and will have 80 in a few days, and that the road will be completed by September 6.

Another Klondike Romance.

The Seattle P.-I., which has always been long on "Klondike romancing," perpetrates the following in its latest effort along that line.

A romance in domestic life, in which George H. Cutler, of Skykomish, Wash., and his wife, Anna, of Enid, Oklahoma territory, are the leading characters, was just brought to light on Monday last, by the re-marriage of the two in the commissioner's office in St. Paul.

The rich gold fields of the Klondike have been responsible for a great many heartaches as well as demonstrations of joy. But of all the entanglements that may partially be attributed to the irregularity of mails, probably none are more interesting than that which robbed a wealthy returned Klondiker of this state of the wife he thought was awaiting his return and would be overjoyed at the good fortune that had overtaken him in the north.

The reverses of the past have, however, been overcome by a retelling of the marriage knot and Mr. Cutler and his bride are expected west to their home in Skykomish in a few days.

The story of the romance, as told by Mr. and Mrs. Cutler after their marriage, to the St. Paul newspaper men is contained in the following:

A very novel wedding took place in Court Commissioner Gallie's office yesterday afternoon and there is quite a little romance connected with it. The contracting parties were George H. Cutler, of Skykomish county, Wash., and Anna C. Cutler, of Enid, Oklahoma territory.

It was just 13 years ago yesterday when Mr. Cutler, who was then a railroad man, married his present wife the first time. Things went along very smoothly for a few years and their union was blessed with two bright-looking boys, who were named Martin and Charles. Some time after, however, things began to go backward for the happy family. Cutler was unable to get any work. They owned a little farm of 160 acres at Enid, Okla., on which they lived. Finally he went to Montana to seek work and got a job at railroading and things began to look brighter.

While in Montana he met a gentleman from Boston by the name of A. B. Barber, who was going to the Klondike and wanted some sturdy western man to go with him. Mr. Cutler, who is a

strong built man, six feet in height, accepted the offer. He accordingly sent his wife 400 and told her he was going.

This was in July, 1897, when the Klondike craze was first on, and they succeeded in getting the last boat out of Seattle for the gold country. That was the last heard of him by his wife for a long time. Finally the little family on the farm in Oklahoma began to get in hard circumstances and were in danger of losing the little tract of land.

As a last resort the faithful wife went to the judge in their little town and told him about it. He asked her if she had heard from George in the last six months and if he had sent her any money. She told the judge that she had not and so he told her he would grant her a divorce and that by getting this divorce she could save the land. She didn't like to do it, but as a last resort she finally consented.

All the time Mr. Cutler was in the Klondike and was striking some rich claims, one of them which netted him and his partner from Boston \$58,000 last year. This spring he started for home and arrived at Seattle on June 29 last, on the steamer Garonne. He immediately telegraphed his divorced wife to meet him at Omaha, Neb., with the little boys, which she did. They came from there direct to St. Paul and were married at once.

B. C.'s New Governor.

We do not believe in flattery, and as near neighbors of Sir Henry Joly we have refrained from telling him to his face some of the pleasant things the people of Victoria have been saying of him. The following long-range observation, however, we have no hesitation in reproducing. It is from the London Daily Chronicle of June 28th.

"Next to Sir Wilfrid Laurier himself perhaps the most delightful personality amongst Ottawa politicians is Sir Henri Gustave Joly de Lotbiniere, who has been appointed lieutenant governor of British Columbia, in succession to Mr. McInnes. Sir Henri is over 70 years of age, and a Protestant. With the Catholic French-Canadians in the province of Quebec he is intensely popular, and he is hardly less so with the hard-headed Presbyterians of Ontario and Manitoba. He was born in France, the younger son of a noble family, and in the rough-and-tumble of colonial political life he has never lost the charm of manner of the old regime. In the troublous times of 1861 he was largely instrumental in allaying friction amongst his fellow countrymen, and in persuading them to look not backward to France but forward to Canada. In his little court at Victoria, amongst idyllic surroundings, old Sir Henri will be an ideal governor, and her majesty will have no more loyal viceroy in any part of her dominions."—Victoria Times.

Water Did It.

"It was the water at Paardeberg that played the mischief with us," said Private Taylor, of the returned Canadians, who is just recovering from a very bad attack of enteric fever. "It was as bad as the Boers' courage—a great deal worse than their bullets. Why it used to be part of our regular morning exercise to strip off our clothes and jump into the water and push the bodies of horses and mules off the rocks onto which they had drifted during the night, in order that they might float on down the river and leave us in peace."

"You see, the Boers were just above us and whatever they threw into the river was carried down to our camp. It was easier to dump a dead horse in the river than to bury it, not to mention the inconvenience it put us to—I have seen that water so muddy that an outsider wouldn't have known it was water. I have seen it leave half an inch of sediment in a glass, after it had stood five minutes, but it was all we had. When you work all day on one biscuit and a quarter you are not going to be over particular about the quality of the rest of your diet, and that is what we had to do about the time of the Paardeberg fight."

"For four days lots of us went without an hour's sleep at night. The rain would soak our blankets until we were almost bedded in mire; the odors of putrid cattle would almost suffocate us. We would eat our one biscuit a day and drink our muddy water. Is it any wonder we caught enteric?"

"Just before we made the last charge, before daybreak at Paardeberg," said Private Taylor, "the front rank of the Canadians were ordered to take their rifles in their right hands, and, with their left on the shoulder of the man next them, to rush forward a hundred yards or so, while the rear rank was given picks and shovels to trench. We made one hundred yards all right and were stretching it a little when we run plump into a wire struck with tin cans. As soon as the Boers heard the rattle of the tins they opened fire on us."

If they had had enough courage to take aim properly, not a man of us would have escaped. As it was they had their rifles up over the edge of their trenches and blazed away blindly.

"Twenty-six Canadians fell at Paardeberg. Before the rest of us left we buried the bodies of 12 privates and six non-commissioned officers in one grave. Around it we put a double row of shells, and over it all the limestone boulders we could get hold of. It was not much of a monument, but it shows where some brave fellows lie."—Manitoba Free Press.

Called Out U. S. Troops.

An insane woman whom the Dawson authorities are sending from the Klondike metropolis to Victoria created quite a sensation on the streets at night. The woman is in charge of Dr. Dunn and his wife, and the party were staying at the hotel. All were getting along nicely until about 5 o'clock yesterday when the insane woman put on her wraps and started out on the street. Mrs. Dunn followed her and soon the woman became violent. Mrs. Dunn pushed her into Solomon's store on Broadway and sent for Jailer McNaughton who tried to get her to go either to the hotel or to the jail. They got her out of the store, but after parading around town for half an hour or so and frequent attacks by the insane woman on her escort a call was made on the U. S. troops for assistance. Lieutenant Jenks and Dr. Bailey with two or three assistants from the hospital responded, a hack was called and the woman was soon in Bishop Rowe hospital. The proceeding attracted a considerable crowd, which followed the procession from one street to another.

The woman's name is Mrs. Emma Hendrickson. She left last night on the Amur.—Alaskan.

Confusing.

When the matron called upon the bride of three months, she discovered her in tears.

"Why, my dear, what is the matter?" she cried.

"I want to die! I want to die!" sobbed the bride.

"There, dear, there! What is the matter?"

"It's—it's Harry!" sobbed the girl wildly.

"Has he been abusing you?"

"No-o, but—oh, dear, what shall I do?"

"What on earth is the matter, dear?"

"He—he—oh, I can't tell you!"

"You must. Has he been staying out late nights?"

"No-o-o!"

"Has he been drinking?"

"No-o!"

"Then what is the matter?"

"He—he doesn't love me any more!"

The matron drew the sobbing girl to her side.

"Now tell me all, dear," she whispered.

"When—when he came home last night, he didn't k-k-kiss me!" she sobbed.

"My dear," said the matron, "you'll get over that. When my husband came home last night, he did kiss me, and I have been wondering ever since what he has been up to."—Detroit Free Press.

Prince Ching, friend of the white man, is certainly one of the most remarkable characters of history, if the reports continually filtering in from China are correct. The prince was killed some weeks ago in the first rush of the Boxers at Peking. A few days later he led a regiment to the rescue of the legations and defended the imperiled foreigners like a hero. Soon after these gallant deeds he was surrounded by the Boxers, slashed over the head with a sword and then hacked to pieces. Undismayed by this untoward happening, he attacked Prince Tuan's ferocious followers and gained a prodigious victory. His enemies, rallying from their defeat, surprised him near the city gates, speared him, and to be sure that he would not revive, hung his head upon a pole. Prince Ching, however, was not to be downed even by such an accident, and the latest accounts state that he was relieved from siege by Gen. Nieb, and will soon begin operations against the hordes of his antagonists. Some kind of a medal ought to be presented Prince Ching when the allies take Peking. He is evidently a marvel, and able to discount the phoenix, the salamander and all the other animals that were ever hard to slay.—Chicago News.

Out With Their Mitts.

The coming "go" between Slavin and Smith will probably attract the largest gathering ever admitted in a local theater for an event of the kind. That Smith will make a good showing is without question, as he is an old timer in the ring and will go at it with a rush, as his personal enmity towards Slavin is well known. Even money has been bet on the go, although in many instances Slavin is the favorite.

O'BRIEN-JACKSON COMPANY

Arrives on the Yukoner Early This Morning

And Will Open at The Savoy Next Monday Evening—A Very Strong Company.

The Palace Grand is the Palace Grand no longer, as it received the O'Brien & Jackson Company this morning, and became the Savoy. The company arrived on the Yukoner at an early hour this morning and at once took possession of its new home, which is filled to its capacity by the company, numbering, as it does, upwards of 40 people.

Steve O'Brien, in speaking of the trip in said it was pleasant and instructive throughout, as the steamer the party left Victoria on was an excursion boat and the company was shown what is called picturesque Alaska, while en route to Dawson. The most of the personnel of the company were selected from the management's houses bearing the name Savoy at Victoria and Vancouver, although there are several members who hail from Portland and San Francisco.

In speaking of the name the management has adopted Mr. O'Brien said they used it everywhere excepting at Whitehorse, but had been prevented from doing so there by being forestalled by others who had adopted the name for a hotel, a restaurant, and there was even a report that a laundry was to be so named. Therefore the theater is called the Whitehorse.

Among those who will entertain the Savoy audiences are Mille Lloyd, an accomplished vocalist, late with Sousa; Walthers and Forrest, balladists; Miss Jennie Guehard, a well known burlesque artist; Lillie Edgerton, who will "float through the air;" Johnny Flynn, a high class comedian; Bryant and Onslow, knock-about comedians; Madge Melville, a contralto singer; Edith Montrose a balladist; Mae Stanley, a buck and wing dancer; Maie Bevis, who sings coon songs; Ollie Darrell and Allen Delmar, who also do coon sketches; Ray Eldridge and Larry Bryant, who will entertain in various ways; Kate Rockwell, a sketch artist; Bertha Lamm, a serio comic fun maker; Blanche Camminetti, vocalist; Celia de Lucy, an operatic singer; Marion Keith, soubrette; Stanley and Scanlon, musical artists, and many others.

The Savoy will open next Monday evening with Johnny Flynn's burlesque entitled "The Century Club," in which Miss Jennie Guehard will play a prominent part as comedienne.

The company brought its own orchestra, under the leadership of Al Hart, late of the Savoy of Vancouver, and some good music may be anticipated.

The affairs of the company are managed by Mr. Charles Friedman, who will be found a very pleasant gentleman with whom to do business.

Tundra Mining.

One of the men who returned from Nome on the steamer Utopia this week states that J. W. Ivey, collector of customs for the district of Alaska, is attempting, says the Alaskan, to collect gold from the tundra just back of the famous beach. Mr. Ivey has some arrangement, he says, whereby he takes water from the sea and runs it back to a tundra claim. The same man in speaking says further:

"The tundra contains gold, but it has no pay streak, and those who work it have to uncover the entire surface, and that is a great task. A few feet under the surface one encounters ice, or rather a frozen mass of water, moss and earth."

"The beach is nothing big. Hundreds who went to Nome believing they could at least wash out enough with which to get back to the states have been sadly disappointed, and cannot get enough to keep them. The old strike aside from the hard worked old beach was on Topkuk beach."

"The Topkuk beach is a quarter of a mile long. It paid, but paid nothing wonderful. I knew some men who took out \$15 a day to the man for four days, but they were four or five days prior to that stripping the pay streak, and I cannot say how long in searching for it. So after all they were not well paid."

"Anvil, Snow gulch and Dexter creeks are good, but the claims that pay are not numerous, and were the water only plentiful enough they would all be worked out in one average season. One of the creeks has only nine paying claims."

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