

MURDER MYSTERY AT NOME.

John Nolan Shot and Killed While in Bed in a Tent.

Suspicion Points to W. G. Brenning and George Payne Who Are Now in Custody.

From Wednesday's Daily.)
At 1 o'clock on the morning of June 27, during the brief period when semi-darkness invades the Northern city of Nome, John Nolan was shot to death and Michael Smith seriously wounded while in bed in their tent on Dry creek, a short distance northwest of the camp. Suspicion pointed to W. G. Brenning and George Payne as their assailants, and both were arrested. At the inquest held before the United States commissioner, June 30, sufficient evidence was adduced to warrant holding them over for the crime.

Advices from Nome throw little light upon the motive for murderous assault. The four men shared the tent together, and are said, by neighbors, to have had frequent quarrels. Witnesses at the preliminary hearing testified to having seen Brenning and Payne enter the tent just before 1 o'clock in the morning, and after some loud talk and threats of shooting, sounds of the shots followed almost immediately. Brenning and Payne were next seen running away from the tent. The neighboring campers were aroused, and rushing into the tent found Nolan dead from gunshot wounds, and Smith seriously wounded about the head. Smith was taken to a hospital, but on recovering consciousness refused to tell anything of the occurrence.

Of the parties concerned in the tragedy Nome advices have little to say. The body of Nolan was at first identified as that of Lou Meyer, formerly of Butte, Mont., but later examination proved that a mistake had been made. The men accused of his murder refused to talk, and the reticence of Smith makes the matter very mysterious. Nothing is known of Smith save that he is a professional miner who went to Nome on one of this season's steamers from Seattle.

Brenning, whom the authorities believe to be the principal in the crime, went north on the steamship Garonne. Nothing is known of his earlier history. Payne claims to be a blacksmith from Madison county, Ky., and more lately from Spokane.

Three Books Reviewed.

We are in receipt of a new publication entitled "Did She Marry for Money?" As near as we can make out she did, but she got beautifully left. After keeping an old man bobbing around for five years, Lucille hears that he has come into possession of an even million. She then tells him that her love has always been his and hurries up the wedding. The honeymoon is only a week old when her husband is sued for a laundry bill, and it transpires that he isn't worth a red. The book leaves Lucille scattered over the floor in a dead faint, and we are not going to bring her to and ask questions. Let her turn to tapestry painting and make an old man's life happy.

According to our office scales, the book entitled "The Love of Theodore" weighs just 24 ounces. We can't find out that Theodore's love was anything to brag of, and the fact that he loved for 13 long years before saying anything about it does not recommend him to our estimation. A young man who loves a girl so that he can't sleep nights, and yet permits her to make artificial flowers for 30 cents a day and attempt suicide nine different times, should be chained up to a Digger Indian. The book leaves her clasped to his bosom; but, in spite of his long love, he may have found some other excuse to stand her off. We can't conscientiously recommend the book.

A book which will appeal largely to western sentiment is entitled "Found at Last." The daughter of a New York millionaire has had 40 offers of marriage. She knows that every one of the 40 young men simply want her cash. She determines that whoever gets her shall get her through love, and she packs her trunk and goes west and pretends to be poor. She strikes a job of teaching school at \$6 a month and board, and after about six months along comes Popsy Harrison, a young man in a red woolen shirt who is head boss in a sawmill. He says "Gosh hang it!" and "Go! darn it!" and he wipes his mouth on the table cloth, but she discovers that he loves her for herself, and she gives him her heart and a stack of government bonds as big as a house.

Things ought to always come out that way, and we hope the book will have a large sale. M. QUAD.

Gillmore's Spanish Friend.

During the period of his imprisonment by the Filipinos, Lieut. Gillmore and his men were at one time thrown into an old barrack with a party of Spanish prisoners, including a major general. The latter in some way obtained money, which he divided among his men and with great generosity sent 50 Mexican dollars to Lieut. Gillmore, asking him to accept them, with his compliments. Gillmore made the condition that it should be considered a loan, to which the Spanish general graciously assented, and he used the money to buy shoes and clothing for his men, something they sadly needed, for they were almost naked.

After his rescue Gillmore learned that the Spanish general, who had also escaped from the Filipinos, was in the city of Manila, and he offered him 50 silver dollars as repayment of the loan. The general was quite indignant and refused to accept it. When Gillmore reminded him of the agreement, he smiled and said that he had consented to it only because he feared the Americans would not accept the money otherwise.

Gillmore told the story among the other naval officers at Manila, who passed around a paper and collected a handsome sum, which was expended in the purchase of the most appropriate and expensive piece of silver that could be found in Manila. It was engraved with a brief statement of facts and presented to the Spanish general with appropriate ceremonies as a token of gratitude and admiration from the navy of the United States. Then he was invited to a reception upon the flagship, where every officer in the fleet who could be spared welcomed him and thanked him in person for his kindness to Gillmore and his men.—Havana Post.

He Had Been There.

He was ragged and slouchy, but he appeared to be strong and in good health, and the Boston man who had been struck for 10 cents looked the man over and replied:

"Why do you hang around the city and live in this way when you could at least earn your board and clothes out in the country?"

"In which direction, for instance?" he asked.

"Why, go out among the farmers. They must want help this time of year."

"Do you know anything about the New England farmers?"

"Not much; but some of them would surely give you board, and lodging to dig potatoes or husk corn."

"They would, eh?" he smiled. "My friend, don't you bank on the farmer if you don't want to get left. I've known him for these last ten years. See this scar on my head? D'you notice that I limp in my walk? See how my nose has been broken? If I dared peel off here, I could show you the scars of 20 different dog bites."

"Is the farmer to blame?" was asked.

"You are dead right he is!" was the reply. "I'll take my chances with trolley cars, police, bicycles, mad dogs, runaways, etc., but I don't want to run up ag'in no New England farmer!"

"What's wrong with him?"

"I never stopped to find out. Indeed, I never had time to stop. About the time I had got through the gate and had my tale of woe worked up the New England farmer and the New England bulldog made it their business to jump over the fence and run me into the next county. Why, I've been found dead on the highways 14 different times, and there's no giving figures on the times I've been mortally wounded! No, sir—tell me to go to Halifax if you feel a friendly interest in me, but don't try to work up no New England farmer job on me." M. QUAD.

McLaughlin Departs.

As vanishes the glistening dew drop from the tender plant of the lima bean, so has John McLaughlin, the young man who had a warrant issued for Dot Pyne's arrest on the eve of her intended departure for Nome, vanished from the scenes of former "ups and downs." For the past week McLaughlin lived a somewhat retired life in Dawson, and Monday evening he took passage on board the steamer Ora for the outside. As he was the prosecuting witness in the Pyne case it is possible that the great crime will go unpunished unless the young man is overhauled by wire and brought back to substantiate the charge he was so ready to prefer.

Moral—Let people wash their own dishes.

Slaughter of Deer.

A correspondent of the New York Post at St. Johns, N. F., describing the terrible slaughter of deer in the island, says: "A few days ago a steamer from the west coast of the island arrived, having on board 550 carcasses of veni-

son. Earlier in the season 500 were brought by the same steamer. The slaughtered deer are splendid animals. The consequence has been a glut of venison in the market. The price of forequarters is two and three cents per pound; of hindquarters, six cents. Along the business streets great carcasses line the sidewalk, and whenever you turn you encounter the frozen bodies of the noble caribou. We are surfeited with venison. In another point of view it is a sad and ominous sight. I greatly fear that such heavy drafts on our deer must inevitably end in their extermination, which would be a public calamity. One of the greatest attractions of the island for sportsmen is the caribou. No other country possesses them in such numbers. To permit their destruction in such a wanton fashion is criminal."

Public Notice.

PATENTS from the Dominion Government were issued and have been received at the Registry Land Office, at Dawson, for the lots or pieces of ground as hereinafter mentioned. All interested parties and owners of said lots are requested to produce at said Registry Land Office their titles, so that a certificate of title can be issued to them.

All patents for which a certificate of title will not be required and issued at once, will be sent back to be dealt with, according to circumstances, viz.:

I. GOVERNMENT ADDITION.
Block A, lots 1, 2, 3, 5.
" B, lots 2, 3.
" C, lots 1, 5, 7.
" D, lots 4, 5, 7.
" E, lots 3, 4, 6, 7, 10, 17, 18, 19, 21, 23, 24.
" F, lots 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 10, 11, 12, 14.
" G, lots 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 9.
" H, lots 4, 5, 7, 9, 11, 12, 15, 16.
" I, lots 2, 3, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14.
" J, lots 4, 6.
" K, lots 1, 3, 5, 6.
" L, lots 2, 3, 5, 10, 13, 24, 25.
" M, lots 2, 3, 5, 6, 8, 9, 13, 14, 16.
" O, lots 1, 2, 6, 10, 12, 14.
" P, lots 2, 4, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, 16.
" Q, lots 2, 4.
" R, lots W 1/2 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10, 11.
" V, lots 4, 5, 6.
" X, lots 1, 2, 3, 6, 8, 9, 11, 12, 15, 16.
" Y, lots 4, 6, 7.
" No. 1, lots 2, 3, 6, 15.
" No. 2, lots 1, 2, 3, 5, 10.
" No. 4, lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 7.

II. KLONDIKE CITY.
Block No. 1, lots 1, 5, 17, 19.
" No. 3, lots 3, 15, 4, 7, 8.
" No. 5, lots 5, 6.
" No. 6, lots 1, 3, 4, 10, 16, 17, 18.
" No. 7, lots 15, 16, 32, 52.
" No. 9, lot 13.

III. LADEE'S.
Block A, lots 2, 6, 14, 19.
" H. A, lots 10, 11.
" D, lot 5.
" G, lot 19.
" J, lot 2.
" Y, lots 1, 16.

IV. SMITH'S ADDITION.
All lots in Smith's addition—except the part west of First avenue.

V. BONANZA CITY.
Block B, lots 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.
" C, lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.
" E, lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 22, 23, 24.
" J, part of block J.

VI. GOVERNMENT RESERVE ADDITION.
Block 11, lots 1, 2.
" 12, lots 8, 9, 12.
" 13, lots 6, 7.
" 14, lots 6, 8, 10, 11.
" 15, lots 3, 6, 7.
" 18, lots 5, 8.
Dawson, 23rd July, 1900.
—w J. E. GIROUARD, Registrar.

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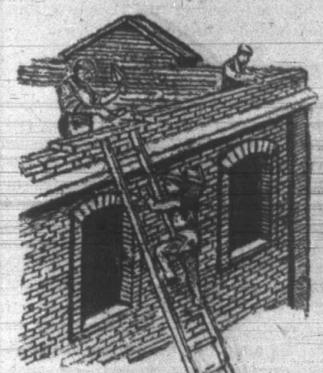
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