

HE KNEW O'BRIEN

Geo. B. Scott Recognized Alleged Slayer of the Minto Murder Victims

IN SELKIRK JAIL LAST SPRING

When O'Brien Asked "How Police Found Anything at Minto."

INQUIRED FOR BULLET MARKS

When He Learned of the Recovery of Clayton's Body—Scott's Record Not an Envidable One.

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily.
Geo. O'Brien who at long intervals is being preliminarily tried on the charge of murdering three men near Minto on last Christmas, the history of which wholesale murder is familiar to all not only in the Yukon, but all over the northwest, was given further hearing yesterday afternoon, Major Wood, commandant of the N. W. M. P. in the Yukon, being the presiding magistrate. The only testimony introduced at the session was that of George B. Scott, whose story, given as it was, in a straightforward, unshaken manner, appears to have considerable direct bearing in the case, although Scott himself has, according to his own statements, not lived an altogether blameless and spotless life.

Scott is now a freighter and packer, that having been his principal occupation for the past ten years, his home, before coming to Alaska three years ago, having been part of the time in Montana and part of the time in Utah. He also served as a deputy U. S. marshal in both the places mentioned. For killing game in Yellowstone Park in 1891 he was arrested, tried, sentenced and served six months in prison. He denied ever having been in trouble at Dyea or with the police at Bennett or Atlin. He came to Dawson just about one year ago with an outfit for D. D. Sawyer, and left shortly afterwards with passengers for Whitehorse.

At Whitehorse between the middle and last of December he was arrested on a charge of fraud preferred by D. D. Sawyer and after being held there some time, was brought to Selkirk where he was placed in a cell located about five feet from that occupied by Geo. O'Brien, who had been brought from Tagish to Selkirk previous to Scott being brought down from Whitehorse; that after he had been placed in the cell and the guard had gone out for a moment, O'Brien had spoken to him, calling him by name; that he was surprised to hear his name called, but that on looking closely at O'Brien he remembered him as being a man that he (Scott) was acquainted with in Butte, Mont., nine years before; that O'Brien, as soon as he got a chance when the guard was not present, asked "Have the police found anything at Minto?"

Later in the year and after O'Brien had been brought from Selkirk to the jail in Dawson, Scott was also brought down to be tried on the charge of fraud of which he was convicted and sentenced to two months in jail. On the day the body of a Fred Clayton was brought to this place, O'Brien had overheard some talk from his cell and, on the first opportunity when the guard was not in the immediate vicinity, asked of Scott who again occupied a cell near that of O'Brien, "Have they found Clayton's body?" On being told by Scott that the body was found and had been brought to Dawson, O'Brien asked "Do the bullet marks show in it?"

Considerable other evidence having more or less bearing on the case was adduced, but the above statements were the most pointed portions of Scott's testimony.

Scott completed the sentence which he was required to serve in the jail here some time ago, since which time he has been engaged at his old business, freighting and packing. In the session yesterday Crown Prosecutor Wade appeared, while the prisoner's

interests were looked after by his attorney, Herbert Robinson.

For Full Council Meeting.
Today Dr. J. N. E. Brown, territorial clerk, sent out notices to all members of the Yukon council, including the ones recently elected, of a meeting to be held in the territorial court room Thursday night at 8 o'clock.

It is expected that each of the eight members will be present, when it will be the first time in the history of the territory for a meeting of the council with more than six members present. It is said that considerable important business will come up for hearing and disposition at the hands of the meeting.

To Prevent Cruelty.
The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals met in the Board of Trade rooms last evening and adopted a constitution. Much discussion ensued on various subjects pertaining to the general objects in view.

Vice President Hetherington was chosen chairman of the board of control, and Mrs. Brown secretary.

It was after 11 o'clock when the business for which the meeting was called was sufficiently advanced to admit of adjournment till next Monday evening.

CREEK NOTES.

The Elby gave another of its big dances last Wednesday evening, a number of ladies from Dawson being present.

Lee & Co., of King Solomon's Hill gave a Thanksgiving dinner to their employees and friends. Mr. and Mrs. Calligan, of Dawson, were among the guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Mills, who own the big restaurant on King Solomon's Hill, prepared a big dinner for all the bachelors on the hill. Numerous invitations were issued, and the old sour doughs had a "hi-yu" time.

Donald McKinnon, discoverer of the conglomerate on Indian river, to which there was such a big stampede last summer, sold a three-quarter interest to an English syndicate for \$15,000 cash.

Last Wednesday evening Mr. C. D. Blodgett had one of his five pups killed by a wolverine. The following morning the animal was tracked up Queen gulch at 22 below Bonanza.

Mr. C. F. Smith has severed his connection with the Magnet roadhouse, and will leave for the outside in a few days. Mr. Smith has made many friends and his genial countenance will be missed at this popular resort.

The Anglo-Klondike Co., of Fox gulch, under the able management of Mr. Hugh Packwood, is making extensive preparations for getting water to the gulch for next spring. Three and one-half miles of ditch is now constructed, and 1400 feet of 12-inch pipe will be used to carry the water into Fox gulch.

A masquerade ball was given at the Raymond hotel at Grand Forks last Thursday evening which was largely attended. Many of the guests were masked and some very fine costumes exhibited. Those present were: Mesdames Protzman, Fowells, Raymond, Kline, Van Buskirk, Kline, Kelly, Crouse, Green, McDowell; Misses Langset, Johnson, Baxter, Ruthstrum, Doring; Messrs. Hall, Hickey, McDowell, Hamil, Bjewemark, Van Buskirk, Denny, J. Herron, Flannagan, Ward, Green, Berggreen, Main, B. Johnson, Waneceowen, Say, Birmston, Nordhal, B. E. Johnson, T. S. Heron, Pearson, Gorst, Sugrue, Leroy, T. Herbert, W. Herbert, Collins, Fletcher, Jones, Edwards and Lunn.

COMING AND GOING.

The public vaccinators have not yet started out to corral the town.

No new cases of typhoid have been reported within the past 24 hours.

Very few hard boiled hats are seen on the streets of Dawson these days, those who own no other head-gear deeming it best to stay indoors.

Chief Stewart's men sleep with one eye at these times when the fire bell is apt to ring at any time and especially at night, or very early in the mornings.

There were more frozen noses seen on the streets today than have been in evidence at any other time this winter, a quarter of a mile's walk being sufficient to turn the end of the nasal appendage a beautiful egg white.

Owing to the fog incident to the extreme cold today the sun has not been visible. Yesterday, however, the day being clear, Old Sol cast his first rays over the southeast horizon just at 12 o'clock. Thirty minutes later he had retired for the day.

"No Dogs Allowed in This Building," is the very appropriate sign over one of the entrances to the new post-office building. If dogs are kept out of that place, however, it will be the only place in Dawson where they are not more or less in evidence.

Mr. Frank Griffith, formerly with the A. C. Co., but now a horny-handed miner on 4 below Sulphur, was in the city yesterday shaking hands with his numerous friends, who in his much bewhiskered condition often were unable to recognize him. He is well pleased with his prospects and expects to go to the outside in the spring.

Masonic Charter.

A special charter has been granted for the organization of a lodge in Dawson, and the organization is expected to take place in the near future. It has been hoped for and expected for a long time.

The Play Houses

The Standard and Savoy theaters both opened the present week last night with entirely new plays, extended and well arranged programs and to crowded houses. The percentage of Dawson's populace which are theater goers is very large, nor do the people ever appear to tire of lending their presence and patronage so long as they are entertained in anything like good style. Both the local playhouses appear to appreciate this fact, and the first aim of the managements is invariably to please the patrons regardless of expense. This week both have struck popular chords and both, from the excellence of the performance rendered, are entitled to unstinted patronage and support.

At the Standard and under the able direction of Mr. Alf T. Layne is being produced Henry J. Bryan's English melo-drama in four acts, "The Lancashire Lass," with the following carefully selected cast:

Robert Redburn, an adventurer, Mr. Robert Lawrence; Ned Clayton, a young engineer, Mr. Frederick Lewis; Johnson, a party, Mr. Edw. R. Lang; Jellick, Mr. Alf Layne; Spotty, Miss Julia Walcott; Mr. Danville, banker, Mr. Lewis; Mr. Kirby, a Yeoman, Mr. Lang; Sergeant Donovan, Phil Andrews; Kitely, a bobby, Mr. R. Thorne; Milder, clerk, postman, Mr. Jas. Duncan; Black Dan, Mr. Layne; Fanny Danville, a spoiled child, Miss Mabel Lennox; Kate Garstone, an outcast, Daisy D'Avara; Ruth Kirby, Lancashire Lass, Vivian.

Between the acts the following star vaudeville performers appear and this week they are appearing at their very best: Miss Dolly Mitchell, Miss Celia De Lacy, Miss Cad Wilson and Miss Beatrice Lorne.

The Savoy is fully up to the usual high standard and this week one of the best and most complete programs yet arranged for any week's entertainment in the vaudeville history of Dawson being produced. Jim Post is out this week with another of his inimitable one act comedies entitled "Amputation," in which are introduced the following versatile artists: Dr. Cure-All, Dick Maurettus; Patrisho, the subject, Jim Post; Over the River Charley, Larry Bryant; Kitty Cure-All, May Ashley.

This happy introduction is followed by the entire cast of Savoy specialists which includes all the old favorites, Glad Gates, Troxwell and Evans, Jennie Guichard, Dorothy Campbell, Madge Melville, Madame Lloyd, Carrie and Julia Winchell, Edith Montrose, Cecil Marion and the great operatic duettists, Walthers and Forrest.

The program closes with one of Dick Maurettus' most clever productions which enjoys the strikingly suggestive title "Fun on the Yukon," the cast being as follows:

Lawyer Joe, Jim Post; Lawyer's Clerk, Dick Maurettus; a Client, Larry Bryant; the Talkative Woman, Edith Montrose; Can I Use Your Telephone, May Ashley; Is This the Barber Shop, I want to Get Shaved, Billy Evans; a Dressmaker, Julia Winchell.

There is not a slow or tame feature in this week's Savoy program and all who fail to witness the performance miss a good thing.

A Blood Purifier.

We had some delicious canned strawberries for desert today, and Frank, in his usual lucid style, compared the Klondike food supply of three years ago with that of the present day. In the course of his remarks he gradually drifted into collateral channels. "Tell ye what boys," he proceeded, fixing our attention with a can opener, "there was darned little to eat them days outside o' beans and mouldy bacon. I've seen flapjacks that would 'a' made middlin' good doormats, an' I've seen bread that would 'a' passed most anywhere fur chunks o' cord wood. That's what give all the boys round here scurvy. I was livin' wi' a chap up on Hunker an' 'e was stuck on 'is cookin'—ate 'is own make of flapjacks, the damfool. Purty soon 'e tuk bad, an' 'e was the deadead lookin' live man I ever seen. All blue an' green an' swollen. 'Is teeth got so blamed loose that 'I ye didn't catch on to the racket you'd 'a' swore somebody was shakin' a dice box every time 'e turned over 'is bunk. That's a square deal, boys. Did 'e die? Well, no—can't say 's 'e did. 'Ye see there was a lot o' this here Hudson bay tea growin' around the shack, an' I gathered a han'ful o' the stuff an' fixed a crackin' strong broo. Well, sir, it straightened 'im

up in great shape—had 'im at work inside a week, an' he swore 'e hadn't felt stronger and limberer in ten years.

'N let me tell you this tea's out o' sight in the blood' purifyin' line. B'jove, it's terrible good boys. Some o' ye knew Hank Malloy. Use to run the bark "Emma" down on the lakes somewhere. One day 'e run 'er on to a pier down Port Hope way an' dam near drowned hisself. Then 'e lit out an' come up here wi' a crew o' hoodlums, an' worked fur a while 'longside o' me on Hunker. I picked up a good deal o' navigashun from 'im, an' use to sling it in pretty handy in my conversashun. Well, after clean up, Hank had a purty good sack comin' to 'im. One mornin' 'e was a-washin' 'is face an' 'e ses to me, he ses, "Frank, guess I'll run up the spunker an' tack fur Dawson." "Belay all that, Hank," I ses. "Dawson's wuss'n hell fur sailors. Ye'll cruise down there an' git yer riggin' shot away, an' then ye'll come back to port a shorn hulk. Better stay here an' waltz around easy at yer anker."

Twan't no use. Down 'e goes, an' o' course 'e didn't do a thing in Dawson. Boys, 'e painted 'er up terrible good and fixed hisself plenty. He gambled some, 'n threw in a lot o' booch 'bout every once in a little while, 'n then 'e took in all the side dishes. 'Bout 3 o'clock in the mornin' 'e was sashayin' around on the sidewalk. Thought 'e was on the poop deck o' the bark "Emma," an' whin a p'liceman come along to kinda soothe 'im up a bit 'e hollers, "Bos'n, what'n hell ye doin' up here without orders?" 'N swatts the cop in the eye, knockin' 'im plumb into the lee scuppers, which means off the sidewalk whin ye're in a town. They give 'im three months stiddy job on the woodpile fur that.

Well, whin 'e come back to Hunker he were a purty ornery lookin' sailor-man. Boys, he was a beaut—A No. 1 registered. He was all over biles, an' some spots was terrible red an' fiery, s'pecially the starboard side o' 'is nose. His eyes was bleary an' 'is hair was all a-fallin' off 'is head—'nough to make a shavin' brush every time 'e took 'is cap off. Lord, Lord, 'e was a picter—by one o' them old masters. O' course I ups an' ast 'im what in blazes he'd bin doin' to hisself, an' he gives me the hull yarn. He sed they towed 'im into barracks an' tried 'im by court marshal. Fur four weeks 'e sawed wood every day, doin' three watches reg'lar, includin' a dogwatch. 'N then the biles an' things come onto 'im, 'n they kep' 'im below most o' the time and fed 'im pretty lib'ral on mercy, so's 'e could tell nex' time it got down to zero the doc sed. Now, what I was tryin' to git at, boys, was about this here Hudson bay tea. I fixes her up good and strong fur poor Hank—made a terrible lot of it—'bout's much's you could hold in a gold pan. Hank didn't 'pear to like the looks o' the broo, bein's his stummik was kinda down on the mercy, so 'e sed he guessed 'e didn't think 'e cared to come in on the deal.

He had a lot o' little ornery lookin' pills the doc give 'em, an' seein's 'e had to drink a swaller o' water every time 'e took a pill, I sed I guessed 't would be jes as handy to sluice 'em down wi' the tea. So he done it, 'n 'b'gosh, boys, purty soon the biles begin to wilt. They first got kinda dry an' corky-lookin', an' then they sorta crumbled off gradual on to his clothes. 'N 'is hair it quit fallin' out 'n 'b'gosh he got to lookin' purty good agin—purty dam good. Course 'is hair was 'n' glossy an' wady's 't use to be. 'Twas kinda brittle an' wiry—stood up slopin' most all the time, an' was purty scarce—didn't show up at all some places.

Now, 'f any o' you boys ever comes across Hank Malloy, you jes ast 'im what about that there blood purifier, an' 'f he don't crack her up good, I'll set 'em up twice for this hull crowd." SHIN.

For New Roads.

A force of men is now at work constructing a new road on Hunker creek that is proposed to be as good for summer as well as winter travel.

Government Engineer Thibedeau with a force of four men is now engaged in running a lide for a road up Clear creek which will be constructed immediately after it is located.

That Bracelet.

Editor Nugget:
At St. Andrew's ball subscriptions were taken on the bracelet given by J. L. Sale to be raffled for the benefit of Mrs. O'Neil, the raffie idea being abandoned. The subscription netted \$250, those subscribing, denoting who they desired to have the bracelet, which upon being given to the lady, who received the most signatures, very generously gave it to Mrs. O'Neil.

There were a few—and only a few—who, carried away with selfish pleasure, discouraged this action. But charity is a higher thought than pleasure, hence the success of the affair. C.

Death's Victim

James White well known in Dawson's sporting circles died yesterday at his cabin in this city from consumption. White was here last winter and went to Nome in the spring, going from there to Seattle and returning to Dawson on one of the last steamers to come down the river in the fall. He was in poor health when he left Seattle and was warned to avoid the Arctic winter by not coming here. He came, however, with the result as above stated. He was a faro and crap dealer and was last spring employed by Goldie in the Exchange, now Aurora No. 2. No one seems to know where he came from originally or whether or not he had any relatives.

Since the above was put in type it has been learned that the deceased is a brother to Mrs. P. C. Christian son of this city and his mother resides in San Francisco. The body is now at Undertaker Green's from which place the funeral will be held on Thursday at 1 o'clock. The body will be buried here.

Port Clarence Next Year.

H. Roller of this city has received a letter from W. Delbay, formerly of this city, but now of Nome City, under date of September 25th, in which he recites many things of interest regarding the northern gold fields. He considers Nome a good place yet, but thinks the rush next season will be to Port Clarence or Teller. There are also a few comments on the effect of the recent storm in Nome. The letter is as follows:

"The season here will wind up all right, but the main attraction for next year will be Port Clarence or a little place called Teller, about seven miles from Port Clarence. There will be some warm times there next spring, as the country is rich and everybody is getting ready to get in there in time.

"We have seen some pretty severe frost the last two weeks and the ice on the street some mornings was a quarter inch thick. We intend to go more extensively into the business of furs, dogs, sleight, arctic shoes, etc. The beauty of this country is that there is always something new turning up and whoever gets in first does the business. Native dogs here in winter time are worth from \$100 to \$150. We bought some good ones very cheap, but everybody is after them now.

"I can see a very favorable field here for investment. Anyone that has the means to invest \$10,000 or \$15,000 here now could easily double or treble it before six months are over. I believe things are going to be good here for some years to come. Money flows like water in business circles, and though living is expensive there are a great many more opportunities here than in the States.

"We have suffered immensely from last week's storm, of which you have probably read in the newspapers. I thought at one time it was going to put us out of business for good. Fully one-fourth of the city was entirely flooded and destroyed. All the beach improvements for discharging facilities have been demolished. Of the 60 or 70 big barges and lighters used for unloading the big steamers but two have escaped destruction. Everyone of them was either sunk or washed ashore and wrecked. We have witnessed some warm times here and we escaped luckily. We are right in the swim again today. But for a few hard knocks I would have been way ahead financially this short season. The big companies all lost thousands of dollars in merchandise.

"It is surprising, however, how coolly and good naturedly people take these things here. You hardly ever hear anybody talk of the losses sustained after the thing has passed. One of our neighbors had 400 tons of coal on the beach, which was valued at \$45 and \$50 per ton. He lost the entire lot, and though he was not a millionaire he did not seem to mind it any more than a bad toothache. Most of the ones who lost all they had in the flood are doing business again today. While the flood lasted there was considerable buying and selling going on of houses and goods practically destroyed. I have seen a \$5000 building sold for \$300 and carried off into the ocean 20 minutes later. Some took big chances and made big money that way.

"I like mining camp life very much. There is some excitement to it and even if I do not obtain the very much desired results, the experience and wild excitement is worth a great deal. I have great faith in the coming year, and you could not get me out of here with an ax. If the climate was suitable to your constitution I would certainly insist upon your coming here. I sold \$40 worth of optical goods at very low prices. Watches are bad actors. I can't get cost for them."—Stockton (Cal.) Independent.

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