

# THE DAILY KLONDIKE NUGGET.

VOL. 1 No. 229

DAWSON, Y. T., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1900.

PRICE 25 CENTS

## HEAD

Cloth Caps, all styles; Fur Caps, Yukon style; Muskrat, Australian Opposum, Electric Seal and Beaver, with silk or cloth tops; Stetson and Gordon Hats.

## HANDS

Hand and Mocho Gloves and Mitts, silk or fleece lined; Corticelli Silk Mitts and Gloves, Buck and Asbesto Mitts and Gloves, Fur Mitts, Driver Finger Mitts.

## FEET

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111 First Avenue

## A. KING HANGED

**This Morning For The Murder Of Herbert Davenport Last July.**

**THE EXECUTION WAS SUCCESSFUL**

**And Apparently Without Pain To King Who Did Not Fear**

**DEATH AT THE LAST MOMENT**

**Nor in Any Way Show Signs of Weakening or Breaking Down—Directions to the Executioner.**

Herbert Davenport, who fell before the deadly rifle of Alexander King on the 15th day of last July, lies buried on the hill, and this morning at twenty minutes past eight o'clock, Alexander King's body was cut from the end of the hangman's rope in the prison yard, and placed in a box, ready to return to its mother earth.

The murdered and the murderer both died violent deaths, only there is a difference. One was murdered, the other executed, and this is the twelfth

century, when the Mosaic law is not spoken of except as a relic of antiquity.

The killing of Davenport by King was one of those particularly atrocious and cold blooded affairs which startle communities once in a decade. The murdered man in this instance was wholly defenseless and completely at the mercy of his slayer, whose sole excuse for his crime was that, to use his own expression at the time, he had "bumfuzzled them long enough."

The defence he set up at his trial was the flimsy statement that Davenport had, in his handling of the scow upon which they were, endangered his life. No showing was made which in any way went to prove that he had at any time been exposed to any worse danger than that of a few inconsequential delays due to getting on sandbars in common with pretty nearly every scow coming down the river.

While hung up on one of these bars near the mouth of White river, Davenport made a short excursion with one of the other hands in a Peterboro, and on his return before he got out of the canoe, King leveled a 44-calibre Winchester rifle, and with the remark that he (Davenport) had bumfuzzled them long enough, pulled the trigger and sent a ball crashing through the body of his victim, sending him before the bar of eternal justice without more than a minute's warning.

King's trial in the territorial court, before Judge Craig and a jury was one of the most sensationally dramatic affairs which ever occurred in a court room, and Alexander King, as in the first chapter of the story which closed with the scene in the prison yard: this morning, was the principal actor.

When the judge spoke those fateful words which fixed the prisoner's doom irrevocably upon him, King leaned forward from the prisoner's box and said: "Judge, I'd rather you send me out and have me shot in the morning. Imprisonment is not to my liking."

That was on the 31st of July, and since that time he has been incarcerated in the prison awaiting this, the day of execution.

During all the time of his imprisonment, King has remained impassive, giving no sign by word or in his appearance of any effect the anticipation of his approaching end was having upon him, and notwithstanding the report of a recent alleged interview with him, in which it was stated that he was breaking down, King has remained firm to the end, showing no sign of repentance or even of regret for his deed.

This morning at about 7:30 o'clock the few who had received passes from the sheriff began to present themselves for admission. A police sentry received the passes at the entrance to the drill ground, and admitted the bearers to the guard room. From there they were passed on through some more doors, and finally found themselves at the foot of the scaffold stairs. Mounting these to the platform above with its terribly suggestive evidences of the approaching gruesome ceremony, about 20 spectators, officials and press representatives awaited the coming of the execution, the sheriff, the condemned murderer, and guards.

A flag staff had been raised on one end of the scaffold, and rove to the halliards of this, hanging limp and still in painful contrast to the bright morning sunshine, was a small black flag. Whether it hung there at the foot of the staff intentionally or whether its not being hoisted was an oversight or not, it seemed most appropriate that it stay where it was.

The top of the scaffold was open with the exception of the huge beam which extended across above the trap, and from the center of which hung the rope, a st ut piece of manilla, with the hangman's noose tied in the end yawning for the head of its victim. Beneath this was the trap, a pair of doors opening in the center and springing down and out when opened, and by the side of the doors the iron lever by means of which the executioner was to spring the trap open.

At two minutes before eight o'clock Alexander King mounted the stairs to the scaffold. His tread was as firm and decided as if he had been walking down the street a free man.

He wore moccasins and blue jeans, and a blue shirt, much the worse for wear. He wore no coat and his head was uncovered save by the covering provided by nature in the long and

heavy gray hair which has attracted attention to him on other occasions. His arms were securely strapped behind him above the elbows, so that he carried his hands by his sides, slightly extended. His long gray beard, unkempt and discolored by tobacco, added somewhat to the pallor of his face, which was due to confinement more than to fear of what was awaiting him.

Stepping towards the center of the platform he turned his head to one side and looking meditatively and somewhat curiously at the rope and beam, said, as if speaking of some very trivial matter, "I guess that rope will do me the rest of my life."

"Step this way, please; right here," said the executioner, indicating the center of the trap.

Without an instant's hesitation the doomed man stepped firmly upon the spot indicated. The executioner spread the noose and placed it around his neck, drawing the loop up and fitting the knot just in front of the left ear.

"Fix that right, now; I don't want to be strangled," said King, as the rope was being adjusted.

The noose fitted, the executioner placed the black cap on King's head and began drawing it over his eyes, when Sheriff Eilbeck said: "Wait a moment. King, is there anything you want to say?"

"No, sir; I have nothing to say," was the reply. "They're all for sensation now a days; they don't want the truth, and I have nothing to say."

Then the Rev. Mr. Grant stepped forward, and King's voice rose in a sort of suppressed, nervous cry, a cry such as he was heard to utter that day in the courtroom, and his last words were poured forth with his face upturned towards that heaven against which he had transgressed.

"Lord Jesus Christ, receive my soul," he cried, and the minister's "Lord God, hear this soul's prayer," was cut short by the crash of the lever as the executioner shot it back, and the trap opened in the center. The body

shot down through the trap door like a rocket to the end of the rope, leaving the marks of his moccasined feet in the snow beneath at the first stretch of the rope. There was a slight rebound of the body, a quivering and swaying of the rope, and the spectators, with awed faces looked at the hole in the floor, where but a second before had stood a man filled with that same awfully mysterious something which animated them, and where now swung the taut rope, at the end of which hung a corpse.

From the time the rope tightened under the weight of his body King must have been, if not dead, at least utterly unconscious, as there was not the slightest move of the body noticeable.

Looking down at the body from above as it swung at the end of the rope, one saw the eyes slowly open and almost instantly glaze over in death, the muscles of the jaws relax and the tongue loll; and it needed no medical certificate to convey the information that Alexander King was no longer among the living.

Twenty minutes later the body was cut down and placed in a plain wooden box painted black on the outside, when it was removed by the coroner's jury, summoned to state, according to law, how Alexander King met his death.

The jury was composed of the following named citizens: Dr. McDonald, foreman; Messrs. McClellan, Tiffin, Grange, Griffith and Bennett, who returned the requisite verdict, and the last formality in the Alexander King murder case was at an end.

Society and the death of Herbert Davenport have been avenged; the outraged law has been appeased, and blindfolded justice has been satisfied. As for Alexander King he has gone before the bar of that court at which sooner or later all must appear and plead. He has anticipated the inevitable by a few short years or possibly hours, and who shall say that he has not, after all, got the best of the bargain?

Best Canadian rye at the Regina.

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

## HOWARD GUILTY

**And Will Hang For Complicity In The Murder Of Governor Goebel.**

**STRIKE ASSUMES BAD PHASE**

**American Forces Will Be Withdrawn From China.**

**BOER DEFEAT IS COMPLETE.**

**Bryan's Imperialism Howl Answered by Beridge—Germany May Single War With China.**

Frankfort, Ky., Sept. 28, via Skagway, Oct. 2.—The jury today found James Howard guilty of complicity in the assassination of Governor Goebel, in that he fired the fatal shot. Death will be the penalty imposed on Howard. His attorney immediately applied for a new trial, which application was taken under advisement by the court.

**Strike Growing Worse.**  
Philadelphia, Sept. 28, via Skagway, Oct. 2.—The ranks of the striking miners received many new additions today and the prospects yesterday that the trouble would be of short duration are dispelled. Many miners say they have no personal grievances, but went out purely from sympathy. The sheriff of Lucerne county has made a demand on the governor for additional troops. Two small riots took place today. A coal famine in several of the large cities is already imminent.

**American Forces to Withdraw.**  
Washington, Sept. 28, via Skagway, Oct. 2.—Chaffee has cabled for permission to reduce the American forces now in China down to the legation guard, which is 1400 men, leaving 3500 to be withdrawn.

**Boer Defeat Complete.**  
London, Sept. 28, via Skagway, Oct. 2.—The Boer defeat is now complete, pacification being enforced by 20,000 British police. Several of the Boer cabinet officers have already departed for Germany. Kruger is still at Lorenzo Marquez, where he is awaiting the arrival of a warship from the Netherlands.

**Replies to Bryan.**  
New York, Sept. 28, via Skagway, Oct. 2.—To date the presidential campaign is the least exciting of any since the civil war. The news at Republican headquarters here is that Roosevelt reached Denver last night, where he received the greatest ovation of the

(Continued on Page 4.)

## The Crash Has Come!

...IMMENSE...

## AUCTION SALE

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