

THE KLONDIKE NUGGET.

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WERE BADLY TREATED.

Passengers of the Stratton Make Severe Complaints.

MOUNTED POLICE FAIL TO GIVE NECESSARY ASSISTANCE.

Whistles Were Blown, But No Responses Were Made.

No Blame Attaches to Major Perry—The Fault Appears to Lie in the Stupidity of the Corporal in Charge of the Selwyn Station—The Matter Will Be Investigated.

Within the past three days, about 30 persons who were aboard the W. S. Stratton at the time she was wrecked, have arrived in Dawson. They tell tales of almost inhuman treatment by the detachment of N. W. M. P. at Selwyn, and of a hazardous, perilous journey over the ice. It seems incredible that the department, which has earned the respect of every resident of the territory, should be charged with refusing to give shelter and provisions to shipwrecked, stranded people. It is needless to say that no blame can be attached to Major Perry, nor any of the officers stationed at Dawson. They did everything that was possible to relieve the condition of the unfortunate passengers of the wrecked steambot; but their efforts were rendered futile by the stupidity of Constable Gregory, who has charge of the post at Selwyn. The Stratton was caught in an ice jam on the night of October 23d. She signaled her danger by repeatedly blowing her distress whistle; it was very dark and the shore line could not be seen. The police station was only a quarter of a mile away, but the constable in charge and his assistant did not deem it necessary to make an effort towards ascertaining the trouble. They remained in their house, while the illfated passengers scrambled ashore over the rough ice without sufficient clothing to protect them from the rigors of a wintry night. A large camp fire was built on the shore, and there the stranded crowd, including ten women, were obliged to stand and suffer with cold for several hours. Captain McLean succeeded in reaching the police post. He notified Constable Gregory of the situation, and the latter informed him that the station could accommodate the women. The captain returned to the passengers on shore and gave them this information. Sixteen people, eight men and eight women, passed the night at the post. Others secured lodging in a bunkhouse, but many were compelled to remain for the night around the camp fire. The police constable offered the shipwrecked passengers nothing to eat, and would have given shelter to the women only had not the eight men actually insisted upon securing quarters for the night. The following morning Constable Gregory refused to give breakfast, or even a cup of coffee, to any of the people. He directed them to the proprietor of the bunk house. This gentleman had two days' provisions for the crowd and he willingly disposed of such as he had. During the day, the unfortunate passengers took possession of a few vacant cabins, one or two of which were provided with stoves; but most were devoid of this necessity, and had no floor. Such were hardly more comfortable than the open fire outside. Many of the distressed people had no suitable covering for their feet and hands, and a number suffered intensely from the cold. The police station at Selwyn is a large, commodious structure, about

30x40 feet in size, and could have housed those who were unable to secure lodgings at the bunk house. On October 24th, pursuant to instructions from Major Perry, the constable issued some provisions to Captain McLean of the Stratton, who distributed them among his passengers and crew. There were between 10 and 15 men, who had been picked up by the steambot from wrecked scows; they had been working their way down, and were landed at Selwyn absolutely destitute. Captain McLean could not care for such as these, and Constable Gregory absolutely refused to render them any assistance. Only by the kindness of a few persons, who secured a share of rations from Captain McLean and the bunk house proprietor, were these destitute individuals saved from starvation.

Major Perry at Dawson repeatedly telegraphed to Constable Gregory notifying him to render every assistance, and informing him that mittens, moccasins and blankets were on the way to Selwyn. Gregory would give no satisfactory answers to questions of the passengers; he wanted them to believe that the government would render no aid, and advised the people to leave Selwyn as soon as possible. On October 27th, about 25 persons started for Dawson. Most of them had no suitable footwear, and no mittens. At times they went as long as 48 hours, while traveling, with only one flap-jack apiece. Only a few road houses on the way down were open for business.

Father Desmarais, in speaking of his experience said: "The police at Selwyn treated us inhumanly. We were refused a bite to eat the morning after the wreck. I left on Oct. 27th and had a difficult trip to Dawson. We did not apply to police stations on the trail, for we had nothing to expect from them."

Nellie Cashman said: "I have been on the frontier for 33 years; I have been among many different classes of people, but never in my life have I experienced such treatment as was received by the passengers of the Stratton from the police at Selwyn. Constable Gregory seemed to fear that by properly treating the crowd, it would be induced to remain. He wanted to get rid of us. When I left no moccasins nor blankets had arrived. I struck out on Oct. 27th. On the trip to Dawson, I lived on one flap-jack 48 hours, and at another time, I had but one small piece of bread during an entire day."

Leroy Pelletier attributes the conduct of Constable Gregory to stupidity and ignorance. Mr. Pelletier said: "If Constable Gregory had exercised the least discretion he would have avoided censure. It is my opinion that many of those who were working their way down on the Stratton, and for whom the company refused to provide, suffered severely from lack of sufficient clothing and food. I think that the conduct of Constable Gregory should be investigated. He is too ignorant for his present position."

Mr. Pelletier started up the river on Friday with four dog teams; he will bring down the women passengers.

The Sourdough Stampedes.

"Say, don't you give me any more of your braces," said the old timer, "once is enough for me and when I gets biffed I know I'm struck."

"Who struck you?" asked the Stroller.

"Well, you steered me up against that Ames crowd and I follows your lead and goes down to their store. I makes up my mind I would potlatch with those

geesers. So down I goes, and, say, it would give you a fit to see the moves of that push to me. 'How do you do?' says Ames, 'what can I do for you?'

"I looks around, and say, you would drop dead to see the layout. Grub! well, say, you'd get silly looking at the stacks of it. High and Low Dutch cheese, a whole salmon cannery, Phil Armour's packing-house, Whitney's butter outfit complete, a slice of John D. Spreckels' sugar refinery, and a chunk of the clam-eaters flour mills.

Mixed up with this was bunches of dude belly aches, with Clementina names, so I asks Ames if I can get a layout all round. 'Certainly,' says he.

Well, I orders all down the line, and he says, 'Can I deliver it to you.' Now, that broke me up. I says 'Yes,' and sure enough along comes the whole cheese that afternoon.

"So I starts in and feasts plenty, and so does all my friends. Now that crowd has a cinch on me for life, and they take care of my poke while I am in this camp. Now, here's the kick, if I had only gone down the street a ways to the old-time store I would give the main guy a steer about my partner being sick with scurvy and try and work that geeser to let me pack away a couple of cans of condensed cow juice, and he'd say 'I gives you one,' looking wise, and make me think he was a wonder of generosity, and I'd been satisfied to let him take my poke. But you learnt me a new trick and I plays this hand strong. You tell any of the boys they can find me at Ames Mercantile Co.'s store, and, say, tell that fellow selling door plates to put one up on my shack; I'm going to do the grand."

HUMBOLDT GATES' WRECK.

Thrilling Experience in Miles Canyon.

One Man Drowned and the Balance Escape by a Miracle—Two Other Scows Wrecked in Thirty-Mile.

Few men have had more thrilling experiences upon the Yukon than that which befel Humboldt Gates and his party at Whitehorse rapids and in Thirtymile river. How these men escaped with their lives will remain a mystery for all time. The meagre accounts of the wreck which The Nugget has been able to publish from the telegraphic reports do not approach a description of the affair, and the details are herewith furnished for the first time.

All told there were three scows belonging to the party, one of which was completely wrecked in Miles canyon, and the remaining two upon what has come to be known as the Thorpe rock in Thirtymile river.

Upon the first scow there were seven men besides Mr. Gates himself. There were included Leroy Pelletier, Fred Hutchinson, Isaac Robinson, who was Mr. Hutchinson's brother-in-law, Frank Pingree, Tony Push, a Frenchman named De Fuca, and one man whose name could not be learned.

At a distance of about 80 yards from the mouth of the canyon the bow sweep, owing to a defect, suddenly broke off. The scow swung immediately around side on and was carried into the canyon, striking the sharp rocks as she passed. Several boards were torn off the side and the scow began immediately to fill. About 150 yards in the canyon she swung around again, filled completely with water and capsized. The men all jumped into the water, Mr.

Gates, however, finding himself beneath the scow entangled in the ropes. Being a powerful swimmer and possessing unusual presence of mind he managed to disengage himself from the ropes and by dint of forcing himself beneath the water, succeeded in swimming from underneath the boat.

Meanwhile the boat, having lost its cargo, rose to the surface and passed on beyond him and he immediately swam toward it. Several times he was caught in the numerous whirlpools which occur in the canyon and swung around like a top, but each time managed to escape and was finally thrown completely out of the water by a sort of spout and landed within reach of the scow, upon which he was pulled by Pingree, who had managed to crawl on ahead of him. Robinson, who, as has been said, was Hutchinson's brother-in-law, was a man above 50 years of age. Numbed by the intense cold of the water, he was unable to do anything to save himself, and despite the efforts of Hutchinson, who managed to get a rope around the sinking man, he disappeared beneath the icy water and was drowned. Pelletier swam down the canyon and succeeded in scrambling ashore about one-half mile below the foot and, although numbed thoroughly, suffered nothing from his impromptu bath. The others succeeded by means of floating wreckage in escaping either on the scow or by swimming to the shore.

But Gates' troubles were not over with the wreck in Whitehorse. His remaining two scows passed safely through the rapids and were taken on down to Thirtymile river. One of the scows had been rigged with a stern wheel, attached to a boiler and engine which were being brought in to Dawson.

The other scow was lashed to the steam scow and good progress was made until they neared the foot of Thirtymile.

Gates was ahead in a Peterborough, and as he neared the famous Thorpe rock yelled to the men on the scows to keep a sharp lookout. They endeavored to throw them over to the right, but were unable to do so and struck the rock head on. The steam scow swung off, breaking the lines and the sweep pins. Control of the scow was then lost and she struck another rock a short distance below and sank. Two of the crew jumped from the scow onto the shore, and Gates took the remainder off in the Peterborough.

The other scow is still fast in the rocks and a portion of the cargo may be saved. The total loss will reach \$15,000.

THAT DEADLY GAS.

James Shotwell Falls a Victim in a 110-Foot Shaft.

James Shotwell, who owned a one-half interest in a bench claim opposite No. 42 Lower, Bonanza creek, is the last man to fall a victim to the fatal gas which has cost so many lives. Shotwell and his partner, John Hemsley, had a shaft sunk 110 feet on their claim and on Friday last the former went down to place a fire. Late in the afternoon the fire had gone out and Shotwell went down to replace it. When at the bottom he called to the men above to hoist, but was unable to hold to the rope. Hemsley and several bystanders raised the rope and the former immediately started down, but was unable to proceed but a short distance and was forced to have the men pull him back. The next day Shotwell's body was recovered. He was from Linden, Michigan, and a member of the Masons.

The local play-houses were crowded with spectators on Monday night. The principal theaters are staging excellent entertainments, and are being rewarded by the public with liberal patronage.

The Nugget Express has made a special rate of 50 cents for carrying the Nugget's special illustrated edition to the coast. The first dog team will start as soon as the ice will permit.

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