

CAPTAIN OBERLIN M. CARTER

For Defrauding the Government Must Serve Five Years.

Has Been a High Roller and Prison Life Will Be Hard for Him to Endure.

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily. Capt. Oberlin M. Carter, the United States army officer recently convicted of immense frauds in connection with the improvement of Savannah harbor, Georgia, a work of which he had charge as the government engineer, was sentenced to the Fort Leavenworth (Kansas) penitentiary for five years' imprisonment at hard labor, deprivation of his rank in the army, and dismissal and \$5000 fine.

The contrast between Carter's life for the next five years and his life for the preceding ones could not be more dissimilar. Carter's rooms were always models of luxury. No society girl, nurtured in the lap of wealth, ever excelled this luxury-loving officer in the costly, artistic elegance of boudoir and bedroom. Priceless tapestries, rare old furniture, toilet trappings in solid gold and silver, fine linens, dainty perfections—all these and a thousand other elegancies are as much a part of Oberlin M. Carter's life as the air he breathes.

At the Fort Leavenworth penitentiary he must manage to survive for five long years without his wine, suppers, his rapid friends, and his perfumed baths. Five changes of toilet-a-day are not recognized as essential at the Fort Leavenworth prison. One suit is quite sufficient, according to the prison code—a stout suit of coarse gray, with a big straw hat in summer and a small blue denim cap in winter.

The man who has played the high roller for years who has been courted by pleasure-loving fashionables, admitted by women, and envied by men, will for the next five years be kept under lock and key as a mere thing, duly ticketed and numbered. His number will be marked in glaring red, stenciled on his prison garments in four places—right across the broad of his back, over the right thigh, and on the calf of each leg. A more degrading thing—this branding of the criminal more prominently than the government mule is marked—could not be devised.

Fort Leavenworth is not a place where the tastes of prisoners are consulted. Discipline of the handcuff-shotgun variety is promptly applied as the occasion demands. The prison is a collection of old buildings, entered through a Sallyport, guarded night and day by heavily armed men. Inside the Sallyport a gloomy archway leads under the offices of the warden and his subordinates, the printing shop, and photograph gallery, to the prison buildings where the convicts are housed, fed and bathed.

At Fort Leavenworth hard labor means just what the term implies. Carter, with hands unused to labor under than uncorking champagne bottles and throwing away money, will find the conditions far from enjoyable. He will sleep in a regulation prison cell behind a steel-barred door, watched by a guard armed with a shot gun. It is needless to say that the red carpets and priceless tapestries which have heretofore contributed to his comfort will not figure in his Fort Leavenworth cell.

The bill of fare is not an appetizing outlook for Carter, for this luxurious officer has fattened for years upon the choicest foods prepared by artist chefs. Nothing in the eating and drinking line has been quite good enough for the epicurean captain. Think what the years of Fort Leavenworth prison life will mean to him—an eternity of gastronomic misery.

The work which falls to the share of almost all new arrivals is with the pick and blasting drill in the quarries a few miles from the prison. The stone for use in the construction of the new penitentiary, Carter comes in for his back-breaking, hand-blistering experience. Fort Leavenworth prison has a set of very severe rules, all rigidly enforced. Should Carter grow disobedient his prison allowance of tobacco will be shut off, he will be denied the privilege of writing or receiving letters, his diet may be restricted to bread and water, and in the event of persistent misconduct he would be handcuffed day and night to the bars of his cell. They stand no nonsense at Fort Leavenworth. Still they work no cruelties, and the prisoner who behaves well, takes his medicine, as it were, unflinchingly, is treated as well as he could rightly expect. He can write to his friends and receive their letters; he may subscribe for any reputable newspaper or magazine, and may have books from the prison library. Every Saturday afternoon Carter will be compelled not only to give himself a cold-water bath with common brown soap accompaniment, but he will be forced to wash and scrub his cell, depressing work for the man who for months has been living in perfumed baths, and relying upon the services of a skilled valet for the simplest tasks of the toilet.—Ex.

Electric Cars in Scotland.

A Scottish paper tells an anecdote in connection with the new electric system now opened in Aberdeen. Two farm carts came to Aberdeen by train, and immediately made their way to

the terminus of the electric tramway circuit, where, after looking at the new creation with much wonder, they decided upon having a ride. Getting on to the top of the car, and after getting well along George street. "Wull," said man Jock, "this is a graun' invention. In Edinburgh I saw them drive the cars wi' an iron rope aneth street, in Dundee they pu' them wi' an engine, but, mighty man, wha wad a' thocht they could ca' them wi' a fishing rod!"

His Admission Was Enough.

A story is told of two prominent Chicago lawyers who several years ago were regarded as being among the brightest lawyers the state had produced for a long time, says the Philadelphia Bulletin. There was great rivalry between these men, and one day they were having a heated argument on the steps of the stately house at Springfield.

"I'll agree to leave it to the first man we meet," said one of the wrangling lawyers, fiercely.

"All right, and that will settle it once for all—ah, here he is, Charley. We'll leave it to him."

"Charley," as the man spoken of approached within hearing distance, "we want you to decide who is the best lawyer in Illinois. We agree to abide by your decision."

"Well," replied Charley, himself an old practitioner, and well known in the capital city, "I plead guilty to being the best lawyer in the state myself."

"Why, Charley, how can it be proved?" inquired the first of the two Chicagoans.

"You don't have to prove it," replied the Springfield man; "I admit it, don't I?"—Chicago Herald.

Dastardly Outrage.

Hot Springs, Ark., Oct. 19.—A father, mother, and four young children were blown to atoms last evening at Sells, Montgomery county, 14 miles from Hot Springs.

While the family was at supper their home was wrecked by an explosion of dynamite. The unfortunate people were Jeff and Maggie Jones, and their children, ranging in age from 6 years to four months.

It is believed that a dispute over a homestead claim prompted the outrage. The county officials wired last night that they were close on the tracks of the guilty persons.

Progressive South Americans.

How swiftly the gospel of labor-saving inventions spreads nowadays! It took a century for printing presses to supersede goose quills, and two centuries and a half before east European nations adopted the firearms of their western neighbors, but the telephone has already woven its net-work of wires across the old cloister town of Bogota, in the heart of the Andes. Trolley cars are whirring through the streets of Para and Valparaiso, and a speculator of the latter city is going to try his luck with a cable road to a hotel on a lofty terrace of Mt. Aconcagua.—Indianapolis Press.

Not Piety, but Pork.

The following bit of non-conformist humor is taken from "The Farringtons," an English romance. The speakers are Mrs. Bateson and Mrs. Hankey, worthy wives, but not altogether above feeling a certain pleasure in showing up the ways of husbands; "They've no sense, men haven't," said Mrs. Hankey, "that's what's the matter with them."

"You never spoke a truer word. Mrs. Hankey," replied Mrs. Bateson. "The very best of them don't properly know the difference between their souls and their stomachs, and they fancy they are wrestling with their doubts when really it is their dinners that are wrestling with them."

"Now take Bateson himself," continued Mrs. Bateson. "A kinder husband or better Methodist never drew breath, yet so sure as he touches a bit of pork, he begins to worry himself about the doctrine of election till there's no living with him. And then he'll sit in the front parlor and engage in prayer for hours at a time till I say to him: 'Bateson,' says I, 'I'd be ashamed to go troubling the Lord with a prayer, when a pinch of carbonate of soda would set things straight again.'"

Career of Roosevelt.

Born in No. 28 East Twentieth street, on October 27th, 1858.

Eight generations of his father's family lived there.

Of mingled Dutch, Scotch, Irish and French-Huguenot ancestry.

Was graduated from Harvard in 1880, a leader in college athletics and with a well trained mind.

Studied law and in 1881 was elected to the assembly. Was re-elected in 1883, 1884 and 1885.

Introduced many reform measures for New York city.

Was Republican candidate for mayor in 1886 against Hewitt and George. Lost by 22,000 plurality.

Member of United States civil service commission under Cleveland.

Resigned in 1895 to become a police commissioner of New York.

Became assistant secretary of the navy in 1897.

Commanded the Rough Riders in the war with Spain.

Was elected governor of New York in 1898.

Was elected vice-president of the United States in 1900.—Ex.

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

MISSING WITNESS FOUND

And His Testimony Will Be Before The Police Court

Tomorrow Morning According To Notification Served Upon O'Brien's Council.

Once more the O'Brien case comes to light, and tomorrow morning the prisoner will again be before the police court for the first time since long before the snow fell.

Attorney Robertson, counsel for the defense in the now famous trial, has received notice that the case will again be before the court tomorrow morning, and that the testimony of a witness named Powell will be taken.

It has been said that the delay in the preliminary hearing was due to the protracted search for a witness for the prosecution and it is naturally surmised that the testimony given notice of to the defense is that so long and diligently searched for, although the surmise cannot be verified at this hour. If, however, it proves correct there are indications that the trail of George O'Brien for the crime which caused such widespread interest and indignation through both this country and the States will progress rapidly enough from this point on. If the evidence to be heard tomorrow morning is really that of the long sought witness, a most remarkable feat of detective work has been well and speedily done, and those who had it in hand are to be congratulated upon their success.

Last Night's Concert.

The concert given at the Savoy last night was not so well attended as it might have been and as it would have been were not such rigid restrictions placed on Sunday night concerts. The Savoy orchestra, as made up at present under the leadership of Prof. Freimuth, is probably the best ever heard in Dawson and the component features of last night's concert consisted in orchestral renditions and solos by its individual members, each of whom is a master on his special instrument. The fact remains, however, that until the present Sunday night concert restrictions are modified so as to permit of a broader and more varied program.

The entertainments given will not receive the patronage they deserve. The following program was rendered last night, each number of which was well received:

Orchestration; Miss Dorothy Campbell; trombone solo, Wm. Evans; clarinet solo, J. Luke Lyons; descriptive vocalist, Miss Edith Montrose; violin solo, Prof. A. P. Freimuth; Spanish opera, Miss Cecil Marion; cornet solo, Chas. Rennie; operatic duetists, Walfhers and Forrest; overture, Savoy orchestra; Prof. Parkes and his wondrous copera; God Save the Queen.

Ready Made Graves.

Many people never saw or heard of such delicacies as canned cabbage, canned potatoes and a hundred other articles, not only of diet but of wear, until they came to this country. "Specially prepared for the Klondike" is a label very frequently seen, and should be shunned as much as possible for the reason that people who make a business of "specially preparing for the Klondike" as a rule have little or no knowledge of what is really needed in the Klondike. (Witness the pumber of dried peas for soup and yellow mackinaw suits brought to the country and never used). But there are many things "specially prepared" which are needed here, among them being the item of an occasional grave. It may not be generally known, but in the Hilside cemetery around the point are from eight to a dozen ready made graves which were dug last fall. They are what might be termed a "gruesome necessity"—as it was imperative that they be dug when they were; not that they might become "seasoned" or "cured" but that, without the use of a steam trower, it would be next to impossible to sink a grave here in the winter season, hence the necessity of preparing them in the fall to have ready when required during the winter.

Telephone Rules.

The following telephone rules are recommended to Capt. D. B. Olson, manager of the local service, for his consideration and adoption if they should meet his approbation:

If you have a telephone in your office or store, call up "Central" and then go wait on a customer.

Take your time in answering your bell, or what is better, do not answer it at all, but in about half an hour ring up and ask who called you, and get

mad if "Central" has forgotten who it was. She has nothing else to do but remember. Open the generator box with a knife or an ax and take a look at things. If the interior does not look right pull out a few wires and leave the door open, this improves the service wonderfully.

Hang the receiver big end up, as in this way it gets full of dust.

Bang n the transmitter with a lead pencil as though you intend to knock it through the wall. This invariably makes it talk better.

When through talking, drop the receiver or throw it down. This allows the batteries to run out and breaks the strands in the receiver cord.

Throw metal inkstands, etc., on top of telephone, which will short circuit your instrument, and then go to sleep, no one can call you up.

Never ring off when through talking, as that would notify "Central" you had finished. Let her guess at it. Never speak kindly to the operator, she is more used to being called names.

Paste this on your telephone or future reference.

PERSONALITIES.

Lord Kitchener is a Freemason of high degree and holds the office of district grand master of Egypt and the Sudan.

Sir Henry M. Stanley has announced that with the expiration of his present term in the house of commons he will retire from politics.

Ezra J. Warner of Chicago, class of '61, has added \$20,000 to his previous gift of \$50,000 for a science hall for Middlebury (Vt.) college.

Professor Vambery, the celebrated authority on oriental subjects, has received an invitation from the sultan to pay a visit to Constantinople.

Lord Rosebery, who was for so long a time regarded as the "boy" of the political world, has now outgrown that distinction, for he completed his fifty-third year recently.

Fred H. Rowe of Jacksonville, Ill., the new chairman of the Illinois Republican state committee, is a Vermont man by birth and was educated at Williams college. He has lived in Illinois since he was 18 years old.

Two ex-secretaries of the interior and the present secretary were together in Washington recently, and all of them are from St. Louis. They were General John W. Noble, David R. Francis and Ethan A. Hitchcock.

Captain J. B. Coghlan, one of the heroes of the Spanish war, has been in command of the Puget sound naval station, but has now been given leave of absence because of ill health. He will be succeeded by Captain Dyer of the Boston navy yard.

Former United States Senator James W. Bradbury of Augusta, Me., celebrated his ninety-eighth birthday recently, receiving many callers and messages from all over the United States. He retains his faculties to a remarkable degree and keeps up his interest in current events.

Herr Karl Neufeld, the mahdi's old prisoner, intends, it is said, to return to the Sudan shortly. He has been engaged there as head manager of a large factory, and Mrs. Neufeld, his grown-up daughter, his sister and Herr von Natzmer, who was formerly his mother's bailiff, will accompany him.

At the Italian elections there will be some strange parliamentary candidates. Mascagni, the composer, is going to run at Pesaro and thinks he will be elected. He intends to join D'Annunzio in forming a group of "intellectuals" in the legislature. At Fermo it is proposed to put up Ermete Novelli, the actor.

Professor Stoyan Krstoff Vatrinsky, a native of Bulgaria, a graduate of Harvard and a writer and lecturer, has finished his studies in this country, but before going home he is furthering a movement for the erection of a monument over the grave in New Lexington, O., of J. A. MacGahan, the war correspondent.

Dreyfus in His Mountain Home.

The spacious country house inhabited by Captain Dreyfus is about two miles from Geneva, separated from the road to the village Cologny by a high wall. It is only possible to see the roof of the building. The front of the villa Haute-rive looks over the lake, with a splendid view of the Jura mountains and the castle of Baron Rothschild. Before the house is a terraced lawn that runs down to the edge of the lake. Very large trees surround the villa on the other sides. On the left is the gardener's house, and in the same direction, about five minutes' walk, is the house which Lord Byron inhabited while at Geneva.

Captain Dreyfus, along with his wife and his two children, intends to stay here until October. Since his arrival, with his nephew, M. Paul Valabregue, two visitors have dined with him, along with a gentleman who came the same day as he did. Nobody knows who this gentleman is. One or two tourists walk in the gardens on the opposite side of the lake and with their glasses try to see Captain Dreyfus on his terrace. With the exception of this no attempt has been made to intrude on the captain in his seclusion.—Switzerland Letter to Chicago Record.

THE LOCAL PLAY HOUSES

Put on Strong Casts for the Present Week.

"Captain Imprudence" at Standard— "Slippery Day on the Bowery" and "Secret Panel" at Savoy.

It is too soon yet after the enforcement of the new regulation which prevents women from soliciting bar trade or drinking in the boxes, to tell what effect, or rather the extent of the effect, the new rule will have upon the theatrical business. Last night the houses were well filled, but that cannot be taken as a basis for a forecast of the matter, because the houses always draw better on the first and second nights than later in the week, so that it is still an open question as to whether or not legitimate theatrical business, run solely upon its merits, will pay in Dawson, or whether the first gloomy view taken by the managers after the issuance of the order was a correct one.

In speaking of the matter this morning Mr. Jackson, of the Savoy said: "The order is a good one, and if a strictly legitimate show business aside from the liquor trade is desired, then the order is a good one. So far as we are concerned we will, of course, always comply with the law, but we are going to remain in the show business also."

That the Standard will follow a like course is evidenced by the staging of a drama again this week, after having run a week on vaudeville and comedy. Last evening the curtain rose on Milton Royle's drama of the Mexican war with the United States, entitled "Captain Imprudence," with Fred C. Lewis in the title role, and Alf T. Layne as the other principal male character.

Although the piece is one which of necessity since it contains a battle scene and an execution, has much of tragedy in its make up, but this is largely left to the imagination of the audience, while the comedy is strongly brought out by the best talent of the Standard company. There is every opportunity given by the lines and the general action of the piece to the actors to show themselves to the best advantage, and, as they are an ambitious lot of people they are not slow to avail themselves of the opportunity so presented.

The Savoy, having made a place for itself in the good graces of theater goers, makes no change in its program, that is, so far as general make up goes, opening this week as usual with a one-act farce comedy, and closing with another slice of the same, the singing, dancing and sketches being sandwiched between. The opening piece was one of Post's, and was, without saying so, funny. It is called a "Slippery Day on the Bowery," and among other things contains a pair of most eccentric stairs, especially arranged for bill collectors and book agents. The stairs do their work exceedingly well.

"The Secret Panel" is the title of the closing act, and to its multitude of mistakes and situations are due the many excellent opportunities to laugh, which the audience last evening took every advantage of.

Both houses have succeeded this week in putting up a first-class show.

Death of Peter McDonald.

Peter McDonald, of 48 below on Bonanza, a well known mining man, died at St. Mary's hospital from heart failure this morning. He took sick on his claim several days ago and was brought down to the hospital. He first came to the Yukon a dozen years or more ago and was a pioneer among pioneers. He was 55 years old and unmarried. Arrangements for the funeral have not yet been made.

The Longest Words.

A correspondent gives "Nonintercommunicability" as the largest word in the English language. While reading the life of Archbishop Benson recently I came across the following extract from his diary for September, 1892 (page 141): "But the Free Kirk of the North of Scotland are strong anti-establishmentarians"—ten syllables, 26 letters! The longest Italian word contains 11 syllables and 26 letters, and forms a whole line of a rhyme which is a well known proverb: Chi troppo in alto sale, cade sevente precipitevolissimevolmente. (He who rises too high often falls most precipitately.)

—Cor. of Fall Mall Gazette.

Best of Excuses.

A teacher in a certain school recently received the following note from the mother of a boy who had been absent for a day or two: "Dere Mam—please eggscuse Willy. He didn't hav but one pare of trousers, an I kep him home to wash and mend them, and Mrs. O'tool's cow come and et them up off the line, and that awt to be eggscuse enuff, goodness nose. Yours with respect—Mrs. B.—Tit-Bits.