

INTREPID LONE HIGHWAYMAN

Holds Up Four California Stages in One Day.

Made One of the Victims Take Up Collection—Would Not Stand for Chinese Bluff.

A telegram from Raymond, Cal., of June 3rd, tells of a new "Black Bart," who is a candidate for the medal for daring and coolness. The telegram says:

The lone highwayman who held up three Yosemite stages and two wagons and two United States cavalrymen, is still at large. Additional details report that the number of people held up numbered thirty two, twenty-seven men and five women. Maj. Rucker and Capt. Wilcox, U. S. A., with sixty eight men of Troop F, who were on the way to Yosemite, reached the scene just as the robber was about to open the express box. Seeing the troopers, he disappeared in the brush. The robbery occurred near Grub gulch, and the robber showed excellent judgment in the selection of his ground. A long stretch of sand, covered by brush, is met at this point and wagons are compelled to go slowly, as the pulling is hard on the horses. The road agent manifestly knew the situation perfectly, for this is the season in which travel to the Yosemite is heaviest, and he might figure on realizing handsomely. The stages held up are ones that leave Raymond in the morning for Wawona, en route to Yosemite valley. The rush to the valley has been so great of late that extra coaches had to be put on to accommodate the tourists.

A. H. Foster, one of the oldest employes of the stage company, was the first to make the acquaintance of the bandit. He was taking a party of tourists to the Mariposa big trees. As he reached the top of a small hill he was commanded to halt by the lone highwayman, who ordered him to drive to one side. The passengers were ordered to hand over their valuables, the robber getting \$80.

Instead of ordering the team on, the road agent held it an hour and a half, when two soldiers of Troop F, Sixth cavalry, came along. The robber covered the soldiers and ordered them to hand over their guns, after which he had them tie their horses to a tree and join the other party. The next victim was a Spaniard with a wood wagon.

About twenty minutes elapsed before the first Yosemite stage came along in charge of Bright Gillespie, with the following passengers. The Misses Atherton, of England; Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Drake, of St. Paul; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Griffin, of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Hart, of Berkeley, and S. R. Bobanji, of Bombay.

Before the passengers realized that the affair was no joke the stage was pulled up and the men were clambering down. The lone highwayman's manner was quiet and easy; his orders came clear and cool from behind the handkerchief.

"Climb down there; hurry up—no exceptions. Line up, there. Now, you, there, pass the hat."

The dignified gentleman indicated by an effective gesture with the rifle was T. H. Griffin. He walked barheaded up and down the line and collected. Then he was ordered to chip in himself. He tendered his hat to the robber, but he was not satisfied.

"You've got more than that," he said; "turn out your pockets."

They did so, revealing stray nickels and quarters, which they were allowed to keep.

"Climb in," was the next order. The hat was accepted, emptied and returned to the owner.

"The ladies must have the money," was followed by a chorus of "Oh, no!" while one dropped \$10 on the floor of the stage.

The next stage carried the mail and express, driven by Thomas Skelton, who was ordered to throw out the express box and to line up. Next came another stage, driven by Ernest Stevens, with five Chinese. The Chinese were ordered to hand over their valuables, but they said "No sabbe talk." The robber leveled his rifle on them, saying: "You can't fool me as they did on the Big Oak Flat road." The Chinese then turned their pockets inside out and the robber obtained about \$15. After waiting sometime the robber ordered all the teams to drive on, telling the soldiers to get on to one of the stages and ordering two of the passengers to mount the saddle horses and go down the road and stay a half hour before returning.

The passengers started out, but had not gone over 300 yards when they met Maj. Rucker and Capt. Wilcox with

the cavalrymen. Upon being informed of the situation the officers hurried to the scene of the hold up. In the meantime, the robber attempted to open the express box, but, seeing the soldiers upon him, disappeared in the brush, leaving the express box unopened, a box containing clothing for disguise, cartridges and field glasses. The cavalry scattered in pursuit, but afterwards gave up the chase.

The robber spoke with a Swedish accent, and his description corresponds with that of the man who held up two stages at Big Oak Flat on May 18. He gave the driver of one of the stages a card bearing the legend "The Black Kid," saying: "I hope we will get better acquainted, old man."

From the three stages he collected about \$250.

GRAND FORKS ITEMS.

Tom Lloyd, who is working No. 11 Bonanza, is also installing a new plant.

A few claims are being worked and the dirt washed as taken out, and more are being fitted with appliances looking to the same end.

Stanley and Warden, of 26 Eldorado, are setting up machinery for summer work. Their plant includes a sand pump for drainage.

Among those who are preparing to work on something like the same lines as those followed on No. 6 Bonanza, is Tom Blake, of No. 11 Eldorado, who is getting in some new machinery, with a view to pushing the work ahead this summer.

If a rain-maker—one who could bring rain with expedition and in large quantities—should visit Grand Forks just now, he could lay up a goodly supply of the goods of this world and earn the lasting gratitude of many claim owners and laymen.

Much of the summer sluicing which was planned this spring is now at a standstill and unless water is forthcoming soon, will have to be abandoned till next year. There is not enough water in Eldorado to drown a gopher, and Bonanza is almost as dry. That is why the cry for rain is loud, long and earnest at the Forks.

W. Neilson, the mining blacksmith, who, some three weeks since purchased claim No. 7, Irish gulch, is very busy just at present developing and equipping his new property. Shortage of water here prevents sluicing, but Mr. Neilson being a man of resource, pursues another plan which reduces the difficulty to the minimum. A three-horse power engine has been set up on the claim, and a fourteen foot gigger is being built. When connected with the engine this machine will make 180 strokes per minute and can be operated with the small amount of water obtainable. The owner is very hopeful and his prospects seem bright.

Among the claims being worked in the manner referred to is No. 6 Bonanza recently acquired by the Berrys. The work on this claim is being carried on in a thoroughly miner-like way, and rumor says very profitably. A small engine operates two buckets which admit of one being filled while the other is being dumped, thus saving much time, and consequent expense. The sluice boxes lay within two or three feet of the mouth of the shaft, and the bucket tender dumps directly into them, which is another great advantage, as it saves one entire handling of the dirt. Taken as a whole the working of this claim is a great credit to those who arranged it.

Nearing the End.

Washington, June 5.—The house entered upon the throes of dissolution today, and all day and all evening the galleries were crowded. The picturesque incidents were few. Partisan passion, running high in the face of the impending presidential campaign, broke out several times during the afternoon, and hot words were bandied across the political aisle.

Mr. Hull, of Iowa, and Lentz crossed swords, and later Grosvenor and Gaines had a lively encounter. Throughout the day at every opportunity was a play for political advantage, and taunt and challenge were bandied back and forth. But all this was merely incidental to the work of crowding through the big supply bills which had the right of way.

During the interim between the consideration of conference reports, members clamored like madmen in the wheatpit on a panic day for recognition for private bills upon which their political salvation might depend.

At the night session the galleries were thronged with gaily arrayed women and the floor was a veritable bedlam. Hour after hour the conferees struggled on with their reports, the speaker, firm and resolute, steering the house through the turmoil and confusion.

Toward midnight the galleries, with the prospects of an all-night session ahead, remained in their places, getting what comfort they could get from the knowledge that the end would come tomorrow.

The house on assembling today adopted the conference report of the Alaskan code bill. The report showed a complete agreement.

A conference was ordered on the Neeley extradition bill, and then the differences between the two houses on the military academy appropriation bill were considered, an hour being given each side for debate.

Hull said the most important amendment to the bill was that increasing the rank of the senior major general and the adjutant general of the army.

Driggs criticized severely the proposition to raise Gen. Miles to the rank of lieutenant general, saying to promote Gen. Miles to the exalted rank of Grant, Sherman and Sheridan would be little less than an outrage. So far as Adj. Gen. Corbin was concerned, he called attention to the marvelous "rapidity of Gen. Corbin's promotion since 1896, when he was a lieutenant colonel."

In Memory of Jeff Davis.

Louisville, Ky., June 3.—The last exercises connected with the reunion of the United Confederate Veterans occurred today when the ninety-second anniversary of the birth of Jeff Davis, Winnie Davis, the "Daughter of the Confederacy," and the Confederate dead.

Five thousand persons attended the exercises. Mrs. Hayes, daughter of Jeff Davis, was present.

Mr. Levins is Hoodooed.

Jeweler John Newman is the happy possessor of a lucky stone, which, in common with all such things supposed to bring fortune fluttering about the ears of the owner, work, at the same time, a hoodoo on others. These are the reasons why the friends of one of the Dewey's handsome landlords, W. Kipping Levins, are uneasy on his account.

In an evil moment, so the story runs, Mr. Levins saw the stone, and by degrees joy has faded from his hearty laugh, and the gladness has departed from his eye. In the place of these have come stern, hard lines in the face, and a cold glitter in the eye. His brother, the dentist and the druggist, have noted these signs and fear the worst. One of the trio last mentioned confided to a Nugget representative that Mr. Levins is strongly suspected of being secretly engaged in the production of a poem descriptive of Jeweler Newman's lucky stone which he hopes will render void its power to hoodoo the unwary.

Henning's Cape Nome Outfit.

Tacoma, Wash., May 22.—W. R. Henning of Chicago, is spending \$100,000 on an immense mining outfit, which he is taking to Nome. He has been here outfitting for two months. He has shipped large consignments of machinery and other supplies on three steamers that have sailed. He will go north from San Francisco on the steamship Centennial, sailing tomorrow. He will take with him centrifugal pumps made in the East to special order, together with sluice boxes and a complete outfit of other placer mining accoutrements. Besides this outfit, he will take a large stock of general supplies, with the object of making profits. They will include jewelry, dry goods, and clothing. Henning already owns a number of Nome claims, and will take along expert miners to superintend their workings.

Bear at Large.

In the yard at the rear of the Green Tree hotel a small brown cub waddles about at the end of his chain and snuffs the air uneasily. He is lonesome. In the days of his captivity previous to yesterday his mate has been chained near him, but now the circle worn by his feet is all that is left the lonesome cub to remind him of his missing mate. Yesterday afternoon the missing brute decided to return to his native wilds, and in some way got loose from his chain and departed. When last seen by the pursuing party he was going up the hill at the end of Third street and had distanced all who followed.

Later the escaped bear was captured and returned at the end of a strong chain to his lonely mate.

Mush On.

When the steamer Hetty B. took her way down the river Saturday evening she carried with her the prize malamute of Second street. The dog, Frisco, was owned by Mr. Flannery of the Flannery lodging house. Whether the dog was stolen or not is not known but as he was seen near the steamer just before her departure, and has not been seen since there seems to be strong presumptive evidence that some one coaxed him aboard at the last minute.

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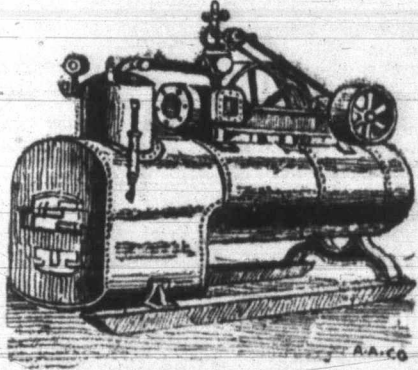
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