

CHARLEY ANDERSON

Writes of His Troubles With His Mercenary Wife.

WHO IS NOW SUING HIM FOR DIVORCE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Klondike Millionaire Gives Advice to His Dawson Friends.

Urges Them to Leave Portable Claims Alone—No. 29 Eldorado Was All Right, But His Twenty-Nine-Year-Old Bride Was "a Corker"—What the San Francisco Examiner Has to Say of Anderson's Troubles—Gives a Review of the Case From Beginning to End.

From Saturday's Daily

Charlie Anderson, owner of No. 29 Eldorado, one of the Klondike's richest mine owners, and by the way one of the best hearted men in the world, is in danger of losing a large portion of his possessions all through the wiles of the woman he married. A friend and former partner of Anderson recently received a letter from the Eldorado magazine of which the following is a part: "Knowing that I still have a great many friends in and around Dawson who have by this time heard something of my trouble on the outside and not wishing to conceal anything from them, I take this way of letting all in on the fun I am having in the land of sunshine and flowers, while they are housed in for the winter in good old Dawson, the land of gold. Now, I want you to give this to the Dawson papers as I want to let the boys know how my last claim is turning out, and to advise them to take warning and not locate any movable claims as I have. No. 29 Eldorado was a good one, but the last one which I got which was 29 years old was a corker."

Accompanying the letter was a clipping from the San Francisco Examiner, which is herewith produced:

A Klondiker and his gold dust, it seems, are soon parted—and most effectually by lovely woman's wiles.

Here is the case of Charlie Anderson, for example—for the latest example. Charlie Anderson is a Swede and a Klondiker.

In the beginning he struck it rich on the famous Eldorado creek.

His cleanup yielded him many fat moosekin sacks of the precious dust. He came outside to enjoy it.

He met and loved and married a young woman.

He invested the precious dust in houses and lands and furniture, in diamonds and feminine fine raiment, in horses and carriages, in bonds and securities and such things as a prudent man with an honest, generous love for a woman, an eye to comfort and a thought for the future would naturally invest in.

He confided all these things without a qualm to the care of the young woman he had met and loved and married.

Then the young woman promptly turned him out of house and home, and locked the door on him.

And now Charlie Anderson has not wife nor horses nor lands; he has not bonds nor coin nor nuggets; not horses nor carriages nor securities; nor anything to show for his weary years of toil and travail in the Alaskan snow.

Out of the many thousands of dollars he coaxed from the frozen Arctic earth he has but a poor \$3000 which the astute Mrs. Anderson somehow overlooked in her cleanup—only a poor \$3000 out of all his fortune, and a round half dozen suits at law to fight.

There are pending now in the San Francisco courts five suits filed by Charles J. Anderson vs. Grace M. Anderson, in which he is struggling for some of the wealth he dug out of Eldorado creek; and there is a sixth filed by Grace M. Anderson vs. Charles J. Anderson, in which she demands a divorce and alimony and half of any property of his which she may have hitherto neglected to possess herself of. This, in brief, is a resume of the case of one Charlie Anderson, Klondiker.

And it's funny, isn't it? It's a great joke on one Charlie Anderson, Klondiker—a rare practical joke to move to uproarious merriment when the lights burn brightly and the glasses clink.

It is always funny when a man is cozened by a woman. A man, of course, has no business being such a

fool, and when he is, well—it is to laugh.

And yet, and yet—there is another side.

Let us look at it.

Charlie Anderson is a Swede—humbly born, uneducated, a plain, unassuming, undersized miner-man, straightforward, sturdy, hard-handed, who makes no pretension to being other than he is, and who talks about a yam and a yob and a yump like any Yon Youson of the drama.

He is a freshly pink-and-white little man, with the blondness of his northern race, the bluest of blue eyes that meet yours steadily, and the whitest of white teeth; a man who wears his clothes like a miner, a little man who, in spite of the several hundred thousand dollars he had to buy the world with is diffident and lacking entirely in savoir faire, and yet who has about him such an air of sincerity and self-respect and decent manliness that he wins your spontaneous liking.

Fortune didn't come to him as easily as it did to that happy man in the German fable who only had to open his mouth to have broiled birds fly in.

Charlie Anderson laid the foundation of his fortune by doing day's work in the mines of the Cascade mountains, by hanging in a chain and chip-chipping the rock above him and around him. He worked like that for two years and a half, nearly three years, and managed by dint of patient regularity and unremitting economy to lay by \$7500. With this he adventured to Alaska, and having got there with his outfit he lost \$500 of his capital and the rest, some \$800, went glimmering with the assets of a bank that failed. He hadn't found Alaskan gold then, but he pulled himself together, set his teeth hard, and said to himself: "Now I've got to stay here until I make a strike. I'll find gold or I'll leave my bones here."

That was four years before the Klondike was known to the world.

Through all those four years he tramped the Alaskan trails over the niggerheads and through the muck, in winter's cold and summer's heat, carrying his pack on his back. He dug prospect holes and more prospect holes. He ate bacon and beans and beans and bacon—when he was lucky enough to have them. He did his own cooking, his own laundry work, his own chamberwork, after the cheerless fashion of men. He slept now with a cabin roof, now with the canvas of a tent, now with only the high heavens above him. He saw only the interminable stretches of that magnificently desolate country, the few squalid Indians and the fewer white men.

Through it all he dreamed his dreams and hoped his hopes in the silent, patient, believing way of the pioneer of that northern land. He dreamed his dream of the inevitable "strike" that would uncover gold enough to enable him to go outside to live his life, and he hoped his hopes that eddied around a wife and a home—those precious hopes that dazzle and delight the Arctic miner as do the northern lights. "That come down 'o nights to dance on the houseless snow."

Then the Klondike treasure was uncovered, and then—well, things looked very dark to him, indeed; for he wasn't in on the Klondike diggings. Instead, he was toiling away for a scant tablespoonful of gold dust a day up on Glacier creek. By dint of this toil, it is true, he had stowed away in a moosekin sack several thousand dollars' worth of dust, and with this sack he traveled the trail to the Klondike—and there Fortune played him another prank. There wasn't a square foot left

to stake on any of the rich creeks, but there came to welcome him a nice, obliging man who was on the lookout for someone with a sack like his. The nice, obliging man had a claim on Eldorado to sell—to sacrifice, in fact; he was so anxious to sacrifice it that he spent something like \$250 on champagne in the effort to make Charlie Anderson see it in a rosy light—and succeeded. Charlie Anderson paid the nice, obliging man \$800 for No. 29 on Eldorado, and took out the gold that made him a rich man.

The nice, obliging man who sold him No. 29 is still poor—but that, however, is another story.

"A fool there was and he made his prayer."

With fortune here came to Charlie Anderson the "outside."

He came to San Francisco. He fell in with one Grace Drummond, a sophisticated and beguiling young woman with the gift of beauty and—as Brander Matthews, who has a pretty knack at whittling out epigrams, said of another young woman—the manners of a kitten and the morals of a cat.

Grace Drummond had, as a vaudeville performer, weathered a winter on the Klondike during the first months of its delirium, and had returned with the spoils of conquest.

With keen wits, unhampered by any inconvenient scruples, she had, as her friends admiringly described it, "done well."

Charlie Anderson, fresh from his four years' exile in Alaska, finding her when he fell in with her here, the prettiest, desirabest young woman in the world to him, needs must marry her.

"A fool there was and his goods he spent Honor and faith and a sure intent (And it wasn't the least what the lady meant)."

Charles Anderson was deeply in love, and plain mining man that he is, he can do a fine action, so they were married in Dawson by Bishop Bompas, the old Church of England missionary, on the 6th of June, '99, and had until the 20th of June a honeymoon that was to him a whole paradise.

He gave his wife \$6000 worth of diamonds, \$7000 worth of nuggets just by way of keepsake, \$1500 worth of horses and traps, 1000 ounces of gold worth \$16,000. He laid away in safe-deposit boxes, for her need and his, \$40,000 worth of government bonds, \$12,000 in gold coin and put the keys of the boxes in her care. Then he made another trip to Alaska alone.

When he came back last fall the welcome he got was curiously uneffusive. His wife left home and firmly declined to return until he had deeded the Ashbury-street home and the Fresno ranch to her. This he agreed to do if it were provisioned in the deeds that the holdings were to be their mutual property, to be used for their mutual benefit, and Mrs. Anderson had the deeds drawn up and signed.

Then he went to Hot Springs for two months to get some of the Klondike aches and pains out of his bones, and Mrs. Anderson sent her sister Maud with him, declining to go herself, because she had other business here.

When he came home a day or so before Christmas he describes himself as an "unwelcome visitor in his house."

He found that Mrs. Anderson had loaned \$25,000 on a mortgage and (wondering where the \$25,000 came from) yearned to look into the strange boxes—but Mrs. Anderson couldn't produce the keys. Then he brought suit to restrain her from again opening the boxes or removing or disposing of any of their property; and when he came home the day after he filed the suit and unlocked his front door with his latchkey he found the chain up barring his progress, and still further barring his progress a strange man who told him he was there for the purpose of keeping Mr. Anderson out of Mrs. Anderson's house.

And that is where Mr. Anderson is now—out of his house, out of a good \$750,000 worth of real estate, coin, securities and miscellaneous valuables.

Mrs. Anderson is in the meantime in secure possession. It is quite possible that he is merely what he appears to be in the astute and adroit Mrs. Anderson's eyes—A Good Thing.

Yet it is also quite possible that he is, judging by standard of simple faith and honesty, something altogether different.

He Talked Too Much.

Kansas City, Mo., Feb. 22.—Rhody Redmond, an Omaha saloonkeeper, whose place of business in that city is said to have been frequented by James Callahan before the latter was arrested for complicity in the Cudahy kidnaping, was arrested here today. While intoxicated, Redmond is said to have talked knowingly of the kidnaping, and to have bragged that he closed his

place immediately after Callahan was arrested.

Redmond, who was armed, has been in Kansas City for several days. Chief of Police Hays subjected the prisoner to a "sweating," and then had a talk with Chief Donahue, of Omaha, over the long distance telephone. Chief Donahue requested that the prisoner be released on his promise to report at Omaha tomorrow. This was done, and Redmond says he will go to Omaha immediately.

Alex Ricketts, of Argentine, Kan., a suburb of Kansas City, was arrested with Redmond, but no charge could be placed against him, and he, too, was released.

Are Drowned Out.

A number of claims on Eldorado, the one owned by Benny Brothers among them, closed down today on account of water flowing in. Other claims in the same locality are still working but it is necessary to keep the pumps working day and night.

Mumm's, Pomeroy or Perinet champagnes \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.

If you want hay and oats at rock bottom prices see Barrett & Hull. c11

Fine fresh meats at Murphy Bros., Third street. c75

Best assortment of Klondike views at Goetzman's the photographer.

For choice meats go to the Denver Market.

Masonic Notice.

All the members of the Masonic fraternity in Dawson are requested to be present at the funeral exercises of the late Samuel Keyes at Masonic hall, Sunday at 1 o'clock, p. m.

C. H. WELLS, W. M.
J. A. DONALD, Sec.

Public Notice.

The public is hereby notified that at the regular meeting of the Yukon council in the courthouse on Thursday, 14th inst., petitions concerning the adjustment of assessment and the payment of taxes in Dawson will be considered. The council will meet from night to night after that date until the question is disposed of. All interested in this matter are requested to govern themselves accordingly.
(Signed) WILLIAM OGILVIE, Commissioner.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Restaurant, centrally located. Apply at Nugget office.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

LAWYERS

CLARK, WILSON & STACPOLE—Barristers, Attorneys, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Office Monte Carlo Building, First Avenue, Dawson, Y. T.

BURRITT & McKAY—Advocates, Solicitors, Notaries, etc. Commissioners for Ontario and British Columbia. Aurora No. 2 Building, Front street, Dawson. Telephone No. 59.

MACKINNON & NOEL, Advocates, Second st., near Bank of B. N. A.

WADE & AIKMAN—Advocates, Notaries, etc. Offices, A. C. Office Building.

N. F. HAGEL, Q. C. Barrister, Notary, etc. over McLennan, McFosly & Co., hardware store, First avenue.

PATTULLO & RIDLEY—Advocates, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Offices, Rooms 7 and 8 A. C. Office Bldg.

BELCOURT, McDUGAL & SMITH—Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Etc. Offices at Dawson and Ottawa, Rooms 1 and 2 Chisholm's block, Dawson. Special attention given to Parliamentary work. N. A. Belcourt, Q. C. M. P., Frank J. McDugal, John P. Smith.

MINING ENGINEERS.

J. B. TYRRELL—Mining Engineer—Mines laid out or managed. Properties valued. Mission St., next door to public school, and 44 below discovery, Hunker Creek.

SOCIETIES.

THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION of Yukon Lodge, (U. D. F. & A. M.) will be held at Masonic hall, Mission street, monthly, Thursday on or before full moon at 8:00 p. m.
C. H. Wells, W. M. J. A. Donald, Secy.

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City Office Joslyn Building.

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