

THIS HINDOO WORE A CHARM

Which Enabled Him to Evaporate at Will

And Blow Out the Key Hole of His Cell Door Much to the Jailor's Consternation.

For corroboration of what I am about to relate I give you the Haidarabad Gazette of the dates of June 8, 8 and 24 of the year 1827. In those three issues, as well as in others later on, you will find much space devoted to the case of the man who went by the name of Chilka.

This Hindoo Chilka, who was about 40 years of age, came to the cantonment at Haidarabad as a peddler of fetiches. He had the beaks and claws of birds, the feet of small animals, the skins and teeth of serpents and the ears and claws of tigers and panthers. He claimed that all his stock had been blessed by a holy man and that each and every article was a charm. The native soldier is full of superstition, and the English soldier in India at least hopes for good luck. Together they always buy liberally of these peddlers. There were charms against death, wounds, sickness, loss and what not, and the very cheapest and poorest was a guarantee that its possessor would never be struck by lightning. The man had been selling his goods for an hour or so when a dispute arose between him and an English soldier, and he was ordered off the grounds. As he stopped to argue the matter he was run into the guardhouse to give him a lesson. The prison held four or five soldiers at the time, but Chilka sat down in a corner and refused to notice any of them. They turned from him to their cards, but after half an hour suddenly saw that he was missing. There was but one window, and that was barred. There was but one door, and that had not been opened. The alarm was given and an officer came in to investigate. It was little he could discover. The peddler had vanished, and yet had been cockroach there was no crevice he could have used to escape. The door had been locked, with a sentry on the outside, and the window had not been tampered with.

When the officer made his report he was reprimanded. To square himself he fell back on the soldier prisoners. Before the affair ended a good many officers were badly mixed up. It could not be disputed that Chilka had been locked up. It could not be disputed that he had vanished soon after. No one could say how he had gone, and that was the stick of it. To say that he had melted into a shadow and floated through the keyhole was ridiculing the matter. He was finally reported as having escaped, and it was generally believed that the other prisoners had somehow aided him. Next day the Hindoo was arrested in the city for having passed a bogus coin and was taken to the city jail to await trial. When imprisoned in the guardhouse at the cantonment, nothing was taken away from him. When taken to the city jail, he was carefully searched and his pockets emptied. Aside from the fetiches I have mentioned, he had with him a flat stone about the size of an American silver dollar. The color was pale pink, and it was framed in silver and worn around his neck. This stone he had not shown to the soldiers, but the prisoners in the guardhouse remembered his having it in his hands and gazing at it intently as he sat by himself. He begged hard to be permitted to retain this charm, but it was taken away with the other articles.

Chilka remained in jail over night and was then brought into court for examination. He denied knowing that the coin was worthless, but as several others like it were found in his pockets he was remanded to jail to await trial. He asked for the pink charm against fever, and it was given him. The story of the man's escape from the guardhouse had reached the jailer, and though he laughed at it he at the same time locked the prisoner up in a cell by himself. When his supper was carried in, the Hindoo was staring at the stone. Two hours later he was missing from the cell. It was so utterly impossible for the man to have left the prison that the officials stood confounded.

Search was made for hours, and then the watchman in that corridor was put under arrest. It was asserted that unless he had unlocked the cell and two corridor doors Chilka could not have escaped. He made an indignant denial, and the singular incident was the talk of the town and was published in

the newspapers. The affair would have died out in a week but for the recapture of the Hindoo two or three days later. He was seen and recognized in a village about 20 miles away and was arrested and returned to jail. He would make no explanations. He was offered a sum of money and his freedom if he would betray the guard, but he was silent.

No importance was attached to the pink stone, but it was taken away from him when he was locked up.

For two days the man was quiet and sullen. Then he began to shout and scream and rave, and to quiet him the stone was restored. As soon as it was placed in his hands the fellow was like a lamb. It was given him about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The corridor in which he was confined contained eight cells, and in each cell except his there were two prisoners. There was a barred window at one end of the corridor and an iron door at the other. A guard sat at this door and had control of the lever unlocking all the cells. He was own brother to the sheriff, and his integrity could not be impugned. His orders were to look into Chilka's cell every hour, and at 4 o'clock he looked in and found the man apparently asleep. At 5 o'clock he looked in to find the cell empty. There had been no movement to alarm him, and the other prisoners had heard nothing. Before unlocking the cell the guard called in the jailer, and never was official so dumfounded. The Hindoo had vanished. But how could he have gone in the flesh? There was the guard and there were 14 prisoners to back him up, and, though the jailer was a hard headed man, he was forced to believe in the supernatural.

This third queer escape caused no end of talk. Europeans who reside in India see so many strange things that they become tainted with superstition. There were a few who shook their heads and hinted that the jailer knew more than he dared tell, meaning that Chilka had dealt with him, but the great majority put it down that the pink stone was the fetich which had caused all the trouble. In order to clear themselves of ridicule the officials determined that Chilka should be recaptured at any cost, and messengers were sent in every direction, and a large reward was offered. In about ten days he was found 700 miles away. The first move of his captors was to take the pink stone away from him. He was brought back to Haidarabad and jailed, and he was offered various sums of money if he would give up the secret of his escape. Not a word of explanation would he make, and for four days he refused to eat or drink. He begged for the pink stone, and it was finally decided to give it to him. The stone had been taken to lapidaries and jewelers, but no one had been able to give it a name or to recall having ever seen one like it.

When the charm was turned over to Chilka, he wept for joy and called for food. He was now taken to a corridor in which were four cells, and all empty. The only window was boarded up, two guards were stationed at the door, and a cell each side of the Hindoo was occupied by a guard. The jailer himself was the guard on the inner side of the door. The charm was passed over to Chilka just at supper time. He ate his food and lay down on the straw as if to sleep. At a quarter past 6 the jailer looked into the cell, and the man was there. So at half past and a quarter to 7. At 7 o'clock he was gone. Smile if you will, but the Hindoo had taken his departure out of an iron cell, with four guards at hand, and not the slightest trace of him could be found. The guards in the cells had heard no more on his part. His cell door remained locked, and there was the impress of his form on the straw. You can't say those four men were fools. You can't deny in the face of all the talk and newspaper articles and affidavits that he vanished on the different occasions as I have related. Indeed, the public investigations called out doctors, guards, soldiers and attorneys, and they were not men who could be ridiculed. Chilka simply vanished as a spirit. The stone was the charm which accomplished it. He was never found after his last escape. The authorities didn't want to find him. He was not only a spirit of evil, but his escapes had a bad moral influence on the Hindoo community. You may turn and twist the matter as you will, but you can't get over facts, and the main fact in the case was that the fellow could dissolve his earthly body into nothingness.

M. QUAD.
To sell oats, hams and flour for cash see S. Archibald.
Memorandum books, 1901 diaries, all kinds, at Zaccarelli's.

For Rent.
Office room in McLennan-McFeeley building. Heated with hot air. Apply McLennan-McFeeley store.

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MANY APPLICATIONS MADE

For the Now Vacant Position of Librarian.

Among Them Were Some Gems as Is Attested by One Appended—Will Line Up Thursday.

The article in the Nugget of a few days ago headed, "Librarian Wanted," was productive of 42 applications being made in writing to the board of control of the public library for the above mentioned position which pays \$150, with room and fuel; the librarian being required to "board for his clothes" where so ever he pleases.

Of the 42 applications submitted five have been selected and their writers notified to line up before the board on Thursday of this week for inspection.

Of the five the one who most efficiently passes muster will be the future Librarian.

Among the applications submitted were both gems and "peacharinos," but for elegance of diction, vivacity of sentiment and politeness of compliment, the following, from which the name is withheld out of consideration for his progeny, is a bakery winner:

Dawson, Jan. 30, 1901.
Messieurs, the Board of Control, Public Library:
Gentlemen—Inundated as you will be with applications for the position of librarian of the institution over which you preside; a humble unit nevertheless ventures to address you.

That you will adjudicate upon this matter with your accustomed good sense and foresight, is doubtless a fore gone conclusion. The fact that you have publicly asked for the applications of would-be librarians, necessarily implies that such applications shall receive attentive and impartial consideration.

And this be so, I beg leave to add yet one more name to what is doubtless an already heavily burdened list.
Recommendations—No governor's letter of introduction accompanies my application. No "autograph letter" is here enclosed.

Qualifications—To say that art is my mistress, literature my ambition, the public good my earnest desire; were but to declaim a seri-comic travesty, which would but burden your already wearied ear.

But if to appreciate the lives and thoughts of the great dead who live again in books, be qualification; if to recognize the value, the great effect of institutions which enable their influence to work upon the public mind, be any qualification; if in short to have a humble spirit of emulation; to be 30 years of age; of British parentage, and no bank account, be qualifications; they are mine, and I offer them to you.

Whether you accept them, or whether you accept others, more worthy, allow me to subscribe myself,
Eagles Sacred Concert.
The sacred concert given last night at the Savoy theater under the management of Dawson Aerie No. 50, Fraternal Order of Eagles, was by long odds the finest entertainment given in Dawson this winter. The theater was crowded to its utmost capacity and they all were unanimous as well as magnanimous in expressing their pleasure at the entertainment afforded. Every part and feature of the program was most creditably rendered, the violin solo by Prof. Freimuth and the vocal solo by Miss Beatrice Lorne the "Holy City," being especially fine.

The Eagles are to be complimented on the success of their efforts as well as upon the very high and refined class of entertainment afforded.

He Sang.
Detroit has a young man formerly of the army and full of courage. But the worst fright that he ever had was in the parlor of friends and surrounded by the best types of civilization. He had been much in society, and on the occasion a designing young man whispered to the hostess that the soldier could sing. "Sing like a lark," was the way he put it. "He will deny it," was added, "but don't think of taking a denial."

She lost no time in asking him to sing. He assured her with that winsome unctious for which army officers are famous that he never could carry a tune and that he was as devoid of musical gifts as is a chicken hawk. This disclaimer was what she had been led to expect, and she was insistent.

"You are entertained a great deal," she said, "and it is not gracious or grateful of you to refuse us the pleas-

ure of hearing you sing. Even unmarried men have social obligations that they cannot honorably evade."
"I will sing," he answered, with the inward comment that he would rather lead a charge upon a masked battery.

"What shall it be?"
"Anything," as he shuffled a big pile of music. His heart was in his boots, and he was perspiring freely, though suffering from one chill chasing another. "This will do," as he read "My Old Kentucky Home."

She played the accompaniment. He started wrong and broke down before the end of the first line. "Begin again, please," from between his teeth. He plowed through the thing from beginning to end, never approaching the tune, utterly regardless of time, getting nothing right but the words and making as much noise as though issuing orders under fire. He was applauded and encored because it was so excruciatingly funny, but he is laying plots and deadfalls for the chap who confounded the hostess.—Detroit Free Press.

I will now offer our fresh vegetables kept all winter without artificial heat. Our potatoes are in particularly fine condition, solid, unwilld and as sound

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The Nugget reaches the people in town and out of town, on every creek and every claim; in season and out of season. If you wish to reach the public you will do well to bear this in mind.

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Log Cabin Grocery, Third Ave., near postoffice.

Films of all kinds at Goetzman's.
Goetzman makes the crack photos of dog teams.
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Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Ploneer Drug Store.
The fire never touched us. We are doing more business than ever. Murphy Bros., butchers.

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