

THE KLONDIKE NUGGET.

VOL. 3 No. 29

DAWSON, Y. T., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1899

PRICE 25 CENTS

A LIFE PRISONER IN DAWSON

Mrs. Vincent Says She Is Kept Here Against Her Will.

After Losing a Fortune of \$50,000 and Becoming Destitute She Claims She Is Detained Here.

The Canadian law which allows the detention of absconding debtors from the country by the issue of a capias warrant has worked well in Dawson in the majority of instances. Like all good things of human invention it can be put to base uses, and though designed for the good of the people, may by perversion, be made their oppressor. This and much more is brought to one's mind by an appeal made to the American people through the San Francisco Examiner in a recent issue, the appeal being from La Belle Brooks Vincent. The issue in question has just reached our exchange table and contains a sensational account of the harsh imprisonment of Mrs. Vincent, and further goes to state that while absolutely penniless from unwise investments, she is detained in the territory against her wishes, without the means of self support, and this after a judicial investigation of her case had brought about her dismissal. But here are some excerpts from the story told by herself in the Examiner:

"I let him have * * * \$4000 in cash, adding \$2500 later, and then, upon his guarantee that the mine would yield enough in a few weeks to place us both in prosperous circumstances, I consented to assume \$2500 of his previously contracted debt—a total investment of \$9000, which represented a half interest in the mine. In reality my share was not worth \$10,000, but this I did not know. And I have never received one dollar from the property.

"My partner induced me to receive the mine at a fictitious value of \$20,000, and give him my note for \$14,000, secured by mortgage on the property."

The story goes on to tell of the trouble with employes after she had expended \$25,000.

"Knowing that I had come to Dawson with plenty of money, these men—there were about 40 of them, mostly Americans—refused to believe that I was now destitute. Their greed made them blind to everything but their desire to have a share in the spoils. They hung about my cabin like vultures. When they had taken all and still demanded more, I became almost desperate in my indignation and ordered them away.

"Take this!" I cried, throwing into the crowd my \$1.50, which was in quarter-dollar pieces; "it's all I have in the world. Take it and buy yourselves some American manliness and honor and decency!"

They actually scrambled for the coins. But my taunts angered them and incurred the spite which afterward placed me in jail."

She then goes on to tell how "for days she lived on pilot bread and tea, being actually in destitute circumstances. Her note for \$14,000 as a balance to be paid on the Dominion claim was still out, and upon a rumor spreading that she was about to leave the country, and though the claim was still there as security, she was seized and imprisoned.

"I was seated at a table in my cabin one afternoon writing, for I am engaged on a novel to be called 'The Strange

Confessions of a Suicide,' a story of the trail and the camp, which will uncover the real life of this country; and I am also writing a juvenile book of Capt. O. B. Olson's travels in the Arctic, South America and Greenland. I called 'Come in,' in answer to a knock on the door, and Constable Stewart entered with a warrant for the arrest of myself as a fleeing debtor. My freedom had been sworn away by a perjured oath.

The trail to prison led across the splashing waters of the Klondike, and over a long, narrow, swinging bridge. The jail was a low log building with iron gratings that looked out crabs' eyes from under the edge of the roof. I passed a row of locked cells from the gratings of which peered the faces of hardened criminals and dissolute, drunken women. Night and day for nearly a week I was in a cell with sounds of ribaldry and sickening profanity about me.

"It is a horrible thing to be in prison. I have had my own houses and lands and have judged critically the work of the contractors who gave me polished woods, mosaics and brass finishings. I have traveled in Pullman cars and on magnificently appointed ocean steamers. I have enjoyed the luxury of the best hotel service between Florida and the Klondike roadhouse.

"And now I was No. 8 in the jail at Dawson.

"I was hungry, for I had been living on charity for days. A kind corporal in charge gave me bread and cheese and a cup of cold coffee brought from the guard room where some soldiers on duty had been eating.

"I was there because I had befriended a man who begged for my money to save him from utter ruin. My attorney explained the occurrence as an attempt on the part of my persecutors to extort bonds from some one who might from kindness desire to get me released. The bonds would further secure my note.

Fourth of July—America's day of freedom I spent in jail. A kind-hearted guard who overheard my sobs—for I could not help giving way to tears—offered to allow me to stand upon a box where I could see what was passing outside. There was Captain Jack Crawford in the lead of the procession on a bay horse, dressed in cream-white leather breeches with leather fringe, a ruffled blouse, yellow tie and cowboy hat. There was speechmaking and applause and the American flag waved over America's sons on British soil.

"A few days afterward I was summoned before the judge and my case dismissed for lack of evidence, but I am not at liberty. I am certainly watched, lest I attempt to go out of the country. I have no employment that brings me money, and my health is breaking. All I ask is to be allowed to return to Chicago, where I can earn my living and join my child. I will gladly sign papers pledging to send back to Dawson every cent I can make."

The foregoing is decidedly interesting to Dawsonites. If people can be made life prisoners in the Yukon territory merely for making unfortunate investments and losing their fortunes here, The Nugget wanted to know it, and dispatched a scribe at once to interview Judge Dugas.

"Is Mrs. Vincent detained in the Yukon territory against her wishes?" was asked.

"Mrs. Vincent was arrested on a capias, yes," was the reply.

"Is it possible that in the nineteenth century one can be detained in a foreign land because they may have been unfortunate in their investments?"

"That is not the intention of the law at all. The Yukon territory is not a jail—as I remarked at the trial—and the law is designed simply to prevent debtors laughing in the face of their creditors, and boldly taking passage outside

with the proceeds of their fraud in their pockets."

"But is not a fact that in the particular case of Mrs. Vincent she had simply lost her money and wanted to go home?"

"You must remember that I dismissed the case," was the judge's reply.

"But wasn't she in jail four days upon a flimsy charge of fraud which you yourself dismissed?"

"That was simply because she didn't furnish bonds."

"Maybe she couldn't," the scribe suggested.

"Maybe not."

"Will she be allowed to leave the territory now?" was asked.

"Why, yes, unless—well, you see, an applicant for a capias must swear that he has reason to believe that the person is leaving with the intention of defrauding. I am very particular about issuing them."

"Then the situation, Judge, as I understand it, is that though Mrs. Vincent may have once shown that she has really lost her money, other creditors may keep stepping in with capiases and keep the woman here indefinitely?"

"Well, before issuing the capiases I must first be shown grounds for believing fraud is intended."

And there the matter stands.

Our readers can judge for themselves whether or not the law can be made an instrument of persecution or not. Mrs. Vincent claims that she is not allowed to leave Dawson. In proof of it she shows that she was once brought back when escaping, and the second time when she tried to leave by steamer she was brought back and jailed. Having gone through the court in one case, she says, does not give her freedom. She claims to be watched and dogged, and to know that upon any attempt to leave another capias will issue, and so on indefinitely.

At the Monte Carlo.

The entertainment at the Monte Carlo opens with a comedy-burlesque, entitled "Me and Jack." The program describes the piece as "written for laughing purposes only. Plot, any old thing; time, any old time; place, any old place." The players throw life and zest into the affair, and their efforts are appreciated by the audience. Miss Nellie Hoigate and Miss Emma Forrest display symmetrical forms, and sing topical songs. Alice Jennings and Jacqueline are exceptionally good in their burlesque. Eddie O'Brien and Mulligan are inimitable. The olio part of the show has some very good features. Sid, Annie Merrell, Mulligan and Linton in a sketch, and Florence Broce, are clever and entertaining. The act entitled "On the Bowery," as produced by the O'Brien family, and the portrayal of Hebrew characters by Eddie O'Brien and his daughter Annie, are of themselves well worth the price of admission. The O'Briens are vaudeville artists, and probably the best that ever played in Dawson. Beatrice Larue is a wonderfully sweet singer, and she displays good taste in the choice selection of her songs.

You'll notice a difference in our neckwear, underwear, hosiery, gloves and mittens. They don't have that mussy, jumbled look; they are made properly; they appeal to good dressers. At Parson's.

"THREE MEN AND A BOAT."

But the Boat Disappears and the Governor Says ---

The Governmental Party Camped 20 Miles From Dawson—To Return by Horseback Route on Saturday.

The daily doings of great men are of interest to the humblest. Commissioner William Ogilvie's doings are no exception to the rule. At present he is in camp on top of the divide, running between Dawson and Twelvemile creek. It is expected that when he and his hunting party returns to town on Saturday next—the horses have been ordered to go after them Friday—there will be constant occupation for the government teams all winter in hauling down the moose meat and venison which has fallen before the governor's mauser (that's the kind he uses) rifle. But that's not what happened to the three men and the boat. You see the horses were to be caparisoned and loaded at the barracks and the governor lives in the priest's house by St. Mary's church. There were sleeping bags, night caps, robes and shoestrings, and all the other latter day Klondike comforts which had to be brought up to the horses since it was too much to ask the horses to go to their loads. A police canoe was secured overnight and moored abreast of the house. Early Wednesday morning the hunters obeyed the scriptural injunction, "To take up thy bed and walk," by packing their bulky wraps down the high steep bank to the river. Then the fact was discovered that someone had "swiped" the Peterborough in the night. Now, it happened that the governor was nervous and irritable from close confinement and newspaper attacks and—"Where the blankety blank is that blank boat, I'd like to know the blankety blank, blank who took it, the blankety blank thief that he is. No wonder that the people shoot one another. Some of 'em ought to be shot. And blankety— But let us draw the curtain on the governor's righteous wrath.

Obituary.

Thomas Wilkerye died on the 3d inst. at Bourke's hospital, after an illness of three weeks, with typhoid fever. The deceased was 33 years of age and a native of Osgoode, Ont., where he leaves a mother and four sisters to mourn his death. He left his parental home about 15 years ago for California. Some years later he went to British Columbia. The deceased, in coming to the Yukon last year, was a victim of the "all Canadian" route (the Teslin). He contracted cold on the journey and from its effects never recovered. Ottawa papers please copy.

Spontaneous Combustion.

The coal piled up in front of the N. A. T. and T. Co.'s warehouse was discovered to be emitting steam on Sunday last and it was decided to shovel it over to cool if it should be heating. Shoveling down into it the mass, on Tuesday, liberated a large volume of smoke and it was then found that the coal was on fire, having heated to the point of combustion.

MANY people trust to luck to pull them through and are often disappointed. Do not dilly dally in matters of health. With it you can accomplish miracles and without it you are no good. Keep yourself in good health by getting Fresh, New Provisions at

The Ames Mercantile Co.

ARCTIC SAW MILL

UPPER KLONDIKE FERRY.

ALL KINDS OF BUILDING AND DIMENSION LUMBER.

Rough Lumber \$100 per 1000

Special Inducements to Contractors.

Office at Mill. Telephone, Forks Line. J. W. Boyle

ng

H AND

M....

Bet. 3rd and 4th Streets

ng Match

To be followed by a Social Hop

chestra.

2, 1899

PITAL.

hospital outside.

equable temper

ion invited.

ndance. Cow's

administered.

ND FOUND

mute dog, on bar about

iver. Owner can have

erty and paying charges.

ok belonging to Franz

rove property. Nugget

NTED

perience in a printing

gget office.

wer, about seven-horse

ped, stating price. Ap

derstands engraving.

b. p. boiler, hoisting

r steam thawer; will

Bonanza or Eldorado

ke lay; only prospect-

sidered. Apply A. D.

6th st.

lady desires position

ook. Apply at Nugget

SALE.

water tank; capacity

ply Nugget office.

RANTS.

RANT, cor. Third St.

all night. Regular

Meals sent out. Deli-

ciatly. Breakfast 25c.

UNTERS.

Counter, Second ave.,

so on First ave.; big

5c.; corned beef, tea,

dwiches and coffee,

ak and eggs and col-

d pies for sale. 9-23

ITHS.

rd ave south, near

ng, machine, wagon

mply at low prices;

pecialty.

AL CARDS

RS

ocates, Notaries, etc.

lding, opposite A. C.

voicates, Solicitors,

A. C. Office Building,

aults.

esters and Solicitors;

blje; Conveyancers.

RIDLEY—Advo

ies, Conveyancers,

First Avenue.

SURGEONS

M. E. S. R. C. P.—

n to Winnipeg Gen-

lth officer for Daw-

y of glasses. Office

phone 24

Building.

NEERS.

ng Engineers and

rs. Office, Harper