

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

# LIBERAL CARNEGIE

Donates \$5,000,000 for Infirm, Superannuated and Disabled Employees

MOST GENEROUS ACT IN HISTORY.

Fifteen Thousand People Attend Harrison's Funeral.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY THERE.

F. H. Flagg Appointed Deputy Revenue Collector for Entire Alaska District—Reported for Duty.

From Friday's Daily.

Pittsburg, March 17, via Skagway, March 22.—Andrew Carnegie donated \$5,000,000 for superannuated and disabled employees of the Carnegie Company at the time he retired, but the news has only now been made public. This gift in no way interferes with the saving of funds of employees which he established some years ago and which now amounts to over \$2,000,000 and on which the company pays six per cent interest and loans money to the workmen to build houses.

Carnegie's last gift is the most noble ever made and is without counterpart in the history of the world.

Harrison's Funeral.

Indianapolis, March 17, via Skagway, March 22.—Fifteen thousand people from outside the city attended the funeral of ex-President Benjamin Harrison held here today. President McKinley, several members of the cabinet and many senators, congressmen and diplomats were in attendance.

New Alaskan Collector.

Seattle, March 17, via Skagway, March 22.—F. H. Flagg has been appointed deputy revenue collector for the entire district of Alaska. He left today for Valdez, Nome, St. Michael and Circle City.

## ROYALTY REDUCED

According to a Report Received Today.

The Alaska Exploration Company received this morning a telegram which contained the long-expected intelligence that the royalty has been reduced to five per cent. The telegram came from the Ottawa representative of the company and reads as follows:

"Promised reduction has been made. Royalty now five per cent."

Commissioner Ogilvie was seen respecting the wire and while no official advice concerning the matter has been received, he expressed himself as being of the opinion that the information is correct.

## ROYALTY QUESTION

Again Propounded by Mr. Wilson Last Night.

Some old poo-bah away back in the B. C. (not British Columbia) days was annoyed by an old woman who frequently called upon him for a concession of some sort or other. Finally one day he put his thumbs up in the arm holes of his vest, threw out his chest and said: "Although I fear not God, neither regard I man, yet will I grant

this woman her request lest by her oft coming she weary me."

It may be that Councilman Wilson thinks the same line of besieging will work at Ottawa in regard to the matter of the reduction of the royalty, for last night he again made inquiry as to whether or not anything from Ottawa had been received regarding it and was informed by Mr. Ogilvie that nothing had come up to last night but as a mail was then due it was possible some order might come at any time.

Mr. Wilson said the miners look to himself and Mr. Prudhomme to have the royalty reduced for them and Mr. Dugas thought the miners should look upon the whole council as their friends in view of the fact that the appointed members of it had always done their best to advance the interests of the miners. Mr. Wilson moved that the commissioner be instructed to telegraph to Ottawa and ask if the royalty is to be removed or reduced before the coming cleanup. Mr. Prudhomme seconded the motion which was discussed at considerable length. Mr. Ogilvie wished it understood that he is as desirous as anyone to have the royalty removed or very materially reduced, but on two former occasions the council had wired to Ottawa regarding the matter and no reply had been deigned; he thought it undignified in the council to persist in wiring inquiries when no answer is made to them. Judge Dugas, Mr. Senkler and Major Wood spoke in the same line on the question. "However," said Mr. Wilson, "I will insist on my motion."

Judge Dugas interposed with an amendment that, in view of the memorial sent and as yet unanswered, action in the matter be deferred for the present.

The amendment was put and carried, the vote being, yeas—Dugas, Senkler, Wood; noes—Wilson, Prudhomme.

Mr. Ogilvie stated that if the miners would petition him to wire Ottawa regarding royalty he would gladly do so, believing that going from them it would be much more effective than going from the council.

Mr. Prudhomme then acted on a sudden inspiration and, in the name of the miners of the Yukon territory, moved that Mr. Ogilvie be instructed to wire in their behalf. Mr. Ogilvie thought he would prefer instructions direct from the miners and Mr. Prudhomme accepted the decree and stated that a meeting of representative miners would probably be held in the near future to take the desired action.

To Collect Taxes.

The matter of adopting a system of local taxation which has been a theme of discussion with the Yukon council for nearly a year past has at length been settled by the adoption of the original plan and, in accordance with a resolution made last night the work of collecting taxes will be proceeded with immediately.

There are less than a dozen petitions on the matter of excessive valuation and to consider these a special meeting of the council as a board of revision will be held next Monday night, an ordinance having last night been passed reopening the court of revision until April 1st.

As an inducement to property owners to be prompt in making payments of the amounts assessed against them a discount of 10 per cent will be allowed on all amounts paid prior to May 1st. From May 1st until July 1st the full face of the amounts must be paid and after July 1st interest at the rate of 5 per cent will be charged.

Mr. Wilson thought the entire district should be taxed and not Dawson alone. Commissioner Ogilvie informed him that as the money collected would all be spent in Dawson, it was but proper that Dawson alone be taxed, and Mr. Wilson said "I see!"

Mr. Dugas expressed regret that the White Pass Ry. Co. could not be included in the list of Dawson's assessable property for the reason he said that any transportation company that makes a million dollars profit on handling 35,000 tons or less of freight should be heavily assessed. "Transportation companies," said the judge, "are choking the life out of the country." In this connection the transportation committee, Messrs. Ogilvie, Wilson and Prudhomme, was instructed to call upon the local agent of the railroad company and ask for information relative to the volume of business done by it.

The object of the board of revision in reopening its council is not that new petitions objecting to assessments may be registered, but that the few which were before the board and not considered when the council closed on the 20th of last August may be given consideration.

Mrs. Catherine Spencer, one of Dawson's old timers, returned from a trip to Seattle Wednesday and is stopping at the McDonald hotel.

## LATOUR'S STRANGE LIFE.

For 20 Years He Languished in a Mexican Prison

At Last Liberated on Deathbed Confession of a Woman Once Spurned.

In the roystering old days, when Columbia was "Queen of the Southern Mines," when every sluiceway was prodigal of the yellow gold, and when life and fortune were held at easy hazard, no man was more popularly known than George Latour, the gambler prince. That was about the time "Jack Hamlin" went singing across the uplands, his voice waking the lark to answering song. It was before the time when squeamish Puritanism crept into the camps and sent "John Oakhurst" out of Poker Flat to put a pistol to his head on the divide.

Men said that George Latour played a square game. The percentages were enough to give him all the fortune that he asked, and whenever the luck ran well his way he scattered his winnings with an abounding hand. With this free habit he blended a handsome face and a graceful carriage. He wore clothes well. And take him for all in all he was as mad and merry a man as tempted fortune in the days when life was very gay and the world seemed very wide.

George Latour came back to Tombstone a few weeks ago. In his face, his carriage and his manner there was hardly a shadow of the dashing gambler of the '50's. He was bent and crooked and worn. In his eyes was a settled desperation rather than the quick courage which had distinguished his young manhood. He seemed to have schooled himself to face an overmastering fate, just as a martyr might school himself to meet the onset of a famished tiger. Dragging behind him he brought as sad a life story as that of "The Man Who Was."

In Kipling's famous yarn the officer of an English regiment is sequestered by the Russians, and, after many years, comes stumbling back to his old command, a mumbling, touseled wraith of a man. It was something like that that George Latour came back and his story was much the same.

When the life in the California camps ceased to be at the pitch which Latour loved, he wandered out along the border—into Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona and so down into Old Mexico, and there began his life tragedy. He tired of gambling. The profession was invaded by a lot of cheats of the "sure thing" and "tin-horn" variety. The percentages dropped and the chances of great profits grew smaller and smaller. The position of the gambler in society was not what it had been. The mining kings were apt to give him the cold shoulder. The monarchs of the ranges preferred other company. So George Latour determined to give over the delights and hazards of the green cloth and become a ranchero.

According to the story books that should have been the time when the gods smiled upon him and when his career took a turn upward. In Mexico he entered into partnership with Don Guadalupe Ascarate and secured a half interest in one of the largest and finest ranges in all the republic. He built a magnificent hacienda. He gave fetes and balls. Everywhere he was lavish and princely. But he always had an eye to business. No herds were as carefully watched and tended as his. No cattle brought so good a price. So he made money for himself and Don Guadalupe, and fortune smiled as the story books always have her smiling on good intention and moral reform. He rode his broad acres in calm content, sniffing the dry upland air and thinking many a time how much better was such a life than the fierce contests of the gambling table, where every sense had to be kept at highest tension and where the trial of the night frequently ran on and on into the struggles of the next day. So at that time George Latour felt himself a happy man. But could he have dipped into the future he would have put his pistol to his head and ended the life which seemed to open up so fair.

Instead of that he fired one careless shot from that pistol at a crane which stood with alert eyes beside the margin of "water-hole."

That night he sat in the cool patio of his home, chatting idly and affably with his partner, Don Guadalupe. It had been a prosperous year. The prices were good, the feed had been fine, the water plentiful. Thieves had been dealt with with unsparing

hand, and the border country had grown to respect the partners as the coming men of that section. There was no thought of harm between them, though with Don Guadalupe there may occasionally have arisen the spectre of a love affair, a wronged woman and a threatened revenge.

As the partners chatted there was little noise about the place. The peons and vaqueros had retired. The moonlight fell fair on the patio, making the shadows common to clear atmosphere.

Out of the moonlight came the figure of a man. He entered by the main gate and walked quickly toward where the partners sat. They paid little attention. Probably it was a belated servant or some ranch foreman who had ridden in to report the result of a rodeo on some outlying portion of the range.

Possibly it was a vaquero returning from a visit to his dulce corazon. So the partners gave him a quiet but friendly greeting as he stepped up.

Of a sudden when scarce a yard away from Don Guadalupe, the stranger drew a heavy pistol from beneath his serape and fired point blank at Don Guadalupe's heart. The Don fell without a groan, clutched at his heart and lay still.

The intruder turned and ran away. George Latour drew his revolver as soon as possible and fired three times at the rapidly retreating figure. The shots alarmed the hacienda. The women huddled in a frightened group. The men came rushing out to find George Latour bending over the body of Don Guadalupe Ascarate. In his hand he held a smoking pistol. In Don Guadalupe's heart was a fatal wound.

Latour at once ordered that chase be given to the murderer, but no murderer was found. Suspicions began to cluster about the hacienda. Innuendoes grew into charges. The Mexican officials listened to the story told by Latour and shook their heads.

He said he had fired three shots at the retreating murderer. All those about the place agreed that four shots in all had been fired—that would be one by the murderer and three by Latour.

But in Latour's pistol were four empty cartridges instead of three! Four empty cartridges, all freshly exploded. Four shots had been fired. Don Guadalupe was dead. No one except Latour had seen any person come to the patio or go from it. Certainly the tale of a man who had come up out of the moonlight and sunk suddenly back into it was hardly to be believed against the evidence of those four empty cartridges. So they arrested George Latour and charged him with the murder of Don Guadalupe Ascarate.

"Ah, the crane!" said Latour suddenly. He had been puzzling his mind for a long time to explain the presence in his revolver of that fourth empty cartridge. "I fired at a crane as I rode over the range that very morning. Then I forgot to remove the shell from my pistol."

But who was going to believe such a flimsy yarn? Here was a man who came from nowhere and went nowhere, and here was a shot fired at a fleeting crane when none saw the pistol practice. There was never a witness to support George Latour. Don Guadalupe, the one man who might have backed him, had gone to his rest without the opportunity to tell his story or make a sign. Things certainly looked very black for George Latour.

Of course he fought in the courts. He employed lawyers and detectives, but all to no purpose. There was not one jot or tittle of testimony to corroborate his story of the killing of Don Guadalupe. Then, again, he was a gringo, and it was not so very long before that the hated gringos had come in and swept like "a blaze of swords" across Mexico, exacting from the weaker republic a cruel war penalty in the shape of a contribution of some of her fairest land.

So George Latour was convicted of murder. His lands and cattle were confiscated and he was sentenced to live out a weary life in the cartel of Chihuahua, with little to eat and less to wear. Surely this was a fearsome change for George Latour, the gambler prince and the cattle king. He chafed under the prison discipline. His soul was in arms. His busy brain plotted to escape.

Twice during the first five years of his incarceration he made breaks for liberty. Both attempts were failures. The second time he received a bullet in the right leg, which left him slightly crippled. Then he gave up all thoughts of freedom. Into his eyes came that look that will never leave them. No longer he watched for each desperate chance to escape. He settled back into the sullen, taciturn life of one who has given up hope. He watched the centipedes creep slowly across his damp cell. He saw the gray

tarantulas scuttle across the little patch of light. He heard the ceaseless shuffle of the barefoot sentry at his door. One year merged into another. He ceased to count. The days and the nights were much the same to him, save that the life of the princely gambler and the princely ranchero seemed to drift farther and farther away into the realm of dreams.

And so George Latour lingered in the filthy cartel of Chihuahua for 20 years. So he passed from debonair youth to bent old age.

Then one day open were flung his prison doors. He who had supposed himself forgotten by the world was set at liberty to blink in the sun and try to collect his wits jarred by the turmoil of progress and advancement.

His liberation was a romance in itself. The comandante of the prison took it to Latour's astonished ears. In those days of the cattle range partnership Carmen Rivera had loved Don Guadalupe Ascarate—loved him madly and blindly. He had tired of her and cared for another.

Carmen Rivera became a notorious woman. She accumulated a fortune by keeping a rendezvous for thieves and desperadoes. She was careless, brave and resourceful. Men said there was a mystery in her life somewhere. When she was on her death bed she lifted one corner of that mystery and by doing so set George Latour free.

When she faced death and knew the end was certain she confessed that she killed Don Guadalupe Ascarate. Dressed in the habit of a nun, hers was the figure that stepped so quickly across the moonlit patio that night in the long ago. Hers was the hand that drew the quick revolver and fired the bullet into Don Guadalupe's heart. The disappearance of the murderer was easily explained by her. She had quickly doffed her masculine garments, put on her woman's gown and joined the huddle of frightened women alarmed by the sound of the shooting.

So it was she gave particulars which proved the innocence of George Latour, but she passed to her Maker powerless to right the frightful wrong of his 20 years' imprisonment. He tried to get back some of the property which had been confiscated at the time of his sentence, but found his efforts of no avail. Twenty years had tangled titles too much to make the unraveling of the tangle a possibility to the broken man. So, penniless and decrepit, he drifted back into the swirl of life.

Then a helping hand was stretched to him out of the past. In the wild days of the California camps a bright lad had been arrested for a murder. Latour had felt an interest in the boy and believed in his innocence. He engaged detectives to gather evidence in the prisoner's behalf. He went to Sacramento and secured the services of the greatest criminal lawyer in the state. The boy was acquitted.

Down in New Orleans, after Latour's liberation from the Chihuahua cartel, the papers told something of his dramatic story. A leading banker went to him, asked a question or two and fell upon his neck. The banker was the boy Latour had helped to freedom in the mining camp days. And that banker has a fresh memory as well as a long purse. He is glad to share his fortune with the man who so loyally stood between him and the gallows.

And so it is that George Latour now is visiting the scenes of his youthful follies and triumphs, and telling the story of his life—a story than which there is nothing stranger in all the range of fiction and the domain of fancy.—Edward R. Hamilton in S. F. Examiner.

N. A. T. & T. Co.'s Coal Mines.

Chas. Daseking, foreman of the N. A. T. & T. Co.'s coal mine at Cliff creek, 10 miles below Fortymile made Dawson a business visit yesterday. In speaking of the mines to a Nugget reporter Mr. Daseking said:

"During the winter work was discontinued, but we have started up again and are getting out lots of coal. Twenty men are now at work and the force will soon be increased. Three tunnels are being worked. In the lower one we have a 12-foot vein but the other two are a little smaller. As we get farther in the coal is of much better quality, being of a more solid formation. We have in operation a three-foot gauge locomotive with 20 cars hauling the coal from the mines to the river a distance of two miles. This is the first and only locomotive which has yet tooted a whistle on the Yukon. It was brought in 1898 and was in operation last winter and summer."

Mr. Daseking left on his return this morning.

Mrs. Simpson, of the Travelers' Rest roadhouse, gave another of her select dances last Friday night. There were a number of her friends went up from town as well as from the creek, and a very pleasant time was enjoyed by all