

A. KING HANGED

This Morning For The Murder
Of Herbert Davenport
Last July.

THE EXECUTION WAS SUCCESSFUL

And Apparently Without Pain To
King Who Did Not Fear

DEATH AT THE LAST MOMENT

Nor in Any Way Show Signs of
Weakening or Breaking Down—
Directions to the Executioner.

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily.

Herbert Davenport, who fell before the deadly rifle of Alexander King, on the 15th day of last July, lies buried on the hill, and this morning at twenty minutes past eight o'clock, Alexander King's body was cut from the end of the hangman's rope in the prison yard, and placed in a box, ready to return to its mother earth.

The murdered and the murderer both died violent deaths, only there is a difference. One was murdered, the other executed, and this is the twentieth century, when the Mosaic law is not spoken of except as a relic of antiquity.

The killing of Davenport by King was one of those particularly atrocious and cold blooded affairs which startle communities once in a decade. The murdered man in this instance was wholly defenseless and completely at the mercy of his slayer, whose sole excuse for his crime was that, to use his own expression at the time, he had "bumfuzzled them long enough."

The defence he set up at his trial was the flimsy statement that Davenport had, in his handling of the scow upon which they were, endangered his life. No showing was made which in any way went to prove that he had at any time been exposed to any worse danger than that of a few inconsequential delays due to getting on sandbars in common with pretty nearly every scow coming down the river.

While hung up on one of these bars near the mouth of White river, Davenport made a short excursion with one of the other hands in a Peterboro, and on his return before he got out of the canoe, King leveled a 44-calibre Winchester rifle, and with the remark that he (Davenport) had bumfuzzled them long enough, pulled the trigger and sent a ball crashing through the body of his victim, sending him before the bar of eternal justice without more than a minute's warning.

King's trial in the territorial court, before Judge Craig and a jury was one of the most sensational dramatic affairs which ever occurred in a court room, and Alexander King, as in the first chapter of the story which closed with the scene in the prison yard this morning, was the principal actor.

When the judge spoke those fateful words which fixed the prisoner's doom irrevocably upon him, King leaned forward from the prisoner's box and said: "Judge, I'd rather you send me out and have me shot in the morning. Imprisonment is not to my liking."

That was on the 31st of July, and since that time he has been incarcerated in the prison awaiting this, the day of execution.

During all the time of his imprisonment, King has remained impassive, giving no sign by word or in his appearance, of any effect the anticipation of his approaching end was having upon him, and notwithstanding the report of a recent alleged interview with him, in which it was stated that he was breaking down, King has remained firm to the end, showing no sign of repentance or even of regret for his deed.

This morning at about 7:30 o'clock the few who had received passes from the sheriff began to present themselves for admission. A police sentry received the passes at the entrance to the drill ground, and admitted the bearers to the guard room. From there they were passed on through some more doors,

and finally found themselves at the foot of the scaffold stairs. Mounting these to the platform above with its terribly suggestive evidences of the approaching gruesome ceremony, about 20 spectators, officials and press representatives awaited the coming of the execution, the sheriff, the condemned murderer, and guards.

A flag staff had been raised on one end of the scaffold, and rove to the halliards of this, hanging limp and still in painful contrast to the bright morning sunshine, was a small black flag. Whether it hung there at the foot of the staff intentionally or whether its not being hoisted was an oversight or not, it seemed most appropriate that it stay where it was.

The top of the scaffold was open with the exception of the huge beam which extended across above the trap, and from the center of which hung the rope, a stout piece of manilla, with the hangman's noose tied in the end yawning for the head of its victim. Beneath this was the trap, a pair of doors opening in the center and springing down and out when opened, and by the side of the doors the iron lever by means of which the executioner was to spring the trap open.

At two minutes before eight o'clock Alexander King mounted the stairs to the scaffold. His tread was as firm and decided as if he had been walking down the street a free man.

He wore moccasins and blue jeans, and a blue shirt, much the worse for wear. He wore no coat and his head was uncovered save by the covering provided by nature in the long and heavy gray hair which has attracted attention to him on other occasions. His arms were securely strapped behind him above the elbows, so that he carried his hands by his sides, slightly extended. His long gray beard, unkempt and discolored by tobacco, added somewhat to the pallor of his face, which was due to confinement more than to fear of what was awaiting him.

Stepping towards the center of the platform he turned his head to one side and looking meditatively and somewhat curiously at the rope and beam, said, as if speaking of some very trivial matter, "I guess that rope will do me the rest of my life."

"Step this way, please; right here," said the executioner, indicating the center of the trap.

Without an instant's hesitation the doomed man stepped firmly upon the spot indicated. The executioner spread the noose and placed it around his neck, drawing the loop up, and fitting the knot just in front of the left ear.

"Fix that right, now; I don't want to be strangled," said King, as the rope was being adjusted.

The noose fitted, the executioner placed the black cap on King's head, and began drawing it over his eyes, when Sheriff Eilbeck said: "Wait a moment. King, is there anything you want to say?"

"No, sir; I have nothing to say," was the reply. "They're all for sensation now a days; they don't want the truth, and I have nothing to say."

Then the Rev. Mr. Grant stepped forward, and King's voice rose in a sort of suppressed, nervous cry, a cry such as he was heard to utter that day in the courtroom, and his last words were poured forth with his face upturned towards that heaven against which he had transgressed.

"Lord Jesus Christ, receive my soul," he cried, and the minister's "Lord God, hear this soul's prayer," was cut short by the crash of the lever as the executioner shot it back, and the trap opened in the center. The body shot down through the trap door like a rocket to the end of the rope, leaving the marks of his moccasined feet in the snow beneath at the first stretch of the rope. There was a slight rebound of the body, a quivering and swaying of the rope, and the spectators, with awed faces looked at the hole in the floor, where but a second before had stood a man filled with that same awfully mysterious something which animated them, and where now swung the taut rope, at the end of which hung a corpse.

From the time the rope tightened under the weight of his body King must have been, if not dead, at least utterly unconscious, as there was not the slightest move of the body noticeable.

Looking down at the body from above as it swung at the end of the rope, one saw the eyes slowly open and almost instantly glaze over in death, the muscles of the jaws relax and the tongue loll, and it needed no medical certificate to convey the information that Alexander King was no longer among the living.

Twenty minutes later the body was cut down and placed in a plain wooden box painted black on the outside, when it was removed by the coroner's jury, summoned to state, according to law, how Alexander King met his death.

The jury was composed of the following named citizens: Dr. McDonald, foreman; Messrs. McClellan, Tiffin, Grange, Griffith and Bennett, who returned the requisite verdict, and the last formality in the Alexander King murder case was an end.

Society and the death of Herbert Davenport have been avenged; the outraged law has been appeased, and blindfolded justice has been satisfied. As for Alexander King he has gone before the bar of that court at which sooner or later all must appear and plead. He has anticipated the inevitable by a few short years or possibly hours, and who shall say that he has not, after all, got the best of the bargain.

CUTTING DOWN THE NAMES.

Abbreviation a Tendency of the Times in the Railway World.

One of the tendencies of the times in the railroad world is to shorten the names of the railroad companies. The Lake Shore and Michigan Southern was only a few years ago commonly spoken of by its full name; now it is rarely called anything but the Lake Shore. The New York Central and Hudson River railroad was the title preferred by the company for that railway line less than a decade ago, and some of the officers and agents of the road endeavored to get their friends across the state to drop the custom that had grown up along parts of the line calling it the Central-Hudson. Now, as the advertisements and literature of the company show, it is the officials' desire to have the road known and spoken of merely as the New York Central, and there is a tendency even to extend the title in a general way to cover the various subordinate lines operated by the company.

More recently still the cumbersome and mellifluous Delaware, Lackawanna and Western has been put forth energetically in the company's advertisements as the Lackawanna only. Popular habit, aided by the custom of the company in the matter of the marking of its time tables and some of its equipment, led to the practical dropping of everything but the word Erie from the title of that company several years ago.

The policy of the Pennsylvania in sticking to that one word in all its affairs as far as possible has been as consistent as the result has been convenient no less to the company than to the general public. The Delaware and Hudson Canal company's railroad was always impossible as a common title, and even the company had to come down to the initials D. and H. in marking some of its rolling stock long before it got or sought permission to alter its name so that the canal part could be left out.

Some of the long names of railroad companies in the west are bound to give way to shorter ones sooner or later in the same way. The New York, New Haven and Hartford company has sought with more or less consistency to star the New Haven in its title as the popular name for the road, but without any very large measure of success, partly, no doubt, because the New Englanders found a handy name for it for themselves, dubbing it the Consolidated. But this is of service only locally of course.

One of the reasons why the companies themselves have come to desire shorter names is that those attract the traveler, it is said.—New York Sun.

Ocean Tides Under Land.

A sensation was caused at Newport News, Va., by the announcement that there is a continual ebb and flow of the ocean's tide beneath the extreme end of the Virginia peninsula. Contractor Guild of Baltimore, who is putting down a new sewerage system for Hampton, has made the startling discovery, so he says, that the stem end of the peninsula is nothing more than a huge float, which may at any time break away from the larger body of the land. The story is based upon a scientific hypothesis. He says the water which he has encountered in laying the sewer in Hampton rises and falls with the tide in Hampton creek, which empties into Hampton Roads below the city. At one place, while the tide was out, he was able to go down four feet in the street before striking water, while at the same place when the tide was in he could only go down two feet before the water commenced to flow with alarming rapidity.—Baltimore American.

Fresh From London.

Dithers—I say, Blithers, I've just had a play accepted by the Piccadilly theater.

Blithers—Oh! What is it—a five act comedy?

Dithers—N-no; a one act farce.

Blithers (laughing)—Oh, only a farce?

Ha, ha!

Dithers (sensitive chap, Dithers)—Well, there's nothing to laugh at in that.

Blithers (cynical chap, Blithers)—No; being a farce of yours, there wouldn't be.—Pick Me Up.

Corbett Disappears.

According to a dispatch from New York, James J. Corbett, ex-champion pugilist, has mysteriously left the Eastern metropolis. Mrs. Corbett, who was seen on the subject by a World reporter, is stated to have said that her husband left America to escape the consequences which he believed would fall on him if the true story in connection with his recent fight with McCoy was made known. Mrs. Corbett stated that an agreement had been entered into between Corbett and McCoy, by which the former agreed to allow McCoy to win, while he (Corbett) wagered money on the result. At the contest Corbett refused to carry out his agreement. Mrs. Corbett said he has left a letter saying that he had sailed for Europe.

Pearls.

A Philadelphia dealer in jewels says pearls are in good health this summer. "Pearls are particularly liable to disease," he said. "Commercially, the health of a pearl refers to its luster, and when it becomes dull you may know that it is sick. Salt water is the only tonic that is known to be efficacious in such cases, and after being immersed in brine for several days the gems will be found to be restored to their usual health. The summer months are usually hard on pearls, but this year, for some reason, there is very little illness among them."

A Photographic Checking Clock.

An apparatus that has at least the merit of novelty is on exhibition in London. It is designed as a checking clock to record the arrival of employees at their places of work. The novelty consists in a sensitized photographic ribbon attached to clockwork. Each employee, as he or she arrives, presses the button of the machine, and immediately his or her photograph, together with a photograph of the clock, showing the moment of arrival, is impressed on the movable ribbon. It is said that the photographs can be made at the rate of 40 a minute.

Carried the Trap.

A young man who was hunting recently in the Alleghenies, near Red Oak Knob, Va., shot a large bald eagle. The bird measured 7 feet 2 inches across the wings. When the hunter went to examine the prize, he was astonished to find one of the eagle's claws held firmly in a powerful steel trap, to which was attached a chain five feet long. Trap and chain had marks of vicious blows from the eagle's beak, showing how he had vainly endeavored to free himself from them. They had not interfered with his flight, however.

STAGE GLINTS.

Robert Mantell is in Europe. Quiller-Couch, or "Q," the novelist, has written a farce.

Mrs. Thomas Jefferson, who has been very ill with typhoid fever, is recovering.

Hilda Clark has been engaged for prima donna of the Bostonians next season.

A version of "Prince Otto," prepared by T. B. Thalberg, was recently acted in Glasgow.

Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry are giving a most successful revival of "Olivina" at the London Lyceum.

A granite column 20 feet high has been erected over the grave of the late Bartley Campbell, in St. Mary's cemetery, Pittsburg.

Mme. Ada Adini, who is achieving fame as one of the most ideal Brunhildes of the European stage, is an American by birth.

Florence St. John is soon to reappear in London after several years of retirement. She will sing the part of the plaintiff in "Trial by Jury."

Beebohm Tree, who has frequently appeared as Iago in scenes from "Othello," but never in the title role, is to take that part in a London charity matinee.

Frederick W. Silcox, 70 years of age, made his first appearance as an actor at Denver the other week in Nat C. Goodwin's company, playing a little part in "When We Were Twenty-one."

Through the efforts of Coquelin the government of France has given permission for the establishment of a lottery for the benefit of the Society of Dramatic Artists. About \$300,000 will be raised and will be devoted to pensioning retired actors.

GENIUS AND FOOD.

Wagner was a highly practical feeder and ate very fast, placing his food in his mouth and gulping it down while he talked.

Zola would not take honors as a gourmet. He employs a good cook, but eats sparingly himself and is careful as to wines. His dinners are daintily served.

Napoleon III had a "porcine" side to his nature. He was rather a glutton, and the pictorial promiscuity of his salon quite horrified English visitors who enjoyed his hospitality.

Charles Reade could not be induced to taste mackerel. He shirked beef and never tasted soup, beer and fatty dishes. He was fond of mutton and baked apples. He hated to get into evening dress for dinner.

Rossini never ate any breakfast, and frivolous critics say this is why he never wrote serious music. At a banquet given by Napoleon III Rossini ate twice of the Italian spaghetti and demolished his portions with gusto.

Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

HOW FREIGHT IS COMING

Down the River From Whitehorse to Dawson.

Something in Shipping Annals Which Never Before Were and Never Again Will Be Witnessed.

The present is a passing scene and the photographer who overlooks the opportunity to take a record of it will be sorry in the days to come. The like of this was never witnessed before and never will again in the northland, says the Whitehorse Tribune.

What are people going to do with all this freight? It would seem that there are several million people at points down the river, else there would be no necessity for so much traffic in merchandise.

Since it commenced last June there has been no let up to the stream of freight which has its course turned at Whitehorse, and still the people gather on are reaching out for more.

The wharf space and warehouses at Skagway are taxed to their limit, freight trains are whistling night and day all along the line between here and there, and the water from here down is simply spotted with craft of all shapes and sizes.

It is at Whitehorse only that the immensity of this movement can be comprehended. The big warehouse, 1000 feet long, filled up, and shipments that could stand the weather were piled up outside. It became a necessity and another hundred feet was added to the gigantic storehouse. The boats were coming and going as rapidly as possible in consistency with the caution demanded at this season of the year.

They struggled like trojans to keep even with the trains, but they were gradually getting the worst of it. Then there started to spring up on the water front a fleet of scows. They grew in the night time, and spread out till the bank of the river was lined a mile long with them. They are coming up to the docks in their turn and getting away in dozens with their loads, but the fleet does not seem to grow smaller. All the lumber of all the mills is in demand by the great army of scow builders, the noise of whose hammers never ceases.

The owners of shipments in transit are buzzing around here in a great state of excitement. The situation looks like a blockade and every man is out for himself. The shipping agents are looking a little worried and weary. There is no such thing as regular sleep for them in these times. They must be awake at all hours keeping track of things.

"All the perishable goods and all the machinery will go down first," said Manager Elliott of the Canadian Development Company, who has more responsibility on his shoulders than the czar of Russia and who bears it with a Napoleonic composure.

To meet the necessities of the case things have been tried that were never thought practical before. If last week it had been asked if a 30x100 foot barge could be taken through Thirtymile river almost every old navigator would have answered, "No, not while the water is as low as it is now." On Wednesday of this week, however, Manager Elliott took the Anglian off its regular run and ordered it to take a barge of that size through to Hootalingua. The barge takes 180 tons measurement and was loaded to the limit with machinery some of which was of such a nature that it could not very well be loaded on a steamer. The Anglian went through like a charm and the big barge went along in its wake, hitting nothing on the way but the back wash of the steamer. On receiving information of this effect Mr. Elliott remarked: "It simply demonstrates that there is no class of freight that cannot be handled by water from Whitehorse."

The Anglian returned this morning and is now ready for another job as hard as the one she has just completed. The Joseph Clossett is in the same business as the Anglian but not on so large a scale.

Game Near Town.

Armed with a shotgun and an enthusiastic spirit a local nimrod journeyed to the top of the mountain and two miles beyond, east of Dawson yesterday and when he returned in the evening he had all the game, rabbits and squirrels, that he could comfortably carry. He came on to many fresh tracks of both caribou and bear and also saw many indications of grouse and pheasants. The rabbits and squirrels killed were fat and in splendid order for table use.