

TERRITORIAL COURT NEWS.

Harry B. Jones and Joseph Kelly Convicted of Theft.

They Robbed the N. W. M. P. Canteen of Beer—William Sykes Sentenced to Six Months.

Harry B. Jones and Joseph Kelly, the latter a private soldier in the Yukon field force, were tried in the territorial court on Monday for the crime of house-breaking. The prisoners pleaded not guilty and elected to be tried by the judge alone. The facts of the case showed that on a night during the past week the prisoners entered the canteen warehouse of the N. W. M. P. in the Barracks square, and stole several bottles of beer. The accused were detected in the actual commission of theft by Constable Cobb, one of the night guards. Entrance to the building was had through an open window, through which Jones entered and passed the beer out to Kelly. The prisoners offered no substantial defense to the accusation; but pleaded in mitigation of their offense the fact that they were drunk. Mr. McCaul, their attorney, successfully contended that the evidence failed to establish house-breaking in that all the testimony tended to prove that the window had not been broken open by the prisoners; but that the sash was raised sufficiently when they arrived to admit the entrance of a person.

Judge Dugas decided that he was not warranted in finding the parties accused guilty of house-breaking, but he convicted them of the lesser offense of plain theft. Sentence was imposed Tuesday morning, and each offender was imprisoned for a period of three months.

WILLIAM SYKES CONVICTED.

On Monday afternoon, William Sykes was tried for the crime of receiving property which had been stolen by privates of the Y. F. F., and sold by them to the prisoner on September 30th last at Selkirk. The evidence showed that Sykes bought from the soldiers one box of sugar, four boxes of canned beef, one can of coffee, one case of vegetable soup extract, one box of biscuits, one box of soap, one sack of beans and one sack of rice. It was not disputed that these provisions had been stolen from the government cache at Selkirk, but the prisoner contended that he was not aware of this fact when he made his purchase. Judge Dugas convicted the accused, and on Tuesday he was sentenced to six months at hard labor. This sentence contrasts strongly with the ones imposed October 6th upon Ennsley and Lefevre, the soldiers who were convicted of stealing the property in question. Each is now serving a three-months' term of imprisonment for the part they played in the criminal transactions. The blind goddess, in this instance, must have lifted her bandage sufficiently to discern the difference between a convicted civilian and the convicted privates of the Y. F. F.

On Wednesday, the territorial court adjourned until November 1st.

THE STROLLER'S COLUMN.

Nellie Cashman, who was wrecked on the steamer Stratton last Tuesday, has led every stamped for the past 25 years, and will be seen, without any doubt, in the early spring at Nome. At one time Nellie was running, as she usually did, the leading miners' boarding house in Kingston, New Mexico, during the big silver excitement of 1886. One of her boarders was a big Irishman called "Dirty Face" McGovern, who was given his appellation by reason of a peculiar habit he was addicted to of washing his face with two fingers, and only around the eyes. McGovern is now batching it on Eureka. McGovern was playing in hard luck and owed Nellie Cashman several months' board. He gained the reputation of being a "hoodoo," as he had been furnished one grub stake after another and always wound up at the losing end. He made one last desperate effort, however, partly through the influence of Nellie and particularly by the coin of a local celebrity called "Pug Faced" Harding, a store keeper and local sport. McGovern disappeared immediately and was not seen for several weeks, when one day the town was thrown into the most intense excitement by the reappearance of "Mac," who

had struck it rich. He displayed some of the finest samples of ore ever seen in the camp. The ore was galena and assayed \$240 to the ton. The town went wild and "The Shaft" came out with a special with a double leaded account of the strike. McGovern and "Pug Faced" Harding immediately got paralyzed drunk, and when at last McGovern got sobered up he disclosed to Harding the location. It was on an abandoned prospect called the Calamity Jane, located but one mile from town and situated near a paying mine. He had relocated the property and started a drift from the bottom shaft due east and had worked in but five feet when he discovered the mineral. A peculiarity about the ore was that it seemed to lie loosely in a large stope. He had pulled what he had through a three inch hold in the face of the drift. A party went with "Mac" down the shaft to see for themselves and sure enough there was the ore, and they scraped and scraped it through the hole until half a ton lay in the drift before them. This was too slow work for the party and they proposed running another hole in at the top of the face and shooting her out. This was done, and to the amazement of all, tons of ore lay in sight all sacked and ready for shipment to the smelter. It dawned on the crowd gradually that the drift led into another cross cut from the adjacent mine and that the ore was stored there preparatory to shipment. "Mac" climbed up the ladder and shot into Nellie's, packed his blankets and shook the dust of Kingston from his feet forever, and the big strike of the Calamity Jane became a byword in Kingston, as Moosehide is a jest in Dawson.

Eddie O'Brien tells the following story on John Mulligan:
"Most people do not know, but nevertheless, it is true that the genial John is subject to spells of crankiness, during which periods it is impossible to suit his fancy.

"I recall when we were playing a week's engagement, a number of years ago, in Woonsocket, R. I. John had changed his lodging place three times in as many days. The first house was too noisy; the bed in the second one was too hard, and the window was dirty; the rooms of the third story were small, the ceilings low and the landlady wanted her rent in advance.

"After leaving this last place, John and I looked at a lodging-house situated in a nice and quiet neighborhood. We saw the servant girl at the front door; she was pretty and agreeable. The housekeeper, a demure, sweet-faced, little woman showed us a neat and pleasant room, the rental of which was exceedingly reasonable.

"I asked John for his opinion.
"He replied: Nice house; the servant girl is pretty; neat room. Just the place that we have been trying to find."

"He walked to the window, and looking out continued: "Beautiful view, too. That is a very neat lawn, madam; refreshing to see when one arises in the morning. But good heavens! Look at that, Eddie! D—n me, if they haven't put a church right on the other side of it! We must leave here. We can't live in this place."

"Herb Hulme enjoys a joke—on the other fellow. Frank Swanson, the thorough-going proprietor of the Criterion also enjoys a joke—after he sees it. He will probably laugh when he reads this explanation of the hoax—not before. "Herb" has the best of it, for he has been laughing for a week. The Stroller laughs when ever he hears Swanson reading aloud a certain telegram on a government blank, which goes about this way:
Bennett, Oct. 21, paid 6:10 p. m.
To Frank Swanson—
See Grotzchier and pay my tabs at the Criterion. Love to the girls.
DAN STEWART.

Frank took the telegram for gospel. That's the joke. I'll be everlastingly confiscated," says Frank, with more emphasis than elegance, "if I ever saw the equal of that man's gall. To telegraph me to pay up \$600 in tabs at my own place is the quintessence, par excellence, bar-none, acme, superlative, meet-all-comers, downright, catch-as-catch-can, champion case of consummate, impudent, bold, dash-ety, dash-ety dash I ever saw since I was knee high to a grasshopper."

Then, like the villain in the story, "Herb" laughs and hugs himself in diabolical glee.

There was a hot old time in the Opera house during the early hours of Wednesday. "Hootch," a well-known faro dealer, showed too much partiality for "Cigarette" Lizzie, whom he treated so liberally and often that the envy of Gussie Lamore and Lucy Lovell was aroused. Gussie freely expressed her opinion, respecting Lizzie's character, and the latter retaliated by classing the fair Gussie among the feline species. A

fast and furious physical contest immediately resulted. The erstwhile wife of "Swifwater Bill" attempted to scratch and claw; but Lizzie countered with a couple of stiff left-arm jabs, which were landed so heavily on Gussie's optic that the latter was compelled to take the pace set for "Queer" street. Then Lucy Lovell threw herself in the breach, and this is about all that the comely Lucy did; for she suffered such a punch from the irate Lizzie that the subsequent proceedings interested her no more. Billie Cooper hoped to quiet the disturbance by taking a fall out of cigarette Lizzie, who was standing there triumphant, flushed with beer and victory; but his plans were instantly thwarted by a blow behind the ear from one of her ardent admirers. Indeed, the fracas was at the point of assuming serious proportions, when a cry of "police" restored peace and order—almost sobriety—among the combatants.

MILITARY FUNERAL.

Ceremonies That Marked the Laying Away of Constable W. L. Purser.

On Monday afternoon, at the barracks hospital, Constable William Leigh Purser, of the N. W. M. P., died of quick consumption. The deceased was a native of Bristol, England. During the summer of 1897 he was stationed at the police post at Linderman, and afterwards he was assigned to duty at Tagish. About two months ago, he was transferred to Dawson, and almost ever since his arrival here he was an inmate of the hospital. An impressive military funeral was given to his remains on Wednesday. The funeral procession was comprised of his comrades in the police service and a squad of soldiers of the Y. F. F. At the grave three volleys were fired, and the last reveille sounded.

POLICE COURT ITEMS.

Thomas Edmunds and Thomas Williams made the night hideous with bacchanalian revel. Each were fined \$10 and costs.

David Fisher pleaded guilty to a plain charge of "drunk" without frills or furbelows. He was assessed the nominal sum of \$1 and costs.

George Tompkins pleaded guilty to plain drunkenness and to sleeping on the public thoroughfare. When arrested he submitted quietly, and this fact extenuated his offense. Only a nominal fine of \$1 and costs was imposed.

Frank Gross, Heasley, Harrigan and Sobinsky pleaded guilty to the charge of being partners with Dame Fortune in games of chance. Each of the parties accused were mulcted for \$50 and costs. Donaldson, Hatton and Lydian each secured judgment for \$34 wages and costs against the Victoria-Yukon Trading Company.

On Thursday, Frank Lightpost had a narrow escape from being railroaded on a charge of vagrancy. He proved that, until three weeks ago, he had bossed the night shift on Mr. Killum's Dominion creek claim; and Major Perry dismissed the case upon the defendant paying the costs and promising to secure work immediately.

On August 11th, Robert Bruce gave J. D. French \$1300 in trust to be expended by the latter in buying an outfit at Skagway for the former. French went outside and returned recently, but has made no accounting in reference to the money. French is now accused of misappropriation of funds. His preliminary hearing will take place on Saturday.

Bitten in a Dog Fight.

Capt. Galpin is just around after an enforced confinement of some three weeks with a lacerated leg. A dogfight, in which his own canine friend was interested, caused him to interpose his foot in an endeavor to stop the row. The dogs took the interference illy, and one of them bit through the calf of the leg, tearing the muscles badly. The captain decided that heroic measures were necessary and cauterized the wound severely with nitrate of silver. The injury done by the caustic took longer for recovery than the bite of the dog, but now all is serene and the limb once more O. K.

Very Confiding.

"I never saw a man of more confiding disposition than Barber."
"That's Barber, all right. Why, he even believes his own lies."—Indianapolis Journal.

Rule Doesn't Always Work.

"They say," he said, "that success comes from keeping everlastingly at whatever one undertakes."
"Well, I'm in jail for marrying too often."

The Nugget Express will start a dog team for Cape Nome and intermediate points after the freeze-up. Letters and small packages may be left at office on Boyle's wharf.

TEN DAYS FROM BENNETT.

Ran Night and Day and Escaped Untold Dangers.

Counted 156 Scows in Perilous Positions—Saw Some Sink—Goods Piled Up on Bank.

John Smallson and Jake Ives arrived in Dawson afoot on Thursday morning, having made the remarkable time of ten days from Bennett, most of the distance being made in a Peterborough canoe. Mr. Smallson was interviewed by a Nugget man on the condition of affairs up the river:

"On the 15th we left Bennett against the advice of everyone. We had a fair wind and were lightly loaded, so that our sail carried us to Cariboo very rapidly. Here we found 14 scows tied up waiting for a temporary blockade of ice to go out. The ice had blown in from the lake, but we carried our canoe around and lost less than a half an hour. The nights were moonlight and we ran almost continually.

Counting the ten scows which were to leave Bennett immediately behind us, we have passed 156 loaded scows between Bennett and Dawson. At Bennett it was the presumption that navigation would not close until about November 10, and acting upon that theory they were hurriedly building a lot of more boats at Bennett, and there may easily be 40 or 50 more than we counted on the way to Dawson. The feeling against the C. D. Co. at Bennett was running high when we left. A good many of the belated merchants claim to have been guaranteed delivery of the goods which are now either on bars, sunk or frozen in all the way between Bennett and Dawson.

At Hootalinqua, the ice was running so strong that we sledged our canoe along the shore and edge ice. The Lingard scow was crushed against the left bank and most of the goods were lost. The five men all escaped, Paul Robson being the only one to get into the water.

Seventeen boats are high and dry on the bars of Hellgate.

The Lablin scow was badly twisted and will go down if the ice gives way. At Selkirk we saw four boats on a long floe, and from the actions of the crews they were preparing to desert them. They were on a bar above Selkirk and were pushed over into deep water by a sudden jam of ice on which they floated off. The rough handling had evidently injured the boats.

"No, we did not see the wreck of the Stratton. We passed Selwyn in our canoe the day before the accident. There were occasional jams of ice all the way down, which we crossed or rounded afoot."

"At Cariboo Ed Welch, of the hill-side off No. 6 below on Bonanza, was jammed and just managed to get his scow to the bank when it sank in shallow water. Everything was saved and is now stored there awaiting the opening of navigation next spring. I saw Ed coming down himself on a friend's scow, he considering it perfectly useless to take time to rebuild this year.

"What struck us as remarkable was the number of abandoned scows we saw. In many cases I believe the crews had attempted to escape and had been swamped.

"At Indian river we found an immense jam of ice which went out again from back pressure, just as we entered the water below with our Peterborough.

A flood of water drove us to the beach and knocked the entire bottom out of our canoe. It was probably the best thing that could have happened us, for if that mighty rush of ice had ever overtaken us in the river nothing could have saved us.

"We have walked in from there, only resting four hours yesterday, waiting for the moon. We passed the Nugget Express scows about five miles above town. There must be as much as 15 feet of jammed ice beneath them and the men are carrying the goods ashore in case of a break up. It struck us as remarkable that the barges had been crowded up high on the ice, while others we saw were crushed and sunk in similar jams.

"To watch the goods in transit to Dawson will take a small army of men all winter.

Steam thaws, pipe and pipe fittings and valves, stoves, tin and sheet iron work at J. H. Holme & Co.'s, opposite Fairview.