

PEACE HA

Goods of Melb
for Paymer
nell Ant
quire

Today is the day on which seized by Tax Collector Mrs. McConnell of the hotel were to be sold. Having Mrs. McConnell closing the front doors thereon a sign which "Closed." Later on this and the following appeal my private residence. No Simultaneously with the this bulletin a photograph of a picture appeared "Yukon Justice," which Mrs. McConnell, Judge nor Ogilvie and Crow Wade prominently displayed another bulletin preceding one having this latest reading "This for house cleaning, Mr. McConnell."

The inevitable Joseph ed the last bulletin with ed under those picture previously in which he lie that a limited number pictures have been struck be obtained only thro' etc., and signed with b police are on guard at

DAWSON

Now that the date for the Dawson public school it may be interesting who have their children are contemplating bringing in for the winter, to what acquainted with the advantages which Dawson presents for the instruction of the community.

According to the report, Mr. G. P. McKenr both at the close of the ber of pupils enrolled average attendance not kindergarten of 91.5, present was 76. During average attendance was exception of the month when the extremely cold ed the average to 68 months of May and June was smaller but that by so many of the city for the outside.

Continuing the report course of study follow far as circumstances wd of the Northwest terr school has been grad lines. Great difficulty experienced in this reg coming as they do from provinces and states an different standard of g work of the differer divided as follows: ment, standard one, di classes; intermediat standards two and three partment; four and five also a class taking the in the high school.

"The lack of text b ingenuity of the teach the subjects orally r tarded the progress of especially in the advan The difficulty exper owing to the insuffic text books will not be year as the books ord have arrived and at opening of school to b There are from three copies of each book grade and the hunk will require them.

Space will not peru plete list of the book following partial list that the standard te used. There are six and from three to five each grade; Kirk arithmetic, six dozen; metric, as prescribed in parts one, two and copies each; C. S. Sm dozen; Hill's lessons dozen; McKay's ele four dozen; bookkee public school grant

Pupils M Jack Leedham an are matched to "go coutest at the New S Walker is well known ing fraternity, he draw with Dauny Ne with Tom Tracy th defeating him at his



O'BRIEN'S CRIMES

CHAPTER I. Starting From Dawson to Spend Christmas With the Loved Ones at Home.

IT WAS a bright Christmas morning in the year of Grace Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-Nine. "Hark! the herald angels sing," chanted the cherubic boy soprano in his white surplice, and from other white robed figures came the resounding response of gladness, "Glory to Our Newborn King."

All through Christendom these glad songs were going up this morning and it needed no great stretch of imagin-

shaking hands, seeing his well filled poke remarked: "I hope you are not foolish enough to carry out much money with you, Fred. There is talk that there may be hold-ups on the trail this winter, and, as you know, some desperate characters have gone up the river during the past few weeks."

"I never carry more than I can take care of," was the confident rejoinder; "never fear; I'll get through all right."

"This confidence was born of several trips that Clayton had made to Dawson, beginning in 1897, when there was very little of a trail and no roadhouses

the way up the river. It was the custom at that time for pushers to leave their goods in any place where they could be sheltered from the weather and the ravages of wild animals. Such deposits of goods are erroneously called a "cache." But the word cache literally means a hiding place, and these goods were not hidden in that sense. They were within sight of any person passing, the owner having full reliance upon the common honesty that was then prevalent in this country. To a person of the characteristics of George O'Brien, in whom honesty had never been planted or had been sown on barren soil, and to his Cockney associate Graves, to despoil these unprotected caches was "a bloomin' lark, ye know," and as they proceeded on

succeeding days up to Christmas day were spent in careful foundations for the fortune they were to make.

Back in the woods, over a mile away from the trail, they found a suitable spot for their location, and erected a tent. It was a regular robber's roost in a literal sense. The canvass to cover it was stolen from a neighboring cache. It was stored with food supplies, rifles, revolvers and ammunition all borrowed in the same stealthy way, the only things that were honorable exceptions being the stove, robe and axe with which O'Brien left the Dawson jail.

Not only was the location of this tent carefully planned as a secret retreat not liable to be explored, but there were other plans carried into effect with a deliberateness that now seems absolutely diabolical.

These plans had been long maturing in the mind of O'Brien. The thought came to him, probably, that first winter in Klondike history, when about Christmas time a number of miners from here munched out and freely displayed their bags of dust and nuggets to the people of Juneau. O'Brien was loafing around the Treadwell mine at that time. He was in Juneau when Swiftwater Bill and Joe Boyle's party arrived there, and was looking at them with hungry eyes when the group was photographed on the Pacific Coast wharf.

Some time later he said to an acquaintance who was working at the

temper of his man. He needed a partner in his business; was Chris the man for the job? It would be easy, he said, to buy a couple of rifles, and pot these men with heavy pokes as they passed on the trail; and one can imagine with what felicity of expression he described the ease with which the bottles and all traces of crime could be popped through a hole in the ice. Also, how he described what loads of money they would make by these simple operations, and what enjoyment they would have in the spending of it.

In the solitude of the woods, far from other human ears, how eager must O'Brien have grown; how persuasive and alluring must have been the temptations he held out to this one man whom he had probably chosen out of many.

But despite the favorable surroundings and the snivory of the tempter, Chris Williams remained firm. The killing of men was not a business he cared to go into.

O'Brien, the man of ideas, sought further for a partner. Kid West, who is a synonym for monumental untruthfulness, says that the matter was laid before him; that O'Brien offered him a partnership in the money-making business of murder; and certain other circumstances show that the "Kid" may, for once, have testified to facts.

But O'Brien the tempter at last found a partner, and, as has been already shown, started to carry his well-formulated plans into execution.

business of this office is hereby as of all the other offices in the minion put together, and in the of '99 it was then doing a large ness, particularly about Christmas time. There was also just a period, a good deal of money in by mail, to purchase the properties or to aid the mals lows in tiding over the winter.

The plans were, therefore, changed, when O'Brien got his and they took up their abode in lonely woods below Milea, planned to lay for mail carriers as returning Klondikers.

And how cunningly these plans laid.

A vista was put through the that a person passing over the could be sighted some distance way. As all travel over the in single file two men in unbr repeating rifles, could pick the as they came. Into view, one w and from a distance that was ample time to hide or get away the balance of the party shot a fight and a desire for investiga

This was scarcely to be however, in these well-laid there was a look-out point for O'Brien, with a field glass for the purpose, could carefully noller the party approaching direction, gauge its wealth probable resisting force. A gen general with only one path enemy, could not have faili



ROAST TURKEY FOR CHRISTMAS DINNER.
Olsen, Clayton and Relfe Leaving the Minto Roadhouse for Corporal Ryan's Christmas Dinner—The Last Time They Were Seen Alive.

tion for the dwellers in this north land to picture the sunshine streaming through the stained glass windows, to see the intertwined decorations of evergreens, to hear the organ roll and feel the warmth of kiaship which is the human glory of the day. How many felt it, and had their thoughts turned from cold surroundings to warm firesides and family ties.

Among many who left Dawson that winter with the determination to spend their Christmas with the loved ones they had left, were two young men whose names are still on the lips of all because of the direfully sad fates they met with midway on their arduous journey over the ice and fro snows. Both were in the prime of life, both injured by experience in this part of the country to ordinary hardship and the adventures of the trail. Lynn Relfe was tall and sinewy, and had a prominent chin. Fred Clayton was short, compactly built, with dark grey eyes and a square jaw betokening resoluteness. They were both well known and highly thought of in Dawson.

They were to leave together but Relfe, the impulsive, could not wait. He started alone, and there were many to see him off. Clayton had a bicycle and felt confident that he would soon overtake his companion on the frozen trail.

"Are you going alone, Fred?" "Certainly. What odds? There are plenty of people on the trail."

"Yes, and some 'it is to be hoped that you do not chance to meet with."

"I'm no tenderfoot," was the laughing reply.

This was in front of the old postoffice building on the morning of December 16th, 1899. In the afternoon of the same day, as Clayton was bustling around and saying good bye preparatory to an early start the next morning, an intimate friend with whom he was

at all. He was going on a well beaten trail on which many people were traveling, with roadhouses all the way. And there never had been any reputable person held up on the winter trail and robbed, so far as he knew. Why should he not feel confident?

Still these two warnings casual and haphazard as they were, have now the significance of the shadows of an approaching calamity.

CHAPTER II. No Home to Go to, and no Friends Except a Big Yellow Dog.

TWO OTHER men left Dawson to mush up the river late in the previous month that year, in whose ears no Christmas bells were ringing and whose thoughts were of anything but peaceful home joys. They had no bicycle or other means of locomotion except moccasins, and no money to buy any. They had been working for the government for a few months, and their wages had gone toward paying off a debt owing to the public. While in jail they had lain their heads as close together as the cell partition permitted, and had perfected a scheme as solid as a mountain of quartz with free gold running all through it. It was a sure thing; the necessary investment small; the risk not worth considering.

The first thing to be done was to stake a good location on the upper Yukon, where there was known to be a running vein of free gold; the second was to get there. To compass the latter point a couple of dogs were selected when the owners were not looking, a big yellow and white St. Bernard, and a smaller black dog. It was not a well-matched team but it had to serve the emergency.

The pair of rogues had a picnic on

their journey they had plenty of the good things of life to eat. Near Selkirk they approached a beef-steak cache, but found it guarded. What fun it must have been to buy from the guardians 20 pounds of fine tenderloin with a few stolen cans of milk?

Some necessities of the trail even these adepts could not steal, and among them may be mentioned a red-hot stove and a place to sleep. They had no money, it must be remembered. But the keepers of the roadhouses were hospitable and permitted them to cook their food on the range and to sleep on the floor of the bunkhouse. Meanwhile they were nearing their location where the free gold was to be had without mining, and perfecting their plans. Also they had changed their names.

But the yellow dog was always a distinguishing feature in their movements.

CHAPTER III. Murder as a Good Paying Business, Small Outlay and Very Few Risks.

"WHAT is his name?" asked Mrs. Agnes Fussell, of the Minto roadhouse, patting the head of the big yellow dog.

"Bruce," was the response of the loquacious Cockney, while O'Brien snarled frowned, and probably named some swear words as to his associates' incautiousness, when they got into the woods.

They had trespassed upon the well-known kindness of Mrs. Fussell for a place on her bunkhouse floor, near the stove, and were now taking to the trail again. "We are nearly there," O'Brien might have been heard to say a few miles further on. This was on the morning of December 16th, and the



CAUGHT IN MURDERER O'BRIEN'S TRAP.

Rushed From the Trail by the Assassins and Shot Down Near the Open Water Which Their Bodies Were Cast.

Treadwell, a man named Chris Williams: "It would be blamed easy to lift the yellow stuff from those chaps when they're on the bloomin' trail."

Williams agreed that it would, but thought it only a chance remark calling for no reflection. That same week O'Brien suggested a day's hunting. They went out to hunt, but they didn't shoot anything nor at anything. Perhaps because O'Brien's mind was filled with another idea. This he now set forth in detail.

The proposition no doubt came on guardedly; O'Brien was feeling the

CHAPTER IV. Development Work on the Snow Location to Make It Sure Pay.

WHILE O'Brien was in prison here he brooded over these plans of murder as a paying business, and made some improvements on them. Being a man possessed of that "low cunning which fools despise," he had an eye to the published accounts in the newspapers of the business the Dawson postoffice was doing. Today the money order

with more scrupulous care and slight. There were well-laid attacks and well-laid traps. The advancing party was in the murderers were in a murderous trap.

In choosing this particular no material point of advantage been overlooked. Those who the other have always an embarras victims.

George O'Brien is a man who Had he lived longer he might have raised murder from a mere

a fine art, might have later on, from active come a professional graduate. He had from the when he chber's roost much time give a clear hiding place Yukon river

For El

ly below "open" would be rent, and dreading hearing of These disappear no. There the body of confront law. There v which the sately pol- ready made would not months if O'Brien's called upon The tra the two yo such high but for Canadian helix, and obtained to point when reconstruct Christmas

By the Sp Their R F travelling

Whose had a b to Skagw so thoro and a n waiting near Dur by durin have gon out of broken.