

SEATTLE DONE UP

By Bunco Artist Who Finds Easy Game

Claims to be an Advance Man From Ringling's Circus and Cleans up \$10,000.

Seattle, July 3.—Poor old Seattle has been in the hands of the graft. This city has been so used to the swindle that it is fast getting so that any old thing can happen in, with good clothes on its back and a suave, shell-pink tongue in its head, and quit town with a good big bunch of that delicate little substance that is such a ready exchange for the good things of life.

According to journals devoted exclusively to police news, there is nothing new under the sun when it comes to the great game of graft, but there is something new, and brains now-a-days are just as fertile as they used to be in past years, and it all was proven in this city only a few short weeks ago.

There are various ways of working the "graft." Some men employ the strong arm and choke the pugilistic ambitions out of the unwary. Others, ruddy, albeit deftly, rub a black looking gun over the facial expression of the victim. Still again, the more nimble gentry cutely slip their fingers into the various pockets that pass them like Harden's "Ships-in-the-Night," while still others attend the legislature.

However, it is not often that the grater cons the grafted, as it were, into a full and complete partnership in the "graft." It was up to one Seaman, or Lane, or whatever his name is, to take the goblet of graft and round it off with the beautiful white foam of "something doing, very new."

This man Seaman drifted into Seattle some six weeks ago. There were no fangles or folditols on his clothes. They were neat, plain and simple, something after the manner of his graft. However, he wore a large rectangular bit of plate glass in shining expanse of shirt front, which, coupled with his elusive scheme of money making that was calculated to put Wall street on an un-Morganized basis, and the merry, merry rattle of his teeth against his tongue, certainly enabled him to make a head getaway to the tune of some \$10,000.

Seaman registered at the Palace hotel. Boldly and apparently without the slightest tremor he wrote after his name, "With Ringling Bros. Circus." Getting into his hurry costume, he went out in the highways and byways and proceeded to do Mayor Humes' devoted subjects to a golden tune. Entering a prominent wholesale meat establishment, he spoke as follows:

"I am the advance man of Ringling Brothers' circus. I find that it is necessary for me to contract for 2,000 pounds of meat. Now this is purely a business proposition for you and me. I will give you that contract if you will sign a paper saying that you contracted to deliver this meat at eight cents per pound. Now, as a matter of fact, you sell the meat for 6 cents a pound, paying me now the difference between 8 and 6 cents for 2,000 pounds, and then when the circus arrives in Seattle, they will have your affidavit saying that the contract price was 8 cents and you will be able to collect your regular price of 6 cents per pound, as well as the difference, which you will pay to me for giving you the contract."

The most prominent firms in Seattle bit like so many bass. He worked the meat game on no less than three different firms. He then turned his attention to the grain and hay men, and the bushels of corn and oats and the tons of hay purchased certainly would be enough to stock all the graneries in the world. He then sought out the prominent restaurants and cafes and contracted for the feed of the star performers and the owners of the show. He also engaged rooms for the "best people" in some of Seattle's leading hotels. He worked an employment agency for a certain number of extra hands. He did not overlook the wholesale as well as retail grocery men. In fact everything a circus needed he saw to, and had he been on the square Ringling Brothers would have had the most elaborate time from a financial standpoint they ever encountered since they first put "The World's Biggest and Best" on the road.

He almost forgot the little matter

of circus grounds, but before he left the city it occurred to him, and this is what he did. He procured a map of the city. This cost 15 cents, and is the only real money he is known to have spent in the city. Spreading the map out in the seclusion of his room, he marked off every vacant available space in the city large enough for circus grounds. Hunting up the several owners, he laid the same grafting proposition before them. For instance he would go to an owner of a certain plot of ground, and after introducing himself would say:

"Now we want your grounds for one day only. You rent them to us for say, \$600. You then sign a paper saying that you contracted with me for the use of the grounds, for \$1,000. You pay me the balance, \$400 now, and when the circus gets here, all you have to do is collect your \$1,000 which will leave you \$600, to the good. Now that's pretty fair for one day's use of that little plot of ground isn't it?"

Talk about the wild scramble for Klondike wealth that was on in this city in 1897, that man Seaman certainly had 'em all going some. He was magnanimous, too, always willing to concede a few dollars in order to close the contract, and after a reporter for the Times had gone the rounds, it was estimated that he took at least \$10,000 out of this city, and there is no telling how many men he fleeced that the reporter could not locate.

His scheme was certainly the king pin of them all. Really his victims cannot afford to make a squeal, as they heartily entered into the bunco game in order to fleece the circus people. They are as guilty as Seaman. They entered into his game, heart and soul for the purpose of fleecing the other fellow, only to wake up six weeks later and find that they themselves had been the willing lambs that had been led to the slaughter.

Seaman went from Seattle to Spokane and worked the same graft. It is estimated that he took out \$5,000 there and would have made more but some grain merchant fell to studying the proposition and wired Ringling's and Mr. Seaman, or Lane as he was known in Spokane; took a quiet, albeit somewhat hurried, duck to that part of the commonwealth where the timber is real tall and uncut.

When Ringling's circus reaches

Seattle, they will find \$10,000 worth of cheap, sore feelings, if they don't get a thing to eat while they are in the city.

Brief Person-1 Sketches

I am a rich man. I will not say I am the richest man in the world, for that would be egotistical, and egotism is against my principles; but I am wealthy, immensely wealthy.

I am a member of the church, and a church worker. I am also a member of the stock exchange, and a stock worker. I believe in working things.

I love the church, and the church loves me. There is something in such love as this; the church gains by it, and so do I.

I am a benevolent man. I give great gifts to educational institutions, and in so doing help disseminate, not only learning, but fame, and that, in my opinion, is a famous thing to do. And my friend, Carnegie, thinks so, too.

I was a poor boy, and am not ashamed of it. I believe in poor boys, and in poor men, too. I believe that honest poverty is often a blessing. I have seen that in my Sunday school. My belief in it is so well grounded that I have often used my influence to make men poor, and to keep them so, that they might be blessed. And I have done it conscientiously, that is to say, with a well trained conscience.

I am a man of peace, and believe in pouring oil on troubled waters. But they won't mix! Oh, that they would!

I believe also in pouring water on troubled oil-stock. And, thank Heaven, they mix!

I am not yet an old man, but I realize that I must die. Therefore will I press forward toward the prize of the high calling, which is in the stock market, and make my election sure as the first-billionaire of earth. I do not put my trust in money; I find it more profitable to put my money in the trust. Finally, my creed is this: I believe in God, Money, Standard Oil, and the Church. —Jim Wiley.

Valuable Carpets

San Francisco, June 30.—The carpets of the adjoining rooms of the United States mint have been taken up and treated to a process for removing the gold dust. A bar of gold valued at \$9,000 is the result. The carpets were laid six years ago.

The New Gold Fields

Kaslo, B. C., June 30.—A number of Kaslo citizens returned from the Poplar creek gold fields early this morning, and to say that they are an enthusiastic crowd is putting it mildly.

"Have you got the goods," said T. Palmer. "We have got the world by the heels. Look at that," as he exhibited a piece of rock with gold sticking out of it. "One half has not been told. We are going to wait for the road to open up and then we will decide, but you can rest assured that we will be heard from before many moons. I went along Marquis and Gilbert's lead and broke off pieces of rock for 30 feet, and found gold all through the rock. Right across the creek Larson and Mangerson have three claims. They have a lead with gold particles sticking out in plain sight all along the lead. The cartoon in the Spokane-Review of Saturday, which says the hill is gold, is no more than the truth. As far as you can see from the creek this is the case. Our own claims have good showings."

Jack Reuter was equally sanguine, and said the statements made about the Gold Park group have been in no way inadequate, to describing the showings, and such a lay-out. Just think of it! In a few days trains will be running within fifteen minutes of our locations.

Pete Kelly says: "Don't ask me anything about it. Go and see for yourself. Do you see that?" showing a small deposit of place gold in a paper. "Well, I got that out of Gilbert's and Marquis's dump with my frying pan with one washing."

"How are the ladies getting along? Fine. I tell you some of those gozzen made the cake up, and they have some spiciness."

"Have I any other news? Yes, I am having some assays made. The lead is well defined, and the world will hear from Poplar creek. One half has not been told."

Colonel W. Brayton, manager of the Lundy group, on Lynch Creek, on being interviewed, said: "News? Well, I could have given you plenty of information about the Poplar creek district last fall; but you would not believe me if I told you, and my people were anxious to prospect the ground before giving such great publicity. The Marquis and Gilbert strike was duplicated—last fall by Smith and Rogers, on a group on the

same ridge, only nearer to Tenderfoot. What have we got? Well, I will tell you. We have forty-one claims, and on every one of them we can show you ore that would ordinarily set a novice in mining crazy, but we have honestly got so used to big assays that we are becoming hardened. No, sir, there have been no exaggerations. Do not run away with the idea that you can find a very valuable claim without an effort. The goods are there far beyond the realization of the most vivid imagination, but they have to be uncovered. About everything you

need can be had here at Kaslo, and at right prices."

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