

THE KLONDIKE NUGGET.

VOL. 3 No. 31

DAWSON, Y. T., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1899

PRICE 25 CENTS

JIM MORRISON A FELON.

Self-Confessed Thief and Fugitive From Justice.

He Stole \$20,000 From the Southern Pacific Railroad—Escaped and Fled to the Klondike—Surrendered.

No man in the Yukon country, probably, is better or more generally known than James Morrison. His generosity and integrity gained for him the respect and confidence of all with whom he came in contact. Among his numerous acquaintances in this district, it is safe to say that there is not one who can impute to him a dishonest act during his residence in the Klondike region. A few of his old and intimate friends knew of the shadow of crime which has encompassed his life for the past six years; but they, true and loyal to him as he was to all, guarded this secret as their own. No word of theirs betrayed him as a convicted felon and a fugitive from justice. Such, most unfortunately he was. In 1893, two Pinkerton detectives were detailed to track a criminal named Bunch, who was wanted for train robbery. The prosecution of their police duties led them to Meridian, Mississippi, in the vicinity of which place the capture of Bunch was effected; and soon afterwards he was tried and convicted for his crime. One of those detectives was Chas. O. Summers, alias James Morrison. In the meantime, however, the two detectives had become aware of the presence of a large sum of money, which was deposited in a safe in the Southern Pacific railroad office at Meridian. Immediately after the conviction of Bunch, they plotted to rob the strong box of its valuable contents. Skeleton keys assisted them in securing entrance to the office, and with a "jimmy," they forced the safe. Currency to the amount of \$20,000 was abstracted from the company's coffers. Several circumstances directed suspicion to the perpetrators, and their arrest followed. At the trial, Murray turned state's evidence and revealed the hiding place of the stolen treasure. The railroad company recovered all the money, excepting a few hundred dollars. Both prisoners were sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the Jackson penitentiary. Soon after their incarceration, Charles O. Summers escaped, and succeeded in reaching San Francisco. He felt compunction for his crime, and was anxious to repay the railroad company the couple of hundreds of dollars which they had lost. William Pinkerton, the head of the detective agency, was in the city at the time, and Summers called on his former chief to enlist his influence. The latter repaid such confidence by arresting the convict and turning him over to the police authorities, who took him back to the Mississippi penitentiary. While in confinement the second time, Summers became an intimate friend of one of the guards. A few weeks later the prisoner and his guard left the jail together. They were persistently and closely followed, and to avoid capture they were obliged to separate. Summers came to Seattle. Under the name of James Morrison, he took passage on a steamer for Juneau, Alaska. He arrived there in the spring of 1895, and was possessed of some money. He and a man named McDougal opened and conducted the Horseshoe saloon. At the end of several months, Summers, alias Morrison, went out of business for himself and secured employment as bar-tender in the Juneau opera house saloon from where he withdrew to accept the management of the Louvre. In the spring of 1897, at Juneau, Morrison was married to Eugenie White, who, under the name of Helen Holgate, was well known in Juneau. During the two years of his residence at Juneau, Morrison had corresponded with friends in Mississippi and elsewhere for the purpose of making restitution to the railroad company, thus

hoping to merit immunity from further punishment. These overtures, however, had the effect of betraying his whereabouts to the legal authorities, and they prepared to attempt his recapture. He received intimation of his danger, and in July, 1897, he and wife crossed the Chilcot pass, and subsequently they arrived in Dawson. They brought with them to the Klondike two life-sized oil paintings, worth about \$150. These were exhibited in the Opera house saloon, and captivated the fancy of Thomas Young, the original locator of No. 39 below on Hunker creek. This claim, at that time was of no considerable value and Young deeded it to Morrison in consideration of the pictures. The property soon developed into one of the richest mines on the creek and its owner became wealthy. Last winter he again attempted by correspondence to negotiate a settlement with the Southern Pacific company but this effort again attracted to him the attention of outside officials. He was informed that his arrest was to be once more effected. Ashamed to face his friends in the character of an apprehended criminal, tired and weary of endeavoring to elude the agents of the law, Morrison concluded to return to the States and surrender himself. Early last summer he disposed of all of his mining interests for about \$45000. On the 19th day of July, he took passage for the outside on the steamer Columbian. Upon his arrival in Seattle, he sent to the company

TWO THOUSAND SIGNERS.

Donald McGregor Forwards the Immense Memorial to Ottawa.

The monster memorial to the government at Ottawa, protesting against the removal of Col. Steele from the command in Dawson, has at last been gathered together and forwarded to Ottawa by Col. McGregor, acting for the committee. There were over 2000 names attached to the petition, amongst them being those of our most influential citizens and prominent business men.

The inefficiency of the memorial to prevent a wrong already accomplished—the removal of the colonel from a post he filled with credit to himself and honor to his country—is admitted on all hands, but it cannot but be gratifying to Col. Steele that so large a percentage of our prominent men should so unqualifiedly endorse his administration of police affairs as is done by the signers of this petition.

Official Broke His Leg.

George Layfield, chief clerk of the timber and land office, slipped in the new snow Friday afternoon in front of the barracks and broke both bones of the right leg just above the ankle. It was a peculiar fall, the left leg actually

A GREAT DAWSON MYSTERY.

"Cal" Swift Has Undoubtedly Met With Foul Play.

Tommy Dolan Ships to Nome Right Afterwards—The Police Would Like to Get Him.

The facts concerning the sudden and suspicious disappearance of a well-to-do miner named "Cal" Swift have been suppressed for some time, in the hope that unsuspecting murderers would betray themselves, but nothing has come of it so we publish today what is known of the case.

"Cal" Swift owns interests on Gold Run, Gold Bottom, Hunker and Bonanza, and could readily have cleaned up from \$10,000 to \$15,000 any day. Two weeks ago last Friday he raised \$1000 on a Bonanza lay and came to town. In Dawson he generally hung out at the Monte Carlo, with Molly Thompson. On this occasion he went to her room as usual and made arrangements for them to go out to supper together. Just at this time Tommy Dolan called him out, telling him he had something to tell him at the bar. He went with Dolan, and from that moment he has never been seen.

Molly Thompson declares that when she next saw Dolan that evening she asked about "Cal" and that Dolan gave only unsatisfactory replies. Afterwards he said he left "Cal" at the bar. Three days afterwards Dolan went down the river. Meanwhile he had shown himself to be strangely flush with cash.

Swift owed only one bill, an account of \$1800 at the Monte Carlo, and there was no object for himself to have left Dawson. His many mining interests are absolutely unprovided for. He was partner with Allan H. Joy in several properties and would certainly have left power of attorney to him. Swift, while a drinking man, was not a man to get drunk and come to harm in that way. The consensus of opinion is that he lies at the bottom of the Yukon between here and Moosehide, with a sinker attached to the corpse. He was a strong, hearty man and nothing but foul play could have silenced him so suddenly.

POLICE COURT ITEMS.

M. Trombley, Albert Cotton, George Tappen, and Sam Ross desecrated the Sabbath by playing cards in the Green Tree saloon. They promised to amend their awful ways and were discharged.

Corrine B. Gray, who was arrested at Tagish on instructions from Dawson, is so seriously ill that her removal here will not be attempted. She will probably be released on bonds by the officers at Tagish.

Henry Beckwith secured judgment against R. A. Talbot, in a wage suit, for \$666. The defendant has been given until the 26th of this month to pay the judgment, and in case of failure, he will be incarcerated for the period of one month.

Last Sunday evening, John A. Henry, by strange and uncouth conduct evidenced the fact that he was drunk and disorderly. Constable Booth endeavored to persuade him to go home, but Henry was contrary and irrefragable, and had to be taken to jail. He was fined \$10 and costs.

Express Matter all O. K.

Patrons of the Nugget Express will be relieved to know that every pound of express matter has been gotten by the blockade at Bennett, has successfully shot the rapids, and on Sunday the messengers in charge telegraphed from Big Salmon that everything was O. K.



JAMES MORRISON, from a picture in the Jackson Gazette.

which he had robbed money sufficient to cover their losses. Then he went to Jackson Mississippi, revealed his identity and is now expiating the crime which he committed six years ago. Strenuous efforts are being made by his relatives and friends to secure a pardon, and it is expected that their representations in this direction will be favorably considered.

Good Luck in Colorado.

Our rustling fellow-townsmen, Mr. Craig, is in receipt of advices from Colorado which shows all the money-making possibilities not to be on the Klondike. The Marigold property is in a part of the Pike's peak district so barren as to make the stock practically worthless even after years of life. A letter from Mrs. Craig, who left Dawson this summer, states that a block of stock in the possession of herself had just been sold for \$7000, though not considered worth \$7. The why and the wherefore is that the Pike's Peak tunnel comes right out of the hill on the Marigold property, which has to be secured by the tunnel company for a dumping ground.

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.

breaking the right. He is resting easily at the government hospital, the injured member being in a plaster cast. It will probably be 12 weeks before he will be able to get around again.

Socials on the Creeks.

The boys on Bonanza engaged in the social relaxation of a dance on Saturday evening at the Williams cabin on 13 below. Music, dancing and refreshments quickly passed away the hours and a most enjoyable time was had.

On Friday night a social hop held the boards at the Gold Hill hotel, and the usual spanking good time was had.

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