

# MURDER — SUICIDE

## Pearl Mitchell Shot and Killed By James Slorah To-Day

### THE MURDERER THEN TURNS THE FATAL GUN UPON HIMSELF.

### But Fails To Inflict a Serious Wound—Will Recover In a Short Time.

Both Parties Were Lately Employed at the Orpheum Theatre, Where They Appeared Last Night—The Woman Came to Dawson With Frank Simons' Company—Lovers' Quarrel Was the Cause—Inquest Is Being Held This Afternoon.

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily.  
In room No. 2 of the lodging house over the Green Tree saloon, known as the Green Tree hotel, Pearl Mitchell lies dead, and in one of the cells at the prison James Slorah is confined a prisoner slightly wounded and charged with murder.

The murdered woman has three bullet wounds, any two of which would be sufficient to cause death, while the wounds upon her alleged slayer are but slight, and only sufficient to cause temporary unconsciousness.

The woman died within 30 minutes after the shooting occurred.

At 11:20 a. m. Officer Borrow, of the police force, answered a telephone call from the Green Tree, and found Pearl Mitchell and James Slorah lying across the bed in room No. 2, a revolver between them and the woman bathed in blood from her wounds, and dying. There were no witnesses to the affair, but all the circumstances point to Slorah as the murderer. He was partially unconscious when the police officer arrived, and his hand was lying upon the handle of the revolver as if he had just fallen from his hand.

Slorah was removed at once to the jail, and a coroner's jury was hastily empanelled to hold an inquest upon the body of the woman.

But little is known here regarding the antecedents of either of the parties. Slorah was better known than the woman, who, it is said, may have been his wife, but is presumed to have been his mistress. She is said to have come originally from Boston, and is known to have arrived here first with the Frank Simons theatrical company last summer, and as nearly as can be learned Slorah arrived here about the same time. James Slorah lived in Seattle before coming here, where some year or two ago his wife died leaving him a widower with three small children to care for.

After the parties had been here a short time they went to Nome, where it is said they may have been married. At all events they lived together and came back here together, and notwithstanding the fact that they have been here ever since the second trip of the Syasie, but little is known concerning them in the circles in which they moved.

Neither have been employed since their return previous to last night, when they both secured work at the Orpheum, she on the stage, he behind the bar.

Few would have thought from their appearance last evening at the theater of the terrible thing held in store for them by fate. She seemed happy enough—happy as such women ever are, which is but a thin covering of assumed gaiety for the thing beneath the surface, and the barkeeper who worked beside Ben Ferguson might have been pointed out as the personification of genial good nature.

This morning less than an hour before the shooting occurred Slorah was seen on First avenue just below the Green Tree hotel, and it has been remarked since by those who saw and knew him that he looked tired, haggard and out of sorts. Little was thought of his appearance at the time, more than to surmise, as his calling was known, that he had been up all night and naturally felt bad.

Since then, of course, a different construction has been placed upon his appearance at the time, as it is surmised he had in his mind something, which, to say the least of it, may have led to the terrible tragedy which followed so soon after.

The causes which led to the deed of blood can only be surmised at present, but among the class to which both

Slorah and the woman belong very slight causes often lead to murder or suicide, and it is quite probable that when the facts of the present affair have been brought to light it will be found that some petty jealousy or equally trivial cause led to the killing of Pearl Mitchell and attempted suicide of James Slorah.

So long as people of that character live, and they probably will continue to exist as a class as long as society stands, such scenes and incidents as this will be of common occurrence, and no surprise need be felt at their recurrence.

#### Councilmen Must Wait.

Yesterday a message was flashed over the wire to the station at Lower Lebarge which, when it becomes known to the now conceded to be elected members of the Yukon council, must cause them pain. The message referred to was sent by Sheriff Ellbeck, acting in his great character part of Returning Officer of Election, to his deputy at Lower Lebarge in charge of five ballot boxes, which were stopped in their progress towards Dawson by the heavy flow of ice in the river. The message conveyed the mandate to the deputy that under no circumstances was he to take any chances on the river, but to wait quietly where he was, retaining the precious ballot boxes till such time as the Yukon shall see fit to guarantee a safe passage over its frozen surface to Dawson.

The result of that message in all probability will be that the ballot boxes cannot arrive here till some time in the dim and misty future dependent wholly upon the caprice of the god of frost, and of course there can be no official count indulged in till then, and no handsomely embossed certificates of election can be presented to the successful candidates till these things transpire, and until all this is done Messrs. Prudhomme and Wilson must remain, technically, just plain citizens. Speculation is now in order as to what would become of the matter should the deputy in charge start without waiting for the ice and lose the boxes.

The woes of politicians do not all consist in making speeches and eating turkey.

#### Dawson's Water System.

This winter a part of the city will be supplied with water from the water company's pipes, and the other part can get its water in the time-honored way—by means of a barrel, a dog team and an enterprising man or boy from the Yukon.

The water company expect to be able to keep open the main on Second avenue, also on Harper street, and of course along the route of the pipe from the pumping station. In order to keep the hydrants along Second ave. from freezing they have been housed over, and air tight heating stoves have been placed within the houses, a man patrols the street day and night to see that the fires are kept burning, and it is hoped that by this means and by the sinking of the pipes, encased in wooden pipes, two feet below the surface, that the service can be maintained to that extent at least. A tank holding several hundred gallons of water and raised 12 feet off the ground, is placed at the corner of Second avenue and Third street, and from this will be drawn the supply of water for the other end of town, that is, of course, for those who are unable to see where there is any advantage in this over the dog team system of bringing it from the river in the first instance.

At the same corner provision has been made for furnishing water to two lines of standard size fire hose. The overflow from the tanks, accord-

ing to Mr. Matheson's calculations, to be conducted by the Third street sewer, to the Yukon. What is to keep this overflow from freezing, either as it leaves the tank, or while enroute to the river below has not so far been explained. However, it can be done. There are dozens of men in town who can put their boot heels on a good warm stove, lean back in a comfortable arm chair and construct a beautiful, rosy-hued plan by which Dawson may be adequately supplied with water and without the drawbacks incidental to frost—in the summer time.

At present, however, there is little danger that the Yukon will freeze to the bottom, and as long as it don't the town can get its own water.

#### Hurdall's Good Luck.

Charles Hurdall, who left here in a big hurry on September 18, was heard from by the last mail. He was in New York and was just taking an Atlantic liner for England. He made a quick trip from Skagway and will be next heard from in London when he receives his legacy.

Charley is a big, tall fellow of 32, with a little wee wife to whom he is devoted, and no children. They lived in a little cabin next to the shops. He came here in September, 1898, with excellent testimonials from the Northern Pacific railroad, where he had worked for eight years as a locomotive engineer. He was put in charge of one of the first locomotives of the White Pass road, and proved himself a steady and reliable workman.

The day before he left Skagway when his train got in from Bennett, he received a cable that his father had died and left him a legacy. His father lived near Maidstone, Kent, England, and was largely interested in hop raising. The amount of the legacy was stated to be \$200,000.

"If I had received this cable at Bennett," said Charley, that evening, "I would have put on a sub to run the engine and paid fare, and rode in the cars like a gentleman."

He hurried home and told the good news to his wife. When the next boat came in they left in a great hurry. Mrs. Hurdall had some dough in the oven. She told the neighbors to see that it did not burn and to divide up the household effects among themselves. "You are all welcome," said both husband and wife as they hurried to the boat.—Alaskan.

#### Obeded Instructions.

There's a farmer up in Oxford county by the name of Braster. Braster is a good enough fellow to work for, but he's a bit cranky at times, and one of the things he is down on is a hired man "thets' alluz stickin his nose in where it ain't wanted."

One summer he let a man go because he was too blamed interested in the why and wherefore of things he was asked to do. The next day a stranger came along and said he was looking for work. He was a good, husky looking chap, and Braster was pleased with his appearance, but he wasn't going to take any chances and get caught as he had the last time.

"Kin you do what ye're told without askin any durn fool questions?" he queried, peering out at the fellow from under his bushy eyebrows.

The fellow allowed that he could do that to the queen's taste, and they struck up a trade.

"Well," said Braster, after the agreement was reached, "take that air scythe an' feller me down to the field, an' I'll show ye what I want done."

They went down to the field, and Braster gave the orders.

"Ye mow that field, an' don't ye ask any fool questions. I tell ye to mow it, a thets' all there is to it. Ye pull off your coat and pitch right in. I'm goin up to the house an' leave ye."

The fellow pulled off his blouse and got a grip on the scythe. "Any particular way ye want it mowed," he said as he poised himself to start.

"Thar ye go," snorted Braster testily, "thar ye go, askin questions the fust thing. Didn't I tell ye I wanted ye to mow that field without askin any questions? Can't ye hear, or are ye deaf? Ye see that yaller dog out by the fence on t'her side of the field? Well, ye mow right for him, an' don't ye let me hear another yip out of ye."

With that Braster stalked off to the house swearing softly to himself about the ways of hired men.

At the end of about three hours he went back to see how the new man was getting along. When he got to the field, he saw the most extraordinary sight that a man ever saw in a mowing field. There were clearly "mowed paths" all through the standing grass, some of them fairly straight, others that looked like the reverse curves of a railroad going through mountains and others that resembled the path a fellow makes when he has been looking

on the cup that cheers and also inebriates. He looked at it in speechless wrath for several minutes, and then he hollered at the top of his voice to the new man who was circling over the back part of the piece.

"Come here, ye crazy galoot!" he yelled.

The fellow came and leaned on his scythe, calmly waiting for the storm to begin.

"What in the name of the seven hot ovens of h—l an all the devils that tend the fires do ye reckon ye've been doin, gallopin over that field like a loonatic?" he sputtered.

"What you told me to," answered the new man, steady as a clock. "I'm one of them 'message to Garcia' fellers. Ye told me to mow fer that yaller dog an' not ask enny durn fool questions. An I done it. The goldurned dog didn't stay still. Thet's all."—Ex.

#### His Honor, John Grant.

Every man who knows of Victoria knows of John Grant, ex-member of the provincial legislature and the man who enjoys the reputation of having made the best mayor Victoria has ever had. He was her mayor 10 years ago and during his administration Victoria boomed as she never did before or since. Mr. Grant is now in Dawson, having arrived on the Clara night before last, and as that craft is not permitted to carry passengers, he shipped from Whitehorse as a member of the crew, accepting that alternative to remaining in Whitehorse and coming in over the ice. In order to more completely carry out the "member of crew" bluff, the veteran statesman assisted in "wooding up" at a fuel station and in that exercise became over heated, with the result that on his arrival he was suffering from a severe cold, but is now rapidly improving.

John Grant is one of the most popular of British Columbia's statesmen and that popularity he greatly augmented by his straightout and unqualified opposition to Joe Martin and his over-riding tactics. Mr. Grant has interests in Atlin where he has spent considerable time during the past two years. He will probably spend two or three months here, going out over the ice early in the spring.

#### Latest Story of the Cutch.

A. H. Baker told a good story of the abandoned steamer Cutch yesterday. It seems that the Union Steamship Company just before this mishap had determined to do some advertising in the interior, and a sign painter arrived two days after the Cutch had struck. He spoke of his contract with great glee, and said he was going to put the Cutch on every big rock between here and Dawson. The next morning his contract was rescinded in the curt message "Cutch is on the rocks enough."—Alaskan, Oct. 11.

#### Foster Creek Claims.

The recording clerk at the gold commissioner's office was busy this morning recording Foster creek claims of which 18 had been entered for record at 11 o'clock. From Ed Hatch, who joined in the stampede and secured claim No. 9, it is learned that thus far only one hole has been sunk on the entire creek and that to a depth of only about 10 feet; but while bedrock was not reached, dirt that goes 20 cents to the pan is being taken out and those who secured claims are confident that their recording money has not been thrown away. Foster creek empties into the Klondike about 10 miles back from Dawson.

#### The Study of Shakespeare.

"The practice of reading aloud in small or moderate sized gatherings is in every way to be commended," writes Sir Henry Irving, of "The Study of Shakespeare in Small Communities," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "It is good for the individual, good for the members of the group, good for the locality, good for the nation. No community can be too small for the practice of reading in public. If there be only two persons, each may, in turn, learn something from the successes or failures of the other. No one need be diffident at the beginning; there is nothing really difficult. There is no arduous labor; there is no possibility of absolute failure where there is honest, careful effort. Any form or subject of reading, worthy in itself, can be of use for the study of elocution. It is, however, possible to get together groups of persons interested in some common theme, when the mere getting together without such an agglomerative cause is lacking; and Shakespeare has been, is, and ever will be, a name to conjure with. A play read weekly or monthly, with the various characters allotted beforehand, has been a source of much and continuous pleasure, productive of thought and study, ameliorative of defective power of utterance, a winner of the chaff of harsh accent or ultra-colloquial mannerism."

## ABOUT CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

The Organization of a Society Endorsed in Strong Terms.

### A Lady Correspondent Urges the Necessity of Action—Law Should Be Invoked.

Editor Klondike Nugget:  
Dear Sir—Your article of September 30 and that of October 13 gave me a great deal of pleasure.

During the months of August and September I resided in Dawson on Mission street. One day I saw a man abuse a dog (so unjustly). I spoke of it to an old resident, who told me there was no law against it, not even an unwritten one. Later on I saw four horses mired knee deep in the same street (Mission). It was then in a deplorable condition. The horses were unable to extricate themselves, much less pull the heavy load of iron pipes which they were drawing. As I walked towards them one of the men in charge struck them twice with a heavy piece of wood. I called to him to stop at once or I would cause his arrest. To my surprise he did stop, and I found out my information as to there being no law was erroneous. I have since learned that the judges of Dawson are all humane men, but they cannot punish an offense of the sort unless the offender is arrested and brought before them. I also wish, through your columns, to thank Major Wood for his kindly intentions. With him on our side it will be plain sailing.

One of the first questions a man asks, when caught abusing an animal which is his is, "Whose dog or horse is this, anyway?" I always answer, "Your's, my friend, as long as you treat it kindly; when you don't, then it becomes mine, and the law's."

I trust the day is not a distant one that when a man tells you, "You can't put a man in jail for beating his dog," you may answer in the vernacular of the country and say "But he is in jail."

Surely there are enough humane people in Dawson to organize and maintain such a society. Queen Victoria was one of the first to become a member of the L. P. C. A. in England. Every member of the royal family are enrolled on its books.

God created the abused animals, and it is the duty of every Christian to become interested in this movement. The cruelty, extreme and useless, which has been and is still going on in this country, since its gold discoveries has been made, is a blot on civilized Dawson.

I am told that miners come down from the various creeks and spend the day in town enjoying themselves, while their faithful little beasts of burden are left outdoors, in their harness, in so below zero weather. It is a misdemeanor. Nine out of every ten horses in Dawson are overloaded, which is also a misdemeanor. I have in mind the only dog team I saw in Dawson that did not make my heart ache. It is composed of five dogs, driven by a young boy who lives on Mission street. Six dogs always follow the harnessed ones. The boy loves the dogs and they love him. They are quite happy always, whether in or out of harness. They do not fear him at all, still they do all that is required of them.

I cannot tell you how grateful I am to you for starting the ball. Keep it rolling before the public until it becomes fixed into a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals—a constant menace to evil does.

MRS. MAX F. KELLER.

#### Gold From an Old Hulk.

With the permission of the Turkish government some Greeks recently undertook to search through the hulks of the Turkish fleet near Chios which were lost in the naval battle with the Russians in 1770. The divers have been lucky, and in spite of the fact that they are compelled to divide the spoils with Turkey the venture will be profitable for them. In thirty fathoms of water they found the Russian ship which sunk the Turkish fleet. This ship contained great quantities of gold and silver. About \$60,000 already has been secured; yet it is stated that the wreck contains much more of value. A Turkish vessel is anchored there, and every article of value brought to the surface is examined to determine its value. Besides the great quantities of coins, there were found gold and silver crosses, jewels, weapons and the binding covers of a large book, made throughout of gold and studded with precious stones.—Ex.

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