THE DAILY KLONDIKE NUGGET: DAWSON, Y. T., TUESDAY, MANUARY 8, 1901



Everything He Did Was Neat and in Order.

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His Trip to New York and on the Mediterfanean Steamer Were Typical of His Habits.

They called him "Judge" Dale, because in the far west you never "mister" a man when you can call him "colonel" or "judge." As James Dale looked more like a judge than a colonel, they called him-as I have said. He was a mine owner, and when things went wrong he could make hot times for his engineers and foremen, but he didn't do it in a vulgar way. He was always a gentleman even when he eussed the hardest. As a matter of fact, the judge's motto was "good form," and he carried it out in his clothes, his cigars, his dinner and the way he took the news when a fall of It must have been this faint hope that rock in the Emma mine burled 12 men at once. What he said on that occasion was, "Please wipe your feet on the rug next time." What he did was to fill out 12 checks for \$1,000 apiece for the respective widows.

Judge Dale was not vulgarly startled when he received word from Denver his bow. "Permit me to offer my sinthat his handsome wife, to whom he cere congratulations on your speedy had been married five years and who recovery." was visiting friends, had taken an old lover's arm and severed conjugal relations by eloping. Others got the news about the same time, and they couldn't duct. He went through the daily routine just the same for three or four dars, and he had the same placid low and the same even voice as he called his head clerk into the private office and said:

"Thomas, I am going away for a few days, and you will take charge." "Yes, sir," replied Thomas, and next

morning the judge-was on his way to Denver. He picked up his clew there without having elbowed anybody or soiled the polish of his shoes. He met friends and talked politics and real estate and mines, and, lighting a fresh cigar, he took a train for the east. Arriving in New York city, he paid a detective to locate the couple, but he didn't lug out a gun and shout at the top of his voice that he was an injured husband thirsting for gore. He simply threw a couple of big goldpieces on the table to pay for the information and descended to the cafe for lunch. A steamer was sailing for the Mediterranean at the end of the fourth day, and when she departed the judge was one of her passengers. There were more ed on the fact that the passenger who

were aching to grip his throat. After breakfast, as the men sought the smoking room, Mr. Bemis started to act on a plan which had doubtless been talked over with his wife. He walked straight up to Major Davis and began: "Judge, I don't know what I can say in extenuation but I"-

"Excuse me, sir," Interrupted the other, "but you have evidently made a mistake. I think the gentleman called the judge has passed into the salon." Mr. Bemis looked at the major like

a man seeing the face of death in a nightmare, and beads of perspiration started out on his forehead.

"Your-your wife is better this morning, I think I heard you say?" queried the major in courteous tones. "Y-yes!"

"Glad to hear it. She should beware of overexcitement. Weather seems to have settled, and we are making a fine run of it. 'Have a light? No? Well, Edgar Nye, and while he no doubt be-I'll walk a little."

Mr. Bemis stared after him as if seeing a ghost, and his breath came in sobs as he finally turned away. He had seen the man whose home he had despoiled a dozen times or more, and he believed that Judge Dale stood before him. Still there might be a chance that it was simply a wonderful resemblance. Such things had been known. buoyed up the wife to appear that afternoon. A wife should be able to identify the face, figure and speech of the husband of even a fortnight, but the elopers hoped for a miracle. Major Davis had made several acquaintances, and Mrs. Bemis had no sooner appear-I have it on good authority that ed than he was ready to be introduced. "I am honored," he said as he made

"I-I thank you."

"It was your husband I met this morning. I believe, and for a moment he took me for some one else. It is find anything to criticise in his con- queer how you'll often find two people looking so much alike as to deceive you at first glance."

"Y ves, it is!" she stammered, leaning on the back of a chair for support and speaking through bloodless lips. "You do not find in me a resemblance

to any gentleman called the judge?" he queried as he looked her full in the face.

"N-no-that is"-"But I am keeping you. Pray, be seated, and I think I see your husband coming this way. Hope the fine weath-

er will put you in good spirits." At every meal Major Davis faced the guilty pair. Some of the passengers suspected nothing, but others insisted that there was a queer mystery afoot. The major gave nothing away. It wouldn't have been good form. The woman avoided him as far as possible, but two or three times a day he found excuse to speak to her. If she had hoped for a miracle, her hopes were dashed at the first close sight of him. Major Davis was Judge Dale, and Judge Dale was the husband she had fled from and disgraced. She knew than a hundred others, and as the him for a quiet man, but also for an weather was also stormy for the first implacable one. He was torturing two or three days out no one comment them at the stake, but that would not be revenge enough. In his desperation was registered as Major Davis stuck Bemis again attempted to approach the close to his cabin and had his meals man he had wronged. He couldn't brought to him by a steward. Judge plead for himself, but he would plead for the woman.

\$5,000 in gold it is probable that he told at least a part of his story. When protested his innocence in loud tones, the accident became known, and it was found that Mrs. Bemis was to go on with the ship instead of ashore to see her husband to his last resting place. there was an outery over her want of feeling; but it did not reach her ears. She was in her stateroom under the doctor's care, and none of the passengers saw her again. When the major had finished his work at the island, he took a steamer for New York and home, and upon entering his office at the usual bour and in the usual way he said to his chief clerk: "Thomas, I am back and feeling bet

er. Bring me the balance sheets for the last four weeks."

Bill Nye on Life Lisurance.

Almost a year previous to the death of America's great humorist, William lieved he had before him a long list of years to live, he wrote the following on the subject of life insurance. He evidently told the truth, in part, at least, as he carried policies on his life amounting to upwards of \$40,000, which his family received after his death :

Life insurance is a great thing. I would not be without it. As a means of longevity it is equal to the French duel. My own health is greatly improved since I got my nice new policy, with my name beautifully underscored with red ink.

Formerly I used to have a seal-brown taste in my mouth in the morning. My mouth tasted like the dead past. I also had that tired feeling, hot flushes, ringing in the ears, a constant desire to evade work, gnawing sensations at the base of the chest, horror of industry,

But all that has passed away. I am more hopeful and even my hair looks more hopeful. I would not try to keep house without life insurance.

My wife at first objected seriously to an insurance on my life, and said she would never touch a dollar of the money if I died, but after I had been ill a few months and my disposition had suffered a good deal, she said I need not delay the obsequies on that account.

In these days, however, of dynamite and swift-changing presidential administrations, and dark tunnels through way at 25 miles per hour; these days of tumbling signs of the times, and tipsy telegraph poles, live wires and dead repairers, these days when the politiwhich an engineer goes groping his repairers, these days when the politi-cian and the deadly bridge policeman with his pull, lie down together (under thereof no grant will be issued, under the influence of the same stimulant), these days when death lurks in the air breathe in, the-I say it behooves us to look well to our insurance and our future state, and I take pleasure in certifying and saying to whom these. presents may come, that since I became the deepest disgust, on the part of those

begging pitcously to be spared. The men working at the door of the cell might have been deaf judging by the attention they paid to the wailing of the negro.

Little time was used in breaking into the cell and very soon the thoroughly terrified negro was in the hands of his executioners, who placed a rope around his neck. All left, crawling again through the hole by which they had entered, dragging the negro after them

'A few minutes' time was consumed in the march to the jail yard, in which the rope was thrown over the limb of a tree and a hundred willing hands pulled the rope and sent the negroe's body flying into the air. The loose end of the rope was tied to a tree and as soon as the members of the mob were sure that their work had been completed, they left in as quiet a manner as they had entered the town.

None of the mob wore a mask. . To all appearances, men of every station of life took part in the lynching. Not a shot was fired before or after the lynching and except for the excited groups of men standing on the street corners, a stranger would have known nothing of the tragedy that had just been enacted.

Candles for the fillions.

I have enough candres, nuts, and toys to supply the whole population of the Yukon country. My stock is com-plete. Plenty of Lowney's chocolate and Gunther's bon bons in any quan-tity; cigars by the box. Bring your friends and as I am a Missourian, I will show you the finest store in the Yu-kon territory. GANDOLFO, kon territory. GANDOLLO, C. C.

Mumm's, Pomerey or erinet cham-pagnes \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.

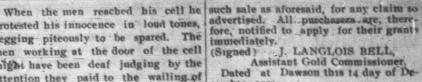
For Rent.

Store adjoining Savoy theater ; splendid location; opposite postoffice. Ap-ply Wm. Germer for particulars,

Thoroughbred white Leghorn eggs at Meeker's.

Eggs 75 cents at Meeker's." Private dining rooms at The Holborn.

Notice.

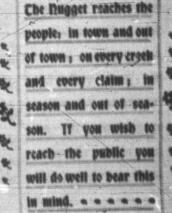


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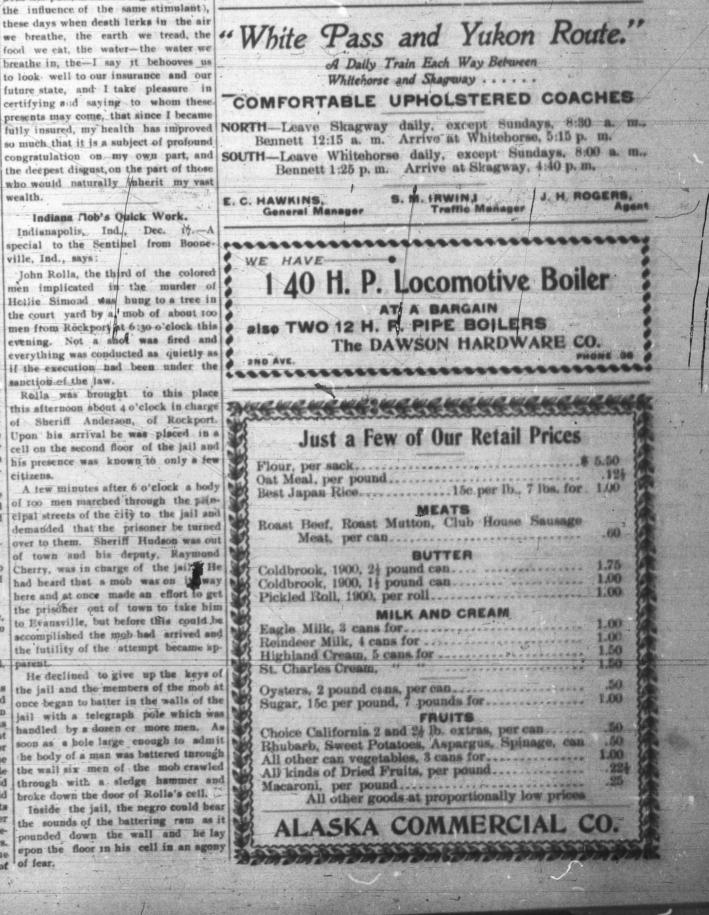
Eastern oysters at the Postoffice market.

When in want of laundry work call up 'phone 32. Cascade Lausdry.





Our circulation is general; we





NAGER.

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Invited.

The Orpheum

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Dale had changed his name, but he had no idea of changing his identity. There were laughter and conversation and a should fall your vengeance," he said as clatter of dishes as all the passengers he cornered his man. finally gathered for dinner for the first "Mistaken again. Ha, ha, ha!" laugh-

tain's right was beaming, when she

happened to cast her eyes down the

Irs. Bemis" shuddered and gasped

e stammered as she left the table for.

ard second on the point of fainting. ra sudden illness-heart trouble!"

to her supposed husband:

sign of recognition.

ed husband.

judge!"

"Judge, it was my fault, and on me

time since leaving Sandy Hook. To ed the major. "Really, but I shall special to the Se the right of the captain sat one of the come to think that I am your judge's ville, Ind., says: handsomest ladies and one of the finest twin brother. See what a cloudless looking gentlemen on the list, but taksky and how beautiful the sea. I trust that your wife has had no more troug en altogether it was a grand array of wealth and culture. Dinner was farly ble with her heart. She is not looking Hellie Simond was hung to a tree in under way, and the lady on the ap- at all well."

hunted look in his eyes.

table, and her face went as white as death in a second. Half a dozen peo-The steamer was to call at the ple caught her words as she whispered Azores. One morning about 10 o'clock she made harbor, and it was given ou. "My God, John, but there is the aboard that she would not get away before midnight. Everybody was anx-The man looked, and the color went At of his cheeks, and his jaw fell. Near the foot of the table sat the man might overexert and bring on another who had taken a new name. He was cool and placid, and only the ghost of had decided to stay with her when Maa smile hovered around his mouth. He jor Davis hunted him out and said: "I trust you will make one of a little looked the woman and the man full in the eyes for a minute, but made no party going ashore, and that you will "What is it?" asked the captain as

mine? "The party is-is"- began Mr. Bemis as his face blanched.

her stateroom, followed by her suppos-"Yes." There were wonder and curiosity, but "Ab, of course! We may find game,

little was said. "Good form" demands you know. Do you wish to speak to that such incidents be passed over as your wife first?" easily as possible. There were those "No.

who thought it might be heart trouble "She's gone to He down, ch? Well. and-others who suspected the presence of the "major" had something to do let's be off."

The two engaged a boat as soon as with it, but that was no place to comlanding and pulled away to a wooded cape, and two hours later a dead man pare notes. Neither of the pair was was brought back in the boat. It was Mr. Bemis. He had accidentally shot seen again that evening, though Major Davis was very much in evidence until a late hour. At breakfast next himself while shooting at a bird, or at least the major said so, and no one morning Mr. Bemis appeared alone. doubted his word. He told his tale His wife was better, thank you, was his reply to inquirers, but thought it without excitement. He was cool and best to remain quiet for a day or two. Not once did he let his eyes roam remain and see the body placed in its around the table, but he knew that grave. He came aboard the steamer Major Davis was there among the with the personal effects of the de-rest. He knew that a pair of steel blue ceased, but he did not ask to see Mrs. eyes were scanning his troubled face and that a pair of soft white hands. He delivered everything to the cantain. and as he added the sum of

Indiana /lob's Quick Work.

who would naturally wherit my vast

Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 17,-A special to the Sentinel from Boone-

wealth.

John Rolla, the third of the colored men implicated in the murder of the court yard by a mob of about 100 "God! God! But what a man!" gasp-ed Bemis as he turned away with a evening. Not a shot was fired and everything was conducted as quietly as sauction of the law.

Rolla was brought to this place this afternoon about 4 o'clock in charge ious for a brief fun ashore-everybody of Sheriff Anderson, of Rockport. Upon his arrival he was prevail and cell on the second floor of the jail and known to only a few but Mrs. Bemis. She feared that she Upon his arrival he was placed in a attack of heart trouble. Mr. Bemis his presence was known to only a few citizens.

A tew minutes after 6 o'clock a body of 100 men marched through the painparty going ashore, and that you will bring your revolver along, as I shall cipal streets of the city to the jail and demanded that the prisoner be turned over to them. Sheriff Hudson was out of town and his deputy. Raymond "A very exclusive one-just the two of us, you see. You have a pistol, I suppose?" a 7 "Yoe" the prisoner out of town to take him to Evansville, but before this could be accomplished the mob had arrived and the futility of the attempt became apparent.

He declined to give up the keys of the jail and the members of the mob at once began to batter in the walls of the ail with a telegraph pole which was handled by a dozen or more men. As soon as a hole large enough to admit he body of a man was battered through the wall six men of the mob crawled through with a sledge hammer and broke down the door of Rolla's cell. Inside the jail, the negro could hear the sounds of the battering ram as it pounded down the wall and he lay