

REPORT ON WORK DONE

Captain Bennett Leaves for Miller Creek

Will Examine Into and File Statement of Development on the Concession.

Captain L. G. Bennett, of the gold commissioner's office and until recently mining recorder at Fortymile, left yesterday via the new government trail for the Sixtymile district.

The object of the captain's visit is to report and report upon the work that has been done this season on the Miller creek concession held by the N. A. T. & T. Co.

The Miller creek concession has had rather a stormy career during the past two years. Originally secured a number of years ago by Captain Miller for his company at a time when miners then in the country were too busy stampeding to offer any protest over the granting of concessions.

In driving the stake where the extreme western line of the concession was to be located, it was found that the concession would again be thrown open and they would get the claims that are known to be of value.

A number of the men have persistently remained in that vicinity ever since, determined not to lose the ground they had staked through any negligence on their part.

At the time the concession was granted Miller creek though extensively worked some eight to ten years before was virtually abandoned.

In an early day when the tributes of Fortymile and the bars of the Stewart were the only placer deposits known to exist in the territory, before the richness of the Klondike was dreamed of, the Birch creek strike had been made, Miller eyes as well as Glaciers, which is but five miles distant, across a small divide, had turned out more than one considerable stake and was considered one of the best propositions it was possible to secure.

Concerning the concession on Miller and the intentions of the concessionaire, it is understood that with the beginning of next season preparations will be made to work the ground on an extensive scale.

Details of Organization

New York, Oct. 1. — The following details concerning the organization of the international ship combination were made public by J. P. Morgan & Co. today.

The international company, which controlled the American line and Red Star line of steamships, has changed its title to the International Mercantile Marine Company and increased its capital from \$15,000,000 to \$120,000,000.

These directors and committees have been named: Directors—C. A. Griscom, P. A. B. Widener, P. B. Baker, J. I. Waterbury, G. W. Perkins, E. J. Berwind, J. H. Hyde, C. Steele, Rt. Hon. W. J. Pierre, J. Bruce Ismay, Sir Clinton E. Dawkins, Henry Wilking and Charles F. Torry.

Executive and financial committee.—C. A. Griscom, P. A. B. Widener, George W. Perkins, Edward J. Berwind and C. Steele.

British committee.—Sir Clinton E. Dawkins, chairman; Rt. Hon. W. J. Pierre, J. Bruce Ismay, Henry Wilking and C. F. Torry.

Mr. Griscom, head of the International Company, is to be president of the combination. The new combination will embrace the American line, the Red Star line, the Leyland line, the White Star line and the Atlantic Transport line, as well as one or two other companies.

Charles Steele, who spoke for Morgan & Co. in the foregoing details, was asked about certain statements attributed to Gerald Balfour, president of the British interests.

Mr. Steele said that he thought Mr. Balfour intended to say the subsidiary British lines, which he said would be the case.

The German steamship lines do not figure in the combination, but it is unofficially declared that a working or non-competitive agreement has been reached with those companies.

Crew Mutinies.—Port Townsend, Oct. 3. — Port Townsend Bay was the scene of a full-fledged mutiny, which for a while had all the indications of being a serious predicament, and which would undoubtedly have resulted in serious trouble had it not been for the opportune proximity of an armed force of the law which, when appealed to, speedily regulated the existing differences and restored order where chaos had all but reigned.

The scene of the disturbance was aboard the French bark Gael, which has been at anchor here several days. Yesterday evening it was announced that the vessel would start at six o'clock for Tacoma, where she will take a cargo of wheat for the old country.

For several weeks past there has been trouble brewing among the insubordinate crew, and numerous slight tilts had occurred. The trouble, however, did not assume a serious phase until yesterday. When the officers were ready to prepare for departure the crew refused duty and positively declined to hoist anchor.

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How He Saved the Boy

Capt. Jack Crawford has, during his career on the frontier, saved hundreds of boys from going to the bad. I felt that I could hold my own with this desperate blue-eyed boy horse-thief.

When I was asked yesterday for a story about his experience in that regard, and he complied by relating an instance that has to do with one of the best known business men in Butte.

"You want a story, do you," said Captain Jack. "Well, I have never yet given a newspaper man a fictitious story. Truth is greater, and sometimes stronger. While attending the mining congress as delegate from New Mexico, in company with Jeff Reynolds, a Las Vegas banker and millionaire, and while returning from the congress at noon on Sept. 2, a fine-looking specimen of manhood stopped me, took my hand, gave me a warm and hearty grip, and remarked, 'You don't know me, Captain Jack.'"

"No," said I, "but I am waylaid by bushwhackers like you every day, many of them only boys when last I saw them, and most of them have a bone to pick with me. What did I ever do to you?" The big, good-natured fellow laughed and said: "More than 26 years ago you had just returned from a desperate trip with an exploring party from the Black Hills, and had written letters to the Omaha Bee. I was a wild and somewhat reckless boy and on my way west. I was interested in you as a scout and frontiersman and made your acquaintance. You sat down and talked to me like a father, and I want to tell you that I have never forgotten your good advice and I want to thank you now."

"That's all there is to this story, except that this manly man is one of the great big men of Butte and of Montana, and holds a position of trust as great, if not greater, than any other man in your Treasure state."

"Now, supposing that I had been the author, as I might have been at the time when first I met this boy, of a lot of dime novel absurdities, or that I had allowed Ned Buntline, a dime novel hero maker, to have made a fictitious one out of me, as he wanted to do, then I could not have given such advice as I have given to boys for the last 30 years, and which I can conscientiously give today."

"But that is only one of hundreds of instances, and I only mentioned it because this boy of mine of 26 years ago is one of you; and if you have time let me give you another little story."

"In 1882, after the Victoria campaign, I was appointed post trader at old Fort Craig, N. M. I was awarded a contract for 340 tons of hay at \$1 per hundred pounds, or \$32.40 per government ton. One morning a bright blue-eyed boy with hair as light as Mr. Kelly's of the Inter-Mountain, came to me in the hayfield and asked for a job. He had come from Illinois, was about 17 years of age, and, despite the dust and grime of travel, fairly well dressed. After questioning him, I made up my mind I had another runaway for him, but as he said he was broke I told him to stay in camp and eat for a few days and help the cook a little. Three days later I gave him work at raking hay, and a week later I was called to Santa Fe on business. Hay was all delivered there and I told this boy to stay and do chores around the house. When I returned my little boy, Harry, ran out and said, 'Oh, papa, Pet is stolen.' 'Who stole her?' I asked. 'Then Eva, my daughter, joined in. 'Oh, papa, that boy must have stolen Pet last evening, as she was picketed just back of the store.'"

"Pet was a steel-dust race mare that I had paid \$275 for, and I need-

ed her in my business. I soon took the trail, well mounted and with my Winchester and a pair of six-shooters. I felt that I could hold my own with this desperate blue-eyed boy horse-thief. Then the thought came to me while riding along, supposing I ran into the kid with my mare in his possession, perhaps riding ahead of me, how easy to bring him down with my Winchester and get a lot of credit and glory for it. Well, I did run into this young thief whom I had befriended and given food to eat when he was hungry, and of course he needed killing because he would steal from others and finally get to be a desperado and kill good people. So why not stop him in his wild career? And I did."

"What, kill him?" "Oh, no; I just killed; or started to kill, the little devil that was in him. How could I or how could any one kill a boy lying under a cotton-wood sound asleep, without gun or pistol, and my mare turned loose and grazing back toward the fort, only 20 miles away?"

"Hello, George; wake up, George! It's time to go to work. Get up. And George sat up and rubbed his eyes. Then, seeing me standing in front of him with a pair of six-shooters in my belt, he turned pale, and jumping to his feet exclaimed, 'Oh, captain, I didn't steal Pet; I only borrowed her. I have no bridle, no saddle, and soon as I reached this far I started her back for home.'"

"Yes, my boy, that may be true, but you go and catch Pet. She is dragging the rope and only a short distance up the river grazing. You will have to go with me. You see, I am not your employer now; I am a deputy sheriff, and I am going to do my duty. Do you know that some deputies that I know of would have come up here and put a bullet in your head while you slept, and you'd have been applauded for doing it?"

"I need not prolong this story. I could easily have put this boy in jail for four to seven years, but after keeping him over night at my house and pretending to prepare him for jail I finally got a confession out of him. He had been reading dime novels and patronizing the blood and thunder drama, and acknowledged that it was those that led him to run away. He gave me his father's address and I wired him, got money back by telegraph and sent the boy home. He is cashier today in one of the big banks in an eastern city and every one of his children, five in all—three girls and two boys—has sat on my knee, and I have had many a good square meal there for the pork and beans and alkali water with which, 22 years ago, I stuffed this blue-eyed boy."—Exchange.

Blue and yellow French tobacco at Gandolfo's.

NOTICE OF SALE. Under the power given in a mortgage which will be produced at the sale, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction by E. S. Stratf, Auctioneer, at his sale rooms in the old Postoffice building on First Avenue, Dawson, on Saturday, the 25th day of October, 1902, at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., creek placer mining claim No. 2 from the mouth of Last Chance Creek, in the Hunker Mining Division of the Dawson District, Yukon Territory, together with all the appurtenances.

Terms.—Twenty-five per cent cash at the sale and the balance in ten days. For further particulars and conditions of sale apply to CLARKE, WILSON & STACPOOLE, Vendor's Solicitors, Bank of Commerce Building, First Avenue, Dawson, Y. T. Dated this 11th day of October, A. D. 1902.

Witness next saw Snyder at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, where defendant said he had \$5,000 belonging to promoters, which he was ready to give Uthoff. He got \$2,500 on that visit and \$2,500 more three or four months later. Witness told of Snyder's attempts to get the \$50,000 from Meier. Snyder said he would turn it over to Uthoff.

FOR SALE—Very cheap, interest in creek claim No. 143 below lower on Dominion. Inquire E. C. Stahl, this office. The Nugget's facilities for burning out first-class job work cannot be excelled this side of San Francisco.

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ks, WSON., well having of 810 feet, on that of in, extreme western, In driving of shale were, but dur- same indica- the core, the accompanied is out by the come so pro- use has to be, things dropped which would be with which being prose- confident in the hole has further oil in be found to or their per- y. 29.—The free delivery of year were. They agree increase of appropriations f. 003 at Gan- fton, Dock, Whitehorse, 2 P. M., agent, route, 14th, Type, td., S, says, trans- over, n.