

JUSTICE IS FINALLY METED OUT.

Murderer Geo. O'Brien Suffers the Full Penalty of the Law — Foul Murder Perpetrated on Christmas Day, 1899, Are at Length Avenged—O'Brien's Life Pays the Forfeit for His Crimes—The Scaffold Upon Which the Execution Took Place Located in the Prison Yard—Had Been Previously Tested—The Execution in All Its Details.

At 7:35 this morning the trap was sprung which launched George O'Brien into eternity. The condemned man maintained his innocence to the last, and went to his death cursing all who had any part in his trial or execution.

Contrary to expectations George O'Brien spent his last night on earth in perfect quietness. Representatives of the press were admitted to his cell at 9 o'clock in the evening and they were the last visitors he had. At 10 o'clock he had composed himself for the night and within a half an hour was asleep. His slumbers during the night were fitful and he tossed about upon his blankets scattered upon the floor of his cell, at times seeming to awake but not wholly regaining consciousness. He troubled his guards but once during the night, and then it was to ask for a drink of water.

In the course of the interview mentioned, nothing in the way of a confession so eagerly sought was given. On the contrary, he maintained time and again his innocence and insisted with all the fervor at his command, that he was being punished for the sins of another.

It seemed much perturbed at the sheriff having refused him the privilege of swearing to the document had dictated to Mr. Bleecker yesterday, and stated as he stood on the trap today with the noose about his neck and at the very verge of the grave, he impudently asked the sheriff as a last favor to be permitted to make oath as to the truthfulness of his statement. He desired as the last act of his life to be allowed on the scaffold to kiss the Bible in solemn affirmation of his innocence.

Another thing which troubled O'Brien greatly was his place of burial. With great vehemence he insisted that the ground within the jail enclosure where his grave had been dug had been continuously defiled by the prisoners for the past two years; he objected most strenuously to being laid to rest in such soil. To one of his interviewers he begged and pleaded that he see to it that he was interred in the same spot where the Indians are buried.

Not a word was uttered concerning the doings on Christmas day, 1899, although he seemed to be willing to be interviewed, and inquired of the news paper men if they had any questions to ask him. They on their part asked him if he had any further statement to make to the public and he replied that he had not.

Throughout the entire interview, lasting fully a half hour, O'Brien remained on the blankets and spoke as intelligently and rationally as any sane man in Dawson. His voice was low, most somewhat inclined to be hoarse, but his words were enunciated distinctly in a well modulated tone.

He did not once refer to the personification of the Virgin Mary, nor the crimes he has placed upon those whom he holds responsible for the taking of his life. At the parting he said: "Goodnight" rather cheerily and the press representatives replied: "Goodnight, O'Brien; we'll see you tomorrow."

The visit, the last which he will ever receive from a newspaper man was more in the nature of a call upon a sick man rather than to receive the last message of one who had but a few hours to live.

At 5:30 the first bearer of a pass appeared in the jail yard. He had lost his "open sesame" to the gruesome night and was in distress lest the sheriff might not issue a duplicate.

Six o'clock came and O'Brien was

still sleeping, nor were his slumbers disturbed until the guard of the day was being changed. Then he awoke—awoke to the realization that he had but two short hours yet to live.

At 6:30 a number of the curious had begun congregating on the sidewalk about the jail and 15 minutes later an armed patrol was established on three sides of the prison and all who were inclined to loiter were firmly requested to "move on."

Within a few moments O'Brien arose from his bed, dressed himself and almost immediately began raving in the manner similar to that employed several weeks ago. His cries were loud and lusty and were easily heard on the street, but in a short time he relapsed into silence. Shortly after 7 o'clock those who had passes had assembled in the jail yard and 7:15 they were admitted to the scaffold. There had been nearly 100 tickets issued, but a guard at the stairway admitted only the 35 who first appeared, the others being compelled to remain beneath.

At 7:20 Sheriff Eilbeck in company with officials and representatives of each of the Dawson papers repaired to O'Brien's cell. The prisoner was released from his chains and brought out in the corridor. No sooner did he view the small crowd assembled than he began his sacrilegious recriminations. His voice was strong and betrayed not the slightest sign of fear or emotion.

"What do you want with me now?" he asked of the sheriff. "I suppose you want to torture me some more do you?" The sheriff replied in a calm tone that he wished to read his death warrant.

"Take it away," he said, "I don't care to hear it. I have the power to place a curse upon you all; I am the Virgin Mary and I have placed my curse upon those five men. You are sending me to everlasting hell fire and I shall send you there. Go on and kill me, torture me if you like, but you shall not escape my curse."

At 7:45 it was generally remarked by the crowd in the jail yard who had obtained ticket of admission that the Rev. Father Gendreau had not arrived. O'Brien had spent his last night without the consolations of religion, and it seemed likely that he would go to his end in that frame of mind.

Seeing the futility of trying to read the death warrant the sheriff announced that it could be considered as having been read and at a signal the hangman, his features hidden beneath a black mask, appeared with four broad straps. Two of these were used to strap his arms to his body, one of these at the elbows and one at the waist. While the hangman was making his preparations and placing the black cap on the head of the guilty wretch, O'Brien engaged in a ceaseless flow of bitter vituperations. The only ones present in whom he had any confidence or showed the slightest interest were Constables Jack Connor and Assistant Provost Burke, the former one of the death watch during the past two

months. To him O'Brien turned and in beseeching tones begged him not to allow them to cut up his body. Burke was likewise appealed to prevent his burial in the jail enclosure. When all was ready the march to the scaffold was begun, the guards leading, followed by O'Brien with a guard on either side, then the hangman, the sheriff and the reporters.

The condemned man walked with a firm step, never faltering an instant, but talking constantly and laying his curses right and left. He without assistance took his position on the trap, where his legs were pinioned at the knees and ankles. Deftly the hangman passed the rope around his neck, measuring at a glance the length requisite and in an instant he had the noose made, the knot at the back of O'Brien's head. As he was about to pull the cap over his head the sheriff stopped him and said:

"George O'Brien, you are about to enter the presence of your God, and I ask you now and the last time to confess your crimes."

It is a duty you owe to the judge, the jury and the police and every one in this community to tell how you murdered those poor boys on that Christmas day. Are you man enough to do it?"

The silence was so intense as to be impressive, every nerve of those present being strained to the utmost, for it was thought that if a confession was to be had at all, that was the time it certainly would be given. O'Brien never quavered an iota, but looking the sheriff in the eye he said, in a voice perfectly calm:

"Do you want to hear the truth. I did not murder those men." "Who did murder them, then?" asked the sheriff.

"I do not know, nor do I know anything about it." The hangman was bidden to do his

duty and at once pulled down the black cap, shutting out forever the light from George O'Brien's eyes. He stepped back off the trap, there was a moment of suspense and as the sheriff snapped his fingers, the lever was pulled aside, the yawning jaws of the trap sprang open and at 7:35 the most notorious criminal in years was launched into eternity. He never uttered another sound, never moved a muscle. A nine-foot drop was given him and it is thought the fall dislocated his neck. The body was allowed to hang 15 minutes, when it was examined by Police Surgeon Thompson by means of a phenoscope and pronounced dead. The coffin was carried to a convenient place and at 7:49 the corpse was lowered into its last resting place. In removing the rope it was found necessary to cut it, so tightly was the knot drawn.

The coroner's jury immediately viewed the body and rendered a verdict that the deceased had come to his death by being hanged by the neck until he was dead.

Silently the crowd wended its way out onto the street and thus was the curtain rung down on the last act of the most frightful tragedy of modern times.

Whatever may be said of George O'Brien, it must be admitted he went to his fate with a calm indifference difficult to contemplate. As he walked up the stairway he asked one of his guards in a most matter of fact way: "How long did it take the other poor fellows to die?"

He was clad in blue shirt, blue overalls, with suspenders and moccasins upon his feet. He died as he lived, fearing neither God, man nor the devil, an enemy to mankind and a foe to all who crossed his path.

the gallows awaiting its victim. From the outside nothing could be seen which would indicate that the vengeance of the law was being meted out to a cowering wretch within. There was a subdued hush, a perceptible high tension apparent in every face save in the masked visage of him whose gruesome task it was to commit the soul of O'Brien to its Maker. The instrument of death was practically the same as that from which King so stoically went to his doom. The beam to which the rope was attached, a well seasoned 8x8 stick, and the trap and its mechanism had seen like service before. The four corners of the beam for a space of two inches were well rounded off so as to prevent any cutting of the two coils of the rope which encircled it. Of the trap, the last spot from which O'Brien viewed the sunshine of Heaven, that Heaven against which he had so grievously sinned, little need be said. It was the same kind that is used in every legal execution; merely double doors five feet square when closed, which open from below. When closed, a clip of iron on either side which projects underneath it holds the doors in position.

Connecting with these clips by a simple mechanism is a lever which passes up through the floor to a height convenient to a man's hand when standing. It is here at this lever that the hangman stood awaiting the prearranged signal from the sheriff. At the proper time he grasps the lever, moves the top of it less than a foot, the clips are withdrawn, the doors fly apart, being held in their position when open by weights, and whoever or whatever may have stood a moment before in security is precipitated to the depths below. In the northwest corner of the scaffold stood an officer with the halyards in his hands running to a small flagstaff surmounting the stockade. At the instant the trap was sprung a small black flag was hoisted to the breeze, it remaining on high until the body was cut down.

The scaffold proper is about ten feet above the ground, the space it occupies being 16x24 in size. Leading from the outer enclosure to the upper portion is a covered stairway. Leading to the scaffold and south of it is a space equally as large as the platform which accommodated those who did not care to witness the painful preliminaries. The view of the condemned man as he stood with the noose about his neck was hidden from those below, nor could they see any part of the execution until the body had passed through the opening and was writing in its last convulsive death struggles.

O'BRIEN'S STATEMENT.

Yesterday afternoon Attorney Bleecker in response to a request of O'Brien called at the jail and took down the following statement:

Statement of George O'Brien to Henry Bleecker, his advocate, August 22, 1901: I deny having murdered F. W. Clayton, Lynn Wallace Relfe or one Olsen, as charged against me and for one of which murders I am condemned to death. My defense as written by me to be published, is true in all particulars. I make this declaration as my last statement on the day previous to the day appointed for my execution and protest with all my power that I am innocent of the crimes charged against me and that I am to suffer for the deeds of others.

GEORGE O'BRIEN. George H. Tweedy, Jno. A. Connor, Witnesses.



GEORGE O'BRIEN, THE MAN WHO WAS EXECUTED. (Sketched From Life.)

DISASTER

the Temporary land, Ohio—A sulted From A List of

peered down with ears intent, sounds ceased again. The mouth of the shaft it was traced and the iron work was

The water that was thrown need to steam at once. After a deluge of water had down on the smoldering shaft, was heard from the bottom, for help. A line was thrown the shaft and slowly and carefully man at the bottom was raised. His face covered with slime, his eyes and hearing chest told of or he had gone through during he had spent in the tunnel. William Curry, of Canton, as he could gasp, Curry said: "I're all at the bottom of the hurry up."

ck succession seven others were up from the foul and stifling. They were in a pitiable condition reported that two men ing unconscious at the bottom. A workman volunteered to these men and he was quickly into the shaft, and in a few s the unconscious men were up more dead than alive. and possibly two men are sup- lying dead in the tunnel, away from the shaft to be re-

this afternoon it became pos- sible that there men are still tunnel. Their names are Adam and Eugene and Victor Kauff- later is known to be dead other two could scarcely have the dead air all these hours, attempts were made to reach at the rescuers were driven out.

Sunday Work. case of Sabbath violation. Manager Miner of the N. was on trial before Magis- Wroughton this afternoon. idence of three carpenters, whom was the foreman who arge of the work was taken prosecution. The evidence that the work had been that date as charged but in set up was the work ne under the greatest neces- the shelling which was be- laced; was unstable and was easing source of danger to rks, and that had the work one on any other date it have been not only a great ore expensive but would ve been of serious interfe- the business of the con- d a great inconvenience to ling public and especially to ers who would have been ed to lose valuable time to have their orders filled. e was postponed until Mon- st.

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Today is the day on which seized by Tax Collector Mrs. McConnell of the hotel were to be sold. Having Mrs. McConnell closing the front doors thereon a sign which "Closed." Later on this and the following appeal my private residence. No Simultaneously with the this bulletin a photograph of a picture of "Yukon Justice," which Mrs. McConnell, Judge nor Ogilvie and Crow Wade prominently displayed another bulletin preceding one having this latest reading "This for house cleaning, Mr. McConnell."

The inevitable Joseph ed the last bulletin with ed under those picture previously in which he lie that a limited number pictures have been struck be obtained only thro' etc., and signed with b police are on guard at

DAWSON

Now that the date for the Dawson public school it may be interesting who have their children are contemplating bringing in for the winter, to what acquainted with the advantages which Dawson presents for the instruction of the community.

According to the report, Mr. G. P. McKenr both at the close of the ber of pupils enrolled average attendance not kindergarten of 91.5, present was 76. During average attendance was exception of the month when the extremely cold ed the average to 68 months of May and June was smaller but that by so many of the city for the outside.

Continuing the report course of study follow far as circumstances of the Northwest territory school has been grad lines. Great difficulty experienced in this region coming as they do from provinces and states an different standard of work of the different divided as follows: ment, standard one, di classes; intermediate standards two and three partment; four and five also a class taking the in the high school.

"The lack of text bi ingenuity of the teach the subjects orally started the progress of especially in the advan The difficulty exper owing to the insuffic text books will not be year as the books ord have arrived and at opening of school to b There are from three copies of each book grade and the hunk will require them.

Space will not peru plete list of the book following partial list that the standard te used. There are six and from three to five each grade; Kirk arithmetic, six dozen; metric, as prescribed in parts one, two and copies each; C. S. Sm dozen; Hill's lessons dozen; McKay's ele four dozen; bookkee public school grant

Pupils M Jack Leedham an are matched to "go coutest at the New S Walker is well known ing fraternity, he draw with Dauny Ne with Tom Tracy th defeating him at his



O'BRIEN'S CRIMES

CHAPTER I.
Starting From Dawson to Spend Christmas With the Loved Ones at Home.

IT WAS a bright Christmas morning in the year of Grace Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-Nine. "Hark! the herald angels sing," chanted the cherubic boy soprano in his white surplice, and from other white robed figures came the resounding response of gladness, "Glory to Our Newborn King."

All through Christendom these glad songs were going up this morning and it needed no great stretch of imagin-

shaking hands, seeing his well filled poke remarked: "I hope you are not foolish enough to carry out much money with you, Fred. There is talk that there may be hold-ups on the trail this winter, and, as you know, some desperate characters have gone up the river during the past few weeks."

"I never carry more than I can take care of," was the confident rejoinder; "never fear; I'll get through all right."

"This confidence was born of several trips that Clayton had made to Dawson, beginning in 1897, when there was very little of a trail and no roadhouses

the way up the river. It was the custom at that time for pushers to leave their goods in any place where they could be sheltered from the weather and the ravages of wild animals. Such deposits of goods are erroneously called a "cache." But the word cache literally means a hiding place, and these goods were not hidden in that sense. They were within sight of any person passing, the owner having full reliance upon the common honesty that was then prevalent in this country.

To a person of the characteristics of George O'Brien, in whom honesty had never been planted or had been sown on barren soil, and to his Cockney associate Graves, to despoil these unprotected caches was "a bloomin' lark, ye know," and as they proceeded on

succeeding days up to Christmas day were spent in careful foundations for the fortune they were to make.

Back in the woods, over a mile away from the trail, they found a suitable spot for their location, and erected a tent. It was a regular robber's roost in a literal sense. The canvas to cover it was stolen from a neighboring cache. It was stored with food supplies, rifles, revolvers and ammunition all borrowed in the same stealthy way, the only things that were honorable exceptions being the stove, robe and axe with which O'Brien left the Dawson jail.

Not only was the location of this tent carefully planned as a secret retreat not liable to be explored, but there were other plans carried into effect with a deliberateness that now seems absolutely diabolical.

These plans had been long maturing in the mind of O'Brien. The thought came to him, probably, that first winter in Klondike history, when about Christmas time a number of miners from here rushed out and freely displayed their bags of dust and nuggets to the people of Juneau. O'Brien was loafing around the Treadwell mine at that time. He was in Juneau when Swiftwater Bill and Joe Boyle's party arrived there, and was looking at them with hungry eyes when the group was photographed on the Pacific Coast wharf.

Some time later he said to an acquaintance who was working at the

temper of his man. He needed a partner in his business; was Chris the man for the job? It would be easy, he said, to buy a couple of rifles, and pot these men with heavy pokes as they passed on the trail; and one can imagine with what felicity of expression he described the ease with which the bottles and all traces of crime could be popped through a hole in the ice. Also, how he described what loads of money they would make by these simple operations, and what enjoyment they would have in the spending of it.

In the solitude of the woods, far from other human ears, how eager must O'Brien have grown; how persuasive and alluring must have been the temptations he held out to this one man whom he had probably chosen out of many.

But despite the favorable surroundings and the snivory of the tempter, Chris Williams remained firm. The killing of men was not a business he cared to go into.

O'Brien, the man of ideas, sought further for a partner. Kid West, who is a synonym for monumental untruthfulness, says that the matter was laid before him; that O'Brien offered him a partnership in the money-making business of murder; and certain other circumstances show that the "Kid" may, for once, have testified to facts.

But O'Brien the tempter at last found a partner, and, as has been already shown, started to carry his well-formulated plans into execution.

business of this office is hereby as of all the other offices in the minion put together, and in the of '99 it was then doing a large ness, particularly about Christmas time. There was also just a period, a good deal of money in by mail, to purchase the properties or to aid the mals lows in tiding over the winter.

The plans were, therefore, changed, when O'Brien got his and they took up their abode in lonely woods below Minto, planned to lay for mail carriers as returning Klondikers.

And how cunningly these plans laid.

A vista was put through the that a person passing over the could be sighted some distance way. As all travel over the in single file two men in unbr repeating rifles, could pick the as they came. Into view, one w and from a distance that was ample time to hide or get away the balance of the party shot a fight and a desire for investiga

This was scarcely to be however, in these well-laid there was a look-out point for O'Brien, with a field glass for the purpose, could carefully noller the party approaching direction, gauge its wealth probable resisting force. A gen general with only one path enemy, could not have faili



ROAST TURKEY FOR CHRISTMAS DINNER.
Olsen, Clayton and Relfe Leaving the Minto Roadhouse for Corporal Ryan's Christmas Dinner—The Last Time They Were Seen Alive.

tion for the dwellers in this north land to picture the sunshine streaming through the stained glass windows, to see the intertwined decorations of evergreens, to hear the organ roll and feel the warmth of kiaship which is the human glory of the day. How many felt it, and had their thoughts turned from cold surroundings to warm firesides and family ties.

Among many who left Dawson that winter with the determination to spend their Christmas with the loved ones they had left, were two young men whose names are still on the lips of all because of the direfully sad fates they met with midway on their arduous journey over the ice and fro snows.

Both were in the prime of life, both injured by experience in this part of the country to ordinary hardship and the adventures of the trail. Lynn Relfe was tall and sinewy, and had a prominent chin. Fred Clayton was short, compactly built, with dark grey eyes and a square jaw betokening resoluteness. They were both well known and highly thought of in Dawson.

They were to leave together but Relfe, the impulsive, could not wait. He started alone, and there were many to see him off. Clayton had a bicycle and felt confident that he would soon overtake his companion on the frozen trail.

"Are you going alone, Fred?" "Certainly. What odds? There are plenty of people on the trail."

"Yes, and some of it is to be hoped that you do not chance to meet with."

"I'm no tenderfoot," was the laughing reply.

This was in front of the old postoffice building on the morning of December 16th, 1899. In the afternoon of the same day, as Clayton was bustling around and saying good bye preparatory to an early start the next morning, an intimate friend with whom he was

at all. He was going on a well beaten trail on which many people were traveling, with roadhouses all the way. And there never had been any reputable person held up on the winter trail and robbed, so far as he knew. Why should he not feel confident?

Still these two warnings casual and haphazard as they were, have now the significance of the shadows of an approaching calamity.

CHAPTER II.
No Home to Go to, and no Friends Except a Big Yellow Dog.

TWO OTHER men left Dawson to mush up the river late in the previous month that year, in whose ears no Christmas bells were ringing and whose thoughts were of anything but peaceful home joys. They had no bicycle or other means of locomotion except moccasins, and no money to buy any. They had been working for the government for a few months, and their wages had gone toward paying off a debt owing to the public. While in jail they had lain their heads as close together as the cell partition permitted, and had perfected a scheme as solid as a mountain of quartz with free gold running all through it. It was a sure thing; the necessary investment small; the risk not worth considering.

The first thing to be done was to stake a good location on the upper Yukon, where there was known to be a running vein of free gold; the second was to get there. To compass the latter point a couple of dogs were selected when the owners were not looking, a big yellow and white St. Bernard, and a smaller black dog. It was not a well-matched team but it had to serve the emergency.

The pair of rogues had a picnic on

their journey they had plenty of the good things of life to eat. Near Selkirk they approached a beef-steak cache, but found it guarded. What fun it must have been to buy from the guardians 20 pounds of fine tenderloin with a few stolen cans of milk?

Some necessities of the trail even these adepts could not steal, and among them may be mentioned a red-hot stove and a place to sleep. They had no money, it must be remembered. But the keepers of the roadhouses were hospitable and permitted them to cook their food on the range and to sleep on the floor of the bunkhouse. Meanwhile they were nearing their location where the free gold was to be had without mining, and perfecting their plans. Also they had changed their names.

But the yellow dog was always a distinguishing feature in their movements.

CHAPTER III.
Murder as a Good Paying Business, Small Outlay and Very Few Risks.

"WHAT is his name?" asked Mrs. Agnes Fussell, of the Minto roadhouse, patting the head of the big yellow dog.

"Bruce," was the response of the loquacious Cockney, while O'Brien snarled frowned, and probably used some swear words as to his associates' incautiousness, when they got into the woods.

They had trespassed upon the well-known kindness of Mrs. Fussell for a place on her bunkhouse floor, near the stove, and were now taking to the trail again. "We are nearly there," O'Brien might have been heard to say a few miles further on. This was on the morning of December 16th, and the



CAUGHT IN MURDERER O'BRIEN'S TRAP.
Rushed From the Trail by the Assassins and Shot Down Near the Open Water Which Their Bodies Were Cast.

Treadwell, a man named Chris Williams: "It would be blamed easy to lift the yellow stuff from those chaps when they're on the bloomin' trail."

Williams agreed that it would, but thought it only a chance remark calling for no reflection. That same week O'Brien suggested a day's hunting. They went out to hunt, but they didn't shoot anything nor at anything. Perhaps because O'Brien's mind was filled with another idea. This he now set forth in detail.

The proposition no doubt came on guardedly; O'Brien was feeling the

CHAPTER IV.
Development Work on the Snow Location to Make It Sure Pay.

WHILE O'Brien was in prison here he brooded over these plans of murder as a paying business, and made some improvements on them. Being a man possessed of that "low cunning which fools despise," he had an eye to the published accounts in the newspapers of the business the Dawson postoffice was doing. Today the money order

with more scrupulous care and slight. There were well-laid traps attack and well-laid traps. The advancing party was in the murderers were in a murderous trap.

In choosing this particular no material point of advantage been overlooked. Those who the other have always an embarras their plans as to the disposal of victims.

George O'Brien is a man who Had he lived longer he might have raised murder from a mere

a fine art, might have later on, from active come a professional graduate. He had from the when he chber's roost much time give a clear hiding place Yukon river

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ly below "open" would be rent, and dreading hearing of These disappear no. There the body of confront law. There v which the sately pol ready made would not months if O'Brien's called upon The tra the two yo such high but for Canadian helix, and obtained to point when reconstruct Christmas

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Whose had a b in Skagw so thoro and a n waiting near Dur by durin have gon out of broken.

a fine art. Instead of one partner he might have formed a syndicate and, later on, when he decided to retire from active practice, might have become a professor with many pupils and post-graduates.

He had foreseen this embarrassment from the start, and had it in mind when he chose the locality of his robber's roost. Near where he spent so much time and labor chopping trees to give a clear view of the trail from his hiding place, there is a bluff on the Yukon river bank 40 feet high; direct-

stop was made at a sawmill for repairs. At Selkirk there was a man who must needs try to ride the wheel, and the pedals were again broken. Then Clayson pushed it along the trail and kept in the company of Relfe to Minto.

Jolly Capt. Fussell received the travelers at his roadhouse between 5 and 6 o'clock on December 24th, and immediately set a good hot meal before them. Lawrence Olsen, who was attending to the telegraph line, came in late that evening, and had to be off in a hurry early the next morning, as he

CHAPTER VII.
Potted by the Assassins in Ambush and Their Bodies Cast into the Yukon.

"THEY'RE comin', get ready," said a man whose name was then Miller.

were shot. Many episodes of these "murders most foul" have been revealed in that inscrutable manner which makes the saying "murder will out" acceptable as a truism; but what defense, if any, these brave men made in the brush against the repeating rifles of their cowardly assassins, will probably never be known.

The battle was entirely one-sided; its duration very brief. On the snow were stretched the forms of three young men whose hearts but a few minutes before had palpitated with the hope and the longing affections of home. From those homes toward which two of them were cheerfully tramping they were turned back. The current of human events had destined them for another home, the last home of all. The currents of the Yukon would carry them to the northward instead of the southward.

CHAPTER VIII.
O'Brien and the Big Yellow Dog on a Journey That Ends at Tagish.

"WHERE are you going?" Asked Mrs. Prather the next morning of a man who stood on the ice beside a sled drawn by a big yellow dog.

named Hilderbrand, a talkative fellow himself and Miller talked with him freely.

CHAPTER IX.
The Curious "Trap-Door" Nugget is Produced and O'Brien Acts Suspiciously.

O'BRIEN had little on his sled, so little that on the first day out from the Snug Location he was asked if he would sell the big yellow dog that was then drawing it, as it seemed the man could very easily pull the light load himself.



JUSTICE DUGAS. PROSECUTOR WADE.

For Eleven Days the Public Prosecutor Marshaled His Witnesses Before the Jury and Ably Presented a Sequence of Events That Was Remarkable and Convincing.

ly below this was what is known as "open water." A body dropped in that hole in the ice during the winter would be carried far away by the current, and at the spring break-up the dead seal would be emptied into Behring sea.

There would be another "mysterious disappearance," but "murder?" Oh, no. There can be no murder unless the body of the murdered is there to confront the murderer. This is the law.

There was the vista, then, through which the murderer in ambush could easily pot-shot his victim; there was a ready-made grave for the victim which would not give up its secret for several months if at all. The trap was set. O'Brien's field glass and rifle might be relied upon for the rest.

CHAPTER V.
By the Spirits of the Three Men on Their Way to Eat Corporal Ryan's Roast Turkey.

FRED CLAYSON, with the help of his bicycle, overtook Relfe as he said he would, but he had no intention of meeting with him at that time. He

had "a date" with Corporal Ryan at Hcoichiku, 17 miles up the river.

dust," was Miller's response as he returned his field glass, with which he commanded the trail through the vista already described.



DETECTIVE MCGUIRE.



CONSTABLE PENNYCOOK.

Whose Plodding Pertinacity and Detective Ability Furnished All the Circumstantial Evidence That Led to O'Brien's Conviction.

had a brother, his partner in business in Skagway (and never were brothers so thoroughly attached to one another) and a mother and two young sisters waiting him. He must get home as near Christmas as possible, and certainly during the holidays. And he would have gone on but that his machine got out of gear; one of the pedals was

we shall be those many miles nearer Skagway. Give me a bottle of 'hootch.' " "If I can find a clean bottle I will."

them to the cheerful firesides of their homes. Bang! bang! bang! bang; and bullets whistled past them and nipped branches from the trees. The shots came from the right and they rushed from the trail and toward the river, as the chief executive of the Snug Location syndicate had planned and predicted that they would. Then they

but the two murderous fiends seem to have gloated over their "snag" and, safe in their solitude, to have gone very leisurely to work to remove all the other evidences of their crimes.

It was not until the next day, therefore, that the garments and other effects of the dead men which might lead to identification and troublesome questions were collected together near the tent.

The deed was done and all the incriminating evidence of it believed to have been removed. Only one other thing remained to be done; to divide the proceeds. The man then calling himself Miller paid the per centage to his partner and probably each shook the others' bloody hand, in goodbye and fellowship, over the satisfactory results of their first "business."

They parted; the man called Ross setting his face northward with the black dog; Miller going up the river. The yellow dog went with him.

about cooking his victuals on the bunk-house stove. Up to this point Miller had been very cheerful, and very suspicious. He was afraid to show that he had money.

At the next stopping place, however, which was Peterson's, he boldly walked up to table with the rest. His confidence was returning; he was, several days' travel from the Snug Location, and the chances of discovery and arrest were growing slimmer and slimmer with every day's journey.

He had money now, lots of it. On the morning of January 2d at Shoff's roadhouse he lay in his bunk openly counting a big wad of bills. He did this as if not afraid of being seen with so much money; as if the pride of possession led to this exhibition.

He decided that he would be a freighter. To play this character he bought two horses on Lake Leberge and again continued his travels. This time he was bound for Atlin, and his name was still Miller.

When on the steamer Nora that night he told the watchman permission had been refused him to travel on the grade, although his partner had gone that way.

At breakfast the next morning O'Brien took out a poke of nuggets, emptied some into his hand and asked Watchman Hilderbrand if he wanted to buy any.

One of these nuggets was very peculiar. It was a twin nugget, in fact. When tossed on the table in the concave part a smaller nugget fell down, something like a trap door would fall, but did not become detached from the larger one. The watchman was surprised and examined the Nugget closely. Pushing the smaller one back into place he handed it back.

O'Brien silently dropped it into the poke, and the poke into his pocket and said no more about selling any of them. He was about to say something, but repressed himself and seemed embarrassed.

CENTRALLY LOCATED NEW House, Rooms, Furniture... HOTEL FLANNERY, GEORGE VERNON, PROPRIETOR



THE NOTORIOUS "KID" WEST.

Testifying to the Proposition Made to Him by O'Brien That They Should Go Into the Murder Business Together, on the Lonely Trail Up the River.

Eight Pages

PRICE 25 CENTS

THE DISASTER

of the Temporary Island, Ohio—A Resulted From A List of

peered down with ears intent, 2 sounds ceased again. The mouth of the shaft it was furnace and the iron work was 2. The water that was thrown turned to steam at once.

ly after a deluge of water had brown on the smoldering shaft, 2 was heard from the bottom, 1 for help. A line was thrown the shaft and slowly and care- he man at the bottom was raised. lild face covered with alms, his 2 eyes and heaving chest told of rror he had gone through during urs he had spent in the tunnel. a William Curry, of Canton, soon as he could gasp, Curry said: ey're all at the bottom of the hurry up."

quick succession seven others were at up from the foal and stiding 1. They were in a pitiable con- 1. They reported that two men lying unconscious at the bottom shaft. A workman volunteered to 2 these men and he was quickly ed into the shaft, and in a few nts the unconscious men were ht up more dead than alive.

and possibly two men are sup- o be lying dead in the tunnel, ar away from the shaft to be re- e this afternoon it became posi- known that there men are still e tunnel. Their names are Adam John Eugene and Victor Kauff- The latter is known to be dead he other two could secretly have in the dead air all these hours. 1 attempts were made to reach but the rescuers were driven out.

Sunday Work. e case of Sabbath violati- nst. Manager Mizner of the N. 1st, was on trial before Magis- Wroughton this afternoon, evidence of three carpenters, f whom was the foreman who harge of the work was taken e prosecution. The evidence d that the work had been on that date as charged but efense set up was the work lone under the greatest neces- ss the shelling which was he- placed, was unstable and was ecreasing source of danger to lers, and that had the work done on any other date it d have been not only a great more expensive but would have been of serious interfe- with the business of the can- and a great inconvenience to trading public and especially to miners who would have been pelled to lose valuable time ing to have their orders filled. case was postponed until Mon- next.

test stamp photos at Goetzman's. 1 ft glasses. Pioneer drug store. test photo buttons at Goetzman's. test Kodak finishing at Goetzman's.

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business of this office is nearly as of all the other offices in the union put together, and in the 1909 it was then doing a large ness, particularly about Christmas. There was also just at the riod, a good deal of money came by mail, to purchase or develop- operties or to aid the needy. As the plans were, therefore, a change, when O'Brien got his share they took up their abode in the ely woods below Minto. They anned to lay for mail carriers as returning Klondikers.

And how cunningly these plans ed. A vista was put through the at a person passing over the id be sighted some distance y. As all travel over the trail single file two men in ambush, eeting rifles, could pick them they came into view, one at a d from a distance that would pple time to hide or get away the balance of the party shot at nt and a desire for investigation. This was scarcely to be expected. 1. However, in these well-laid plans ere was a look-out point from hich O'Brien, with a field glass in e purpose, could carefully re- ter the party approaching in this rection, gauge its wealth and able resisting force. A belonging eral with only one path open to e enemy, could not have laid his



with more scrupulous care and ight. There were well laid lines task and well laid lines for the advancing party was in full sight the murderers were in ambush. It was a murderous trap.

THE OPEN WATER HOLE

In choosing this particular loca- material point of advantage was overlooked. Those who do not have always an embarrassment their plans as to the disposal of the victims. George O'Brien is a man of had he lived longer he might have used murder from a mere business

PEACE HA Goods of Melb for Paymen nell Ant quire

Today is the day on which seized by Tax Collector Mrs. McConnell - close locking the front doors thereon a sign which "Closed." Later on this and the following appear my private residence. No Simultaneously with the this bulletin a photograph of a picture appear "Yukon Justice," which ent scenes allegorically il Mrs. McConnell, Judge I nor Oglvie and Crow Wade prominently displi still another bulletin w preceding one having t this latest reading "This for house cleaning, Mr McConnell."

The inevitable Joseph C ed the last bulletin with ed under those picture previously in which he lie that a limited nur pictures have been struck be obtained only thro' etc., and signed with th police are on guard at th

DAWSON

Now that the date for the Dawson public school ing it may be interesti who have their children are contemplating bright lies in for the winter, to what acquainted with t advantages which Daws sent for the instruction of the community.

According to the report pal, Mr. C. P. McKer 30th at the close of the ber of pupils-enrolled w average attendance not kindergarten of 91.5. 2 present was 76. During average attendance was exception of the mont when the extremely cold ed the average to 68 months of May and June was smaller but that it by so many of the city for the outside.

Continuing the repo course of study follv far as circumstances wo of the Northwest terri school has been grad lines. Great difficulty perieuced in this reg coming as they do from provinces and states an different standard of g work of the differer divided as follows: ment, standard one, di classes; intermediat standards two and thir partment, four and fit also a class taking the in the high school.

"The lack of text b ingenuity of the teach the subjects orally i tarded the progress of especially in the adva The difficulty exper owing to the insuffic text books will not be year as the books ord have arrived and at opening of school to b There are from three copies of each book grade and the numb will require them.

Space will not peru plete list of the book following partial list that the standard tes used. There are six and from three to five each grade; Kirk arithmetic, six dozen, metric, as prescribed it parts one, two and copies each; C. Sim dozen; Hill's lesson dozen; McKay's ele four dozen; bookkee public school gram

Pugilists M Jack Leedham an dre matched to 'go contest at the New S Walker is well know ing fraternity, he draw with Dauny Ne with Tom Tracy th defeating him at his

young woman who waited upon him, particularly in regard to the police post.

"Do the police examine everybody going out?" he asked. "I don't know," was the answer. The next day he again started on his journey. He set out up a wood trail. He was told this was only a wood trail and the right one for Tagish was pointed out to him. But he went on unheeding until at length one of his horses broke through the ice, the one pulling the sled.

The Indians went to the animals' assistance and while they were rescuing O'Brien was cursing the horse and everything else. When it was at length gotten out he wanted to shoot it. Then he offered to sell the whole

O'Brien was guarding it with a rifle. He had said: "What the hell do the bloomin' lobsters want here?" Constable Pennycook was accompanied on this second occasion by Corporal Ryan. They saw there had been a fire there, but that struck them as of no significance at the time. In the tent, however, they found a lot of goods that were probably stolen, so they left everything as it was and kept a careful watch on the tent in order to note its occupant or occupants.

They never returned to it. There were suspicions, however, pointing to the man with the big yellow dog and the man's partner, and a warrant was issued at Selkirk for their arrest. These warrants were never

murder for the purposes of robbery, and every musher on the long trail became deeply interested. They were all amateur detectives. What had happened to those three might happen to them. The trail must be cleared of the brigands.

CHAPTER XII. The Police Having Failed, Will Clayson Puts a Chicago Detective on the Mystery.

EVERY effort had been made by the police, as before stated, to locate the place where the suspected crimes had been committed. If committed at all the tragedy must have occurred on the trail somewhere be-



THE UNAVAILING SEARCH FOR THE BODIES.
Cutting the Ice on the River Where It Seemed Probable That One of the Bodies Might Have Been Carried by the Current.

outfit, horses, harness and sled for \$40. The Indians had no money. Not being able to cut around the police post and its examination he took the right trail for that much-to-be-avoided point. On the way a police sergeant noticed that he had a police robe. He was taken before Major Wood. O'Brien explained that the robe had been given to him when leaving Dawson jail in place of the one he had when entering jail, and was allowed to go.

But he hung around the bunkhouse. The news of the disappearance of the three men on the trail had reached Tagish; two men were suspected; O'Brien was arrested on suspicion, and on the 14th of the next month he was given a government ride all the way back to Selkirk "with gyves upon his wrists."

CHAPTER XI. How the Suspicion of Foul Play Hardened into Conviction, and the First Search.

"HELLO," called Capt. Fussell to Burgess the mail carrier and Macredy the Indian on the afternoon of that memorable Christmas day, "did you meet Olsen on the trail and two other men with him, Clayson and Relfe?" "No, I did not see them anywhere," was the reply of Burgess.

"That is curious," reflectively remarked the captain. It was curious. The mail carriers had come from Mackey's that day. There was only one trail from Minto to that point, so they could not have failed to meet anyone going up the river who had left Minto that morning. But nothing more was thought of it at that time.

Later Corporal Ryan, whose roast turkey got overdone in waiting for his guests began to ask everybody: "What do you think has become of Olsen?" It was feared that he had fallen from a pole and crippled himself. The police made a search for him, traced him to Minto and his leaving the roadhouse there in the company of Relfe and Clayson.

It happened that there had been a good deal of thieving from caches along the road, and the police had special orders to look for the thieves. In the course of this quest one of them being thought him of the lonely tent a mile and a half from the Minto trail. The police had accidentally come across this tent a few days before Christmas.

served. Both the man and the yellow dog were at the time in durance vile at Tagish, held there on mere suspicion of being in some way connected with the mysterious disappearance of the three men. It must be borne in mind that for many days after that eventful Christmas morning there were no well-grounded suspicions of foul play. The search in the beginning was for Olsen, who might be injured somewhere; O'Brien and his pal were hunted for on suspicion of having robbed caches between Hootchiku and Dawson.

Meanwhile, however, telegrams of inquiry began to pour in as to the missing men. Clayson had wired his relatives at Skagway as late as the 22d that he was on the way; Relfe had also communicated to friends in Skagway the probable date of his arrival there.

Men coming from Dawson over this same trail brought various reports built upon mere surmise. One of these, which seemed to be reliable and which gave great relief to Fred Clayson's mother and sisters in Skagway, was that the three men had heard of a rich strike soon after leaving Minto and had cut across the river with other stampeters to be among the first to stake. This seemed so reasonable that for a time it was generally believed in Skagway.

The police, however, kept up their diligent search for clues of the missing ones. A month passed away and the suspicion that the men had been made away with hardened into a conviction. O'Brien, in the jail at Tagish post, was interrogated again and again to no purpose. He saw they had no evidence and he did not propose to help them to any. A man who had nothing to hide would have been frank. The reticence of O'Brien was insolent, and in itself suspicious.

The police searched high and low, as the phrase goes. The work was slow because the snow was deep. Up to February 19th nothing had been discovered and the work was for a time abandoned.

That is, it was officially given up until the spring should melt the snows and permit it to be continued. But there were plenty of volunteers. Every man on the trail was one. Fred Clayson's brother Will offered \$1000 for his discovery alive or dead; Relfe's family also offered a reward. The Arctic Brotherhood, of which Fred Clayson was a member, sent out circulars praying every brother to lend his assistance to the elucidation of the mystery. It had come to be looked upon as

tween Minto and Hootchiku, and near the former place. Around the tent of the cache robbers the scent seemed strongest, but not enough circumstantial evidence was discovered to hold O'Brien longer on suspicion of murder. No evidence at all, in fact. He must be indicted for the cache robberies.

The abandonment by the police of the search for clues was on February



THAT BIG YELLOW DOG, BRUCE.

19th, and it was not resumed until the 16th of the month following. That it was then resumed was one of those accidents of Fate whose workings are inscrutable.

Between those two dates there came a man to Skagway with many other men, on his way to Dawson as they were. It was strange that Will Clayson should have heard of him at all. He heard him casually spoken of as a detective, and in order to leave no straw unturned in the elucidation of his brother's fate he engaged him. This man was Ralph Lynn McGuire.

CHAPTER XIII. Minute Search and Laborious Work of the Two Detectives, and Their Unexampled Success.

THOSE who followed with interest the movements of O'Brien after the murder, must be doubly interested in the keen intelligence displayed by Detective McGuire and Constable Pennycook as they for weary days sifted the snow with their hands to locate the place where the murders had been committed and afterwards sowed up acres of ice in the unavailing search for the bodies of the murdered.

O'Brien's movements in the foregoing chapter were very briefly sketched. They had to be. There was not space permitted to show how he must have been as much startled as Mrs. Prather was when she accotged him on the ice that morning, nor the vague fears and trembling self-consciousness with which the knowledge of his crimes burdened him. As he journeyed he was at one time a sliking coward; at others a swaggering desperado. The details to show how ever since he has alternated these two characters would be interesting, but space forbids.

In the same way limitations not to be overcome crowd into a very brief outline the most brilliant piece of detective work to be found in history or in fiction.

Pennycook, McGuire and Inspector Scarth resumed the search on March 16. That the tent had been occupied by O'Brien; that he was guilty of robbing caches was readily proven. It was upon this charge that he was being held.

There was two feet of snow on the ground at the time which had fallen since the crimes were committed, completely obliterating every trace of them. McGuire found that a number of trees had been cut down recently and the strange thing about it was that they were cut down in a line. There were 27 of them. What was the purpose?

There was one there through which a bullet had passed; this led to other bullet marks being found and the direction in which they were fired established.

Near the tent, just peeping through the snow, was what looked like an ax handle. It proved to be the ax O'Brien had handled on the woodpile in the jail. It was a dull ax; there were notches in its edge. Those notches corresponded with marks on the trees that had been recently cut. But this fact did not point to murder.

Another detective was called upon the scene. This was the yellow dog Bruce. Like a Nemesis he had followed the sled upon which the manacled O'Brien was conveyed to Selkirk. Pennycook fetched him from there and arrived with him, at the scene where the search was made on March 23. When commanded to go home Bruce went direct to the tent and stayed there.

Two or three days later it suddenly became noticeable that he would suddenly drop his tail and skirt passing

followed. New clues did not develop very rapidly.

But a second pool of blood was in this way met with, and near it a scrap of skull torn away by a bullet. Then the detectives, on their knees, sifted the snow through their numbed hands. A common plan was discovered. Then a sieve link. This latter was important, as it had a personal identity. But the owner was found, and he was not to be suspected of the murders. There were many such minor disappointments.

For a whole month the detectives carefully sifted the snow, and such a small object as the gold crown of a tooth was brought to view. This is mentioned merely as an instance of the minutely careful manner in which the search was prosecuted. The discovery of such an atom in an acre of snow two feet deep was certainly an achievement.

It was one of many. Other articles known to belong to Olsen, Relfe and Clayson were slowly brought to light, and the circumstantial evidence was complete even to the exact spot where the life blood of each particular member of the trio had ebbed away.

All this circumstantial evidence seemed to prove that O'Brien had a hand in the crimes. Yet the evidence was still incomplete; was worthless, in fact, until it was actually proven that murder had been committed by a production of the corpse.

The search was then turned in this direction. McGuire had noted the open water from the beginning, and this was therefore the initial spot selected. Openings were made lower down so as to test where the current would be liable to carry a body; observations were made of the banks and shoals where a body would be likely to lodge. Acres of ice were sawn under the most arduous difficulties. There was disappointment after disappointment, and still those two men bravely and methodically plodded on.

Then the spring came and unlocked the secrets of the frozen Yukon. The bodies of the murdered were found.

AS TO SUMMER RESORTS

"It is a commonplace to say that there are a great many things in this world that don't come up to the prospect," said the weary looking youth in the Panama hat. "The little boy at the circus who wept to be taken out to look at the jim-jam banners in front isn't the only one. There are others. Among them is the summer young man."

Viewed from afar it looks like the fellow who had the time and money to do the society visible supply of human happiness. He has found the nearest earthly approach to heaven—a place where there are seven women to one man, and he is it. He has discovered a little Eden, with blooming flowers, and shady walks and sequestered paths, and every description of Eve, while he is the only Adam.

"Then, too, there is no other such panacea for wounded vanity. In town, in winter, those of us who don't own automobiles and pockets full of theatre tickets and can't afford to set off in bird's very often, are pretty apt to find ourselves passed up for some fellow with a bigger wad. We get the tall end of dances and the left over smiles but in the summer we have our revenge. Anything in trousers, from the cradle to the grave, is at a premium at a summer resort.

"Well, that's the way I figured it out, and about two weeks ago I gathered up my glad rags and started off to pose as the only pebble on the beach at a fashionable summer resort. At first it was great. I had the ballroom to myself. The pick of all the pretty girls, and nobody breaking in on a wait just as it began to get interesting.

"Then it dawned on me that I would have to dance with that whole ballroom full of girls or else be an inhuman monster, and the thought sent the cold perspiration down my spine, and made my knees smite together until they sounded like castanets. You know how girls look dancing together. There's always a fixed smile on their faces that says as plainly as words: 'I'm going to look like I enjoyed this if I drop dead in the attempt.' It's a thing to wring any man's heart with pity.

"It's a sight that goes to my heart, and I did the best I could. I danced with them in single file, by two, by companies and battalions and platoons, and I humbly feel that the miles I two-stepped during my brief vacation has been accounted unto me for righteousness.

"I have always envied those fortunate youths who occupied the center of the social stage and had the limelight always playing on them, but I begin to see that they have troubles of their own. It's one thing to have a pretty girl show a partiality for your society, and another to have 40 all apparently dying to bark in your smile. Did you ever make yourself sick eating sweets. I had just that sticky sort of gotten-and-too-much feeling.

"Then the things those girls could think of doing! I tell you feminine ingenuity is something diabolical.

CHAPTER XIV. The Big Yellow Dog an Incredibly Witness to the Very Shadows of the Valley.

HOW the threads of evidence painstakingly collected by the detectives were skillfully woven into an unanswerable charge by Prosecutor Wade, is in the memory of all.

It should be a matter of pride to the community to recall, too, that this is a large mining camp with a population of rough and ready men that although the crimes were heinous of any in such a community, that of cowardly shooting men behind and robbing them of their life—not a single voice was raised in favor of taking the matter from the hands of the government and meting out the primary punishment to fit the crime.

It speaks well for the community of the officials of the government which the community showed confidence.

O'Brien had a fair and impartial trial. It lasted twelve days. In the United States it might have taken long to select a jury. Here good and true came honestly forward, and justice was quickly made and the sentence begun.

What a part the "trap-door" played in it, and every little scrap of paper so laboriously collected on the awful field of battle all this was read with avidity at trial proceeded.

And the noble dog Bruce has his in it also, and a most important. He was called as a witness many although not sworn. He was identifying feature in all of the derer's movements.

Bruce was with him always, in the time he left Dawson with his in his heart until Justice Dugas put the black cap in the shadow of the scaffold, the big yellow dog was fanger of Fate.

There was one girl who had a for flagging mountains, and every I poked my head out of the d tried to inveigle me into springing up a hill with her. There was one who was a golf fiend, and who fully routed me out of bed with early worm, by hammering on a door, and 'Wouldn't I like to turn around the links in the morning?' There was another who had a mania for sitting in the moonlight until the chickens crowed, who was in for that for a time or two. I got wise to her game, and there another soulful creature who read aloud to me one hot afternoon. I upon the sufferings of the early Christian martyrs are not in it with woes of one Iorn, Iorn young man's summer resort.

"Then the things the girls do. You know it's the fashion for girls make collections of things to take home, and brag about with their 'This is the husband I chose at Long Branch.' 'This is the Dick made me take the day to posed to me when we climbed that mountain.' 'This is the cigarette that Albert gave me that day at the gansett, when he was so open, and said he would never, never again, and that my influence had such a help to him and so on and so on, and he was going to lead a better life."

"Great idea, isn't it?—Gives Mayme and Sadie such a head opening to brag, and they get such nice fairy tales to go with their article, but it's rough on the buttons, and sleeve links and neckties that would have to be first-class haberdashery shop, and home with my shirt pinned up with safety pins, and a handkerchief tied around my neck.

"There is one thing, though, the summer resort, to my mind, lies beyond all argument, the perlotry of women over men. I not alone that women can wear after a three months' bout with summer resort looking chipper and fit as a prize fighter, while weeks of it sends a man into prostration. It's the moral and social aspect of the case. Just think of superior civilization it shows when or three hundred of them are a whole summer sitting around nothing but dressing for each other. Fancy a lot of men corralled off where by themselves. Would you make elaborate toilettes twice a day for each other? Think your life. By the end of the they would have a weak head around they would have no collar, and before a week had a state of primal simplicity and barbarism that would put a South Sea islander to shame.

"Women can stand summer resorts. They are built that way, but we give me my lowly office on the floor, where the cool breeze and electric fan can play upon me, will have nothing to do but work."

Send a copy of Getzmann's to your outside friends. A pictorial history of the Klondike sale at all news stands.

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Vol. 2 No.

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was one girl who had a... ing mountains, and every... my head out of the door... to inveigle me into sprin... all with her. There was... as a golf fiend, and who... out me out of bed with... worm, by hammering on... and "Wouldn't I like to... round the links in the...?" There was another who... for sitting in the moon... the chickens crowed, and... for that for a time or two... wise to her game, and... soulful creature who read... to me one hot afternoon... the sufferings of the early... martyrs are not in it with... of one torn, torn young man...

en the things the girls... now it's the fashion for... collections of things to... and brag about next... is the husband Cholly... ing Branch. "This is... made me take the day... to me when we climbed... tain." "This is the cigar... lbert gave me that day... t, when he was so... said he would never, never... and that my influence had... a help to him and so... he was going to lead a differ...

great idea, isn't it? Gives... layme and Sadie such a beaut... ice to brag, and they... nice fairy tales to go with... e, but it's rough on the... I went away with a set of... s, and sleeve links and hat... neckties that would have... lass haberdashery show, and... with my shirt pinned to... safety pins, and a handker... round my neck.

ere is one thing, though... summer resort, to my mind... beyond all argument. The... lity of women over men. It... alone that women can come... a three months' bout with a... resort looking chipper and... it as a prize fighter, while... of it sends a man into... tation. It's the moral and... of the case. Just think of... for civilization it shows what... ee hundred of them can... le summer sitting around, d... ng but dressing for each... y a lot of men corralled off... by themselves. Would... elaborate toilettes two or... a day for each other? Not... life. By the end of the first... would have off their coats... e, and before a week had... d they would have re-appea... of primeval similitude and... that would put a South Sea... r to shame.

omen can stand summer... are built that way, but so far... me my lowly office on the... where the cool breezes of... ic fan can play upon me, and... have nothing to do but work... DOROTHY DILL

THE CASE WAS DISMISSED

John Gorst Is Accused of Stealing Gold Dust From No. 16 Eldorado—Defendants Attorney Asks For Dismissal—His Cousin Vernon Gorst Is Well Known.

The preliminary hearing of John Gorst, charged with stealing gold dust to the value of between \$300 and \$500 from No. 16 Eldorado, on the night of the 7th of August, was held before Magistrate Wroughton yesterday afternoon.

The claim upon which the robbery was alleged to have occurred is being operated on a lay by Vernon Gorst, a cousin of the accused. John Gorst has been working on the claim for his cousin and on the night of the 7th John Gorst and a man by the name of Alfred H. Sutton were the only ones working. That night there was a party given on the claim to celebrate the marriage of Vernon Gorst. The guests, of whom there were about 20, arrived about 10 o'clock in the evening and spent an hour outside the cabin. At 11 o'clock they were invited into the house and John Gorst, who had just finished his work, went in with them.

The Bank Saloon... Drinks... 25-Cents - 25... Cigars... Practically All the Freight Brought Up River on the Steamer Tyrrell Was Consigned... T. G. WILSON... The Same Is Now Being Stored in the Immense Warehouses Owned by Him.

Dawson Transfer and Storage Co. FREIGHTING TO ALL PORTS... DAILY STAGE TO GRAND FORKS... DOUBLE SERVICE... Stages Leave Dawson 9 a. m. and 9 p. m. Grand Forks, 9 a. m., 9 p. m.

FRESH... At MILNE'S The Outfitter... 1st Avenue. Good Goods Only

McL., McF. & Co., LIMITED... Steam Hose... We have been carrying the same brand of... For three years and it is without a peer in the market for strength and durability, and at the same price that inferior hose is sold for elsewhere. Use It Once and You Will Have No Other

THE BIG STRIKE

President Shaffer made a stirring appeal to his followers to fight on. In an interview before he spoke he said that if the Western lodges did not heed the final appeal of Assistant Secretary Tiggs and come out, they would be expelled from the amalgamated association and their offers of financial assistance spurned.

ANOTHER PLANT CLOSES DOWN

Pittsburg, Aug. 14.—There were victories on both sides, of the great steel strike today, but they furnished no direct line on the ultimate result of the conflict. The strikers succeeded in finally forcing the National Tube works at McKeesport, probably the largest individual plant in the United States Steel Corporation, to finally close down.

SHAFFER TALKS PLAINLY

The coroner's jury in the case of George O'Brien was composed of Charles Milne, foreman; M. B. Scarth, E. E. Tiffin, R. M. de Gex, W. A. Beddoe and W. M. McKay.

Was Not Sent Out

Editor Nugget: Please state whether any report has been received by the authorities in regard to the carcass of a dog, supposed to have suffered from hydrophobia, shipped out to the Pasteur Institute for investigation.

Queer But Not Insane

Daniel Smith, who a short time ago was taken into custody on suspicion of being mentally unbalanced was this morning dismissed upon the report of the examining physician, who said there was not sufficient proof of insanity to put him in confinement, although he had acted queer.

Just Received... Machine Needles...

Singer, Domestic, Wheeler & Wilson, White, Davis... ALL SIZES... D. A. Shindler... THE HARDWARE MAN... BICYCLES, GUNS, AMMUNITION.

LABORERS AND EMPLOYERS BOTH CLAIM IMPORTANT VICTORIES

There were few other developments of importance during the day. Locally the strike seems to drag, and interest to flag. Large numbers of the strikers have gone away, either for recreation or to work, and there has been scarcely any excitement, much less disorder.

THE VERDICT

The coroner's jury in the case of George O'Brien was composed of Charles Milne, foreman; M. B. Scarth, E. E. Tiffin, R. M. de Gex, W. A. Beddoe and W. M. McKay.

Didn't Hang O'Brien

H. Oliver writes a letter to the Nugget, stating that he wishes the public to understand that he was not the man who acted as O'Brien's executioner. He says that many people have been erroneously impressed with the idea that he acted in the capacity of hangman, of which charge Mr. Oliver enters a plea of "not guilty."

Wanted—10,000 GUNNY SACKS

High price paid. N. A. T. & T. Co. Kodak tripods; \$3.50 Goetzman's.

THE WHITE PASS AS A HYPNOTIST

THE WHITE PASS AS A HYPNOTIST. BUELL FROM A FLASHLIGHT

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WAS A TERRIBLE DISASTER

Details of the Burning of the Temporary Water Works in Cleveland, Ohio—A Number of Deaths Resulted From the Disaster—A List of the Dead.

Cleveland, O., Aug. 14.—Fire early this morning destroyed a temporary water works crib two miles out in the lake, and caused the death of at least ten men, while others were probably fatally injured. In addition to a large number of workmen who were at work in the crib, a large gang were at work on the tunnel 200 feet below the lake.

Following is a list of the dead and injured as far as is known: John Martin, drowned. Mike Snyder, drowned. Arthur Hasty, drowned. Victor Kaufman, suffocated. Five men, names unknown, burned to death.

The injured are: John Lee, broken back. G. Bradlock, frightfully burned. Fire and harbor tags with rescuing parties on board reached the crib some after the flames broke out, but when they arrived the structure was a seething mass of flames and all hope of saving it was abandoned.

One and possibly two men are supposed to be lying dead in the tunnel, too far away from the shaft to be removed. Late this afternoon it became positively known that there are still in the tunnel. Their names are Adam Keast, John Eugene and Victor Kaufman. The latter is known to be dead and the other two could scarcely have lived in the dead air all these hours.

The case of Sabbath violation against Manager Miner of the N. C. Co. was on trial before Magistrate Wroughton this afternoon. The evidence of three carpenters, one of whom was the foreman who had charge of the work was taken for the prosecution. The evidence proved that the work had been done on that date as charged, but the defense set up was the work was done under the greatest necessity, as the shelling which was being replaced, was unstable and was an increasing source of danger to the clerks, and that had the work been done on any other date it would have been not only a great deal more expensive but would also have been of serious interference with the business of the concern and a great inconvenience to the trading public and especially to the miners who would have been compelled to lose valuable time waiting to have their orders filled.

Latest stamp photos at Goetzman's. We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store. Latest photo buttons at Goetzman's. Latest Kodak finishing at Goetzman's.

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AMES MERCANTILE CO. The Store That Sells HIGH CLASSED, Not High Priced, Merchandise. If at any time for any reason you are dissatisfied with a purchase made here, send it back. We will refund your money and pay the freight. All Next Week we will continue our Special Sale on Ladies' Tailor Made Suits at \$7.50, \$10.00 and \$15.00 Men's Business Suits, all wool, At \$15, Worth at Least Double

The Klondike Nugget

(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
 PUBLISHED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.
 ALEX. BROS., Publishers

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 Three months, 11.00
 Per month by carrier in city, in advance, 4.00
 Single copies, 25

SEMI-WEEKLY
 Yearly, in advance, \$24.00
 Six months, 14.00
 Three months, 7.00
 Per month by carrier in city, in advance, 2.00
 Single copies, 10

NOTICE.
 When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation." THE KLONDIKE NUGGET takes a good figure for its space and its justification thereof guarantees to its advertisers a paid circulation far in excess of any other paper published between Juneau and the North Pole.

LETTERS
 And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Tuesday and Friday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, Quartz and Chis-ya.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 23, 1901.

\$50 Reward.

We will pay a reward of \$50 for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of anyone stealing copies of the Daily or Semi-Weekly Nugget from business houses or private residences, where same have been left by our carriers.

KLONDIKE NUGGET.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF LAW AND JUSTICE.

The dread majesty of the law was this morning again put in operation in the Klondike, and the officials of the government and the whole community breathe a sigh of relief that the long tension was ended when O'Brien was swung into eternity. He died protesting his innocence. He had made this unsupported protestation so often that it had become a habit of his narrow mindedness. There was overwhelming evidence that he was guilty of the crime for which he has now suffered the penalty, but from the time of his arrest at Tagish, all through his trial and up to within recent days, he arrogantly insisted to himself: "They cannot hang a man on circumstantial evidence." This was the thread which supported his courage and was the keynote of his insolent bearing all through. In all his life, so far as known, there is no record of a single gracious act. Had he confessed, and by such confession aided in bringing to similar justice the partner of his crimes, it would have lighted his altogether execrable memory in the public mind. That partner is under surveillance of the authorities and will yet be brought to justice. The chance of a confession from O'Brien was awaited in order to make the evidence wholly complete.

That O'Brien should go to his death without the consolations of religion has no significance whatever. He knew nothing of religion; had never given it a serious thought. As Mr. Bleecker, his attorney, so succinctly summed up his character only yesterday: "He was a degenerate; one who looked on life through the narrow loophole of his own selfishness and in whose nature the respect for his fellows withered at its birth. In his character of cunning cowardice and brutal ferocity he was as much an element of danger to the community as huge dog at large suffering from the rabies. He was not only himself diseased with the desire to murder, but would have contaminated others with it. That he did so in one case—that of his partner, called Graves—there is every evidence; that he attempted it with others was testified at the trial; that he may in persuasive tones have whispered his fiendish desires into the ears of others, there is every likelihood. It only needed a suitable soil, a mind sufficiently diseased or depraved, for his evil germ to root and flourish. There was the danger to the community in general.

That is where the sigh of relief comes in when thought lingers on the scene of this morning and the circumstances that led to it. And there can be nothing but satisfaction at the conduct of the government throughout the case. There was deliberateness in every step taken that gave the prisoner the benefit of every doubt. No expense was spared. Witnesses were sent for from other countries and from distant points in the far north. Over a year was exhausted in the gradual accumulation of the evidence upon which a Dawson jury found O'Brien guilty of murder in the first degree. Then the law took its course; no fictitious expedients for delay were tolerated.

With such an admirable administration of law and justice the community can feel that they have real protection and that the execution of O'Brien will strike terror to the hearts of other "degenerates" for a long time to come.

A COMPETING RAILROAD.

The telegraphic dispatch that Contractor Heney has since he left here reported adversely to a railroad from Valdes, has the same ring as that notorious telegram that Black Sullivan's barges were wrecked and that he was to ship his freight over the White Pass & Yukon route. It has exactly the same ring as the statements of the company's officials of the efforts and sacrifices they are making in order to build up the country. It rings just as true as they do. There is no doubt of there being a railroad from Valdes in the very near future. Despite what Mr. Heney may be reported to have said. Wherever there is an opportunity for the building of a railroad carefully calculated to earn a reasonable return upon the capital invested, money can readily be secured for the enterprise; and a railroad from Valdes to the nearest point in American territory on the Yukon, is a venture that needs little argument to prove its practicability and its profit-making capacity.

The grounds of Mr. Heney's adverse report is said to be that there is not business enough in sight to maintain a railroad. He does not say that there are any engineering difficulties to be overcome. On the contrary he said in conversations, after going over the route, that the project was an easy one and would not cost over an average of \$50,000 per mile. As to the amount of business to pay this \$50,000 or more per mile, one has only to turn to the official reports of the White Pass & Yukon company. Its road, it has been often stated, paid the whole cost of building during its first year's operations. Its estimated income for the current year amounts \$4,250,000. A small share of this business would be ample upon which to float a new railroad enterprise.

That the Valdes road would prove a formidable competitor to the White Pass, and be heartily supported by those who are now forced customers of the grab-all monopoly, goes without saying. Ocean freights to Valdes would probably be less than to Skagway; the cost by rail from Valdes would undoubtedly be less, and the journey would be made in less time. In fact the project presents so many advantages that no enterprising capitalist would hesitate to invest in it.

Railroad promoters do not always take the general public into their confidence; when they speak at all it is to a purpose; a purely business one. For nearly a year Mr. Heney has been pestered to death by the people of Seattle, of South-eastern Alaska and of Dawson, for a private tip as to his plans; for a brief hint how to "get in on the ground floor." He may have made some such statement as that reported in order to throw dust into the army of speculators who have been camping on his trail, for the Valdes road will certainly be built.

The report of the committee of the Board of Trade on the White Pass railway, published in the

CARPETS!!

We Have Some Elegant
 Turkish Squares,
 Brussels Tapestry and
 Ingrain Carpets.
 ...Wool and Turkish Rugs...

J. P. McLENNAN...

259 FRONT STREET

Nugget yesterday should be given careful study by everyone who is interested in the proper adjustment of the transportation question. The document is a comprehensive one and teems with facts and figures which sustain in every respect the position which the Nugget has taken from the beginning. The solution of the matter rests in securing a competitive railway.

BOERS NOW BRIGANDS

No More Leniency Will Be Done Them.

London, Aug. 3.—The statement made by Mr. Chamberlain in the house of commons last night with regard to the war was received with loud cheers from his supporters. The prompt action of the government in telegraphing Lord Kitchener that all Boers found guilty of killing natives employed by the British forces were to suffer the death penalty is generally approved, although some people affect to believe it will lead to further barbarities by the Boers towards any white prisoners that may fall into their hands. In any case, a new phase of the war has been entered upon. The policy of leniency on the part of Lord Kitchener has become a thing of the past, and armed Boers will in future be treated as brigands.

There is much bitter discussion in and out of parliament, but the most reasonable view is that guerrilla warfare has reached a state of demoralization, where Boer commanders cannot be controlled by either General Botha or Mr. Kruger. It has been expected from the outset by South Africans that the final stage of the campaign would be characterized by acts of desperation on the Boer side. So intense is the desire to have the campaign finished that even atrocities would be welcomed by many if they could be convinced that these were signs that the end of the deplorable war was in sight.

Family Night.

Family night at the Standard witnessed another splendid performance. The audience was not as large as the character of the piece and the ability of the actors warranted, but it made up in enthusiasm what was lacking in numbers.

Young Mrs. Winthrop with Vivian in the title role, was performed as acceptably as it has been witnessed in many of the best houses on the outside. The support was uniformly good and the applause which greeted the close of each act was well merited.

New Play at Savoy.

The Cummings Stock Co. at the Savoy last night changed its play from the "Peaceful Valley" which had a most successful run the previous three nights to "A Lady of Quality," an excellent play which will continue the balance of the week. The play is finely staged and magnificently costumed and will undoubtedly attract large audiences.

Send a copy of Goetzman's Souvenir to your outside friends. A complete pictorial history of the Klondike. For sale at all news stands.

Dr. Duncan's practice is being attended to while he is away by Dr. Alfred Thompson, room 3, Aurora Building.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor Pioneer Drug Store.

DOGS' DAYS ARE NUMBERED

Horses Will Be Used Almost Entirely This Winter.

New Roads Make It Possible to Haul Heavy Loads to Any Part of the District.

The days in which dogs will be used as beasts of burden in the Klondike are numbered and the familiar cry of "Mush!" will soon be but a memory, cherished alone in the hearts of the oldest sourdoughs.

With the completion of the roadways now under construction, which makes it possible for teams to travel to any part of the district, dog teams will be altogether supplanted by horse teams as a means of transporting freight to the mines.

Last winter demonstrated the fact that horse stages and freight teams can be successfully operated on the river between Dawson and Whitehorse, making quicker time and carrying greater loads than dogs were ever capable of doing and at the same time the cost of keeping horses has been very materially lessened within the last year.

The Northwest Mounted Police who have heretofore conducted their winter operations on the outlying districts by the aid of dog teams, have come to a realization of the superiority of horses over dogs as a means of locomotion and this summer have imported 17 head of fine horses. This stock comes from the Calgary and McCloud grazing districts in the Northwest Territories, where some of the finest stock in the entire country is raised. It is the intention to import enough horses to equip the outlying detachments with mounts and to use dogs only for special occasions when horses cannot be utilized.

Three scow loads of hay and grain have been received by the N. W. M. P., and is being stored for the maintenance of the stock during the winter.

Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership lately subsisting between us, the undersigned, Allan R. Cameron and Chris. Bartsch, carrying on business as meat dealers at Dawson, Y. T. under the name, style and firm of A. R. Cameron & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent and that the business will in future be carried on by the said Allan R. Cameron alone. Dated at Dawson in Yukon territory, this 17th day of August, 1901.

C. BARTSCH.
 A. R. CAMERON.
 Witness: GEO. BLACK.

Music Lessons.
 I. W. Nordstrom, teacher of mandolin, guitar and cornet; terms reasonable. Call at residence, cor. Fourth ave. and Fourth st.

Elegantly furnished rooms with electric lights at the Regina Club hotel.

CENTRALLY LOCATED
NEW House, Rooms,
 ...Furniture...
HOTEL FLANNERY.
 GEORGE VERNON, PROPRIETOR

CLIFFORD SIFTON

Made another excursion to Whitehorse Monday last with every stateroom sold and a jolly, satisfied crowd of passengers.

Look Out for Her Next Sunday

It will more than pay you to wait a few days for her, for you can travel with speed and comfort to her destination with satisfied and consequently agreeable shipmates.

Office, Townsend & Rose. Telephone 167.
 Frank Mortimer, Aurora Dock, Ticket and Freight Agent.

We Are Now Displaying RAGLAN COATS

THE SWELLEST CLOTHING MADE
 WEARING APPAREL OF ALL KINDS

SECOND AVENUE, SARGENT & PINSKA.
 We Moved, You Know.

HERE'S THE CHANCE!

EXTRA VALUES IN FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING.

Tailor Made Goods—Up-To-Date in Style and Finish. Handsome Wool Cheviots, Single and Double Breasted Suits, Special for This Week

\$15.00, \$18.00 and \$20.00 Per Suit.

All Wool Goods.

HERSHBERG, CLOTHIER

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—General merchandise store and stock at Grand Forks. Fine Location. For particulars address Johnston & Sanford, Forks, N.B.

Klondyke Corporation, Ltd.

Operating the Light Draught Steamers

ORA, NORA, FLORA

The most successful boats sailing on the Yukon. All thoroughly refitted and refurnished.

New Machinery Has Been Installed in All Three Boats.

We Have the Best Pilots on the River

Capt. Martineau, Flora;
 Capt. Green, Nora;
 Capt. Bailey, Ora.

Through Tickets To Coast Cities

Klondyke Corporation,
 LIMITED
 R. W. CALDERHEAD, General Manager.

PATRONS OF THE Bay City Market

Are supplied with meats which for taste and nutrition are not equalled by any other market in this country. Try us and prove this assertion.

BOYSUETT & CO., Props.

F. S. DUNHAM

GROCER
 Sixth Street and Second Avenue
 Successor to Clarke & Ryan

Extra Cleaned Sago and Tapioca

FINE FAMILY TRADE SOLICITED 6th St. & 2nd Ave.

AMUSEMENTS

The Standard Theatre

Young

Mrs. Winthrop

Beginning on MONDAY, AUG. 27 at 8:00 P.M.

LADIES' FAMILY NIGHT THURSDAY.

New Scenery
 New Specialties

STANDARD FREE READING, WRITING, SMOKING, CHESS AND CHECKER ROOMS. LIBRARY WORKINGMAN'S LUNCH, DINNER AND REFRESHMENT ROOMS.

By Using Long Distance Telephone

You are put in immediate communication with Bonanza, Eldorado, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run or Sulphur Creek. By subscribing for a Telephone In Town. You can have at your finger ends over 200 speaking instruments.

Yukon Telephone Sys., Ltd.
 GENERAL OFFICE THIRD ST. NEAR R. C. CROSS

WE HAVE RECEIVED A HEAVY CONSIGNMENT

Boilers, Hoists and Engines

10, 12 and 20 Horse Power

Also a Large Stock of Boiler, Engine and Steam Fittings Iron and Steel of All Sizes.

YUKON SAWMILL

Northern Navigation COMPANY

...THE NEXT STEAMER...

From St. Michael Due to Arrive at Dawson is the

STR. "SARAH"

For Information Relative to Passenger and Freight Rates. Apply at Company's Office, A. C. Dock.

Northern Navigation Company

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MACHINERY

SELECTED TO SUIT THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE COUNTRY

BOILERS

From 6 Horsepower to 50 Horsepower. Suitable for burning wood or coal.

BOILER FITTINGS

And Extra Grate Bars for Any Kind of Fuel.

HOISTS AND ENGINES

Friction or Reversible of All Kinds.

STATIONARY ENGINES

For Any Requirement.

ORE CARS

Self Dumping of Latest Patterns.

CAR WHEELS

PLOUGH STEEL CABLE AND BELTING.

STEAM HOSE

BLACKSMITH COAL and Everything else required in the Machinery or Hardware Lines.

The New "Wells" Self Tripping, Automatic, Single Rope, Self Dumping, Overhead Carrier.

Northern Commercial Machinery and Hardware

Old A. E. Store. DEPARTMENT Old A. E. Store.

MAKES FINE SHOWING

Exhibition at Glasgow Attracts Wide Spread Attention.

The Dominion Will Reap Great Advantages as Result of Exhibition Commissioners Work.

Montreal, Aug. 2.—Hon. Arthur Boyer, Canadian Commissioner to the Glasgow exhibition, returned Monday and has been spending a few days at his country residence in Como. He says that the exhibition is a splendid success in every way, and that Canada has a right to be proud of the prominence and excellence of her two groups of exhibits.

He found that the deepest interest was excited in the productions of Canada, and his office every mail had a great stack of letter making inquiries about their cost. As to the prospects of increased trade Mr. Boyer said that there was in Scotland a great market for Canadian farm products. The prospects for manufactured articles were not so wide. It was found for example that certain lines of iron cast articles would not compete with those of Irish and Scottish manufacture. With certain other lines, however, it was different. There was certain to be a large trade in carriages. As a result of the Canadian share in the exhibition a Toronto firm has now an order for carriages to be sent to Johannesburg, South Africa. Mr. Boyer was sure that the results to Canada would prove a splendid and profitable advertisement. The average attendance was over 50,000 and on a few days it was over 120,000. These included a large number of small farmers and he was sure there would be a considerable emigration of desirable settlers to Canada.

Report agents, carrying on business in Montreal, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Newport News and Norfolk are soon to find themselves deprived of the privilege of handling the large amount of steamship traffic consigned to these ports. At a meeting held in the offices of the Trunk Line Association, New York, on Wednesday, at which Messrs. G. M. Bosworth, freight traffic manager of the Canadian Pacific railway, and J. W. Low, freight traffic manager of the Grand Trunk, were present, it was decided in future the railway companies would handle their own import business. The other railways represented were the Boston & Maine, Philadelphia & Reading, Baltimore & Ohio, Chesapeake & Ohio and the West Shore. The resolution was unanimously passed as follows:

"That the question of import rates and arrangements for the year 1902 be referred to a committee consisting of at least one representative from each port, that committee to make its report at an adjourned meeting of this general committee to be held not later than September 5. Each company pledges itself that it will not in the meantime quote any rates other than the regular published domestic rates and will not make any arrangements regarding commissions, cartage, import agencies or allow agents of any other character with respect to import traffic leaving for foreign ports after December 31, 1901."

Both the Canadian and the Grand Trunk railways will be represented on the sub-committee. A large number of local business men have up to the present reaped rich financial rewards through the commission paid them by railways. The action of the companies will result in the opening up of a new

department in all of the railways mentioned.

"The tea growers of Japan are following the western methods and are about to form a trust," said Mr. T. Nishima, who represents the Japan Central Tea Traders' Association, in Montreal this morning. "There are some nineteen or twenty tea exporting houses in Japan, and these are combining to form a trust. They are not all Japanese houses; some are English and some are American. The cost of running these houses is large and by the combine there can be a great reduction in running expenses. That is the idea of the trust. It will not raise the price of Japan tea; in fact it will tend to lower it and keep it steady at one figure without fluctuating as at present. Papers incorporating the Japan Tea company have been drawn by Edward Corbin, a lawyer of New York, and as soon as the organization is completed in Japan Mr. Corbin will apply for a New Jersey charter. The capitalization of the company will be between three and five millions and the prospectus promises annual profits of about one million. The Japan Central Tea Traders' Association is a government institution. Every tea grower and tea merchant is compelled to be a member. My mission is to keep this committee posted on the conditions of the American market for Japanese tea."

department in all of the railways mentioned.

"The W. P. R. will dispatch the Selkirk tonight if they can get a load, but a majority of the people are awaiting the arrival of the smaller boats, as it is thought she may not leave until tomorrow, owing to the lack of applicants for berths.

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ALONG THE WATERFRONT.

Steamer Sarah, through from St. Michael, is the next boat due on the sailing itinerary of the Northern Navigation Company. She is now within, it is thought, two sailing days' time of Dawson and is bringing up the river about 600 tons without a barge. She met the St. Paul at St. Michel and her freight will consequently be but about 24 days from the coast. Steamer Leon is now on her way back from Circle, where she was dispatched from this point to bring the barge Otter in tow. The Leah is also coming up. She took her load at Andreofsky, two barges, the same being loaded with way freight for local stations. The fare first class to St. Michael is \$70. This rate will be maintained all the season.

Steamer Ora is the next boat due to arrive and depart for Whitehorse. She will pull into the L. and C. dock tonight at about 8 o'clock and will leave for Whitehorse tomorrow at the same hour. She has in tow three barges, carrying 150 tons of freight. The principal consignee is Chris Bartsch, the cattle man, he having too head of beef stock and 300 head of sheep on the scows. The boat left Whitehorse last Wednesday night. A large number of passengers were booked for the down trip. Agent Calderhead announces the rate from Dawson to Whitehorse via the Ora as \$45 first class and \$30 second class.

The steamer Lightning, of the Dawson-Whitehorse Navigation Co., is now laid up for the season. The Tyrrell and J. P. Light will make another trip, arriving in Dawson about the last of September if connections are made at the mouth of the river with the tramp steamer Buckingham, which boat has been chartered by the company to carry another load of merchandise for the company. Her capacity is 4000 tons, but she will transfer to the Light and Tyrrell and their barges 1200 tons. She sailed from the coast on August 12. The principal shippers are McLennan, McPeely & Co., Dawson Hardware Co., Milne and Timmins and O'Brien. Timmins is proprietor of the Royal Grocery.

Steamer Prospector is expected in from Whitehorse tomorrow. Her next trip will be up the Stewart river to Fraser Falls, for which destination she sails next Monday. This will be her last trip this season to the head of navigation on the Stewart. A large number of passengers have booked for

the trip, being principally hunters and trappers who will put in the winter, above the falls.

Steamer Monarch is doing business for the Koyukuk run, about one hundred tons of freight having been booked for the trip. A large number of people will accompany the boat, considerable interest being manifested in the possibilities of the Koyukuk country.

Steamer Clifford Sifton is due Monday with a big passenger list and a load of freight for the Dome Commission Company.

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LOST AND FOUND

LOST—A lady's sun burn brooch on Second Avenue between Third and Harper streets. Finder return to Exchange Saloon and receive reward.

DELAYED JUDGMENT

Territorial Judges Are Still Burdened With Work.

In the territorial court this morning Judge Dugas was asked for a certain judgment by Mr. Hagel in a mining controversy in which he appeared as counsel. The judge said he had not yet dictated it, but would deliver it in a day or two.

"The gentlemen of the bar must understand once for all," he continued, "that in some of the cases it takes two days merely to read the evidence and in some the evidence has to be read a second time, for the evidence is not always as clear as it might be. When one has to sit in the court until 4 o'clock or half past, and after that sit in chambers, gentlemen must not expect the judgments right away. The work cannot be done."

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