

THE DAILY KLONDIKE NUGGET.

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DAWSON, Y. T., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1900.

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WILL HANG OCTOBER 2D

Alexander King Convicted by Jury and Sentenced by Judge Yesterday

FOR THE MURDER OF HERBERT DAVENPORT ON JULY 14TH.

An Account of One of the Most Unprovoked Atrocities in Criminal History.

Prisoner's Self-Convicting Account of His Crime—Send He Out to Be Shot Through the Head in the Morning," Said King, When Sentence Was Passed—Overcome by Emotion, the Judge Wept for the Lost Man—Dramatic Scene in the Courtroom—Attorney for Defense Flakes Strong But Groundless Plea—The Law Vindicated.

Alexander King has been adjudged guilty of the murder of Herbert Davenport and sentenced to be hanged October 2d.

Possibly, when the world has reached a high enough standard of civilization, some cycles of time hence, scenes like that witnessed in the territorial courtroom last evening during the closing moments of King's trial might be seen. It is more than probable there was not a man present who could remember having witnessed a more cold-blooded acknowledgment of unprovoked murder than that made by the monster in the prisoner's dock, and at the same time a scene more dramatically impressive. All the elements were there for the making of one of the grandest productions of dramatic art if only witnessed by a capable author.

The jurors who decided the case were J. P. McLennan, Henry Piggott, P. R.

Ritchie, H. J. Bannerman, Robert Craig and R. M. Eckhardt.

The evidence given by the two principal witnesses, Charles Everett and Lester Knouff was substantially the same as that given by them at the preliminary hearing in the lower court. The story of the killing of Davenport and the events which led to it are as follows:

Davenport was engaged in piloting a scow from Whitehorse to Dawson for Racine, who was in the freighting business. His crew, was composed of King, Everett and Knouff. More or less difficulty was encountered, in common with nearly all craft in navigating the river, by reason of the many bars. The scow navigated by Davenport got hung up on several bars, and this fact irritated King greatly and led to more or less complaining on his part, and attempts at quarreling with Davenport, who refused to quarrel. Finally when the scow stuck fast on a bar about ten miles above White river, Everett and Davenport took a canoe and went to locate the channel, leaving King and Knouff on the scow. During their absence King told Knouff that if Davenport didn't quit doing as he had been doing he would lay him out. During the absence of the two men King fired a shot

from the rifle; while Knouff was preparing a meal the two returned. When the canoe came alongside King pointed the rifle at Davenport and said: "You have humfuzzled us long enough on this trip."

Davenport replied: "Why, Dad, what do you mean? I could not help getting stuck on this bar. Dad, don't shoot," and had his hands up, when King took aim and fired the murderous shot which entered just above the heart and caused almost, if not, instant death, the murdered man crying out as he went down in the bottom of the canoe, "My God, I'm shot!"

Davenport made no offer to resist, and was believed to have been unarmed. Everett jumped aboard the scow, but immediately found himself confronted with the death-dealing rifle and was forced to agree to tell a story to the authorities which would show that the act of King was justified. Knouff was compelled in the same way to declare that he would do as directed. Then the body of the dead man was taken from the canoe and placed on the scow, but not before King had ordered it thrown into the river, and Everett had persuaded him to allow it put on the scow. King had dumped the body head first into the pump-hole of the scow, using a vile epithet as he did so. Everett again persuaded him to move it and it was laid upon the sacks of oats which comprised the load of the scow. It was laid face up, but King turned it over again, cursing it.

Then followed the trip to Dawson. When Stewart river was reached Everett and Knouff had sought to persuade King to give himself up, but he replied that he preferred to come to Dawson where he had some mining friends who would be of assistance to him in getting off.

After this what occurred down to what took place in the courtroom yesterday has already been fully published in the Nugget.

All through the short but eventful trial Attorney Davie's conscientious work in behalf of his client was manifest. He set up the plea of insanity and stuck manfully to his guns till the very last moment, though long before the end it was very evident to all that nothing short of new and overwhelming evidence could change the end for King. To further advance the insanity idea, and also learn something of the antecedents of King, Chris Sonnicksen was called to the witness stand and testified that he had known King in 87, when both were prospecting in the country tributary to the Yukon below here. Only two or three incidents could be related which by any possible stretch of the imagination could have any bearing upon King's mental condition at the time of the recent murder. At one time King had said to the witness, when the two happened to be camped together, that he would show him the arctic circle, and when in a few minutes the northern lights had appeared, he had referred to them as the arctic circle. At another time when they had both wintered, with 12 or 15 others, at a point far down the river, the prisoner had been commonly spoken of as "Crazy King."

Drs. Thompson and Good gave evidence as to their professional opinion of King's sanity, and declared without hesitancy that the man was in full possession of his mental faculties.

Dr. Thompson, the police surgeon, testified as to the superficial examination he had made of the body after it had been brought to Dawson, and to the nature of the wound. Regarding King's mental condition he said he had had a number of conversations with him with a view to ascertaining his mental standing, and had observed nothing which led him to believe the man was insane.

Dr. Good had seen nothing which led him to differ in the opinion of his colleague.

During the taking of the testimony of the various witnesses King had looked interested, bored and sarcastically amused by turns, and when he took the stand in his own defense he gave his testimony in a quiet, straightforward manner, the only things noticeable about him being that his voice was husky, and his manner, as throughout the proceedings, betrayed extreme nervousness. He is a man who would be noticeable anywhere and under less striking circumstances. His features are for the most part thickly covered with a long and heavy gray beard, unkempt, matted and near the end slightly stained with tobacco juice. His gray-blue eyes are bright and penetrat-

ing, and his hands move constantly, though, aside from this and the expression of his eyes there is nothing to indicate the man's nervousness. He was dressed in a pair of new blue overalls, and a mackinaw coat of the same color, somewhat worn and patched at the elbows. He testified that he was 54 years of age and a miner and prospector, which he had been for many years, traveling always alone over many thousands of miles of this country. He had made the trip from the Skagit river to Skagway in a dory, and had made many other similar trips, always in the same solitary way. He had five brothers in Ohio, but it had been 23 years since he had heard from any of them. He had mined and prospected in California before coming to this country in '87, and had never had a partner. In answer to a question from his counsel as to whether he had ever met with an accident or not, he stated that when a child he had received a fright which had made him nervous all his life.

Speaking of his trip on the scow with Davenport and the two witnesses whose testimony he had heard he said: "They wanted to sleep, sleep, sleep. That was the whole order of the day." He knew something of the river, having made the trip before, and had instructed Davenport as to the piloting of the scow, but had not been heeded.

"You fired a gun at the deceased?" "Certainly."

"Why did you do this?" "He took it out of me. He was risking my life, and causing me lots of unnecessary work."

Then followed numerous questions by the defense tending to show that there was a possibility of the prisoner's mind being deranged to some extent during the trip and at the time of the shooting. However, all the questions were answered in a way which gave no reason to suppose that such was the case, and when the witness returned to the prisoner's box there was little doubt as to what the jury's verdict would be.

Mr. Davie's argument to the court and jury was, as has been pronounced by many since, who heard it, extremely able and complete. He dwelt with great minuteness upon all the points which could be of any benefit to his client, citing the fact that the police had failed to have any post mortem performed on the body of Davenport, and contending stoutly that there was nothing to prove conclusively that the cause of death had been the result of the shot fired by his client. Before the argument commenced he had asked the court to discharge the prisoner on the same ground. Then he argued from the fact of the prisoner's having led a solitary life, filled with all the privations, dangers and hardships incident to the career of a lone prospector, that there was reason to doubt the entire soundness of his client's mind.

It was a gallant fight and one worthy of a far better cause, but that and the fact that the young attorney had had so little time in which to prepare his case, will only add to the mead of credit which is his due.

Crown Prosecutor Wade followed in his usual able way, but there was little need of argument on the part of the prosecution.

Judge Craig delivered his charge to the jury in a thoroughly clear, concise and impartial way, and the jury retired to the rooms above in charge of the court officer.

During the absence of the jury Attorney Davie appealed to the court to call the jury back and instruct them to take into account the possible hallucination in the mind of King at the time of the shooting, that he was justified in what he did—that is, that he may have been convinced that he was justified. Prosecutor Wade contended the point, but Judge Craig, as if disposed to overlook no possible opportunity of being absolutely just, to say the least, so instructed the jury after its return, which was very soon, as it had to return up (Continued on Page 4.)

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

SPARRING FOR TIME

Is What China's Actions Indicate She Is Now Doing

IN ORDER TO MOBILIZE HER TROOPS.

Has Made Separate Appeals to All the Powers to Mediate for Her.

SALISBURY IS VERY RETICENT

And Says Nothing Can Be Done Until Peking Reports—Skagway Sings Tale of Woe.

Washington, July 27, via Skagway, Aug. 1.—During the past three days there has been no startling news from China and very little of any nature. The officials here are rapidly losing faith in the Chinese government and England entertains the same views as America. It has been learned here that the request made of President McKinley that he mediate the present troubles for China has also been made to England, France, Germany, and, in fact, to all the powers. This is taken as an indication that China is not serious in her request for mediation, but that it is a play for time in which to arrange for better mobilization of her forces.

Salisbury Reticent.

London, July 27, via Skagway, Aug. 1.—When Lord Salisbury received from the Chinese government the request that he act as mediator in the troubles he merely acknowledged its receipt and said nothing can be done until definite news is received from Peking.

Skagway's Grievance.

Skagway, Aug. 1.—Acting Secretary of the Treasury O. L. Spaulding arrived here yesterday on a tour of southeastern Alaska which he is making on the U. S. revenue cutter Grant. Last evening he was waited upon by a special committee from the local board of trade which made a strong and well-prepared effort to impress upon him the importance to Skagway and American interests in general that the privilege now extended to Canada of bonding her goods through that port to Dawson and all interior Canadian points be rescinded or that Skagway be closed as a port of entry. The secretary did not commit himself as to his view of the question.

Change in Travel.

Mine Host Flannery has changed the departing time of his stage to Dominion from 8 o'clock at night to 8 in the morning. The change is due to the chilly weather which assails the traveler on the ridge as well perhaps as the disappearance of several overcoats which the obliging proprietor has felt compelled to loan and which have failed to find their way back to his hostelry.

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The Klondike Nugget

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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1900

SWIFT AND SURE.

While the Yukon has been the scene of several cold-blooded, apparently unprovoked murders within the past year, it is gratifying to know that the law of the land is not slow, neither is it too hasty, in the work of meteing out to its violators their just deserts.

Only sixteen days ago the Nugget contained an account of a most cowardly and cold-blooded murder up the Yukon a few miles when, without a moment's warning, a man in the full vigor of life was ruthlessly shot to death by a man who had become irritated over a small matter for which his victim was in no way responsible.

Fortunately for right and justice there were two witnesses to the tragedy, and they did just what any other sensible men would have done under similar circumstances; they conciliated the murderer as best they could and thereby not only saved their own lives, but succeeded in turning over to the minions of the law the slayer of his fellow man.

Due and deliberate preliminary investigation resulted in the holding over to the higher tribunal the accused man and yesterday he was put on trial for his life by a jury of his peers and before a duly qualified judge. The two eyewitnesses to the tragedy again told their story of the affair as they first told it to a representative of this paper, again at the coroner's inquest and later at the preliminary investigation. The whole trial was heard and thoroughly heard in less than three hours. The prisoner was ably defended, but had not a vestige of ground on which to base such defense. It required the jury but seven minutes to reach a verdict which read "guilty, as charged."

The prisoner stood up and in a few well-chosen and impressive words Judge Craig performed his solemn and painful duty by imposing the death sentence, giving the condemned two months and two days in which to make peace with his God and prepare for death.

The speedy retribution provided in this case is timely and just, and will no doubt have a salutary effect upon such residents of the district as may be inclined to value the lives of their fellows too cheaply. When the sentence of the court has been carried into effect and when Alexander King shall have paid the penalty of his crime by giving up his own life it may be truly said of the representatives of the law in the Yukon "Well done, good and faithful servants."

It is bad for the future of legitimate sport in Dawson that its devotees should be mulcted of their money as was the case at the Palace Grand fiasco last night. A man who has no claim to greatness in a certain direction other than that he came from a country that produced one man great in the same line, should not attempt to foist himself upon a people or community. Such misrepresentation only works an injury to those who possess the capabilities for furnishing legitimate amusement. This sort of fake entertainment is in line with the practice of having licensed men on the river who speak of the "gee" and "haw" sides of the boat.

By a telegram published elsewhere in this paper it will be seen that the United States is not the only govern-

ment to whose head the Chinese powers have applied for mediation of the present trouble. England, France and Germany have also been honored with the Mongolian confidence. On the whole, it looks very much as though China is sparring for time and is only palavering with the various governments to hold them at bay until her own forces can be further mobilized.

Rumors of the capture of Aguinaldo, the chief of the Filipinos, are becoming frequent and those who relish this kind of news may expect a large stock of it from now until the presidential campaign in the United States is over. As election day draws near a great many captures of terrible insurgents and a general smashing up of the insurrection in the Philippines may be anticipated. If they want to prolong their innings it behooves the administration at the bat to stop a few Filipino curves. — Whitehorse Tribune.

The Board of Trade cannot be too aggressive in its determination to put fire protection regulations in force and in this connection the organization of a volunteer fire brigade ought to be taken up at once. One spark and a good wind might reduce more than a million dollars' worth of property to ashes before the people would have time to realize what had happened. — Whitehorse Star.

A million dollars, did you say?

Joke Gained His Point.

Not long ago Congressman "Hank" Smith, of the Second Michigan district, worked a joke off on the house committee of pensions. It should be explained, says the Chicago Chronicle, that this committee is not the one which has charge of the pensions which grew out of the civil war, says a correspondent. Its functions appertain to the granting of pensions to the widows and veterans of the Mexican and Black Hawk wars and other ancient unpleasantness. It should also be pointed out that one of their rules is that no widow's pension shall be larger than \$8 a month. This proceeds upon the theory that any widow who survives a veteran of these wars must be a comparatively young woman and that she must have married the veteran in his dotage to get his pension.

The new member from Michigan appeared before the committee at its last meeting and in an incidental and smiling way alluded to the rule.

"That is a fine rule," said he in a guileless sort of way. "I sympathize with its purpose and believe it should stand. But just to show good faith I am going to propose an amendment. I move that it be amended so as to read 'except in the case of widows over 100 years of age.'"

The members of the committee are always in favor of a joke and the proposition was adopted with a unanimous laugh.

And thereupon "Hank" produced from his pocket a bill to grant a pension of \$12 a month to Mrs. Hixon, of Clinton, Mich. She had just passed her 100th year. It was not necessary to explain that her husband had served to within one day of the time requisite to get a pension in the regular manner. The committee reported the bill favorably.

Successful Airship.

The Railway and Engineering Review tells of the trial trip of the Zappalin airship on July 2, when it made an ascension from Lake Constance, Germany, with five men on board. The vessel rose 3500 feet in the air, sailed easily in any direction with regard to the wind, and made a speed of 20 miles an hour. It descended 35 miles from the starting point. Its complete dirigibility was established. This vessel cost \$250,000 and is 420 feet long; it contains 17 distinct compartments, with a total gas capacity of 10,000 cubic metres. Its framework is of aluminum, and a gas engine revolves the aluminum propellers.

New Church at Whitehorse.

Mr. G. Johnson is engaged in erecting a place of worship in Whitehorse for members of the Church of England. It is located on Elliot street and Third avenue, is of logs with gothic roof, and is 25x50 feet in dimensions, with an extension for vestry room. A log parsonage will also be erected in a short time.

Rev. R. J. Bowen, late of Dawson, will assume charge on his arrival from England, which will be in the course of the next ten days. — Star.

Time Card.

Flannery's Stage and Express to Caribou City leaves Flannery Hotel, Dawson, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8 a. m. Leaves Caribou City— Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 8 a. m.

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STROLLER'S COLUMN

The Stroller is in receipt of the following letter, which was dated at Grand Forks, July 28:

Dear Sir: Having noticed your very excellent advice to political candidates a short time ago, I address you, at the request of a large number of the unfortunate man's neighbors, regarding a resident of one of the creeks near this place. The object of general solicitation is in a bad state of both mind and body, and it is for advice concerning his case that you are asked. The circumstances are these:

A young man who, up to last fall, possessed a light running domestic, self-oiling disposition, and who, when he sunk a hole to bedrock without finding a color, would only laugh and say "Well, I'll be gol durned," fell madly in love with a woman who was cooking on an adjoining claim. The woman reciprocated the young man's affection in that she accepted several large nuggets from him and smiled on him most bewitchingly when no one else was in the cook house. After the cleanup the woman came to Dawson en route to the outside. The young man took a layoff and accompanied her. After reaching here he spent a couple of months' wages on her and even insisted on paying for her ticket to Skagway, which he was allowed to do. Four weeks later he received a letter from Seattle stating that she had arrived safely. The letter closed by saying: "My husband selected the prettiest nugget you gave me and is wearing it for a watch-charm. Goodby, you poor, silly boy."

Since the receipt of the letter the young man has refused to be comforted. He has gone back on beans, declines to wash his face, swears like a deep-water captain, gets up and hammers on the dishpan at 2 o'clock in the morning and has twice tried to drown himself in a sluice box; he wears one boot and one shoe and in many other ways shows his utter disregard to the conventional rules of life and etiquette. Can you suggest anything that will restore him to his former happy self?

As the Stroller once spent three weeks picking bird shot out of himself for advising a heart-broken young man to rub the effected parts with goose grease, he has some hesitancy in prescribing for the young man's case. If his friends, however can get him interested in the coming election, and even prevail on him to become a candidate, it might serve to draw his mind away from the thought that his heart has been cruelly monkeyed with. If he does not take kindly to politics, it might be well, as a last resort, to bring him to Dawson and run him up against the slumber brand of home brew. That would give the dishpan and neighbors a rest for at least one night, and he might possibly never awake. If he went either enter politics or come to town, shut the sucker up in an old prospect hold for a week or strap him down in a sluice box and turn on the head. — a man that has no more sense than he has, anyway. Kill him outright if he don't behave himself.

"The next time Frank Slavin gets up a benefit for himself he must pick up a kangaroo that can at least stand straight on its hind legs. The people enjoy being fooled to a certain extent, but last night's affair was so one-sided as to make it look silly on the part of both men."

And the speaker who had paid \$7.50 for a stage seat, closed his remarks by venturing the opinion that Manson should never go up against anything stronger than an onion breath.

The Stroller is pleased to see that his honor Judge Craig is one of those who dares to set a day other than Friday on which to perform a hanging. For many years, in fact, back until the memory of man runneth not Friday was always the day of the week set for legal hanging, with the result that to Friday was given the name "Hangman's day." Thus it came about that a superstition became attached to the sixth day of the week and many persons believe that to start on a journey, move into a house or consummate a transaction on Friday will be followed by misfortune.

Of late years many judges in the States have declined to name Friday for the date of hangings for the reason that they do not think it right that any one day of the week should be stigmatized as "hangman's day." The day named by Judge Craig for the hanging of Alexander King is Tuesday, October 2nd.

Shindler has bicycle sundries; wood rims, inner tubes, ball bearings, spokes, bells, cyclometers, toe clips, graphite, etc. — Wheels to rent by the hour.

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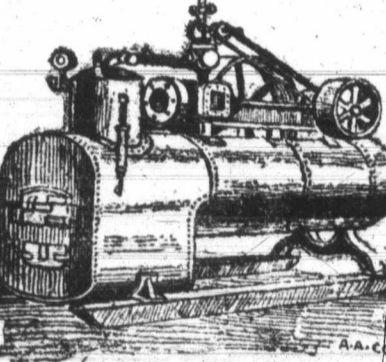
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J. FLANNERY.

LATEST DAWSON LOVE STORY

An Ohio Man Tells of How He Captured a Wife Here.

His Rival Committed Suicide—He Had to Show Her \$50,000—Triumph at Last.

A recent dispatch from Toledo, O., to the Chicago Inter-Ocean contains the following romantic story of love, jealousy, suicide, persistence, and marriage in Dawson.

Henry R. Chelton, a former resident of Ottawa county, who has been in the Alaska gold fields, recently returned after an absence of nearly three years. Chelton had been generally regarded by his acquaintances as a confirmed bachelor, and those who knew him best were greatly surprised when he returned with a wife, a bright, intelligent woman of about 35 years of age. According to his story he married her in Dawson City, winning her consent after a long siege.

Chelton was reluctant to speak much of his matrimonial adventure, but the curiosity of a cousin who lives on Walbridge avenue in this city elicited the following statement:

"Two years ago if any one had told me I would ever marry I would have been tempted to resent the insinuation as an insult, for a youthful experience had set me, as I thought, irrevocably against the gentler sex. But I met my fate in far-off Alaska, and in a peculiar manner. I may say, however, that to this day, I don't know as much as I might about my wife. She—suits me, I love her dearly, and that is all that is necessary."

"A few months before I married there drifted into Dawson a woman who seemed to possess plenty of pluck and grit and some money. She started a boarding house and prospered. She gave her name as Mrs. Varley McKendrick, and said she came from Winnipeg. The men all admired her from the start, but she kept them tactfully at a distance."

"I soon became interested, and I thought that she regarded me with some favor. She was always reticent about herself, but in answer to an impertinent remark by a rough miner one evening, said that she had nothing to be ashamed of in her former life, and upon his sneering rejoinder I knocked him down and thrashed him soundly. For this she seemed to feel kindly toward me, and I, well, I fell head over heels in love with her, and like a fool, told her so that same evening and asked her to marry me. She refused me, but did it so nicely that I thought more of her than ever."

"About this time a New Yorker who had been making considerable money began to board at her place, and she seemed to think he was a pretty nice sort of a fellow. In fact, I thought he monopolized too much of her attention, and I grew rather jealous. I had made up my mind to win her if I could and return home. I had been doing fairly well, and she told me on one occasion that she would like to leave Alaska as soon as she had accumulated a little fortune."

"The New Yorker, a man named Harrison, I was satisfied, had made up his mind to marry her, and this stimulated me to press my suit with greater ardor. Well, I was refused again, and so was he. I didn't take it to heart as he did, for the poor fellow shot himself, leaving a letter addressed to her, and to this day I don't know what it contained. But I wasn't made of that sort of stuff, and concluded to try again. You know the old saying about trying again—well, that is what I did."

"She finally told me one evening that the day I could show her that I was worth \$50,000 she would dispose of her belongings and become Mrs. Chelton. I was the happiest man on top of earth, as I had made a couple of good deals, and was climbing toward that figure rapidly. The day came when—well, you don't care so much about that as you do about what happened. I married her. She said that she had no relatives for whom she cared particularly, and readily agreed to come back to Ohio with me. I am going to look around a bit, buy a nice farm, and try to live happily the rest of my life with my wife, who is all and more than she seemed to me, even when I was courting her."

The pair are stopping at the house of a friend, and will soon enjoy a little pleasure trip East, after which they expect to settle down to farming and stock raising."

Now They Are Married.
Fort Worth, Tex., July 20.—The sequel to a very sensational and one of

the most remarkable legal controversies that ever took place in the courts of Texas has just been learned here.

Readers of the daily newspapers will recall the unusual injunction issued by a Dallas judge about a year and a half ago restraining a Mr. Warfield, who represented one of the largest tobacco manufacturers in the East, from meeting or conversing with Mrs. Vivian Morris, nee Moody, formerly of Jefferson, Texas, and a woman noted for her beauty. At the time of this unusual proceeding Warfield and Mr. and Mrs. Morris were residing in Dallas, and the order of the court was issued at the instance of the husband of the woman.

Warfield disobeyed the injunction of the court and was held in contempt. He was fined \$100 and given three days in jail, but on the payment of the fine he was released.

Warfield and the woman suddenly disappeared, and for many months no one knew where they had gone, but only recently their whereabouts became known. They were in Hongkong, China. Information reached here that they were married there a few days ago, a divorce having been granted separating Mr. and Mrs. Morris in this city about ten days ago. The divorce was granted to the husband by Judge Irby Dunklin of the Forty-eighth district. The cablegram announcing the marriage of the woman and Warfield was received at Jefferson some time last week. Warfield still continues to represent the same tobacco company in the Chinese empire. He is said to be quite wealthy and owns considerable valuable property in Dallas.

Decadence of the Cowboy.

Northern Montana is bewailing the decadence of the cowboy; justly it would seem, if there be truth in the report that two border outlaws chased a dozen members of the Diamond R. round-up outfit for 20 miles, in terror-stricken search for refuge, to the town of Culbertson. Think of it! Twelve doughty knights of the plain, blue of lip and wild of eye, spurring their horses to incontinent flight over sage brush and bunchgrass, and ever and anon turning their vanes backward over shivering shoulders for a look at their relentless pursuers. Picture in your mind's eye the scudding of a dozen jack rabbits close pressed by a pair of ravenous wolves! Oh, the horror of it!

The report from Culbertson says that the cowboys were unarmed, excepting one or two guns in the whole outfit. It is a harsh allegation, and public judgment should be suspended pending the receipt of further particulars. If it be proved true—ah, well, we of Montana must blush for the shame of it! The traditions of the gun are dear to the Western heart. It has barked defiance to law and order, it has been the chief property of the cowboy comedy of "shooting up the town," and it has furnished ragtime music for many a tenderfoot to dance by. Has the westward course of empire relegated the "shooting iron" to the scrap pile? Has it gone the way of the brown buffalo and the preserved Indian? Will it no longer dangle in menace from the belt of the bold vaquero? It would seem so, for the report has it that the Diamond R. outfit was unarmed.

All the world will join in the Northern Montana wail. The iconoclast, Time, has shattered the idol of the "wild and woolly West." The long locks of the cowboy have been shorn; his goatee is preserved only as a memory on the ageing face of Buffalo Bill Cody; his buckskin habiliments have given way to overalls and jumpers, and his bravery is bound between the yellow covers of a nickel novel.

Twelve cowboys chased by two bandits! They will never believe it in the East, where the popular idea of the cowboy is still somewhat awesome and picturesque. Here in Montana, swallowing our pride, we will henceforth look upon him as a herder of cattle and brander of calves—our calfboy.—Butte City (Mont.) Inter Mountain.

Gold Dredge for the Fraser.

There seems now to be every probability that a serious attempt will be made to win some portion of the gold dust which is known to lie on the bed of the Fraser river. The undertaking is due to John Cobiedick, who first visited British Columbia in 1896, and has since paid much attention to the dredging possibilities of the Fraser and its tributaries. The conditions existing in the rivers in British Columbia are similar to those extant wherever the gold dredge has not been introduced, insofar that the placer miner may only recover the gold from the benches and bars. Further than this it is impossible for him to proceed in any stream where any great volume of water exists.

In September of last year operations were commenced in the construction of a dredge of a New Zealand pattern on the banks of the Fraser, near its confluence with the Thompson river and

three-quarters of a mile from the town of Lytton. The major portion of the machinery was purchased in this country from the workshops of firms who have been engaged in the construction of dredges for the last 30 years. Two pontoons 32x100 feet, were constructed, the timbers being bolted to steel frames and both then joined by heavy timbers, forming one solid barge with a space of five feet six inches between the two. It is through this space the bucket ladder travels. Unlike the ordinary harbor dredge which has only one bucket, a number of buckets form an endless traveling belt, raising the gravel from the bed of the river.

The work was carried to completion under the supervision of an experienced engineer who has been engaged in dredging the rivers of New Zealand for the last 30 years. Climatic conditions have made necessary the enclosing of the machinery, which has been done by building a frame structure the length and width of the pontoons, only leaving a gangway on both sides. The craft is equipped with two boilers, main engine, winches, dynamos, donkey engines, etc., the boilers and engines being built by Robey, of Lincoln, while the winches came from the works of William Symons & Co., Glasgow. The dredge is lighted throughout by electricity, having both arc and incandescent lamps.

The points claimed in favor of the New Zealand dredge are that it is automatic, requiring few attendants and capable of handling large quantities of dirt. The capacity of the one at Lytton is 2000 cubic yards per working day of twenty-four hours. The cost up to the present has been in the neighborhood of \$35,000.—P. I.

Her Tip of No Avail.

A determined woman from the West visited Washington not long ago for the purpose of interviewing a member of the cabinet on a subject of interest to her. She called, as it happened, just at the time when the frauds in the Cuban postal department were made public, and the majority of the president's advisers, absorbed in considering the matter, had given instructions that they were not to be disturbed.

"So you refuse to take my card to the secretary?" asked the determined lady of the messenger.

"It would be against my orders, and I don't dare to," replied the messenger, politely.

The visitor turned away in high dudgeon, but a happy thought occurred to her and she retraced her steps. "Here my man," she said, insinuatingly, "here is 50 cents. Now will you take my card?"

"I'm paid a bigger salary than that to keep your card out, madam," responded the darkey, shaking his head.—New York Tribune.

Answers for the Anxious.

Gloriana B., of Westport, writes: "I have a young gentleman caller who is always trying to kiss me. How shall I dissuade him?"

You should dissuade him with a hat-pin or an ax, Gloriana, but as an all-around anti-kiss argument there is nothing so dissuading and at the same time painless as a large Bermuda onion, says the Baltimore American. You should eat one or two or three before the kissing bug flies around.

"Musician," of Waverly, wants to know how to discover whether or not her piano keys are ivory or celluloid.

Touch them carefully with a lighted match. If they are celluloid you should then call the fire department.

"Housewife," of Roland Park, asks: "How can I keep roaches out of lard?" Place the butter near by. They prefer it.

"Lucy F.," of Highlandtown, says: "My hair brush shows a good many falling hairs every day. How can I stop them?"

Soak the brush in glue over night. "Rube," it certainly was inhospitable of your friend, whom you were visiting, to refuse to allow you to use his tooth brush. However, we should cultivate a sweetness of disposition which will enable us to overlook such traits in others.

"Worried," of Catonsville: The quickest way to remove indelible ink from a carpet is to pour muriatic acid on the spot. Any carpenter can mend the hole it will make in the floor.

The higuors are the best to be had, at the Regina.

When in town, stop at the Regina.

It might pay you to drop in and see the new stock of drugs, stationery and sundries at the Pioneer Drug Store.

Cabin Wanted.

Lars & Duclou, photographers, want to buy a cabin centrally located. Apply at studio, or Nugget office.

The warmest and most comfortable hotel in Dawson is at the Regina.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

"White Pass and Yukon Route."

Str. BAILEY

Will be the Next Boat for

White Horse and All Way Points!

C. M. CHAMBERS, Agent.

YUKON FLYER COMPANY

NELS PETERSON, General Manager

Sts. "Bonanza King" and "Eldorado"

Speed, Safety, Comfort. For reservation of staterooms and tickets or for any further information apply to company's office

WILLIAM F. GEORGE, AUDITOR AND GENERAL AGT.

AURORA DOCK



Dawson Sawmill & Building Co.

O. W. HOBBS, PROP.

Contractors & Builders

(Manufacturers of)

BRICKS, LIME & LUMBER

Dealers in Builders' Supplies
Housefitters and Undertakers

Special Values!

We are offering great values on all our

Spring and Summer Suits, Trousers, Hats,
FURNISHINGS, ETC.

WE MUST HAVE ROOM

We are now expecting large consignments of goods for Fall and Winter, and we will offer special inducements to purchasers on all our light weight goods.

HERSHBERG

THE RELIABLE SEATTLE CLOTHIERS.

DIRECTLY OPPOSITE C. D. CO. DOCK

FRONT STREET

DON'T BE SHY!

If you need your toilet cleaned
or any other garbage removed,

CALL ON GUILDS & BROWN,

Corner of Fourth Street and Second Avenue.

New Arrivals.

AMONG the NEW GOODS just received are to be found Plain INDIA LINENS, PLAIN SWISS CHECKED NAINSOOK, FANCY ORGANDIES, FANCY DIMITIES, Fancy Figured FOULARD SILKS, Plain Colored and Black TAF-FETTA SILKS, Plain Black Satin DUCHESS, Beautiful Black and Colored CREPONS, Evening Shades in ALBATROSS and NUNS' VEILINGS, a Beautiful Line of Fine SILK WAISTS, and a Complete Line of NOTIONS.

N. A. T. & T. CO.

ORR & TUKEY'S STAGE

Daily Each Way

To Grand Forks

Leaves Forks at 8 a. m.
Arrive at Dawson 12:30 p. m.
Leave Dawson at 3 p. m.
Arrive at Forks 7 p. m.

FREIGHTING TO THE CREEKS.

Kearney & Kearney

AURORA DOCK.

Telephone 31

Freighting and Teaming

Goods delivered at the Forks, Eldorado and Upper Bonanza creeks.

Rates Reasonable...
Satisfaction Guaranteed

GOODS HANDLED WITH CARE
ALL ORDERS GIVEN PROMPT ATTENTION

Alaska Pacific Express Company

BONDED CARRIERS

DAILY SERVICE

Bet. Puget Sound Points and Dawson
Gold Dust Insured for Full Value.
Office at Lancaster and Calderhead's Wharf

SHINDLER, Hardware SHINDLER, Hardware SHINDLER, Hardware

Near the Holborn Restaurant

Mitchell, Lewis & Stover Co.

OF SEATTLE, WASH.

Mining Machinery of All Descriptions. Pumping Plants a Specialty. Orders Taken for Early Spring Delivery.

Chas. E. Severance, Gen. Agt., Room 15, A. C. Building

Granite and Enamelled Ware

DAWSON HARDWARE CO.,

JUST IN

SECOND AVENUE

WAS A PUGILISTIC TRAVESTY

The Slavin-Manson Affair at the Palace Grand Last Night.

Agee Brothers Furnished Only Entertainment of the Evening—Manson Might Lick a Postage Stamp.

When any management of a pugilistic contest or, in fact, any other sort of entertainment attempts to get along prosperously without expending any money for advertising, such event is usually more or less of a frost; hence the fact that not half a dozen reserved seats down stairs were sold for the pugilistic bouts last night at the Palace Grand. The balcony and boxes were fairly well filled and the small space left for the "general admission" contingent was crowded. Not over a dozen and a half stage seats were occupied.

The only entertainment of the night was furnished by the Agee Brothers, Roy and Harry, in a four round contest for points, with Ed O'Donnell as referee. The boys are both quite scientific, and since his last appearance, Harry, the younger of the brothers, shows rapid advance in the manly art. A year hence Roy must either look to his laurels or play second fiddle in the Agee family. The contest which was hot from start to finish, was declared a draw.

The so-called "event of the evening," came on next in what was to have been a six-round, or less, go-between Frank P. Slavin and Billy Manson, both from the country that produced Fitzsimmons. Slavin is well known as a clever man—by all odds the most clever in this portion of the country—and needs no description here. Manson should be called "Willie" instead of "Billy" and should dress a la Fauntleroy and wear copper tips on his shoes. He is a nice, gentlemanly appearing fellow and is apparently very brave. (It requires a brave heart to venture out on such slim legs as Manson's.) He has an admirable form for a clerk or stenographer, but as a prizefighter—well, it is doubtful if he could knock down a two-bit piece on an employer or a moonlight picture of Slavin's shadow.

In the first round when Slavin would make a teint, the impetus of the displaced air was about as much as Manson could withstand, and in the early portion of the second round when Frank caught him a mild swing in the jaw, the man who is said to have won many fierce battles in Australia, went down and out; at least he was declared out, and very properly, too, by referee Ed O'Donnell, whose humane heart would not longer permit the poor, out-classed man (what his class is would be hard to say) to take any more punishment. The contest (?) was decided in favor of Slavin who stepped to the rope and humbly apologized to the audience for giving such a miserably poor exchange for money paid. The audience was disgusted that any man who had no more chance than the proverbial snowball should put himself up as being capable of affording entertainment.

WILL HANG OCTOBER 2.

(Continued from page 1.)

stairs again after coming down ready to return a verdict, to await the finishing of the attorneys' argument concerning the last point.

The jury did not leave the box after the delivery of the last instruction, but after a brief consultation, Foreman Ritchie arose and delivered a verdict of guilty.

There was a moment's silence in the courtroom before the judge asked the prisoner at the bar if he had anything to say as to why sentence should not be passed upon him.

"Yes, judge, I have everything to say," replied King, promptly. "In the first place those two witnesses have lied."

Then followed a description by the prisoner of the killing of his victim, which might have applied to the butchery of an ox in the shambles rather than to the murder of a defenseless man, so far as any feeling of repentance or remorse was concerned. His horribly realistic description of how he had fired the murderous shot and his acting out of how the murdered man had only thrown up his hands part way, then half turning had slowly sunk into a sitting posture in the canoe, the head lolling back in horrid evidence of death, only differed in minor and inconsequent details from what had been sworn to by Knouff and Everett, but will be long remembered by all who heard and saw it, as one of the most terrible self-convictions ever witnessed. The prisoner's gray hair and beard

tossed by his excited movements, the almost frantic tones of his husky voice, which rose to an excited shout at times; the flashing of his eyes and the waving of his hands, combined with the awful import of his words, made up a dramatic picture never to be forgotten, and left no sympathy for the prisoner except that which might be of a wholly moral and impersonal character.

Judge Craig nerved himself to do his duty, though it could be plainly seen that the effort was painful and costing him dearly.

During the silence which followed the close of King's plea, one could almost hear the heart beats of those nearest. The judge placed the black cap upon his head and said those words which have been heard so often, but whose awful import has always been freighted with the same meaning: "You shall be hanged by the neck until dead, and may God have mercy on your soul."

"Judge," said the prisoner, as he grasped the railing of the box and leaned forward, "I'd rather you would send me out to be shot through the head in the morning. Imprisonment is not to my taste."

The prisoner was led away to his cell, which will open again for him when he passes forth to meet the doom his crime merits on the second day of October.

After it was over the judge laid his head upon his arms on the table and wept, and if there was any sympathy in the hearts of those present it was certainly due to Judge Craig at that moment.

Transportation Items.

The steamer Bailey arrived last night with 65 tons of freight but no passengers. She is followed by the Canadian, which boat should arrive tonight. The Canadian is reported to be carrying the government mail.

The Yukoner is billed to leave today and is the first boat out of the C. D. Co. carrying passengers at the new schedule of \$40 first-class, \$30 second-class.

The Bailey will follow the Yukoner up river and will probably sail tonight.

The Lightning sailed last night for Whitehorse. Tom Davies, general manager of the D. & W. H. N. Co., went out on her. He is going to Skagway to meet his partner, C. A. Hugher, of the Pacific Coast Lumberman Journal, at that point. He will return in ten days. Mr. Fowle, of the A. C. Co., is acting as temporary manager during his absence.

The Zealandian arrived at Whitehorse this morning at 2 o'clock. The Victorian left at the same hour.

Selkirk reported the passing of the Nora on her up-river run at 1 a. m. today.

"Turned Up" at the Orpheum.

"Turned Up" is the attraction on the Orpheum boards this week, and while as a farce it is a success, and has received the stamp of approval of New York theater patrons, it is doubtful if it will be as profitable in Dawson as was Hazel Kirke, the melodrama of last week. If it is not, it will not be the fault of the company or the piece, but rather the preference of the Dawson audience for melodrama.

"Turned Up" is full of fun and unexpected happenings all productive of merriment, the whole of which brings upon the unexpected turning up of people at extremely inconvenient times and in the face of circumstances which render their absence very much to be desired.

To begin with Alf Jayne as Capt. Midway, turns up after he is supposed to have become a contribution to the finny tribes of the deep, and arrives at home to find his wife (Miss D'Avara) married to Bones (Mr. Post), an Irish undertaker. His son, an author (Mr. Lawrence), is about to be married to the only daughter of Gen. Baltic (Mr. Mullen).

There is a general mix-up of the affairs of the families, and just as it begins to look as if some one might get into trouble, Cleopatra, the hitherto unknown wife and general mascot for the captain, arrives upon the scene, and the captain, who has been making all sorts of threats, gets a call down.

The captain's daughter (Miss Blossom) is about to marry Nod Steddard (Mr. O'Brien) when she discovers that her family skeleton is dark of hue and of threatening demeanor. Then there's more trouble, which all ends by George Midway bribing Bones and the colored wife to disappear, which they do in concert, and everyone gets married and is supposed to live happy ever after.

One of the chief attractions of the Orpheum this week is not on the bill at all. It is the large eagle which sits very quietly and intelligently on a stool at the theater door and acts as ticket taker. The bird attracts much attention. Try Cascade Laundry for high-class work at reduced prices.

BRIEF MENTION.

A large quantity of logs have broken through the boom on the Klondike. An abundance of berries can now be found on nearly all the hills surrounding Dawson.

The run of King salmon is nearly over. Silver salmon will soon make their appearance.

The weather is reported cool and with an average temperature of 45 degrees at points up the river.

J. S. Lancaster was a passenger on the Lightning last night. He will return about the first of September with an immense shipment of hay and grain.

Trevor Corry was a passenger on the Yukoner going out today. He has completed the compilation of that portion of his forthcoming book pertaining to Dawson.

John Lilly, of Lilly Bros., of Seattle, Skagway and Bennett, who recently arrived with a large cargo of feed, purchased property on Third avenue near second street, where he has just completed a corrugated iron warehouse 40x100 feet.

Workmen are engaged in digging an immense ditch to drain the stagnant water now enclosed in the slough back of the barracks. The water of the Klondike will flow through the ditch, emptying into the Yukon.

Numerous wells are being sunk around town at points contiguous with the Klondike or Yukon. No frost is found when gravel is uncovered, and the water obtained is absolutely pure, being filtered by the gravel through which it flows.

POLICE COURT NEWS.

Yesterday afternoon at 1:30 John Lockman, notwithstanding the unseasonableness of the hour for such transactions, got the notion that he needed some wood, and needed it right then. Besides, there is so little difference in the penetrating qualities of the daylight during the twenty-four hours, that there seemed in John's eyes little reason for postponing the acquiring of that. "He was looking for it and he got it," W. H. Duff (who is arbitrarily recognized by the police authorities as the owner of the wood), and a limb of the law also got something at the same time. They got John, and at 2 o'clock John was awarded a contract to perform one month's labor, free of charge, for the benefit of a deserving government. John will now get a surfeit of wood and the cutting into proper dimensions thereof. With great alacrity John was permitted to go at it. This afternoon Unole Hoffman and Miss Corinne Gray will be heard regarding their differences concerning sundry pieces of furniture.

Arranging for a School.

Commissioner Ogilvie informed a Nugget representative today that arrangements for the opening of a school in this city at an early date are now well advanced. A building is being engaged and one teacher has been already secured. The commissioner did not give any details as to the building or its location, neither did he mention the name of the teacher employed. Full particulars of the long needed innovation will be given as soon as all arrangements have been completed.

It is now an assured fact that Dawson is at last to have a public school which will be an honor to the city as well as to those through whose efforts it will be provided.

War Notes From China.

The imperial arsenal at Sih-Hi is running nights, making metal shields with scarp heads on them.

Prince Bung is buying up all the two-handed wooden swords for the use of the royal guard.

Twenty stands of firecracker guns have been seized in the province of Taka-Nip.

Twenty-five thousand war gongs are being acquired in colors and provided with bamboo thumpers. These will be beaten upon as soon as the white devils appear and are expected to throw them into a blue pantie.

There is a brisk demand for Canton matting bombproofs with rice paper prayers gunned on them. These are certain to turn aside the shells from the invaders' heavy siege guns.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Twain at the Telephone.

While living at his home at Hartford, Conn., Mark Twain was one morning deep in the composition of some humorism from which he expected a good deal, when he was called to the telephone. He told the servant to receive the message and bring it to him, but in a few moments was informed that the party at the other end of the wire wanted him. Provoked at the interruption, Mark went to the telephone, and, after "helloing" for some time without an answer, he used some language not generally seen in print, but which was certainly picturesque. While thus engaged he heard an answer in astonished tones and recognized the voice of an eminent divine whom he knew very well. "Is that you, doctor?" questioned Mr. Clemens. "I didn't hear what you said. My butler has been at the telephone and said he couldn't understand you."

Prices reduced. Shirts now 50c, collars 15c, cuffs, per pair, 25c. Cascade Laundry.

Same old price, 25 cents, for drink, at the Regina.

S-Y.T. Co.

"High-Grade Goods."

BREAKFAST DELICACIES

A Delicious and Nutritious Food

FLAKED WHEAT, GERMEA, FARINA

S-Y. T. CO., Second Avenue

YUKON DOCK CO.

W. MEED, MANAGER

Special Arrangements Made for Storage of Goods IN LARGE OR SMALL QUANTITIES. FOR RATES APPLY AT OFFICE... Goods Insured Against Fire

Dawson Warehouse Co., Ltd.

THE ONLY BRICK WAREHOUSE IN DAWSON

WARM STORAGE

For the Winter Months.

Special Rates for Large Consignments.

Goods Stored in Our Warehouse Insured at a Low Rate. Competent Men in Charge.

A Treat for Smokers.
Macaulay Bros. are importing 200,000 cigars, including the popular and favorably known Benj. Franklin, Henry Clay, Brooks, Figaro de Rothschild, Dirigo Club, etc.

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

Best Canadian rye at the Regina.

Prepare for Winter.
Paper your cabin now. We have a fine line of wallpaper, paints, oils, etc. Anderson Bros., Second st. crt

Public Notice.
PATENTS from the Dominion Government were issued and have been received at the Registry Land Office, at Dawson, for the lots or pieces of ground as hereinafter mentioned. All interested parties and owners of said lots are requested to produce at said Registry Land Office their titles, so that a certificate of title can be issued to them. All patents for which a certificate of title will not be required and issued at once, will be sent back to be dealt with, according to circumstances, viz:

I. GOVERNMENT ADDITION.
Block A, lots 1, 2, 3, 5.
" B, lots 2, 3.
" C, lots 1, 6, 7.
" D, lots 4, 6, 7.
" E, lots 3, 4, 6, 7, 10, 17, 18, 19, 21, 23, 24.
" F, lots 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 10, 11, 12, 14.
" G, lots 2, 3, N. 1, 4, 5, 6, 9.
" H, lots 4, 5, 7, 9, 11, 12, 16.
" I, lots 2, 3, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14.
" J, lots 4, 5.
" K, lots 1, 3, 5, 6.
" L, lots 2, 3, 5, 10, 13, 24, 26.
" M, lots 2, 5, 6, 8, 9, 13, 14, 16.
" O, lots 1, 2, 6, 10, 12, 14.
" Q, lots 2, 4, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, 16.
" S, lots 2, 14.
" U, lots W 1/2, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10, 11.
" V, lots 4, 5, 6.
" X, lots 1, 2, 3, 6, 8, 9, 11, 12, 15, 16.
" Y, lots 4, 6, 7.
" No. 1, lots 2, 3, 6, 15.
" No. 2, lots 1, 2, 3, 5, 10.
" No. 4, lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 7.

II. KLONDIKE CITY.
Block No. 1, lots 1, 5, 17, 19.
" 2, lots 3, 13.
" 3, lots 5, 15.
" 4, lots 7, 17.
" 5, lots 9, 19.
" 6, lots 1, 3, 4, 10, 16, 17, 18.
" 7, lots 16, 18, 32, 32.
" No. 9, lot 13.

III. LADY'S.
Block A, lots 2, 14, 19.
" H. A., lots 10, 11.
" D, lot 5.
" G, lot 19.
" J, lot 2.
" Y, lot 1, 16.

IV. SMITH'S ADDITION.
All lots in Smith's addition except the part west of First avenue.

V. BONANZA CITY.
Block B, lots 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.
" C, lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.
" E, lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 22, 23, 24.
" J, part of block J, A. 9.

VI. GOVERNMENT RESERVE ADDITION.
Block 11, lots 1, 2.
" 12, lots 7, 8, 9, 12.
" 13, lots 6, 7.
" 14, lots 6, 7, 10, 11.
" 15, lots 6, 7, 10, 11.
" 18, lots 5, 6.
" 19, lots 5, 6.
Dawson, 23rd July, 1900.
J. E. GILROUARD, Registrar.

The Orpheum

ALL THIS WEEK

First Time in Dawson of the Farical Comedy in three acts,

Turned Up

With the Full Cast of the Company, followed by a

Choice Olio of Specialties

MOHR & WILKINS

GROCERS

Family Trade... Liners' Outfits

Third Street and Third Avenue.

Now Open for Business

...Grand Forks Market

Meats of All Kinds WHOLESALE and RETAIL At Dawson Prices

F. GEISMAN

Hay and Feed

500 TONS.

We will receive about September 1st 500 tons of Hay and Feed. Contracts taken for future delivery. The same stored and insured free of charge.

LANCASTER & CALDERHEAD, WAREHOUSEMEN.

Bonanza - Market

All Our Meats are Fresh Killed and of First Quality.

Third Street, Opposite PavilionDAWSON

Wall Paper... Paper Hanging

ANDERSON BROS., Second Avenue

Electric Light

Steady Satisfactory Safe

Dawson Electric Light & Power Co. Ltd.
Donald B. Olson, Manager.
City Office Joslyn Building.
Power House near Klondike. Tel. No. 1