

# THE KLONDIKE NUGGET.

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DAWSON, Y. T., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1899

PRICE 25 CENTS

## JIM MORRISON A FELON.

### Self-Confessed Thief and Fugitive From Justice.

#### He Stole \$20,000 From the Southern Pacific Railroad—Escaped and Fled to the Klondike—Surrendered.

No man in the Yukon country, probably, is better or more generally known than James Morrison. His generosity and integrity gained for him the respect and confidence of all with whom he came in contact. Among his numerous acquaintances in this district, it is safe to say that there is not one who can impute to him a dishonest act during his residence in the Klondike region. A few of his old and intimate friends knew of the shadow of crime which has encompassed his life for the past six years; but they, true and loyal to him as he was to all, guarded this secret as their own. No word of theirs betrayed him as a convicted felon and a fugitive from justice. Such, most unfortunately he was. In 1893, two Pinkerton detectives were detailed to track a criminal named Bunch, who was wanted for train robbery. The prosecution of their police duties led them to Meridian, Mississippi, in the vicinity of which place the capture of Bunch was effected; and soon afterwards he was tried and convicted for his crime. One of those detectives was Chas. O. Summers, alias James Morrison. In the meantime, however, the two detectives had become aware of the presence of a large sum of money, which was deposited in a safe in the Southern Pacific railroad office at Meridian. Immediately after the conviction of Bunch, they plotted to rob the strong box of its valuable contents. Skeleton keys assisted them in securing entrance to the office, and with a "jimmy," they forced the safe. Currency to the amount of \$20,000 was abstracted from the company's coffers. Several circumstances directed suspicion to the perpetrators, and their arrest followed. At the trial, Murray turned state's evidence and revealed the hiding place of the stolen treasure. The railroad company recovered all the money, excepting a few hundred dollars. Both prisoners were sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the Jackson penitentiary. Soon after their incarceration, Charles O. Summers escaped, and succeeded in reaching San Francisco. He felt compunction for his crime, and was anxious to repay the railroad company the couple of hundreds of dollars which they had lost. William Pinkerton, the head of the detective agency, was in the city at the time, and Summers called on his former chief to enlist his influence. The latter repaid such confidence by arresting the convict and turning him over to the police authorities, who took him back to the Mississippi penitentiary. While in confinement the second time, Summers became an intimate friend of one of the guards. A few weeks later the prisoner and his guard left the jail together. They were persistently and closely followed, and to avoid capture they were obliged to separate. Summers came to Seattle. Under the name of James Morrison, he took passage on a steamer for Juneau, Alaska. He arrived there in the spring of 1895, and was possessed of some money. He and a man named McDougal opened and conducted the Horseshoe saloon. At the end of several months, Summers, alias Morrison, went out of business for himself and secured employment as bar-tender in the Juneau opera house saloon from where he withdrew to accept the management of the Louvre. In the spring of 1897, at Juneau, Morrison was married to Eugenie White, who, under the name of Helen Holgate, was well known in Juneau. During the two years of his residence at Juneau, Morrison had corresponded with friends in Mississippi and elsewhere for the purpose of making restitution to the railroad company, thus

hoping to merit immunity from further punishment. These overtures, however, had the effect of betraying his whereabouts to the legal authorities, and they prepared to attempt his recapture. He received intimation of his danger, and in July, 1897, he and wife crossed the Chilcot pass, and subsequently they arrived in Dawson. They brought with them to the Klondike two life-sized oil paintings, worth about \$150. These were exhibited in the Opera house saloon, and captivated the fancy of Thomas Young, the original locator of No. 39 below on Hunker creek. This claim, at that time was of no considerable value and Young deeded it to Morrison in consideration of the pictures. The property soon developed into one of the richest mines on the creek and its owner became wealthy. Last winter he again attempted by correspondence to negotiate a settlement with the Southern Pacific company but this effort again attracted to him the attention of outside officials. He was informed that his arrest was to be once more effected. Ashamed to face his friends in the character of an apprehended criminal, tired and weary of endeavoring to elude the agents of the law, Morrison concluded to return to the States and surrender himself. Early last summer he disposed of all of his mining interests for about \$45,000. On the 19th day of July, he took passage for the outside on the steamer Columbian. Upon his arrival in Seattle, he sent to the company

## TWO THOUSAND SIGNERS.

### Donald McGregor Forwards the Immense Memorial to Ottawa.

The monster memorial to the government at Ottawa, protesting against the removal of Col. Steele from the command in Dawson, has at last been gathered together and forwarded to Ottawa by Col. McGregor, acting for the committee. There were over 2000 names attached to the petition, amongst them being those of our most influential citizens and prominent business men.

The inefficiency of the memorial to prevent a wrong already accomplished—the removal of the colonel from a post he filled with credit to himself and honor to his country—is admitted on all hands, but it cannot but be gratifying to Col. Steele that so large a percentage of our prominent men should so unqualifiedly endorse his administration of police affairs as is done by the signers of this petition.

### Official Broke His Leg.

George Layfield, chief clerk of the timber and land office, slipped in the new snow Friday afternoon in front of the barracks and broke both bones of the right leg just above the ankle. It was a peculiar fall, the left leg actually

## A GREAT DAWSON MYSTERY.

### "Cal" Swift Has Undoubtedly Met With Foul Play.

#### Tommy Dolan Ships to Nome Right Afterwards—The Police Would Like to Get Him.

The facts concerning the sudden and suspicious disappearance of a well-to-do miner named "Cal" Swift have been suppressed for some time, in the hope that unsuspecting murderers would betray themselves, but nothing has come of it so we publish today what is known of the case.

"Cal" Swift owns interests on Gold Run, Gold Bottom, Hunker and Bonanza, and could readily have cleaned up from \$10,000 to \$15,000 any day. Two weeks ago last Friday he raised \$1000 on a Bonanza lay and came to town. In Dawson he generally hung out at the Monte Carlo, with Molly Thompson. On this occasion he went to her room as usual and made arrangements for them to go out to supper together. Just at this time Tommy Dolan called him out, telling him he had something to tell him at the bar. He went with Dolan, and from that moment he has never been seen.

Molly Thompson declares that when she next saw Dolan that evening she asked about "Cal" and that Dolan gave only unsatisfactory replies. Afterwards he said he left "Cal" at the bar. Three days afterwards Dolan went down the river. Meanwhile he had shown himself to be strangely flush with cash.

Swift owed only one bill, an account of \$1800 at the Monte Carlo, and there was no object for himself to have left Dawson. His many mining interests are absolutely unprovided for. He was partner with Allan H. Joy in several properties and would certainly have left power of attorney to him. Swift, while a drinking man, was not a man to get drunk and come to harm in that way. The consensus of opinion is that he lies at the bottom of the Yukon between here and Moosehide, with a sinker attached to the corpse. He was a strong, hearty man and nothing but foul play could have silenced him so suddenly.

### POLICE COURT ITEMS.

M. Trombley, Albert Cotton, George Tappen, and Sam Ross desecrated the Sabbath by playing cards in the Green Tree saloon. They promised to amend their awful ways and were discharged.

Corrine B. Gray, who was arrested at Tagish on instructions from Dawson, is so seriously ill that her removal here will not be attempted. She will probably be released on bonds by the officers at Tagish.

Henry Beckwith secured judgment against R. A. Talbot, in a wage suit, for \$666. The defendant has been given until the 26th of this month to pay the judgment, and in case of failure, he will be incarcerated for the period of one month.

Last Sunday evening, John A. Henry, by strange and uncouth conduct evidenced the fact that he was drunk and disorderly. Constable Booth endeavored to persuade him to go home, but Henry was contrary and irrefragable, and had to be taken to jail. He was fined \$10 and costs.

### Express Matter all O. K.

Patrons of the Nugget Express will be relieved to know that every pound of express matter has been gotten by the blockade at Bennett, has successfully shot the rapids, and on Sunday the messengers in charge telegraphed from Big Salmon that everything was O. K.



JAMES MORRISON, from a picture in the Jackson Gazette.

which he had robbed money sufficient to cover their losses. Then he went to Jackson Mississippi, revealed his identity and is now expiating the crime which he committed six years ago. Strenuous efforts are being made by his relatives and friends to secure a pardon, and it is expected that their representations in this direction will be favorably considered.

### Good Luck in Colorado.

Our rustling fellow-townsmen, Mr. Craig, is in receipt of advices from Colorado which shows all the money-making possibilities not to be on the Klondike. The Marigold property is in a part of the Pike's peak district so barren as to make the stock practically worthless even after years of life. A letter from Mrs. Craig, who left Dawson this summer, states that a block of stock in the possession of herself had just been sold for \$7000, though not considered worth \$7. The why and the wherefore is that the Pike's Peak tunnel comes right out of the hill on the Marigold property, which has to be secured by the tunnel company for a dumping ground.

The Nugget Express will start a dog team for Cape Nome and intermediate points after the freeze-up. Letters and small packages may be left at office on Boyle's wharf.

breaking the right. He is resting easily at the government hospital, the injured member being in a plaster cast. It will probably be 12 weeks before he will be able to get around again.

### Socials on the Creeks.

The boys on Bonanza engaged in the social relaxation of a dance on Saturday evening at the Williams cabin on 13 below. Music, dancing and refreshments quickly passed away the hours and a most enjoyable time was had.

On Friday night a social hop held the boards at the Gold Hill hotel, and the usual spanking good time was had.

MANY people trust to luck to pull them through and are often disappointed. Do not dilly dally in matters of health. With it you can accomplish miracles and without it you are no good. Keep yourself in good health by getting Fresh, New Provisions at

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Service.

Night and Day

TAL.

ospital outside.

able temper-

invited.

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ministered.

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Store. E. Shoff,

robes! Fur robes!

rooms at the Cafe

FOUND

dog, on bar about

Newfoundland dog,

ED

h. p. boiler, hoisting

SALE.

water tank; capacity

COUNTERS.

Counter, Second ave.

SMITHS.

Third ave. south, near

AL CARDS

YERS

Advocates, Notaries, etc.

Building, opposite A. C.

Advocates, Solicitors,

es, A. C. Office Building,

C. vaults.

arristers and Solicitors,

s Public; Conveyancers,

g.

O & RIDLEY—Advo

Notaries, Conveyancers,

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AND SURGEONS

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sters, prepared by scien

The "Kozy." Second ave

and Third streets. Turkey

# The Klondike Nugget

(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)  
ISSUED SEMI-WEEKLY  
On Wednesday and Saturday

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## NOTICE.

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

## "DIED OF SHAME," SAYS THE NEWS.

From time immemorial, it has been customary to speak well of the dead. So prevalent has the custom become that the ultra-conventionals have gone a step further, and as a consequence many a headstone and monument is a lie on the face of it. But, however we may differ as to the amount of unearned good we should say of one who is beyond the power of expressive pleasure or disapprobation at what we shall say, we can and do agree upon the principal that if it is wrong to slander the living, it is doubly so to slander the defenceless dead. It is cowardly. It is reprehensible. It is indefensible.

In a recent issue the News attempted to make a sensation out of the death of a wealthy and prominent Russian named Rudolph F. Durian, a native of Odessa.

Under the caption of "Durian Died of Shame," a startling account is given of the dead man having shut himself up and drank himself to death because some rolled barley which he brought into the country for his brewery proved to be malt. In our local columns will be found the doctor's certificate of death, which the News could have gotten just as easily if it had desired the truth. Perforation of the intestines from typhoid is always fatal, and is the usual cause of death from that disease. The condition of the mind has as little to do with the death as the News has to do with the truth.

Durian was an abstemious gentleman, and to brand him as a drunkard because he is dead and apparently unable to defend his fair fame, is not only cruel, cowardly and carelessly untrue but is in wretchedly bad taste, to say the least. No man, no matter how good, is safe to die in the neighborhood where the News exists, if the News' slander on the dead Durian is allowed to prevail unbranded as a lie.

The duty paid on rolled barley is greater than would have been the duty upon a similar amount of malt, and how shame could have killed a gentleman because he had paid more than he needed to is beyond human wisdom to understand. How shame could have perforated the intestines is another hard thing to swallow.

Penny-a-line sensationalism is bound to betray itself in a community of staunch, hard-headed men of facts as are the people of Dawson.

## ILLEGALITY OF "LAYS."

It is to the interest of many of our readers that they understand thoroughly the precedent established by Judge Dugas, in his decision last Friday in the case of J. A. Chute vs. C. H. Clark et al. The points established by that decision are:

First—Co-owners of claims, who are

not partners are not bound by each other's acts.

Secondly—Lays given by a co-owner, who is not a partner in the real sense of the word, are worthless unless concurred in by both owners.

Thirdly—Lays to be valid, should be signed by the several owners of a claim to prove their concurrence.

Fourthly—Co-owners are not necessarily partners.

Fifthly—Two men who buy a claim together are partners.

Sixthly—Two men who derive their interests from different sources or at different times must have the concurrence of each other before giving a lay, just the same as before executing a mortgage which is to cover the claim.

Seventhly—Where concurrence cannot be obtained, the remedy is partition of the claim, or a sale and division of the proceeds.

So many of the Klondike claims are affected by the decision that we dwell upon its features at length. It has an importance as great as a new regulation.

Examined carefully, it will appear that the equities have been carefully preserved. Any other decision would have opened the door to endless fraud. Had the laymen in this case been supported, there would have been nothing in the world to prevent one partner in a valuable claim freezing out the other by giving out the entire claim on a lay to himself through a third person.

## KLONDIKE EXODUS.

There is no question but the exodus of miners from Dawson during the past summer has been a serious matter to many of the owners of our poorer mines. The exorbitant taxes and enormous expense of working a claim made the owners view with alarm the stiffening of the labor market, consequent upon so many of our population going down river. The population of the Nome district has been variously given as from 8000 to 10,000 people, 90 per cent being from Dawson. This figure may be an overestimate upon the part of correspondents, but the fact remains that there has been a remarkable lessening in the number of laboring men here at a time when the development of the mines made an opening for more.

The outside papers, with singular unanimity, are moralizing upon this emigration from the Klondike and have apparently all agreed that the oppression of the Sifton government is to blame for that condition. Nay, more. The consensus of outside opinion is that the Klondike is to lose still more of its population—in fact that instead of continued growth we must, from now on, expect to shrink in numbers.

It is certainly true that oppressive legislation has done much to dishearten and drive away our people. Also, by legislation the field has now been largely taken away from the prospector. But it is nevertheless a fact that 15,000 claims stand in the names of individuals and pending legislation looks more to the strengthening of title than its confiscation. By narrowing down the field of operation to the miners already in possession, prospectors are being driven from amongst us, and the development of the Yukon territory is being delayed. But there is already enough ground in the possession of individuals to secure a ten-year life to Dawson, beyond which time few of us care to look.

## STANDARD TIME.

The time problem is no nearer solution in Dawson than it was a year ago. Never were a man's predilections given freer scope than in the matter of regulating time.

The shortening of the days has woefully affected the clocks and watches of our people. Those who wanted the short hours of daylight in the morning pushed the hands of their timepieces back from one hour to three. Those who wanted it late in the day pushed the hands ahead, nor asked anyone's opinion of the transaction. Most of our readers found these same short hours of daylight fixed the middle of the day at least an hour from where their timepieces had been indicating it, and hands were moved round accordingly.

The inconveniences of not having a standard time are many and considerable. In order to keep a business appointment at a certain hour one must be there at least an hour ahead of time, and must remain there at least an hour after the time specified in order to allow, as the engineers say, for the variation of watches.

Governments elsewhere have not considered it beneath their dignity to establish a standard time for the benefit of individuals. Private concerns find it impossible. The A. C. Co. bell can be heard, marking away the hours and it but accentuates the fact that their noon time differs from everyone else. In Dawson there is A. C. time, N. A. T. time, A. E. time, barracks time, post-office time, land office time, recording office time, court time, common time, storekeepers' time, theater time, sun time, steamboat time—in fact just as many different times as there are occupations. The evil is growing instead of decreasing and the remedy is so simple there is really no excuse for this diversity.

The case of Jacob Lares reminds us that there are others in the same fix and the only remedy is publicity. Lares was on Eureka with a company of friends and the company had become possessed of some promising properties. He came to town some ten weeks ago for mail and supplies, bringing with him the last of the funds of the boys until they should begin to wash up a little dirt. Arriving in town he was taken to the hospital in a delirious condition from fever, which ran through a complication of diseases, keeping him a close prisoner, for ten weeks, and for six of them he was unable to make himself known or communicate to his friends the reason of his failure to return with supplies.

The friends came to town on a hunt for him, searched high and low but found him not. Concluding at last that he had either met with foul play or skipped out, his family in Cleveland were so advised. Several such cases have come to our knowledge, and as a remedy we suggest that each institution of this kind communicate to The Nugget each week a list of its new patients, which we will publish. The Nugget is carried regularly to the farthest creeks and has a circulation there double that of all our contemporaries combined, and in this manner we shall be able to advise all the friends of a sick man what has become of him.

Alaska is beginning to experience the same inconveniences from being governed at a distance as has our lot in the

Yukon territory. Judge Allen has repaired to Sitka to open court for the express benefit of five pairs of disputants on Jack Wade creek, in the Fortymile district. As long as Alaska was little known the miners were left to themselves to settle their own disputes by miners' meetings, the same as was done in the early days of California. Substantial justice was served out at these meetings and none dared dispute the finding of such a body. The arrival of a population of men who were familiar with keen competition and who were trained to shrewdly take advantage of any opportunities which might offer even if someone else suffered thereby, has rendered impossible such primitive methods of dispensing justice as by acclamation; but there is neither hymene nor reason in compelling litigants to make a pilgrimage which will not only put them to enormous expense, but will keep them away from their interests, and maybe their business for the better part of a year. What a condition would maintain here if each individual before the gold commissioner had to make a trip outside each time he wanted to be heard.

## Marriage Bells.

Exchanges note the marriage in Seattle of two well-known Dawsonites, Mr. F. W. Ewen, a mine owner who went out last summer and Florence Clifford. Florence will be remembered as the sweet soprano singer who held the boards in the Monte Carlo for a year. Her specialty was ballads, and strongest numbers were often the oldest songs. It was while in the theater that the two became acquainted, with the above results. The many friends of both congratulate them upon the union. Among the recipients of wedding notices from the happy couple is our old friend Uncle Andy.

## An Eagle.

James Donaldson was initiated into the mysteries of the order of Eagles, while outside, and besides having full fledged wings, is the possessor of a special dispensation for placing the wings on others. The necessary paraphernalia is blockaded at Bennett, but if it arrives the flutter of eagle wings will be made a usual thing in Dawson.

## Notice of Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given, that the partnership of Donovan and Connelly, as hotel proprietors of the Hotel McDonald, is this day dissolved and that all debts due to or from the firm will be received or paid at the office of the Hotel McDonald.

J. J. DONOVAN.

M. CONNELLY.

Dated, 7th October, 1899.

## Removal Notice.

Dr. Lee, dentist, has removed from the Bodega block to the V. V. T. block, upstairs.

It seems incredible, but nevertheless it is true, that we spend one-third of our lives in bed. Think of it; a man sleeps 20 years who lives to the age of 60. He should try and make these years at least comfortable. You can make them luxurious by using Stamer's famous mattresses, either hair or excelsior, or moss. They are marvels of workmanship. See his stock before he closes out. His present address is Third street, near Second avenue.

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