

THE PRINCETON UNION.

PART TWO.

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BACK FROM ALASKA.

R. F. McClellan Returns From Valdez, Alaska, Where Big Mining Suit Was Won.

Interesting Story of Great Contest for Possession of the Bonanza Copper Mine.

R. F. McClellan returned last Saturday night from his trip to Valdez, Alaska, where he went last fall as the principal witness in the Bonanza copper mine litigation between the Copper River Mining Co., a company that fell heir to whatever interests the Chittyna Exploration Co. claimed to have in the rich copper mine, and the Alaska Copper Co., in which the Havemeyers and other eastern capitalists are interested. Mr. McClellan and those interested with him in the mine, bonded the property to the Havemeyers for \$1,100,000, and after it was seen that the property was to be developed and to prove a rich investment, the Chittyna and Copper River Mining Co. crowd set up a claim for possession of the property. Fred was the key-stone in the whole litigation, and he says that the contest in the United States court was a battle royal, and for big stakes. The judge who heard the case Judge Wickersham of Seattle, who was appointed by President Roosevelt to succeed Judge Noyes, the Minneapolis attorney who fell from grace while on the bench in that country. The legal battle had all the startling features and sensations of a dime novel, at least of a very highly sensational novel, for the cast of characters included a United States senator, congressman, detectives, chief of police, fair females in fascinating gowns and dresses, knockers, and cappers galore.

The Chittyna crowd, fat with the gold they had secured from the sale of a lot of stock they had issued on the Bonanza mine, went to work to make a grandstand play, and not a stone was left unturned to create sentiment in their favor. Fred says that before he left Seattle both of the daily papers of that city refused to print a line that would in any way look favorable for the Alaska Mining Co., whose interests were his and his associates. In the party that sailed from Seattle for Valdez was a western United States senator and his wife, a western congressman and his wife, F. C. Helm, the chief promoter of the Copper River Mining company, the chief of coal and iron police of Wilkesbeare, Pa., who posed as a millionaire who was going to build a railroad from Valdez to the mine, besides a lot of attorneys and witnesses, and there was also with the party some who were very close friends of Judge Wickersham, for it was evidently the intention of the crowd to resort to social as well as financial tactics in order to win the battle.

Before leaving Seattle some of the crowd found two of the boys who were

THE FAVORITE TREE

By Estelle Kerr

It is lovely to ride in the tall poplar tree;
When I climb to the tip-top and float
Through the sunny blue sky, just as blue as
the sea,
In my bonny green poplar boat.

The scarecrow is king of the red cherry-tree,
A cross-looking chap he is, too!
He won't let the birds touch the fruit,
you see,
But I'm not afraid,—are you?

The gum from the spruce-tree is lovely to chew;
In the maple I have a fine fort;
I've chestnuts for bullets,—between me and
you
They hurt when they
hit,—It's great
sport!




with the original McClellan party that found the mine, and these men started in to get the McClellan boys drunk and then get them to sign papers that might aid in asking to have the case re-opened. Champaign was used very freely, but when the corks and empty bottles were all that remained the two schemers were too full to do any further promoting and were put to bed at the hotel where they were stopping. Before leaving Seattle for Valdez Fred says that he was warned to look out for trouble and it was intimated to him that his life might be in danger. All kinds of bluffs and tactics were used to try to weaken him, but with his attorney and one other party he sailed for Alaska and they kept their own counsel. The Helm crowd started in to do some star acting, when they reached Valdez and they made a tour of the saloons of the place, but Helm ran onto a party with whom he had had some business dealings in the past and the result was that the promoter was jumped on and given a black eye which disfigurement put him out of commission for a time, and when he left Valdez an officer was looking for him to serve a paper on him and the boat was searched, but Helm had been stowed away in the boat.

After Helm reached the states he was arrested in New York on a warrant sworn out by a United States senator for having secured money under false pretences. The promoter and his associates had an office on Wall street and paid \$2,000 a month rent for the headquarters of the "Copper River Mining Company." A mortgage was placed on the property not a great while ago for \$37,000 and the mortgage was sent to Valdez to be recorded. The parties who have been unbonced by fake Bonanza stock are now looking for the clever operators.

In an interview published in the Seattle Post-Intelligencer after the news was received of the decision Mr. McClellan stated that the decision would mean much to the Copper river country as the parties back of the mine would build a railroad to the mines which would improve the mining property all through that section. A tunnel has struck the vein of the Bonanza ninety feet below the surface and seven feet of copper had been cut through and the vein had not been passed through yet. There are thousands of tons of ore lying on the surface and it has been estimated that the property shows \$17,000,000 worth of copper in sight.

Mr. McClellan will remain in Princeton for a short time and will then leave for California where his wife has been staying during his absence in Alaska.

When the apples are sweet, oh I just eat and eat
Till my buttons are most apt to fly,
And Daddy can't see what the trouble can be
When I say that I don't care for pie!

When the leaves of the beech-tree are turning to gold,
When the hazel-nuts dropping keep time,
When the butternuts fall and the squirrels are bold,
Then games in the forest are prime!

But my favourite tree only comes once a year,
When the others are covered with snow;
It springs up in the night in the drawing-room bright,
And both apples and nuts on it grow
With toys for each child,—so
I know you'll agree
That the best one of all is
the gay Christmas-tree.



have to support the Democratic ticket next year.

Senator Hanna will come to St. Paul to speak at a big Republican banquet early next year.

The Tribune says Bob Dunn has been urging the appointment of General Douglas. Mr. Dunn is not pretending to offer this administration any advice. Sam Johnson does that.

Mr. Oscar Hallam's candidacy for attorney general is suffering from being bed-ridden.

Charles Cheney must be running short on fibs. He springs a story that Heatwole and Davis are at outs—a most ridiculous and maliciously false assertion.

MINNIE.

A TRIO OF WEDDINGS.

George DuPont and Miss Isabella Robinson of Milaca accompanied by David Stone and Miss Lizzie Robinson came down from Milaca Tuesday and it was the intention of the two couples to have a double wedding, but the absence of Rev. Gratz from the city made this event impossible. Mr. DuPont and Miss Isabella Robinson, however, were married at the home of Father Levings, Mr. Stone and Miss Robinson, the sister of the bride, accompanying the bride and groom at the marriage. The parties took the afternoon train for Milaca where Mr. Stone and Miss Robinson were married in the evening. Mr. Stone resides at Duluth.

John Tritch and Miss Bertha Gerth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. August Gerth, were married at the home of the bride last Monday evening in the presence of a few relatives and friends of the contracting parties. Rev. Steenson performed the ceremony. For some time John's actions have excited suspicion on the part of his friends, but now the whole secret is out, and he is getting ready to start the new year as a full-fledged benedict. Mr. and Mrs. Tritch have begun housekeeping in the home John recently bought on the west side and their many friends wish them a century of happiness and several thrown in if it were possible.

Last Saturday afternoon at four o'clock Miss Augusta Bjurstrom, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bjurstrom of Estes Brook, was married to Mr. Albert Selander, the ceremony being performed at the home of the bride, by Rev. Parish of the Foreston and Estes Brook circuit. There were about forty relatives and friends who witnessed the ceremony. Miss Emma Bjurstrom, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid, while John Bergman was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Selander will begin housekeeping on Mr. Selander's farm. Their many friends wish them all joy and happiness.

Emmet Mark has received a settlement from the railroad company for the Angora goats that were killed some time ago.

MINNIE'S THINKS.

["Minnie's Thinks" do not necessarily express the views of either the editor or publisher of the UNION. Brother editors, please bear this in mind.—PUB. UNION.]

ST. PAUL, Minn., Dec. 15, 1903.

For ten days the only talk at the capital has been Judge Collins' expected resignation. Monday was the day finally set for the deal to be pulled off. Judge Jamison gave out the statement that "it will all be over by noon" but noon came and no decision. It was finally given out that a sudden hitch in the plans had caused a delay. The slate had been fixed for Douglas, Donahower and Cosgrove when Hennepin county raised a howl and Ed Young protested Donahower's promotion to the attorney-generalship. The governor wanted time to think the matter over again. The governor said "I am tired of the whole business. Whoever I appoint there will be lots of sore spots left." There is little likelihood of any change in the slate. General Douglas will succeed Collins on the bench if Collins resigns and W. J. Donahower will succeed Douglas. Hennepin will get nothing. Collins may change his mind at any moment. But he is being pressed hard by Van Sant to get off the bench. After that Van Sant's game will be more apparent.

How exceedingly quiet Moses E. Clapp is these days.

Bob Dunn isn't the man who will be hurt by Judge Collins' candidacy. Senator Nelson is the only man Collins really conflicts with.

If Gus Widdell ever does run for office he won't do it with the advice or consent of Samuel T. Johnson.

Wasn't the Minneapolis Journal a hot Van Sant paper in 1898? But then newspapers change sometimes.

Tim Byrnes is again in Minnesota and Jamison breathes easier.

This political activity is proving very wearing on Chairman James A. Martin.

Judge Collins wants to go in swimming but hates to get into cold water. He fears the chill which he feels he has coming.

Sam Fullerton talked so loudly at a supreme judge last Sunday that a State officer stepped between them. No doubt the governor glories in Sam's little evidences of red-headed cussedness.

There is no law making it necessary for a game warden to be a rowdy and bully.

And now Brother Jacobson is said to be on the track for Jim Martin's job. Jake should be able to attract some attention to the board of control at any rate.

STARS ARE SHINING

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Words and music by Rev. S. Baring-Gould, M.A.
(Author of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," etc.)



1. Stars are shin-ing, winds of win-ter Whis-tle o'er the frost-ed wold,
Round their fire are shep-herds dor-ing, Flocks are crouch-ing in the fold.
Lo: the Hea-vens rent a - sun-der, Flash-es forth a flare of gold
Glo-ria in ex-cel-sis De-o! Glo-ria in ex-cel-sis De-o!

See! amidst that blaze of glory
Stands a seraph, wings outspread,
Radiance as of summer morning
O'er the barren landscape shed.
Hush, ye shepherds! shake off slumber,
Banished from each drowsy shed!
Gloria in excelsis Deo!

"Peace on earth, to men good favour,
Lying now in Bethlehem's manger,
Born of Virgin undefiled,
Christ, Messiah, long expected—
Earth and Heaven reconciled:
Gloria in excelsis Deo!"

Then from thousand times ten thousand
Angels, in supernal light,
Burst a chorus: "O ye people,
East and West, in one unite,
Praising God, the Lord Jehovah!
Sing with angels in the height:
Gloria in excelsis Deo!"

HELD VICTORIA DIAMOND JUBILEE MEDAL.

Mrs. Jane Newbert's Sister Dies in England in Her Ninety-first Year.

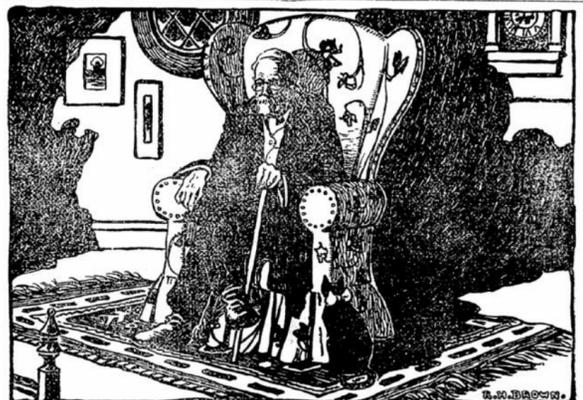
Mrs. Jane Newbert, mother of Henry Newbert, has received a copy of the Newark Advertiser printed in London, England, and which contained an account of the death of Mrs. Newbert's oldest sister, who died at Sutton-on-the-Trent in the ninety-first year of her age. The account of her demise is as follows: "The death of the oldest inhabitant of this village took place on Thursday evening last, in the person of the late Mrs. Mary Beadley, widow of the late Mr. James Beadley, boat owner and coal merchant. The deceased who was ninety-one years of age and was much respected in the village, was the fourth successive holder of the Bott Queen Victoria Diamond Jubilee Medal which distinction she has held since the death of Mrs. Hollingworth about twelve months ago. The funeral took place in the churchyard on Sunday afternoon last."

Mrs. Jane Newbert who is seventy-nine years of age, is the only one living out of a family of two girls and two boys. Three years ago her oldest brother died at Glenwood and had almost reached his hundredth year, and last year a younger brother died at Bethel, Minn. Her sister is also dead.

A Paradox.

Sillicus—How is the best way to keep a woman's love?

Cynicus—Well, you can't keep it unless you return it.—Philadelphia Record.



A Dream of Christmas

I WATCH the glowing embers as the moments slip away,
For Christmas will be with us in the morning cold and gray,
The winds alone in the valleys and the stars shine on the snow
The while I dream of Christmases that vanished long ago;
I see the tiny stockings hanging by the ruddy hearth,
I see the little ones asleep 'neath the winter's azure dome,
A-dreaming of the happy hour when Santa Claus shall come.

WHO would not for a moment wander in the Long Ago
To see the little stockings hanging in a cozy row?
Who would not draw the coverlet from each well cherished face
And gaze upon the children in their innocence and grace?
I see them sweetly sleeping and about them all is still,
They do not hear the jingling bells upon the whitened hill;
They know not that the angels guard them, and I know,
A vision of some Christmas fair that flitted long ago.

WHO plucks not from the vanished Past some Christmas like to this?
Who feels not still upon his brow some holy Christmas kiss?
The bells that ring to-night beneath the sky's star diadem
Tell more than that sweet story of the Babe of Bethlehem.
They bring to us from out the Past the loves we cherish yet,
Their tones recall the Christmases we never quite forget,
We've but to listen now to hear the bells across the snow
That ring once more deep in our hearts as in the Long Ago.

BUT in the chimes to-night I hear a music not of earth—
And a sweet, immortal vision comes from Judah far away,
Where dawned in grandeur and in love the world's first Christmas Day
Behold! I hear a tapping at my window framed in white,
'Tis not the bells which on the hills ring out this winter night;
Ah, surely 'tis a tapping, rising soft above the din,
And, dreaming, I the earnest seek to let the Christ-child in.
T. C. HARRAUGH.