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**Rose**

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# 'Twas Duel to the Death

A line fence, a feud and a desperate death in a remote section of California—the climax of a dispute that has startled the west. The typical of the frontier; Purdys, a cluster of buildings set down on the sageland of Lassen county, the miniature track of the Nevada-California-Oregon Railway twists by its place, and Purdys' greatest distinction is the fact that it possesses a life.

Back of this distinction, Purdys and the Chat, and dots of ranches scattered here and there, have a history. This is the old rendezvous of the thieves and train robbers, desperadoes who raided, looted and murdered when Virginia City beckoned thousands westward in the days of gold.

The duelist, one a man past middle age, with a reputation for depravity, with prison bars and a long list of crimes dating from his youth to the day of his death; one a stripling, not eighteen years old, a native son of the Golden West, dauntless, active, a perfect horseman, a crack shot with the rifle; of a lovely disposition and devoted to his handsome mother.

A. A. Smith, commonly known as "Brundage" Smith, is the name of the unassuming one; Edwin Reese Evans is the name of him who is grieved by a broken-hearted mother, by stricken sisters, brothers, by all who knew him; for none knew Reese Evans but to love him.

Mrs. Evans, mother of Reese, is a widow, a tall, gray-haired woman with deep, clear blue eyes. Not a day of leisure is she, but a specimen of pioneer stock, inured to the hardships and difficulties that fall to the lot of an early settler's wife. She is the postmistress at Purdys, and the pittance earned from this position adds to the slender income derived from her range cattle and the barren acres left by Dave Evans. But the Evans homestead, however bleak its lands may be, is home to Mrs. Evans and her children; for twenty-odd years she has lived there, "Antelope Ranch," as it is called, means to this brave woman all that your home or mine means to you or me. Therefore, "Brundage" Smith squatted on an adjacent section and began to encroach upon Antelope Ranch; he coveted a parcel of land here a strip there; made way with a steer whenever opportunity offered him the chance, and openly defied the widow and intimidated children—when a man of Smith's met acted in this wise, what would you have done in Mrs. Evans' shoes?

Not a timid woman is she, for of old the stout pioneers are not made. "Brundage" Smith received a bill from Mrs. Evans when his depredations had gone beyond the pale of endurance. In a few explicit sentences she told Smith that her rights must be observed; that even an untested woman can find a method to protect herself against a lawless man.

Smith scoffed at her, and informed her that he would run the whole kit and caboodle.

This happened three years ago. Mrs. Evans was then but fourteen, he was his mother's son, and in learning how Smith had insulted her, took up the cause. The feud between them grew steadily and bitterly. Brundage Smith, often aided and abetted by cronies implicated with him in cattle thievery and numerous other crimes, was one faction in this California feud; Mrs. Evans, championed by Reese, her son, the other faction.

Ever a month passed without an incident of some description. Finally the contention centered upon the line of Antelope ranch and land claimed by Smith. There is question, but what Mrs. Evans held title to the disputed acres, Smith swore that the Nevada-California-Oregon Railway Company owned the papers to the land, also the spot. There was dogged determination upon Smith's part, righteous indignation and unflinching courage on that of Mrs. Evans.

"I shall never have that land," she said over and over again, "until I die for it!"

Who knew the lad realized that he meant what he said.

However, the long-continued strife between Smith and the widow attacked less and less attention. The party would appeal to the courts, but once, last summer, shots were exchanged between Smith and Reese, the Sheriff of Lassen county intervened and cautioned them, say, forbade, further show of hostilities. An officer's threat to the little to Smith, he had disrespected the law too long; he relied upon the past evasion of just punishment and persisted in his depredations.

ing for a cause that he deemed just and righteous. Such a man was Reese Evans.

The other, of whom never a kindly word on this earth were as fifty blotted, word was spoken, whose fifty years stained chapters of a vicious life, never a friend in all this world to lies unconfined in a grave by his cabin. Buried by indifferent hands, with moan his death, not even a minister to offer up a prayer of mercy for his soul. Such a man was Brundage Smith.

—John H. Hamlin, in San Francisco Examiner.

**Did Not Recognize Him.**

In commenting on the limited acquaintance the average man has with the members of his own family, the Cincinnati Enquirer tells an amusing story of a policeman of that city. Officer Martin McNally of the seventh police district is a most efficient patrolman, and his memory for faces is remarkable. Indeed, his brother officers claim that he rarely, if ever, forgets a face, no matter if he has not seen it for years.

The other day Officer McNally happened to meet a little boy in skirts near Peabees Corner, crying bitterly. The big police officer loomed up over the infant, who gazed up and, in a tearful voice, said:

"I'm lost!"

"Where do you live, little man?" asked McNally, kindly, for he has children of his own.

"Boohoo!" wailed the child, gripping a whip he held in his hand tightly. "I don't know. Boohoo!"

"Come with me," said McNally.

"What can the father of ye be thinking of to let a little wan of your size stray away?"

And up the street went McNally, resolved to find the parents of the little one, and to administer a fitting rebuke when he found them.

After he had proceeded half a square McNally met Officer O'Hearn coming down the street with all sails set.

"Where are you going?" asked O'Hearn.

"I'm trying to find this little wan's parents," answered McNally.

"Come off!" said O'Hearn. "Don't ye know your own children?"

McNally stopped, astounded, and took his first good look at the little one. Then, without a word, he picked up little Master McNally and marched off down the street to his home near by.

It is not known whether or not Officer McNally administered the threatened rebuke to the parents.

**Tidy.**

To be "tidy," Webster says, is to be "arranged in good order; neat; kept in proper and becoming neatness." A writer in Harper's Bazar comments on the way in which, in days gone by girls were taught the good old-fashioned way of tidiness. She believes, moreover, that the girl of the present, although very charming, is sometimes less careful than she ought to be.

The other day, she says, I was making a morning call at a friend's house, and there met another caller, a woman who made a most agreeable impression upon me. She was not elaborately dressed, but her black tailor-made gown fitted her well, and there was not a spot or speck of dust on it. I knew that it had been brushed carefully before she left her room. Her linen collar and cuffs were snowy white, and did not twist or shift from their proper places. Her gloves did not wrinkle, but buttoned smoothly over the wrists; her shoes were like the rest of her attire, dainty; and her bonnet rested firmly and straight on soft brown hair that, although wavy and fluffy, was neatly dressed, and so securely pinned that I fancy a high wind would not have caused it to come down. In speaking of this woman afterward to a man who knows her, I said:

"There is something about her appearance that charms me. What is the secret?"

"I will tell you," he said. "She is a well-groomed woman. There are never any rough or loose ends about her."

"You mean that she is tidy," I said to him.

"You call it tidy. I say well-groomed. We both mean the same thing."

However one may express it, in sporting terms or with the old-fashioned word, is not the condition well worth striving for?

**The Biscacha.**

The biscacha of South America is a little animal that resembles closely the prairie-dogs of our country. It lives in burrows on the pampas, and its habits have been formed by the conditions of its life. The following account of the creature is from "Across the Pampas":

Biscachas have a very singular habit of collecting all the old bones and miscellaneous articles they can find

in their nightly rambles, and depositing them around the entrance to their burrows. Probably they do this in the desire to raise their entrance above the level of the ground alongside as a protection against inundations during heavy rains.

I recollect on one occasion mentioning this peculiarity of the biscacha for collecting curiosities to a friend, a captain in the British navy, with whom I was shooting in the south of the province of Buenos Ayres, by way of consoling him for the loss of a powder-bag which he had dropped just before nightfall, and suggesting that he would find it next morning at the mouth of one of the burrows nearest to the place where it was lost. At the time he was very incredulous, but the next morning he went in search of his missing property, and found it, as I had anticipated, at the mouth of a biscacha hole, the owner of which had brought it home as part of the night's spoil.

I have also known them to exhibit this propensity in a manner calculated to lead to some inconvenience, by drawing and carrying away a large number of the stakes driven into the ground to mark the center line of a railway about to be constructed, and more than once I have been disturbed in my sleep by their noisy endeavors to draw our tent-pegs.

**Miss Riggs' Choice.**

"Cranford" spinsters, the most perfect examples, in fiction at least, of elderly maidenhood, avoided danger by meeting it plump, after the formula of Sir Boyle Roche. Said they: "A man is so in the way in a house!"

Miss Phoebe Riggs, an Amazon of the present day, of whom the New York Tribune tells, was a little less effective in defense, possibly because she did not get in the first blow.

For more than eighty years Miss Riggs has lived in the little New England town in which she was born. A recent comer to that village, meeting Miss Riggs for the first time, said apologetically after a while:

"You must excuse me, but I am not sure whether you are Miss or Mrs. Riggs; I didn't quite understand when we were introduced."

The bent little spinster drew herself up as straight as possible.

"Miss Riggs, from choice!" she replied, in a freezing voice.

**Lonely Lives.**

In Siberia there are many good-conduct convicts who spend their lives in little huts along the line of the new railway, always a vast apart, whose duty it is to signal with green flags that the road is clear. At night they signal with a green lamp.

"Many an hour toward midnight," says a writer in the North China Herald, "I have stood on the gangway between the carriages and ticked off the green lights as we spun along. Away down the black avenue would appear a tiny green speck. As the carriage grumbled over the metals it would get bigger. Just distinguishable in the darkness was the figure of a man holding the lamp high up."

"He and his light would be lost the moment we passed. But when all the train had gone by he turned and showed the light the other way. One instinctively turned and looked ahead again. And yonder in the distance was another tiny green speck."

Just in itself there is not much in such a simple signal. It is when you think there are thousands of these men, and that a signal started today in Moscow runs for eleven days, until it is broken on the banks of Lake Baikal, beyond Irkutsk, that the twinkling green lights take on a peculiar interest.

On the faces of all these men is an abiding sadness born of the loneliness of the lives they lead, with never the shadow of hope for the future. If one drops out, another takes his place, for that long, green line is never broken.

**WHITE PASS AND YUKON ROUTE.**

**Time Table of Rail Division.**

North Bound 1st Class No. 1 Daily Except Sundays	STATIONS	South Bound 1st Class No. 2 Daily Except Sundays
7:30 a. m.	SEASIDE	8:30 p. m.
9:15	Shore	5:30
9:35	Boiler	5:45
9:55	Chilton	6:00
10:15	Glacier	6:15
10:35	Tunnel	6:30
10:55	Switchback	6:45
11:15	WHITE PASS	7:00
11:35	Hedow	7:15
11:55	Frazier	7:30
12:15	Log Cabin	7:45
12:35	BENNETT	8:00
12:55	Ferry	8:15
1:15	Pennington	8:30
1:35	Dundalk	8:45
1:55	Watson	9:00
2:15	CARIBOU	9:15
2:35	Lansdown	9:30
2:55	Loze	9:45
3:15	Winn	10:00
3:35	Dawson	10:15
3:55	Robinson	10:30
4:15	Cowley	10:45
4:35	Dundale	11:00
4:55	Winn	11:15
5:15	WHITE PASS	11:30

\*Alaska Time—1 hr. slower than Pacific time.  
†Meal Station.

A. B. NEWELL, General Mgr. J. F. LEE, Traffic Mgr.

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