

CELEBRATE VICTORIA DAY

Arrangements Inaugurated Last Night

Question of Duration of Festival Period Discussed—A Committee Appointed.

At a meeting held last night in Pioneer hall for the purpose of arranging for the celebration of Victoria Day in a befitting manner there was a fair attendance of representatives...

As May 24th comes on Sunday there was considerable preliminary discussion as to whether Saturday or Monday should be observed.

Considerable discussion was indulged in as to whether the celebration should last two days and embrace Tuesday the 26th, or whether everything should be pulled off on Monday...

In the way of the organization of regular committees considerable progress was made as follows: Officers of the day: Commissioner Fred T. Congdon, Mr. Justice Dupas...

Grand marshal of the day: Hector J. Stewart. Executive committee: The permanent officers and Wm. McKay, George Larson, Dr. J. N. E. Brown, Alderman J. F. McDonald, Dr. Alfred Thompson...

The committee on sports is as follows: Wm. McKay, chairman; J. Crawford, F. T. McCarthy, W. H. Lyons, C. Welsh, C. K. Snell, Hugh McKinno, J. T. Lithgow, R. E. Black, E. C. Senkle, Rod Chiswick, C. W. S. Barwell. The membership of this committee will be 25.

The committee on parade, decorations and grandstands are the following: George Vernon, chairman; W. H. McKay, D. C. McKenzie, J. J. Cowan, J. J. Thornton, F. B. Cook, P. R. Ritchie.

The various committees will get together in a day or two and organize for business. There is yet a possibility that the celebration may extend over two days and that the juvenile events will take place on Tuesday.

Still in Pursuit. Bakerfield, Cal., April 13.—No other reports have been received since he was shot at Isabella this morning about the Green mountains. A message from Randsburg says that Lovin and his posse, from Astoria, arrived there at noon. They were unable to continue the posse further on account of lack of food for men and horses, having been almost entirely without food for two days.

Report having found traces of McKinney at Garden station. As soon as they can get sufficient rest to go on and get fresh horses the Arizona officers will continue the chase. McKinney apparently is now wounded and there is no question that if he is surrounded or driven into a place he will make a desperate

fight for his life. Deputies McCracken and Warren Rankin, reinforced by James H. ... and Lee Rankin, are in pursuit. News of a battle is expected at any time. A posse left this morning to head him off at White river. Sheriff Collins and his posse left the Randsburg country last night for Kernville overland. McKinney's horses were seen in the vicinity of Isabella today and McKinney is believed to be either in hiding somewhere in the vicinity or in the brush at the base of the mountain.

Some believe that he is coming toward Bakerfield and may make a desperate attempt to leave the country by train.

Wolf Ranch.

Edward Bleeker of New York city went to Colorado on a hunting trip. He put up at Wolf ranch, a picturesque place on a southern mountain slope. Bleeker was 29 years old, good-looking and wealthy. Of his character a New York acquaintance caustically said to a group of club fellows: "Bleeker's principle is all in the bank."

Edward Bleeker with his guide hunted in the mountains back of Wolf ranch, and whipped every mountain side stream within thirty miles with his line and leader to take the gamey trout. He had been a month at Wolf ranch, and yet he lingered.

It was old Dad Perkins' ranch, and Dad had an only and pretty daughter, Phoebe, who was just turning twenty. There weren't any flowers to be found in the sunny spots in the mountains that were prettier than Phoebe Perkins, and she was as shy and as retiring as any blossom hidden away among the mountain fastnesses.

The big, handsome New Yorker, with his city-bred airs, was a revelation to Phoebe Perkins. Bleeker knew that he had made an impression on the heart of this mountain maiden and Bleeker was glad of it. He was out for sport, and here was game of the kind which he had not thought when he had left the railroad station behind him. He talked books and poetry and all kinds of things that made the girl believe he was of a different mold than the rough ranchmen around her. Bleeker played his hand well. He held trump cards and he felt that the odd was his, though the honor might go by default.

Old Dad Perkins smoked his pipe and wax unsuspecting. Bleeker and Phoebe would stroll through the twilight, and he would talk ever and again about the delights of the life in the great cities beyond the mountain's wall. The pulse of Phoebe Perkins stirred at the sound of his subtle voice.

On Wolf ranch, employed as a sheep herder, was a young fellow named George Wilson. He was an illiterate man. The reading of books was to him an unknown quantity, but he could read nature, and her page is broader and fairer than that of any book which ever came from the press. Not only could George Wilson read nature as she spread her lesson on plain and mountain side, but he could read nature in man—human nature, or inhuman nature, as you will. This sheep herder for more than a year had in his own way loved Phoebe Perkins. He loved her as he loved the stars that glittered above him, while he kept his vigil by the fold, knowing full well that while he loved the girl, like the star, she was far above his reach. He had seen more than anyone else on that ranch of Edward Bleeker's attention to Phoebe, and more than anyone else on that ranch he felt that he knew the purport of these attentions.

George Wilson's heart was not within him. He alternated with another herder his nights on duty with the sheep fold. When not on guard he stayed at the great ranch house. Bleeker and Phoebe sometimes sat under the great reaching roof of the ranch porch after the sun had gone below the mountain and the forbidding shadows filled the valley. Wilson, ordinarily silent, had now for a week past been making little advances toward a closer acquaintance with Bleeker. He had volunteered on one occasion to guide him on a hunting trip into the mountains to a place where he knew game to be abundant. Bleeker had accepted the service, and had found that Wilson knew what he was talking about when he said he would take him to a good game country? He had left a curious sensation, however, at times during the day of the trip. He felt that this sheep herder was watching him? Perhaps Bleeker's conscience was not of the best, and this may have accounted for it.

Edward Bleeker and Phoebe Perkins were on the porch of the ranch. The night was dark to the point of gloom. They were speaking in low tones. "No, I must not go," said the girl.

Then followed some words of pleading. There was a movement back of them. Bleeker drew apart from the girl and turned in his seat. George Wilson was standing just back of him. "Mr. Bleeker," he said, "you asked me the other day while we were hunting why this place is called Wolf ranch. I expect to leave here tomorrow to take a place on another ranch many miles away, and tonight I will tell you why this is called Wolf ranch. It has only been so known for two years. There were not many wolves in this section. In fact,

there had been none for years until one came—a big, gray, hungry fellow, who fattened nightly on the fold. Our dogs were of no service. The wolf was too smart for them. He had a hunger for lambs, and he was shrewd enough to find a way to get his meat. We tried poison and spring guns, and we could do nothing with that wolf. He knew his wolfish business, and knew it well from the wolf's standpoint.

"I said our dogs were no good. There was something about that wolf that made them fear. I had a dog at the home of my father, miles away. The men said, 'This is no wolf; it's a devil. Your dog will be no better than the rest.' But I knew my dog. I brought him to the fold. For five nights we lay and watched together, but saw no wolf, and yet during the time three lambs were lost. On the sixth night I lay on the ground looking down into a corner of the fold. The moon was full, and it was almost as light as day. In a corner of the fold where I was looking was a motherless lamb. My dog, Jim, was at my side. I watched until my eyes ached, but finally I saw a shadow over beyond the corner of the fold. Then the shadow took shape, for on a little mound, full in the moonlight, I saw a wolf; the biggest I had ever seen, and the biggest so far as we know this valley ever held. I know why our dogs had gone back on us, but I still believed in Jim.

"Jim saw the wolf, when I saw him, and his hair went up like bristles. That dog crawled away from me toward the enemy. He knew that this wolf was after that poor little motherless lamb, and save that lamb he was going to."

As Wilson went on with his story he moved toward Bleeker. Even in the gloom of the night the New Yorker could see the sheep herder's eyes gleam and he experienced an uncomfortable feeling at his heart.

"I just stayed and watched," said Wilson, "Jim went on and on. The wolf had his head up. He had located the lamb. What cared he for a dog? He had seen our dogs turn tail and run.

"Jim kept on crawling. It was nothing but a crawl. The wolf was near the lamb."

As Wilson said this he was standing as though ready to spring. He was carried away with his story.

"The wolf came nearer the lamb and Jim got nearer, too. The wolf made one spring and Jim met him in midair. In a second he had met this monster by the throat and had killed him.

"Jim saved that lamb, Mr. Bleeker, and killed the wolf, and that's why this is called Wolf ranch."

The next morning at daybreak Edward Bleeker was striking back over the trail to the nearest railroad station—Edward B. Clark in Chicago Record-Herald.

Headquarters for hay and oats. Barrett's, Third avenue. Phone No. 1.

French Duels.

The French duel is always an interesting study. For letching, delicate humor it surpasses anything in the comedy line that the stage has yet given us. Somehow, each successive duel seems funnier than the last, too, as the epicure is always convinced that the particular piece of resistance before him is positively the finest thing of its kind that ever tickled his palate.

These brief remarks are drawn out by a description of a bloody encounter between M. Regis and M. Labaresque, rival members of the chamber of deputies. From the description of the event we are led to believe that it was a society function. The chronicler is careful to state at the outset that more than 200 of the most prominent society women and men in all Paris were present. While the swords were being sharpened just before the combat, M. Regis advanced to a little knoll where the multitude could see him. Then, placing his hand on his heart, he said:

"I fight because I refuse to be called a coward. At the same time I am convinced that Labaresque is unfit to give satisfaction, as he is a bribe-taker."

M. Labaresque declined to be drawn into an oratorical contest. He had come to fight, to slaughter, to cut, carve and hew, not to talk. The awful combat began almost immediately. After it had progressed for as long a period as thirty seconds, Regis cried:

"I cut him! I cut him! Let the seconds make an investigation."

The duel was stopped while the seconds made a careful survey of the person of Labaresque. Alas, no wound was found, not even the slightest little scratch. Not even the unpardonable horror of the spectators, as well as the courageous, lion-hearted Regis, a good deal more of the one-two business followed. At the end of it M. Regis staggered and fell.

"I die for France," he said, or words to that effect. Subsequently, however, he changed his mind and concluded to live for Regis. It took the surgeons a long time to find the wound that had undone Regis. At last they discovered on his left arm a tiny puncture that closely resembled a fresh vaccination wound. But honor had been vindicated. Everybody was satisfied, and at the breakfast which followed many toasts were drunk to the unwavering courage of the swordsmen.—Salt Lake Herald.

Wanted by Police. Omaha, Neb., April 13.—The police are looking for a man named Frank E. Knight, whose wife, they believe, was poisoned and then buried secretly. Mrs. Lucy Stiles and her son, Marvin Dusenberry, are under arrest in connection with the alleged crime. Knight has been traced westward to North Platte, and is believed to be making his way to Wyoming, where lives Jennie Dusenberry, with whom he is alleged to have been in clandestine correspondence. Last week Mrs. Knight disappeared suddenly, and neighbors asked the police to make an investigation. Her husband said the woman had gone to South Omaha to prepare a home to which they would move shortly, Knight being employed in a packing house there. Further investigation showed that Mrs. Knight had not gone to South Omaha. It was also learned that Knight had borrowed from Dusenberry a wagon and horse late Saturday night, which he used to convey something from his home in this city. The police allege that he had left away the body of his wife.

Today the police secured possession of a letter written by Knight from Columbus, Neb., to Mrs. Stiles, containing a sentence which the police believe refers to Mrs. Knight's being poisoned. Mrs. Stiles and Dusenberry have refused to talk, and the police are now making a thorough search for the body of Mrs. Knight.

When the investigation began Knight left the city without stopping to draw his pay, and is known to have gone west on a Union Pacific train. A reward will probably be offered for the recovery of the body.

Spirit of Love. Seattle, April 12.—George Roberts, a well-dressed man of powerful build, was lodged in the county jail yesterday for wife-keeping until Monday, when a hearing to inquire into his sanity will be had. He was brought from his home in the north end of the city by the family physician, it being deemed inadvisable to let him be at large another day.

Swinging his arms in true oratorical fashion, Roberts expounded the doctrine of the "spirit of love," a subject upon which he has developed a maniacal streak. In the office of Sheriff Cuddehe he gave vent to a veritable cyclone of oratory, and taking the sheriff by the coat informed him that "all the armies in Europe, yea, all the rotten eggs in Seattle, could not defeat the spirit of love once it has entered into the hearts and minds of the people." He continued his wild dissertation for some time, but finally was coaxed into the county jail, where he continued his shouting long after the gates had been closed behind him.

Visiting Dominion. Mr. E. Clyde Stahl of the Nugget staff left this morning on a business trip to lower Dominion where he owns valuable mining property and where he will ruralize until Monday.

Professional Cards. PATTULLO & RIDLEY — Attorneys, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Office Rooms 7 and 8 A. G. Office Bldg. N. F. HAGEL, K. C., removed to Joslin Building, Queen St., next to Bank of B. N. A.

Not Shell's Fault

Washington, April 13.—Admiral Higginson's report to the navy department upon the fatal explosion on the Iowa last Tuesday shows that a defective shell was not the cause. He says:

"I regret to inform the department of the sad accident which happened on board the Iowa while at target practice today at 12:30 p. m., when on her third shot from the port forward 12-inch gun, the muzzle blew off and the pieces flew, penetrating the three decks underneath, killing three men and wounding four others. That portion of the ship was thoroughly wrecked. I have sent her to the navy yard for temporary repairs and burial of the dead, and I have to recommend that she be sent north for more permanent repairs. I enclose herewith a report from Capt. Perry, giving the names of the killed and wounded."

"It does not appear that this accident was caused by the bursting of the shell, as some witnesses stated that they saw the shell strike near the target. The inner tube presents a fracture, but on none of the pieces into which the muzzle of the gun broke up are the grooves indented or scorched, as in the case of a bursting shell. The gun, I am informed, had been fired 127 times previous to the discharge in which the accident occurred."

Another report from Rear Admiral Higginson, dated April 11, gives the details of the gun's condition in the explosion.

"At the third shot, an unusual explosion, the muzzle was blown to pieces from one foot within clear and regular break. Remainder of tube showed twenty-two cracks about six feet. No sign of excessive pressure on record. No escape of gases at breach, no hang fire. Primer extracted perfectly, not damaged. Condition of loading and firing normal. Gun has been fired 127 times, full

charges, smokeless powder. No serious defects are known to have existed in gun."

From this report it is suggested that the gun may have undergone a severe strain at some time, and therefore had reached its limit of endurance. The Iowa had not been overhauled for a long time, having been in commission the last time for five years. On arrival at New York all her guns will be tested.

Asks Big Damages. Seattle, April 12.—Elmer E. Sole has begun action against the Star Machine Company, a corporation, to recover \$10,000 damages for injuries alleged to have been received by him while working in their employ.

The complaint alleges that Sole stepped on a plank provided by the company, which was rotten, and he was precipitated into a hole several feet below the ground, sustaining serious internal injuries as a result. He is a laborer and boiler maker by trade, and says that prior to the accident he was able to earn \$5 per day at his trade.

The amount claimed is divided into two separate statements; to wit: For physical injuries, \$5,000, and for mental suffering, \$5,000.

McGovern to Stay. Trenton, N. J., April 13.—Judge Kirkpatrick, in the United States supreme court, denied the application of John Cadogan, of Chicago, for the removal of Thomas B. McGovern as one of the receivers of the Pacific Packing & Navigation Company.

Judge Kirkpatrick says that while it was true that McGovern was connected with the Pacific Packing Company, he was specially qualified to act as a receiver for the Pacific Packing & Navigation Company and there was nothing to show that he had been faithless to his trust.

Choice cooking butter—60 lbs. to case, \$16.—Abiert & Forsha's.

The Northwestern Line

Is the Short Line to Chicago And All Eastern Points

All through trains from the North Pacific Coast connect with this line in the Union Depot at St. Paul.

Travelers from the North are invited to communicate with—

F. W. Parker, Gen'l Agent, Seattle, Wn.

Advertisement for Klondike Nugget Job Printing Dept. featuring 'TAKE A LOOK' and 'TAKE ANOTHER LOOK' with details about office stationery, job printing, and steamboat tickets.

Vertical advertisements on the left margin including 'Pinkie Pioneer', 'Grosse League', 'AT!!', 'Route', 'Company', 'Skagway', 'Burlington', 'SEATTLE, WN', 'hern', 'EVERY DAY', 'Modern', 'address the', 'LE, WASH.', 'Successors to Pacific Steam Whaling Co.', 's Inlet', and 'From January First of Each Month'.