

GUN PLAY SAVED HIS LIFE.

Lively Incident in the Career of Senator Beveridge.

Kindly Treatment of a Kansas Stage Driver Was Not Forgotten By the Recipient.

Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, whose speech on the Philippine problem recently attracted national attention and comment, lived in Kansas during the pioneer days, and, although still comparatively a young man, he had a varied experience as a frontiersman. The prosperous town of Dighton, Kan., was founded by him. That was in the early 80s, the days of the cowboy, the gambler and the tunc, and Beveridge had a lively time. On one occasion, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean, he became involved in an altercation with a gambler and all-round tough, his life being saved by a cowboy under circumstances thrilling enough to furnish abundant material for the novelist.

When Mr. Beveridge finished college, at the age of 23, he was restless and ambitious. Seeing no inviting openings for him in the crowded East, he decided to follow Horace Greeley's advice—come West and grow up with the country. Kansas was his objective point, and he located in the western part of the state. In those days Western Kansas was on the border of civilization. Railroads had not yet taken the place of wagon trains; the land was uncultivated, and the boundless prairies were given over exclusively to the cattle industry. What few towns had been established were controlled largely by the saloon keepers and gamblers, whose victims were the "tenderfoot" from the East and the cowboy returning from the range with his wages of many months' in his pockets. Fort Dodge and Fort Wallace were at that time the main trading posts of that section. They were located about 100 miles apart, and Dighton, a day's journey from each fort, was established as a half-way supply station. Dighton offered many inducements for tough characters, and it soon became infested with them. In spite of them, however, the town had a wonderful growth. Mr. Beveridge hung out his shingle as a real estate agent. He platted the town off into town lots and soon became a genuine Western real estate broker.

One day, while making his regular trip from Fort Stevens to Fort Wallace, Steve Grosscup, the stage driver, was taken sick at Dighton. Beveridge had him carried to his room in the crude hotel and there he nursed the burly plainsman through a long and dangerous illness. Grosscup was much affected by the incident, and in return he would have gladly laid down his life for the pale-faced youth. As he started out on his trip, after recovering his health, he said to Beveridge, with tears in his eyes:

"I'm a great, big, rough fellow, and I ain't much used to kindness. You've been a good friend to me. I shan't forget it. I—I—don't know just what to say, but some time, somehow, I'll pay the debt."

His words were prophetic. Although Beveridge soon forgot the incident, the time came when he was forcibly reminded of it. A horse had been stolen and great was the excitement at Dighton. On the frontier, horse-stealing is the most heinous crime on the calendar, and the guilty one generally pays the penalty with his life. Jim Wells, a well-digger, had been found with a halter in his hands, and it had been identified as belonging to the lost horse. Wells was very drunk, and was unable to offer any satisfactory explanation of his possession of the halter. His accuser was Jim Orr, a gambler, and Wells' most bitter enemy. In those days circumstantial evidence of the weakest sort was sufficient to convict. Courts were unnecessary. A lynching was immediately planned, and Wells was being hurried along to his doom by the mob when Beveridge happened upon the scene. The spectacle was too much for him. His ideas of justice were outraged. His lawyer instinct asserted its life, and amid great personal danger he stopped the infuriated mob and began pleading for Wells' life. It was his first case, and in it he achieved his first great triumph. The very audacity of the pale young tenderfoot commanded attention, and Beveridge began pouring out his impassioned pleadings for the man whom he believed to be innocent. What right had they to take his life? Wells was drunk and unable to explain why the halter was found in his possession. Wells had always borne a good reputation.

He had a bitter enemy. Was it not possible that this enemy had placed the halter in Wells' hands for a dire purpose? Thus Beveridge argued with the mob until he conquered it. Wells was released and was subsequently proven innocent of the charge.

Beveridge's allusions to Wells' enemy were so pointed that everyone understood whom he meant. Orr was especially bitter toward Beveridge, and at the dinner table that day he sought a quarrel with the audacious young man and he succeeded in getting it. Beveridge was very outspoken in expressing his opinion of the gambler. Orr sprang to his feet with an oath and brought his clinched fist down heavily upon the table. He abused Beveridge roundly and left the room swearing that he would kill him. It was no idle threat.

As Beveridge was returning to his office after dinner, Orr stepped out from behind a small building and confronted him. Orr's features were tense with passion, and as he drew his revolver there could be no doubt as to his purpose. Beveridge was unarmed. In the face of what he then believed certain death he could not suppress a feeling of disgust and anger for the cowardly villain before him. He denounced Orr with words of furious indignation, and all the time he was talking he could not help wondering why Orr did not raise his gun and shoot. He simply stood there in a shifting, uneasy attitude, meekly submitting to the most galling denunciation. When Beveridge had finished his tongue lashing, he turned about to leave and there stood Steve Grosscup, the stage driver, with his revolver leveled at Orr. He had heard Orr's threat at the dinner table and had quietly followed his friend and benefactor in order to protect him.

"Are you done skinning him, Mr. Beveridge?" Grosscup asked calmly.

"Steve," exclaimed Beveridge, recovering from his surprise. "Yes, Steve, I guess I have given him the best I have in the shop."

"Well, then, I'll take charge of him for awhile," added Grosscup, as he marched Orr down the road, at the point of his revolver. Grosscup told Orr that if he ever showed his face in Dighton again he would be a dead man. Orr took the hint. Disappearing down the road, he was never heard of afterwards. Thus Grosscup squared his debt to Beveridge.

Dooly on "Old Age."

"Skatin," said Mr. Dooley, "was intinded fr th' young an' gay. 'Tis not fr th' likes iv me, now that age has crept into me bones an' whitened th' head iv me. Divvie take th' rheumatics! An' to think iv me twenty years ago cuttin' capers like a hally dancer, whin th' Desplaines backed up an' th' pe'r'aries was covered with ice fr m th' mills to Riverside. Manny's th' time I done th' thrick, Jawn, me an' th' others; but now I break me back broachin' a kag iv beer, an' th' height iv my daily exercise is to wind th' clock before turnin' in, an' count up th' cash."

"You haven't been trying to skate?" McKenna asked, in tones of alarm.

"Not me," said Mr. Dooley. "Not me, but Hinmissy have. Hinmissy, th' gay young man; Hinmissy, th' high hearted, divvie - may-care spread th' light—Hinmissy's been skatin' again May th' Lord give that man sinse before he die! An' he needs it right away. He ain't got long to live, if me cousin, Mither Justice Dooley, don't appoint a garjeen fr him."

"We went to th' pond together, an' passed th' time iv day with our frinds, an' watched th' boys an' girls playin' shinny an' sky-larkin' hand in hand. They come separate, Jawn; but they go home together, thim young wans. I see be his face Spoot Hinmissy was growin' excited. 'Sure,' he says, 'there's nawthin' like it.' He says, 'Martin,' he says, 'I'll challenge ye to race,' he says. 'So ye will,' says I. 'So ye will,' I says. 'Will ye do it?' says he. 'Hinmissy,' says I, 'come home, I says, 'an' don't disgrace ye'er gray hairs before th' whole parish,' says I. 'I'll have ye to know,' says he, 'that 'tis not long since I cud cut a double eight with anny wan in Bridgeport,' he says."

"At that Tom Gallagher's young fly be: night joined in; an' says he, 'Mither Hinmissy,' he says, 'if ye'll go on,' he says, 'I'll fetch yea pair iv skates.' 'Bring tinn along,' says Hinmissy. An' he put thim on. Well, Jawn, he shud up an' made wan step, an' wan iv his feet wint that way an' wan this an' he thrun his hands in th' air, an' he come down on his back. I give him th' merry laugh. He wint clear daft, an' thried to sthruggle to his feet; an' th' more he thried, th' more th' skates wint from under him, till he looked fr all th' wurruld like wan iv thim little squirrels that goes rounff on th' wheel in Schneider's burrd store."

Best imported wines and liquors at the Regina.

CITIZENS' COMMITTEE MEET

Discusses in Detail the Question of Local Representation.

Adjournment Taken Until Next Monday to Await Answer to Documents Already Sent to Ottawa.

The meeting of the citizens' committee held last evening in McDonald hotel, was attended by the following members: Col. McGregor, chairman; J. C. Clarke, secretary; Messrs. Alex McDonald, A. Noel, C. M. Woodworth and A. Prudhomme. The status of the question of representation was fully gone into. In order that the government at Ottawa and the Yukon council should be fully and officially informed of the action taken by the citizens at the last mass meeting, the secretary of the committee was instructed to write the governor-general in council and the Yukon council, enclosing copies of the minutes of that meeting.

The draft of a letter to be sent to both the above bodies was submitted to the committee for consideration, but on being discussed was rejected by the committee and the meeting decided to adjourn until Monday evening next, by which time it is hoped answers will be received from Ottawa to the petitions already forwarded.

The letter submitted to the committee and rejected was in the line of a recital of the various steps already taken and protesting strongly against the delay now being made in the progress towards dealing with the petition of the people.

Democrats and Free Coinage.

Some of the Democratic managers are arguing against an endorsement of the Chicago platform on the currency question, as it will certainly be out of politics when the money bill now before congress became a law. But if they do leave out free silver, what can they rely on to carry the "solid South." Anti-expansion in the platform will make Republican votes in that section. Our flag kept in the Philippines means the making of a great market for our cotton and the Southerners are expansionists for commercial reasons.

Thus, it will be seen, the Democrats are, "between the devil and the deep sea." Commenting on the dilemma of the Democracy, Clark Howell, of Georgia, editor of the Atlanta Constitution, is reported as saying:

"We've got to put enough silver in the platform to save the Southern states and that's about the last hold the Democratic party has on our people. They have not yet tasted enough prosperity to win them away from free coinage. They still think we need more money and that a silver dollar is just as good as a gold one but they are almost unanimous for expansion, and if we should declare against expansion and fail to renew the demand for free coinage we would lose several of the Southern states."—Ex.

Eagle Whisper Notes.

That all of Dawson's finest will soon be Eagles.

That the officers are warm numbers, and the social sessions up to date.

That Capt. "O" had owl shades placed on the lights, instead of eagles.

What's the matter, Cap., don't you know the difference?

That Leroy makes an ideal president.

That Bro. Fay says he is more than pleased with the number of birds that have taken wings in the last three weeks. Yea, yea, brother, you have worked hard, and should now fly to your Aerie and enjoy a well earned rest.

That Bro. Hobbs invites all Eagles to call at his office on Wednesday afternoon, between the hours of 2 and 5 o'clock p. m. to receive a cigar and calendar.

That Donald B. is a great ladies' man, and since he has had wings put on is liable to leave us at any time. Now, Bro. Donald, don't forget to send the Eagles an invitation. The sergeant says he will only be too happy to act as conductor for the happy event, and the members have decided to order a large golden eagle.

That in future "Eagle Whisper Notes" will be published in the Daily Nugget on Tuesday afternoons.

OLD BALDIE.

Big Flashlight Picture.

Cleveland, O., March 18.—The largest flashlight view of an interior yet obtained was taken from the stage of the Empire theater Wednesday night during a performance of vaudeville, showing 1,700 faces, taken by a new process employing 120 simultaneous electric flashes. A prof awaited the audience in the lobby at the close of the performance.

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