

WIERD STORY OF TRUE LOVE

That Concerned the Leading Lady of the Company.

Faithful to the End Was the Husband From Whom Misfortune Separated Her.

(From Wednesday's Daily.)

For two weeks we had been playing to crowded houses. The fame of our particular star had preceded us to the Pacific coast, and the welcome we received was very enthusiastic, inciting the company to greater exertions and a deeper interest in the noble profession they had chosen.

"For heaven's sake, Graham, don't sell another ticket!" was the message sent up one night to the manager. "Every seat is filled, and there is no standing room."

I was about to close the office when a voice from the crowd attracted my attention. A tall, strange looking man was making his way toward me. His face was strikingly intelligent, but there was a look of sorrow and care that was quite affecting. His clothes, once fashionably cut and of good material, were now patched and threadbare, while his hat, all dusty and jammed, I never saw equalled. As he pushed his way through the crowd, heedless of the angry words and looks that greeted him on every side, I noticed that one sleeve hung empty at his side. The way he used the whole arm, however, convinced me that it was abundantly able to do duty for both.

"I beg a favor of you," said he. "I want to enter the theater for just a moment. I care nothing for the play, but I must see Miss Una Howard."

"I am sorry, but Miss Howard cannot give you audience until tomorrow."

"No, sir. I do not wish to speak to her. I only want to see her—to look at her."

"And even that I cannot grant. Here are scores of people all about you whom I have refused within the last ten minutes. I cannot issue another ticket tonight. Come tomorrow evening."

He looked around him and then leaned toward me as if to speak; but, seeming to suddenly change his mind, he turned abruptly away and was soon lost to sight.

The following evening his pale, careworn face was the first that met me when I threw up the sash.

"Can't I go in now?" he asked eagerly. "You are entitled to the first ticket, sir. One dollar."

"I have no money," he replied, in a whisper, "but I must see Una. Will you give me a ticket?"

I could not. The rules of the company forbade, and, giving a firm yet kind negative, I turned my attention to the eager crowd and soon forgot him.

When at last I had a moment's respite, I met his deep, black eyes once more.

"I must see Una," said he. "Cannot you for once depart from your custom? I am poor, as you may see," and he pointed almost contemptuously at his apparel. "I have walked 300 miles to see her, and I must."

He waited for my answer, but I could only disappoint him. There were at least a score of persons who asked me the same and now stood waiting for my answer to him.

"I cannot blame you," said he sorrowfully, "but I must see Una. Will you be so kind as to wait one-half hour?"

I cheerfully promised, and I think if I had waited but a moment longer I should have given him a ticket, regardless of the displeasure of former applicants.

He returned sooner than he promised. All breathless with haste, his hat gone and the empty sleeve torn away, he pushed his way to the delivery. Without a word he threw a half eagle upon the board and, snatching a ticket, was off before I could pass him the change. Wondering what this strange man could know or want of the peerless Una Howard, I closed the office and entered the theater.

This was the happiest hour to me of the whole 24. Night after night I sat there gazing at Una Howard.

And, with the rest, I worshipped her, but without a single ray of hope.

When I entered, Una had just come upon the stage, and the applause that greeted her was still echoing through the hall. With exquisite grace she acknowledged the tribute and bent her beautiful head as the showers of fragrant flowers and costly presents fell at her feet.

She raised her eyes, and I was startled by the change that came over her face. Her gaze was riveted upon some object directly in front. There stood the one armed man, his tall form towering far above the rest, his long, scanty, unkempt hair falling about his shoulders; his burning, devouring eyes looking full upon Una.

Whiter and whiter grew Una. With a faint cry, she uttered and fell toward

the blazing lights. With the strength of a giant the one armed man dashed aside everything in his way and, leaping upon the stage, caught the fainting woman in his arms and snatched her away just as the flame began to lick up her light drapery.

"Oh, Una, Una, I have saved you!" he cried, frantically kissing her pale lips. "Look upon me, Una, once more—only once more, and then I am gone forever!"

"Silence!" said a rough looking man who had just come upon the scene, at the same time firmly grasping the only arm the poor man had. "Come with me, my man!"

Easily as one could shake off the grasp of a babe did the strange being shake off the grasp of the officer.

"Touch me not!" he exclaimed fiercely. "I took the money—stole it, if you will—and I will go with you soon! But not now. Stand off, or I'll fling you off the stage!"

He knelt by the side of the unconscious Una and in the most imploring accents entreated her to look upon him "just once more." His prayer was answered. The beautiful eyes opened, and a smile of recognition played about her lips.

With a cry of joy the strange man arose to his feet.

"There, sir, constable, I am ready. Do with me as you like. I stole the money that I might see her, and now I care not what comes next. Come, sir, I am harmless now."

Una had now recovered, and as the officer and the prisoner passed off the stage she whispered to me, "Follow them, and release that man at any cost."

I hastened to do her bidding. A purse of gold opened the officer's heart and hand, and the man was free.

"Tell Una I thank her," said he, "and give her my best wishes for her happiness and my farewell."

That was the last of the strange, one armed man, and no word of him ever passed Una's lips save when she thanked me for procuring his release.

Who was he? Whence did he come? Where did he go? What was he to Una Howard?

I have searched far and wide for the answers. From the Atlantic to Pacific, on rail and on river, on land and on sea, have I followed this man, but can never overtake him. I have now given over the search, and once more I follow Una, the same beautiful, fascinating Una Howard.

In a quiet little village in old New Hampshire I spent a summer month. Among the rubbish that filled the old farmhouse attic I found a pile of village papers, printed years ago, and now my search is over.

"On the 13th inst., by Rev. John H., Bert Howard to Miss Una Defoe, all of S."

"While the people were leaving the church an officer arrested the bridegroom on a charge of murder. He escaped during the night and is still at large. The beautiful bride is prostrated by the blow, but every attention is paid to her by our townspeople, and hopes are entertained for her recovery."

I read no further, I knew enough. My questions were now answered. Poor, faithful Bert Howard!—Philadelphia Item.

Tragedy in Los Angeles.
Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 27.—John W. Tinsley shot and killed his wife, Anna P. Tinsley, on the street today, and then fired a bullet into his own head, dying instantly. The bullet that killed his wife entered the left eye and penetrated the brain.

The couple were married at Van Buren, Ark., January 20, this year. Tinsley represented himself as possessed of property in Helena, Mont., to the value of \$75,000. His wife had \$400 in cash, and a house and lot in Jackson, Tenn., valued at \$2500. This latter her husband induced her to sacrifice for \$1800, and five days after their marriage they came to Los Angeles on a honeymoon trip, the expenses of which were defrayed by Mrs. Tinsley.

From here they went to Mineral Wells, Tex., and August 28 reached Excelsior Springs. There Tinsley induced his wife to transfer to him the \$700 that remained of her money, and told her he must go to Helena and settle up his affairs. After his departure she found that he had also taken a diamond ring and stud valued at \$400. She received a telegram from him later, dated Los Angeles, in which he acknowledged that he had deceived her in regard to his wealth and that she would see him no more.

She followed him, but in the meantime he had departed for Meritt, Mo. Two weeks later he returned to Los Angeles, and an arrangement was made whereby he gave her a draft on an Arkansas bank for \$325 and promised to make other reparation. She sent the draft for collection, and it was returned with the statement that no money to Tinsley's credit remained in the bank. It had been withdrawn by telegraph.

On the 21st of this month Mrs. Tinsley filed suit against her husband in the superior court to recover the \$1100 fraudulently obtained from her, and bitterness over this suit and the troubles

leading up to it evidently caused the double tragedy.

Letters found in the man's pocket, addressed to the public and dated Christmas and this morning, indicate clearly that the crime was premeditated.

Foresters at Whitehorse.
The first secret society to be organized in Whitehorse is that of the Independent Order of Foresters, which started Saturday night with a charter membership roll of 21, and will soon number many more as several who have signified their intention to become members were unable to be present at the initial meeting. The order is one of the strongest and most popular in Canada and the United States and its object a social and benevolent character.

The following officers were elected and installed for the ensuing term: Past ranger, H. M. Day; vice-ranger, E. Bray; deputy, W. L. Phelps; physician, Dr. Paree; orator, Rev. Mr. Wright; recording secretary, M. L. Strickland; financial secretary, D. MacR. Minard; treasurer, C. E. Strickland; headles, Corporal Dyre and F. X. Laflame.

Mr. J. C. Tache, having been deputized by the grand lodge for that purpose, conducted the ceremonies and installed the officers in their various positions and instructed them in their duties.—Star.

Betrothed.
Prince George of Greece and the Princess Victoria of Wales, who are soon to be united in marriage, are among the most interesting of the younger generation of royalty in Europe. Prince George is the idol of the Cretans and the hero of the Cretan war. He is a sailor, full of zeal for his profession. He is a nephew of the Princess of Wales and a cousin of his betrothed, and also of the czar, whose life he saved from the knife of an assassin while he was traveling with young Nicholas through Japan. A giant in stature, he is as brave, as gallant and as handsome as an ideal knight of the days of chivalry. If the Hellenes could have their way George would be their next king. Victoria is the prettiest of the daughters of the Prince of Wales. She is 32 years old, just one year the senior of her betrothed. The cousins have been lovers for many a day, and few suitors could hope to find as much favor with the queen as the dashing young Prince of Greece. Whenever he has visited England the queen has gone out of her way to show her pleasure with her gallant young relative, and it has been an open secret that George has had the benefit of his courtship of every advantage which the powerful influence of her majesty could give him. The princess is not only pretty and highly cultivated, but is a young woman of rare good sense too. She has had lovers by the score, among them the son of a certain lord who was her playmate and friend when the pair were children. The Princess Victoria, it is said, never knew of his attachment until recently, when he returned from a long journey abroad, taken to drown his sorrow. He is not yet cured of his infatuation.—Ex.

In Need of Food.
Chicago, N. D., Dec. 27.—The suffering of the Russian settlers in McHenry county is great. Ella R. Erickson, the acting distributing officer of the Red Cross Society, says:

"We have 33 families depending upon us. Quite a number are actually starving. They can get no credit until their crops next spring show a fair prospect of a yield. Some of them are very grateful for help. Most of them are in snug sod houses, and are enabled to keep warm with a little fuel, but they need provisions badly."

The settlers are recent arrivals from Russia, and had no crops this year because they arrived too late to break and seed land they have homesteaded. Nearly all the families have a large number of children.

Not a Bryan Gathering.
Chicago, Dec. 27.—Charles A. Walsh, of Iowa, secretary of the Democrat national committee, who arrived here today to assist in arranging for the meeting of the national executive committee in January, makes denial of the report that the present organization of the Democratic party is planning to make W. J. Bryan the presidential candidate in 1904.

"There is no foundation for such a story," said Mr. Walsh. "As the late address sent out by the committee says, 'It is not desired to advance the interests of any man or faction.' That is what the organization declares, and that is all I care to say about the matter."

Fresh parsnips, carrots, beets, turnips. Mecker.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Plover Drug Store.

Celery and cabbage at Mecker's.

A LIFE.
I saw the little maiden moon,
She was so shy, so shy,
She hid herself behind a cloud
Till all the stars went by,
As pure as sea foam was her robe
And white as ivory,
And lily buds that blow on earth
Raised timid heads to see.

I saw the moon, the full grown moon,
Leap from the ocean's hold
And bare her beauty to the sky,
Pierce, glorious and bold,
And crimson was her flaunting robe
And red as sin, maybe,
And poppy buds that blow on earth
Raised wicked heads to see.

I saw the moon, the dying moon,
Falter across the sky;
White faced she fell before the morn
That smiled to see her die.
No wave that kissed her feet of old
But mocked her misery;
Only the sea, blown leaves of earth
Might mourn for such a she.

—Theodosia Garrison in Kansas City Independent.

Driven to Madness.
Concord, N. H., Dec. 27.—A sensational episode came to a climax last night in the arrest of Mrs. Carrie Sinclair Huntoon, 26 years of age, well known in society, and at the time of her marriage one of the belles of the city, on the charge of conspiracy with intent to kill her divorced husband, Walter C. Huntoon, of whom, it is asserted, she has been extremely jealous. At the September term of the superior court Mrs. Huntoon was granted a divorce from her husband on statutory grounds.

The story of the murder conspiracy, as given out by the police, is as follows:

On Monday Mrs. Huntoon went to Boston, and in the Union station there accosted a young man, William H. Dutton, of Dorchester, a total stranger, asking him if he was looking for work and would like to earn a dollar. He said no, but she outlined a plan to him to kill her husband, promising a reward.

Dutton gave her no definite answer, and he went home and told his father of the conversation. His father sent him to the police authorities in Boston, and they in turn notified City Marshal Locke, giving the latter a description of the woman as Dutton remembered her. On Tuesday, the police say, Mrs. Huntoon came back to the city and wrote a letter to young Dutton, telling him to come here at once, and giving directions as to how he was to do the job when he got here.

Dutton showed the letter to the police, and by their directions met Mrs. Huntoon here, at the rear of the statehouse. Marshal Locke and Assistant Marshal Rand watched the proceedings. Young Dutton claims that Mrs. Huntoon handed him a loaded revolver and an envelope which she said contained a \$5 bill as part payment for the job, and another envelope as a decoy letter which was to be given to Huntoon, her former husband, in order to get him out of the house and into a favorable place for the carrying out of the crime. Mrs. Huntoon pointed in the direction of the house, and as she did so the city marshal stepped up and caught her by the arm. She recognized the marshal and went into hysterics. When she came to her senses she was allowed to say goodbye to her aged mother and her little child, and then was arrested. Mrs. Huntoon's only excuse is that Huntoon sneered at her when they met on the street.

Many of her friends say that her troubles with her husband have caused her extreme mental anguish, and that she is not responsible for her acts.

Mrs. Huntoon was today pronounced insane. She will be taken to an asylum.

Awarded Damages.
Chicago, Dec. 27.—Mrs. C. Jenkins, now of Chicago, has just been awarded \$4000 for the lynching of her husband in Ripley county, Ind., three years ago. The money will be paid over by the eight bondsmen of former Sheriff Henry Bushing, and is the result of a private settlement of the indemnity suit instituted by the widow three months after the murder. This brings to an end a case that has aroused attention all over the United States.

William Jenkins was one of five men lynched in September, 1897, for alleged complicity in the stealing of a horse from Lisle Levi, of Osgood, Ind. Levi also was a victim of the mob. The men killed were Robert Andrews, Heine Schuler, William Jenkins, Clifford Gordon, a 17-year-old boy, and Lisle Levi, an aged soldier.

There was a fight in which shots were fired at a deputy sheriff. Jenkins, with the others, was arrested and taken to jail at Versailles, Ind. Mrs. Jenkins, suspecting that mob violence was brewing, walked from Osgood to Versailles, at night, and paced the streets till dawn, armed with a revolver. For several hours she waited under the window of her husband's cell, ready to challenge any who came to do him harm. Her fears being finally allayed, Mrs. Jenkins started for home. No

sooner was she out of sight than a mob gathered. Dragging out the five men, the members of the mob killed them in succession by beating them over the head with a musket stock. Mrs. Jenkins was compelled to flee to save her own life, coming to Chicago. Here she brought suit for \$5000 damages against Sheriff Bushing's bondsmen, before Judge Baker, in the United States circuit court. The suit dragged along for three years, and finally the bondsmen decided to settle out of court.

Mrs. Jenkins, when compelled several months ago to go to Ripley county to attend the trial of the case, was protected by a bodyguard of government detectives. She will go to Versailles next week to get the \$4000.

Held Up by Lone Highwayman.
Phoenix, Ariz., Dec. 27.—A lone highwayman held up the Hot Springs stage near Hot Springs Junction last evening, securing \$75 from the private express box.

It is reported that an important consignment of gold dust from a mine near Hot Springs forms a part of the booty.

The bandit conducted operations quietly, and disappeared on a horse. The stage driver hurried on to Hot Springs Junction, where a posse was organized and is now on the trail of the robber.

Foul Play Suspected.
St. Louis, Dec. 27.—Mystery surrounds the death of H. C. Payne, proprietor of a small hardware store in this city, and for 12 years principal of the public schools at Old Orchard, whose body was found today near the Missouri-Pacific tracks at Webster Grove, a suburb, with the head nearly severed. Whether the cut was made by the wheels of a train or by a knife in the hands of an assailant has not been determined. The clean, even gash suggests a knife. Payne's valuables were not touched, his watch and money being found in his pockets.

No Railway Combination.
Montreal, Dec. 27.—A. G. Shaughnessy president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, when shown the report asserting that a combination is under way by which the Canadian Pacific, Northern Pacific, Erie and Chicago Milwaukee & St. Paul would work in harmony, thus forming a new line from New York to Vancouver, said:

"While there is the best of feeling between all the roads mentioned and the Canadian Pacific, there is no combination of any kind. The roads mentioned may work more harmoniously in the future than in the past, as it is in their interests to do, but there is no truth in the story of a combination and a new trans-continental railway."

Goetzman makes the crack photos of dog teams.

We are cutting prices and we don't care whose corns we tread upon. We will continue to cut at the Postoffice market, Third street.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the parliament of Canada, at the next session thereof for an act to amend the act respecting the Dawson City Electric Company, Ltd., and to extend the time limited for the commencement and completion of the electric railway and tramway by said last mentioned act authorized to be constructed.

BELCOURT & RITCHIE,
Solicitors for the Applicants.
Dated at Ottawa, this 10th day of December, 1900.

Turkeys - Ducks - Poultry

Fresh Meats

Bay City Market
Chas. Russell & Co.

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