

BLACKHILLS MINING STORY

Smallpox Was the Dread of All Save Washoe Joe

Who Defied the Disease, His Friends and the Camp to Save a Child's Life.

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily.

One day in the early spring a pioneer's wagon approached within a mile of Black Hill diggings, and a rough looking man got out and started to climb the trail. He was yet half a mile away when he fell down exhausted, and half a dozen miners hurried down to succor him. He struggled up before they reached him, and, waving them back, he shouted:

"Don't come near me, for I've got smallpox, but for God's sake bring me some provisions! Me and my gal hev not had a bite to eat fur these two days."

Smallpox was the dread of the camps. When a miner was taken down with the loathsome disease, he was as good as dead. The miners stopped dead in their tracks as they heard the pioneer's words, and after a brief consultation he was warned to remain where he was while they returned and gathered up a liberal lot of provisions. These were placed on the trail, and when he had picked them up they threatened him with their pistols to hurry him away. The man neither returned thanks nor berated them for their seeming harshness. They saw him reach his wagon, they saw him feebly climb up beside a child on the seat, and when the vehicle slowly rolled on they heaved sighs of relief. That night Joe of Washoe arrived at Black Hill. It was dark, with a cold rain falling, when he heard of the incident of the day. His face went stern and his eyes grew hard as the story was told, and when it was finished he rose up and asked:

"Did the man say that was a gal with him?"

"Yes."

"And you saw her in the wagon?"

"Yes."

"And you driv 'em off to die when you could hev 'lowed 'em to camp at the foot of the hill! If that's the kind o' men you ar' at Black Hill, I want to get out quick."

"But it is smallpox," persisted one of the men.

"More's the pity. Think o' that sick man drivin away with that leetle gal alongside o' him—drivin away to his death! There may hev bin a wife and mother—other children. Mebbe they was dead in the wagon. Men, you did a cruel, wicked thing!"

"But think of the 90 men the smallpox took out o' the camp at Red Rock last fall!"

"But I ain't thinkin o' that. I'm thinkin o' a man drivin off to die, with a leetle gal sittin up alongside o' him!"

He packed up some provisions, rolled up his blankets, and, picking up a water jug and his rifle, he said:

"I'm goin to overhaul 'em and stand by 'em unless I find both dead!"

A score of protests were hurled at him, but the man stepped forth into the black night without a word in reply and almost instantly disappeared from sight. At noon next day the wagon reappeared. Joe of Washoe was driving, and on the seat beside him was a child. When the wagon halted, he unharnessed and turned loose the horses, made a fire, and then, climbing half way up the hill, he called to the men 20 rods above him:

"When I found the wagon last night, the man was dead and the leetle gal was prayin to God. That was a mother and two more children, but they ar' dead. Don't come a-nigh us. The leetle gal's touched, and I'm sure to come down!"

That night the fever came to the child, and men who crept down the trail heard her crying out and heard Joe talking and singing to her. The next day he reported her as dreadfully sick, and so it went on for days and days. It was time for him to develop the disease, and each morning as the men crept down the trail to leave provisions on the flat rock they feared he would not show up. But, strangely enough, the danger passed him by. One morning, when he stood up on the wagon with the girl in his arms, it was taken as a sign that the crisis had passed, and 300 men gathered on the hill above and cheered the pair. It was a week after that when he set fire to the wagon, called for fresh clothes and came up the trail into camp with the girl wrapped in a blanket. No body was permitted even to see the tip of her nose until she had been dressed up as a boy from old garments cut over. Then she was placed on the head of a barrel in the center of camp, and half the men cheered and the other half wept. She was a girl of about 7, pale and wan from her sickness, but there was never a pit or a scar to show how she had suffered. By that we knew that Joe of Washoe had watched over her with more than a father's care. She was fatherless and motherless among strangers. Fright and illness had so benumbed her brain that

she could remember nothing, not even the family name. She said that they had traveled for days and days, but from whence she could not tell. The

one thing that she did remember was that her name was Rose, and she had insisted from the first that Joe was her uncle. It was queer to see this prospector and miner, this man who had fought Indians and renegades and knocked about through a hundred adventures and was not supposed to have a soft spot about him—I say it was queer to see how he was knocked out when the little girl kissed him and called him her dear Uncle Joe. He looked so sheepish and shamefaced that we had to turn our faces away, and I tell you in the same breath that we also felt ashamed of ourselves that we had left that father and child to drive away from our camp as we did. In the mining camps a case of smallpox meant isolation, neglect and death. The partner with whom you had worked and hungered and suffered for years would flee from you in terror at the first sign, and if a patient got up and walked about in his delirium no hand was outstretched to prevent him from stumbling over a cliff.

In our shame we gave Joe all the respect and admiration he could demand, and it did us good to see the little one take to him and realize that she owed her young life to his heroic sacrifice and fatherly care. As we crowded around the pair the child knelt down on the barrel and clasped her hands and prayed:

"Mother is dead, and father is dead, but God bless Uncle Joe and everybody else!"

A good many of us turned our heads away at that, and, to our surprise, we found that years in the camps hadn't turned our hearts quite as hard as the quartz among which we labored. I caught a glimpse of Joe of Washoe shutting his teeth hard together and looking up at the clouds, and I wondered if he was more strongly affected when he chanced a camp of five outlaws single handed and left three of them lying dead for the sheriff to bury.

That evening we had a public meeting on the public square, and Judge Watkins hushed the crowd to silence and said:

"That will be fustly, secondly and thirdly in these remarks o' mine. The fustly is that if Joe Washoe will accept this yere alth we'll gladly buy it fur him; secondly, the gal has got to hev another name, and I'm fur callin her Rose o' Washoe; thirdly, she's an orphan, and Black Hill diggin's is goin to adopt her and provide fur her and be the biggest kind o' father to her. Now, then, let every critter give three cheers and yell his loudest!"

A month later, when Rose of Washoe was sent to the states to be properly cared for, the sum of \$1,000 went with her. She was brought out and stood on the same barrel again, and 300 men filed before her and shook hands and said goodby. Joe of Washoe came last. He lifted her up in his arms and kissed her and patted her head, and her voice was broken with sobs as she said:

"God bless all, but God bless Uncle Joe most of anybody!"

When she was lifted to the saddle to ride away, Joe turned his back and seemed to be gazing off over the foothills. The crowd cheered and cheered, but he was mute. As the girl disappeared from sight down the trail some one asked:

"What the blazes is the matter with Joe that he don't yell with us?"

"Hush, you fool!" cautioned Big Jim.

"Fall back, all of you! He'll be turnin purty soon to catch a last glimpse o' the gal, and it might shame him if we saw the tears in his eyes and knowed that his heart was swelled to bustin over her goin away!"

Our Knowledge of English.

The growth of the English language is so enormous that it would be practically impossible for the most learned man to be acquainted with every word. Intelligent persons, even those engaged in the learned professions, do not make use of more than from 6000 to 8000 words all told, although there are properly 'belonging to our language over 200,000. The famous writer of authority of today, whether he uses words to express nice shades of meanings or as technical tools of thought in his own department, must have at his command a vocabulary of from 30,000 to 40,000 words, the latter being the maximum acquired by any man now living. There is a large number of words which until recently have escaped the attention of lexicographers. In the text of the Encyclopedia Britannica there are 10,000 words which have never been formally entered and defined in any dictionary. In the Century dictionary there are 70,000 words found in no other, and it has been said that there is not today any man living who is sufficiently learned to write one average page of 7000 pages of this dictionary. To give some idea of this tremendous growth of the language the words and phrases under the letter A have increased in 50 years, from 7000 to 60,000.

—Ex.

Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

Spour'ough Letter Heads for sale at the Nugget office.

EVERYBODY CAN EAT MEAT

No Necessity for High Prices This Year.

In Addition to Large Stocks of Domestic Meats, Hundreds of Caribou and Moose Are Arriving.

There is no possibility of starvation staring the people of Dawson in the face, nor is there any necessity of their living on canned meats. From facts furnished by the leading butchers there is found to be sufficient fresh meat to supply the people liberally all through the winter.

Besides the supply of domestic meats, there is coming in considerable quantities especially of caribou, several loads of which have arrived during the day, and one party who brought in a load of eight carcasses reports several hundred killed and about two days behind him.

The market value of meats fluctuates perhaps more than other commodity. Today there is a big slump in beef which is selling at 37 1/2c to 38c; pork is stiff at 55 to 60c; mutton, 45c to 50c; veal, 65c, with fowls at 90c at \$1.

Caribou is selling at wholesale today at 30c, but there is a drop expected when the next consignment arrives. Moose is being sold at 35c to 40c and mountain goats at 50c, with a very small supply. There is a very good market for rabbits and ptarmigans, but they are slow in coming in.

Owing to the restaurant business being a little dull at this time of the year the consumption of meats is necessarily reduced, but after the first of February the market men look for increased trade.

Fresh Game Coming In.

A number of dog teams arrived this forenoon from Fortymile loaded with caribou of which there was a total of 12 or 15. These, in addition to a score or more which arrived from the same place several days ago, will make game of this particular kind plentiful for a few days. It is said that there are several hundred head of caribou at Fortymile which will be marketed in Dawson during the winter.

The Sacred Concert.

Last night's entertainment at the Savoy theater was one of the richest, most high-class musical treats ever presented to a Dawson audience which, though not so large as it should have been, was very appreciative. The size of the audience was not due to the fact that Dawson people do not appreciate high-class entertainment, but to the fact that, owing to rigid restrictions and bans placed on such presentations by the powers, that be, it has not heretofore been possible with ordinary preparations to present an entertainment on Sunday night that was really worth the price of admission charged, and not feeling they were getting value received, people remained away after the first venture.

However, the Savoy management has obviated by rising above this difficulty which triumph has been achieved by hard work and in the selection and practice of a list of renditions that would do credit to any Sunday night entertainment in the most effete cities of the land.

The following was the program as presented last night with the exception of extras as produced by the various stars when encored:

Grand march from Tannhauser, Wagner; overture, "Italians au Algiers," Rossini; concert waltz, Gungl; selection from Geisha, Jones; descriptive paraphrase, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," depicting episodes of life at sea, introducing Baracole gliding over the sea, sailor song, sailor's hornpipe, in the calm, the storm, battle, rocked in the cradle of the deep, Madam Lloyd.

This was the first part of the program and those who were present need not be told that the descriptive paraphrase by Madam Lloyd was a most delightful, thrilling and soul inspiring rendition. The latter half of the program was: Polish national dance, Schauveak; violin solo, "Caritum" (Raff), A. P. Freimuth; oriental patrol, "La Caravane," Ash; this descriptive piece illustrates a caravan crossing the desert—The caravan is heard; caravan marching through town; caravan gradually disappears; selections from "Faust," Gounod; duet, Mme. Lloyd, Monsieur D'Aulnais; march, "Hobenzollen," Unrath; "God Save the Queen."

All of this portion of the program was first-class in every respect, but a few of the productions are deserving of special praise, among them being the violin solo of Prof. A. P. Freimuth, who is indeed a virtuoso.

The duet by Madam Lloyd and Mon-

sieur D'Aulnais was another feature never expelled in Dawson, monsieur later appearing in a solo in which he added to his already enviable reputation as an entertainer.

The Savoy management is deserving of congratulation on its entertainment of last night and they may rest assured that if the performance presented was a sample of the class they will furnish on succeeding Sunday nights, empty seats will be unknown quantities at these entertainments in the future.

Horses vs. Dogs.

This week will witness the departure from Dawson of perhaps a dozen of horse teams for Whitehorse. The mail will leave behind horses Wednesday morning and many private teams with sleds, some as stages and others going for freight, will leave during the week. Including the animals used in the mail service there will probably be 100 horses utilized on the river trail between Dawson and Whitehorse this winter, where, aside from freighting from stranded scows, very few horses were taken up the river last season, teaming being all this way from the outside.

Very few dogs will be utilized on the river this year, they having been superceded by, in most cases, light-draught horses. All the roadhouses have added stables to their hostleries and have anticipated the needs of the traveling public.

The trip either way over the ice between Dawson and the railroad terminal has lost its terrors as compared with its condition of two years ago or of even last year when it was sometimes necessary to travel 50 miles before a stopping place was reached and even then many of them were mere shacks with but little accommodation for man, and in many cases none whatever for dogs or horses, and this winter will furnish occasion for the care of more horses on the trail than have ever been seen in its previous history.

Activity on the River.

Two drivers, eight mules and two sleds brought in six tons of freight for the C. D. Co. this morning from stranded scows near Ogilvie. Two and a half days were required in which to make the trip, but, as one of the drivers remarked to a Nugget man, "It was so cold but poor headway could be made." Had the weather been more mild, each team could have brought four tons as easily as three were brought.

Greenfield & Close dispatched seven horses and three sleds to Rink rapids today for 30 tons of beef belonging to Burns & McDougall, which was caught at that point by the closing of the river. The freighters figure that it will require 20 days to make the round trip.

Was Not Carried Away.

The emperor of Germany is not peculiar in his dislike for long sermons, but every victim of the long winded preacher is not privileged to speak his mind so freely as William did on one occasion. His majesty a few weeks ago said to a celebrated but rather showy and conceited German preacher: "Herr Pastor, please do not be offended when I tell you that your sermons are too long." "But, your majesty," replied the pastor, "when I get warmed to my subject I forget everything and everybody and get quite carried away, your majesty." The kaiser, who had had an hour's torture from the reverend gentleman that very morning, curtly answered, "Like you, sir, in one way—when you preach I forget everything, but unlike you in another respect—I am not fortunate enough to get carried away!"

POLICE COURT NEWS.

When David said in his haste, "All men are liars," his police court experience was doubtless limited, else he would have crossed out the two words "in haste." But when a man is honest in his deviation from truth, it should not be entered up against him. In the past few months Patrick O'Shea has three or four times, or oftener, promised "in the presence of yer honor and high heaven till never take another dhrink," and in making these frequent promises no one could impute to Patrick other than sincere and honest motives. But since the fall of Adam men have been on the decline and apt to tumble at any time. Patrick is human, otherwise he would not have red hair and a freckled face, neither would he fall by the wayside as frequently as within the past few months. This morning he voluntarily took upon himself the solemn vow "in presence of yer honor and high heaven" to not take another drink of whisky for five years. In this vow were no such extenuating clauses such as "except in cases of snake bite," neither were Democratic victories provided for. It was a rock-ribbed, flat-footed, iron-clad, warranted-not-to-rip promise without any strings on it. In view of the fact of the promise, the magistrate probably thinking that not for five years would he again have a chance to levy an assessment, against Patrick, a fine of \$10 and costs was imposed.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH STOLEN

From Grand Forks, and Is Offered in Evidence

Against Louis Wise in the Territorial Court Today—Ex Constable Rud Testifies.

This morning the room outside the railing in the territorial court was pretty well taken up by an accumulation of lumber such as scantling of various dimensions and boards previously used as shelving, the whole tied together with ropes.

Sergeant Marshall looked ruefully at the lumber and then at the silvers in his hands and then at the prisoner's box where Louie Wise, charged with having stolen the goods in question, stood for trial, and as he looked at these he was heard to murmur "and hope that my tongue won't utter the thoughts that arise in me."

The lumber spoken of and a roll of canvass which lay under the barrister's table were the fabrics which were but a few days since in their entirety the Episcopal church of Grand Forks. Christopher Reed, who is now a lay reader in the church (when he has one) at the Forks, but was not so very long ago a constable in the Northwest mounted police force, and who has charge of the affairs of the church at the Forks was the first, and principal witness, and testified that he had bought the building, or tent from the assignee of Charles E. Severance, and had formerly been used by him as his residence on Chechako Hill, and that while it was being moved from there to the Forks a portion of it had been stolen, and that the missing portions there displayed in evidence, were found by himself and Constable Doffus under a pile of lumber, and in the cabin of the accused. The case was continued and is on trial this afternoon.

A New Pay Streak.

Claim owners on upper Gold Run are jubilant over the discovery of a new pay streak on that creek. The new streak was located by J. J. Rutledge on the extreme right limit of claim No. 37. The pay extends through several feet of gravel and is stated on reliable authority to run from 15 to 20 cents.

Last winter work on the same claim was confined to the creek bed from which good pay was taken. It now appears that a parallel pay streak runs along the right limit extending into the hillsides. The same line of pay has been found in the vicinity of 42.

High School Opened.

Another school was opened yesterday, sort of an ungraded high school, the building used being the log structure located on the corner of Mission street and Fifth avenue and belonging to the Salvation Army. The pupils transferred to the new room are those who are most advanced in their studies. The services of Mr. James A. Crow have been procured as teacher and as the formerly crowded condition of the school is now obviated, there is no reason why the new branch of the school should not prosper.

Avery Declined.

Mr. Avery, the South Third street grocer, who recently disposed of his business and started for the outside, writes from Ogilvie a letter concerning an encounter with a suspicious character at that place.

Mr. Avery stopped at Ogilvie over night, and while there met a man who acted in a suspicious manner generally, but aroused Mr. Avery's suspicions concerning his intentions towards himself, by inquiring if he carried with him any valuables or firearms.

On being informed in the negative concerning the firearms, he offered, for a consideration, to escort him in safety to Whitehorse.

Not finding the employment he sought, he departed up the river. Mr. Avery infers that the man's motives are sinister.

The Next Hockey Game.

The next hockey game in the series of matches will be played Thursday night beginning promptly at 8 o'clock, the contestants being the teams of the A. E. Co's and the Civil Service. An enthusiastic game is looked for as each team wears a chip which it defies being knocked off. Owing to the severe weather which has lately prevailed, the game schedule which was mapped early in the season is not being closely adhered to, and for that reason is somewhat behind. In case the weather remains mild a number of games will be played in rapid succession in order that the schedule may be overtaken. Those who witness Thursday night's game will see a hot and rapid one.