

# Was Chased by Apache Indians.

(By "Fits.")

In the summer of '84 it was my misfortune to be landed in Deming, New Mexico, friendless, lonely and comparatively broke, having but a few dollars in my pockets to show cause for not being taken in hand by the local constabulary as one of the great army of the genus hobo, which at that period infested the towns along the Santa Fe railroad system. I remember that the necessary amount of coin which proved a man's position in respectable society was recognized at that time in Deming to be \$15. Anyone not having that amount of money on their person was subject to arrest and conviction as a vagrant. This law applied, of course, to strangers who could not show a means of livelihood by some legitimate labor. As I was very near the \$15 mark I was worried considerably for the prospect of being arrested and confined in a New Mexico calaboose was anything but alluring to me, who had but a few months previous left the effete East and its attendant luxuries to take a chance in the wild and woolly West.

As I was mentally anathematizing my ill luck in ever leaving the sheltering portals of my old home, my attention was attracted to the most fluent outbreak of profanity it has ever been my good fortune to listen to and I followed the speaker's abjurations with the closest attention, as the sentiments he expressed coincided at the time most harmoniously with my views of the people, the town and the world in general. After a particularly brilliant explosion of profane pyrotecnics he paused to breathe again, and I took a desperate chance by asking him what was his particular grievance, which started him again like a mountain torrent bursting from a dam.

However, I learned that he wanted to send out to a ranch across the neighboring divide a mule team and a new windmill, which was operated either by horse power or wind as the occasion might demand. That the stock, some roo head, were suffering from the want of water and that he had engaged three different men to drive the team, but that one after the other had withdrawn from the enterprise at the last moment; also that he was owner of the ranch and was willing to pay any one well for simply driving the team out one day and back the next. When questioned as to the price he was willing to pay, he answered \$15.

"I'll take the job," said I, "and drive those mules out."

"Done," said he, "are you ready to start at once?"

Upon my answering in the affirmative my employer directed me to a neighboring barn, with an order for the outfit, the stableman giving me full details as to the road I should pursue. For the first time in my life I took a pair of lines in my hands and, perched on top of the windmill started on a journey which was to prove of the most exciting nature. As I turned the corner, perilously close to a deep ditch, I was hailed by a long-haired cowboy, of the dime novel school, who clambered up the side of the wagon, informing me that he would accompany me on the trip as he was recently engaged by the foreman of the ranch as a "broncho buster." He was a most picturesque character and was dressed in a nobby suit of buckskin, cut in Mexican style, with little pieces of silver ornaments running down the legs and around the close fitting jacket. Instead of the customary long rowelled spurs he wore a strap of leather around the instep and heel of the right foot through which he had driven a wire nail, fitted to a needle point. As we drove along he regaled me with adventures in which he had played a prominent part and showed me scars on his head and body where he had been shot and cut in fights with Indians, Mexicans and bad men. Upon learning from me that I carried no fire arms (he had a Winchester rifle and a Colt's revolver as well as a large hunting knife strapped to his side) he looked at me with the most supreme contempt and commenced to tell me of possible danger which lay before us through being attacked by Apaches, which by the way was the first intimation I had that they were on the war path or in the neighborhood. When we reached the top of the divide he ordered me to stop, while he took a "look around." I did so and he disappeared in the chaps, returning in about 20 minutes. I naturally asked him if he had seen any signs of Indians, but to all my questions he did not deign an answer, but gruffly ordered me to go on.

Every half hour or so I would be com-

of rifle shots after me which started the mule to make even greater exertions as it was now as thoroughly frightened as its rider. Unfortunately for me the uncut trace fell to the ground and was now whipping the mule cruelly driving the beast frantic. I reached out to put it back in place just as the mule jumped on it and I went head-long into the mosquito bushes. I was not hurt fortunately and started to crawl through the prickly underbrush when looking up I saw—not an Indian, but my fellow traveler of the day before with smoking rifle in an ecstasy of joy. I was soon surrounded by six or eight of the cowboys of the night before, who learning that I was not injured indulged in the most extravagant hilarity, some actually falling off their horses and rolling on the ground. Then it dawned on me that another tenderfoot was properly initiated into the ways of the wild and woolly west and I walked in to Deming, and don't know what became of the mule, as I left town that night, I never got the \$15, but at a little station some 20 miles west an accommodating telegraph operator flashed a rush message to the old folks.

## Changing Feminine Ideals.

Margaret Deland in Harper's Bazar: It was not so very long ago that the ideal woman was believed to be the embodiment of unselfishness; strong, gentle, sweet; most lovable; most faithful—but always displaying these gracious qualities in devoted efforts to enhance the glory, or the goodness, or the general well-being of some other human creature; generally—some man, who, indeed, might himself be far from ideal! In fact, the further he was removed from perfection, the brighter shone the virtue of the woman's devotion. Unselfishness was and always will be the dominant characteristic of the ideal woman; but long before Cornelia's time, and for generations after her time, unselfishness took the form of selfishness—which is quite another thing, and not of necessity, either admirable or good.

Today no one can look intelligently at the condition of woman, especially in America, and not see that indifference to self as an end has almost ceased; and that the feminine ideal of selfishness, which Cornelia embodies, is subtly and surely changing.

The change is revealing itself at every turn; and as we look at it we see a war between hope and fear! The good and the bad, the promise and the threat, confront any thoughtful person. Take, for instance, the satisfaction and the anxiety that we feel in recognizing all that is involved in the change in the occupations of women. . . . The time was when it would have been thought unwomanly for a woman to engage in any business or pursuit which was followed by men. This was not because a woman was, in point of fact, less capable intellectually than man now, but because the bounds of convention were so narrow and rigid, that unless she was unsexed herself she could not pass their. But now has come a finer sense of fitness, which says, "Better if a woman works as a man works than steal a man's strength to support a woman's useless idleness!" As a result of this nobler ideal the occupations of women have widened incredibly since those days when they had only three businesses open to them for self-support, besides domestic service—teaching, nursing and sewing.

mapped to stop by my passenger, who now took entire charge of the team while he reconnoitered in the surrounding bush. As can be imagined I became thoroughly alarmed, for fear is contagious, and that my traveling companion was scared I had every reason to believe. I arrived, however, all safe at the ranch and unloaded the freight. Here I found about twenty cowboys just in from a round-up, which I learned was made to gather the cattle in the neighborhood, as Indians were seen some thirty miles to the south and should they come across the cattle they would either kill or stampede the bunch.

The cowboys I found anything but boys, indeed, there were none under 30 years of age and the majority were grizzled and gully veterans, whose principal topic of conversation was the high times some favored broncho-buster had enjoyed in "shooting up the town," which meant a glorious drunk, preceded by riding furiously into town shooting right and left; by entering a saloon on horseback and shooting out the lights and adventures of a similar exciting nature. This conversation might have been brought on by the natural trend of conversation which had preceded my arrival relative to the Indian outbreak, but that subject by mutual consent seemed to be debarred from discussion, although I noticed that each man carefully guarded his shooting irons, and when night came upon retiring, which was effected by rolling up in a blanket on the floor, his firearms were carefully placed within easy reaching distance. I was given a pair of blankets and in the corner near where I lay I noticed a Winchester was placed, although nothing was said to me about it. I passed a sleepless night and, in fact, no one slept soundly as I could observe by the restless way in which the men turned during the night.

Morning saw me tired and dead scared as I had to take the team back alone, and was the object of no little speculation from some of the men who would suggest that I should stay another day when some of the boys would be going in to Deming with stock. With the recklessness of ignorance, however, I started back, my mind having been made up to that effect by the suspicion that I was a subject of ridicule from the gang and that they were indulging in their favorite pastime of "joshing the tenderfoot." As I had no seat in the wagon I was compelled to ride standing up until I bethought me I would utilize one of the numerous Spanish spear grass plants which grew in profusion along the mesa. They resemble our Klondike "nigger heads," save that from the center of the mass of spiky grass a tall and slender shoot is thrown out some 15 feet in height. From this plant I learned that the natives made an intoxicating drink called pulque, which I was told had the same effect on a man as rattle weed had on a horse, both producing a form of paresis.

As the ranch disappeared in the distance and I mounted the first rise of the divide my attention was attracted by a cloud of dust in the distance, which gradually increased in volume until at last I could recognize a party of horsemen who were coming towards me at an angle which if continued would about intersect the road at the point on which I was traveling. "Indians," was the thought that rushed through my mind and when I heard that peculiar Indian cry, "yow, yow, yow," I became frantic with fright.

I have read many times of men in danger of their life who paused for an instant to make a resume of their earthly career. "Like a fish he saw his life laid before him like an open book," I believe is the orthodox way of expressing it, but those people were really not scared. I had no time for reminiscences, only a mad desire to escape. Jumping from the wagon I tore at the traces to unhitch the off mule, but in my haste my efforts were abortive, as the cursed mule became restless and would not give me the necessary slack to slip the trace. In desperation I drew my clasp knife, a souvenir from Big Springs, Texas, and slashed at the traces until nearly severing one of my fingers. I cut it through. I cut the inside line in the same way and unhitched the other trace as well as the breast strap and in a frenzy of haste mounted the mule and digging my heels in the animals side started on a dead jump up the road. I had not gone 20 yards before crack, crack, crack went a fusilade

# Dawson Society

The great activity in society circles just preceding and during the holidays was followed by a period of dullness the more noticeable by reason of the contrast. Parties and amusements of a private nature seemed to come to an end, as if everyone had met and decided to bring the winter's social life to an early close.

Many things contributed to this, notably the cold weather and a general tired feeling which prevailed at the close of the holidays.

Recently, however, there seems to be a little more inclination to go and to receive.

A week ago tonight there was a merry sleighing party to 50 below on Bonanza creek, where a pleasant evening was spent in dancing and music, at the close of which a most acceptable supper was partaken of before the party returned to the city. The original party is said to have been 13, but as this was objected to by Rudy Kalenborn, who knew something unpleasant would happen if that unlucky number were to comprise the party, two more were added making 15, just a good load for Orr & Tukey's long sleigh. The names of those who made up the party were as follows:

Miss Margaret Thebo, Miss Amy Williams, Miss Barrett, Miss Alice Barrett, Miss Crowley, Miss May Hughes, Mrs. Clark, Chief Stewart, Rudy Kalenborn, M. Thorburn, Weldy Young, Al Watson, John Dougherty and Jack D nes.

The people of upper Dominion did not forget the anniversary of Bobby Burns' birth day, a week ago Friday evening, when there was a large gathering of canny Scots at Joe Graham's place at 2 above upper discovery. Piper Taylor was there with his pipes, and Messrs. Dunsuir and Chisholm aided in the entertainment of the evening with Scottish songs. Mr. Taylor danced

in costume, and several others contributed largely to the entertainment of the evening by singing, dancing and the recital of appropriate anecdotes. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Yeager, Mr. and Mrs. Cabotwell, Mr. and Mrs. Randall, Mr. and Mrs. Hering, Miss Zimmerman, Miss Scott, Miss Nelson, Miss Cornwell, Mrs. Wall, Miss Larson, Miss Cahill, Miss Stone and Mrs. Heatley. After the dancers had danced and the singers had sung, and the story tellers had told many interesting things concerning the poet in whose honor they had met, a most tempting repast was spread before them to which all did ample justice before going their several ways.

As a host Mr. Graham is hard to beat, and it is not at all likely that his guests of that night will wait till the return of the anniversary to pay him another visit.

Last Wednesday a number of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Dan Rose assembled at their cozy Fifth avenue residence to celebrate the hostess' birthday.

The house was very tastefully decorated with the flags of nearly all nations, and artistically arranged draperies.

What formed the basis of entertainment and a very pleasant evening was the result of the gathering. The prizes, which were well selected and appropriate, were won by Mrs. Perry and Mr. Siegel, who carried off the two first prizes, and Mrs. Phillips and Mr. R. J. White who captured the hooby prizes. Elegantly prepared refreshments were served.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Perry, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Selgel, Mr. and Mrs. White, Mr. and Mrs. Townsend, Mr. and Mrs. Hemen, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, Miss Maud McDonald, Miss Geline, Mr. John Cameron, Mr. Hugh McDermott.

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man or beast by the case, sack, bale or ton, at competing prices with the "big companies." E. MEEKER, Log Cabin Grocery, Third Ave., near postoffice.

Steel marten traps, just in—0, 1 and 1 1/2. Shindler's.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

**German Bakery**  
Klondike Breads  
3 LOAVES OF BREAD FOR 50c

Turkeys · Ducks · Poultry

Fresh Meats

Bay City Market

THIRD STREET Near Second Ave.

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Dawson Electric Light & Power Co. Ltd.

FULL LINE CHOICE BRANDS

Wines, Liquors & Cigars

CHISHOLM'S SALOON.

ARCTIC SAWMILL

BLUICE, FLUME & MINING LUMBER

## The Nugget

The Nugget reaches the people in town and out of town, on every creek and every claim; in season and out of season. If you wish to reach the public you will do well to bear this in mind. . . .

Our circulation is general; we cater to no class unless it be the one that demands a live, unprejudiced and readable newspaper

Here We Have "the Drayman"

If you were engaged in the Freight Business this illustration would look well on your cards or letterheads. We make all kinds of engravings appropriate for all kinds of business.

WE HAVE Steam Hoses, Points, Ejectors, Injectors, Valves, Pipe, Fittings, Lubricating Oil and a Full Supply of

**...MINER'S HARDWARE...**

The DAWSON HARDWARE CO. PHONE 30 SECOND AVE.

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.

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

Fine line of pipes at Zaccarelli's.

Brewitt makes clothes fit.

All watch repairing guaranteed by C. A. Cochran, the expert watchmaker, opposite Bank B. N. A., Second street.

Notice of Revocation of Power of Attorney.

To all whom it may concern: Take notice that a certain power of attorney, granted to John Drever McGillivray, of this city, by this company, to carry on the affairs of the said company in this territory, bearing date the 22d day of January, 1900, has been revoked.

Dated at Dawson, this 30th day of January, A. D. 1901.

Per. Pro. THE ANGLIO-KLONDIKE MINING CO., LTD. T. A. R. PURCHAS.

I will now offer our fresh vegetables kept all winter without artificial heat. Our potatoes are in particularly fine condition, solid, unwatered and as sound as the day they were harvested. Such are the most healthful food. A full line of family groceries by retail; likewise a full stock of food products for