

WHEN AMERICA WAS YOUNG

And There Was Deadly Fear of the Redcoats.

Brave Jane Hillard Made a Thrilling Ride and Had a Close Call From Capture.

During the revolutionary war many deeds of valor were performed by people whose names have never been heard of by the present generation, but whose daring acts did much to foster the cause of liberty. The Hillards were a well known family in the vicinity of Philadelphia, and while they had never been discovered in direct communication with the Continental army it was fairly understood among the British troops that they were using their influence to aid the colonists.

"I should like nothing better," an English officer was saying, "than to capture one of that family, march him to headquarters and make him give an account of himself."

"Perhaps," a fellow officer returned, "you would not enjoy the capture of the young daughter of the household, who, it is said, is afraid of nothing this side of the sea. It is said that she is one of the most expert horsewomen in the colonies and is out scouring the country over at daybreak and does not return till dark."

Jane Hillard, a beautiful girl of 15, was standing at her horse's side, patting its glossy neck, while her mother was saying:

"I like not the thought of your going so far from home alone when the country round is infested with British soldiers."

"Why, mother," laughed the girl as she sprang into the saddle, "I know every inch of the ground as well as I know our own dooryard. And what can happen to me? There is no horse so fleet as mine, and I promise to take good care of myself." And, giving the mare a touch with her whip, she went flying down the driveway toward the public road.

Jane rode along the smooth highway, every now and then looking over her shoulder to see whether any had noticed her during her swift trip. And at last, when she came to a large clump of elder bushes, she reined in the mare, raised herself in the saddle and gazed in all directions. Seeing no one, she gave three short whistles, which were at once answered. She then started the horse and in a moment had reached a thick underbrush a few rods off the public road. A young man came forward, raised his cap respectfully and said:

"Good day, Mistress Hillard. You are prompt in keeping an appointment."

"Good day, sir," she answered quickly. "I am glad I have not kept you waiting, though," she added, "I came near not being here at all. This day of all others my mother objected to my riding. The country is filled with soldiers, and she was afraid harm might come to me."

"Does she know of this meeting?" the man asked quickly.

"No one knows of it," the girl replied, "and I am sure I have not been noticed on my way here."

"That is well," her companion answered. "I am trusting you with a most important message which must be in the hands of Gen. Washington within 12 hours. If it is discovered, it means death to me and confusion to our troops. You are in great danger carrying it." And he hesitated a moment before placing it in her hands, which were outstretched toward, a neatly corded packet. "But I see no other way," he added, and, handing it to the girl, he was soon out of sight.

Jane placed the precious message within her riding cap and had gone but a short distance when, on looking over her shoulder, great was her consternation to discover in the distance a party of English officers.

Jane Hillard was a brave girl, but her heart sank as she thought of the important letter entrusted to her, all that it meant to the Continental army if it were discovered and what would be her probable fate if she were made a prisoner of war. She put the spurs to her horse, and then began a ride which was an important one for the cause of liberty. On they went, the girl urging the mare over the uneven road, well knowing that one misstep meant certain capture and probable death, while the redcoats followed with wonderful speed.

"We are gaining!" cried one. "I'll wager that at the next turn of the road we shall catch her."

The men fairly flew over the road to the point beyond the bend where they expected to capture Mistress Hillard, and great was their surprise to discover that she was not only beyond their reach, but that she had completely disappeared! The men who had regarded the race as simply a joke to frighten the girl now vowed to find her and take her before the commandant.

"We'll ride right to her father's door, and the one who finds her and brings her before the officer of the day shall receive a liberal reward."

Jane Hillard spoke truly when she said she knew the country around, and when she saw that the British were in pursuit of her she decided on a desperate move. At a point hidden from the highway she vaulted her horse over the hedge, turned down the edge of a creek, and by the time her disappearance was discovered she was carefully skirting her way through her father's orchard. In a few moments she was galloping over the grass at the edge of the driveway and soon arrived at the Hillard homestead.

No one was in sight, and the girl hastily sprang from the saddle, opened the door and, leaning her horse into the kitchen, securely fastened the great bar across the entrance. With great caution she led the mare through the living room, down the wide hall and the length of the state parlor into a little bedroom. She closed every door behind her, and when she took the horse into the sleeping room she quite filled the space between the enormous bed and the old fashioned, dimity draped dressing table.

"There!" she whispered, unfastening the saddle girth. "The redcoats won't get us this time, my girl."

In the meantime the officers rode up the lane to the Hillard mansion, carefully looking for tracks in the dust, and one man knocked at the kitchen door so loudly with his riding whip that Mrs. Hillard hastily answered the summons, coming out of the cellar, where she had been assisting the maids in skimming the cream.

"We are looking," said the man, "for a maiden who, rides about the country on a bay mare. She is, I believe, your daughter, madam."

"My daughter!" stammered Mrs. Hillard. "What can you possibly want of her?"

"We believe," went on the officer, "that she is carrying treasonable messages to the Continental army."

"Why, sirs," cried the mother, "you are greatly mistaken. Jane is but a child, and she knows no more of the ways of war than yonder lamb."

"Know you where she is at present?" one of them asked.

"She left the house an hour ago," was the reply, "and I expect her home at any moment."

"Well, madam," said the first speaker, "if you will assure me that she is doing no mischief and promise me that she holds no communication with the Continentals, we will bid you good afternoon."

"I will also promise you," returned Mrs. Hillard, that hereafter she shall do her riding on her own estate, and I pledge you my honor that she has nor shall she hold any communication with the Continental army."

There was great consternation in the household when Jane led her horse from out the best bedroom and told the story of her flight and her manner of escape.

Late that night, when all the household was asleep, a little figure stole out and in a few seconds placed in the hands of the waiting messenger a packet, which was in the possession of Gen. Washington before dawn. And that day the Continental army gained a great victory.

Several months afterward Gen. Washington took dinner with the Hillard family, making the journey out of Philadelphia to personally thank the young girl who had risked so much for the cause so dear to her heart, her astonished family then hearing of it for the first time. The commander-in-chief of the army also wrote Jane Hillard a letter, which he signed, "Your faithful friend, G. Washington."

The Hillard mansion is yet standing and in the best bedroom and on the threshold of the state parlor are still to be seen the hoof marks of the faithful horse that carried the messenger when Jane Hillard risked so much for the cause of liberty.—Troy Northern Budget.

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AILEEN.

I know a winsome little girl
Whose dancing feet are light
As thistle down that breezes whirl
To float in sunshine bright
A little girl with winking eyes
That smile like sunny summer skies
Upon whose blue no clouds arise
And in them mischief lies.

A happy heart that singing goes
To mate with dancing feet,
A guileless heart that only knows
Whatever of life that's sweet;
A dainty blossom, pink and white,
Capricious as a fairy sprite
That could not live without sunlight
And careless love would blight.

'Tis sad to think that years may feet
And bring a woman's dower
To still those happy, dancing feet
With sorrow's heavy power,
But love that watched the blossom rare
Will surely keep the ripe fruit fair
And teach the woman's heart to bear
Whatever may come of care.

—Mary Devereux in Boston Transcript.

Taking the Census.

"Oh, yes, I know you are the census man. Warm day, take a seat. I've gotten all the facts for you. My husband, John Moore, is 40; I am 32; we have seven children; they are all well now."

"But—" put in the census man, relates the Pittsburg Chronicle.

"Yes, yes, you needn't ask me any questions. I'm telling you fast as I can. Tommy, our oldest boy, had the measles when he was three. He first began to walk when he was eight months old and the day after he was ten months old he could walk clear around the room without holding on to anything. He fell down the stairs when he was four years three months and thirteen days old, but it didn't hurt him any, and he liked ice cream from the first time he ever tasted it. I can't get him to eat gravy, but he had his first piece of steak when he was 15 months old. Johnnie, the next to the oldest—"

"Madam, stop, stop," cried the enumerator, "answer my questions. I don't want to know any more about your children."

And then the woman got angry and the census taker also lost his temper and left.

Pen and Pencil.

Josquin Miller, the poet, who recently built his own tomb in California, announced the other day that the world was mistaken in supposing that he meant to occupy it for some time.

Mr. Andrew Lang asserts that novels are almost, if not altogether, the only form of literature that is remunerative now. Nevertheless he thinks that a new Frode, Macaulay or Tennyson would even now find readers.

Paul Bourget has become a practicing Catholic, according to the Tablet, following the fashion set by M. Frunetiere and Huysmans. It is, moreover, reported that M. Bourget is revising his books from a Christian point of view.

Sir John Tenniel, who is affectionately known among his associates as the Grand Old Man of Punch, has been on the staff of that paper for 50 years. Over 2000 cartoons have come from his pencil, and an exhibition of the original drawings is now being held in London.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the author, enjoys an almost equal fame as a specialist in diseases of the nerves. He is also a naturalist of note and has genius as a poet. This many sided man was born in Philadelphia, educated in the University of Pennsylvania and graduated from the celebrated Jefferson Medical college in 1850. He is now 71 years old.

King Humbert Marries.

King Humbert's marriage was one of the best things that ever happened to him. It was not till he was 24 that a bride was chosen for him. Heirs apparent are not usually allowed to remain unwedded so long, but it so happened that death carried off the wife destined for him, a young Hapsburg archduchess. In 1868, however, Victor Emmanuel grew uneasy at this single state of his heir, whose younger brother was already provided with a wife. He one day told his prime minister, Gen. Manabrea, that he absolutely must find a wife for Humbert. To this peremptory command the soldier quietly remarked that she was already found; there was wanting only the will of his majesty and the consent of the prince. The lady on whom the general had fixed was the Princess Margherita, daughter of the Duke of Genoa, the brave brother of Victor Emmanuel, whom consumption had borne away from the family and fatherland. She had been carefully educated, according to her father's dying instructions. She was at the time a lovely girl of 18, delicately fair, with eyes of a deeper blue than usually accompanies a blonde complexion, and a smile of bewitching sweetness. When Victor Emmanuel first heard this suggestion he was surprised. He had never thought of his piece in this light. He asked the general to tell him something about the qualities of the princess, and what had suggested the idea to him. All he heard greatly pleased the king, and, striking the table with his fist, as he often did when excited, he exclaimed, "Bravo! From all you have

related I recognize in her the Savoy blood. Now that you have told me so many nice things about my niece I will go and assure myself of it personally." No sooner said than done; he set out for Turin at once, and arrived unexpectedly at the palace of the Duchess of Genoa. His conversation with the princess satisfied him that her charms had not been overrated. The marriage was therefore arranged, and was celebrated in April, 1868, at Turin, with great pomp, in the presence of the whole royal family.—Toronto Globe.

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