

LIFE
ROMANCESpies and the Man
She LovedAll for Him and is Pursued
Her Husband's Vengeance
Everywhere.

San Francisco, Nov. 1.—Julia Edwards, who deserted her husband, John J. Shaw, to accompany him to the Yukon, has a pathetic story to tell of the struggles and sufferings she has endured since she was forced to leave her husband's side.

She had been married to Shaw for some time, and they were very happy. But one day she was told that her husband had been killed. She was so shocked that she did not know what to do. She went to the police and told them what had happened. They told her that they had no record of any such killing.

She was so sure that her husband had been killed that she decided to look for him. She went to the Yukon and found him. She was so happy to see him that she did not care what anyone thought. She went back to him and they lived together for some time.

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few men would have passed through. He knew he was steadily sinking and that I was the weight that was dragging him down.

"Never mind, Edna," was all he had to say to me. "I'm big enough to win bread for you anywhere, and you trust me to do it."

"I trusted him," And he did not betray me. If Spies had not sapped away almost his last fiber of nerve Jack would be here now telling me that the light was beginning to come and that our time to triumph over our torturer was not far ahead.

"We planned to get a divorce from Spies. Divorces cost money and Jack was not earning many dollars. Jack scrubbed floors — he who had never worked at anything harder than actor's part. Scrubbed floors rather than leave me! Do you suppose that Spies, with his malicious, mean, small nature, his cowardly threats, could come between us? Then Lander Stevens was brave and big-hearted enough to give the poor fellow an engagement."

"We were rapidly returning the small sums our friends had loaned us and hoped to strike back at Spies within a few weeks. My petition for freedom would have been based upon the many cruelties to which I had been subjected when I was a 'lawful' wife."

"Then came the letter to Mr. Stevens and his refusal to give it any consideration. Then the attack through the Elks on Stevens because he had not heeded Spies' demands that we be kept apart."

"When Jack learned that the wretch who had the impudence to claim me as his wife was doing all he could to turn patronage away from his savior and employer, he threw up his hands."

"It's no use, Edna," he said, "that man is a devil — we cannot do him." Then Jack got sick and died."

The sobbing woman didn't complete the sentence.

She was going to say that "Jack" died.

"I went with Jack against his counsel," she continued, "and when I left him after going as far as Chicago and returned to Philadelphia I rejoined him at Salt Lake because my heart made me do it. He didn't know I was coming to him till I found him at the Utah capital."

The profession of which Shaw was a humble member is seeing to it that his remains get proper attention. The man has been reported to be the son of a wealthy New York widow, and word concerning the disposal of the body is expected from her. Lists are being circulated from hand to hand behind the curtain at the different theaters and the woman who loved Shaw will not be in immediate want.

Paris Purged
Paris, Nov. 1.—The English Jockey Club has notified the French Association that it will support the French Jockey Club's suspension of the American jockeys. Members of the Jockey Club sneer at Reiff and Henry's engagement of Maître Lachry to produce their reinstatement and intimate their efforts will fail. MacIntyre, who quietly accepted his suspension, is soon to get a renewal of his license.

Bob Rose, the bookmaker, sailed for New York today. The recent disclosures of the collusion between the jockeys and bookmakers has induced the deputies to endeavor to pass a law abolishing all bookmaking. They argue that bookmaking is the Paris Matutal pools. The latter are controlled by government and a percentage goes to charity. Abolish the bookmakers, they say, and increase the government's revenue from the races.

The minister of the interior showed the American correspondent many snapshots which he has obtained — as evidence to prove the guilt of the card sharps, jockeys and bookmakers. One of these photos shows Korn accepting a bunch of bills from a man who called himself "Tod Sloan's secretary." The picture was taken at Trouville. Another shows Sol Schlessinger dining a companion with three guests of champagne on the table. Still another photo shows Reiff in an act which the police allege is that of a horse being pulled. The police are not afraid of the result of the Reiff and Henry appeal to law. Paris has not been so free from international crooks for years as it is now.

One Hundred Years Ago.
From the Times of Sept. 30, 1892, reproduced in the Times of Sept. 30, 1902.

Amongst the variety of opinions which prevail with regard to the use of the First Consul will make of the power of choosing his successor, we are not surprised to hear it suggested that he nominate the lawful heir of the Monarchy in the secret will which he is authorized to deposit; not that we see any good grounds for this expectation, but because it seems so obviously intended to inspire a certain class of Emigrants and Royalists, with hopes exactly commensurate to their understanding. It will not surprise us to hear that these surmises are very popular at Warsaw.

It is not the least striking circumstance of our strange times that a King of France, deprived of his Throne by Leveillé and Jacobins, should take refuge in the capital of a Kingdom which has been deprived of its King, laws, independence and political existence, by Royal robbers — London Times.

PAUPERS
UNKNOWNNot a Beggar in the
City of DawsonUnique Position Occupied Which
Can be Claimed by no
Other City.

There is one very marked peculiarity about Dawson which no other city in the world may be said to possess, a characteristic that speaks volumes for the general prosperity of the Yukon and the irrefutable hustling abilities of the inhabitants of the territory. In no other section of the world under the broad canopy of heaven can less abject poverty and destitution be found than in Dawson, and when an isolated case of positive want comes to view it is nearly always accompanied or has been preceded by illness which has rendered the person incapable of earning a livelihood. It has not always been thus as those who arrived in this land of gold in '97 and '98 can testify. Particularly during the winter of the latter year the charity of the government was boundless, and many persons have the Dominion authorities to thank for the means which kept soul and body together during those long dark days when there was so much sickness and suffering, and later sent them to their homes from which they had come but a few short months before so full of hope and ambition to carve out a fortune in the far north. Gradually the law of the survival of the fittest worked out the destiny of each of the thousands who flocked here in an early day, the weak returning to the cheery fires of their eastern and southern homes while the strong remained to battle with the elements and wrest from the earth the riches which should bring them peace and happiness in later years. Not all have succeeded in their efforts, but those who failed were made of stern stuff and where the Fates were against them in one quarter they turned to another direction and persevered, asking the assistance of no man.

The records at the comptroller's office will show an enormous sum to have been expended in the cause of charity during the first two years of the camp's existence, but it has gradually decreased until now it is almost nothing. In fact, practically the only wards of the government now here are the Indians who sometimes require assistance, though rations are by no means doled out to them regularly. The government still maintains the practice of giving aid to those who are sick and in need of attendance, such as who have not the means to pay their own hospital expenses, and that is the only manner in which charity is distributed nowadays. One never sees a beggar on the streets of Dawson, there are no paupers here and probably never will be. Times may occasionally be hard and work scarce, but a man in good bodily health if he is willing can always cure enough for his necessities without recourse to beggary or seeking government aid. Not a single case of positive destitution has been brought to the attention of the authorities in the past two years, and if a man goes hungry in this land of gold and hard conditions he is either ill or too lazy to exert himself.

Several years the Salvation Army was a veritable haven of rest for many a poor devil who had expended his all in reaching the land of promise only to be met with discouragements and hardships until his spirit was completely broken and he was only too thankful for a hard bunk in which to lay his head and a meal or two of the coarsest fare. Even there the transition is noticeable. Where formerly the Army was crowded for accommodations now there are but three or four who make their headquarters with those who have given up their lives for the betterment of mankind.

Acting Commissioner Major Wood when asked if he had had any appeals for charity recently stated that such were practically unknown. The people of the territory are independent and will not ask for assistance until in the direct necessity. Occasionally, men who are willing and able to work but have no means to buy provisions and no credit will apply for the loan of a grub stake until they can find a position or a piece of ground to work, and such on several occasions have been granted if upon investigation it is found they are persons worthy of assistance and there is any probability of their being able to either pay for or return the loan.

Sergeant Smith, in charge of the town detachment and chief of the city police, has never seen a country or a city where there is less destitution than in Dawson. He regards it as remarkable and no one can gainsay the fact that in that respect at least Dawson occupies a position most unique.

Send a copy of Goetzman's Souvenir to outside friends. A complete pictorial history of Klondike. For sale at all news stands. Price \$3.50.

The Premature Explosion

It was an evil day for Open court when Bill Ockerson became sheriff, though his first term brought no suspicion of his real villainy. Some odium came upon him when he took up with Chet Higgins, the "cowboy lawyer," who wanted to be judge, but by the time public opposition was aroused in Sandstone Higgins had won, and the judge and the sheriff commenced to run things with a high hand. Sandstone was the county seat and the only place in the county in which Ockerson and Higgins were fully and knowingly feared and hated.

The decent citizen of Green made up a minority which the sheriff and his side partner, Judge Higgins, quickly set about reducing to a powerless and scattered handful. Men who had borne good reputations were made the scapegoats for the sheriff's lawless pets, drunken ruffians shot up the town, insulted women and terrified the townsfolk with impunity. But let a sheepman, a miner, or a tenderfoot so much as invite the suspicion or arouse the wrath of a cattleman, and the vengeance of "the law" was swift and sure.

If Ockerson brought in an occasional horse thief or robber, Judge Higgins never failed to soften his punishment or remit his sentence. But if an accused, suspected or "probable" law-breaker was shot down in his tracks by the unerring weapon of the sheriff it always transpired that the victim was either a sheepman or one of those hesitating characters who had failed to countenance and support the officers in authority.

Meanwhile the good people of Sandstone, in abject terror of their sheriff, were secretly plotting for his removal. Like most good folks, they were neither adept nor at ease with the weapons of the desperado. The Rev. Throckmorton, a brave young pastor, had dared to arraign both sheriff and judge from his little pulpit one Sunday, while a squad of howling rowdies were galloping and shooting through the street. But his frame church burned down that night and put an end to the hope of organized opposition.

Doc Jeff Peterson, the coroner, had secretly spoked up the records of Ockerson and Higgins. He knew that the judge had studied law while serving a long term in the Missouri penitentiary, and that the sheriff's picture had ornamented the gallery at Topeka, but beyond whispered conferences behind locked doors with Deacon Lusk and some of the leading merchants nothing came of the information.

It was in March that seven steers were driven away from the Lynx river bottoms, and Tom Harkness of Diamond Y outfit came into Sandstone to get the sheriff and posse after the thieves. Harkness was an utter rogue, but he had seen two men on foot herding the steers northward, and Ockerson, with half a dozen picked men of his own style, set out in pursuit. The next morning at daybreak, while they were salting their herd, Henry Etling and his partner, a Dutchman named Caspar, were surprised and scared to find a strange steer inside their fence. They found where the wire had been cut and mended, and the hoof-prints of the horse outside where the beef had been driven into their inclosure. Back of their shack in a pile near the fence they found nine fresh hides.

"A stall for cow thieves!" said Etling, a nervous little sheep man, who had lost many a sheep to the wire cutters and knew the sheriff for what he was. "Let's hike for the bottoms, Caspar. Ockerson will never take us in alive."

They drove the steer out through the house corral, and in ten minutes were scampering to cover in the cottonwood thickets of the river bottom. At 9 o'clock the sheriff and his posse found the cow and followed its trail to Etling's. The hides were picked up as evidence. The officers scoured the neighborhood for the runaways, and not finding them, turned down the shack and feed shelter, but the wire fences and drove back toward town with a hundred head of mutton. The sheep never reached the pound, however, for Tom Harkness circled them away from the settlement and headed them for Lynx river. The recovered steer was corralled in Ockerson's yard, and a charge of cattle stealing fixed by Judge Higgins against "Henry Etling and one Caspar, sheep ranchers, in township 11, Green county, etc."

This story soon filtered into Sandstone, and great was the suppressed indignation which it aroused. Doc Peterson thought of asking for federal aid in suppressing the twin tyrants of Green county, but nobody else seemed to be able to contrive a measure sufficiently practical and daring for the task.

Meanwhile the sheriff and the judge who had openly entered into an alliance which included commercial as well as legal supremacy, were engaged in enlarging and improving a combination livery stable and feed yard, in which they were equally interested. The project under way was the sinking of a well, but the deep-rooted dislike and suspicion in which they were both held by the townsfolk made it necessary for them to do most of the work themselves. They took turns below digging at the clay or drilling into the rocky strata, but were hard put to find a steady man who would man the windlass which

lifted the dirt and debris and the diggers themselves from the well. On Monday morning, however, a stranger struck town in search of work. He was a red-faced, pussy German, with bulging blue eyes, very silent but very good natured. So Ockerson hired him, and from 8 in the morning till 5 in the evening, with but an hour rest at noon, he had tugged and panted at the rough handle of the windlass. That hour he had spent in a most extraordinary manner, for Doc Peterson had watched him stroll down the main street to the edge of town and then run like a cottontail for the woods half a mile away. However, he was back at his post at 1 o'clock and the work went on in silence. At 5 o'clock Ockerson came up in the bucket.

"I got the drill in about five inches," he said to Higgins, who was ready to descend. "I think the next blast will fetch her. Better make a good deep hole this time and drop in two sticks of dynamite. It won't take more'n a half hour, judge."

"All right, Ock," said the judge, getting into the bucket with an admittance of "Easy, easy, meinher!" At 5:30 from the depths of the well came the worker's voice, "Hi, up there! Get ready to hist."

"Put in a two-minute fuse, judge!" shouted the sheriff, peering down into the well. "How deep's the drill?" "Twelve inches," came the answer. There was silence for five minutes, Ockerson leaning over the brink of the abyss, the German at the handle waiting for the word. A little man with an old-fashioned musket had come up unnoticed and was sitting on a heap of stones just behind the German. He said nothing. The fat worker at the windlass eyed him with vacant, watery eyes.

"Are you ready, mein herr?" came the voice of Judge Higgins. "All ready!" cried the German. Peering into the black abyss Sheriff Ockerson could see the flash of a match and then the red sputter of the fuse. The windlass creaked as the German bent to his task, but Ockerson, leaning over, was saying, "I'll bet she'll come in tonight, Judge."

"Hope so," answered the voice rising swiftly toward the surface. "I piled all the loose rocks over the dynamite and packed it down with clay. Bet the shot'll wreck the —"

His head was almost level with the surface, but he did not finish the sentence. The sudden shot of a gun near the German's ear caused him to drop the handle. Down went man and bucket with a scream and a crash. Ockerson turned swiftly round and saw Henry Etling, the little sheep man, just poising a ragged rock. Before the sheriff could dodge it struck him full in the face. He never heard the awful explosion that followed in the well, nor felt the final crash of another stone which the very little Etling dropped upon his head. In five minutes the whole town of Sandstone was running into the corral, crowding round the well. They found the Dutchman almost hysterical with fright; Ockerson quite dead, but from the smoke vomiting orifice in the earth came no sound but the rush and gurgle of water as the well "came in." Nor did anyone see the little sheep man in Sandstone again, though his shack is rebuilt and his Dutch partner lives with him in all the serenity of peaceful toil and an untroubled conscience.

As for Doc Peterson, the coroner, he is very proud of his first verdict, which was "death by a premature explosion on the part of Judge Chet Higgins, and by a fragment of flying rock on the part of Sheriff Bill Ockerson, both being brought about by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of a party or parties to us unknown." — John H. Rattery in Chicago Record-Herald.

Laurier's Speech
The London Commercial Intelligence, commenting on Sir Wilfrid Laurier's recent speech at Paris, says: "Sir Wilfrid Laurier spoke in terms of affection and veneration of the land of his forefathers, but it is rarely that a public man clothes his sentiments in such felicitous language as that used by Sir Wilfrid Laurier. 'Our veneration for France' he said, 'honors France, which has inspired us, Canada, which has preserved it, and England, which has respected it.' The most glowing eulogy of the British constitution could not convey a better tribute to its greatness and magnanimity. Its freedom and the self-respecting manliness which it inspires, than the bare fact that a British colonial Premier could speak so frankly of his natural affection for the land of his ancestors. It is the broad and tolerant spirit of the British nation towards the peoples that have come under our flag that binds them to us with sentiments of devoted loyalty."

—Toronto Globe.

Usana.
There is a new name or term coming into commercial use—Usana—as an abbreviated designation of this country—United States of North America—which is technically correct and at the same time easy to use and remember. Several concerns in various lines of business now bear that title, and its use is destined to grow—Mining and Scientific Press.

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In Portuguese Jail

Lisbon, Nov. 1.—A young man is imprisoned here who is believed to be a relative of the Russian imperial family. He was arrested for cheating a hotel man and stealing a collection of stamps. The prisoner calls himself Prince Cretchet, but he possesses a passport bearing the name of Prince Nikolt Romanowsky. The Romanowsky family is related to the Russian imperial family and the secretary of the Russian legation is taking a deep interest in the prisoner and visits him daily.

The prince came here from Berlin, where he dissipated a fortune. He informed the police that he intended going to New York to begin life anew.

The following is the latest contribution to Wall street arithmetic:

10 mills make one trust
10 trusts make one combine
10 combines make one merger
10 mergers make one magnate
1 magnate makes all the money.

IN THE GOLD COMMISSIONER'S COURT OF THE YUKON TERRITORY.

Between Joseph Nucci, J. P. O'Connor, Giovanni Lafazie, Felix Donatelli, Innocenzo Bucci, Franz Luigi, W. Presprick and W. A. Croll,

Plaintiffs, and N. C. Woodring, Robert R. Campbell, Louis Williams, Edward Erickson, D. Lewis Corcoran, Joseph Boorman, Frank Gleason, Hugh F. MacKinnon, Fred Whitman, John R. D. Sinclair, William D. Wilson, David Wilson, Carrie J. Lowe, Rose Perry, Charles Williams, Michael Dooley, Beatrice Wilson, Edward Juhl, Robert Beecher, John H. Lamb, Albert Lodge, Joseph Notti, Herbert Plumb, Joseph Stein, J. Hellwinkle, C. Young, W. J. Elliott, A. J. Nelson, J. T. Cosgriff, C. Pusoneault, A. F. Stowe, Luigi Raineri, B. Pinchetti, John Irwin, James Fraser, W. Furnival, George Fleeder, J. Lawrence, L. Flennry, T. B. Kennedy, A. M. Campbell, J. S. Houser, H. S. Smith, F. Gayno, W. A. Black and J. J. Mahon,

Defendants.

To the above named defendants:— TAKE NOTICE that a protest has been entered with the Gold Commissioner of the Yukon Territory by the above named plaintiffs for the cancellation of your applications for a grant to creek placer mining claim No. 4 below Discovery on Lovett Gulch in the Yukon Territory.

AND TAKE NOTICE that in pursuance of an order of the said Gold Commissioner dated the 27th day of November, 1902, you are required to attend before him at his office at Dawson, on Wednesday, the 17th day of December, 1902, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon, with such evidence as you may see fit, at which time and place the said protest will be heard, and in the event of your absence the plaintiffs will be heard and judgment given.

Dated this 28th day of November, A. D. 1902.

Joseph Nucci, J. P. O'Connor, Giovanni Lafazie, Felix Donatelli, Innocenzo Bucci, Franz Luigi, W. Presprick and W. A. Croll,

Plaintiffs in person whose address for service is at the office of Leroy Tozier, Monte Carlo Building, First Avenue, Dawson, Y. T.

The Law Prohibits..

The Publishing of a Fac-Simile of the Official Ballot, BUT

Joseph Andrew Clarke

AND

James Hamilton Ross

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STRANGE COLONY.

In a Siberian Forest Founded by
an Escaped Convict.

St. Petersburg, Nov. 1.—A party of Russian geographers, under Col. Pavlovsky, traveling through an unknown tract of Siberian forest country, came upon a large natural clearing, where they found about a hundred wild-looking individuals clad in skins and speaking bad Russian. They were the children and grandchildren of an escaped convict, who had managed to run away from the mines in 1839.

The convict, whose name was Matveyev, came upon a camp of wandering Kirghis, and, after living with them some time, married one of their women. The tribe left to wander, and Matveyev, finding a suitable spot in the midst of a dense forest, settled there with his wife. After ten years of incredible hardship and toil they built a house and managed to fill a little soil. As the years went on the children managed to secure Kirghis wives, but as they feared to visit the Russian settlements they were obliged to lead a Robinson Crusoe sort of existence. Matveyev died five years ago.

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