

CAPTURE OF OSMAN DIGNA.

Brief History of the Crafty Old Slave Trader.

After Routing the Troops of Britain's Leading General, a Captain Effects His Capture.

The capture of Osman Digna, who for 18 years made the occupation of Egypt a most unprofitable enterprise for the British, ends the career of one of the most picturesque rascals of modern times.

An inglorious end it is, too. The man who routed the forces of such English generals as Hicks, Graham, Baker and Burnaby and who had defied Kitchener himself was at last run down by a mere captain who, with a squad of soldiers, had found the once great leader of the desert hordes skulking through the hills about Suakin, attended by a pitiful remnant of his big army. So the English captain made Osman Digna prisoner and shut him up in Suakin, where he had once ruled as lord of the desert. The other day the fallen emir was sent to Cairo, where he is now shut up very securely.

It is said that Osman Digna was really a European by birth and his real name is George Nisbet. The story runs that his widowed mother married a slave trader of Alexandria, who gave his name to the boy, as well as his religion and his occupation. After being well educated Osman Digna succeeded his stepfather in business. He hired a band of lawless desert denizens, who swept up and down the banks of the Nile, capturing young men and women. The captives were hurried down the Red sea and sold. Osman Digna grew rich. His headquarters were at Berber and at Khartoum. The whole Suakin region yielded tribute to his traffic.

The English occupation threatened him with ruin. The new authorities had issued an edict against slavery. They closed the ports of the south to the peculiar merchandise of Osman Digna. He was now a typical Mohammedan of 50, with a harem and heard. Ruin stared him in the face. He joined the Mahdi.

His first work was to organize a following of desert bandits. Their bond of union was plunder. Within a few years he had become the leader of the revolting population of the eastern Sudan.

Here, for over a year, such a succession of victories perched upon the banners of his army that it is little wonder he held the natives in awe of the power of the prophet and his lieutenant. Hicks Pasha's army, with 22,000 men, was wiped from the face of the earth, for never one came back to tell the tale of the hideous slaughter and how they were trapped in the passes of the mountain range between Suakin and Berber. Then Crawford, with 2000 Egyptians, and Baker, whose force of 6000 turned tail at El Teb, and Osman's 30,000 dancing dervishes ran a three mile race with them to the sea, where but 2000 clambered into the surf-boats and escaped.

Then came the interference of England. But though, in 1884, 20,000 dervish bodies bleached on the burning sands, and in 1885 another 20,000 lay, food for jackals and for hawks, within sight of the lapping waters of the White Nile—their only requiem—what mattered it? Graham, wearied with hopeless, useless bloodshed, left the shores of the Red sea. Fifty, yes, a hundred, thousand dervishes were ready at the raising of the white standard to march to the chant of victory.

Wolseley came almost to the gates of Khartoum, and then he, too, turned, leaving Earle Burnaby, Stewart and 200 more good fighting men dead and Chinese Gordon murdered just inside the walls.

Then for 14 years Osman, the outcast, dreamed his fatuous dream. But doubtless he saw the impending sword in the determined, dogged, systematic oncoming of Sirdar Kitchener. But all these years the outcast levied tribute on his followers and lived in a sort of luxury, absolute, yet a prisoner and an exile.

When Kitchener went to Khartoum, Osman Digna was never out of his thoughts. Positive orders were given to take the slave trader, dead or alive; but, although the great Englishman started the quarry, he could not run it to earth. Osman came out of the fray with his life, but with little else. He had lost his prestige and his following. He was discarded in the desert and almost as harmless as he is now behind prison bars.

The Arctic Brotherhood.
From the arrivals of members of the order from Skagway and from other un-

official sources it is learned that Camp I, of the Arctic Brotherhood, which is located at Skagway and to which other camps are in a measure subordinated, is branching out in its work and becoming an institution which is destined to cut no small figure or be no unimportant factor in the fraternal arena of all the northern country, branches of the order now being established and prospering at Skagway, Atlin, Bennett, Dawson, Circle City, St. Michael, Nome, Juneau, Douglas City and possibly by this time camps have been instituted at Sitka, Wrangel and Ketchikan. Although the Skagway camp has not been over prompt in its official correspondence with subordinate camps, the following from the pen of a Skagway editor who is an active member of the order is cheering news to all the brothers in Dawson, of whom there are probably 200 or more; and upon it can be based a hope for the speedy reception of official information and instructions: "Conceived in sport, born in good fellowship, growing up in patriotism, the Arctic Brotherhood has a claim to public notice. As a secret order its proceedings have been secret. It has done good by stealth and so far has not had to blush to find its fame. Its members are satisfied that it is one of the greatest orders of the world, and they have many reasons to fortify them in this belief. And at its last meeting the camp bestowed upon itself the title of provisional Grand Camp, to which it is undoubtedly entitled as the parent of all the camps of the order that have been established in the interior.

"One thing among many praiseworthy decisions of the last meeting, was to give each member a number according to his seniority of membership. But this number engraved on the badge will serve another purpose. It will be a means of identification of the brother. The Brotherhood has other utilitarian objects under discussion, some of which will come before the meeting next Sunday afternoon."

The Blot on His Past.
"Is there anything in your past," the beautiful girl asked, "that you have kept from me? Oh, Arthur, think before it is too late! Surely you cannot wish to make us both unhappy, as we should be if I were to learn after we are married that you had not told me all—that there was something you had kept back. Arthur!" she explained, drawing away from him, "there is—there is something you have kept from me! You are pale, and you dare not look me in the eyes!"

The young man stood looking at the floor and nervously clasping and unclasping his hands. At last he hoarsely replied:

"Yes, Adelaide, it is true. I have not told you all. Ah, forgive me! It was not my fault. Before heaven I swear it! I had hoped that you might never need to know. Do not ask me to explain. It is too terrible. You will learn to love some other. I can go away somewhere and drag out my days in shame and sorrow."

Then, womanlike, she put her arms around his neck, looked up into his strong, manly face and said in low, sweet tones:

"Arthur, let me help to bear your burden. Have I not promised to share all your joys and sorrows? Do not keep this from me. Do not leave me in doubt. Perhaps I can forgive you and thus save both our lives from being wrecked."

With an effort he pulled himself together and replied:

"My mother used to dress me as 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' and once she had my picture taken in that costume."

Rev. J. A. Sinclair.

The Presbyterian pulpit in this city was filled at both services yesterday by Rev. J. A. Sinclair who arrived over the ice last week from Bennett, and who has since been the guest of his old colleague, Rev. Wright, the regular pastor. Yesterday evening Rev. Sinclair delivered an able sermon from the 7th verse of the 14th chapter of Romans: "For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." The subject was handled by him in a manner worthy the theologian he is, the local application being most specially befitting, the recent arduous trip over a hard trail having in nowise detracted from his forceful and magnetic manner of delivery.

Rev. Sinclair left today for the creeks where the work of establishing missions will occupy his time for several months to come, he having been chosen by the board of missions, with headquarters in Toronto, for this especial work for which he is pre-eminently fitted.

When in town, stop at the Regina.

Ladies' belt purses. Pioneer drug store.

Table de hote dinners. The Holborn.

Hilarity on tap at Rochester Bar.

NO USE TO FOLLOW THE ICE

As the Mouth of the River Will Not Be Open.

Three Weeks Difference in Opening of Navigation Between Here and St. Michael.

Capt. Bergman, who for the past two seasons has been with the A. C. Co., as master of the steamer Bella, and in the company's store at St. Michael, is probably as well posted regarding the actions of the river at the time of the breaking up of the ice, as any man in Dawson. Capt. Bergman says it will be foolish for the steamers to leave Dawson for St. Michael or Nome for fully 12 days after the river is clear of ice here for the reason that it is fully three weeks later in going out from the mouth of the river than on the river proper. The Bella, of which Capt. Bergman will again be in command this season, lies in the mouth of a little river 100 miles this side of St. Michael, and he expects to leave here in a row boat as soon as the ice breaks and float down and have his steamer up to Dawson almost as soon as the fleet will be ready to sail. The Bella will run on the Dawson-Koyukuk route, and will go up the latter named river as far as Peavy, and possibly much nearer to the gold fields.

Capt. Bergman accompanied Stewart Menzies to the Koyukuk country in January, and he confirms the latter's statement that it has all the symptoms of future greatness; but he says it is bad for people to go there without a liberal supply of provisions, as he says those now there will be down to hard pan long before the first steamer can get up the river, and he predicts that the population of the entire camp will have journeyed down the river perhaps 150 miles to meet the first boat in quest of provisions. The skipper thinks that the Koyukuk is bound to be a great mining field, but does not think it will be but partially developed this year.

The Glass of Fashion.

Lace effects will be very popular for summer wear. Pretty combinations of silk braid and narrow laces are seen among the new trimmings.

Valenciennes lace is to be very popular this season for trimming the thin summer gowns.

Belt buckles covered with suede in its natural color and ornamented with steel, jet or turquoise are one of the novelties.

Chiffon toques, combined with a fancy straw braid sewed on like ribbon with spaces between the rows, are displayed in all colors.

A freak of fancy or fashion, as the case may be, is hand-painted flowers on gauze, silk and suede, all of which are used for trimming gowns and hats as well.

The new pulley belt, made of ribbon in all colors, stiffened with featherbone, is one of the season's novelties. They shape into girdle form at the back and narrow ends, carried through a ring at either side, tie in a small bow in front.

Nothing else in fashion is quite so effective for renovating an old bodice as the wide velvet corset belt and a cravat which may be of velvet or lace. Fasten the belt at one side with handsome buttons or with a knot and fringed ends, as you fancy.

Among the new trimmings is a silk netting about four inches wide which has one scalloped edge finished with a narrow silk fringe, and midway between this and the upper edge is another row of the same fringe following the same outline. This comes in colors as well as black.—New York Sun.

Brother Dickey's Philosophy.

De road ter destruction is so broad dat even de bowlegged man kin fin plenty er room.

Say what yoh please 'bout de devil, he allus at his post en ready ter wait on customers.

De nex' worl' is so clost ter us dat some folks feels uncomfotable in flannel underwear.

De worl' tu'n roun' once a day, but it never go back ter fin' what it fergot. De truth is a human lamp, but some folks puts it out by too much trimmin er de wick.—Atlanta Constitution.

Public Notice.

To whom it may concern: Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of two certain chattel mortgages bearing dates respectively, the 18th and 28th April, 1900, which have been duly filed and made between Robert Arthur Rogers, William J. Parsons and John Parsons, the elder, carrying on business under the style firm and name of The Parsons Produce Company and the Imperial Bank of Canada, I have this day taken possession of all and singular the goods merchandise, chattels and ef-

fects and things of The Parsons Produce Company now being in upon and about lots nine and ten, block U, in the original townsite of Dawson, in the Yukon territory, and all the merchandise goods, chattels, effects and things now situate and being in a store on First avenue, between First and Second streets, wherein the said Parsons Produce Company were lately carrying on business, on behalf of the Imperial Bank of Canada, under and by virtue of the powers in the said chattel mortgages respectively contained.

Dated at Dawson, in the Yukon territory, this 28th day of April, A. D. 1900.
R. B. YOUNG,
Agent Imperial Bank of Canada,
c30-1

Shoff's Cough Balsom; sure cure.

Short orders served right. The Holborn.

To the Ladies of Bonanza, Eldorado, Gold Hill and all points tributary to the Grand Forks: The N. A. T. & T. Co. have opened a new store at the Forks, in which is displayed all the latest styles in ladies' goods, millinery, costumes, shoes, etc., etc. An experienced dressmaker is in charge of the ladies' department. A full line of gentlemen's furnishings, boots and shoes; groceries, hardware and miners' supplies.

Boats For Sale.

For boats of all descriptions—scows, river boats, polling boats, Peterboro canoes, call at Bartlett Brothers'.

Mrs. Dr. Slayton

Will Tell Your Past, Present and Future.
.....SEE HER
Second Avenue, Cafe Royal Building.

HATS

This Stock is Without Doubt the Most Complete Ever Shown in Dawson. We Invite Your Critical Inspection.
Hat Dept. Second Floor

Before Your Departure for Nome or the Outside; Procure One of Our

Durable Trunks

Handsome Traveling Bags
We Carry a Full Assortment of Sizes in All Leathers.
Furnishing Dept. Second Floor

A CHANCE FOR

Small People

I find I have too large a proportion of 32 and 34 sizes in my stock of

Summer Jackets

If either of these sizes will fit you I will sell them at a large discount.

J. P. McLennan.

Next to Holborn Cafe

MOHR & WILKENS,

DEALERS IN

"The Finest Select Groceries"

IN DAWSON

S. E. Cor. Third Street and Third Avenue AND Opposite Klondike Bridge

Electric Light

A Steady
A Satisfactory
A Safe

Dawson Electric Light & Power Co. Ltd.

Donald B. Olson, Manager.

City Office Joslyn Building.
Power House near Klondike. Tel. No

Good Goods at

Sargent & Pinsky.

Clothing, Hats
Furnishing Goods
Footwear

"The Corner Store" Opposite Tom Chisholm's

Plows	Are Not	SOLD
Harrows	AT	
Rakes		Shindler's
Mowers		Half Spring SHOVELS
Seeders	So Is	Hardware

Bonanza - Market

All Meats the Best Quality
See Our Display of Frozen Turkeys

Third Street, Opposite Pavilion DAWSON

PATTERSON'S

Saddle Train

DAILY TO AND FROM
THE FORKS

Will leave A. C. Office Building at 9 o'clock a. m. and returning leave the Forks at 3:30 p. m. Comfortable and safe trip.

Transportation of Express and Gold Dust made a specialty and delivery guaranteed.

Barge Duff

will be dispatched at the opening of navigation. Space limited; no crowding. Your interests ours. Apply for passenger and freight rates to

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Direct To Nome.

Health is More Than Wealth

Try the Sanitarium Baths...

For All Physical Ailments

Ford's Club Baths

The Only Health Resort in Dawson

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A Pleasure Resort

Fitted with a First Class Bar, Club Rooms, Cigar Stand, and Two Bowling Alleys.

All Goods Sold in the House of the Best Quality

Half-Spring Shovels

We Have the Celebrated Ames Make.

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OF SEATTLE, WASH.

Mining Machinery of All Descriptions. Pumping Plants a Specialty. Orders Taken for Early Spring Delivery.

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