

Bill Hawkins, the Outlaw

The Bill Hawkins band of outlaws has at last been broken up by Captain Burt Mossman of the Arizona Rangers.

Four of the eight desperadoes in the gang have been run down during the last month, and the notorious leader, Bill Hawkins, is making his "last stand."

It is now but a matter of days, probably, when he will either be captured or sent over the "Great Divide."

The latter fate is more likely, for Captain Mossman and his doughy rangers have a score to settle with Hawkins that cannot be wiped out to their satisfaction except by death. Bill Hawkins was with Black Jack when the International Bank was held up at Nogales in 1901. In the fight that took place in Skeleton Canyon a few days after the hold-up, Hawkins killed Frank Robson, a line rider who was with the posse.

To detail the crimes of which this bandit has been guilty would be to run the gamut of border misdeeds. He has been a cattle rustler and train robber, a cut-throat outlaw concerned in every big hold-up that has crimsoned the history of the territory.

But it was his last act of devilry that blackened him as the "bad man" of Arizona. And Arizona has said that all the "bad men" must be wiped out. It was to accomplish this that the legislature last session appointed Burt Mossman captain of a band of rangers to round up every outlaw in the territory. Hawkins and his gang at once fled over the border into New Mexico and so put off their day of capture, for the rangers have meanwhile been kept busy in the northwestern mountains.

Last month the Hawkins gang committed a crime that made every honest citizen feel a sense of personal outrage, and roused the rangers to special action against these desperadoes.

The outlaws were known to be in the region of Fort Sumner, N.M., but it was not expected that they would commit any crime in that little town. One evening three of them rode up to a store in Fort Sumner, broke open the door and were busy cracking the safe when a voice at the door cried "Stop that!" The startled outlaws saw a young boy of fourteen coolly leveling his pistol at them.

"Here, kid," said Hawkins angrily, "you drop that and clear out of here, and keep your mouth shut, too, or we'll use you for a target."

"Not much; I ain't going to let you rob Charley," answered the boy, still keeping his nerve. "He's given mother and me things on tick all winter or I guess we'd have starved to death, and now's my chance to square the account. You fellows clear out of here yourselves and I won't squeal to the sheriff till you're out of reach. But you leave that money behind or I'll—"

There was a sharp report and flash and a bullet tore through Hawkins' right arm that was stealthily reaching for his gun.

"God, the baby can shoot, can he?" said Hawkins, who was now furious. He made a grab for the gun with his left hand, and before the lad could cover him he fired.

The boy dropped at the first shot. Hawkins, infuriated by the pain in his arm, fired two more shots. The boy crawled along the floor, dripping his life blood and still trying to save the money box.

Hawkins brutally kicked him aside, and the three outlaws mounted their horses and rode off.

Half an hour later the sheriff and his deputies found the boy breathing his last. A neighbor had heard the firing, but had thought the cow-punchers were "shooting up" the town again. Alarmed at last by the groans she plainly heard from the store, she roused the authorities.

The dying boy told his story with quivering lips: "It ain't my fault, Charley," he moaned, as the store-keeper gently pressed his hands. "I did my best to save your money. And say, Charley, d'y' spouse you could let mother have things on tick till I get better?"

The next day they buried the lad. His simple epitaph reads:

Dick Richards.

Murdered by Bill Hawkins, Outlaw. Bet between the lines Fort Sumner reads the story of a boy's unparalleled bravery, and from Nogales to Flagstaff men have dipped into their pockets that the lad's mother need not get things "on tick."

Immediately after the killing the three outlaws must have galloped to their secret rendezvous and there divided the booty with the quartet of brother-ruffians waiting for them. Then the band split up into two parties and struck out on separate trails for the Black river country. It was

easier to elude the rangers if they divided into small bands.

Captain Mossman knew that the outlaws would make for the Black river country, for in that rough mountain fastness the settlers have been terrorized into protecting desperadoes. Mossman gathered around him the warriest manhunters to be found, and they trailed into the very heart of the Black river region.

One night about two weeks ago the rangers were sitting around their campfire discussing the blind trails they had followed, beckoned on by false clues. The sound of fast-galloping hoofs interrupted their complaints and every man sprang to his feet and looked to his gun.

"It's a woman," some one said, as the moon, between passing clouds made clear the outlines of horse and rider.

Captain Mossman recognized her first. It was the wife of Dan Williams, a settler known to have given protection to outlaws before. "You know me, Burt Mossman," said Mrs. Williams, "and you know I kept you from catching Blinky Pete last year. Blinky rode seventy miles once to get a bottle of medicine for my baby when she was sick. He saved her life, and I'd do the same thing again. Me nor my husband ain't against the law, but it's help the outlaws in these parts or let them cut our throats. This morning four of the Hawkins gang came to the ranch and said they would lay low there till you rangers got off the scent. Hawkins ain't with them, but there's Sam Bass, Will Neil, George Cook and Joe Roberts. Just before supper I heard them telling about Hawkins killing that little boy down in the store at Fort Sumner. It just made me heartsick to hear the cold-blooded way they talked about it, and I made up my mind to give them up to you if Hawkins and the others murder us all for it. I knew just about where you were, and as soon as the outlaws went to the bunkhouse to play cards I stole Nell out of the stable and started off to find you."

It was a fifteen-mile ride back to the Williams ranch.

The rangers tied their horses some distance away and crept stealthily to the bunkhouse, where the outlaws were sleeping.

They were caught like rats in a trap. The rangers surprised and covered them with their guns before the desperadoes realized what had happened. There was no loophole left for the ruffians and they had to surrender. They were securely bound and gagged and then strapped to horses without a shot being fired.

Thanks to Mrs. Williams, the rangers were able to hang four "bad men" without spilling one drop of blood. They were turned over to the Arizona law, which shows no mercy for such crimes.

Mossman and his men learned that Hawkins and the rest of the gang had doubled on their tracks and struck out for the Blue River country. It was there that the rangers had the fight with the "Bill" Smith party of cattle rustlers a few months ago, and Maxwell and Toia, two of the most daring rangers, were killed.

Captain Mossman is certain that they will get Hawkins. A settler told the rangers that when the desperadoes passed his ranch Hawkins seemed to have lost his old-time bravado. "I'm making my last stand," he said, "and I know I'm going to lose. Ever since the devil got in me and made me shoot that kid down at Fort Sumner I've known that I was down on my luck. I'd never harmed a woman or child before, and that little man was the gamiest of the lot. He stood up before Bill Hawkins as mightily few men would dare to stand, and Bill Hawkins shot him down like a dog. I had whiskey in me or I'd never have done it."

"I can't get him out of my mind, and I knew we were done for ever since the rangers trapped the rest of the gang at the Williams ranch. I'll give 'em a fight for their trouble but I know Bill Hawkins is at the end of his rope."

The rangers have not been heard from for two weeks, so Hawkins is probably giving them a "fight for their trouble." With him are Pat Murphy and "Kid" Isobel. If Hawkins reads his own stars aright, this trio will soon be sent to "bad man's" land, and Arizona be rid of the most desperate band of outlaws in the territory since the days of Black Jack.—Examiner.

Iowa Crops All Right

Des Moines, July 1.—Director Sage of the Iowa weather bureau and crop service, declared this morning that the Iowa crops are standing the cold weather and heavy rains remarkably well, and that the predictions of damage and loss are purely visionary.

Montana Smelting Co.

Butte, Mont., July 1.—Articles of incorporation of the Montana Smelting & Refining Company, under the laws of the state of South Dakota, have been filed. The capital stock is \$3,000,000. The principal place of business is Pierre, S.D. The trustees named are: Max Stuegenman, of New York city; George W. Sanders, of Pierre, S.D.; and Joseph Johnson, of Butte, Mont.

To Serve a Long Term

Minneapolis, Minn., July 1.—Judge Sampson today sentenced Capt. N. W. King, of the detective force, to three years and six months at hard labor in the penitentiary at Stillwater. King was convicted of being accessory after the fact to a felony.

Fail to Take Cup

New Westminster, B.C., July 1.—In a record game of the series for the lacrosse championship of the world and for the Minto cup, in Montreal today, the Shamrocks defeated the Westminsterers, score 5 to 2. The easterners had the best of the game after half time, when the score stood 1 to 1. Attendance 4,000.

Tragedy at a Dance.

Guthrie, O. T., July 1.—Last evening, at the home of Judge W. S. Petit, in Pawhuska, George Dickie, an Osage Indian graduate of Carlisle, was shot four times and killed by Judge Petit, whom Dickie had attempted to kill by shooting. There was a dance at the Petit home, and Dickie was drinking. Becoming quarrelsome he was called down by Petit, and immediately pulled a gun and shot Petit through the groin. Two sons of Petit caught Dickie, held and disarmed him. Judge Petit became conscious and shot Dickie four times, killing him instantly. Petit is a high Indian official, and considered the finest attorney in the tribe.

Ended With a Bullet

Los Angeles, Cal., July 1.—A man supposed to be James Fairchild, a tourist, committed suicide at Pasadena today by shooting. Nothing is known regarding him. He was about 65 or 70 years of age, and is thought to have come from Ohio about two weeks ago. The only piece of paper found on the body is a receipt reading: "Chicago, May 24.—Received of James Fairchild, \$5, on account. H. Wilson."

Woman Put in Charge

Boise, Idaho, July 1.—Today Judge J. H. Beatty, of the United States court, appointed Joseph Pinkham to serve as United States marshal to take the place of Frank C. Ramsey, dismissed. The appointment is to fill out the period that must intervene until the new marshal can take charge. Mr. Pinkham declined to qualify, and the office will remain in charge of Mrs. George S. Spencer, chief deputy.

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Fell Through Bridge

Elgin, Ill., July 1.—One of the large interurban trolley cars running between Elgin and Aurora plunged through the bridge crossing the Fox river at St. Charles today, carrying its load of thirty passengers into the river. The bridge collapsed from the weight of the car. No one was killed, but all were more or less hurt or suffered from the shock. The seriously injured are Mrs. William Flench, Dundee, head bruised and injured internally; Mrs. Charles J. Smith, Chicago, injured internally; Mrs. Hopkins, Muscatine, Iowa, bruised and stunned; Mrs. John Stone, St. Charles, back hurt; Mrs. Grange, Geneva, bruised and severely shocked.

The bridge had been considered unsafe for a month, and the authorities were contemplating soon replacing it.

Rain is Hurting Crops

Topeka, Kan., July 1.—The excessive rains are doing much damage to the crops of Kansas. In Pottawatomie county over 700 acres of harvested wheat are under water. The water reaches almost to the tops of the shocks of wheat, and much of the cereal will be destroyed before the water recedes. The rain throughout the eastern portion of the state early this morning amounted to almost a cloudburst. From appearances, another rain will come tonight. Corn and other crops are making a good growth, but the fields are so wet that they cannot be cultivated, and the crop will therefore not make nearly so much as was indicated by the prospects two weeks ago. There seems no immediate prospect of relief from the wet spell.

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There was rough play after half time. Westminsterites are in no way daunted, and are of opinion that in a fair game their boys would easily win. The team will play games in Ottawa, Toronto and Winnipeg before returning home.

In Vancouver today, Vancouver defeated Victoria at lacrosse, score 5 to 3. Attendance large.

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WHEN THE YUKON STOPS

Toronto Paper Tells of Our River

Regarding the Close of Navigation—Scenes Somewhat Overdrawn.

The freezing of the Yukon is one event of the northern year. The other is the break-up in May. The day the ice "sets" for good is chalked carefully on cabin doors up on the creeks, with lesser fortitudes, like the first day of sluicing, when king salmon or cariboo start to run, when the clean-up began. The ice in a northern river forms at its head, but the river closes from its mouth. In the torrents up Pelly river, under the Rockies, up the White river under the St. Elias Alps, in the tiny meadow creeks feeding Fortymile and Sixtymile, the September frosts make a little rim-ice, tumble it out into the larger tributaries and churn it to slush. In the Father of Northern Waters it is lost. More is formed, and more, and more. The little creeks are playing Lilliputians in the river Gulliver. Early in October a chunk of slush, no bigger than a hand, and like soaked cotton waste, steals down in mid-stream past the big camp. Some one sees it, and it is noted in The Daily Nugget or The Dawson News. Bets are made when the river will "set."

Day by day the slush thickens, lifts itself from the water; the tops whitened like chunks of snow. After these cold nights the river is full of it. The next day a raft can't cross, the next day a boat has to twist through lanes of mushy ice, with some one in the stern. By the middle of October the river is full of slush ice. The Yukon is a moving roadway, rough and very white. The soft cakes elbow each other, and give out a swish like the rustle of a million silken skirts. The last scow leaves for Fortymile, and timid old-timers shake their heads and say the men are taking their lives in their hands, which they are, and can never make landing at Fort Cudahy. The march of the ice is impressive; idlers stand on the bank, thinking, watching it for hours. The swishing sound gets hard and gritty; the thin lanes of water closes; the cakes nudge and jolt each other; down by Circle City or the Ramparts the ice blocks where the channel is narrow, at a bend, among the bars of the great flats. That is only for a night. It jams now here, now there, along the whole 2,000 miles of river, and breaks again, which makes the white procession only a little slower and a little nosier. For a week the river is so full you don't see how it runs at all. More bets are made, with the recklessness of near settlement. The men have landed at Fortymile and are thinking of going down to Eagle. The smooth ice, which has been eating out gradually a rod or so from shore will bear a man, and some one starts for Indian river, old-timers again opposing. It is strange how the longer men live by a northern river the more they feel toward it a veneration and a nameless fear. In lands like these, where no other deity gets any show, is it wonderful that river gods are born?

Their one morning away down by Tanana or Milato the procession's van halts for good. At Dawson they do not know it, and won't for days. The jam does not eat steadily up stream, but by leaps and bounds. In a night there are blocks at Minion creek, at Charley river, Fortymile and between them the water clears to a lake, and is smooth, black ice the next day. On the next a watcher at the big camp where the bets were made sees the crowded cakes lift over the rim-ice, float ashore and stood in the sloughs. The water starts up the banks, and whoever lives on the lowlands gets ready to fly, for when the water backs up thus June freshets are remembered. Out in the moving lane the big cakes saunter and twist along—then stop, one by one, pressing on the other.

The watcher sees a berg turn on end, big as a house, another is lifted clear out of water, high and dry on the rim-ice, another cavit and vanishes. Meanwhile there is a cavernous gulping, splashing, a creek and strain like shivering timber, and the roar ends like the noise of a beaching wave. For if the day is not very cold the melting cakes, not becoming at once homogeneous, are put to enormous pressure. But if "it" is below 40 degrees, a man will rush out from Front street and cross the

river ten minutes after the cakes have stopped. The Nugget and The News bring out extras; the bets are paid; Dawson celebrates as only Dawson can.—Toronto Press Sittings

Banks to Fight Rating.

New York, July 1.—While beginning today Uncle Sam will remit his claims of taxes which have been putting each year recently \$70,000,000 in his treasury, and the banks, national, state and savings, are to feel the effects of the reduction in their expenses, together with various other lines of business enterprises, the national banks have not been eased by the decision rendered by Judge Lacombe, in the federal court of Brooklyn, holding that the treasury department must not repay the tax which was levied on the undivided profits of one bank.

Judge Lacombe's decision was given in the case of the Leather Manufacturers bank, brought as a test to ascertain if the treasury department could collect \$154, which was levied as war taxes on the undivided profits of \$77,769, held by the bank. When congress passed the internal revenue act in 1898, imposing a tax on the surplus funds in the various banks, objection was made, and the Leather Manufacturers bank was the only one to make the payment. Having done this it brought suit to recover. Taking this decision as a precedent, all

the banks in the country will be compelled to pay the taxes which have accrued in the last three years, and the act was not repealed until this year. Nearly all the banks in the country will make an effort to have this decision reversed, and the American Bankers' Association probably will carry this case to the supreme court.

Perfect Organizations

Walla Walla, July 1.—The painters and barbers of this city met at the court house last night for the purpose of perfecting organizations and affiliating themselves with the American Federation of Labor. Both unions were perfected, and they will hold meetings regularly hereafter. The carpenters have been organized several days, and the retail clerks of the city are preparing to form a union at once. F. Stacy Whitney, of Seattle, has charge of the work of unionizing the city.

Walla Walla Street R. R.

Walla Walla, July 1.—Mellman & Romo, San Francisco capitalists, were tonight granted a twenty-five year franchise to operate a street railroad in this city and another franchise to cover the same period to sell electricity in this city. They posted \$3,000 as a guarantee that the road would be completed within two years.

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Stro

Montreal is noted for

New Orleans is noted for her pretty creoles.

Milwaukee is noted for Chicago is noted for its parks and ham-footed

Baltimore is noted for

Mobile is noted for its brick buildings.

San Francisco is noted for its Chinese and logs.

Minneapolis is noted for

Washington is noted for Louisville is noted for

Atlanta is noted for Nashville is noted for

Texas is noted for its office seekers.

Skagway is noted for its remaining on logs and more benefit down on earth.

Speaking of benefits, been a Sunday night well, until memory there has not been somebody and in no somebody has been reg for the past six or of from \$75 to \$100 per Some benefits are de not rank impositions of people.

The Stroller does not for the reason that could not go down afterwards.

For a "bit of the long run the loser as his ben by be a frost, but would follow all the s

Now that dancing in nets has been rel holes of far away, it being with Dawson in a series of benefi the ex-dancers a they have been support Speaking of the sus a business man w as follows:

"Dear Sir,—I have 6 and 5 years res very lively child essed in their nig to retiring, they and are liable al dance all over the persuade them to to know is: Do danger of me being a dancehouse why should (a word of origin) with the stroller is not a after by appointment by vox populi.

Some people appear The Stroller has not a more intricate and p ones like the above.

in position to furnis tion, he would not do The Stroller is not a "mit" the same as o when it comes to sup tion his "mit" is ou Point out to the St Dawson whose "mit" The Stroller will go kists for his Sunda the is the man wh the contributions.

The Stroller shall does he has forgotte (word) to the of the city coun after publishing of the the a force of me all and now all needs to mak down, flower bed t appeared, farnishe over sheets hammer was pumped out an single signs have be many look has disa ab has come off its

As a thing of beaut it will not yet with Cleveland's it is rapidly im now possible and hat so numerous as t

THEY NOT

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