

Indian Love and Revenge

In the early days of the century the Blackfeet occupied a vast tract of territory in Northern-Central Montana and stretching far into Canada. Thousands of lodges of the various tribes nestled along the river courses and the lakes, and their prowess in war made them feared and dreaded by all the neighboring tribes.

It was at the conclusion of one of their horse stealing forages that the narrative picks up the thread of Kosato's life. The Blackfeet camp was on the Marias. Kosato was a young warrior, the ideal of Indian manhood, muscular, cunning, brave and cruel. The Crow expedition from which he had returned with scalps and horses admitted him to the ranks of the fighters.

Better than this distinction, great even as it was from the Indian point of view, was the fact that his share of the stolen ponies would be sufficient to buy White Fawn, the Indian maiden upon whom his longing had for some time been cast.

But Kosato had a rival whose power was not to be despised. It was Great Bear, chief of the village, and in those despot days the chief's word was law.

A few days later Kosato and Great Bear, scowling and frowning, one at the other, took their positions as silent supplicants at the lodge door for the hand of White Fawn. At the end of the first day no answer was made by White Fawn's father, but the girl, with a woman's tact, had clearly indicated her choice. Great Bear's heart burned with rage and boded ill for Kosato. In his own lodge he pondered how to clear the path of his rival. Through the open flap of the tepee he could look down the rude village street. Near a fire he saw a group of gamblers. Kosato was one of them. A cunning scheme came into White Bear's head, and drawing his blankets about him he sauntered slowly towards the gamblers.

Daylight was sweeping the eastern hills when the game was finished and the sun lighted the two remaining gamblers—Kosato and Great Bear. Victory was with the latter. Kosato had been stripped as clean of all his possessions as when he first came into the world.

A few days passed and Kosato's ponies were hitched at White Fawn's lodge, sent there by White Bear, who tauntingly called Kosato's attention to them. The family council was called and held, the price accepted and White Fawn, grief-stricken, delivered to Great Bear to take her place as favorite among his other wives.

But Kosato was not to be so easily defeated. In a few months he had a new weapon, another lodge and a forage to the Crow country furnished him with another outfit of horses.

Soon another war party was organized against the Crows. Kosato joined it, but as his horses were waiting before his lodge, the chief sent and took them away, turning them in with his own. Humiliated and disgraced, Kosato hid himself in the darkness of his tepee, while his companions taunted him with bitter, biting words of scorn. It was the chief's command; it was law.

When the morning came, Kosato glancing from his tepee saw Great Bear busy with his ponies down by the river, and among them he could distinguish the horses that yesterday were his. Great Bear was alone; not another was to be seen in the vicinity. With eyes gleaming with hate Kosato for a moment watched the chief come and go through the little clump of willows, then as stealthily as a snake, as noiselessly as a cougar, he made the circuit of the village, and hidden by the trees he crept upon his victim. Unsuspectingly Great Bear, his work finished, turned to retrace his steps to the village. As he passed a large cottonwood, like a flash Kosato was upon him, bearing him to the ground with the force of the impact, one hand gripping the chief's throat while the other held a knife that was soon dripping with blood.

Pulling the dead body to one side and covering it with leaves, after removing the scalp, Kosato waited for White Fawn to appear. Craftily Kosato attracted her attention and drew her into the thicket. Not a word was spoken until he reached the spot where he had concealed the dead chief. Pushing aside the leaves and brush, he showed the body with its staring eyes and gaping wounds. She recoiled from the sight, not so much in horror as in fear, for she knew that in a few hours the remorseless blood-avengers would be on Kosato's trail.

"Fly, fly quickly," she urged, pushing toward the ponies. "It is death to stay."

"I will fly, White Fawn, but not alone. You must come with me."

There was no time to lose; every moment was precious. A few provisions were secured, two ponies cut out of the herd and they were away almost before the camp was fully stirring. Every trick and device of Indian cunning was utilized by Kosato in throwing the pursuing blood-avengers from the trail. But he was successful, and pushing their tired animals night and day, finally crossed the mountains into Idaho, reaching a band of Nez Perces, where they were welcomed and adopted into the tribe.—Anaconda Standard.

England's New Saloon Trust.

"The saloon as a profit-making enterprise must go." So says Lord Grey, president of the Central Public-House Trust Association of Great Britain.

Lord Grey, who has recently visited New York, is at the head of a corporation which proposes to buy out every saloon-keeper in England and run the entire retail-liquor trade for the public good.

This English "Saloon Trust" already owns and operates thirty-one saloons and is adding to the number every year.

The board of directors of this extraordinary business enterprise includes fifty-eight members of the British nobility and has as its vice-president the Colonial Secretary of Great Britain, Joseph Chamberlain. Cardinal Vaughan, the official head of the Roman Catholic Church in England, is also one of its active promoters.

At a meeting held on March 10 in the rooms of the City Club, New York City, Lord Grey delivered an address in favor of his scheme as a solution for the American liquor problem, and a committee was formed to consider the pushing of the "Saloon Trust" plan in Greater New York. Among those especially interested are Bishop Potter, R. Fulton Cutting, ex-District Attorney Philbin, ex-Congressman John De Witt Warner and William E. Dodge.

The central idea in the plan proposed by Lord Grey is that of making it to the interest of the saloon-keeper to sell as little intoxicating liquor as possible.

The managers of the "trust" saloons are permitted to keep all the profit they can make on the sale of tea, coffee, cocoa, milk and food, two-thirds of the profit on ginger-ale, lemonade, etc., but none of the profit on alcoholic liquors. All the profits on stabling and half of the profits on the letting of rooms also go into the pocket of the manager.

In addition to what he can make in this way the manager is guaranteed from \$100 to \$250 a year by the corporation.

The shareholders of this "Saloon Trust" receive a dividend of 6 per cent., and the remainder of the profits is turned over to the city treasury to reduce the burden of taxation.

The surplus profits have been large. In the village of Beath, for instance, the profits from one of Lord Grey's saloons has been sufficient to light the village with electricity, to purchase a fine bowling green and to establish a public library and billiard-room.

John Ross, Andrew Carnegie's representative in Scotland, gives the following description of this Beath saloon in a letter written to Lord Grey and given by him to the Sunday World Magazine:

"Undoubtedly good order is maintained in the house and the police are quite satisfied with the manner in which it is conducted.

"Persistent effort is made to minimize drinking. The house is closed at 9 o'clock in the evening, an hour before the legal time for closing. This is believed to be the only instance of a public-house voluntarily closing its doors within the recognized hours.

"The liquors are all of the best quality, and there are ample inducements for rational recreation outside the house, all provided from its profits.

"There is the excellent and well-kept bowling-green. In a new building alongside of it are the reading-room, library and billiard-room. It is really a handsome building and much appreciated.

"Then there is the electric lighting of the village—a great boon—and a singing class and football club are also subsidized."

In reply to the question, "What is the attitude of the brewers to your 'Public-House Trust?'" Lord Grey replied: "Our first move was to see the brewers. When we stated our proposition to them they asked us if

we intended to treat all of them alike. We assured them that such was our purpose, and they then declared that they would place no obstacles in our way.

"The Public-House Trust Association," continued Lord Grey, "recognizes that a public-house is a public necessity, inasmuch as it is as a rule the only available refreshment and recreation house open to the workingman.

"It is our ambition to place it under management which will make it, so far as possible, a blessing instead of a curse to those who frequent it."

The two chief evils of the present system of managing the liquor business are:

1. It is the interest and the duty of the saloon-keeper to push the sale of alcoholic liquors as much as possible.
2. Customers have no choice as to the liquors they can obtain, but are obliged to be satisfied with such liquor as the owning brewery may choose to offer.

In houses managed on "trust" principles neither of these evils appears. It becomes the duty of the manager to push the sale of non-intoxicating liquors, and only the best and most wholesome liquors that can be bought in the market will be sold.

In every locality there are a certain number of energetic and vigorous young men, not infrequently the most manly and most lovable members of the community, who need at times a friendly warning against allowing themselves to become the victims of excess. Under the "trust" system it is the duty of the manager to protect a man against his weakness.

In the drinking bars of the "trust" public-houses the following lines, engraved on copper tablets, are placed where they can be seen by all frequenters:

Drink not the third glass, which thou canst not tame
When once it is within thee, but before
May rule it as thou list; and pour the shame
Which it would pour on thee upon the floor;
It is most just to throw that on the ground
Which would throw me there if I drink it down.

—Lord Grey.

Col. Dickman's Report.

Washington, April 16.—The report of Lieut. Col. Dickman, Twenty-sixth volunteer infantry, which was referred to at yesterday's cabinet meeting as part of the initial investigation of the charges of cruelty to the Filipinos, was submitted to congress two months ago, but received very little attention at the time. The letter was written by Col. Dickman from the Presidio at San Francisco, April 24, 1901. He had been directed to investigate Sergeant Riley's charges that the water cure was administered at Igaras, a fact to which he also testified before the senate committee last Monday. Col. Dickman made his return in part to the war department:

"Sergeant Riley, Company M, Twenty-sixth infantry, United States volunteers, states that the publication inclosed was of a private letter and without any authority whatever. The tendency of enlisted men to draw the long bow in such cases is well known. Major Cook, Capt. MacDonald and Sergeant Riley state that no officers or soldiers of this regiment took part in any so-called water cure proceedings, or other threats against the natives, on the occasion stated."

Col. Dickman then gives a list of atrocities inflicted by the Filipinos upon Americans, unfortunate enough to fall into their hands. He tells of ambushes and assassinations and burning of soldiers by slow fires, and of burials alive of American soldiers, all of which he offers to prove in detail. He winds up as follows: "The conduct of the American troops in the Philippines has been so humane as to be a continued source of surprise to all foreigners and to the natives. Although general order No. 100 (the repressive order) has not been revoked, its provisions against treachery, according to the law and custom of war of all civilized nations, have never been applied to my knowledge."

Ready for Hanging.

Whatcom, Thursday, April 17.—Sheriff Brinbin of this county and Sheriff Wells of Skagit arrived with Alfred Hamilton, the condemned murderer of D. M. Woodbury, at 1 o'clock this afternoon from Seattle. From now until his execution a guard will be with him every hour before the 24th. This is to prevent any attempt at his escape or from rescue by his friends on the outside.

The most disgusted man in town is ex-Banker St. John. From the day of his incarceration up until this morning he has had the women's department of the jail exclusively to himself. Today he was placed with the hoboes, as the woman's department was given over to Hamilton and his guards.

John B. Wright of Seattle, Hamilton's attorney, is here to be present tomorrow to hear the sentence of death pronounced on his client for the third time. Mr. Wright announced today that still further attempts would be made at saving his client's life and expressed little confidence that he will be hanged on the day which Judge Neterer will fix tomorrow. Mr. Wright also gave it out that despite the governor's expressed determination not to interfere in the case, that an appeal will be made to him for executive clemency. While Mr. Wright would not reveal the steps that would hereafter be made to save his client's neck, it is believed that they will be in the nature of an application to have him examined for insanity.

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Pleads Self-Defense.

Miles City, Mont., April 17.—Perry O. Keppler today surrendered himself to the authorities for the murder of his partner, R. A. Ellis. Both were sheepmen on the Big Dry creek. They had had a row, and Keppler claims Ellis drew a gun on him, when he killed him with a Winchester rifle. Ellis' body was found with the weapon still in his hands.

AMUSEMENTS

Week Commencing Monday May 5

The Auditorium

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

NO SMOKING
Monday, Tuesday or Friday

Week Starting Monday Night May 5

Orpheum Theatre

ALEC PANTAGES, Manager.

Travesty on Opera Mikado.
Four Round Boxing Contest
Between Burley & Marich
MAY 24th—WRESTLING MATCH
KRELLING vs. BAGGARLY
Popular Prices. General Entrance Through Reception

The White Pass and Yukon Route

The British Yukon Navigation Co.

Operating the following first-class sailing steamers between Dawson and Whitehorse:

"White Horse," "Dawson," "Selkirk," "Victorian," "Yukoner," "Canadian," "Sybil," "Columbian," "Bailey," "Zelandian," and Four Freight Steamers.

A steamer will sail from Dawson almost daily during the season of 1902, connecting with Whitehorse with our passenger trains for Skagway. The steamers have all been thoroughly renovated, and staterooms put in first-class condition. Table service unsurpassed. The steward's department will be furnished with the best of fruits and fresh vegetables. Through tickets to all Puget Sound and B. C. points. Reservations made on application at Ticket Office.

A. B. Newell, V. P. and Gen'l Mgr., Seattle and Skagway.
J. F. Lee, Traffic Manager, Seattle and Skagway.
J. H. Rogers, General Agent, Dawson.

LONE STAR STOCK

"There is no sillier babble in this world than the ever-wise advice so often given not to buy mining stock, not to buy mines. Such people have most likely been bitten by foolishly investing in something that they had no knowledge of and which had no value; the same calibre of people go into the mercantile business, pay three prices for their goods and fail; invest in a poor farm and starve. I speak advisedly and say what every man who has investigated this issue knows to be the truth, that less money is lost proportionately in mining than in any business in this world, and larger fortunes are made in mining and in the investment of mining stocks than in any business or any investment on earth. A good mining stock will pay the investor more easily twenty, thirty, forty, fifty and 100 per cent. annually than municipal bonds, railroad bonds and stock or government bonds can possibly pay five per cent. Money invested in a good mining stock is safer than in a bank; than in mortgages, railroad securities, municipal or government bonds.

whose feet governments, cities, banks, railroads, mortgages, land corporations and all forms of business kneel.

"I speak only of gold and silver mines, from the metal of which blooms and blossoms the everlasting dollar; the crude metal in our gold and silver mines is the first and best security in all this world. This is what makes banks and banking a possibility; this is what gives legs to a municipality; spine to a government and creates the business of the world into a living, breathing, active creature of life.

"Buy a good mining stock, buy it low; when it has made an improbable advance sell it; buy another good mining stock—pursue this policy, and before you dream of it you will find that your dollars have increased to thousands, your thousands into millions, and during all this time your dividends have been 100 per cent. higher than they would have been in any other investment you could have made!"

A few years ago the great Homestead Mining Company's stock could have been bought for a few cents a share; now it is worth upward of \$50 a share. It has paid monthly 20 cents a share for years and years, and when it was selling for 50 cents a share, for \$1.00, for \$5.00 a share,

the buyers were few; when it reached \$30.00 and \$40.00 a share the public sought it.

Calumet and Hecla stock could have been purchased a few years ago for \$1.00 a share; the Tamarack for \$10.00 a share; the Boston and Montana for \$15.00 a share.

Calumet and Hecla today is worth over \$600.00 a share; Tamarack nearly \$300.00 a share; Boston and Montana nearly \$400.00 a share.

The Old Virginia Consolidated-Comstock Mining Company's stock in its early days sold as low as 50 cents a share, hawked on the streets of San Francisco at 50 cents a share—but the security of this stock was a good proposition—the mines in a short time became developed, stock advanced, upon the merits of the property being better shown, to \$100 a share and \$1,000 a share, to thousands of dollars a share. Men who had invested a few hundred found themselves worth \$1,000,000; men who had invested a few thousands, multi-millionaires. Out of these great gold mines rose all the wealth of Flood, of O'Brien, Mackay, Ralston, Senator Sharon, Senator Fair and most of the other multi-millionaires of the Pacific coast. The same might be said of thousands of other mining companies, not on so great a scale, still on a large scale.

Lone Star Mining and Milling Company

OFFICE, KING ST., OPP. N. C. CO.

LEW CRADEN,
ACTING MGR.