

PAT GARRETT WILL RETIRE

From Official Life With an En- vial Reputation

As the Terror of Border Ruffians— His Quickness With His "Gat" Promoted Respect.

One of the bright lights of New Mexico is about to go into eclipse. The most interesting and exciting official career in the territory is about to come to an end.

Mr. Pat Garrett, "the Dandy Sheriff of Dona Ana," is determined to retire from office.

The man who put an end to that youthful terror of the Southwest, Billy the Kid, doesn't want to be sheriff any more.

He is in the heyday of his fame and power and popularity, and in the prime of life, and he has declined to be a candidate for re-election this fall.

He refuses to run for the office, although his "run" would be in the nature of a walk-over were he willing to serve another term.

His refusal to be a candidate under such conditions is only one of the many reasons why Mr. Pat Garrett is the most interesting figure on the Southwestern border—in a region of interesting figures.

There are others. For instance: He captured Billy the Kid alive; and, Billy the Kid escaping from his less astute keepers, he again handed him over to the law, dead—to make sure of him.

In the twenty-odd years he has been a peace officer, he has trailed and captured and "dropped" more, and more desperate, outlaws than any other man in New Mexico.

He has in consequence had more hair-breadth (and hair-raising) escapes from being "dropped."

From the staked plains to the remotest mountain fastnesses he has made his name a cold terror to the outlaws of the southern border—Indian, Mexican and whooping white man.

He is responsible for the peace and comparative absence of outlawry in southern New Mexico—where personal prejudice was wont to be as deadly as bubonic plague.

He has discouraged almost to extinction the "bad man" of the frontier.

And now "the Dandy Sheriff of Dona Ana" is tired of sheriffing.

He has had enough of dropping fugitives in their tracks.

He is heartily sick of man hunting.

Having secured peace and quiet for his section of the territory—even to the checking of that frivolous cowboy pastime of "shooting up the town"—he seeks peace and quiet for himself by retiring to private life. But retire determinedly as he will from public life, he cannot retire from the interest of the public.

He has too striking, too unusual a personality for that: he has lived too vivid a life.

His great virtue as a sheriff lies in the fact that he "draws the quickest lead in the southwest"—which is probably the reason why he has lived to decline a nomination.

He is the quietest, softest speaking man in the territory—and the deadliest shot.

He has never boasted—and he has never finched.

When he was young and green at the business—which he began in Lincoln county, and his manner of handling a gun was not yet known, he was tenderly taken aside by a friendly desperado (who was not "wanted" at the moment) and advised to resign and escape to Texas, where peace and quiet reigned at least at intervals.

"This country is too warm for the likes of you," urged the desperado, "and you'll not last through the summer."

"Thanks," drawled Mr. Pat Garrett. "I can stand considerable heat, as I guess I'll stay."

Mr. Pat Garrett has his own peculiar method of handling a gun admirably suited to a country where when you need a gun you need it quick. It is a simple method, according to an admiring friend, who says:

"Pat's the most sudden man with a shooter that you ever saw. He can get his gun quicker'n a fly will move when you take a 'wat at it. He never aims when he shoots. He doesn't waste valuable time that way. He just shoots and his bullets go where he wants them to."

Mr. Pat Garrett gave the first demonstration of his skill with the pistol for the benefit of a Western gentleman in-teresting in a little western saloon mer-

riment. The gentleman—one Green-felt, with a weakness for other folks' horses—was amusing himself in a saloon making a couple of men dance by shooting at their feet. A third, whose terpsichorean skill or bashfulness had met the disapproval of the horsethief, lay on the floor with a bullet inconveniently concealed about his person, when Mr. Pat Garrett casually dropped in.

"Three hands round," whooped the merry horsethief, shifting his pistol towards Garrett, and almost on the last word lunged forward on his face with a bullet through his heart. The last sound he heard in this world was Mr. Garrett's drawling comment: "You're a poor caller."

Mr. Pat Garrett further convinced the border folk that he was at home in their "warm" country by interrupting the flight of three Mexican bandits at Las Tablas. While on their trail they ambushed him. He dropped behind his horse, and while they were popping away at him he shot from under the animal and picked them off, losing his horse in the battle.

Another service he rendered the order-loving citizens was the removal of Manuel Sanchez, a terror from Old Mexico, whose fond belief it was that he was not fated to die by a bullet. Sanchez murdered a soldier at Fort Stanton, and Garrett started out to take him. There was a running battle between Garrett and Sanchez and his four companions, which only ended when the five desperadoes were dropped, one by one, in the alkali dust—and Mr. Sanchez was convinced beyond doubt that he had nursed a mistaken belief about being bullet-proof.

One Mr. Barfoot, who had made it his mission to keep things lively in the Seven Rivers country, was the next to prove Mr. Pat Garrett a sure shot; but Mr. Barfoot was something of a shot himself and killed one of the sheriff's deputies before he paid the penalty for being a terror.

On Mr. Pat Garrett was also forced the painful duty of removing the Lemon brothers, one of whom facetiously described himself as the "Curly-Headed Cauliflower from San Simons," when he went on the rampage.

These incidents which marked Mr. Pat Garrett's efforts to preserve the peace went far towards convincing those wayward spirits who were tempted to trifle with the law and indulge in undue fondness for excitement that Mr. Pat Garrett was not a man to amuse himself with. As result of his unerring aim there was less bloodshed in the making of arrests and a prompt compliance when he demanded surrender—a consummation exactly to Mr. Pat Garrett's taste, for he much prefers clapping his quarry into jail to putting him in the grave.

The most sensational and romantic incident of his career was the capture of Billy the Kid. A wild and lawless youth, reckless and daunting, and not without a leaven of chivalry was the Billy the Kid, whose exploits as bandit were many and various enough to fill a dozen volumes of Messenger Boys' Delight. Billy the Kid was omnipresent and elusive—here today and there tomorrow. Billy, and the sheriff knew each other by reputation as well as any two great men within the same bounds usually know each other, and Billy avoided the sheriff as industriously as the sheriff sought him. When they finally did meet, Billy the Kid, who would have taken a chance on shooting any other officer and escaping, was overcome by the same feeling the Spanish commander succumbed to when he saw the invincible Drake bearing down on him. He recognized the prowess of his opponent and found it no disgrace to surrender. Garrett brought the youthful bandit to Mesilla, where he was tried and sentenced to be hanged.

Mr. Garrett, who is not fond of talking "shop," sometimes tells this story of what happened: "Nothing would satisfy the judge but that I should hang him. He was sent down to me and I put him up stairs in my office in the courthouse, shackled, handcuffed and under guard. Before the date for the hanging I was called away to White Oaks.

"I had had a hard chase for my prisoner and it was not without uneasiness that I left him. I put him in charge of two deputies, Ollinger and Bell, and I cautioned the fools not to take an eye off him, however peaceful he seemed. Ollinger laughed at me, and said he could turn him loose and herd him like a goat.

"Perfectly satisfied with themselves, they took chances with him. Ollinger went to get a drink, and Bell took the 'Kid' out for an airing—shackled, of course. Coming back Bell stopped to speak to a man and let his prisoner walk the stone's throw on to the courthouse. The 'Kid' hobbled upstairs, found the gunroom—how he did I never

knew, although when a man's life is at stake it sharpens his wits—helped himself to a gun and lay in wait for Bell at the head of the stairs! He shot him as he came up. Ollinger ran toward the courthouse on hearing the shot, never noticing the 'Kid' at an upper window with the gun leveled at him. When he got under the window the 'Kid' called to him. Ollinger looked up and the 'Kid' pumped the load of buckshot in his breast. Then, covering the man Bell had been talking to, he made him come up and file his shackles off, and, using the gun again as a persuader, he made a man saddle a horse for him to get away on. Only the 'Kid' could have made such an escape.

"There was no use chasing him in that country with the start he had. I waited until I thought he would reach his sweetheart's at the Maxwell ranch house, and—I got him."

It was risky business getting him, for Billy the Kid knew the ways of the territory and was prepared for any little surprise. The sheriff concealed himself in the room of the sweetheart's brother at the ranch house. In the darkness of night Billy the Kid came in, as he expected him to, with his pistol ready in his hand—but the sheriff's marvelous speed with the trigger was too much for him, and Billy the Kid ceased to be a bandit.

If Mr. Pat Garrett is quick at killing, he is not slow at understanding, and it is with a gentle manliness he speaks of the boy his duty forced him to kill.

Billy the Kid had notches in his stick. "But," says the sheriff, "I don't think he was naturally blood-thirsty. I never heard of him killing a man wantonly. I always found him courteous, and to ladies he was a model of politeness. He went the wrong way—that was all there was to it—but his nerve was unequalled, and he was only at when he died."

This is Mr. Pat Garrett—"the Dandy Sheriff of Dona Ana"—the man who draws a crowd in the hotel lobby when he goes to El Paso, a crowd that walks around him and eyes him like the visitors to an art gallery do a statue; the man who is respected and feared by every law-breaker on the New Mexican border; the man who is sick and tired of man hunting.

Yet he is the last man in the world that a goggle-eyed tourist would pick out as a Western sheriff. The canny tourist, indeed, would probably wink knowingly his most elaborate you-can't-fool-me wink if Mr. Pat Garrett were pointed out as a person of distinction in the Western sheriff business; for Mr. Pat Garrett is not conspicuously "typical."

He is in truth rather a shock to the confiding reader of wild west stories. He wears no Frederic Remington makeup.

He affects no Owen Wister mannerisms.

He is astonishingly simple and natural and unaffected and unostentatious.

Singularly youthful and elastic for his years, which are 49; long and lean and wiry, with deep, wistful dark eyes, a clean shaven face, but for a drooping black mustache, a fondness for trim, well-fitting, inconspicuous, conventional clothes, a habit of wearing stiff-bosomed shirts and high collars (which is one-half the reason for his sobriquet "Dandy"), a quiet, soothing, gentle manner, and the softest of draws—he is more like the typical lawyer or judge or member of the legislature in a sleepy, sunny Kain-tucky or Tennessee town than he is like a subduer of border ruffians.—S. P. Examiner.

Conflicting Reports.

London, Feb. 25.—The Sun says it is officially announced that Gen. Botha, the commander-in-chief of the Boer forces, has surrendered to Gen. Kitchener.

The war office had no confirmation of the reported surrender of Gen. Botha.

The Pall Mall Gazette credits the news of Gen. Botha's surrender, but a representative of the associated Press learns that neither the foreign office nor the colonial office has any information confirming the report.

The war secretary, Mr. Broderick, announced in the house of commons this afternoon that he had no official information of the surrender of Gen. Botha.

The Daily News says: "We learn that Commandant General Botha offered to surrender on certain conditions, and that four parleys are still in progress. It is believed that Mrs. Botha brought proposals from her husband to Lord Kitchener."

Just in—Ripstein's pork loins, turkeys, chickens, veal and fresh creamery butter. Murphy Bros., of Bonanza Meat Market.

Beef, chechako, 33¢ by the side, at P. O. Market, Third street.

For choice meats go to the Denver Market.

WATCH US GROW

DAWSON HARDWARE COMPANY

Forty Acres.

San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 17.—Oil strikes in California are making poor men millionaires, as in the old days of Pennsylvania. One of the strangest of these freaks of fortune came to John A. Bunting, a former freight brakeman on the Southern Pacific, who has just ordered a \$30,000 private car of the Pullman company. Bunting began life to years ago as the keeper of a railroad water-tank on the desert near Tucson, Arizona. Then he was advanced, and finally reached the position of freight brakeman.

He loaned a friend \$170, and took as collateral a watch and a mortgage on 40 acres of land in Kern county. The friend did not pay, so Bunting sold the watch and foreclosed on the Kern county land. He tried to sell the land, but could get nothing for it, but recently oil was struck near his place. He resigned and began to develop his property. He struck oil, and is now rated as a millionaire. Bunting came into General Manager Fillmore's office yesterday and sent in his card. Fillmore returned a reply that he was sorry, but he had no job, as Bunting had voluntarily resigned his place. Bunting sent back an answer that he was not looking for a job, but wanted to buy a private car. Fillmore congratulated him, and advised him to order a car with all the latest improvements, which would cost him \$30,000, and meanwhile rent a car from the Southern Pacific. This he did. Bunting has no expensive tastes, except a strong desire to travel in his own car, and have that car as luxurious as possible to make it.

Business and the Cinematograph.
It is proposed to utilize the cinematograph for representing machinery in motion. It is expected that in this way it will become a valuable auxiliary to trade in machinery, as buyers will be able to judge of the working of a machine from the microscope without seeing the thing itself.

Elegantly furnished rooms with electric lights at the Regina Club hotel.

Fine fresh meats at Murphy Bros. Third street.

Mumm's, Pomeroy or Perinet champagnes \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.

WANTED.
WANTED—Two practical engineers. Apply to McLennan & McFeely.

WANTED—Orders taken for hauling wood on the creeks. Three teams, any size contracts. W. E. Terrill, 4th ave., 8 doors north of 6th st.

STOLEN.
\$100 REWARD—For information leading to the conviction of the thief who stole a case of Jubilee Milk from in front of my place. S. Archibald.

FOR SALE.
FOR SALE—Small steamboat machinery. Engines, crank shaft, complete. Inquire Dodge & Baker, freighters.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

LAWYERS

CLARK, WILSON & STACPOOLE—Barristers, Attorneys, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Office: Monte Carlo Building, First Avenue, Dawson, Y. T.

BURRITT & MCKAY—Advocates, Solicitors, Notaries, etc.; Commissioners for Ontario and British Columbia. The Exchange Bldg., Front street, Dawson. Telephone No. 55.

MACKINNON & SOBEL, Advocates, Second st., near Bank of B. N. A.

WADE & AIKMAN—Advocates, Notaries, etc. Offices, A. C. Office Building.

N. F. HAGEL, Q. C., Barrister, Notary, etc. Office: McLennan, McFeely & Co., hardware store, First avenue.

PATTULLO & RIDLEY—Advocates, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Offices, Rooms 7 and 8 A. C. Office Bldg.

BELCOURT, McDUVAL & SMITH—Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Etc. Offices at Dawson and Ottawa. Rooms 1 and 2 Chisholm's block, Dawson. Special attention given to Parliamentary work. N. A. Belcourt, Q. C. M. F., Frank J. McDuval, John F. Smith.

MINING ENGINEERS.

J. B. TYRRELL—Mining Engineer—Mining laid out or managed. Properties valued. Mission st., next door to public school, and at below discovery, Hunker Creek.

SOCIETIES.

THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION of Yukon Lodge, (U. O. A. F. & A. M.), will be held at Masonic hall, Mission street, monthly, Thursday or on before full moon at 8:00 p. m. C. H. Velt, W. M., J. A. Donald, Sec'y.

ARCTIC SAWMILL

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SLUCE, FLUME & MINING LUMBER
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In Order to Make Room for the Arrival of NEW GOODS, We Mark Goods of the Past Season at such a Reduction in Price as will close them out quickly.

GREAT OPPORTUNITIES AT OUR STORE AT THE PRESENT TIME

Leather Shoes and Rubbers For Ladies and Men
Rubber Soled Shoes for Men Just the Thing for Damp Weather
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This is a sample engraving for illustrative purposes.

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Beef, chechako, 33¢ by the side, at P. O. Market, Third street.

For choice meats go to the Denver Market.

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Klondike views & grapher.

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Week of March 18

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