

# KNOWN ONLY IN FAR WEST.

### The Old Prospector With an Interesting History.

### His Life and Habits Vividly Portrayed - He Leads the Vanguard Which Acquires Wealth.

A contributor to the Helena Independent outlines the life history of a type of that class which has made the west to a greater degree, perhaps, than any other.

"There is something in the individuality of the typical prospector of the mountain trail that cannot be found among the more thickly populated sections of the country. Those who are familiar with him and have seen him as he comes into camp will not soon forget the far-away look in his eyes, and fragments of fir boughs and dried buckberries in his whiskers—seekless and happy. You may smile at him, perhaps ridicule him, or worse, pity him; but did you ever think, you who have studied upon the factors that go to make up this mysterious problem of human life—what part is played by the bewhiskered man.

"Let us follow the crooked trail of this old prospector of the hills from the time when he first hails from the old farm down east, young and free, bubbling over with spirits and energy, and with an air about him that marks him as a tenderfoot. He has just blown out of the home nest. His wings were a little stronger than his brothers', who chose to stay in the sunshine of the home and the fragrance of the orchards. It has only been a few days, perhaps, since he bade them good-by. The wholesome words of advice that his honest old father gave him ring in his ears, and the doughnuts, the caraway seed cookies, the needles and thread and the variegated patches that his thoughtful old mother gave him are still in his grip. The bonny face of his sweetheart haunts his mind, her cabinet photograph is bursting his inside pocket and his coat is still damp where she cried her farewell on his shoulder. He intends to make a fortune in a few months and go back to her. He will write her every few days in his most graphic style, volumes of interesting matter. He tells her of the bright prospects in view, of the wonderful opportunities at hand. He tells her to be true to him, for a few short months and he will return to her laden with riches that his energies will bring him.

"Let us follow him on his trip as a gold hunter. The wilds of nature seem a paradise to him, for the hills and forests are new pictures, and what poetic fancies he may have are not yet blunted nor worn out of him by hardships. His camp equipment consists of a multitude of unnecessary things, and it takes half a season to pack them into the hills and the other half to bring them out. His cooking is somewhat swif, yet he is particular about flies and bugs, and it would actually make him sick should he boil a mouse in his coffee pot or swallow a handful of ants in his tea. The old timers watch him with interest. He makes his first banter, but words cannot describe it. With sublime courage he proceeds to eat. If he lives he is all right, for a tenderfoot that can eat his own cooking and survive, the trail to fortune is his. He does not find time to prospect the first year; but has talked with some old veterans of '49, and in an amazing short time knows all about the business. To hear him talk 'formation' you would imagine he had been present at the creation, and to hear him go over a ring of ponderous geological words, he has committed from his little four-bit 'Prospector's Guide,' simply make an old prospector homesick. 'But' he is initiated. He has played the first card in the greatest game of life. The wheel spins round. So far he has drawn a blank, but he writes to his sweetheart to defer his return another year. Her letters still come, but not with the same regularity as when he first left home. To be sure they are still crowded with affectionate epithets, but they seem more studied and less genuine than at first.

"Another year rolls around. He goes out with the snow and returns with it, but with little to show but a mercurial growth of beard and a few choice specimens of 'float' that he found 'just where his grubstake played out.' He is sure he can find the ledge the coming season. The snow comes and goes. The rivers fill and empty. Again Jack Frost, that breezy advance agent of winter, hangs his yellow position on the birch and tamarac. Our prospector comes in again to 'hold up

like a winter bear in his winter cabin. He has drawn another blank. His wages against the game are heavy. The passion has enslaved him. He will prowl away his life in the hills or strike it. He may have a few prospects by this time. All he needs to do is to blow off the capping and the mountain will be full of the richest sort of ore. His means are meagre, but he has picked up some valuable pointers. He has learned that a mountaineer who would starve with a gun, a frying pan and fish line, would deserve the ridicule of his comrades. He has learned to play jokes on his stomach—promises it pie and slips in a 'flap-jack.' He will work his prospect if he has to go on half rations. So he hammers away a few years of his life in a dark tunnel. He crosses the contact and runs under the croppings. Ordinarily he would become discouraged, pack his cayuse and leave. But there are some characters who will keep driving away, feeling certain that the next shot will expose the longed-for treasure. He will have to go 'off shift' for good some time, and he will leave a solitary tunnel with country rock in its face as a pathetic monument.

"But we will imagine that our hero, if we may call him such, was wise enough to quit after a few years and start out once more for the hills, where, perhaps, there is a new excitement; where everyone is striking it rich. He will get in on the 'ground floor' this time. When he arrives at the new camp he finds that the 'good things' are all staked, so he prowls around the edges until winter drives him in again. He begins to feel a little old; he has staked about all he had but his life, and he has risked that many times. He feels a twinge of rheumatism in his limbs and the demon, dyspepsia, has taken up its abode with him. He imagines he is getting queer, and perhaps he is. He knows he is 'cranky.' He wonders sometimes if he is not getting 'sour dough' on his brain as well as on his overalls. He can't get along with a partner any more and not infrequently it is all he can do to get along with himself. So he goes out alone with his dog and cayuse. He begins to hold interesting conversations with himself and grows to think he wants no better company. Sometimes by the camp fire, when in a retrospective mood, he reviews the past. How long it seems since he left the old home.

"Several years have elapsed since he heard from his relatives and his sweetheart's letters have long ceased to come. He has surely played a game recklessly. There does not seem to be much left for him. Of course he has that old faded photograph, but it is broken and defaced, and there is an old-soiled envelope that contains a tangled lock of hair and a few broken flowers. He imagines she is still true to him. He must 'strike it' and return to his old life. So he climbs with renewed energy. Sometimes he catches a glance of the gilded wings of fortune as she beckons him from some distant peak, and he struggles to find; like the end of the rainbow it is still in advance. When he comes in there is little diversion for him but the society of the barroom. Here, by administering a few doses of the prospector's elixir, he can restore youth.

"But 'everything comes to him who waits.' He 'strikes it' at last; he has stumbled into it by accident. It is a cropping before him in all its magnificence. His practiced eye tells him it is a fortune; he is not excited; he takes it coolly. He has been thoroughly trained to take things as they come. He may even be careless in staking it properly. He goes out and proceeds to get drunk and spread the news. He sells out for a handsome sum; runs over the census and calls up the town scribe to the bar. He buys the most stylish clothes that he knows anything about. The tall silk hat that crowns his wrinkled visage would hardly pass under the boughs that hung over his old trail and his cayuse would be frightened into a stampede should he catch a glimpse of his generous expanse of snowy linen. He alienates the affections of his faithful dog by taking a Turkish bath. He squares with his old companions as a good fellow and buys a palace car ticket to his old home. He anticipates a great ovation in his honor; he thinks of the happy smile with which his sweetheart will greet him.

"When he arrives at the depot of his old town he is surprised that the mayor is not there to meet him. He wonders what has become of the old brass band that used to play on the public holidays. And no one meets him, he starts about to find the old town. He gets tangled in the suburbs of the town and the lanes and cross lanes are problems difficult to solve. He finds what he thinks is the old trail; he looks for old blazes, but they are gone. When he finds the old homestead his brothers

seem glad to see him, but they hardly take time to talk to him. They have hardly missed a day of hard work since he left. They have hoarded the pennies till they have collected a few dollars. His father and mother have since taken up their abode in 'the little quiet village on the hill.' He calls on his sweetheart; she has been married many years. She has grown fat and plain. Her reception of him is anything but flattering; she surveys him critically and curiously, and perhaps wonders how much he paid for the store clothes he is now wearing.

"He is satisfied. He takes the shortest trail back to the old camp, leaving the proverbial fatted calf still feeding at the manger. His wealth is a burden to him and he proceeds to dispose of it. After hiring a theater for a few nights and trying to break up a brewery or two, we find him once more taking the trail with a smile and a grubstake. This man's trail through life may have been a crooked and lonesome one, and his unburied bones may lie at the end of it, but he cut it himself. What has he done for the world? What may have come to him of fortune was one of nature's hidden treasures. It was not stolen or wrung from the toils of others. He had added to the wealth of the world. He was the scout of progress—a solitary sentinel, at the outpost of civilization; steamboats will plough the streams where he once poled his rude dugout, and great railways follow his blazes. In the great play of life, where courage, fortitude and honest endeavor are the parts most commended—can it not be said that this man has played his part and played it well?"

### Trial of Hamilton.

Minneapolis, Feb. 19.—A feature of the afternoon session of the Hamilton trial was the appearance of Fred H. George on the witness stand. Interest centered on the testimony of George, who told of the circumstances surrounding the quarrel of Hamilton and Day, and his part in separating them. His testimony tallied in the main with that of other witnesses. The evidence of today's witnesses was substantially the same as that given at the coroner's inquest.

George stated positively that he had seen no knife during the evening and did not know how he got cut on his hand or at what time. A numb sensation in his thumb had given him his first intimation of his own injury. Not knowing that Day was injured he had passed between the two men he had separated a second time and had hurried to attend to his own wound.

On cross-examination, George said that the fact that he was hurt had not suggested to him that some one else might have been cut. There were others in the room. "My attention was next attracted to them when they came together a second time. At the end of the billiard table I separated them again and said, 'Boys, you will have to stop. You can't quarrel here.'"

The witness then felt a numb sensation in his right thumb. Passing between the two combatants he went to the washroom and wiped his hand on the towel. "When I saw Hamilton and Day clinched a second time," explained George, "Hamilton had his arm around Day's neck. I will recall that. I don't mean to say that. I mean as they went down in a clinch Hamilton was on top. I did not know anyone but myself had been hurt," he explained a second time to Mr. Boardman. The court then adjourned.

### Aguinaldo Interviewed.

New York, Feb. 16.—The World tomorrow will publish what it claims to be a well authenticated interview with Aguinaldo obtained by an American, a trusted agent of Carlo Rubino, a prominent merchant in Manila. It was forwarded here through the mails.

Aguinaldo was found in the Filipino capital by Senor Rubino's agent, the identity of whom is thought to be an inviolate secret, but it is known he is an American. In years gone by he was a high salaried employe of Russell & Co., of Hong Kong, Manila, Yokohama, Canton, Shanghai, San Francisco and New York. The firm was the oldest American house in the Orient and the richest. It went down in the crash of 1893.

"My letters to Aguinaldo," Senor Rubino's agent says, "were carefully scrutinized by him and his aides de camp before I was taken fully into his confidence. But as they were from those whom he knew to be his trusted friends he received me without restraint or hesitation. I remained there for four days and was the recipient of his full confidence and had from him the most unreserved expression of his sentiments and purposes as well as his ideas concerning the condition of his country and the great struggle now on there."

"I was astonished at his knowledge

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of the history of the United States and its great statesmen since the war of the revolution. The subject of amnesty was gone over thoroughly. I asked him if he would accept amnesty offered by the commissioners sent out by the United States government.

"He replied: 'No, I will not accept amnesty. I would not trust them. I have not forgotten the professions of friendship and of support given me by Dewey and Otis and all of them, especially Wildman. My army fought with and furthermore beat the Spanish, and promises most solemnly given that we were to have independence were made. These solemn promises have been repudiated by them all. No, amnesty means slavery and obedience to the will of McKinley.'

"How about the people?" I asked. "Do you believe the condition of your people would be improved if they accepted amnesty now offered?"

"No," he replied, "to accept amnesty means slavery and degradation. Personally it means imprisonment for me. What else am I to expect for my people but serfdom? What would your forefathers have said of George Washington had he accepted amnesty from George III? He fought from 1776 to 1787 and offers of amnesty were very properly treated with scorn. They can offer me what they like. I reply liberty, the right of the Filipinos to govern themselves, a government of our own."

"But," said I, "here are assurances." "Assurances and promises," he interposed, with great warmth, "given only to be disregarded and repudiated. I tell you I will never trust them, nor will any of my people. Never! Say to them that their amnesty will not be considered. My people would no longer respect me were I to do so."

"Then it may be war for many years," I said. "You must know that the American government is strong, powerful and rich."

"Unquestionably," he replied, "and it may be a long and terrible struggle for liberty. But until the Filipinos nation shall have a government of its own this war will go on."

For the convenience of their customers the A. E. Company has sent to the Forks several boilers and hoisting engines. Can be seen at Orr & Tukey's or at Harry Say's claim, 6 above Bonanza.

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#### SOCIETIES.

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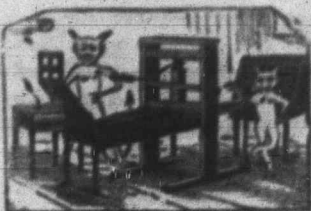
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