

## The Klondike Nugget

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(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)  
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From Monday and Tuesday's Daily.  
UNTIL JUNE 1.

The order which was received at noon today from Ottawa extending the time during which gambling may be conducted in Dawson is undoubtedly due to the heavy pressure brought to bear upon the Ottawa authorities upon the receipt of the original order.

As was set forth by this paper at the time, the order was somewhat peremptory in its nature, especially in view of the fact that a certain degree of recognition had previously been extended to the gamblers at the hands of the law. It appears that the interior department has taken a similar view of the situation and permission has been extended to the gambling fraternity to continue in business until June first, at which time it is stated, the order will be enforced irrespective of any and all influences. This allows a matter of ten more weeks in which the gamblers may continue in business and property owners and others indirectly interested will have an opportunity to adjust their affairs in accordance with the new conditions which will prevail after June first.

### "LOYALTY TO THE EMPIRE."

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's address on the subject of "loyalty to the empire," as judged by our brief telegraphic synopsis must have been a most notable effort. It will be read with gladness in England where for months past the "Decadence of the empire" has furnished material for much newspaper talk and for many political speeches.

Ever since the outbreak of the Boer war and in fact since the time of the queen's jubilee a strong undercurrent of feeling has been manifesting itself in England, favorable to granting more concessions to the colonies, or "colonial empires" to express the idea more intelligently.

There is noticeable in the tone of the English press today a leaning toward the formation of an imperial parliament in which representation will be granted to the various British dependencies.

A high official in the treasury department has made the statement that the time is approaching when an imperial exchequer will become a necessity, and it is conceded as a point which does not require an argument that the colonies must be directly represented in parliament before they are asked to contribute to the imperial revenues. British statesmen are plainly desirous of closer and more intimate relations with the colonies. The assistance which was rendered by Canada and Australia during the late war has made a most profound impression throughout the United Kingdom, and the efficiency and bravery of the colonial troops have been subjects of widespread comment through the British press.

These are days when England appreciates demonstrations of loyalty from her colonies. She knows well the value of those colonies and realizes thoroughly the tower of strength which they will be to her if the day of adversity ever comes.

Britain will learn with pleasure therefore, that the one man who is entitled to speak for all Canada has stood up in parliament and assured the world of the unwavering and loyal devotion of Canada to the mother country.

An amount of money in the neighborhood of \$100,000 must be raised to carry on the affairs of Dawson for the next twelve months. It does not make much difference what plan of assessment is pursued the result will be about the same. There is so much money to be raised; so many people to raise it and so much property upon which taxes are to be levied. The main point at issue is to arrive at some conclusions by which the taxation will be distributed as equitably as possible to the end that no particular class will be unjustly burdened. Dawson has run along for four years without

taxation and there should be no complaint at this time when it is proposed that the town contribute to an extent toward its own support. The earlier a conclusion is reached and taxes are paid the better it will be for all parties concerned.

Ex-President Harrison is dead. Eight years ago Gen. Harrison stepped from the highest position within the gift of 75,000,000 of people back in to the ranks of ordinary private citizenship. Since that time he has sought no political favors, but has contented himself with performing the simple duties of the American citizen. It is hard to say which side of his character we most admire—the qualities by which he became president or the qualities which made him a good citizen after being president.

From all indications there will be the usual number of belated people caught at Skagway and Whitehorse, when the ice begins to break up. As a matter of fact the next three weeks will almost wind up the season of good travel. Last year after the fifth of April the trail to the outside was in very bad condition and although travel did not cease until after the middle of the month, much damage resulted to goods brought in after the date above mentioned.

There are few unemployed teams in Dawson today. Hundreds of tons of supplies and machinery are being hurried on to the creeks, where an enormous amount of work will be done during the coming summer. Freight rates are bound to advance after the first of April, which fact, it is apparent, is well understood among claim owners and operators. There is money to be saved by having supplies freighted to the creeks before soft weather begins.

A constant reader wishes to know the meaning of the term "layman." The word is used to distinguish the members of the various professions from those who have had no training therein. Thus the "explanation editor" of the News would be regarded as a layman.

Oom Paul refuses to recognize the negotiations now pending between Kitchener and Botha with a view to the surrender of the latter. Just what influence Oom's position will have on the outcome of the negotiations the dispatches do not state.

Our amateur contemporary discussed very learnedly in a recent issue the subject "are men worse than women." We suggest to our contemporary to take up the question: "Could anything be worse than the News."

Old Sol has never beamed forth more brightly upon Dawson than he has today—which from the standpoint of the "knight of the green" is undoubtedly due to the order which came in from Ottawa this morning.

Good reports from the lower country continue to come in. Some day when litigations now pending on the American side is settled and title to property may be guaranteed, there will be a lively boom set in.

### United Forces.

There is no doubt but that the united influences of many men, companies, institutions and firms were brought to bear upon the government at Ottawa to bring about the revocation of the order which was in force a few hours yesterday, but probably one of the most potent influences brought to bear was that exercised by the law firm of Belcourt, McDougal & Smith, the senior member of which is a resident and prominent practitioner of Ottawa and a member of the present parliament. To him his Dawson partners, Messrs. McDougal and Smith, telegraphed an extended account of the local situation and Mr. Belcourt called in person upon the minister of the interior to protest against the enforcement of the order. The Dawson partners received a wire from Mr. Belcourt yesterday imparting the same information as that sent Major Wood and Commissioner Ogilvie.

John Ross and George Wientzel arrived yesterday seven days from Whitehorse.

## PAT GARRETT WILL RETIRE

From Official Life With an En-  
viable Reputation

As the Terror of Border Ruffians—  
His Quickness With His "Gat"  
Prompted 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 one 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 bead 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 flinched.

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 o' you," urged the desperado, "and you'll not last through the summer."

"Thanks," drawled Mr. Pat Garrett. "I can stand considerable heat, an' 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 sixshooter that you ever saw. He can pull his gun quicker'n a fly will move when you take a 'wat at it. He never takes aim 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 indulging in a little western saloon mer-

rimint. The gentleman—one Green felt, with a weakness for other folks' horses—was amping 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 horse thief, 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 horse thief, 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 drawing 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 Simone," 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 trifle 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 dashing, and not without a leaven of chivalry was the Billy the Kid, whose exploits as a 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 upstairs 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 unequaled, and he was only 21 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 make-up.

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. F. Examiner.

### Conflicting Reports.

London, Feb. 28.—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."

A new tower is now in course of construction for St. Mary's Catholic church. It will be 95 feet in height and cost to erect about \$3000. The contract for building has been given to Wilfred Delage.