

THREE WOMEN AND A MAN

Travel Among Manitoba Mormons and Indians.

Brigham Young's Daughter "Aunt Amelia" is Head of Mormons There Peculiar Red People.

"I wish I knew," begins Elizabeth, and breaks off to look at a rustic bridge spanning a stream on our right. "I wish I knew something" long pause.

"I wish, you did," I tell her with the candor of long friendship. "You would then finish your sentences and not keep us on the rack. What is it you wish you knew?"

"I was thinking of that Mormon settlement, wondering whether the people believe in polygamy or not. Some say they do, some say they don't, and—"

"No difference what they believe since the law of the land says a man can have but one wife," puts in Jeanette. "A just and proper law, too. Why he should take more than one passes my comprehension."

"Perhaps he does it by way of penance." This from the man of the house, who is promptly ignored. Penance indeed!

"Speaking of the Mormons," said Elizabeth. "Do you never wonder how all these communities are going to be welded into a harmonious whole? What this new land needs is not people who isolate themselves and refuse to mix and mingle with their neighbors."

I agree with Elizabeth. There are too many settlements up here, too many communities. A lot of folks get together and fence themselves in with their own special beliefs and prejudices. Instead of one big, scattered, but thoroughly friendly community there are a dozen little ones—Mormons, Mennonites, Shakers, etc.—bounded by nothing broader than their own pet creeds. What this country needs is a united friendly and sympathetic population.

"Oh, I don't know," returns Jeanette. "There's plenty of room, any amount of room. You remember the soothing reply the old minister made to the distracted woman of his congregation who came to complain that a certain neighbor would not speak to her?"

"And if she won't be friendly here, what will we do when we get to heaven?" she exclaimed with emotion. "Never worry about that," he said, heaven is a large place, a very large place."

"Nice idea," cries the man of the house. "See anyone coming you don't care for just stroll down another way or take to the shrubbery or—"

"This is no subject for jesting," Elizabeth remarks gravely, "and besides," gathering her skirt up and making for shelter, "it is going to rain."

"What connection is there between the rain and my remarks?" he grumbles. "None in the world, except that you delight in pouring cold water in the hope of extinguishing my wit, my fine and subtle sense of humor."

"A feeble flame is swiftly quenched," she quotes, laughing back at him, and then a swift run ends the discussion and leaves us too out of breath to renew it.

This particular Mormon settlement is in Manitoba. The farms are fairly well tilled, the houses fairly comfortable. They are a zealous people, not only do they keep themselves to themselves, but they draw into the circle as many as they can. Their head is a woman, no less a personage than the daughter of Brigham Young. Her word is law. They are not progressive, they hold fast to their old beliefs and keep as remote as possible from gentle people and gentle ways. One thing insisted on by that astute woman, the daughter of Brigham Young, known to the community as "Aunt Amelia," is that the young of both sexes be kept in the settlement until such time as they are settled in life. There must be no going over to the Gentiles, no inter-marrying of those not of the faith—unless it be to bring such into the fold. Aunt Amelia's rule is strict, but watchfulness unwavering. She is the head and exacts a full, an unquestioning obedience to each command. She is a clever thinker, a good talker, and if all this responsibility and deference has made her somewhat tyrannical it is not to be wondered at.

Brigham Young's daughter is a feminine edition of himself, say those who have met them both. She claims to fall into trances, to see visions, to have strange things revealed to her. This helps to increase her power. When a mere man or woman dares to question her decree she has only to have a revelation to bring such to reason, for the revelation invariably enjoins entire submission to the powers that be. It is rare indeed that it fails to accomplish its mission.

Two cases of rank disobedience are all that stand on record. The first is that of an Irishman, who, instead of fixing his affections on a Mormon maid, must needs fix them on a Saxon. After a natural enough. It came a policeman, and as the settlement had no need of his services he hired himself to the corporation of a certain city. The lass in the poke bonnet was molested one night by

some toughs; the gallant policeman came to the rescue. This was the beginning. The ending was his replying to Aunt Amelia's letter of expostulation and command with a badly-spelled but heartily meant quotation from the one poet whom he knew—

"From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,  
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?"

The other is that of a Scotch girl. The Mormons are averse to their maidens going out to domestic service, knowing well that once in the home of the gentle, and removed from the accustomed influence and restraint, they are apt to stray from the fold. But the Scotch girl, besides being strong and pretty, was independent; she would go out to service in the nearest town. Reports soon came back to the settlement. She refused to do. Then would she give up all communication with the young mechanic who was trying to win her from the right way? No; she would not. A deputation of the faithful waited on her. She held her head high, and refused to be talked over. There was nothing to do but have a revelation, and Aunt Amelia proceeded to have it. The girl should at once return and become the wife of a certain Mormon was the gist of the revelation. Instead of being overcome at having all this take place on her account, what did this stubborn one do but gang her ain sars, merely remarking that it would take more than a revelation to make her marry any man but one of her own choosing.

The settlement is in a fertile district, and is rapidly growing larger. The average Mormon looks with suspicion on an outsider. He gives the gentle as little of his time, or courtesy, or money, as possible. When he makes an excursion for the purpose of replenishing his stores he proceeds warily. The horses are unwhipped from the wagon, or, to use a western phrase, prairie schooner, on the outskirts of the town, and tethered. He finishes his own wagon, and goes home without spending one cent more than he is compelled to spend. He makes a good settler, in that he is careful and hardworking, a poor settler in that he keeps between himself and his neighbor of another faith, a strong wall of distrust.

But, as Jeanette says, there is plenty of room for everyone to have a little space to himself if he wants to. This gipsying by steam is perfectly delightful, but hard on the complexion. Some of our party—I name no names—have taken on such a beautiful coat of tan that they resemble the original owners of the great west. The man of the house has one joke he never tires of, and that is suggesting that these be dropped off at some Indian village, and allowed to join their own tribe. Jeanette enjoys it. It is very well for her, but we cannot all be blondes with a pretty wave to our hair. We of the dark skin and straight locks think it rather a poor sort of joke, and tell him so, but he pays no heed. After all, we are too happy to care. Who minds appearances when the days are crowded full of enjoyment? As for making our home with the Indians, well, we feel no burning desire to do that, but they are interesting people. They are a better class than the Indians of the eastern provinces—finer-looking, more like the ones we read of and pictured in the days of our youth.

We came into a pretty prairie town one day, when a circus procession is in progress. The Indians are cut in full force. They must be fond of excitement, these stolid folk, for where ever there is anything in the way of dissipating, merrymaking, or sight-seeing, there are they gathered together. The procession is like any other circus procession, but the lining the sidewalk and grouping on the common is a unique one. Indians with gorgeous head-dresses, with rings in the ears and grotesque adornment of their long braids of black hair; squaws with red and blue and yellow robes, and shawls which no rainbow could hope to rival. The chief glory of this tribe is the head. All the finery is for that important part of the body, for it heads are strung and ribbons woven. One has something different from his fellows; a brass wheel which looks as though it were screwed in the back of his head, but which must be fastened under his hair somehow. The effect is gruesome.

What seems strange is that groups of these Indians pass groups of other Indians without a glance of recognition or word of greeting. When I ask the man of the house the reason of this, he says with a laugh—

"Oh, the Indian and the Scot is much alike! Each sticks to his own clan, and lets the rest of the world go hang!"

There is no use telling him he ought to be ashamed of himself, for he never is ashamed of himself. Besides, I am too much interested to argue.

Then there is another tribe who have all sorts of fixings on their necks, traps, buckles, beautifully braided moccasins, girth, buttons on the leggings. One more enterprising than his fellows has a string of thimbles round his ankles. The squaws are not so fine. They seem to have done and done themselves as their tribes could not find room for. But these have not the squat, unwieldy figures we

have always associated with the spouse of the noble red man. They are tall, above the average, broad shouldered, and straight.

What do they think, I wonder, as they look at everything with their deep expressionless eyes? No feat of daring, no display of grandeur (circus grandeur),—breaks up the immobility of their faces; no jest or prank of clown or trained animal wakens a hint of laughter. They dance to no man's piping.

"Look," whispers Jeanette, and turning around my eyes fall on as pretty a picture as one need wish for. The chief figure in it is a young squaw—it is a dull picture that has no woman in it—a typical squaw, with high cheekbones, braids of coarse black hair and swarthy skin. Her dress of scarlet is frayed and greasy. It may have been her wedding dress, who knows? Anyway, it has seen its best days, and is scant and dirty. But you only notice her face, warm, full of emotion, and the proud, fan-gorous eyes of her resting on her firstborn, a fat brown atom of humanity, a miniature, still—who looks as though he never laughed or cried. Such a quaint baby; homely, yes—but not in her eyes, not in the eyes of the father, who stands a little apart looking down on his squaw and his offspring. With a pride which refuses to be covered by the mask of indifference he wears. It is a picture to be remembered. Looking at it you realize vaguely that the Indian who stalks the crowded street, unseeing, unfeeling, and lacking in life and passion, is another creature when he is away from the haunts of men, his foot on his native heath, his face turned to the forest dim of the prairies wide, that are home to him.

What camping grounds they must have had in the good old days before the white man, with his civilization, and also his greed of power, and lust of land, came among them? Now they have their reserves, bits of land surveyed and staked off; then there was a wide wild world, their very own. East, west, north, south their camp fires glowed, their slim trails ran. The hills and the valleys, the lakes and the rivers, the wood and all the spreading land were theirs, their arrows whistled in the wind, their birch canoes shot swiftly to and fro upon the waters, their moccasined feet trod proudly, though silently, the great stretches of prairie. It was all their own. And now—now—"Well, what has civilization given them?" I ask.

"This circus procession for one thing," says Jeanette. Then, in a graver tone, "and schools, and missions, and many great things. You would not wish this glorious country left in the hands of barbarians. The Indian could war and hunt, but he could not develop the wealth and beauty of the land."

"I suppose not," I returned, "but I feel a great sympathy for the noble red man."

"So do I," says Elizabeth.

"Natural," puts in the man of the house, "perfectly natural. I daresay you both have dim memories of life in a tepee—"

"Dark behind it rose the forest, Rose the black and gloomy pine trees, Rose the fir with cones upon them; Bright before it beat the water, Beat the clear and sunny water."

"Shall I go on?"

"You have that poor little joke worn to shreds," laughs Elizabeth. "Now, we have a joke, but we rarely tell it."

"There isn't much in it," he scoffs. "Isn't there? There's a lady fair with golden hair in it, and a gentleman who plays—"

"The piano," he interrupts. "I've heard it before, and there's nothing to it. Women shouldn't try to joke. They have no sense of humor."

Before we can collect our forces and renew the attack, he has sauntered away.

"Some day we will get even with him," says Elizabeth, "but I have my doubts."

At Victoria.

The shooting gallery on Johnson street was the scene of a shooting affray last night, as the result of which a Mrs. McMillan, the wife of the proprietor, is at the lock-up charged with shooting with intent. It appears that about 10 o'clock a Royal Garrison Artilleryman, while under the influence of liquor, patronized the gallery to a considerable extent. After he had expended his last dime he wanted some more shots. Being refused he became angry and was about to jump over the counter when the woman fired, the 22 calibre bullet lodging in his right breast.

The wounded man walked to Shot-bolt's drug store and told the clerk that he had been shot. The latter summoned the police and Sergeant Hawton took Sweeney to Dr. Fraser, who, upon examination, found that the wound was not fatal. The woman was arrested at 2 o'clock this morning by Special Constable Stevenson. She will come up in the police court tomorrow morning.

The artilleryman was today reported doing well.—Victoria Times, Oct. 4th.

Notice.

The church tent at Gold Bottom will be ready for winter by Sunday, October 20th. On that day at 8 p. m. the opening service will be held. There will be special music and the sermon will be preached by Rev. John Pringle, an old timer, famous on Stikine and Teslin trails, and at Glenora, Telegraph and Atlin City. All are welcome.

THE STEAMER LAVELLE YOUNG

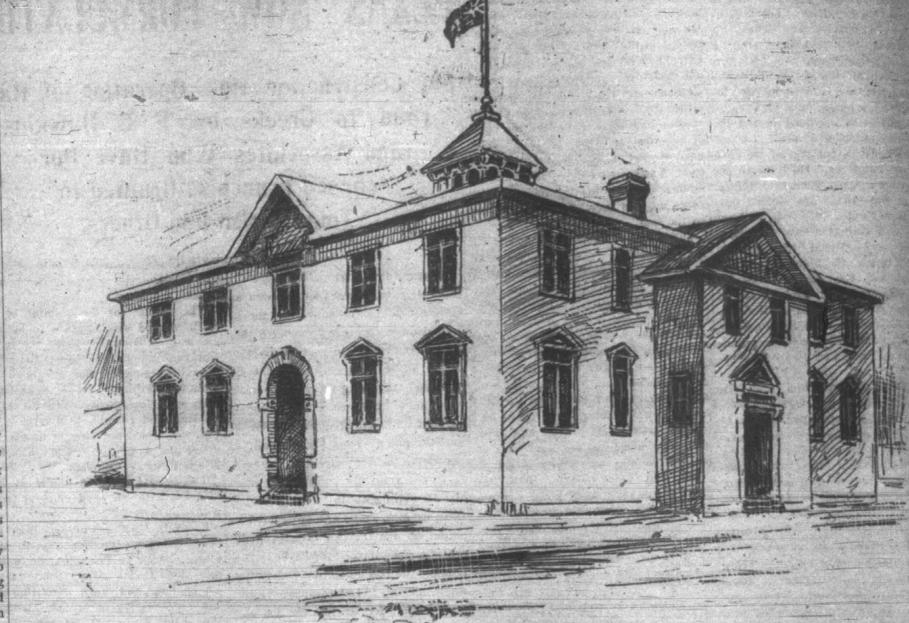
Has Had a Checkered Though Interesting Career.

Fortune Was Beckoning to Her Former Owners, But Having "Cold Feet" They Heed'd Not.

The arrival of the Lavelle Young a few days ago and how that remarkably staunch little craft came into the possession of its present owners brings back a bit of history which in this land of rapid evolution may be considered as somewhat ancient. The days of '98 saw the formation outside of companies and syndicates without end, some of which were promoted for legitimate means while others depended for dividends wholly upon the sale of beautifully lithographed stock certificates. Co-operative societies wherein every man in the party was to share equally in the labor, mines secured and ephemeral profits, nourished in great profusion, but very few remained intact long enough even to reach their destination. Breeding syndicates sprang into existence and thousands of dollars were spent in building steamboats and purchasing machinery with which it was proposed to scoop up the bottoms of the gold bearing streams in such quantities that every stockholder would soon become a millionaire. The Lavelle Young was the result of one of the last named financial bubbles. There were a dozen or fifteen owners in the concern and their original outlay of capital could not have been much short of \$50,000. The steamer was built new in '98 on Puget Sound and came under her own steam to St. Michael, her objective point being the headwaters of the Koyukuk. In her construction her modelers deviated considerably from the ordinary type of vessel in general use for river navigation, her prow being rounded off instead of made sharp, giving her a snub-nosed appearance. Plenty of power was provided and her great breadth of beam allowed a large carrying capacity with comparatively light draft. Upon her arrival at St. Michael in August, people who had chosen the all water route to the Klondike were climbing over each other in a mad endeavor to reach Dawson. Cargo space could not be had at any price and the owners of the Lavelle Young were offered all the freight they could carry at \$300 per ton, shippers begging them to take their consignments. But that would not be digging gold and the Young syndicate was here for the purpose of mining and nothing else. With a large outfit of provisions and tools and her hold containing \$15,000 worth of hydraulic and dredging machinery, the Lavelle Young finally put out for the Koyukuk, eventually reaching Bergman just about the close of navigation. The outfit went into winter quarters and the winter of '98 was spent in stampeding and staking claims. That year there were but very few people in the Koyukuk, and before spring had arrived the majority of the members of the syndicate had "cold feet" and were ready to quit and return to their more comfortable firesides in the States. Internal dissensions arose which finally resulted in a determination to sell the assets of the company and seek a more congenial climate. During the winter 80 claims were staked and recorded, but not one was prospected or had a hole sunk to bedrock.

The following summer the steamer was taken back to St. Michael and her present owners became the purchasers, included in the sale being the 80 claims which had been staked and the machinery then lying on the bank of the Koyukuk a short distance above Bergman. The total price paid for everything would not have purchased the machinery alone at its place of manufacture, let alone the steamer and the bunch of claims, the latter, of course, being of extremely problematical value. The machinery referred to was of the best money could buy and included in the lot was the largest centrifugal pump ever brought into either Alaska or the Yukon. Time went on and the new purchasers of the Lavelle Young devoted their attention more to transportation than to mining. The Koyukuk, where the claims lay which had been included in the deal, was but little known, so they were practically abandoned and finally laid by reason of their not being represented. A year later there was a stampede of the new diggings, many new prospectors swarmed in and the ground which had once been the property of the Young syndicate was restaked by a different class of adventurers. Among the number relocated were several claims on Emma creek, which fell to the lot of the McNamar boys. These turned out very rich, and it was by a strange coincidence that this year the first large output of the Emma creek claims, \$53,000, was carried down the river by the very steamer whose builders and also whose subsequent owners had allowed the ground to lapse; because they did not consider it worth while to bother about it. In telling the story of how a fortune had thus slipped through his fingers, narrated by one of the present owners of the Lavelle Young, he concluded by merely saying:—

"Now, wouldn't that rattle you?"



DAWSON'S NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL BUILDING.

Deaf Mute Gamblers.

"The biggest raise I ever saw in a poker game," said the doctor, "was when I was surgeon in a deaf and dumb institution in a Western State. Some of the inmates who held positions in the asylum had a little poker club that assembled every Saturday night in my office.

"One night while the nutes were having a game with a good, healthy limit, a friend of mine, who was a drummer for a Chicago grocery house, and who was at the asylum selling a bill of goods, dropped in and wanted to play. The deaf nutes made room for him and the drummer was soon deep in the game. The players had some sort of sign to represent passing, staying, raising, and the like, and these terms were briefly explained to the drummer by one of the attendants in the asylum who was watching the game.

"The playing went on steadily enough for awhile, and then there was a round of jackpots, for which the ceiling was taken off, and it was understood that everybody could bet as high as he wanted to. On the last of the jackpots, which had been unusually warm, and at which considerable money had been won and lost, exceedingly good hands seemed to be held all around, and the ante was raised several times before cards were drawn.

"Four of the players, including the drummer, bettered their hands, and they began raising each other \$5 at a clip. The pace was too fast for everybody except the drummer and one of the deaf nutes, and they were left glaring at each other over an uncommonly big pot.

"The symbol used by the deaf nutes for seeing a raise and going so

much better had been to wave the clinched hand in front of the face. Ordinarily the nutes merely made a motion of the hand in front of the body. But after the deaf mute and the drummer had raised each other half a dozen times the nute, after a long hesitation, decided to see the drummer's raise and raise back again, and he made the motion signifying this action unusually emphatic by shaking his fist squarely in the drummer's face.

"The drummer was terribly excited by this time, and when the deaf mute shook his clinched hand in his face he thought he was being intimidated. He clinched his fist and shook it right back at the nute. The nute, determined not to lose the pot, shook his fist again, and the drummer reached over and brandished his fist back and forth under the deaf nute's nose.

"The deaf nute gasped and shook his fist at the drummer, but the Chicago man, now exasperated beyond all measure, and forgetful of every-thing but the fact that a man was intimidating him, stood half up in his seat and shook both fists in front of the deaf nute's face as fast as he could move them back and forth.

"The deaf nute dropped 15 cards and fainted, and the attendant rushed forward, grabbed the drummer by the arm, said:—

"Heavens, man, do you know what you're doing?"

"No-What?" asked the drummer.

"Why," said the attendant, "you've raised that man \$75,000."

"Anyhow, the drummer got the pot."—Chicago Tribune.

Geo. Butler has a fresh consignment of the "Flor de Manca"—a big 25c cigar.

HAD USE FOR HIS MONEY

To Pay Fine and Costs in Police Court Today.

Three years ago Martin Frebolts, the well known Dawson fruit vendor known as "Frenchy," was engaged in boating at Skagway. Early that spring one man shot another, inflicting a serious though not fatal wound. The shooter at once hastened down to the beach where he chanced to find "Frenchy" and his boat. The man jumped in and, drawing and leveling a big revolver on "Frenchy" said:—

"Now, sir, you row me to Dyea just as quickly as your health and strength will permit."

To "Frenchy" the man looked desperate, and the gun looked like heavy artillery, so he hastily picked up the paddles and made a record-breaking trip to Dyea, naturally supposing that he would get nothing for it, as his business-like passenger had said nothing about paying his fare. However, when Dyea was reached the fellow did the handsome thing of paying "Frenchy" \$15. He scurried up Chilkoat, crossed the international boundary line and was never captured. If, indeed, he was ever looked for, and if "Frenchy" could have had just a passenger every day he would probably still be in the boating business at Skagway operating a fugitive line between that place and Dyea instead of peddling fruit in Dawson.

But this morning "Frenchy" had need of that \$15 or another later earned, as he yesterday celebrated the advent of winter by cultivating a

hilarious jag, the price of which, his boating, was not fixed until was all over, but by a singular coincidence it was the same as he received from the fugitive and, as the previous instance, it was all over without any kicking.

ALONG THE WATER FRONT

The Clifford Sitton will leave at midnight with a large list of passengers. This will be her last trip of an exceedingly prosperous season. She is reaching Whitehorse she will be brought down to Hootalinqua and on ways already constructed to receive her. The captain of the Sitton reports having passed a number of snows on his last trip down.

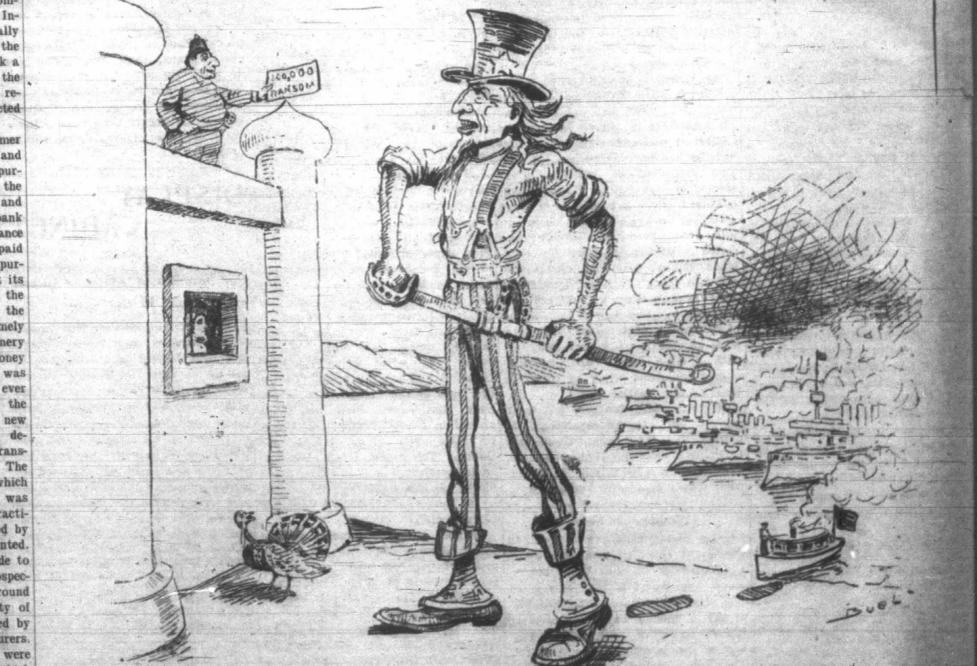
The Flora left at three o'clock last afternoon with all accommodations sold. That she will land her passengers safely at Whitehorse is a foregone conclusion.

The Flora passed Hootalinqua on her way down this forenoon.

Shaking Hands Today.

W. D. Bruce, the insurance man, back in town after an extended trip to the outside. He comes in representing six more fire insurance companies. Mr. Bruce met Attorney Walsh in Vancouver in a peculiar manner. While taking a stroll by Vancouver hotel he heard a melodious voice chanting the Zero Club riddle, "Oh Why Do We Work?" and entering the billiard room found Walsh entertaining a number of acquaintances in his inimitable style.

If you want the "Big" 60c cigar—call at Butler's Pioneer.



HOW UNCLE SAM SHOULD TREAT THE BRIGANDS DEMAND FOR RANSOM.

Advertisement for McDonald Iron Works Co. featuring 'Special Centrifugal Pumps' and 'Call and Get Prices'.