

Border Indian Warfare.

"Fill your pipe again and I will tell you the story."

I obeyed without reluctance, and my host began:

"You must know that five and forty years ago the Indians were a-host to be reckoned with in all our frontier cities. The 'noble red man,' as you Brits call him, had been driven back but not wholly conquered and he never lost an opportunity of showing that he was very much alive. From his point of view, no doubt, he had been very well treated. If we had been in his place we should have resented, most likely, the presence of the white man; but that's another story."

"Petersville, at the time of which I speak, was about the most westerly of all the frontier cities, and a thriving place it was. You see, there was a good deal of mineral in the neighborhood and that caused a rush. Houses sprang up like mushrooms and streets grew into shape in no time. At the first the Indians gave a good deal of trouble, but they always got the worst of it. The early settlers in Petersville were not much given to sentiment, and when they saw a red-skin prowling about they sometimes made needlessly short work of him. This was foolish, perhaps, for the Sioux Indians are not exactly Christians, and are no more ready to forgive an injury than the white man."

"After a while, however, they took themselves off, and nothing more was heard of them for a year or two. You see there was no particular reason why they should show their ugly faces. They had hunting-grounds and to spare, for between Petersville and the Rocky Mountains it was practically unexplored country. But while they had left us they had not forgotten us. A Sioux Indian never forgets nor forgives. Deep in the solitude of their forests and ravines they nursed their anger, and matured their scheme of attack and revenge."

"The evening after dark my father, riding home from a mining camp just outside the town, where he had been visiting a broken arm or something of the kind, was surprised to see one of the hated tribe dart swiftly across his path and vanish in the darkness."

"So, ho," he muttered to himself, while he put spurs to his horse, "what's the meaning of this? I wonder?"

For the presence of one Indian implies that there are more in the neighborhood, and what is more, sleeping or waking, your noble red-skin means mischief.

"My father mentioned the matter to the mayor and one or two others, but he said nothing at home. My mother was in delicate health at the time, and was easily upset. Besides we had a young lady staying with us, who had a perfect horror of the Indians. So nearly a week passed and then reports came in that the redskins had been prowling on the three sides of the town. On the fourth side of the river Eureka ran, which separated us from the neighboring state, and from the United States for several miles further east."

"These reports were very disquieting, and a special meeting of townsmen was called forthwith. Scouts were appointed to explore the neighborhood as far as possible, and special constables were told off to keep watch at the end of every street. These arrangements, however, were quite unnecessary, for on the following day fifty redskins armed to the teeth rode defiantly through the town. The meaning of this move we could not understand, unless it was to get an idea of our numbers and means of defence, which they had been unable to get in any secret way."

"By this time we were all pretty much awake, and if the truth must be told, not a little alarmed. Our town was not built for defence. Moreover, the nearest fort was a good many miles away, and though we had despatched a messenger asking that a detachment of soldiers should be sent forthwith, we had very little hope in that direction. The Indians are not fools, and if they meant to attack us it was not likely they would wait until the greycoats appeared on the scene before they commenced operations."

"Of course it was impossible to keep the news any longer from my mother, or from Margaret Sinclair. Every man was set at work that night to make his own home as secure as possible, and to furnish up such weapons of offence and defence as he might possess. The miners left their camps straightway and came into the town, and an air of expectancy and excitement filled the entire place. There was no longer any doubt as to the intentions of the redskins. All who came in from the country said they had been gathering like bees during the whole of the day and the question debated was not how they would attack, or where—but when."

"Mother collapsed at once, and became violently hysterical. But Margaret Sinclair—though she was only eighteen years of age—rose to the occasion with a courage and determination that was a complete surprise to all of us. I had admired Margaret before, but from that moment my admiration was turned into passionate love. The imminence of danger called into play the latent heroism of her nature. From being a timid, shrinking girl she grew into a brave, self-reliant woman."

"Mother collapsed at once, and became violently hysterical. But Margaret Sinclair—though she was only eighteen years of age—rose to the occasion with a courage and determination that was a complete surprise to all of us. I had admired Margaret before, but from that moment my admiration was turned into passionate love. The imminence of danger called into play the latent heroism of her nature. From being a timid, shrinking girl she grew into a brave, self-reliant woman."

"Mother collapsed at once, and became violently hysterical. But Margaret Sinclair—though she was only eighteen years of age—rose to the occasion with a courage and determination that was a complete surprise to all of us. I had admired Margaret before, but from that moment my admiration was turned into passionate love. The imminence of danger called into play the latent heroism of her nature. From being a timid, shrinking girl she grew into a brave, self-reliant woman."

"Mother collapsed at once, and became violently hysterical. But Margaret Sinclair—though she was only eighteen years of age—rose to the occasion with a courage and determination that was a complete surprise to all of us. I had admired Margaret before, but from that moment my admiration was turned into passionate love. The imminence of danger called into play the latent heroism of her nature. From being a timid, shrinking girl she grew into a brave, self-reliant woman."

"Mother collapsed at once, and became violently hysterical. But Margaret Sinclair—though she was only eighteen years of age—rose to the occasion with a courage and determination that was a complete surprise to all of us. I had admired Margaret before, but from that moment my admiration was turned into passionate love. The imminence of danger called into play the latent heroism of her nature. From being a timid, shrinking girl she grew into a brave, self-reliant woman."

me lay at my feet. But Margaret was nowhere visible. I shall not attempt to put into words what I felt. But seizing the dripping tomahawk that lay on the ground by my dead mother's side I sprang into the open air. I understood why Margaret was not there. She was too beautiful to be scalped, at least for a while. A white pocket handkerchief dropped by Margaret indicated the way taken, and I was soon following at my utmost speed."

"He is making for the bend of the river," I said to myself, gripping the handle of the tomahawk with all my strength; "very likely his canoe is there. Is it possible, I wonder, to overtake them?"

"I never thirsted for blood as I did at that moment. The possibility of being scalped myself did not trouble me in the least. I was ready to die a hundred deaths if only I could avenge my mother and save Margaret from the clutches of the black-hearted fiend who possessed her."

"I never ran as I ran that day, and yet I scarcely made a sound. Light as a panther I sprang from point to point and the tangled undergrowth seemed to open for me to pass. At length I reached a point from which the ground slanted toward the bend of the river, and saw not a thousand yards before me a giant redskin with a gun in his mouth, and his hands tied behind his back. As I suspected, a canoe was moored in a little creek, and a mile or two up the river, on the other side, I could see the smoke rising from an Indian encampment."

"I had no thought of any fair fight at that moment. To stab even a Sioux Indian in the back is perhaps a cowardly thing to do, but I meant to do it if I had the chance. He had murdered my mother, and was bearing Margaret to a fate a thousand times worse than death, and an over-mastering passion to kill him by any means possessed me. I would have flayed him alive had I the power, and I gloated fiendishly over his sufferings."

"The evil-visaged brute was running rapidly for Margaret seemed but a child in his arms. I felt that it was a life and death race between us. Nevertheless, having only a tomahawk to carry, I gained rapidly upon him. Also the sight of Margaret's distress put new life into me."

"The turf was soft and springy, so that I drew near without making the least sound. Margaret did not see me. I was sure, for she made no movement. Her head hung over her shoulder, as though she were dead. The Indian never once turned his head. The thought of pursuit did not seem to occur to him. He ran with the air of a triumphant warrior."

"I was just considering, with tomahawk uplifted, how best to strike, when Margaret opened her eyes suddenly, and seeing me gave a great start. The Indian turned his head in a moment, and with a yell threw Margaret on the ground, seized his scalp knife and rushed at me, with the fury of a demon."

"I knew it was not skill that saved me. I know it was not strength. Perhaps it was an accident, perhaps Providence intervened. It was all done in a flash. I felt a stinging in the fleshy part of my left arm, then my tomahawk went crashing into his skull and stuck there, and with a terrible yell and gurgle he fell full length upon the ground."

"Margaret was on her feet and saw him fall, and I saw the light of a great joy in her eyes. When I took the gag out of her mouth, and when I had untied her hands she fell on my neck and kissed me. Then she fell sobbing violently."

"Don't give way, Margaret," I said. "We must run for our lives now."

"Are we still in danger?" she asked, all the old terror coming back into her eyes.

"There's no knowing," I answered. "Anyhow we will not go quite unarmed," and I went and wrrenched the tomahawk out of the skull of the dead brute. At the same moment my left arm gave a sudden twinge, and a strange faintness came over me."

"I think I lost consciousness after a few seconds. In fact I'm sure I did. For I did not feel Margaret pull the Indian's knife out of my arm. It had gone right through, she told me, up to the hilt."

"Oh, Jack, it hurt me terribly to pull it out," she said, "but I had to do it, you know." And, brave girl, she had done more. She had torn some of her under-linen into strips and bandaged my arm splendidly. Nevertheless, I had lost a great deal of blood, and felt very weak and ill. Also the inevitable reaction had set in, and neither of us could go more than a few hundred yards without sitting down to rest."

"Fortunately, no redskins were prowling about, so that we had not to show fight again. It was, nearly midnight when we reached Eagle Gulch. Margaret almost carried me some of the way, for while I got steadily weaker, her strength seemed to increase with the demands made upon it."

"I was laid up nearly two months at Eagle Gulch, and when I was able to travel I came east to Margaret's people, and I have never gone west again."

"And what of your father?" I asked.

"Ah, he fell early in the struggle. Mother and he sleep together in the same grave."

"And Margaret?" I questioned, after a pause.

"My wife, you mean? Oh, bless you, sir, I'm forgetting. Come into the next room and I'll introduce you to the noblest woman that ever breathed."

to the noblest woman that ever breathed."

This story was told to the writer by the principal actor in it.

This story was told to the writer by the principal actor in it.

SILAS K. HOCKING.

TREACHEROUS GOLDEN GATE

Experience of Two Men in a Small Boat.

Berkeley, Dec. 21.—The treacherous currents of the bay waters swept two San Berkeleians through the Golden Gate in an unmanageable boat during the darkness early Thursday morning. They drifted about on the ocean until rescued late yesterday by a government launch sent from Goat Island. The men were without food or water and in constant peril of their lives during the days and nights that they drifted about on the swirling waters. But for the passing of a lone fisherman, who warned the government officials of the men's danger, but it was impossible to get in, owing to the strong tide running out. Keane and St. Sure decided to put back and they were carried rapidly across the bay by the wind and ebbing water. During the night an anchorage was secured, the men were not positive where, but since then they have concluded that it must have been near Mission Rock.

Keane and his companion were tired out by the night's sail and dropped to sleep in the bottom of the boat. In the night the anchor dragged and when the men awoke the boat was past Fort Point and still going rapidly to sea. The sail was hoisted in hopes of holding against the tide, but the wind was light and the boat refused to answer her helm."

At Point Bonita the men shouted themselves hoarse and fired all their ammunition in an effort to attract attention, but to no avail. A fisherman passed close to them but refused to heed their cries. Boats came and went, but their signals of distress were unnoticed."

All day and the next night the boat drifted about. The men became frantic from want of food and more especially water and through the terror of their situation.

Late yesterday a lone fisherman in a gasoline launch heard their faint outcries. He was unable to aid them, owing to a short supply of gasoline, but promised to report them to Goat Island. Fortunately the weather was clear and the government launch had but little difficulty in locating them. The sloop was towed to the Oakland mole, where the men were landed, exhausted from their trying experience."

The rescued men were given food and drink before being started for their homes. They were completely collapsed and felt yet the severe effects of the desperate fight for life. St. Sure said today:

"We had given up hope entirely when that fishing boat picked us up. It seemed as if days passed before the launch overhauled us. Without food or water and shelterless from the cold wind, it seemed as if we would perish miserably within sight of land."

We had shotguns with us, but after discharging every shell we had ineffectually we gave up hope of arousing any one to our desperate plight. I wouldn't undergo the experience again for all of the boats on the bay."

Keane has a family that had become distracted because of his long and unexplained absence. When he appeared at home there was great rejoicing there."

Brief Courtship.

Perhaps one of the shortest courtships was that of an eminent American jurist. He was on his way to hold court in a town when he met a young woman returning from market.

"How deep is the creek and what did you get for your butter?" asked the judge.

"Up to the knee and nape," was the answer, as the girl walked on.

The judge pondered over the sensible brevity of the reply, turned his horse, rode back, and overtook her.

"I liked your answer just now," he said, "and I like you. I think you would make a good wife. Will you marry me?"

She looked him over and said, "Yes."

"Then get up behind me, and we will ride to town and be married."

She did get up behind, and they rode to the court house and were made one. It is recorded that, brief though the courtship had been, the marriage proved a pre-eminently happy one.—Ex.

Choicest cuts, beef, mutton and pork, at Bonanza Market, next Post Office.

JUDGMENTS ARE RENDERED

Simultaneous Staking of a Hunter Creek Fraction.

Another Conglomerate Creek Miner Loses a Claim on Account of a Previous Location on Stowe.

Gold Commissioner Senkler yesterday rendered two decisions in cases affecting the title to mining claims, one on Conglomerate and the other a fraction on Hunter. In the first named case was entitled Lyonon Orlean Annable vs. Felix Donatelli and Daniel P. Dooling, the ground in dispute being No. 11 Conglomerate. The gold commissioner's judgment was as follows:

"In this case I find that Conglomerate and Stowe creeks are one and the same creek. The defendant Donatelli, having staked and recorded two claims, one on what is known as Stowe creek, the other on what is known as Conglomerate creek, and it appearing upon the applications filed that he claimed the claim on Stowe creek first, he is entitled to a record for that claim only, and his grant for the claim on Conglomerate creek, namely No. 11, must be cancelled."

"It appears by the evidence of the plaintiff, and that of one McAuiff, that the plaintiff staked No. 11 on Conglomerate creek on the 10th day of November last at a quarter past 11 o'clock in the morning. The defendant Dooling states that he staked the same ground upon the same day at 12 o'clock, but that when he staked it he did not see any posts other than those of the defendant Donatelli. I must believe the story of the defendant and his witness, as the defendant being unaware at the time he staked of any other person's staking in the ground previously except Donatelli, there is very considerable chance of his having missed seeing the plaintiff's stakes."

"I must hold that the plaintiff Annable is entitled to a grant for the ground in question. The costs of this action up to and including the 18th of December last must be paid by the defendant Donatelli; the costs subsequent to that date by the defendant Dooling."

The second case referred to proved to be a case of simultaneous staking and following the precedent already established in such cases, a grant to an undivided one-half was given each.

Burlington Route

M. P. BENTON, 103 Pioneer Square, SEATTLE, WN.

Pacific Packing and Navigation Co.

FOR Copper River and Cook's Inlet

YAKUTAT, ORCA, VALDEZ, HOMER.

FOR ALL PORTS In Western Alaska Steamer Newport

OFFICES SEATTLE Cor. First Ave. and Yeeler Way. SAN FRANCISCO No. 30 California Street

Growing Like a Snowball Rolling Down Hill!

That is the way the Nugget's circulation has increased since the subscription price was reduced to

\$3.00 PER MONTH!

The Nugget has the best telegraph service and the most complete local news gathering system of any Dawson paper.

Don't forget that the Nugget will be delivered at your door for the nominal sum of \$3.00 per month.

of the contestants. The decision was as follows, the case being entitled William A. Allen and Robert L. Allen vs. John A. Crowe, the ground involved No. 31a below discovery on Hunter creek. They both claim to have staked this ground immediately after 12 o'clock on the 23rd of August last. Although there may be some little difference in the actual time that the two parties staked this ground, I have come to the conclusion that it is a case where they were both on the ground at the time it became open. I think the claim should be divided equally between the plaintiff, R. L. Allen, and the defendant. I will make no order as to costs."

More Than One.

"Would you be kind enough to return my photograph?" she wrote. "I gave it to you in a moment of girlish folly, and I have since had occasion to regret that I was so thoughtless in such matters." Of course, she pictured that photograph framed and hung up in his room, and was inclined to think that he would part with it with deep regret. Just why she wanted it returned is immaterial.

Of course, he had offended her in some way, but it is unnecessary to inquire how. The reply to her note came the following day.

"I regret," it read, "that I am unable at this late day to pick out your photograph. However, I send you my entire collection, numbering a little over 600, and would request that you return all except your own by express messenger at my expense."—Ex.

Railway Collisions.

Rome, Dec. 21.—Two trains were wrecked today in a collision near Melegnano, ten miles southeast of Milan. Six persons were killed and six others were seriously injured.

Lyon, Dec. 21.—The Geneva express today cut a street car in two in the centre of the city. Four persons were killed and 20 were injured.

Jersey City, N. J., Dec. 21.—A passenger train on the Erie railroad was derailed at the tunnel in Jersey City this morning and a number of persons were injured. Five have been taken to St. Francis hospital. They are the engineer and fireman of the derailed train and three men who are said to be carpenters.

Nicely furnished rooms at the Coping House, 7th ave. and 3rd st.

Send a copy of Goetzman's Souvenir to outside friends. A complete pictorial history of Klondike. For sale at all news stands. Price \$2.50

Room and board, by the day, week or month. Copping house, 7th ave. and 3rd street.

HICKS & THOMPSON.
PROPRIETORS
FLANNERY HOTEL
First Class Accommodations
Warm, Comfortable and Finely Furnished Rooms. Wholesome, Well Cooked Meals.
BOARD BY DAY OR MONTH
Hicks & Thompson STAGE LINE
HUNTER AND DOMINION
Freighting to All Creeks.

COAL!
CHEAPER THAN WOOD.
All Orders Promptly Filled.
..Klondike Mill Office..
TELEPHONE 94.

B. A. DODGE
STAGE LINE
Last Chance, Hunter and Dominion
DAILY SERVICE
LEAVE DAWSON 9:00 A. M.
LEAVE CARIBOU 8:30 A. M.
OFFICE HOTEL McDONALD

PROFESSIONAL CARDS
LAWYERS
PATTULLO & RIDLEY — Advocates
Notaries, Conveyancers, Etc., Offices, Rooms 7 and 8 A. C. Office Bldg.
W. M. THORNTON — Barrister, Solicitor, Advocate, Notary Public, Commissioner, Franchise of the Admiralty Court. Office, Bank Building, Room 23, 4 and 5. Telephone 118. P. O. Box 864.
SOCIETIES
THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION OF Yukon Lodge, No. 79, A. F. & A. M., will be held at Masonic hall, Klondike street, monthly, Thursday, on or before full moon, at 8:00 P. M.
G. H. WELLS, W. M.
J. A. DONALD, Sec'y.

Family Grocery Store
Fresh Goods, Low Prices
AND DELICIOUSLY PREPARED
...BAY CITY MARKET...
Choicest Meats, Poultry, Fresh Fish and Game.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.
Affords a Complete Coastwise service, Covering
Alaska, Washington California, Oregon and Mexico.

Regina Hotel
J. W. Wilson, Prop. and Mgr.
Dawson's Leading Hotel
American and European Plan. Cuisine Unexcelled. Newly Refitted Throughout—All Modern Improvements. Rooms and board by the day, week or month.
2nd Ave. and York St. Dawson

By Using Long Distance Telephone
You are put in immediate communication with Bonanza, Enderbary, Hunter, Dominion, Gold Run or Sulphur Creeks.
By Subscribing for a Telephone in Town
You can have at your finger ends over 200 speaking instruments.
Yukon Telephone Syn. Co.
GENERAL OFFICE, TOWN, KAS. A. S. OFFICE

"Hurry-Up Jobs"
Done In a Manner To Surprise The Rush-Job Fiend.

Printing
CLEAN, ORIGINAL, ARTISTIC WORK.
The Right Kind of Paper, Type, Design and Presswork.
The Nugget Printery