

## OLD TRIBAL WAR ON TAP

Between Members of Tribes Not Lost Years Ago.

Ikey Rosenthal and "Baron" Spitzel Do Battle at an Early Hour This Morning.

From Thursday and Friday's Daily.

And it came to pass in those days that in the second month of the twentieth century and on the 7th day of the month and at 8 o'clock in the morning that certain children of Israel did assemble to do battle among themselves, the participants being Isaac of the house of Rosenthal, and Adolphus of the house of Spitzel. The meeting place was not on the plain of Jericho but in the wine market of Adolphus, which is hard by First avenue and known under the modern name of "The Reception." Both men, according to the stories of bystanders, had looked long upon the wine when it stood aright in the glass. Moreover, a discussion arose and in his wrath Isaac smote Adolphus a stinging blow on that portion of him called the face. And Adolphus rose up, yea in his might and his wrath did he arise, and he stretched forth his right hand which collided with the mug of Isaac. Peradventure, Adolphus did continue to draw in and stretch forth his right hand with sudden and vigorous movement, the landing place for each extension being the aforesaid mug.

And both men lifted up their voices; moreover, they did apply appellations the one to the other and there was strife and lamentation in Israel that day which was this morning.

And Isaac departed bearing upon his face the marks of battle. Yea, he made all haste to his camp from which he had not emerged at the hour the history of the battle was chronicled. Selah!

## Cards Led to Murder.

Abbeville, S. C., Jan. 20.—Sheriff Kennedy of this county, Wm. Kyle of Massachusetts, who has been superintending the building of a cotton mill here, and John Dansby, a United States marshal, are dead as the result of a shooting at a card game and an attempt to arrest the man who did the shooting.

Several persons were playing cards last night when Dansby threw two dollars on the table and said, "Play for this."

The men at the table refused and an altercation ensued. Dansby suddenly drew a pistol and shot Kyle in the abdomen. He then backed out of the room, declaring that he would shoot anyone who attempted to stop him. He was followed by two policemen, but he fled to his father-in-law's house where he hid, and surrendered.

Dansby came out, and, with the remark, "Well, we'll all go to hell together," commenced firing. Dansby was shot twice in the leg and once in the chest and the sheriff was struck near the heart and fell. Dansby walked 50 steps and was reloading his pistol when he was shot again, it is said, by the dying sheriff. The sheriff and Dansby died within a few minutes of each other. Kyle lingered until 2 o'clock today.

## Doves vs. Polecats.

Editor Nugget:

The great majority of the people for whom the library was originally intended and by whom it is now supported are men, women being in the vast minority. Had your correspondent in the "Dove and Polecat" article laid her grievance before the board of directors of the library she would not have been under the necessity of airing her troubles in public, in an article of almost a column in length. The "haziness" of the atmosphere in the library is, according to her statement at times, as bad as in a saloon. She does not state whether this is direct evidence, or only hearsay; but in either case her statement has to be rejected as overdrawn.

Now, as she herself states that doves and polecats should and would not live in the same place; and as it appears that on the one hand the polecats are in the majority and have the better right to the premises, as they sustain the expenses of the concern, especially designed for people who miss the home influences they formerly enjoyed; but that on the other hand the doves are determined to have the polecats come to their terms, or in default, drive them out of one of the few places which the poor fellows have in this wretched

country where they can spend their leisure hours profitably. The question resolves itself to the following simple proposition: Let the "doves" support the present institution and make regulations there according to their own sweet will, and let the polecats hunt up other quarters where they can enjoy their book and pipe at leisure, without any impertinent or presumptuous interference. Yours, POLECAT.

## Broke Into Jail.

Chicago, Jan. 22.—The Record says: After victimizing Mayor Harrison and several hotels in Chicago and other large cities, as the police assert, H. F. Allen, alias W. O. Perry, railroad man, lawyer, politician and alleged representative in the Texas state legislature, has been arrested on charges of obtaining money under false pretenses.

Allen requested Clerk Bering, of the Tremont house, to cash a draft on a private banking firm in Mexico, Texas. Bering wired the banking firm in Texas and learned that Allen had no account in the bank. Bering then took out a warrant. Allen, it is said, represented himself as the traveling auditor of the St. Louis Southwestern road.

## Beauties of a Glacier.

The fascinations of a glacier are as witching as they are dangerous. Apostolic vision of a crystal city glorified by light "that never was on land or sea" was not more beautiful than these vast ice rivers, whose onward course is chronicled, not by years and centuries, but by geological ages, says a British Columbia correspondent of the New York Post. With white domed snow cornices wreathed fantastic as arabesque and with the glassy walls of emerald grotto reflecting a million sparkling jewels, one might be in some cavernous grandeur of an ancient city. The ice pillars and silvered pinnacles, which scientists call seracs, stand like the sculptured marble of temples crumbling to ruin. Glittering pendants hang from the rim of bluish chasm. Tints too brilliant for artists' brush gleam from the turquoise of crystal walls. Rivers that flow through valleys of ice and lakes, hemmed in by hills of ice, shine with an azure depth that is very infinity's self.

In the morning, when all thaw has been stopped by the night's cold, there is deathly silence over the glacial fields, even the mountain cataracts fall noiselessly from the precipice to ledge in tenuous, wind blown threads. But with the rising of the sun the whole glacial world bursts to life in noisy tumult. Surface revulets brawl over the ice with a glee that is vocal and almost human. The gurgle of rivers flowing through subterranean tunnels becomes a roar, as of a rushing, angry sea, ice grip no longer holds back rock scree loosened by the night's frost, and there is the reverberating thunder of the falling avalanche.

## Income Tax Exacted.

New York, Jan. 22.—The Evening Post says:

American holders of British government bonds today made known the fact that the 5 per cent income tax had been exacted from them by the English government. This unexpected action has materially lessened the return on their investment, and disturbs all actual calculations undertaken at the time the \$28,000,000 allotment of exchequer notes was made in the United States.

Representatives of local interests which have subscribed heavily for the bonds have already applied to the British government for redress, alleging that their securities are not, under the circumstances, subject to income taxation, and the American holders should be relieved from the burdens imposed.

A member of the American syndicate which placed the loan in this country said today that the British government was deducting the tax before interest payments were made to American holders, and so it has everything in its own hands. Some subscribers have already disposed of their holdings, and altogether, several million dollars' worth have changed hands from the original subscribers.

The president of a large Wall street bank declared today that the 5 per cent deduction had caused him to sell his bonds immediately.

## One on George.

At one of the public schools in Washington a portrait of George Washington was hung in the room of the infant class last week. On the morning of its appearance the teacher called attention to the gift and asked the children if they knew whom the picture represented.

"Washington," responded several.

"Who was Washington?"

A little hand was lifted from one of the front desks and the teacher asked, pleasantly:

"Who was he, Tommy?"

"Our father from the country," was the reply.—Chicago Record.

## CREEK INDIANS WANT WAR

And Chief Mekko Sends Defy to McKinley.

Whites in that Portion of Indian Territory Are Arming for Impending Trouble.

Muskogee, I. T., Jan. 22.—Washington authorities have been requested to send federal troops into the Creek country to quell the uprising of full-bloods known as the Snake bands, who are creating depredations west of Eufala, and threatening the lives of whites and neutral Indians. The Indians threaten to finally enter the towns and burn and kill, and Chief Mekko has sent a message of defiance to President McKinley. The whites are arming, and serious bloodshed is feared.

United States Marshal Bennett sent 20 deputies and 10 Indian police to the scene but they were met by so fierce a fusillade that they were compelled to retire. One of the posse, named McNac, was captured by the Indians, and it is feared that they will take his life.

Marshal Bennett and Indian Agent Shoefelt sent a message to the Washington officials requesting that federal troops to the number of 500 be sent there. They stated that it would be sure death for the deputies and police to attempt to interfere again.

Marshal Bennett and Agent Shoefelt will, as soon as they hear from Washington, join the troops, invade the Indian camps and endeavor to put the leaders under arrest.

The Creeks threaten that after they have cleaned out all the interior whites they will visit the various towns in the Creek nation, destroy them by fire, and kill the inhabitants. They have threatened to kill Chief Porter and any of the members of the Dawes commission that attempt to interfere with them. Great fear is felt for some of the commission, who are surveying and allotting lands in that section of the country.

Chief Porter is now in Washington, and has been wired the condition of affairs.

Laptah Mekko, the insurrectionary chief of the Snake bands, has submitted the following ultimatum to President McKinley:

"Hickory Town, Creek Capital—To President McKinley, Washington—Sir: I have already informed you of the matter concerning the execution of the Creek laws. I am now executing my laws as I told you I would.

"LAPTAM MEKKO, "Principal Chief."

The Creek jurisdiction has been transferred to the United States court for several years, and the Snake chief's notification to the president that he will execute the old Creek laws is considered as merely a message of defiance.

The chief of the warring Indians is a halfbreed. He has just returned from Washington, and claims to carry with him the authority of the president and congress to run the Dawes commission and all white people out of the territory. He uses this argument to gain followers, who apparently place great faith in him.

So wrought up are the whites that an order has been issued allowing all citizens to protect themselves, and hundreds of people are arming.

## Unexpected Game.

They were talking about hunting in the suburban smoker, and one man who had been listening thoughtfully said:

"I killed a bear once."

"You?" There was a chorus of incredulity.

"Yes. It happened when I was younger than I am now. I was living in a prairie town not a hundred miles from Chicago and was accustomed to take early morning rides through the only piece of woods on the prairie, a grove of respectable size, but to me then a veritable forest.

"One morning I had a surprise. My horse began to snort and rear, and as I approached the track of the only railroad in the town I saw the cause of the disturbance—a bear was browsing along the tracks on the edge of the woods, a live bear, and as it saw me it stood up on its hind legs, frightening my horse into fits. As I had no weapon of any kind I decided quickly to go home and get a gun.

"Now, I did not believe that the bear would sit down and wait to be killed, but that is exactly what he did, and after I shot it a friend happened along and helped me get him on the horse and carry him home. What we two did not know about bears would

fill volumes, but we knew enough to skin the unwieldy animal, and then I went to the leading butcher of the place and made a sale of the carcass, a whole bear not being available in my bachelor menage.

"The man said bear's meat was a great luxury and just now was very scarce.

"I inquired about the game laws and found I had not broken them, and then we helped the butcher fix up a placard for his window. It read, 'Young Bear Steak Today.'

"I felt quite proud of my adventure; also somewhat surprised at the ease with which I had bagged such big game, but the next day I had another surprise. My friend was looking for me, white with excitement.

"Say," he began, "do you remember the Frenchman who went through here one day last summer?"

"A horrible fear caught me. 'Do you mean the man who had the dancing bear?'

"The same, and it was his bear you killed. It strayed back here a day or two ago, and he is here on its tracks."

"And the mangy old animal was now posing as 'young bear steak.' I settled the matter with the butcher, and my friend hid the pelt, and we both had urgent business in Chicago, and that was my first and last bear hunt."—Chicago Times-Herald.

## Visiting Indians.

A number of McKenzie river Indians with nine dog teams and a large amount of game arrived Tuesday and, after a short visit to their friends at Moosehide, left on the return voyage this morning, after lining up and being "snap-shotted" on First avenue. It is not known to whom they sold their meat and the person who bought it is not likely to advertise the source from whence it came, as Indians are not the neatest butchers in the world.

## Information Wanted.

Inquiry has been made at the U. S. consulate of the present whereabouts of Capt. Carl Brown, of Michigan, said to have come over the Edmonton trail in 1898-'99.

Information is also wanted regarding Jacob O. Doud from California, who came in in 1900.

Any one knowing anything concerning these people will confer a favor by reporting at the office of the U. S. consulate. Telephone 39.

## Edward A. Cardinal Dead.

Edward A. Cardinal, formerly employed by Murphy Bros., of the Bonanza Market, died last night at 11 o'clock at St. Mary's hospital to which place he was taken two weeks ago, suffering with affection of the heart. He ceased leaves a wife and daughter in Seattle. He was 43 years of age and had been here nearly three years. He was a native of Canada and had been employed at Juneau some time previous to coming to Dawson. The funeral will be held from the Catholic church Sunday at 2 p. m.

## A Complication.

There was a mild sort of wonder expressed in the eyes of many in the territorial court this morning after the sentence of George Clark had been passed, and the prisoner instead of being escorted back to jail took a seat instead.

Presently Clerk McDonald came in and was heard to inform the judge that the prison would not accept the convicted man without a warrant from the court. Justice Dugas said that the prisoner after the sentence of the court had been passed was in the hands of the sheriff, and that he would not submit to such a demand.

The escort had been instructed to ask for the warrant and did not see fit to depart with the prisoner, whom he felt he had no right to accept under his instructions, without the proper warrant, and thus the matter stood for a time, no move being made in the matter till the court finally signed the warrant when the prisoner was taken away to begin the winter of his discontent on the woodpile.

## Made Up for Lost Time.

When President Kruger sailed for England some years ago, he was the object of much concern to his fellow passengers on board the liner from Cape Town, many of whom were consumed with curiosity when they noticed his absence from the dinner table for the first four days out.

On inquiry they found that the careful Transvaaler spent the dinner hour on deck, where he ate biltong and biscuits. When asked his reason, he testily replied, "I have no money to foot away on expensive eating, like you Englishmen."

The correspondent who tells the story and who was aboard at the time adds, "You should have seen the old man trying to make up for lost time when it was explained to him that his passage money included his meals on board."—Ex.

## FOR THE NICARAGUAN CANAL

Will Be Built With the Coming Few Years.

Project Has Been Discussed for Two Centuries—Was an Old Spanish Plan.

The first decade of the new century will probably see the completion of one of the grandest engineering feats ever undertaken by man, the opening of a waterway between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. If Great Britain and the United States come to terms over the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, the way will be clear for the construction by the United States of the Nicaragua canal. It will be a fitting end to a long series of attempts, disasters and enormous expenditures.

The project of a waterway between the Atlantic and the Pacific was a favorite one with early Spanish explorers and geographers. They believed, however, that a natural route existed and spent much money in the endeavor to discover it. The unhealthy conditions prevailing in many parts of this region caused innumerable deaths and much loss of treasure. Other Spaniards of the early time believed that a waterway would have to be cut and that the project was practicable. Gomara, the Spanish historian, who died about 1560, indicated four routes where a trans-isthmian canal could be cut—the Nicaragua route, now upheld by the United States; the Tehuantepec route across the isthmus of that name in Mexico and two across the Isthmus of Panama.

The project was discussed all through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the need of an interoceanic canal was freely admitted on all sides, but nothing definite was accomplished until the beginning of the nineteenth century. In 1805 Alexander von Humboldt, the great scientist and traveler, declared a canal feasible, and in many succeeding years commissions appointed by the United States and Spanish-American governments surveyed routes for the canal. Not until 1881, however, was work of any importance done, and then it was on the ill fated French Panama scheme. The French are still digging away at their canal but it is a matter of very grave doubt that a practicable canal will ever be constructed across the Isthmus of Panama. The difficulties are enormous and much greater than those attending the construction of a canal across the Nicaragua route. The latter has at any rate a chance of success, and, according to the recent report of the United States canal commission, a very good one.—Ex.

## A Lively Funeral.

Racine, Wis., Jan. 22.—The funeral of George Tomlinson, a pioneer of Racine, which was held Tuesday from the Good Shepherd church, was out of the ordinary; in fact, it is doubtful if a funeral was ever conducted on similar lines in the state. Tomlinson was an Englishman, who came to Racine in 1843. In 1849 he went to California and came back with considerable wealth. He became a Mason and also a prominent politician. Years ago he signified the desire that every Mason who attended his funeral should smoke the best cigar to be had in the city going to and from the grave, and that political friends should do likewise, and furthermore that every lady attending the funeral should be presented with a box of candy. A week before his death he called attention to his request, and it was carried out. About 50 Masons and friends smoked the cigars and as many ladies received the box of candies. Tomlinson left an estate of over \$5000.

## A Steady Industry.

A local wood dealer is responsible for the assertion that fully 200 men are steadily engaged in Dawson at sawing wood as a means of gaining a living. This does not include the royal fuel factory, where the work is not done from choice. These regular wood sawyers get from \$5 to \$6 per cord and an active steady worker can earn good wages at the business. There is no sympathy due the able-bodied man who prefers hunger to earning a living by sawing wood.

## A High, Old Game.

Mrs. Porkham (of Omaha)—And what is this "bridge whist" that I hear is so popular in New York at present?

Mr. Porkham (after his trip East)—Oh, that's a card game the suburbanites play on the Brooklyn bridge cars.—Brooklyn Life.