

IT IS DANGEROUS PASTIME

For Young Men to Flirt With Half-Breed Girls

As an Oklahoma Cowboy Learned to His Death After Refusing to Marry Annie Killdeer.

Flirting with an Indian girl is a dangerous pastime, if one may judge from results in Oklahoma. Because he thoughtlessly amused himself with the affections of a half-breed maiden near Darlington a cowboy named Willis Andale has met a fate most terrible.

Young Andale was tortured to death by an Indian girl who fancied that she had been jilted by him. The manner of her retaliation, the ferociousness of the plot and the coldblooded way in which it was consummated stamp an Indian's desire for revenge as most merciless and atrociously vindictive. That any girl of any race could deliberately torture her lover to death because he did not marry her; that she could glory in his misery hour by hour for three whole days until he breathed his last, seems almost incredible; but events speak for themselves and cannot be gainsaid.

"I am going to marry a girl of my own race," said Andale to his companion one day when he was out on a horseback ride with her and the Indian girl had broached the subject of marriage with herself as the bride. Andale was jesting when he made the statement, but he sealed his fate with the carelessly uttered words.

"You will not marry me?" questioned his companion, with a gleam in her black eyes that might have warned the young man had he seen it; but he was not watching just then for danger signals of any kind.

"Why, of course not," was the laughing rejoinder. "The law doesn't allow a man to have two wives, you know."

Again the Indian girl's eyes flashed like heat lightning, but Andale did not know that a storm was gathering about him, and that every word he uttered was as a nail driven into his coffin. It was not true that he intended marrying a white girl, but he thought that to say so was the easiest way to rid himself of the Indian girl's attentions. He merely meant to show her the uselessness of hoping or expecting that he would ever become her husband.

The sense of humor in a half-breed is not sufficient, it seems, to see the point of a joke where the affections are concerned. Certainly it was not a laughing matter with the Indian girl who had conceived a mad passion for the too-loving cowboy. And so, since it is so dangerous a pastime to flirt—in Oklahoma, at least—with an Indian girl, Willis Andale lies in a Western grave, and she who murdered him sits in silent defiance behind prison bars while angry threats of lynching now and then reach her ears, the mutterings of a mob of the dead men's friends and acquaintances who are not willing to await the calm action of the law, and who fear that the slayer of Andale will slip through their fingers.

Andale was a cowboy working on the "Big X" ranch in the Kiowa and Comanche Indian reservation. He and the other cowboys were in the habit of going to the camps of Indian families and taking the girls of the tepees out riding on their ponies. Time out of working hours hangs heavily on the hands of men who have so little diversion as these cowboys of the reservation; but, according to the testimony of Andale's friends, none of them had any intention of inspiring an infatuation in a tepee-dweller's breast. They did not realize that one of their number was playing with fire, nor did he himself realize it.

Annie Killdeer is the name of the girl who fixed her savage affections upon Andale. One night a few days following the cow-puncher's confession, made so lightly and listened to so seriously, Annie Killdeer asked the young man to take her riding as usual. He acquiesced without a presentiment of evil, and for an instant suspecting that he had looked his last upon the faces of his cowboy friends and that the goal of the journey would be death in a dreadful form.

They started about dusk, the girl seated behind the horseman, as is the custom in Oklahoma. With all of an Indian's cunning and the instinct of a fiend she persuaded him to take a much longer ride than ever before. Everything favored her plan. The evening was cool and delightful. The moon rose, enveloping them in its soft, silvery light. The girl seemed never to tire of the ride. She used every art known to her intortured but intriguing nature to keep Andale interested, and each mile put between them and the reservation made the success of her plans more certain.

It is in truth a dangerous pastime to flirt with an Indian girl who cannot appreciate a joke. They were crossing a creek when, to the cowboy's amazement, his hands were suddenly and neatly pinioned by a lasso in the grasp of the girl behind him.

Andale struggled for freedom, but was powerless. In a moment he was securely bound by a rope which the girl had concealed beneath her clothing. They rode on for several hundred yards, the man trying to fathom the meaning of this strange conduct on the part of his captor, the girl keeping mysterious silence. Reaching a bare spot in the open prairie, she compelled him at the point of a pistol to dismount.

Then came a desperate struggle between the disabled cowboy and the savage creature whose purpose in luring him away that night was now only too plain to her victim. It was not long before he was flung to the ground and tied there, face upward, to stakes that had been driven into the earth by his tormentor on a previous visit there alone.

But Annie Killdeer did not even then tell Andale what she meant to do. "You thought I was a fool," she said. "When I asked you if you were going to marry me, you laughed. Well, you can laugh loud enough out here—your white sweetheart will not hear you, your cowboy friends cannot hear you. Laugh all you want to."

Andale, seeing that the girl intended to do more than frighten him, that she meant to do him actual harm, began to plead with her. Finally he told her that he had only been joking about marrying a white girl, and that if she would release him he would marry her at once.

"No," the half-breed responded doggedly. "You like too much to joke. I do not believe you when you say you will marry me and I will fix you so that you cannot marry anybody."

"What are you going to do?" asked Andale.

"I am going to kill you," coolly replied the half-breed girl.

Again the black eyes flashed like heat lightning. And Andale saw those mangle signals at last—alas, too late.

It took three days and nights for the Indian girl to dispatch her prey. Andale was tied to the ground within sight and sound of the Washuts river. Thirst threatened to consume him; but not a drop of water would his cruel captor allow him. Hunger possessed him, yet no morsel of food was given him. The girl sat upon the grass beside him and taunted him.

It was a strange, strange vigil, that trust upon the territory's lonely prairie. Andale cried aloud for food, for drink, for mercy. All were denied him. The girl meanwhile subsisted upon food that she had concealed in the vicinity, and water from the creek whose rippling came to Andale's ears and maddened him to a frenzy. Annie spoke only to deride him. He cursed her and stovr vanly to break his bonds. He grew weak and weaker. The hot summer sun beat upon his unprotected face. On the fourth day he sank into a stupor and never regained consciousness.

Satisfied that Andale was dead, the girl returned to Darlington and boasted of her crime. She was at once arrested by Deputy Marshal Sneed and put into jail there.

As soon as the details of the affair became known a crowd of Andale's cowboy friends came into Darlington and tried to break down the jail. A force of marshals was called from El Reno and Annie Killdeer was removed to the jail at that place, where she awaits trial in September.—Examiner.

The fire committee of the council consisting of Commissioner Ross, E. Girouard, Legal Advisor Congdon and A. J. Prudhomme met Monday evening to consider the scheme of establishing a fire alarm system such as is in vogue in other cities of the Dominion.

As matters now exist fire alarms must either be telephoned to the stations or passed along the streets by a series of yells, and in lieu of such crossroads country town methods of giving an alarm it is proposed to inaugurate the latest thing in electrical devices by which not only is the alarm given immediately but the location as well. At the meeting Monday evening nothing definite was done save giving the matter a general discussion.

It will be brought up again later, on and will doubtless result in a complete system being ordered before the close of navigation.

Will Occupy New Quarters. The latter part of the week the entire territorial court, bag and baggage will move into their commodious quarters in the new courthouse. The building has been practically completed and ready for occupancy for several days, but the transfer of the offices has been deferred until the adjournment of the court of appeals now in session.

In the new building, in addition to the two large courtrooms are private rooms for Justice Dugas and Justice Craig, jury rooms, witness rooms, library, apartments for the court stenographers, and a suite of rooms each for Sheriff Billbeck and Clerk of the Court McDonald. The interior of the building has been finished throughout in oil and presents a very handsome finish.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, who near Drug Store.

Return Game. The return game of cricket between the Forks and Dawson City teams will be played at Grand Forks next Saturday afternoon. The game between the two teams played at Dawson a short time ago ended in a draw and the game Saturday will be played to decide which of the two teams can play the best game. The Dawson team in the last game was handicapped by two of its men not batting, but Saturday the full strength of the team will be playing and it is expected that a big victory will be won over the Forks. The latter team is in better condition than at the former game and will give them a run for their money.

A. B.'s Fleet. The Arctic Brotherhood held a very interesting session Tuesday night and nominated delegates to attend the grand lodge which is to be held in Skagway the first week in September. At the next meeting the delegates will be elected.

After the regular session a program was given which was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. The Pacific Cold Storage Co. offers every facility for keeping frozen products.



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COLD WIND DOETH BLOW

Heaviest Frost of Early Fall Tuesday Morning.

Tuesday morning occurred the heaviest frost of the summer and weather prophets, particularly those who have passed the sour dough degree necessary to attain an element of knowledge upon such things, are already predicting an early winter and a hard one. Last year on some of the creeks, notably Gold Bottom, a three-inch fall of snow was witnessed on the 26th of August. That, however, was not the beginning of the winter as much delightful weather was experienced for a month afterward. Nor is it reasonable to suppose that next winter is now approaching with galloping strides. September, the month of the green and yellow leaf, is usually one of the most pleasant months in the year in the Yukon and despite the prognostications of the sour doughs it is not generally thought the present will prove an exception to the general rule. One frost does not make a winter any more than does one swallow constitute a spring.

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