

OMPLICES
N SEATTLE

as Some Friends
isting Him

Drinks Whisky With
en at Black River
Bridge.

ly 9.—All doubt about
ng accomplices in Seattle
removed. It has been
of the officers for some
e in some mysterious
in communication with
is city, and that they
off the movements of
and otherwise remaining
ce.
went from Seattle
ing, met the desperado
nderson, his packhorse
t the Renton bridge
They held a conference
racy there and then
m and Anderson through
the little city of Renton
about a mile below the
stopped there and spent
h the convict.
erson, who was Tracy's
panion since Saturday
story that removed all
the accomplices. He told
yesterday evening that at
Monday afternoon in the
of Renton, they went to
er bridge, arriving there
there," said Anderson.
minutes when four men
ing down the Columbia
nd railroad track from
red," said Tracy. He
swered, and then Tracy
to go down the side of
ent and lie in the ditch
and Tracy stood beside
the four men for some
e seemed to be greatly
a discussion of some
hear them talking but
e out what they said
t 30 minutes Tracy co-
come up on the road
of whisky was passed
got none of it.
w between 10 and 11
ay night. Tracy
en :
fellow play square
u," and the last time
the track. Two of the
ices walked ahead. I
ectly in front of Tracy
two others of his help-
side of him.
walked down the U. S.
track directly through
own. They were
arties as they passed
on, but no one thought
fact at the time.
ates that after leaving
x of them went down
ountain branch of the
point several hundred
brick yard just outside
limits. Anderson was
and foot and left to
the best he could, lying
water.
his four companions
he woods and started
of the night. At
nderson saw them
at one at a time at
t 15 minutes.
doubt about Anderson
our men were seen
as of Renton. Tracy
rior of the Mount
the four men near the
dge. One stopped at
some tobacco. Several
four men, including
saloon at the side of
rack.
description of the
ould not be secured, he
went the description
ifferent parties talked
three medium sized
whom Anderson stated
ung. The most prom-
pur, and the one who
the leader, was describ-
six feet tall, of slim
rather light complexion.
criptions given are
the fact that the four
only after dark and
y break.
while knowing that
doubt about Tracy's
ce, have not up to this
to solve the mystery
ices.
Where were you last
?—Really, my love, I
had no guidebook.
ournal.

John Oldershaw and Wife

John Oldershaw and his wife, Margaret, lived on the bank of the Klondike river. They had every-thing they desired except children. Margaret after waiting years for the birth of a little one fell into one of the common superstitions of the maternal instinct, the lavishing of her affection on a dumb brute.
She adopted a puppy which she named Spots. It grew up to be an excellent food, a bath daily, and Margaret was not present even when it was born.
"What do you want to make a dog of?" John would ask.
"I love Spots dearly," Margaret would reply.
One morning John overheard his wife talking to the dog: "Spots, I want you to go and bring me a baby. You'll find it somewhere in the wood perhaps. It will be in a handkerchief, tied at the corner. There will be a bit of paper pinned to the handkerchief, giving the baby's name and telling why it is in it in the wood, poor thing."
"That's a likely thing to happen," said John.
"Take the handkerchief in your pocket," Margaret went on, "where the four corners are tied together and bring the child to me."
John went to Memphis to a foundry and applied for a baby. There was none to be had. His parentage satisfied him, for he was somewhat particular in that respect, so he went back to Margaret disappointed and empty handed, and Margaret went one making a child of it.
After this John was reading the local newspaper a telegraphic dispatch stating that the river was rising rapidly above and fears were entertained that the levee at several points would not stand the pressure. His house stood on a point above the highest flood mark, he did not fear for his and Margaret's safety, but he dreaded the destruction of his own and their property.
"John," said his wife, "last night I dreamed that Spots had gone away and come back with a baby and up in a silk handkerchief."
John groaned.
"Spots! Spots! Come get your master!" she called.
"I didn't respond, and Margaret went into the yard to look for him," she called, but without reply. She went among the rosebushes and under the magnolia trees, in the barn, woodhouse, everywhere, but there was no Spots. Then she set all the dogs hunting, but when the sun shined down that night there was no sign of the child-dog.
The flood proved the highest ever known. The levee burst above the house, and the country was covered with water. Margaret wrung her hands and gave up Spots for lost and pleaded with John to let her go and search for his baby. John refused until he saw that his refusal was downright cruel. Then he got out the oars, unhitched the boat and after taking his gun with him pulled away into the wood behind the house.
John Oldershaw felt like a fool. He is not the first husband who acted stupidly and wisely at the same time in pleasing his wife. They were met by everything that was dead, animate and inanimate. Houses, dwellings, sections of farms, barns, were floating about in the water. A wee kitten on a raft floated to them piteously. A piece of the roof of an outhouse floated. Half dressed people who had been in boats at midnight were piling for dry land. John Oldershaw saw the wreck about him and remembered that he was looking for a dog.
"The little ark!" Margaret exclaimed.
"Never has not seen one of those old cradles, now obsolete—as all cradles are, for the matter of that—made of wood, one end covered with the same material, cannot understand the exclamation. What Margaret saw was one of these cradles, what was more wonderful to remember she heard a bark, and a dog's head protruded above the gunwale of the cradle-boat where the dog was hidden for hours.
"Spots!" cried Margaret in surprise.
"It isn't said John.
"How doesn't he get his paws on the cradle?" she asked.
"I was afraid of upsetting his boat," said John.
"He pulled for the cradle and was alongside of it. Margaret saw the tiny craft, and there, ly-

Disguised as Nuns
Seattle, July 19.—One of the most sensational schemes yet adopted by smugglers for importing contraband Chinamen from Canada to this side of the line, and at the same time one of the most original that has ever been attempted, has just reached the knowledge of the customs officials. Had not the plan been given away by a confederate in Victoria, in all probability the plotters would have been able to deluge the city with the slightest possibility of detection.
Kelly's false-bottomed sloop, that he worked with a lever and dumped the Chinamen into the water when necessary, was crude in comparison with this latter device.
The idea was nothing else than dressing up the Chinamen in the disguise of nuns, the smugglers themselves adopting the dress of priests. The party thus attired could readily obtain passage on any steamer leaving Victoria or Vancouver for Seattle, without arousing the slightest suspicion as to their real identity. Such a scheme could only have had its origin in the fertile brain of some sacrilegious scoundrel.
Such a plan has been actually on foot in Chinatown, Victoria, and only failed of fulfillment through the weakening of a confederate who tipped it off. It may have originated with the Chinese themselves, for it is well known that no race is more creative and resourceful than the Mongolian. That the Chinese are being railroaded across the line at a pace too rapid to suit the customs officers at the present time is only too true.
Yesterday afternoon Customs Inspector Fisher and Immigration Inspector Lavin boarded the westbound Great Northern train at Ballard and rode to this city, keeping guard over a pack of eight contraband Chinamen who were on board. When the train reached Seattle the Chinese octette was marched to the county jail where they are now held pending an investigation. The Chinamen were all provided with certificates which the customs authorities have reason to believe are bogus. The inspectors received a tip from Whatcom by wire late in the afternoon and lost no time in meeting the incoming train. This makes a total of seventeen contraband Chinamen that have been smuggled into Seattle during the past two days, nine mongols arriving by street cars on Tuesday evening from Ballard, where they were transported from a smugglers' sloop a few hours previously.

Unrecognized
Perhaps when one makes that conversational blunder which is known as a "break" it is best to say nothing whatever about it. Extenuation only renders a bad matter worse.
Not long ago a lady was visiting the studio of a portrait painter and trying to make herself as agreeable as possible in return for a welcome and afternoon tea. She enjoyed the pictures, although in each case they seemed to her much idealized, and she went from one to another, civilly expressing her approbation.
"Ah," she said to her hostess, "you must tell me all about them. Who is this?"
"Mrs. Lorraine."
"I don't know her; charming, but of course I can't speak for the likeness."
"I try to be faithful," said the artist humbly.
"Oh, I know! I know! And who is the very pretty lady in brown?"
"That," said the other, with some frigidity, "is myself!" — Youth's Companion.

Russian Discipline
During the review of the army recruits in Vilna some years ago the general in command, turning to one of the new soldiers, asked him "What is military discipline?"
"It is that a soldier has got to do just what he's told by his superior officer, only nothing against the czar," was the answer.
"All right, then. You take your cap, bid your comrades goodbye and go and drown yourself in that lake there. Look sharp!"
Tears glistened in the soldier's eyes. He gazed earnestly and prayerfully at his commander, turned suddenly about and rushed off to the lake. He was on the very brink before he was overtaken and stopped by the sergeant sent to prevent the involuntary suicide.
One of the Unemployed—I wish I had money enough so I shouldn't have to work for a living.
Another of Them—So do I. In that case, you know, it would be so easy to get a job.—Boston Transcript.

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Valuable Rain
Tacoma, July 8.—County Auditor Davis returned yesterday from a trip to Eastern Washington, on which he visited several of the principal towns of the inland empire. Mr. Davis says that the recent rains altered very materially the wheat outlook. One farmer from the Big Bend country, with whom he talked, estimated that the rain had been worth a half million dollars to his section alone. Others in the vicinity of Ritzville placed the increased value due to the rain at a million dollars for the state of Washington.
The farmers in most sections have concluded that even with the increase the crop will not be as large as that of last year. It is estimated at from twenty-five million to thirty million bushels.
The eastern counties at this season of the year, Mr. Davis says, are pleasant to look upon. One sees an almost solid field of waving green, which gives promise of a rich harvest. Times are very brisk. The people are prosperous and there is every indication that they will become more so.
"What's your opinion of a title like this for an address before the American Ornithological society now in session at Cambridge? The Pterylosis of Podargus. With Further Notes on the Pterylography of the Caprimulgidae."
"Well, I should call it a bird!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
"Did you say," said Squidrig to Meswigan, "that you could distinguish one ragtime piece of music from another?"
"That's about the idea," was the latter's reply. "All coon songs sound alike to me."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

NOTICE.
If Joe Abbey and W. McCrae, who came into Dawson this spring will send their present address to post-office box 743, they will learn something to their advantage. crt.

CUT IN TWO The knife has been applied to our beautiful Trimmed Hats and Neck Puffs—Come Early and get your choice—
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\$50 Reward.
Stolen Sunday, June 8th, one mal- amute dog, very dark grey, white breast, light chops, light grey stripe running from point of nose up between eyes, front legs white, hind feet white, extreme tip of tail white, belly light color, always carries tail curled over back or left side, nose very small like a fox or coon. I will pay the above reward for any information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the thief and recovery of dog.
Answers to name of Prince.
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