

SUPPER PARTY

Shooting Scrape Trial Still Being Heard In Territorial Court.

REV. GRANT SAW AN UPPER-CUT

"Ed, Be A Gentleman Even If You Are From Missouri"

BOONE'S BROTHER'S ADVICE

Steil Would Shield Boone in His Testimony and Is Reprimanded by the Court.

From Thursday and Friday's Daily.

In the Boone case in the afternoon session yesterday, C. C. Chataway was the first witness called to the stand and testified that he was in the Holborn the day of the fight, and that when the Boones came in and went to the box where Steil and the ladies were and began the fight, he had put the brother of the prisoner away from the box entrance several times. He had acted generally in the interest of peace, but knew little concerning the positions of the parties interested at the time of the shooting, and did not see the shot fired. He heard some one whom he believed to be the prisoner threaten to shoot some one else to whom he applied a term not fit for publication.

The Rev. Dr. Grant was also taking dinner in the restaurant at the time, and heard some sort of a squabble going on inside the box. There was also a rattle of crockery and someone appeared in the door of the box—a man striking at someone inside the box.

The squabble continued from the door of the box towards the counter. He was on his way after a policeman and did not recognize any of the belligerents. He afterwards recognized in Peter Steil one of the participants in the squabble. He crossed the room to the opposite side, and sat down, when another man whom he also saw squabbling, crossed the room and struck him twice with what the witness described as an upper stroke. The man sitting down did not resent this. He remembered hearing Mrs. Boone say: "What shall I do, what shall I do; I'm the cause of all this, and what shall I do?" Constable Bell said he had been called to the scene of the trouble at the time and had arrested Boone, from whom he had taken the revolver offered in evidence for the crown.

Steil was there and had blood on his face. He was seated at a table when the constable entered, and soon afterwards, to use his expression, the brother of the prisoner crossed the room to him, and "hit him a smack." The blow was delivered on the upper cut plan.

Constable Bell also saw a whisky bottle from which the prisoner was about to take a drink, and this also he took from him. The prisoner had been much the quieter of the two.

Peter Steil next took the stand and said that he was a Second street commission dealer. At the time named in the charge he was dining with Mrs. Boone and her lady friend. He had known the Boones for three years. Previous to the time of the affair at the Holborn he had heard by telephone from the Fairview hotel that Mrs. Boone was there. He called on her that evening and took dinner in company with Mrs. Boone. The next morning he met Mrs. Boone's young lady friend who arrived by steamer, and showed her to the Fairview. That day they took lunch and dinner together. When the dinner in this particular case was well under way, Boone and his brother had appeared at the box door, and Steil had invited them to join at dinner. Mrs. Boone was introducing the young lady to her husband when the brother of the prisoner rushed in and struck him with his fist three times. Once on the temple, once a little higher and once on the nose. The witness testified that during the time the brother was raining blows upon his countenance, the prisoner was trying to take him away.

Steil did not know what the trouble

was about. He thought there was a mistake which he presumed was due to a rumor coming to Boone by some one unknown. He did not know anything of this rumor, but finally admitted that he supposed it was something concerning himself and Mrs. Boone.

He did not believe Boone had any animosity towards him. He had since visited Boone in the guardroom, and had been informed that there had been a terrible mistake and that he (Boone) had no hard feelings towards him. He did not know what the report was that had come to the ears of Boone. Boone's brother was the aggressor. Boone had never pointed a revolver at him.

Under the Prosecutor's questions Steil said he had not seen the gun at the time it was fired. Just previous to this he had stated that the revolver had been pointed down. To explain this he said he could tell the angle at which a gun was fired by the sound of the report. He explained the difference between his statement in the police court and that of the higher court regarding his change of statement concerning his relative position to the prisoner at the time of the shooting, by saying it was due to a combination of words.

Considerable difficulty arose here as to the way the prisoner was facing when the shot was fired, the witness stating that he was facing in such a way that it was suggested he must have fired around himself in order to fire towards the rear of the dining room. He contradicted himself several times and was told by the judge that he was not giving his evidence as a man should on his oath, and that unless he told the truth plainly he would go to jail.

The attorney for the defense offered objections and was ordered by the judge to take his seat.

Attorney Bleeker addressed the court and jury. He argued that Boone never intended anything hostile towards Steil or anyone else, but merely thought everyone would keep away from him if he pulled the gun. It went off by accident in the scuffle.

Mrs. Boone took the stand, and stated that she was living at the Fairview because she had had a disagreement with her husband at the time on King Solomon's Hill. She had known Steil for a number of years and was in the habit of taking meals with him.

At the time of the trouble Boone came to the box and said, "Good evening, Edith," and she was introducing the young lady who was her cousin, when the brother rushed in and struck Mr. Steil. She got out of the box and got hold of her husband's right hand with both of her's; she did not know what part of the revolver she had hold of, but was positive that she had hold of it when it went off.

Edward Boone was next called and testified that on the way to town on that day they met a freighter who told them he had been sent by Steil for Mrs. Boone's trunk. This made him mad and on reaching town he drank "quite a bit."

Arriving at the Holborn he waited outside for a time, then followed his brother in. He went to the box, and his brother pushed him aside saying, "Ed, be a gentleman, even if you are from Missouri." He pushed his brother aside and struck Steil.

As the hour was late and there seemed little prospect of getting through with the case under several hours' time, the jury was allowed to go with instructions not to hold any conversation on the subject, or allow anyone to approach them. The case then went over till this morning when the prisoner, W. T. Boone, was placed upon the stand in his own defense. He testified that Mrs. Boone had been living at the claim on King Solomon's Hill since her arrival here on the 15th of June, but had been dissatisfied, and this culminated shortly before the affair in the Holborn, in Mrs. Boone leaving the claim and coming to town. Her cousin had arrived here shortly before the occurrence referred to, and she decided to stay in town with her. He told of the affair in the restaurant in a very straightforward way. He said that when he and his brother came to the restaurant, and he found Steil and the ladies in the box, Steil had invited him to eat dinner and he had been introduced to his wife's cousin. Then his brother rushed in and struck Steil, and Steil grabbed a catsup bottle. He had tried to stop his brother first, then had tried to prevent Steil using the catsup bottle on his brother. While he was engaged in these efforts a waiter had pinioned his arms behind him and would not heed his demands for liberty. The waiter, in pulling his hands back had drawn the right one against the gun which called it to mind and he drew it to persuade the waiter to release him. The gun had acted on the waiter at once and he was released. He went to the front of the house, thinking he would get his brother out of there before any arrests were made. He did not intend to shoot anyone, and could not tell how the gun was fired, other than it was discharged in the struggle between himself and Mrs. Boone for its possession. He was

not jealous of Steil; had never been jealous of Steil or anyone else.

Witness Chataway was recalled and asked if the Boones had entered the restaurant. The witness testified that they had. The waiter also had said so. This closed the testimony and the council began argument.

Who Can Tell?

Why don't trees grow in this section of Alaska? says the Nome News. This is a question often asked, and it is pointed out that 300 miles farther north the spruce, cottonwood and silver birch flourish. We take it for granted that both deciduous and evergreen trees would grow on this coast if they were planted. No doubt that once upon a time forests flourished and tall trees bowed to the northern light, when they came down at night to dance on the boundless snows, as Kipling puts it.

Down in the Norton bay country, scarce 50 leagues east from Nome, trees and shrubbery grow in abundance. Up the Fish and Neukluk rivers forests of evergreen trees relieve the landscape and gladden the eyes, although on the hither and yonder sides are treeless wastes.

The Bering sea coast has probably been denuded of its forests by glacial action. This theory seems to be borne out by the fact that in many places in the interior fallen spruce trees are found in the beds of creeks and projecting from their banks. It may be that when the ice age came on these forests were torn down by glacial action, and thereafter they became covered by sediment. New streams plowed their way over the face of the new earth, and by attrition the trunks of the fallen trees became exposed, and today they tell their story to the scientist. We confess to be not familiar with the reason why the northwestern portion of the Bering coast and the interior is treeless, while far to the north and to the east forests abound. Nevertheless, it is a fact.

It has been said that trees would not flourish on the coast, but the statement seems to be baseless. We have no doubt that tree planting on the vast tundra plains that skirt this section would be a pronounced success. The moss that covers the tundra prevents seeds taking root, but if it were removed there is no doubt that they would grow and thrive.

It is possible that Nome streets may yet be lined by trees; and that the cultivation of forests may become an industry. This section is not so inhospitable as it has been painted. It has been already demonstrated that hardy vegetables, such as potatoes, turnips, radishes, as well as lettuce, of a quality unsurpassed in southern climes can be raised here. Oats will flourish. There is in Nome a lady who threw several handfuls of oats on the tundra near her home; the oats had been brought to this city as a packing for eggs. They took root and grew so luxuriantly that all the horses in the neighborhood of the lady's residence took cognizance of the fact and enjoyed a feast. Though "cropped" many times they are still flourishing. All of which teaches a lesson; we may yet have an Arbor day in northwestern Alaska; may chop down our own trees; eat our oatmeal mush, made of home-grown oats, and drink our own home-distilled whisky (not hootch), and drink our own beer brewed from our own barley grown on what were once tundra plains covered with reindeer moss. Who can tell?

An Historical War Weapon.

"Chispa"—the "Sparkler"—was the name given to a quaint piece of ordnance when it was cast in bronze 124 years ago in old Seville to do battle for the king of Spain. Perhaps when it was new and lusty and vigorous it did sparkle, but now it is dull and dim with age, though still sturdy. It stands thousands of miles from its birthplace, in alien surroundings, in the plat of park that surrounds the temporary Montana state capital building at Helena. On it is an inscription to this effect: "Spanish cannon brought from the Philippine islands by the first regiment, Montana volunteer infantry. Presented to the historical library by Colonel Kessler."

That tells the story of its presence in Montana.

When the Montana volunteers in the Philippines began to talk of returning home the idea struck them that it would be well to take with them some souvenir of their visit, something big enough and interesting enough to be given to the state. A cannon was the thing. Everybody thought of it at once.

Then it was decided that the officers would defray the cost of purchasing the cannon, but Col. Kessler vetoed this proposition and decided to pay the cost himself.

Some people might think it would have been nicer for the regiment to have brought home something it captured by force of arms. Of course it would, but the regiment had no right

to bring home what it captured. What-ever was captured by the regiment became the property of the United States government and not that of the regiment.

To get any sort of a cannon, even by purchase, was not easy. There were lots of old Spanish cannon about, supposedly the property of Spain, but it was found that they were not to be brazenly bought in the open market. One had to approach their Spanish custodian with as delicate a regard for his feelings as that demanded by Poo Bah when he was to be "insulted."

But diplomacy and money secured the cannon at length, the deal being completed through the efforts of Capt. L. P. Sanders, and it was turned over to Col. Kessler. It was brought back tenderly watched over by the regiment, and when home was reached it was presented to the State Historical Society.

The gun is a fine piece of bronze. Inscribed on it is its name, "Chispa," and the date of its casting, July, 1776, with the name of Seville, the city wherein it was cast. There is a deal of handsome chasing and engraving on the piece, which would go to show that the Spanish gunmakers took pride in their work.

Eight centimeters is the calibre of the gun. Thus it would throw a projectile of about six pounds weight. Like all pieces of ordnance of its period it is smooth bored.

The weapon undoubtedly saw a good deal of service, even in recent years. The carriage upon which it was mounted when Capt. Sanders purchased it was badly worn out, so a newer one, but nevertheless one of great age, was substituted for it and is that upon which the gun now rests.—Anacoda Standard.

The Emergency Clerk.

"I ran across a clerk here who is worth his weight in gold, or, at least, in gold bricks," said a guest at one of the hotels. "If I was in business in New Orleans I would get that man if I had to choloform and abduct him. The way I discovered his merits was this: I was standing in a store down the street, waiting for my wife to decide what she didn't want, when a tailor made girl walked up and asked to see some golf clubs. The young man behind the counter showed her several, and in a few minutes she found one that suited her and went away with it under her arm."

"Are there many players in New Orleans?" I asked after she had gone.

"Oh, yes; quite a number!" replied the clerk affably.

"Have you golf links here?" I continued, getting interested.

"A look of real pain crossed the young man's face. 'I am sorry,' he said, 'very sorry, but the fact is we sold our last golf links this morning. However, we have ordered a new stock,' he added, brightening up, 'and they will be here in a few days. Which did you wish, the plain or the—er—fancy links?'"

"A clerk like that is beyond price, sir, perfectly invaluable. Ten years hence I expect to find him a merchant prince."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Big Money on the Beach.

W. D. Armstrong, who formerly operated a bench claim on the Monte Cristo Hill in the Klondike, has sold out his four-horse power coal oil pumping plant, located on the beach about a quarter of a mile above the town. He is well satisfied with his returns taken from the beach in July and August, and leaves for the outside next week to spend his winter in California.

He stated yesterday that he bought the pumping plant the latter part of June from a chechako, who had cold feet, for \$500, and immediately started to work sluicing the ruby sand off the beach. He ran a day and night shift and cleaned up \$100 a net profit for every shift run on the sluice boxes. As he stated it, there is plenty of ground on the beach in the vicinity of Penny river which will pay handsomely to work, and it only requires the experience and the right kind of a plant to make big money on the beach.—Nome News.

Will Probably Return.

Friends of Charlie Nourse, who left Dawson on Sunday last to assume the management of the Skagway branch of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, will be glad to know that Charlie will probably return to Dawson in the spring to be again permanently stationed in this city.

Charlie is an expert on the valuation of the different grades of gold produced in the Klondike and Indian river districts, and his knowledge of the subject has served to make his services of great value to the institution with which he is employed, as also of much convenience to the public who deal with the bank.

It is probable, therefore, that when the cleanup rolls around again Charlie will be detailed to resume his old place in Dawson.

PEKIN'S OFFICIAL GAZETTE

The Oldest and Strongest Paper in the World.

Its Name Was King Po and Ho Lin Duk Was Editor—Allies Interfere With Its Publication.

The entrance of the allied powers into Peking and the subsequent storming of the Forbidden City has doubtless interfered with the publication of the oldest and most remarkable newspaper in the world. This is the King Po, or the official gazette of Peking.

It was through this medium that the imperial government issued its edicts to the Chinese people. For more than a thousand years, 1108 years, to be exact, as it is possible to determine from the musty Chinese records of long ago, it has been printed daily and often two or three times a day. Yet in all these centuries not a change has been made.

King Po is the Chinese name of the publication, and Reporter of the Capital is what that means in English. It is an official organ and incidentally a newspaper and is published by the government. It is printed in an office which until recently no foreigner had ever seen, in a building which none but high officials and employees were permitted to enter and which was included in that mysterious Forbidden City where the seat of government existed.

The daily issues were intended for the benefit of the officials and the government only and were jealously guarded, but twice a week or oftener public editions, containing only such items of news or information as it is deemed prudent and safe by the censors for the common herd to know, were issued. For these latter editions a regular subscription price of 6 taels, equal to about \$9, was charged per year, and the circulation amounted to many thousands.

The number of copies issued to officials was also extremely large, for decorated dignitaries are exceedingly numerous. In fact, the men who wear the insignia of rank are so utterly disproportionate to the population that it is a source of wonder that they can all be comfortably supported by the public.

King Po contains no advertising, and the matter on its pages consists principally of government bulletins relating to public works and doing memorials to the throne and other items supposed to be of importance to the heads and subordinates in the various departments of the peculiar government, each of which has some detail of public affairs to control for the benefit of the solemn looking Chinaman in charge.

Those papers which may be read by anybody who can master Chinese and raise the price to buy them contain edicts to the people, notices of various kinds and sometimes, it is said, peremptory commands from high handed and crooked officials—Chinese officials are, nothing if not crooked—to unfortunate Celestials of the poorer classes to either come around and pay tribute for certain privileges or have their pigtail heads chopped off. That is the way a Chinaman who knows much about the system explains it.

One of the peculiarities of this old journal since the first day of its existence has been what may be termed a "joke department." Into this some of the most noted pigtail humorists have injected their funniness—exciting the risibilities of the stolid Mongolians, albeit pointless to Caucasians. The famous wit, Fui Ah He, who labored the same desk for 72 years and died in 1750, aged 124, was the peer of all contributors to King Po and drew a princely allowance.

The "cheebaot" (Chinese for editor) is a very dignified and more or less busy individual, for he has a lot of the ordnates to look after and the high standard of the paper along certain lines to maintain. If he should make a blunder, no matter how good his previous standing, he might expect to lose his peculiar rank and consider himself fortunate to escape with his head attached to his body. Ho Lin Duk was the editor at last accounts.

It is believed that King Po has been a factor in bringing about the civil war that has shocked the civilized world from center to circumference. Though under the absolute control of the throne, it has encouraged the revolution by its bitter animosity towards all things foreign. As early as 1860 years ago it was predicted in the "sacred" edition that the blood of the "white devils" in Peking would some day stain the streets; that foreigners in the empire would die for the gods called him.—Ex.