

The Tenderfoot Kanger.

The rangers were lounging about the corral. Breakfast was over, and the April sun was scattering the pale blue fog that arose from the Rio Grande.

"Guess who I seen in Juarez last night," said Tomkins, plating his quilt.

"Panhandle Pete?" said Holliday, lounging up as he rolled a cigarette.

"Yep. How d'ye know?"

"How did he know?" roared Kelly.

"What's he sparkin' Pete's gal fur? Eh, Holliday?" And the pock-marked Kelly laughed in the young ranger's face.

"Oh, that's the lay, is it?" growled Tomkins, sneezing. "Well, mobbe that accounts fur Pete bein' so leery o' comin' acrost the river. I never did think Panhandle Pete was a mild reader."

"What do you mean?" asked Holliday, his florid face looking tawny with anger. "If you mean that I've told the woman anything, you lie!"

"Never mind, purty," snarled Tomkins. "I ain't a-goin' to fight ye till I ketch this Panhandle bully. I'm after the reward. 'F ye kin lay low 'till I git it, ye can git all the scrapin' ye want."

Just then Peterson galloped round the corner of the corral with the mail from El Paso, and the rangers crowded around eager for letters. Captain Crews, a low-voiced, sun-browned man with black, curly hair, came out of his tent and took his letters.

"Tomkins!" roared the mail carrier, tossing a newspaper at the bowlegged ranger.

"Kelly!" and the surley giant reached out a big paw for his letter.

"And a love letter fur Holliday!" The young ranger bit his lip as the crowd roared in ridicule, but he took the letter in silence, and going to his tent read:

"Sweetheart,—I found the flowers on my table after supper. I know they came from you. Meet me at the middle post of the bridge at 9 o'clock to-night. I have something to tell you. Your own

"FLORENCE."

"Listen here, boys!" Captain Crews was calling to his men, "a letter from the governor. The reward for the Pete Dimitri is increased—five hundred now. Can't some of you scheme up a way to get him across the river. I've sent him half a dozen baits, but he won't come."

"I sent him a letter from his gal," said Kelly, "but—"

"You don't expect him to bite at that kind of a game, do you?"

"It might of worked," said Tomkins, lowering his voice, "but every time we set a trap that dad-gasted woman puts him next."

"How in the devil does she know?" asked Crews, looking from one to the other.

"You might ask Holliday," sneered Tomkins. "I seen him in the Plaza with her Tuesday night, and I bet six bits he's a-readin' a letter from her right now. I don't like that—dude nohow, Cap. He ain't never done nothin' 'cept ride round an' look purty."

"He can outshoot you, Tom."

"He ain't never shot nothin' r' nobody, is he?"

"He's a peach with a lariat, isn't he?"

"Well, sposin' he is. He ain't roped nothin' 'cept this here gal o' Panhandle Pete's. I don't mind sayin' right out that I think he's a tippin' ol' Pete 'tut to stand in with th' gal."

"Ah, got out, Tomkins!" said the captain, trying to smile as the men shuffled out of his tent, but he looked uncomfortable, and he saw that his men agreed in their estimate of the new ranger.

Holliday met Tomkins half way between the corral and the camp and said: "Tomkins, do you know where Pete is living in Juarez?"

"Naw, I don't know what he's livin' in," snapped the suspicious fellow, striding after his saddle and bridle. "I seen him dealin' faro in Del Nodal's monte, an' I got him spotted so's he can't get no letters there 'bout me knowin' it. Here that, Mr. Tenderfoot?"

But Holliday only sneaked back to his tent and sat down at the soap box which served him as a table. With much effort—and many loving touches of the pen he finished addressing his letter. Then he saddled his pony, and, leading it before Captain Crews' tent, saluted and said:

"Captain, I'd like a leave of absence 'till midnight."

Crews eyed him furtively from the corners of his bright, gray eyes, saw the end of a letter peeping from the pocket of his blouse, coughed, hesitated and then drawled: "All right, Holliday. I won't ask you what you're up to, but I don't mind

telling you that the boys are saying ugly things—"

"I know it sir. I hope you don't believe everything you hear?"

"No-no-no, but, Holliday! You'll be careful what you say and do, won't you? I've my heart set on getting this Pete Dimitri. There are seven warrants out for him, and I'd give a week of my life if this troop could land him."

"I'll not spoil our chances, sir. You can bet on that." And the big suspect stalked away with the light of a lover in his black eyes and the spring of young fervor in his tread.

But when he had ridden away, the captain summoned Tomkins and said: "Tommy, I don't like the idea of spotting one of my own men, but—"

"I'll watch him like a hawk, sir," anticipated the bow-legged bully.

"But not a word to anyone, Tom! And promise me?"

"Yes, captain."

"If it turns out that Holliday is all right you'll stop this backcapping and make friends with him?"

"I'll go you better, sir. I'll beg his pardon."

"He has leave 'till midnight. So have you."

And Tomkins, grinning maliciously, got on his pony and trailed away toward the river. And all that day like a stealthy shadow Tomkins stalked his man.

At 8 o'clock from his hiding place in a doorway Tomkins saw the "dude" come out of Wah Lee's restaurant, mount his pony and lope leisurely away toward the west. A mile from town he turned toward the river and, riding in the shallow water so as to leave no trail, went pacing slowly down stream toward the low wooden bridge which spanned the shallow river between old Paso del Norte and the American town.

Tomkins, riding out of sight and hearing, in a parallel with his quarry, saw Holliday stop like a blacker shadow in the shelter of the bridge, his pony's head almost on a level with the low floor of the general span. Tomkins crossed the approach and driving his pony down into the ooze of the eastern side dismounted and tied it among the willows. Then he crept into the yellow shadows till he was opposite Holliday, raised himself into the low timbers of the bridge and peered up and down the viaduct in search of the woman, or was it Panhandle Pete he should see at this lonely rendezvous? Even as he watched he saw the outlaw skulking along the western sidewalk of the bridge. He loitered, scanned the American approach, turned his back upon the little mule car which passed, and then, with a light spring, sat upon the top rail of the fence-like guard and began to make a cigarette. He was lighting it when suddenly from the opposite side Tomkins heard the whistle of a larriat. A woman screamed "Run Pete, run!" and the bulky body of the outlaw fell backward into the water. The watcher dropped into the sand, got out his revolver, mounted his pony and scrambled out of the black shadows toward the shore. As he reached the level he saw a horseman streaking eastward in a long cloud of dust that rose high into the moonlight, and as he gazed the bridge approach Tomkins saw the scanty woman standing under a street lamp looking wildly after the vanishing cloud.

Captain Revere was smoking in the moonlight before his tent when he heard the clatter of horses' hoofs coming loud on the rocks and dull on the sand. "Kelly's drunk again," he guessed as he walked toward the corral. But there he found Holliday dismounting. The men came running but the "dude" laughed in their faces and said:

"I've got him, fellows. There at the end of my rope."

Tomkins, all befuddled with his vain stalking, galloped up as they stooped over the bound outlaw. They carried the limp prisoner into a tent and searched him, and in his pocket they found a letter which read:

"Sweetheart,—I found the flowers on my table after supper. I know they came from you. Meet me at the middle post of the bridge at 9 o'clock to-night. I have something to tell you. Your own

"FLORENCE."

"They looked up at Holliday. 'I didn't forge the letter,' he said, blushing. 'She sent it to me all right. But I—er—just fixed up the envelope a little.'"

—John H. Raftery in Chicago Record-Herald.

New Collars, New Ties, New Belts.

JUST OPENED AT

SUMMERS & ORRELL 2nd Ave.

TRACY COMMENTS.

But, captured or free, Tracy is a fellow whose recent antics do not readily fit themselves to an insanity plea. He has managed to protect himself, to keep himself in good board and clothes, to elude the authorities and to regulate his Puget Sound itinerary in a manner which suggests that pretty good sense has governed him. He is a desperado, every inch, but while his movements have been erratic, there appears to have been method enough in them to have served his purpose, which is to give the authorities the slip and, again and again, the wrong steering—Anaconda Standard.

The result is that Tracy is now something of a hero with many people, and special editions of some Western newspapers are probably thriving on his whereabouts. Two days ago he was an unromantic butchering desperado; and though he has little in common with Mussolino, the Italian brigand, who much excelled him in his tale of murders, there is a growing disposition in some quarters to wish that he may keep out of the clutches of the law and have a chance to begin a new life. Frank James did, and why not Tracy?—New York Commercial Advertiser.

We can imagine no greater misfortune with the Tracy case than to have the outlaw taken alive and given a trial. The sensation-mongers and the morbid-minded would feed upon his escapades, interviews and adventures until to them the cruel murderer would become metamorphosed into a hero. To kill the creature while the public is still terrorized at his devilish deeds would be to do society a real service.—Whatcom Revue.

Tracy, the fugitive Oregon convict, is having the time of his life and is furnishing material for a whole army of writers of yellow-covered literature. Tracy is undoubtedly a gentleman of exceptional activity, determination and ingenuity, but his press agent is probably the man who is really doing the record-breaking stunts.—Kennebec Journal.

One upon a time there was a citizen who always kept a valuable watchdog in the house at night to protect the premises from burglars. One night the burglars broke in, stole the dog and as many other things as they could carry off. Some of these evenings we will read that Mr. Tracy has stolen the bloodhounds.—Butte Inter-Mountain.

Men on the trail with good Winchester, men who are excellent marksmen, men who when the trail is hot do not pass a house on the way without investigation—these are the kind of detectives to put on the trail of fleeing, desperate criminals out for liberty and prepared to sell their lives dearly.—Oregonian.

Mr. Debs informed us in his philosophic discourse the other night that Mr. Tracy was not to blame. Political and economic conditions were responsible. Truth and honor and good deeds lie in him, but society has warped him. But for this unfortunate twist, for which he is not to blame according to Debs, he might have been an agitator or an organizer of political parties. But instead of reforming and building up society, he has been the bloodhounds baying at his heels.—Butte Inter-Mountain.

It is the unanimous opinion of gentlemen who have been pursuing Tracy, the genius who has been playing a brilliant engagement up in the Puget Sound country, that he is not in his right mind. There may be truth in the theory, but it will be admitted that there is much method in the fellow's madness.—Minneapolis Times.

Nevertheless, Tracy is no ordinary type of "bad man." There is that fine line of daring and nerve in the man which, if his character had been moulded under happier conditions, might have made him that very rarest type of "good man"—the good man with the courage of his goodness.—New York World.

He has already cost the states of Oregon and Washington heavily enough in funds and lives to emphasize the truth of the old dictum that "stone walls do not a prison make nor iron bars a cage," in the case of a man of Tracy's nerve, courage and ingenuity.—Washington Star.

The glorious Northwest of these United States is receiving reams of notoriety from the hideous crimes of its malefactors and murderous outlaws. Tracy Personals.

laws. There may be, however, some questions as to the value of advertisement based upon such a structure.—San Francisco Call.

The career of Tracy, the Oregon convict, would be smiled at with superior scorn as wildly improbable, told in a dime novel. But, notwithstanding the immense development of the human imagination, truth con-

tinues to be stranger than fiction.—Baltimore American.

Harry Tracy, the "bad man," who single-handed has for thirty days "stood off" the state of Washington, its sheriffs and posses and large packs of bloodhounds, is undoubtedly a "captain of industry"—in his peculiar branch of it.—New York World.

If Tracy, the Seattle convict, had manifested so much diligence in well-doing as he has in doing ill and in trying to escape the consequences of his crimes, what an energetic citizen he would have been!—Pittsburg Commercial Telegraph.

When we contemplate the success of Convict Harry Tracy in dodging the law, it is impossible to repress sorrow at the thought of his misdirected genius. What a trust magnate he would have made!—Chicago Chronicle.

It is said that Outlaw Tracy bears a charmed life. He also carries some improved shooting implements, and a knowledge of that fact is principally responsible for the charm.—Kansas City Journal.

Bandit Tracy is pursuing his way at such a leisurely pace that he would doubtless stop off somewhere and get elected to a city council, except for the fact that he doesn't like the society.—Chicago News.

Some say Tracy acts like a hypnotist and others pronounce him a raving maniac. One thing is certain, he has been very impolite, not to say positively rude.—Minneapolis Times.

Mr. Tracy, the distinguished escaped Oregon convict, still continues to give daily recurrent examples of his ability to "loop the loop" on his pursuers.—Philadelphia Press.

Bandit Tracy's corner in pepper is proving to be a good thing for the posses. They have ceased getting near enough to be shot.—Chicago Record-Herald.

It is not a tribute to the thief catchers and sleuths of Oregon and Washington that their prey should be able to elude and defy them for so long.—Helena Herald.

Kidnaper Tracy would be a good decoy to use in endeavoring to arrest the attention of Pat Crowe.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

That escaped convict who is terrorizing Oregon acts as if he thought he was janitor of the whole state.—Hartford Post.

The Jury Acquitted Her.

New York, July 16.—An extraordinary scene was witnessed in the court room of Recorder Goff, when a jury acquitted Mrs. Lizzie Madaus of killing her husband, an engraver, with a potato knife. The recorder had charged the jury strongly for conviction and it was believed the best defense could expect was a disagreement.

Even the prisoner, who had been stoical throughout the trial, cried as the recorder finished his charge.

Mrs. Madaus, five children, including her prison-born infant, were in the court and the nearby corridor.

When the jury returned and the foreman announced the verdict Recorder Goff said to the prisoner: "The ancients had a law whereby in the case of a very outrageous crime they would sometimes permit the criminal to live that he might suffer the shame of his crime, which they considered a severer punishment than any they could inflict, and something like this must have been in this jury's mind that they let you live and look upon the faces of your children, the children whom you have made orphans."

The result of this verdict, most extraordinary as it is, even in the face of your own testimony, gives you your freedom but you will carry with you the remembrance that you have murdered your husband and orphaned your children. You may go."

The recorder refused to order the restoration to the mother of two children who have been placed in the care of a charitable society.

Odds Favor Jeffries

San Francisco, July 16.—The ever increasing confidence in the training camps of both Champion Jeffries and Robert Fitzsimmons, with the big odds steadily favoring the former, and a sale of seats for the big battle that surpasses anything of the kind known to local pugilistic history, are the important features of the fight situation here tonight.

Under a blazing sun Jeffries sallied forth this morning and sprinted around Lake Merritt in Oakland, after working in the Reliance Club gymnasium for two hours. Fitz also took a jaunt on the road but confined himself for the most part to bag punching and rigorous foot work. The sale of seats is proceeding briskly, the receipts at the end of the second day showing that nearly \$9,000 has been taken in at Harry Corbett's place. The betting tone shows Jeffries to be a steady favorite, the prevailing odds being 2 1/2 to 1.

Five year Guarantee—N. Y. Dental Parlors.

OLD TIME LOG JAM

Travelers up the Klondike Treated

To An Over Inspiring View—Two Miles of a Tangled Mass of Logs.

The first genuine log jam travelers along the Klondike river have ever had an opportunity of witnessing occurred yesterday morning near the Clith house just below the mouth of Bear creek, the jam extending up the river nearly to the mouth of Hunker, two miles distant. The logs are the property of the Klondike Mill Company, which has the contract for furnishing the ties and bridge timbers for the Creeks Railway, and were cut principally on Flat creek and the north fork of the Klondike. The drive to the mill was begun about a week ago and was attended

with no difficulty until the jam where the jam occurred was reached. Those who are familiar with the trail to Hunker will remember the very swift current that strikes into the bank at the mill just above the Clith house. Immediately below the river makes an abrupt turn and it is there that the logs piled up in such an indiscriminate manner, the jam causing the water to rise rapidly and back up for quite a distance. Every effort to break the jam proved futile and late yesterday afternoon a crew was dispatched with dynamite to start the mass moving again. Mr. Segbers, manager of the mill, had charge of the crew and after several hours labor their efforts were successful, the first logs arriving at the mill late last night. In anticipation of the early commencement of work on the road it is understood that the mill will at once begin sawing the timber first required by the construction department. The job is a heavy one and will take several weeks to complete it. In the meantime logs now arriving Mr. Segbers estimates there are three million feet.

Send a copy of Goetzman's pictorial history of Klondike for sale at all news stands. Price 25c.

The Nugget's stock of job materials is the best that ever came to Dawson.

Burlington Route

No matter to what eastern point you may be destined, your ticket should read

Via the Burlington.

PUGET SOUND AGENT

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

The Great Northern "FLYER"

LEAVES SEATTLE FOR ST. PAUL EVERY DAY AT 8:00 P. M.

A Solid Vestibule Train With All Modern Equipments.

For further particulars and folders address

GENERAL OFFICE - SEATTLE, WASH.

The Northwestern Line

Is the Short Line to Chicago and All Eastern Ports

All through trains from the North Pacific Coast connect with this line in the Union Depot at St. Paul.

Travelers from the North are invited to communicate with

F. W. Parker, Gen'l Agent, Seattle, Wash.

Alaska and Western Alaska Points

U. S. MAIL

S. S. NEWPORT

Leaves Juneau April 1st and 1st of each month for Sitka, Yakutat, Nutchek, Orcas, Ft. Licium, Valdes, Resurrection, Homer, Seldovia, Karmak, Kodiak, Uyak, Kerluk, Chignik, Unga, Sand Point, Bolkofsky, Unasaska, Dutch Harbor.

FOR INFORMATION APPLY TO

Seattle Office - Gibbs Bldg., Cor. First Ave. and Madison Street

San Francisco Office, 30 California Street

Stroller's

Dawson, July 23

Send me an address you in my own behalf. I wish you to do some leg work with the city council. It is necessary to create an office for me. My object may be attained but if the matter is properly handled I think with your aid I can carry the day.

The city is full of ditches and stagnant water on which the flies soon collect. As the Hon. Clifford Sifton talks of paying \$100,000 (on the square, I don't know if he is coming) and this sum is to be used to remove the ditches, it should be elevated to the position of city skimmer. My job would not be a bad one as that of the license collector but I would probably have to stand in police court and be worth at least \$300 per year.

I am glad to have the office and am hereby instructed to advise you that the majority of the council will be to keep Third avenue clean. If that inducement does not move the council to consider the proposition, I fear it is good for so far as I am concerned. I thought of applying for the job of mad dog inspector but I devote all my energy to the proposition as anything else would be a man in my station. I might intimate that I could get eight votes at the late election that still exists.

More than eight men have within two weeks taken the Stroller into vacant lots or into ditches, after locking the door, pulling down the blinds, the town hot breath in his ear. They have informed him that the speaker, can have the nomination if he desires. The Stroller knows that he has been taken into the confidence of possibly eight separate candidates. Each one of them is of election if he decides to accept the nomination. He knows that other candidates but they are "sticks" and would not be in a position to allow my name.

The Stroller never allows himself to be out-lid by his friends. He has his support to each and still has a number of votes on tap for future confession. He lead him to a vacant lot and a dark room.

Always safe to enter a dark room with a man before election is not apt to spring a bottle of ink in it.

There is no doubt in the Stroller's mind that if parliament would draft on the Yukon for a number of members the order could be filled with men of temerity and horse-teeming brains.

One day when a neighborhood came up one modern Dan was happily past. Now a Dan is on every corner and soon as many as two or three are together. But few of them are large a bat as Daniel was on the 2nd of January or 3rd.

One who says he could get the nomination as Yukon representative, told the Stroller last night that while his brain is not as big as Webster's, it is in much better order than that of the candidate man ever was, and that when orator he could out-talk the most halcyon day of the past—been a few more or less political tricks he had a half notion to run for only for his own vindication.

When a politician has political matters on which he has a conviction he takes a strong position in each hand and he is vindicated.

The Stroller suggested this story.

here May be others

But I have a full line of groceries, which I am offering at prices that will meet all competitors.

W. Grennan

100 St. Cor. 5th Ave.

GROCER