

### NEW DENVER A GARDEN SPOT

According to the Editor of Its Paper, The Ledge

Who Points Out the Characteristics of His Neighboring British Columbia Towns.

Not all of the wide domain of Canada is in a flourishing condition to judge from the following picturesque description of a part of the Kootenay mining district. It is written by Col. Lowery, who is an authority on ledge matter and straights. Writing in his New Denver Ledge from a full knowledge of the prevailing conditions and of every cross on the palm of local officials, he says:

"Look at Rosebery. Nothing but strawberries growing in its streets, and not a bottle of sawmesey in the town. At Alamo the concentrator is slowly dying of rust upon life through the tenacity of its citizens.

"In Sandon, the Silver City of Canada, and the Monte Carlo of America, 'For Rent' is more prominent than anything else. The inhabitants vainly try to think that riches are only mental. The city treasury is in the slump of despair, while the gospel mills have been ditched by the flume. The red light shines almost entirely on the black, and many of the citizens could not tell what an ace in the hole meant without telephoning to New Denver. The gin mill proprietors have that melancholy appearance that comes from living a lonely life, while the parsons go around with faces indicating that there is nothing to save. The ruin in Sandon may not be blue, but it certainly can be read by anyone who is not blind to immense surface indications.

"The brakeman tells you of Mc-Guigan and Bear Lake, while White-water sleeps in the sun.

"Kaslo lives and dreams of the days when smelter smoke will half choke the inhabitants. Bacon and beans are quite prominent in the city, and the mark of hard times is wonderfully distinct.

"In Silverton the people are hopeful owing to the nearness of the red fish season, and long waiting has brought to the populace the virtues of patience and resignation.

"In Slocan City the folks have no moments to think of hard times. They are so busy looking at their long clothes, and laughing over the affairs of municipal state that they will not know anything about the icy touch of ruin until someone presents them with an account. Then they will blush a ray red, blow a thousand dollar talk in your face, and tell you that they have given their pile for taxes and and you will have to come again.

"New Denver, the greatest beauty spot upon the topography of America, does not need the deafening hum of business or the grinding roar of commerce. Such a state of affairs would be out of harmony with the poetical surroundings and the dreamy existence of its contented denizens. Life in New Denver is one long dream of bliss. Fragrant flowers, gorgeous sunsets, the sweet music of birds, and the inspiring effect of the grandest scenery on earth bring to the soul a repose that to break by the introduction of good times would seem like sacrilege. The people of New Denver are satisfied. They have withstood the snubs of government and the sneers of rival towns, but for the sake of other Slocan burghs in which the white dollar is the uppermost god they would like to see business activity again take the lead in the silvery-but blue Slocan.

"All prayers should now be pooled for a Moses to rise up and lift the Slocans out of the Swamp of depression and drag it through the bulrushes of incompetent legislation to a high point where prosperity wreckers cannot chill it with the frosty touch of their cold and clammy mitts."

**TERRIBLE TRAGEDIES**

Many Men Frozen on Arctic Trail Last Winter.

Nine tragic deaths are reported from Nome in advices received on the steamship Oregon, which returned yesterday from the North. The list includes two murders, three drownings and six deaths by freezing. The story of the terrible death of six men in one of the blizzards which swept over the Nome country through the winter and spring is a tragic one. The two men who were murdered were brothers, Sutherland by name. Their companion, with the ingenuity of a devil incarnate, slew them from behind. Robbery was possibly the motive for the deed. James Elwell, Tom Donahue and a white man, name unknown, were drowned in the surf off the mouth of

Penny river on July 6. Two bodies were recovered.

A party of men en route from Nome to St. Michael, following an overland trail, came across the dead bodies of the six men. They had evidently formed one party. Death's harvest had been terrible and sudden. The bodies were scattered along the trail within a short distance of each other. In life the men had, to all indications, been caught in a terrible blizzard, and, becoming separated in the storm, had fallen within a short distance of each other and had miserably perished from the cold and exposure.

Each of the six bodies were found wrapped in the blankets. There was no food near, but some camp equipment. One of the party lay on a rude stretcher. He had evidently been ill. In the succeeding blinding storm the carriers had evidently laid the sick man down on the ground and had tried to make shelter. Gen. Randall was notified and a party of soldiers were ordered out to take in the bodies. It is thought that the men were a party of prospectors, who, in an effort to reach St. Michael had run out of provisions and had perished.

The three men who lost their lives in the surf were trying to reach Teller in a metallic boat. The water was rough when they left Nome and they had been warned not to try and make the trip. When off Penny river the weather became almost a storm and they tried to get to land. In the terrible surf their craft was overturned and they were thrown into the water. All were drowned. Two bodies were reported recovered, but the third body had not yet been found when the Oregon left the North.

The Sutherland brothers were murdered during the winter on Unimak island. Lizzy Colby took the Sutherland brothers and a man named Jackson to the island. Capt. McDonald was to call for the party this spring. When he reached the spot where the men had made an encampment he found the tent lying on the ground with the guy ropes cut. Upon lifting the canvas the bodies of the two Sutherlands were found underneath its folds. Both were dead—murdered. One had a terrible wound in the back, evidently made by a charge from a shotgun. The other one had been stabbed several times in the body. The details of the crime could be read in the position of things. Both the Sutherlands had been sleeping. Jackson had evidently quietly reached the camp bed. Another moment and he had plunged a gleaming knife in one of the sleeping brothers. The first stab had not caused instant death and the struggle which followed awakened the uninjured brother. He immediately ran, but Jackson, having completed the killing of his first victim, hastily grabbed up a shotgun and killed the remaining brother as he was trying to escape. Then he dragged the body of the last victim to the tent, cut the guy ropes and let the folds of the canvas fall on the bodies. He afterwards succeeded in making his escape in some manner. The brothers were buried near the scene of the crime and a small wooden cross marks their grave on which is the simple announcement, "Sutherland brothers, buried here June 27, 1901."—Seattle Times, July 22.

**He Prayed for Them.**

A great cloud of murky Mersey fog enveloped Liverpool harbor and the passengers on the tiny tender could scarcely see the shape of the great liner close beside them which was just weighing anchor for Bombay. On the quarter deck of the steamship were 50 missionaries of both sexes bound outward on a mission to convert the heathen. They were singing a favorite gospel hymn and as the sound of the voices floated across the water one of the passengers on the tender, a manufacturer from Birmingham, suddenly burst into tears.

"Isn't that a noble, an inspiring, almost a 'arrowing sight!' he exclaimed, dropping a tear and hat at the same time. 'I wouldn't have missed seeing them noble creatures going out to meet their fate in the field of foreign missions—not for £5 note, I wouldn't.'"

"Have you any relatives among them?" asked another passenger sympathetically.

"Oh, no; no relatives," wailed the man from Birmingham. "But we are all brethren in religion, and the sight of their departure touched me deeply. I shall pray night and morning that their ship may have a safe passage."

"But if you're not related to any of them I don't see quite why you're so anxious," said a flippant young man.

"Missionaries sail for India almost any day."

"Yes," replied the man from Birmingham, assuming a more business-like tone, "but it isn't every day in the week that I've got such an interest in a ship's cargo. I'd be pleased to have you know, young man, that in the hold of that ship is a consignment of 5000 idols which I have just shipped to one of the native princes."—Exchange.

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### M'QUESTEN LOOKS GOOD

Sergeant Davis Arrives With News of Strike.

Sergeant Davis who for the past year has been in charge of the N. W. M. P. post on the McQuesten river returned to Dawson yesterday on the steamer Prospector. The sergeant says there are about 300 men in the district and the country is being largely prospected. The only strike of any consequence made recently was one reported on Haggard creek a tributary of the McQuesten about 100 miles from the mouth. He could not state who the locator of the strike was nor to the amount of gold discovered as he only heard the report while on the steamer coming to Dawson.

During the past year Sergeant Davis and his detachment have been making regular trips over the various creeks in the McQuesten river district and have scoured the country for a hundred and fifty miles in the back woods towards the head of the river.

The Stewart river has fallen rapidly and the sergeant says it will be a difficult matter for the Ora, which left Dawson last Thursday on a trip to the falls, to make the return trip without getting stranded. The sergeant will return to his post on the next trip of the Prospector.

**Plenty of Reading.**  
The boys on the creeks will get some reading matter today, a trifle old, perhaps, but none the less welcome. The Susie brought seven tons and the Sarah eight tons of second class mail matter, principally publications bearing the date of October. Many of those to whom these newspapers are addressed have gone away and Postmaster Hartman yesterday had these sorted out and today will make a free distribution of reading matter along the creeks.

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