

LATOUR'S STRANGE LIFE.

For 20 Years He Languished In a Mexican Prison

Was at Last Liberated on Deathbed Confession of a Woman Once Spurned.

In the roystering old days, when Columbia was "Queen of the Southern Mines," when every sluiceway was prodigal of the yellow gold, and when life and fortune were held at easy hazard, no man was more popularly known than George Latour, the gambler prince. That was about the time "Jack Hamlin" went singing across the uplands, his voice waking the lark to answering song. It was before the time when squeamish Puritanism crept into the camps and sent "John Oakham" out of Poker Flat to put a pistol to his head on the divide.

Men said that George Latour played a square game. The percentages were enough to give him all the fortune that he asked, and whenever the luck ran well his way he scattered his winnings with an abounding hand. With this free habit he blended a handsome face and a graceful carriage. He wore clothes well. And take him for all in all he was as manly and merry a man as tempted fortune in the days when life was very gay, and the world seemed very wide.

George Latour came back to Tombstone a few weeks ago. In his face, his carriage and his manner there was hardly a shadow of the dashing gambler of the '90's. He was bent and crooked and worn. In his eyes was a settled desperation rather than the quick courage which had distinguished his young manhood. He seemed to have schooled himself to face an overmastering fate, just as a martyr might school himself to meet the onset of a famished tiger. Dropping behind him he brought as a life story as that of "The Man Who Was."

In Kipling's famous yarn the officer of an English regiment is sequestered by the Russians, and, after many years, comes stumbling back to his old command, a mumbling, touselled wraith of a man. It was something like that that George Latour came back and his story was much the same.

When the life in the California camps ceased to be at the pitch which Latour loved, he wandered out along the border—into Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona and so down into Old Mexico, and there began his life—tragedy. He tired of gambling. The profession was crowded by a lot of cheats of the "sure thing" and "tin-horn" variety. The percentages dropped and the chances of great profits grew smaller and smaller. The position of the gambler in society was not what it had been. The mining kings were apt to give him the cold shoulder. The monarchs of the stage preferred other company. So George Latour determined to give over the delights and hazards of the green cloth and become a ranchero.

According to the story books that should have been the time when the gods smiled upon him and when his career took a turn upward. In Mexico he entered into partnership with Don Guadalupe Ascarate and secured a half interest in one of the largest and finest ranches in all the republic. He built a magnificent hacienda. He gave fetes and balls. Everywhere he was lavish and princely. But he always had an eye to business. No herds were as carefully watched and tended as his. No cattle brought no good a price. So he made money for himself and Don Guadalupe, and fortune smiled as the story books always have her smiling on good intention and moral reform. He made his broad acres in calm content, smiling the dry upland air and thinking many a time how much better was such a life than the fierce contests of the gambling table, where every sense had to be kept at highest tension and where the trial of the night frequently wore on and on into the struggles of the next day. So at that time George Latour felt himself a happy man. But he would have dipped into the future and would have put his pistol to his head and ended the life which seemed to open up so fair.

Instead of that he fired one careless shot from that pistol at a crane which stood with alert eyes beside the margin of a water-hole.

That night he sat in the cool patio of his home chatting idly and affably with his partner, Don Guadalupe. It had been a prosperous year. The rains were good, the feed had been from the water plentiful. Thieves had been dealt with with unsparring

hand, and the border country had grown to respect the partners as the coming men of that section. There was no thought of harm between them, though with Don Guadalupe there may occasionally have arisen the spectre of a love affair, a wronged woman and a threatened revenge.

As the partners chatted there was little noise about the place. The peons and vaqueros had retired. The moonlight fell fair on the patio, making the shadows common to clear atmosphere.

Out of the moonlight came the figure of a man. He entered by the main gate and walked quickly toward where the partners sat. They paid little attention. Probably it was a belated servant or some ranch foreman who had ridden in to report the result of a rodeo on some outlying portion of the range.

Possibly it was a vaquero returning from a visit to his dulce corazon. So the partners gave him a quiet but friendly greeting as he stepped up.

Of a sudden when scarce a yard away from Don Guadalupe the stranger drew a heavy pistol from beneath his serape and fired point blank at Don Guadalupe's heart. The Don fell without a groan, clutched at his heart and lay still.

The intruder turned and ran away. George Latour drew his revolver as soon as possible and fired three times at the rapidly retreating figure. The shots alarmed the hacienda. The women huddled in a frightened group. The men came rushing out to find George Latour bending over the body of Don Guadalupe Ascarate. In his hand he held a smoking pistol. In Don Guadalupe's heart was a fatal wound.

Latour at once ordered that chase be given to the murderer, but no murderer was found. Suspicions began to cluster about the hacienda. Innuendos grew into charges. The Mexican officials listened to the story told by Latour and shook their heads.

He said he had fired three shots at the retreating murderer. All those about the place agreed that four shots in all had been fired—that would be one by the murderer and three by Latour.

But in Latour's pistol were four empty cartridges instead of three! Four empty cartridges, all freshly exploded. Four shots had been fired. Don Guadalupe was dead. No one except Latour had seen any person come to the patio or go from it. Certainly the tale of a man who had come up out of the moonlight and sunk suddenly back into it was hardly to be believed against the evidence of those four empty cartridges. So they arrested George Latour and charged him with the murder of Don Guadalupe Ascarate.

"Ah, the crane!" said Latour suddenly. He had been puzzling his mind for a long time to explain the presence in his revolver of that fourth empty cartridge. "I fired at a crane as I rode over the range that very morning. Then I forgot to remove the shell from my pistol."

But who was going to believe such a flimsy yarn? Here was a man who came from nowhere and went nowhere, and here was a shot fired at a fleeting crane when none saw the pistol practice. There was never a witness to support George Latour. Don Guadalupe, the one man who might have backed him, had gone to his rest without the opportunity to tell his story or make a sign. Things certainly looked very black for George Latour.

Of course he fought in the courts. He employed lawyers and detectives, but all to no purpose. There was not one jot or tittle of testimony to corroborate his story of the killing of Don Guadalupe. Then, again, he was a gringo, and it was not so very long before that the hated gringos had come in and swept like "a blaze of swords" across Mexico, exacting from the weaker republic a cruel-war penalty in the shape of a contribution of some other fairest land.

So George Latour was convicted of murder. His lands and cattle were confiscated and he was sentenced to live out a weary life in the cuartel of Chihuahua, with little to eat and less to wear. Surely this was a fearsome change for George Latour, the gambler prince and the cattle king. He chafed under the prison discipline. His soul was in arms. His busy brain plotted to escape.

Twice during the first five years of his incarceration he made breaks for liberty. Both attempts were failures. The second time he received a bullet in the right leg, which left him slightly crippled. Then he gave up all thoughts of freedom. Into his eyes came that look that will never leave them. No longer he watched for each desperate chance to escape. He settled back into the sullen, taciturn life of one who has given up hope. He watched the centipedes creep slowly across his damp cell. He saw the gray

tarantulas scuttle across the little patch of light. He heard the ceaseless shuffle of the barefoot sentry at his door. One year merged into another. He ceased to count. The days and the nights were much the same to him, save that the life of the princely gambler and the princely ranchero seemed to drift farther and farther away into the realm of dreams.

And so George Latour lingered in the filthy cuartel of Chihuahua for 20 years. So he passed from debonair youth to bent old age.

Then one day open were flung his prison doors. He who had supposed himself forgotten by the world was set at liberty to blink in the sun and try to collect his wits jarred by the turmoil of progress and advancement.

His liberation was a romance in itself. The comandante of the prison told it to Latour's astonished ears. In those days of the cattle range partnership Carmen Rivera had loved Don Guadalupe Ascarate—loved him madly and blindly. He had tired of her and cared for another.

Carmen Rivera became a notorious woman. She accumulated a fortune by keeping a rendezvous for thieves and desperadoes. She was careless, brave and resourceful. Men said there was a mystery in her life somewhere. When she was on her death bed she lifted one corner of that mystery and by doing so set George Latour free.

When she faced death and knew the end was certain she confessed that she killed Don Guadalupe Ascarate. Dressed in the habit of a man, hers was the figure that stepped so quickly across the moonlit patio that night in the long ago. Hers was the hand that drew the quick revolver and fired the bullet into Don Guadalupe's heart. The disappearance of the murderer was easily explained by her. She had quickly doffed her masculine garments, put on her woman's gown and joined the huddle of frightened women alarmed by the sound of the shooting.

So it was she gave particulars which proved the innocence of George Latour, but she passed to her Maker powerless to right the frightful wrong of his 20 years' imprisonment. He tried to get back some of the property which had been confiscated at the time of his sentence, but found his efforts of no avail. Twenty years had tangled titles too much to make the unraveling of the tangle a possibility to the broken man. So, penniless and decrepit, he drifted back into the swirl of life.

Then a helping hand was stretched to him out of the past. In the wild days of the California camps a bright lad had been arrested for a murder. Latour had felt an interest in the boy and believed in his innocence. He engaged detectives to gather evidence in the prisoner's behalf. He went to Sacramento and secured the services of the greatest criminal lawyer in the state. The boy was acquitted.

Down in New Orleans, after Latour's liberation from the Chihuahua cuartel, the papers told something of his dramatic story. A leading banker went to him, asked a question or two and fell upon his neck. The banker was the boy Latour had helped to freedom in the mining camp days. And that banker has a fresh memory as well as a long purse. He is glad to share his fortune with the man who so loyally stood between him and the gallows.

And so it is that George Latour now is visiting the scenes of his youthful follies and triumphs, and telling the story of his life—a story than which there is nothing stranger in all the range of fiction and the domain of fancy.—Edward R. Hamilton in S. F. Examiner.

Sheriff's Sale.
In the exchequer court of Canada, Yukon territory, admiralty district.
Between
W. SIDNEY FRENCH ET AL.,
Plaintiffs,
And THE STEAMSHIP ELDORADO,
Defendant.

NOTICE OF SALE.
Notice is hereby given that in accordance with the command of the registrar of the exchequer court of Canada, Yukon territory, admiralty district, I will sell to the highest bidder for a sum not under \$7500, by public auction on Tuesday the 2nd day of April, 1901, at 2:30 p. m. at the sheriff's office, Dawson, Yukon territory, the following described steamboat, to-wit: Eldorado, official number 107,852, registered in Dawson, Yukon territory, May 25th, 1899. Previously registered in Port Townsend, Washington, U. S. A. Stern paddle-wheel steamship, built in Seattle, 1898. Length 140.3 feet; breadth 31.3 feet; depth in hold from tonnage deck to ceiling at amidships 5.8; gross tonnage 466.03 tons; registered tonnage 260.48 tons.

One double engine, non-condensing, made by the Washington Iron Works, Seattle; two cylinders 16x7; length of stroke six feet; made 1898; two steel boilers 170 pound pressure.

Dated at Dawson this 20th day of March, 1901.
R. J. EILBECK,
Marshal of the Exchequer Court of Canada, Yukon Territory, Admiralty District.

WATCH US GROW

DAWSON HARDWARE COMP'NY

TELEPHONE-36

STORE SECOND AVENUE

Messrs. Freeman & Bradley, recently uncovered a mastodon tusk on their claim, No. 2 on Eight pup, Last Chance. It is an immense specimen 11 feet 6 inches long and 2 1/4 inches in circumference at the base and will weigh in the neighborhood of 300 pounds. It was brought down this morning by Gordon's team.

Six dogs will be sold at the old pound next Tuesday at 2 p. m. This sale will conclude affairs at the old pound.

Just in—Ripstein's pork loins, turkeys, chickens, veal and fresh creamery butter. Murphy Bros., of Bonanza Meat Market.

Beef, chechako, 33c by the side, at P. O. Market, Third street.

Choice joints at Denver Market.

Sheriff's Sale.
In the exchequer court of Canada, Yukon territory, admiralty district.
Between
JAMES H. McLEAN ET AL.,
Plaintiffs,
And
THE STEAMSHIP BONANZA KING,
Defendant.

NOTICE OF SALE.
Notice is hereby given that in accordance with the command of the registrar of the exchequer court of Canada, Yukon territory, admiralty district, I will sell to the highest bidder for a sum not under \$7500, by public auction on Tuesday the 2nd day of April, 1901, at 2:30 p. m. at the sheriff's office, Dawson, Yukon territory, the following described steamboat, to-wit: Bonanza King, official number 107,851, registered in Dawson, Y. T., May 29th, 1899. Previously registered at Port Townsend, Washington, U. S. A. Stern paddle-wheel steamship, built in Seattle, 1898; length 140.3 feet; breadth 31.3 feet; depth in hold from tonnage deck to ceiling at amidships 5.8; gross tonnage 466.03 tons; registered tonnage 260.48 tons.


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The Fall of Snow

This year is unprecedented for the Yukon. It is no more so than the FALL in prices. All Staples are sold on MUCH CLOSER margins than ever before. We can satisfy your wants and fill your complete order without your going outside the store.

Alaska Commercial Co.



The Printer's Devils
ARE HERE DISPLAYED HARD AT WORK!
This is a sample engraving for illustrative purposes.
We Make All Kinds of Cuts

The Nugget

We Have the Only Engraving Plant in the Territory

Notice.
Will any person who knew Steiner K. Sanda, who died at St. Mary's hospital on October 6th, 1899, please communicate with the undersigned.
TABOR, WALSH & HULME,
Orpheum Building, First Avenue.

Films of all kinds at Goetzman's.

WANTED!
WANTED—Orders taken for hauling wood on the creeks. Three teams, any size contracts. W. E. Terrill, 4th ave., 6 doors north of 6th st.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

LAWYERS
CLARK, WILSON & STAPPOLE—Barristers, Attorneys, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Office, Monte Carlo Building, First Avenue, Dawson, Y. T.

BURRITT & McFAY—Advocates, Solicitors, Notaries, etc.; Commissioners for Ontario and British Columbia. The Exchange Bldg., Front street, Dawson. Telephone No. 30.

MACKINNON & NOEL—Advocates, Second st., near Bank of B. N. A.

WADE & AIKMAN—Advocates, Notaries, etc. Office, A. C. Office Building.

N. F. HAGEL, Q. C., Barrister, Notary, etc., over McLennan, McPeely & Co., hardware store, First avenue.

PATTULLO & RIDLEY—Advocates, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Office, Rooms 7 and 8 A. C. Office Bldg.

BELOCOURT, McDOUGAL & SMITH—Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, etc. Office at Dawson and Ottawa, Rooms 1 and 2 Chisholm's block, Dawson. Special attention given to Parliamentary work. N. A. Belcourt, Q. C. M. F., Frank J. McDougal, John P. Smith.

MINING ENGINEERS.
J. B. TYRRELL—Mining Engineer—Mines laid out or managed. Properties valued. Mission St., next door to public school, and 44 below discovery, Hunker Creek.

SOCIETIES.
THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION OF Yukon Lodge (U. D.) A. F. & A. M., will be held at Masonic hall, Mission street, monthly, Thursday on or before full moon at 8:00 p. m.
C. H. Wells, W. M. J. A. Donald, Sec'y

FULL LINE CHOICE BRANDS
Wines, Liquors & Cigars

CHISHOLM'S SALOON.
TOM CHISHOLM, PROP.

ARCTIC SAWMILL
Removed to Mouth of Stenker Creek, on Klondike River.

BLUCE, FLUME & MINING LUMBER
Office, At Mill, at Upper Ferry on Klondike river and at Berle's Wharf. J. W. BOYLE.