

NEW CREED WRECKS HOMES

Many Illinois Families Destroyed by New Amish Church.

What the Preacher Says Goes Even to Wives Forsaking Their Husbands and Children.

Peekin, Ill., Feb. 14.—Facts and data will be introduced by the defense in the trial of Sam Moser, charged with a quadruple murder, to prove that the New Amish church has broken up scores of homes in Tazewell and McLean counties.

This morning one of the stranger witnesses for the defense came to Peekin and told a story of unrelenting and terrible prosecution on the part of the Amishites. His statements seem to bear out the claims of Moser that he was driven to commit murder by the Amish religion. Peter Rickenberger, living near Gridley, McLean county, is the witness by whom Attorney Green proposes to prove to the jury that Moser was driven insane by the strange religious sect. Rickenberger is a well-to-do farmer, about 55 years old, and tells his story in a straightforward manner.

"My home has been broken, my life made a hell and the love of my wife taken away from me by the New Amish church," he said. "I have been a member of the church since I was a boy. I was taught to believe in the rules of the church and accept without question the word of our preacher. I was well satisfied without voting or associating with the outside world until over a year ago.

"I had married, and I don't believe a happier man or woman could be found in all this world.

"I made money, and I had a certain influence among the members of the church and the preachers, owing to this fact.

"The preachers had never entered my home as they did and do with other members of the church.

"One day they came, or, rather, one of the preachers did. I was away, or a murder would have been done that day. Mind, a member of the church must never question what a preacher may do.

"I was not the narrow-minded, crawling dog like other Amishites. I came out before the world and denounced the preacher for his attempting to enter my home.

"I said I would resent any such actions. That was a bombshell in our circles. I had sinned. I was not of God; I was dead in the New Amish church.

"My wife was bound with fetters of steel in that church. She sided with me, but she dared not give up the church. She could not see beyond the limited world of the life she had always lived. I tried to explain; I pleaded with her in our love, but no, the poor woman could not give up the church, for she feared the hereafter.

"Then came the revenge of the New Amish. I could not trade with my neighbors. I could not talk with them.

"I was cut off from them. I have lived in and around McLean all my life. I have been a farmer and I am too old to go out into the world and make a new home. There is nothing for me to do but live on and on, only hoping and praying that my wife will see as she should."

This is but a partial statement given by Rickenberger, and before this famous trial is at an end others will be put on the stand to tell how their homes were broken up by the New Amish church.

Captain Lighthall Dead.

New York, Feb. 2.—Capt. J. B. Lighthall, 53 years old, a civil engineer and naval architect, of Washington, D. C., is dead at the Bartholdi hotel. Death was due to heart failure. The body was removed to an undertaking establishment to await the instructions of the dead man's relatives. He had been staying at the hotel for a week and on Sunday night he complained of feeling ill.

A physician who was called to attend him found that he was suffering from Bright's disease. When the chambermaid went to his room she found him sitting in a chair with a \$10,000 check in his hand. The check was the price of a patent Mr. Lighthall had sold a few days ago to a street railway company. Death had evidently overtaken him while he was examining it.

Mr. Lighthall was also the inventor of the "combined thresher and header" now employed in the wheat fields of California. He was chief engineer of the Third avenue railroad of this city and superintended its conversion into a

cable road. Mayor Gilroy appointed him city engineer of the Park avenue improvement. His greatest work was the remodeling of the sewerage systems of Mobile and New Orleans, which he finished two years ago. He leaves a widow, a son and a daughter, Mrs. R. E. Davis.

He served in the United States navy during the war, doing duty on the Sabine, Brooklyn, Adirondack and other vessels. He was a veteran of the civil war, having served under Admiral Farragut in the battle of Mobile.

KIAU-CHAU.

A Little Study in the Art of Pronunciation.

"That fellow Bixby is th' derndest chap I ever see fer gettin hold of new-fangled notions. He come over t'other mornin with his newspaper in his hand, an sez, 'It looks like them Germans wuz goin to keep a tight hold on Keesahoo-Chahoo.'"

"Gesundheit," sez my daughter Elizabeth. She's been takin a term in German an th' high school, an they always sez 'gesundheit' when a feller sneezes, jest fer politeness.

"I said th' Germans wuz goin to hold on t' Keesahoo-Chahoo," sez Bixby again.

"These dern summer colds ain't no joke," sez I, an then his face got red, an he stiffened up.

"Keesahoo-Chahoo," he sez once more.

"It seems a leetle early fer hay fever," sez I.

"I'll bet you call it 'Cow-Chow,' he sez, with a sneerin sniff.

"Oh, no don't!" I sez. "That may be th' Latin fer it, I sez, 'but I stick to 'hay fever' every time."

"I ain't sneezin," said Bixby, lookin blacker'n thunder.

"Wot wuz you doin'?" sez I.

"I wuz givin you th' correct pronunciation of 'Keesahoo-Chahoo,'" he snorts.

"There you go again," I sez.

"My, but he wuz mad clean through!"

"I'm givin you th' strictly correct pronunciation of—of that Chinese word right there," he sez an ehoved his paper up aginst my nose.

"I looked at th' name he wuz p'intin out, an it wuz 'Kiau-Chau.'"

"Well, I sez, kind of sarcasticlike, 'th' nex' time you come over here talkin Chinese you better hang out a flag with a dragon or suthin on it. Th' fact is," sez I, 'the way you put it we ain't none of us bright enuff over here to tell Chinese from catarrh!'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Many Like Him.

"We're just getting our new company in shape," said the business man. "Do you happen to know of any one who is a particularly good bookkeeper?"

"Yes, I do. There's Jimson," promptly replied the bibliophile; "I loaned him my copy of 'To Have and To Hold' early in the spring, and he seems to think he's to have and hold it to the end of time."—Philadelphia Press.

Political Advice.

"My boy," said the wily politician, "take the advice of one who knows and do not seek that office. You will find it only an empty, barren honor."

"Besides," said the wily politician, after the young man had thanked him and left, "I want that office myself."—Baltimore American.

A Society Inspiration.

Flossy—I'll give a friendship garden party, I think.

Lulu—A friendship party—what's that?

Flossy—Why, everybody that comes brings me a present.—Detroit Free Press.

Going the Same Road.

"I want \$10 to buy Indian curios. The Indians, you know, will soon be extinct."

"Well, if you keep on calling for money I'll be extinct long before the Indians."—Chicago Record.

Different Points of View.

"I had a grand luncheon," said the musical young woman.

"I didn't," replied the musical young man, who is too hurried to sit down.

"I had an upright luncheon."—Washington Star.

Not to Be Repeated.

"Did you ask Dr. Pellets where he was going this summer?"

"Not I. Last year I asked him, and he said he couldn't go anywhere because collections were so bad."—Chicago Record.

The Only Essential.

Green—What's your idea of a summer house?

Lawn—Oh, any kind of a building that can be made to serve as a backing for a piazza.—Boston Transcript.

Standing Room Only.

Ida—The trouble is women don't stand together.

May—They don't! Well, you just watch them at a bargain counter!—Chicago Record.

It Ought to Be.

Customer—If this underwear doesn't fit, may I change it?

Clerk—Certainly. Underwear is always subject to change.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

THE NOSE TELLS ALL.

Its Shape Indicates Your Character. The Noses of Fighters.

Physiognomists go so far as to assert that the nose is the key to the man's character, the index to his brain. And so many people—great employers among them—share the belief that it is almost as lucky for a child to be born with a good nose on its face as with the proverbial silver spoon in its mouth.

There are noses and noses, even among the good specimens. There is the artistic nose (literary men and painters have it or should have it), the "constructive" nose peculiar to architects and engineers, and not the least important is one labeled by physiognomists "combative and organizing."

This might also be called the military nose. It belongs to great commanders on sea and land and is so prominent that it cannot be mistaken. Wellington had it to an abnormal degree. In this as in other respects he has never been equaled by any other soldier.

Wellington was a great believer in noses.

Napoleon also admired a good nose and was personally well-endowed in that particular, but nothing like to the same extent as his vanquisher at Waterloo. Both are said to have chosen their men for important positions by the size and shape of their noses. In short, Wellington and Napoleon for professional purposes practiced physiognomy, which was a crime in the days of Elizabeth, when "all persons fawning to have knowledge of Physiognomy or like Fantastical Imaginations" rendered themselves liable to all manner of perils.

Even in these days we have the fighting nose at the front—where of course it should be. The finest specimen is the property of General Kelly-Kenny. It is quite Wellingtonian and gives points to Napoleon. With such a nose General Kelly-Kenny ought to go far.

From his nose the physiognomist would tell you that General French is possessed of determination and perseverance. The same expert would probably describe General Sir Redvers Buller's nose as that of a "plodder," while, according to Aristotle, who—versatile man!—professed some knowledge of physiognomy, Lord Kitchener is "insensitive." Of all the Boer commanders in the field Louis Botha is the only one whose nose is of the military model. Notwithstanding the reverses he has suffered he is generally credited with being a very able soldier.

Lord Roberts—what of his nose? It must be confessed that it is not of the "fighting" stamp. The "face reader" would say that its owner possessed great artistic instinct. Quite right! Lord Roberts is an artist—an artist in war.—London Mail.

Inhabitants of Prairie Dog Holes. A correspondent in Kansas writes: "I observe that Mr. Ware says the prairie dogs, snakes and owls all live in the same holes. Another writer says they live in the same town, but not in the same holes. What is the straight of it?"

The straight of it is that all three do not dwell in the same holes. The error has arisen from the fact that rattlesnakes, prairie dogs and owls are found together in the same vicinity. Yet the fact remains that they are mortal enemies and that a war of extermination is waged among them. The rattlesnake seeks the prairie dog hole for the double purpose of establishing a domicile and feeding upon the young. The snake often succeeds in driving the prairie dogs out, and then it makes its home in the vacated quarters. But no sooner has the snake established itself than one or more owls set watch upon the hole ready to prey upon the little snakes when they are hatched and come forth. The owl is responsible for the fact that western Kansas is not literally overrun with rattlesnakes—at least the old hunters who get close to nature will tell you so.—Kansas City Journal.

A Parisian Sentimentalist. Among the odd and interesting personalities of Paris the Baroness d'Herpant is conspicuous. Her sad devotion to homeless dumb animals. She keeps a small corps of bicyclists constantly in search of "waifs and strays," and all so found, whether cat, dog or other animal, are taken to enjoy her hospitality. Even the dead of their kind are not neglected. When her pired lieutenants see a dead animal by bridge or gutter, they do not throw it into the Seine or the garbage barrel, but take it to a quiet cemetery at Neuilly, where it is placed in a decent grave. Already 2,000 dogs and nearly as many cats are interred there, with flowers growing over their graves. The baroness became imbittered toward humanity by disappointments and therefore decided to comfort her loneliness by bestowing kindness on animals, of whose gratitude she was certain.

Dickerman—There's one thing that puzzles me.

Rawley—And, pray, what's that?

Dickerman—How it happens that the ew woman is generally not a very young one.

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With a Gun.

Minneapolis, Minn., Feb. 15.—Bound to a chair by two of his brothers-in-law and then shot to death by his girl wife was the fate of John Brucker, a wealthy farmer of Merricott Township, North Dakota, today.

The woman, after blowing off the top of her husband's head with a double-barreled shotgun, walked to the nearest house, told what she had done, and fainted. She is now in custody, and will be held pending an investigation.

Brucker married the woman several weeks ago. Discord arose, and the bride went back to her parents.

Early this morning Brucker went to the home of his wife and demanded to see her. Two of her brothers warned him away, but he persisted. After a lively scuffle he was knocked down and bound.

The brothers of the bride, Fred and John Kasanka, then tied their prisoner securely, as they thought, to a chair and placed their sister, armed with a shotgun loaded with buckshot, to guard him while they went for a constable. No sooner had they gone than Brucker began to work at the ropes that bound him, and soon had them loosened.

When he attempted to arise he was told by his wife to resume his seat or she would kill him. According to her story he began to curse and threaten her, and finally jumped to his feet. As he did so the frightened woman pointed the gun at his head, pulled the trigger and saw him fall dead at her feet with the whole upper half of his head and face shot away.

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

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

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