

## C. T. DUNBAR BADLY BURNED

In the Fire at Sixth Street and Fourth Ave. This Morning.

Ran Through a Looking Glass and Cut Himself After Which He Fell in the Fire.

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily.

The past three days have been prolific of numerous fire alarms none of which previous to the one this morning, have been of any consequence.

The blaze this morning was at the corner of Fourth avenue and Sixth street and resulted in the severe burning of its occupant, C. T. Dunbar, and the destruction of the large cabin owned by Alex Pantages.

Dunbar, it seems, got up about 8 o'clock and struck a match (which happened to be of the wax variety), which he dropped on the floor. He does not know what the match fell on, but it must have been something very inflammable as the room was in flames in an instant. The occupants of the house immediately became rattled to such an extent that nothing but a trunk was saved. Dunbar, in his efforts to get the trunk, ran through a large looking glass, cutting his knee badly, and falling into the fire with the result that his head, face and hands were very severely burned.

The nearest telephone to the scene of the fire is at Clarke & Ryan's store, and the alarm which was telephoned from there to the fire hall, said that the fire was at the corner of fifth street and Sixth avenue, which, of course delayed the operations of the fire department to the extent that it went several blocks out of the way and had to come back again.

The inside of the cabin together with the furniture is burned, and the cabin itself is a wreck.

When the sleigh containing the hose left the fire hall No. 2 this morning it upset just at the foot of the declivity in front of the hall, and had to be re-loaded. Then after the alarm had been corrected and the hose had been connected with a pump, the hose became entangled in the sleigh and when near the scene of the fire came out in a bunch. The pump was already at work and the water was following the sleigh closely, so that before the hose could be straightened the line had to be cut. This was done behind the coupling, and hot water had to be obtained before the hose could be again coupled.

Saturday afternoon the roof of the police court took fire, but was extinguished before the department could turn out.

During the same afternoon an alarm came from a cabin near the South End Mercantile Co.'s store in South Dawson, but the damage resulting was very slight.

Yesterday afternoon the fire that called out the fire department was a small blaze in a cabin on First street, between Second and Third avenues. The damage there was trifling also.

This morning a number of the fire fighters had their faces rather severely frozen, although they have the satisfaction of knowing that their work resulted in much good, as a later examination of the cabin at Sixth street and Fourth avenue shows it to be but little damaged.

## Territorial Court.

Donald Alexander Sutherland McDonald was arraigned in the territorial court this morning and entered a plea of not guilty, the case being fixed for hearing at 2 p. m.

The case of Charles Butler, who was some time since sent to the higher court by the police court on a charge of theft, alleged to have been perpetrated at Grand Forks, did not reach a hearing because the defendant had sought green fields and pastures new. His bail, consisting of \$500 surety from both Max Erdleman and Charles Schuler, was forfeited.

A. A. Northup, charged with assaulting Geo. Ames at Grand Forks, December 29th, last, pleaded not guilty. The case was fixed for hearing February 4th.

The case of B. F. Germain, accused of the theft of \$50, was fixed for hearing April 20, as it was stated by Crown Prosecutor Wade that he would have to issue a commission for the taking of testimony in the United States.

Wm. O'Connor, charged with having forged a check on the 10th of November last on the Bank of Commerce for \$35, formerly entered a plea of not guilty, but changed it this morning to guilty. Mr. Wade stated there was a number of cases against the prisoner which, considering the changed plea, he would not follow up. He was sent to the penitentiary for ten years.

After this came the hearing of the argument for the reopening of the Siorah murder case.

Crown Prosecutor Wade submitted that there was nothing before the court, inasmuch as the opposing council had based his motion on grounds not applicable to the case. The justice, he said, had no power to grant a new trial, the utmost he could do in the case would be to grant him the right of appeal. "There are but two causes for appeal," said Mr. Wade, "one of these is where decision has been given against the weight of evidence, or where misdirection has been charged."

Mr. Bleeker followed by citing some authorities in support of his position. He did not here ask for the right of appeal. He wanted a new trial.

"I may appear to be against you," said Justice Dugas, "but if I do it is only that I may get at the full merits of the case."

## Circle City News.

Circle City, Dec. 28, 1900.

Christmas has come and gone and quiet again prevails at this point on the Yukon.

The Aurora Dancing Club gave a social hop Christmas night. About 50 couples participated and danced till the " wee sma' hours."

Miss Dean, the missionary stationed here, arranged a Christmas tree and musical entertainment for the benefit of the children. Music and singing was the order of the evening, and was enjoyed by all.

Good reports are coming in daily from the creeks; new strikes being reported on Harrison, Independence and Sour Dough creeks, in this district; Callahan and California creeks, tributaries to Washington, in the Eagle district are reported developing well, and many have left for that point, and many more are preparing to follow, 25 cents per pan having been found in five feet of pay gravel. Of course that is no "Bonanza," but pretty good when one considers that provisions can be landed from the boats at your door, and that is surely worth something.

Money very scarce here this winter, but provisions scarce.

Considerable ill feeling has been engendered here lately by the action of Deputy U. S. Marshal Wickersham in arresting one of Circle's prominent merchants, John Bain, on the charge of selling whisky to an Indian. Bain was acquitted by a jury but was later arrested on another count and was held over to the district court in the sum of \$2000. It is the opinion of many that the deputy marshal, who has been rolling rather high since his arrival here, is not the honest, upright official he should be.

## SOUR DOUGH.

## Love Made in Germany.

Eloquents are never heard of in Germany, and yet there is no such thing as getting married there without the consent of the parents. Certain prescribed forms must be gone through, or the marriage is null and void. When a girl has arrived at what is considered a marriageable age, her parents make a point of inviting young men to the house, and usually two or three are invited at the same time, so that the attention may not seem too pointed.

No young man, however, is ever invited to the house until after he has called at least once and thus signified his wish to have social intercourse with the family. If he takes to calling on several occasions in rather close succession it is taken for granted that he has "intentions," and he may be questioned concerning them.

In Germany the man must at least be 18 years old before he can make a proposal, but when it is made and accepted the proposal is speedily followed by the betrothal. This generally takes place privately, shortly after which the father of the bride, as she is then called, gives a dinner or supper to the most intimate friends on both sides, when the fact is declared and, naturally, afterward becomes a matter of public knowledge. —Ex.

## Antiquarian Discoveries.

Phoenix, Ariz., Dec. 25.—Adventures have been received of antiquarian discoveries made in Southern Mexico and Central America by a party of Mormon explorers. Three months ago the party began a three years' trip down into South America, for the purpose of searching for traces of the last survivors of the Nephites, believed by the Mormons to have been the first people in this country. Benjamin Cluff, president of the Brigham Young academy in Provo, Utah, is in charge of the expedition, and has 24 students under his charge. In a letter to a friend here Prof. Cluff states that many prehistoric ruins have been examined by the party and evidences unearthed which tend plainly to uphold the Mormon traditions.

## ESCAPED BY A SCRATCH

A Merchant's Adventure in the Southwest.

A Traveler Falls Into the Hands of Desperados—Saved by a Girl—All's Well that Ends Well.

Many years since I took a fancy to travel far beyond the region of railroads and steamboats into one of the new territories of the southwest. My object was to see what could be done on a large scale in the way of trade.

It was toward the close of a fine spring day that I rode up to the great barulike tavern of one of those spread out, pine board towns of the far west which grow up so rapidly in the path of emigration. A large group of rude looking men stood on the steps and seemed to be carefully criticising me and comparing notes as I dismounted. I was conscious of nothing peculiar about me, except the generally smart and "natty" appearance of myself and animal. The latter was a splendid roadster that I had purchased in St. Louis, in fine condition, and with an action that would excite the admiration of any horse fancier. I was habited in a new suit, surmounted by a slouched hat, and completed by great top boots. My saddle and bridle were half military in their shape and trimmings, and I had a valise and blanket roll strapped on behind. On the whole, I think almost any observer would have set me down for something more than a mere private citizen traveling on his own business.

I left my horse in care of the first man whom I found willing to take him and, ordering my supper, walked about the uninviting barroom and finally took a seat and began to read a pamphlet that I had in my pocket. While I was thus engaged a great burly fellow came and stood in the doorway and deliberately stared at me.

"Good evening, sir," I said. "I should like to make a few inquiries, if you please, about the people here and through the country, and—"

"Not of me, you won't!" was his rude rejoinder, and he was gone before I could ask an explanation.

I was a little nettled at such boorishness, still rather amused than annoyed. I should probably have thought no more of it but for more of the same kind of treatment that I shortly experienced. A shock headed girl called me out to supper, and, finding a table abundantly spread with the substantial of life, I was appeasing my hunger vigorously when a wild, wolfish face was thrust inside the door, and two staring eyes surveyed me closely.

"What's wanted?" I asked, rather irritated by the repetition of such an attention. There was no answer, the head was withdrawn, and within the same minute I had the pleasure of seeing two more faces looking in upon me through one of the windows.

"What do those people mean?" I asked of the girl who waited on me.

She shook her head, but there was an expression on her face that informed me that she did know and that she pitied me. I was beginning to feel decidedly uncomfortable; my appetite was spoiled before it was half appeased, and I resolved on the spot to continue my journey that night rather than remain in such an inhospitable place.

I rose from my chair and put down three silver dollars on the table.

"That's for my supper and the horse's feed," I said to the girl, "and you may keep the rest yourself. Now, please tell them to bring the horse around right off, for I must be gone."

I shall never forget the look of pain and pity that was shown at that moment by the face of that rude, homely girl.

"They won't give you the horse," she said shortly.

"Won't give me my own horse?" I echoed. "And why not, pray?"

"Hush!" she said, laying her hand firmly on my mouth. "Don't be making a noise. If they should think you suspected it, they would do it now."

Now, although I had no idea of the full import of her startling words, yet there was a hideous suggestion in them that fairly made my flesh creep.

"For heaven's sake tell me what you mean!" I said faintly. "I can't account for the actions of these people. What do they mean, and what am I to do?"

"I hoped I should see no more bloodshed," the girl said, looking sadly and wearily into my face. Then she put her hand on my shoulder and continued fiercely: "It's all your own fault. Why did you come here? Any fool in Jefferson could have told you what they'd do if you came here."

"What do they take me for?" I asked, a suspicion of the truth breaking upon me.

"For just what you are, of course," she said coldly—"the marshal, come to serve writs of arrest."

"They are mistaken; you are all mistaken," I protested. "I am not a marshal, nor an officer of any kind. I am merely a merchant, traveling on my own business."

She looked at first incredulous, but I continued to assure her of my real character, and she, seeing my sincerity, soon believed me.

"But you can't make them believe it," she quickly added. "The last marshal that was here was dressed and mounted just like you, and that question you asked Aleck Maxwell made 'em sure you're the same kind. The truth is," and she lowered her voice, "there's a great many horse thieves and cattle stealers in this county—the people are pretty much up to it—and there's dozens of 'em sworn never to let an officer go out of the county alive."

"What did they do to the marshal you speak of?" I asked, with a cold shiver.

"Well, they just hung him to that live oak across the road and buried him under it."

"Good heaven! But I'm not a marshal; I wouldn't harm a man in the county if I could."

She shook her head.

"It's no use, stranger," she said. "They won't believe you; your looks belie everything you say. They'll serve you the same way."

"Can't I escape?" I asked, in a perfect agony of terror. "Get my horse and let me go."

"It's no use; they'd kill me if I got your horse for you. Here!" She softly opened a door and pointed out. "It's a slim chance for life, but it's your only one. Take to the woods, and may heaven have mercy on you! Don't stop to thank me—go!"

I waited for no second invitation, but cleared the house and plunged into the woods unobserved. I ran without stopping for some time, and then unexpectedly found myself in the highway that I had traveled two hours before, with the village visible a mile away. The truth was I had cut off a great corner of the woods in my flight, and the road turning, I had thus struck it.

It was now almost twilight, but a shout warned me that I was discovered, and the sound of furious galloping broke on my ear. I was too much exhausted to fly farther, even if that could have done any good. I dropped down behind the trunk of a huge tree and desperately awaited my fate. I had my pistols with me, and I resolved that I would not be lynched without a struggle.

A dozen horsemen rode up to within a few yards of where I lay and, separating, rode hither and thither about the skirts of the woods. The hoof of one of the horses once brushed my leg, but I lay quiet and was not discovered, though I lay trembling. Soon the party gathered for a consultation, and, with plenty of curses on a devoted head, they agreed that I must have taken to the woods again, but that I could not be far off.

By common consent they dismounted, hitched their horses and, dividing into two parties, plunged into the woods on each side of the road. I waited, with beating heart, until they had gone so far that I could not distinguish their voices, though I could see the flashing of the lanterns they had lighted, and then I stole forth from my concealment.

What was my surprise and delight to discover my own gallant steed hitched with the others, with portmanteau and blankets strapped to the saddle. In the act of mounting him a sudden thought occurred to me, and I acted on it promptly. I had a sharp pocket-knife and a minute sufficed to cut every saddle girth and bridle. Then I mounted my horse and put him to a gallop which I never allowed him to slacken for five miles. I traveled over 20 miles farther, and never halted until I had found the sheriff of the adjoining county and put myself under his protection. He heard my story and said:

"A pretty close thing, my friend. They'd have hung you at sight if they'd laid hands on you. But you're safe now; they won't venture over here. I've got warrants for the arrest of more than half of them, and they know it."

I never learned that they were able to make any pursuit that night, but I should think not, after the situation I had left them in.—New York News.

## When Buying Shoes.

Do not trust to the appearance of your shoe after it has been fitted and fastened up. Try it before you buy it, not merely stepping upon it, but walking in it long enough to learn if it brings comfort to every part of your foot. The foot is smaller when you are sitting down, and a shoe that will seem the acme of torture when your muscles expand from the weight of the body and the blood flows down to the feet, as it does in walking. I heard a woman complaining of her feet the other day and pitied her until she said that she was wearing a No. 5 shoe when a 6 fitted her better. "Why do you go through such senseless misery?" I asked. "Because I will not wear such a large shoe, even if I have to remove a smaller one every ten minutes until it is broken in." The breaking in, by the way, means a stretching of the leather and cloth to accommodate the abused feet. That destroys the shape of the shoe, but allows the wearer the satisfaction of admitting that she wears a No. 5 shoe. Funny, isn't it? —Philadelphia Times.

## WHY NO MEETING WAS HELD

Of the S. P. C. A. as per Call Last Night.

Narrow Escape of Various Members—Will Wait Until Weather and Dogs Moderate.

Owing to the mad dog scare and panic there was no meeting last night of the executive committee of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, only big Rev. Mr. Hetherington and Miss McRae, the brave little woman who extinguished the incipient conflagration in her school room the other day, ventured out.

It is alleged that one of the members who lives in the neighborhood of the A. E. warehouses made a start from his home to the caninethropical meeting, but was rushed at by a large black Russian boar hound. By fierce sprinting the valiant member got through his gate, but not before the huge beast with foaming mouth had nabbed a piece out of the tail of his flying overcoat.

He entered the house and as unperturbed as possible told his wife (who had read yesterday's Nugget) that it was too cold to go to the meeting.

A second member had got a block or two on his way when a small bull terrier came toward him with a hungry look. "Poor doggy, good little doggy," Mr. S— soothingly addressed the canine, and in two seconds Bull became firmly attached to Mr. S—, grabbing his victim by the back part of one of his artic socks, just grazing the calf. "Get out, you b—!"

But by this time Dr. R—, who chanced along and saw the treacherous brute making the attack rushed up and after pulling the dog strongly by the tail and beating it with his cane, succeeded in dragging the animal off with a mouthful of sock.

The meeting is adjourned until after the cold weather and rabies epidemic is past.

A well known hotel man who has a penchant for dogs was nipped yesterday in the thigh by a malamute. He (the dog) died some three hours later.

## A Venerable Couple.

John Shaw was born in 1811 in the village of Marsden, near Huddersfield, Yorkshire, England, and is, therefore 89 years old. He came to America with his parents in 1817 on a sailing ship, landing near Wilmington, state of Delaware, on Brandywine creek. They lived there about three years, and then crossed the state of New Jersey to Amboy, thence by boat to Troy and Utica, N. Y., thence to Oswego in small boats, then down the Oswego river to Lake Ontario; by ship to old Niagara and Lewiston, thence up the Niagara river and Lake Erie to Long Point, where they remained three years. The family removed thence to Amherstburg, and lived in the township of Colchester, county of Essex, about four years. From there they removed to Raleigh in 1829. The family then settled on lots 23 and 24, 4th concession, Chatham township, where Mr. Shaw has ever since resided, now over 70 years. There were no roads in those days, except trails through the woods. Even the townline from the River Thames north was not then cut. Mr. Shaw was a young man at the time of the rebellion in '37, and has a vivid recollection of those days. He also recollects seeing the construction of the Erie Canal; when coming from New York. His wife, Mary Shaw, was Miss Mary Trarler, and was 82 years of age last April. They were married on the 8th day of July, 1842, and raised a family of ten, four sons and six daughters, seven of whom are living. His wife was born in the Township of Chatham and was never out of the County of Kent.—Toronto Globe.

## Henri De Blowitz.

Henri De Blowitz, the great critic and correspondent of the London Times, who apprehends a general war among the nations of civilization and whose opinion finds response in Downing street, is probably the greatest of newspaper writers in Europe. M. De Blowitz, although derived from Jewish stock, is a Roman Catholic in faith and most devout in his practices. He began his journalistic career as a contributor to the Gazette du Midi and to La Decentralisation. From July, 1871, begins his association with the London Times, and since that time he has represented "The Thunderer" in Paris. His opinions upon continental politics derive their value from his intimate friendship with leading ministers and diplomats and his 30 years' record for never having betrayed a confidence. —Ex.