

The War in Alder Gulch

Any one unfamiliar with Alder gulch who drives along the excellent wagon road which now leads from the railroad station at Alder to the old-time capital of Montana, Virginia City, cannot help but notice the Chinese cabins which are alongside the road, and if the time be the place season he will see an industrious little band of Celestials at work near each of the two groups of cabins. A little further up the gulch he will see the ruins of several other shacks, and they will, in all probability, be passed by with but scant interest. But these spots have a history and right here was fought one of the fiercest little battles ever fought in Montana. The casualties were not very heavy—there were but a few deaths ever reported—but for noise and determination to accomplish something the battle had but few equals, considering the number of belligerents engaged.

It was in the fall months of either '79 or '80 that this fight occurred, and it is today referred to by the residents of Alder gulch as the "China war." The mention of the war brings back the memory of one of the liveliest days that old Alder had experienced since the time when necktie parties with road agents as the guests of honor were in vogue. The day was a pretty one. During that afternoon some of the residents whose ears were sharp thought they heard the rumble of musketry from a distance, but little attention was paid to the thought. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon a resident of the Ruby valley, with face blanched with terror and riding a horse white with foam, galloped into town and to the sheriff's office and reported that the Chinese in the gulch were murdering one another; that they had formed in battle array and that they had been shooting at one another for hours. During a lull in the fighting he had galloped through the firing line and had ridden as fast as his horse could carry him to Virginia. As he galloped along the road he saw the bodies of two dead Chinamen and he could hear the groans of the wounded as he passed the China cabins. He said there were nearly 20 ranchers hung up near the mouth of Alder canyon waiting for an opportunity to come to Virginia. This messenger stated that he had watched the opposing factions fight for a considerable time; they did not appear to care how they shot or whether they shot at anything or not, their idea apparently being to make as much noise as possible, for the majority of the rifles were discharged in the air. A Chinaman would rush out from some convenient cover with a loaded rifle in his hands give a few yells of defiance, empty the magazine of the rifle as fast as he could work the lever, sending the bullets in almost any old direction—friends and foes being equally in danger—then, with a whoop, he would run to a safe hiding place and reload his rifle, only to repeat his performance when his courage rose to the exploding point again.

At that time M. D. Platner was sheriff of Madison county. He quickly summoned his deputies, organized a posse of lads who could be depended upon and hurried to the battle ground. Arriving there it was found that the battle was over and neither side knew anything about the individuals who did the killing. Each blamed the other, and their dullness of comprehension and inability to understand the questions put to them by the sheriff were truly remarkable. Strange as it may seem, the two dead Chinamen were both killed with knife wounds, although the group of farmers awaiting at the mouth of the gulch asserted that more than 2,000 shots were fired by the opposing factions during the course of the battle. However, after considerable parleying and some fine detective work on the part of the deputies, the ring-leaders were located and a number of them were arrested and lodged in the county jail at Virginia City.

The affair was finally sifted down until only one faction was to blame and several men from this faction were bound over to the grand jury. Eminent counsel was engaged by both sides. Sam Ward, now of Helena, was one of the counsel retained by the prosecution and former Chief Justice H. N. Blake was counsel for the defense. At the first grand jury which convened in Virginia City thereafter the case of the accused Chinamen was brought before it. The case was carefully investigated and no true bill was returned. E. J. Conger, now of Dillon, was the judge presiding over the district, which was then the first judicial district of the territory of Montana, and he

would not accept the decision of the jury. He argued that two men had been killed and it was the duty of the grand jury to find out who was responsible for the crime. The old grand jury was discharged and a new one convened, some of the prominent men then of the county being its members. After careful deliberation an indictment for murder in the first degree was found against two of the accused Chinamen and the others were discharged.

When the prisoners came up for trial jurors who had no conscientious scruples against hanging Chinamen were at a premium. The general sentiment of the community was expressed by one man who, when asked if he had any such scruples, responded, "No, I would be willing to help hang every last one of them there is in the county." He was promptly excused.

After several hundred talesmen had been examined a jury was secured and the case went to trial. The verdict of the jury was murder in the first degree. The term of court at which the Chinamen were tried will long be remembered in Virginia City as at it the last murderer to be convicted of murder in the first degree and hanged in Virginia City was sentenced to death at the same time as were the Chinamen. His name was Douglass and his crime was the cruel murder of a woman named Alice Earp. He and the Chinamen were condemned to die on the same gallows at the same time by Judge Conger, but Judge Blake took the case of his clients, the Chinamen, to a higher court and obtained a new trial. Later on the prisoners were brought to trial for their lives for the second time. The weight of the evidence hinged on the position of certain wounds on the body of one of the murdered men and the grave was opened for the purpose of making an examination of the body. The coffin was found to be empty, the body having been spirited away. This cadaver was the main evidence of the prosecution, and as it could not be produced the second trial of the Chinamen resulted in an acquittal.

A year or two ago Bob Conway and William Vanderbeck discovered the skeleton of the missing Chinaman in a prospect hole at the head of Water gulch. The wounds of the body corresponded to the wounds which gave the Chinaman, killed in the war of 22 years ago, his death, and there is little doubt that the body that disappeared from the grave on Cemetery hill was the skeleton found in the prospect hole a few years ago.

But from the time the war occurred the Chinamen began to diminish in Alder gulch. Then there were nearly 200 at work in the placer mines, and now there are less than 10. The trial cost both factions hundreds of dollars and the white men discouraged additions to the Chinese colonies. Years ago there was always a Chinese funeral following every Chinese New Year's, but now there are not enough of the Mongolians left in Alder gulch to spare one for the annual feast on chicken bones which meant a fatal result to at least one Chinik each year.—Anaconda Standard.

Cause of Popularity.

He who tells the story is the owner of a blue-ribbon St. Bernard dog, a masterly fellow, and winner of admiration as well as prizes. Last summer the dog went with his master and family to a fashionable resort, and was there the center of undiminished interest throughout the season. "It was the most delightful summer we ever spent," recited the teller of the story and the owner of the dog the other day, "and the people were the nicest as a whole we had ever met. Our popularity with the summer colony was most marked and when the time came to depart it was with no end of sorrow that we began to make our adieux. Naturally, it filled us with a good deal of pride to think that those with whom we had sojourned should wish we were not going to leave them. But our vanity was short-lived. There came a shock which set us all to thinking and wondering as to whom the credit for our prestige was due. It happened when a bright-faced, breezy little girl of 18, who was wont to express her sentiments without reserve, came to say good-bye.

"Don't tell me you are going away?" she negatively queried in a depressed tone of voice, and we began to feel that from her we were to get the most genuine expression of regret of the colony.

"Yes," I replied. "We have to go back to the city now, but we live in hope of seeing our very dear friends

up here again in the near future." "Oh," she continued, "I hate to have you go—indeed, indeed I do—for we certainly will miss your dog."—Washington Star.

Coolness Killed Love.

Patrons of the Irving Palace Theatre are much interested in the coming engagement of the celebrated actor Ferdinand Bonn, who will make his first bow to an audience in this country at the Irving Palace soon. Also there is considerable curiosity over the personality of the young player who has won distinction in European capitals.

Naturally many stories are told about him, and Manager Conried, of the Irving Place, repeats some of them for the gratification of those who seek knowledge of the man.

Bonn comes of good family in Munich. In early life he fell into the habit of writing poetry, to the annoyance of his family, who intended that he should become a lawyer.

It is related of him that during his compulsory service in the army, when he was also supposed to be studying law, he gave far more time to writing sketches of his companions in the military service and met with greater success in this line than any other.

He wanted to go on the stage. His family viewed the idea with abhorrence. At twenty he fell in love with a singer, devoted so much time to her that he failed in his law examinations, then started in to become an actor. After a course of dramatic study under Ernest von Possart, he made his debut in Nuernberg in 1885.

It is reported that when a skin-grafting operation was necessary to save a son of King Ludwig of Bavaria, Bonn, then playing at the Theatre, was one of the six young men who submitted to the ordeal. The others were Count Mooy and four students of the Kopek, Bavaria.

The actor, it is told, was riding one day with Duke Max Emanuel and a party, when the Duke complimented him on his horsemanship. At this one of the company remarked:

"Actors get as big salaries as generals for making a few grimaces."

A high stone wall flanked the road, and pointing to it Bonn said to the officer who had sneered at him:

"Can you take that leap?"

The officer put his horse at the fence and cleared it easily. Bonn was close behind him.

"Now," said the actor, "I've shown that I can ride as well as you can; you come to the theatre tonight and try to play Hamlet as well as I can."

Another story of the actor is that while at the Court theatre in Munich a princess, the King's granddaughter, fell in love with him and he with her. A secret meeting was arranged with the aid of a lady-in-waiting, and after that the two young persons corresponded regularly, but for two years did not meet. Then at a reception given by the British Ambassador, which Bonn attended to play a violin solo, he was formally presented to the Princess. She, however, treated him so coolly that it ended the romance.

Subsequently the Princess's relatives learned of the early secret meeting and the correspondence. The lady-in-waiting was sent from court in disgrace and the actor was put under pledge never to address the Princess again.—New York World.

Baby in Court.

Mount Holly, N. J., March 29.—Mrs. Mabel Penton Haines, on trial here for the alleged murder of her step-daughter Gwendoline, gained added hope today from the increased interest shown in her baby son, who played as usual about the court room. With his chubby hands clasped behind his back the little fellow wandered up and down before the jury box in an unconscious imitation of Justice Garrison, who has this habit when wearied with long sitting. The keen-eyed toddler had watched him and the little brain had absorbed every detail of stride and pose.

Men smiled and women giggled. Even the stern justice, one of the most rigid disciplinarians on the New Jersey bench and a stickler for court etiquette, smiled grimly down upon his tiny imitator. It was a small incident in itself, but it marked another breach in the popular prejudice against the accused woman, and showed how marvellously this winsome child is working unconsciously for his mother.

Kaiser's Relative.

Cincinnati, March 29.—Herman Bergman, who belongs to one of the most noble families in Germany, is a patient in the workhouse hospital suffering from typhoid fever.

Bergman's father is the State Secretary of the Free City and State of Hamburg, Germany, and the son says he is distantly related to the German Emperor.

The sum of 725 marks (\$145) is awaiting Bergman in New York to pay his passage to Hamburg, but be-

fore he can get it he must serve a sentence equivalent to \$50 and costs which he received in a police court on the charge of loitering. There is little doubt, however, that he will get his freedom as soon as he is able to travel.

Bergman came to America about a year ago. He could speak English fluently and thought he would have no trouble in making money. He had a hard struggle for a while and then obtained employment in a baking powder house in Cleveland. The salary was very small and he gave up the work and came to Cincinnati. Here he was charged with telegraphing over another man's signature for money. The charge was not pressed, but Bergman was held on the charge of loitering and fined \$50.

In the police court Bergman was sent to the workhouse upon his inability to pay the fine and the costs. He was put through the processes that greet the introduction of a "fresh fish" at the works. His blond hair was clipped close, and he was attired in the regulation striped suit. He was then put to work in the brush shop. His delicate hands were not accustomed to such labor, but he did the best he could.

Shortly after his arrival at the workhouse he was stricken with typhoid fever. Before this, however, he wrote to his father that he was sick in a hospital in Cincinnati and that he wanted to return home. He realized that if his father knew that he was confined in the workhouse he would renounce him immediately, as he is proud, haughty and very solicitous for the welfare of the family name.

However, the father's heart was stirred by the appeal of the son to help him, and he accordingly sent money to his brother, F. Bergman, who is the manager of the Du Murr Chemical Company, at No. 111 West Forty-second street, New York. This money is there now, and the uncle of the prisoner is waiting for the latter to put in his appearance so that he can send him across the sea to the fatherland.

Bergman does not want his relatives to hear of his disgrace, and he deeply regrets the rashness which led him into such serious trouble. He says that if he is liberated upon his evidence of his parent's good standing and affluence he will make every effort to get out of Cincinnati as early as possible. An investigation which has been made shows that his story is true in every particular. The board of police commissioners will likely take some cognizance of the case.

No Scandal.

Copenhagen, March 29.—In an interview today on Congressman Richardson's resolution for a committee to investigate Capt. Christmas's charges in connection with the negotiations for the sale of the Danish West Indies, a high official said:

"Neither Christmas nor Gron was ever given credentials as agents for the sale of the Danish West Indies. They never negotiated with Washington and have in no way influenced the negotiations. These were conducted through Laurits S. Swenson, the United States minister here, and Constantia Brun, the Danish minister at Washington. The Danish government is under no obligation to any private persons in connection with the sale. Hence no commission is due or will be paid.

"The alleged scandal is the result of a quarrel between Christmas and Gron. The latter claimed he affected the sale and wanted a commission. Christmas made a similar claim, accompanied by a confidential report to the Danish government, containing statements regarding bribery, etc., as recently published in Washington.

"Most of the report was printed by the Danish press some time ago. Gron, seeing it was hopeless to expect a commission, started for Washington with Christmas's report in his pocket, boasting to the anti-sale advocates here that he would be re-vengeful by influencing congress to decline to pass the appropriation for the purchase of the islands.

"Before the negotiations began Christmas and Gron tried to become connected with the matter as agents. The then premier, Dr. Hoerring, gave them some encouragement, and private parties favoring the sale furnished small amounts for their traveling expenses.

"Dr. Hoerring was indiscreet. He discussed a commission, but bribery was not suggested. He and the other parties speedily discovered that they had been imposed upon and broke off their connection with Christmas and Gron, considering them to be without influence.

"Christmas has now been forced to declare that his report of bribery was false."

New York, May 1.—The cruiser Brooklyn has returned to this port from the Philippines.

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