REPORTER'S DEATH WARRAN

Ferreting Out Mysterious Murders Was His Fort.

Last Article Was Accurate for the Reason That He Himself Was the Murderer.

"It was in the north some years ago,' emarked the chief reporter. "We had man on the paper who was simply a crank on homicides, and he was more than a mere reporter, for he had detective talent of the highest order. He didn't care much for the common crimes-burglaries, larcenies and suchbut give him a good mysterious murder and he was splendid. Not only did he have the history of all , the famous murders at his fingers' ends, but he delighted in ferreting out the most mysterious crimes that came within our province. In every case except the me I am telling about and there was good many crimes in that town-he raced out the murderer before the deectives even dreamed of his identity.

"I have since thought the secret of his success was that he put himself mentally in the place of the murderer, and reasoned it out from motives rather than from the clews' of the ordinary letective.

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" 'There is seldom much method in nurder,' he once said to me, when in a rarely communicative mood. 'Most men would commit it in about the same way under the same circumstances. It s only when a murderer goes about it systematically, as do the thugs in india, that a murder becomes truly

mysterious.' "I once asked him why he did not become a regular detective.

" 'I was born and bred a journalist,' he said, the habit is too strong to

"That was literally true in his case. Otherwise I might not have to tell this

"One morning the body of a fine tooking man was found in an alley adjoining the electric light works, in the very heart of the town. The afternoon papers had a chance at it, but didn't make much of it, so I at once assigned t to Jones-as we will call him. Although he did not show up at the usual hour, I had no doubt he was already at work on it, as it was as mysterious a ase as even he could desire.

"The victim was identified as a traveler, who had just arrived, and, so far as known, he had no friends or acquaintmees in the town. It was not a case he head, and a small, needle-like hole have been committed in a public thor-

"But these difficulties were only such as would ordinarily put Jones on his once happy home. mettle, so I did not doubt that he would

without a word.

"I did not see him again that evensomething having happened to him, lever occurred to me. Finally, after his own heart alone. an hour had gone by, I telephoned to his face flushed. He had evidently been drinking heavily-something I never knew him to do before-but Tather he was not drunk; rather, he seemed at high nervous tension, alhough outwardly as calm as ever.

"I decided to let this breach of dishadn't written it.

"Well, get to work on it at once,

said, rather sharply. 'Then he really surprised me by saying that he had nothing to write beond the bare facts already nown. police had developed nothing new, and he supposed that I had rant for your own arrest, I said. worked up the story from the evening

angrily. 'As for the reports in the evening papers, you can "fake" a better story than they had.'

He sat down, in apparent despair, at his desk. Then I relented and cajoled him a little, begging him not to spoil his great record by failing on such a case.

" 'There's a starter for you, ' I said, throwing him the article I had commenced. 'Now go ahead and fill that

out with a column description of the

" 'I haven't even visited it,' he replied. Nevertheless, he picked up the pages and read them as if impelled by some hateful fascination. Then he took up his pen and made a few minor corrections. Then, as if totally oblivi-

ous to my presence, he began to write. As sheet after sheet fell from under his fingers, I snatched them up, read them hurriedly and shot them up to the composing room. I read rapidly, taking but small account of the matter as long as it ran smoothly, while I had too much confidence in him to question the accuracy of his statements. I only realized that he was writing a great account-the greatest he had ever written. He seemed inspired with the very innermost thoughts of the murder, and under his touch every trivial incident came out with distinctness and coherency that made the cause and method of the crime perfectly plain.

"First he described the scene with accuracy of detail that would have been imposible for one who had not studied it closely. The selection of the spot was explained by the fact that the bright electric light, streaming through the windows of the engine house, made it impossible for the passer-by to see into the shadows. Thus, while impenetrable darkness screened the assas sin, the rattle and roar of the machinery near by drowned all sound of the struggleror the falling body.

"The blow on the head, he demonstrated, must have been from a stick, while the wound through the heart could only have been made by one of those fong, fine bladed stilettoes of Italian make. Furthermore, the fact that this peculiar weapon was driven home with a firm hand, after the victim had been stunned by a blow on the head, indicated premeditated and deliberate murder, while the theory of robbery was disproved by the fact that imposing polysyllables which they the man's valuables had been untouched. The only tenable theory, therefore, was that the motive of the murder was revenge.

"A more masterly analysis of a case I never read, but here he branched off thim." A landlord in the south of Ire into what I at first supposed to be pure- land recently received a letter from a ly imaginary speculations as to the tenant in the following terms: wrong which had led the murderer to seek the life of the unknown man. These seemed purposely vague at first, of robbery, for all his money and valu- but gathered in strength and certainty, ables were left on his body. There until I concluded that he must have was a slight contusion on the back of some good foundation for them. Starting with hypotheses, he soon began to through the man's heart. It was espe- state them as facts. He described how cially strange that such a crime could the dead man, a once trusted friend, had entered the home of another; how oughfare, while there was absolutely by subtle wiles and deceit he had stolen of doughnuts and petrified pies under no clew to the murderer or his motive. the love of the wife; then followed an glass shades-I am reminded of a queer elopement and the breaking up of that little incident that occurred several

"He told with the bitterness of truth have a good account of the affair. I how the scoundrel had deserted the New Orleans from the northwest, and was therefore somewhat surprised when erring woman and left her to perish he came sneaking in about 6 o'clock in alone; how the idea of revenge had the evening to see what his assignment filled the mind of the wronged husband; hunch-counter as I have described, and was. He looked worn and haggard, how, himself unseen, he had followed when I took possession of one of the but denied that he was ill, so I gave every movement of the intended victim him the murder job. He went out for months and carefully plotted his destruction; how he had decoyed the doomed man to the town, and to the ng. About midnight I began to won- very spot where the murder was comler why I had not heard from him, but mited, and how he had destroyed the only speculated on the possibility of only clews—a couple of letters in the pockets of the dead man- and finally for the idea that he could possibly tail made his own escape, the secret safe in

the police station. Word came back through the conviction forced itself coal-black negro came sauntering in and that there were no new developments upon me that this was the absolute in the case, and that Jones had not truth. If the writer himself had combeen there. Sending two men out to mitted the deed he could not have bunt him up, I set to work myself to described it more graphically. Sud- glances of indignation, but he was a make a story of the murder from the denly the thought flashed over me-

glanced at Jones apprehensively. He shoulder, was writing rapidly-fiercely. His eyes were fixed, but he seemed to be looking through and beyond the paper across which his pen flew, at something fascinating-terrible! When he finsipline pass, and merely asked him for ished it was with a start, as if waking is murder story. He replied that he from a trance. I glanced at the last page, where was final confirmation of my fears.

"Good heavens, Jones, is this

true?' I managed to say. " 'Every word of it, as I live,' he replied, firmly, if faintly.

"Then you have written the war-"His head dropped on his desk, but

he said not a word. Jones, said I, finally shaking

you wait for the police to develop a him by the shoulder to arouse him to I'll miss you and accidentally hit the it's worse to lie than to steal. If you murder case for you?' I exclaimed an understanding of my meaning, nigger; see? Go ahead now and cut steal a thing, you can take it back, 'enough to hang you is already in type; loose.' in an hour the papers will be on the streets; in another hour the police will be after you. Go make the most didn't donot his marksmanship, but I face-"a lie is forever,"-Ex. of your start."

> "It was as I predicted," said the chief reporter, after a pause. Before daylight a detective called on me to air. Before the train started I encounascertain the source of that story. I simply pointed to Jones' name on the book and they went after him."

"Did they catch 'him?" asked the other, eagerly.

"They found him in his room, with a stiletto through his heart, " said the

chief reporter. Ex.

Sure Enough.

A busy merchant who had not taken vacation for years in which time every other member of his family had enjoyed an annual outing, concluded to give himself a rest of a week or two and started for the mountains,

When about a day's journey from nome, he received a telegram from his wife to this effect:

Dear Frank-Our home was entirely destroyed by fire last night. The children and I escaped unharmed. Come MARIA home at once.

To this, after reflecting a moment, ie replied as follows:

Dear Maria-What is the use of coming home when there is no home to come to? Take the children to mother's, stay there with them till I join you and don't worry. Affection, FRANK. ately

-Youth's Companion.

The Irish Peasant.

The Irish peasant is still, thank heaven, what Sir Walter Scott called him after the visit of the great novelist to Ifeland in the early thirties-he is still "the gayest fellow in the world under difficulties and afflictions." He has a cheerful way of regarding circumstances which to others would be most unpleasant and disheartening. A peasant met with an accident which resulted in a broken leg. The neighbors of course commiserated him. 'Arrah,'' he remarked, with a gleam of satisfaction in his eye as he regarded the bandaged limb, "what a blessing it is that it wasn't me neck. "

The peasants' passion for rhetoric still induces them to commit to memory often misapply, with the most amusing and grotesque results. I heard a nursemaid exclaim at a crying child in her arms, "Well, of all the ecclesiastical children I ever met vou're wan of

Yer Honor-Hopin this finds you in good health, as it laves me at present, your bulldog Bill has assassinated me poor ould donkey. - Ex.

Wanted to Be Insulted.

Whenever I see a regulation rail way lunch counter," said a man at the Texas & Pacific depot-"I mean one of the kind with high stools and stacks years ago at Texarkana.

"I was on the train coming down to we stopped at the place to get supper. The depot was provided with such a stools I found myself next to a typical cowboy, with wide white sombrero, teather leggings, enormous spurs and a pair of big six-shooters hanging low down over his hips. A livid scar, evidently the result of a knife would, ran from the corner of his eye to the angle of his jaw, and his whole appearance was so sinister and forbidding that I edged instinctively as far away as I "As I read this remarkable tale could get. A few minutes later a big, deliberately seated himself on one of the stools at the other side. The passengers who were eating exchanged vicious looking fellow and nobody alternoon papers. Just then Jones could be describe such a crime thus cared to invite certain trouble by orderame in. His step was unsteady and without having, in fact, committed it? ing him out. Presently the tough cow-"We were alone in the room, I boy leaned over and tapped me on the

" 'Scuse me, stranger," he said in a boarse whisper, 'but will you please call me a -- liar?

"What!' I exclaimed in amaze-

" 'I want ter git you to call me a - liar, if y' don't mind, he repeated, still in a whisper; beller it right out so as everybody kin hear!'

"But why should I call you that?" I asked, beginning to doubt his sanity. " 'Well, I tell y', ' he replied earnestly, as soon as you do, I'll rip and cuss some, and then I'll take out my gun and take a shot at you.'

"Take a shot at me?' I said, in "Yes, ' said he, 'but it's all right-

assured him that I liked the idea, and there was a look of awe in the little was a little nervous about firearms, and -well, I hardly know what I said but could and made a bee line for the outer corner remarked : tered the cowboy on the platform. He was looking gloomy,

" "You didn't get a chance to put your little scheme in execution?' I remarked inquiringly.

" 'No, doggone the luck!' he replied. I couldn't get a single white man to insult me. "- Picayune.

Kills the Song.

Clifton Bingham, the author of "In Old Madrid," "Love's Old Sweet Song" and "The Dear Homeland," Song" and "The Dear Holleton, once said: "The moment a song is put kon territory. Third st., opp. A. C. C. comes tremedously popular. You hear it everywhere. Every boy hums it as he goes to school. It is played in every street. But my publisher shakes his head sadly when that day comes. It is generally the beginning of the end-a boom which dies away. People get tired of hearing the same song wherever they go, whatever the song may be, and the song of the barrel organ is not welcome in the drawing room. So that the putting of a song on the street organs means a fleeting fame, and then-well, too often an utter relapse and complete objivion."

The Lie Eternal.

A little girl cause in her nightclothes ery early to her mother one morning, aying, "Which is the worst, mamma, to tell a lie or steal?" The mother replied that both were so bad she couldn't tell which was worse. "Well," said the little one, "I've been thinking a good deal about it, and I've concluded

'less you've eaten it, and if you've "I begged hastily to be excused. I eaten it you can pay for it. But"-and

An old gentleman when passing a I gulped down my coffee as quick as I little boy selling newspapers at a street

> "Are you not afraid you will catch cold on such a wet night, my little

> "Oh, no," replied the boy; "selling newspapers keeps up the circulation, sir. ''-Ex.

Candies for the Millions.

I have enough candies, nuts, mand toys to supply the whole population, of the Yukon country. My stock is com-plete. Plenty of Lowney's chocolate and Gunther's bon bons in any quantity; cigars by the box. Bring your friends and as I am a Missourian, I will show you the finest store in the Yukon territory.

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Hay and oats at Meeker's:

Notice is hereby given that a list of all placer mining claims in the Yukon territory which were sold at public auction and which have not been taken up, is being prepared for publication at once, and after the first publication thereof no grant will be issued, undersuch sale as aforesaid, for any claim so advertised. All purchasers are, therefore, notified to apply for their grants immediately, . LANGLOIS BELL, (Signed)

Assistant Gold Commissioner.
Dated at Dawson this 14 day of December, 1900.

Celery at Meeker's.

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