

THE REVOLUTIONARY DAYS

When Every Man Was a Hero and Woman a Heroine

Brave Jane Hillard Won a Great Victory for the Continental Army

From Wednesday's Daily.

During the Revolutionary war many deeds of valor were performed by people whose names have never been heard of by the present generation, but whose daring acts did much to foster the cause of liberty. The Hillards were a well known family in the vicinity of Philadelphia, and while they had never been discovered in direct communication with the Continental army it was fairly understood among the British troops that they were using their influence to aid the colonists.

"I should like nothing better," an English officer was saying, "than to capture one of that family, march him to headquarters and make him give an account of himself."

"Perhaps," a fellow officer returned, "you would not enjoy the capture of the young daughter of the household, who, it is said, is afraid of nothing this side of the sea. It is said that she is one of the most expert horsewomen in the colonies and is out scouring the country over at daybreak and does not return till dark."

"It is neither prudent nor womanly," replied another, "and if I can once get sight of her I'll give the damsel such a scare that she'll be glad to stay at home with her spinning."

Jane Hillard, a beautiful girl of 15, was standing at her horse's side, patting its glossy neck, while her mother was saying:

"I like not the thought of your going so far from home alone when the country round is infested with British soldiers."

"Why, mother," laughed the girl as she sprang into the saddle, "I know every inch of the ground as well as I know our own dooryard. And what can happen to me? There is no horse so fleet as mine, and I promise to take good care of myself." And, giving the mare a touch with her whip, she went flying down the driveway toward the public road.

Jane rode along the smooth highway, every now and then looking over her shoulder to see whether any had noticed her during her swift trip. And at last, when she came to a large clump of elder bushes, she reined in the mare, raised herself in the saddle and gazed in all directions. Seeing no one, she gave three short whistles, which were at once answered. She then started the horse and in a moment had reached a thick underbrush a few rods off the public road. A young man came forward, raised his cap respectfully and said:

"Good day, Mistress Hillard. You are prompt in keeping an appointment."

"Good day, sir," she answered quickly. "I am glad I have not kept you waiting, though," she added, "I came near not being here at all. This day of all others my mother objected to my riding. The country is filled with soldiers, and she was afraid harm might come to me."

"Does she know of this meeting?" the man asked quickly.

"No one knows of it," the girl replied, "and I am sure I have not been noticed on my way here."

"That is well," her companion answered. "I am trusting you with a most important message which must be in the hands of General Washington within 12 hours. If it is discovered, it means death to me and confusion to our troops. You are in great danger carrying it." And he hesitated a moment before placing in her hands, which were outstretched eagerly, a neatly corded packet. "But I see no other way," he added, and, handing it to the girl, he was soon out of sight. Jane placed the precious message within her riding cap and had gone but a short distance when, on looking over her shoulder, great was her consternation to discover in the distance a party of English officers.

Jane Hillard was a brave girl, but her heart sank as she thought of the important letter intrusted to her, all that it meant to the Continental army if it were discovered and what would be her probable fate if she were made a prisoner of war. She put the spurs to her horse, and then began a ride which was an important one for the cause of liberty. On they went, the girl urging the mare over the uneven road, well knowing that one misstep meant certain capture and probable death, while the redcoats followed with wonderful speed.

"We are gaining!" cried one. "I'll wager that at the next turn of the road we shall catch her."

The men fairly flew over the road to the point beyond the bend where they expected to capture Mistress Hillard, and great was their surprise to discover that she was not only beyond their reach, but that she had completely disappeared. The men who had regarded the race as simply a joke to frighten

the girl now vowed to anna her and take her before the commandant.

"We'll ride right to her father's door, and the one who finds her and brings her before the officer of the day shall receive a liberal reward."

Jane Hillard spoke truly when she said she knew the country around, and when she saw that the British were in pursuit of her she decided on a desperate move. At a point hidden from the highway she vaulted her horse over the hedge, turned down the edge of a creek, and by the time her disappearance was discovered she was carefully skirting her way through her father's orchard. In a few moments she was galloping over the grass at the edge of the driveway and soon arrived at the Hillard homestead.

No one was in sight, and the girl hastily sprang from the saddle, opened the door and, leading her horse into the kitchen, securely fastened the great bar across the entrance. With great caution she led the mare through the living room, down the wide hall and the length of the state parlor into a little bedroom. She closed every door behind her, and when she took the horse into the sleeping room she quite filled the space between the enormous bed and the old-fashioned, dimly draped dressing table.

"There!" she whispered, unfastening the saddle girth. "The redcoats won't get us this time, my girl."

In the meantime the officers rode up the lane to the Hillard mansion, carefully looking for tracks in the dust, and one man knocked at the kitchen door so loudly with his riding whip that Mrs. Hillard hastily answered the summons, coming out of the cellar, where she had been assisting the maids in skimming the cream.

"We are looking," said the man, "for a maiden who rides about the country on a bay mare. She is, I believe, your daughter, madam."

"My daughter!" stammered Mrs. Hillard. "What can you possibly want of her?"

"We believe," went on the officer, "that she is carrying treasonable messages to the Continental army."

"Why, sirs," cried the mother, "you are greatly mistaken. Jane is but a child, and she knows no more of the ways of war than yonder lamb."

"Know you where she is at present?" one of them asked.

"She left the house an hour ago," was the reply, "and I expect her home at any moment."

"Well, madam," said the first speaker, "if you will assure me that she is doing no mischief and promise me that she holds no communication with the Continentals, we will bid you good afternoon."

"I will also promise you," returned Mrs. Hillard, "that hereafter she shall do her riding on her own estate, and I pledge you my honor that she has not nor shall she hold any communication with the Continental army."

There was great consternation in the household when Jane led her horse from out the best bedroom and told the story of her flight and her manner of escape.

Late that night, when all the household was asleep, a little figure stole out and in a few seconds placed in the hands of the waiting messenger a packet, which was in the possession of General Washington before dawn. And that day the Continental army gained a great victory.

Several months afterward General Washington took dinner with the Hillard family, making the journey out of Philadelphia to personally thank the young girl who had risked so much for the cause so dear to her heart, her astonished family then hearing of it for the first time. The commander in chief of the army also wrote Jane Hillard a letter, which he signed, "Your faithful friend, G. Washington."

The Hillard mansion is yet standing, and in the best bedroom and on the threshold of the state parlor are still to be seen the hoof marks of the faithful horse that carried the messenger when Jane Hillard risked so much for the cause of liberty.—Troy Northern Budget.

Big Insurance Deal.

Indianapolis, Ind., Jan. 1.—A deal in which about \$50,000,000 of accident insurance capital is involved, and which is considered one of the largest consolidations ever effected in this country, was consummated here today. By its terms the Railway Officials' and Employees' Accident Association of this city, the Metropolitan Accident Insurance Company of Chicago, the Northwestern Benevolent Society and the Continental Insurance Company are consolidated under the title of the Continental Casualty Company.

The Railway Officials' and Employees' Accident Association has confined its business to insuring railway employees against accident, but the new company will go into the general field of health and accident insurance. No change will be made in the policies already issued by any of the companies affected by the combination.

Gaming Resorts Closed.

New York, Jan. 1.—The Evening Telegram says:

With the end of the century Mayor Van Wyck took steps toward putting an end to gambling, and practically every gaming resort in this city is

closed today. The mayor ordered that this be done, and Chief of Police Devery promptly obeyed the mandate. He issued instructions to his captains late last night, and the keepers of the various establishments were given the tip that this time there was to be "no fooling."

Police Commissioner Hess' term of office expired at noon today. Mayor Van Wyck, however, has given assurance to the friends of Mr. Hess that he will continue a member of the present board, at least for the time being. This retention of Commissioner Hess is understood to be equivalent to an announcement from Mayor Van Wyck that he will not interfere to bring about the retirement of Chief of Police Devery.

Bondsman Will Settle.

Altoona, Pa., Jan. 1.—On a confessed defalcation of between \$30,000 and \$40,000, the county commissioners have agreed to accept \$25,000 from Tax Receiver James H. McCullough's bondsman, and call his accounts square.

He owes \$25,000 on his 1898 duplicates, and \$5,000 on his 1899 duplicates. These amounts include the sum total of his peculations. The compromise was effected yesterday, after several conferences had been held by the bondsman, commissioners and attorneys. The bondsman are to pay \$12,500 for 1898, and the same amount for 1899, the commissioners claiming McCullough's duplicates are square up to and including 1897.

Although McCullough is still missing he is not likely to escape punishment, as one of his bondsmen proposes to offer a reward for his apprehension.

Preferred the Knife.

Boise, Idaho, Jan. 1.—Edward Rice, a murderer under sentence of death, attempted to commit suicide in his cell in the penitentiary. He cut a gash ten inches long across his throat, severing the wind pipe. The wheezing sound made by the wind passing through the wound attracted the attention of a guard. The man is in a critical condition.

Rice was convicted of the murder of Matt Mailey in Wallace in October last, and was to have been hanged yesterday, but an appeal stayed the execution.

Shot by Footpads.

New Orleans, La., Jan. 1.—Dr. James Gibbons, one of the ambulance students of the Charity hospital, and a nephew of Cardinal Gibbons, died today of wounds received last night. He was on his way home, about midnight, when two men attempted to rob him. Before he could comply with the demand to hold up his hands one of the men shot him in the groin, and both then ran away. Dr. Gibbons pursued the men until loss of blood caused him to desist.

St. Louis Crook Killed.

St. Louis, Jan. 1.—While attempting to force an entrance into Cole Brothers' lightning rod warehouse last night Thomas Walker, alias Skinny, alias Drake, well known to the police as a crook, was shot and killed almost instantly by Harry F. Kretzer, who used a riot gun. Mr. Kretzer, who was taken to the Four Courts and later released on \$10,000 bonds, says the warehouse of Cole Brothers had been robbed 14 times in the past two years and considerable valuable material taken.

Onions to Burn.

"This is an exceptional winter in Dawson in respect to the food supply, especially as it applies to perishables, said a well known dealer yesterday in speaking of matters pertaining to his business.

Heretofore the winters have witnessed a shortage in perishables especially in the vegetable line, and last winter the restaurants were serving evaporated goods or charging extra for the fresh vegetables when they could be had.

"This winter there is a plenty of first class green vegetables, such as potatoes, turnips and onions, and especially the latter, of which there is such a surplus that the prediction is safe that several tons will be carted out and dumped on the ice.

"At present they are retailing at 16 cents, but the sales are very light.

"Potatoes are going at from 11 to 13 cents, and probably all that are on the market will be consumed, although there will be no shortage. To show the proportion in which these vegetables are used, I will say that against the two tons of potatoes which I carry I have about 100 pounds of onions and am glad I haven't any more."

The fire never touched us. We are doing more business than ever. Murphy Bros., butchers.

Cyrus Noble whisky. Rochester.

Films of all kinds at Goetzman's.

Pop-corn popped at Meeker's.

Hay and oats 10 cents, job lots that must be sold. Brien & Clemmets, Second avenue.

CREEK NOTES.

Mr. John King, of 60 above Bonanza, is in town on business this week.

Mr. T. L. Jones, engineer on the Smith-Quiner claim on Gold Hill, is down with pneumonia.

Mr. Roscoe Green, one of Grand Forks' enterprising business men, made a flying trip to Dawson last Tuesday.

Mr. Tom Jones, of 22 below Bonanza roadhouse has decided to give his friends and patrons a swell time on Friday evening, February 1st.

A lady on Bonanza has just received a letter from her home in Montana dated December 24th, saying: "It is so above zero today and not a bit of snow this winter."

Mrs. David McGaechon, of Monte Cristo gulch, sustained injuries last Friday by a cave-in while taking out some old timbers, which will lay him up for some time.

JUST A BIT OF LIFE.

A Pathetic Incident of the Pawnshops in the Metropolis.

Sneaking into a small shop in an obscure and poverty ridden locality, the man who "went broke" at the races was realizing on a superfluous article of jewelry. A woman so poor and pinched in feature, so marked with care and desperation that it made him feel sick to look at her, was holding something under her shawl and waiting nervously until he should have finished his transaction.

"Wait on her. She seems to be in a hurry," he said to the man behind the counter, and at the word of permission a carpenter's plane was produced from the shelter of the shawl.

"How much do you want?" queried the unmoved pawnbroker monotonously.

"Fifty cents," replied the woman, with a gulping in her throat and an eager look in her eyes. She clutched the money tightly and ran into another creature, poor as herself, but bearing her troubles in duller fashion. She had a baby's cloak, never costly and much worn, on which she wanted to borrow money, the same sum as the other woman had asked for.

The man who had been offering a diamond felt uncomfortable. "There, give me \$50. The stone's worth four times as much." And, seizing the money, he hurried after the woman who had just left the shop. He was not given to acts of charity, and he felt awkward, the more so as the woman shrank from him as he accosted her.

"I beg your pardon," he began, "but here's \$5 I have no use for. Perhaps you'll—"

"No, no!" she cried, drawing further from him.

"For your child," he said gently.

"My child is dead!" cried the woman, with a queer sob, and fled into the labyrinth of alleys and byways that shelters so much wretchedness.—New York Times.

Curious Mexican Laws.

They have some very curious criminal laws in Mexico. For instance, it is twice as much of an offense to mutilate the face of a woman as that of a man. The law seems to be based on the idea that a woman's best possession is her beauty and that to mar it does her a great injury.

There is another curious law. If a person should be wounded in an encounter, the punishment to the offender is fixed by the number of days his victim has to stay in the hospital or under a doctor's care. A fine is fixed at 40 days in the way of a general division. If the injured man occupies more than 40 days in his recovery, the penalty doubles up.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

Goods sold on commission at Meeker's. Linen and official envelopes at Zaccarelli's Bank Cafe corner.

Eastern oysters at the Postoffice market.

Candies for the Millions.

I have enough candies, nuts, and toys to supply the whole population of the Yukon country. My stock is complete. Plenty of Lowney's chocolate and Gunther's bon bons in any quantity.

tity; cigars by the box. Bring your friends and as I am a Missourian, I will show you the finest store in the Yukon territory. GANDOLFO, Third st., opp. A. C. C.

Elegantly furnished rooms with electric lights at the Regina Club hotel.

Goetzman makes the crack photos of dog teams.

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