

LITTLE PARSON WAS GAME

How He Made the Capture of Red Holmes Possible

And Afterwards Defeated the Outlaws From the Hands and Ropes of Injured Cowboys.

The hero of the hour down in New Mexico is a preacher; a prayerful, pugnacious, little tenderfoot preacher, precisely 5 feet 1 inch and a fraction in his socks, who went gunning the other day for four of the most desperate outlaws in all the Mexican country—and brought down his game.

He did not shoot to kill. That would have been murder, and this little Funston of the plains whose feat has made him suddenly famous is in the business of saving souls, not sending them on their sinful way into eternally unministerial sets of violence. He accomplished his purpose by means far more ingenious and gentle, that left no stain upon his conscience—he shot the horses belonging to the outlaws, thus effectually cutting off their means of escape. Then, after a lively skirmish, in which he was painfully wounded, he galloped as fast as his frightened pony could carry him to the nearest cowboy camp, gave the alarm—and faintly, as even Funston himself might have done with the same loss of blood.

Down New Mexico way they dearly love a fighter. A man's inches do not matter, neither does his profession, be it that of a "psalm singer," or a gambler, "legitimate and high toned," if only he be fearless and ready to shoot at the drop of the hat. But a fighting parson, scarce shoulder high to his fellows, who sees fit upon occasion to outfit four notoriously clever criminals, and then "lay the law" down to the men who would lynch them—which this queer little parson with the death of inches actually did—is a genuine novelty. His admirers are declaring that they need protection more than they do piety, and that "a pity such good material should be going to waste preaching to empty benches when it might be practically employed in running renegades to cover. They intend to take his church away from him and make him a sheriff.

It was early in the year that a little man with a high, scholarly forehead, mild blue eyes, and a firm, square jaw, that did not seem to belong to the forehead and eyes at all, so contradictory an impression did it convey of his character, appeared in Las Palomas.

It was a quick leap that he made from obscurity to the bright light of publicity, and it amazed the cowboys in that locality beyond measure. The parson had been the most inconsequential individual in the community—a mere cipher in its quota of humanity. They did not suspect that he would be worth a peyotune in a passage at arms. They had not the glimmering of an idea that his accomplishments ranged beyond the giving out of hymns and the memorizing of Biblical texts. They are better acquainted with him now. In fact, from looking down upon him they are looking up to him, notwithstanding his meager 5 feet 1 inch and a fraction. And no wonder. A minister of the Gospel who can preach, ride, shoot and outwit bandits with equal ease is a person of useful versatility in a country as wild and adventurous as New Mexico.

When the parson came West he brought a fine repeating rifle with him, the gift of a friend who knew that it would stand its owner in good stead when peace was impossible. It is because of this rifle that Red Holmes and his gang of "rustlers," who for years have terrorized the countryside are now safely behind bolts and bars in the new steel cells of the Sierra county jail at Hillsboro, New Mexico. The parson, however, modestly disclaims any honor. He says that his skill in shooting that day was due to Divine Providence, rather than cool aim and a steady right arm. The latest act of lawlessness committed by Red Holmes and his gang was the killing of Father Pedro. This left the spiritual field entirely to the little preacher from the East. So when word came to him the other day that a Mexican family on a hacienda a dozen miles or so up the river was stricken with smallpox, he slipped a Bible in one pocket, some simple medicinal remedies in another, took down his rifle, mounted a pony and started across the dry stretch of alkali that lay beyond the village. He did not intend to meet the fate of Father Pedro if he could help it.

He rode up the river for several uneventful miles, then climbed a ridge of mountains. It was quite unlikely that Red Holmes and his men were within scores of miles of him, for the country was well covered with sheriff's posse in the region of the recent outrage. When, therefore, the parson came upon four men examining a freshly killed steer, he at first thought they were cowboys, and accordingly rode toward them.

he would have dropped on the spot, for with a string of profane threats he was ordered back, while the barrels of four guns pointed unpleasantly toward his heart. Then the little parson knew that he was face to face with the most reckless fugitives in New Mexico.

The unique situation surprised him so for the instant that he failed to turn about quickly enough to suit the outlaws, who yelled, with impulsive emphasis, "Wake up there!" and sent several bullets whizzing so close to his ears that he urged his pony into a gallop and was soon over the ridge. Looking back over his shoulder he saw two of the men standing on the crest of the ridge, where they had followed him, covering him with their revolvers.

But Red Holmes and his gang knew as little concerning the stuff the parson was made of as did the cowboys around Las Palomas.

When he saw that he was no longer watched he did what nobody in the village would have guessed him capable of doing. He turned his pony's head about and ascended the ridge. When nearly to the top he dropped from the horse to his hands and knees and crept to a point of vantage behind a boulder, where he could see without being seen. Taking careful aim at the men, he was figuring on his chances of putting them out of the way of doing further damage to society when the fighting instinct within him was suddenly held in check by the recollection of his calling.

There were two spirits within him struggling for mastery in that supreme moment of temptation. One cried out for revenge; for the slaughter of these cruel men who had shed so much innocent blood. The other said: "Thou shalt not kill."

What did the little parson do? He compromised with his conscience in a most diplomatic manner. He turned his attention to the four fleet footed mustangs tied to the bushes near by and fired four shots in rapid succession. One by one the four animals fell, fatally wounded, while their startled owners, made mad by rage, rushed up the slope.

Upon the few seconds of time that elapsed before they could reach the top depended the parson's life. He knew that, once in their clutches, he would suffer death by terrible torture. With desperate haste he fled from his pursuers, on his pony, down the mountain side. A storm of shots followed him. His only hope was in getting out of range before he could be hit. But he was not to go unscathed for his splendid daring, his unprecedented impetuosity in crippling Red Holmes' chances for further crimes. A well-directed shot paralyzed his right arm and his rifle fell from his grasp. But he was now out of reach of the stinging steel.

With his arm hanging limp and bleeding by his side the little parson on his dusty nag rode into a camp of cowboys among the trees by the Rio Grande.

"Red Holmes and his gang are over the ridge," he exclaimed with what breath he could muster for excitement and pain.

The cowboys laughed good humoredly.

"Why, parson," said one of them, "you look like you'd seen a ghost. Here, brace up on this," and he held a flask of whisky to the rider's lips. But the parson was in no mood for pleasure.

"I tell you that Red Holmes and his gang are over the ridge," he repeated, "and you'd better lose no time if you intend to capture them. It's easy, boys. They're afoot. I killed their horses so that they couldn't get away."

"The devil you did!" exclaimed the foreman of the outfit as the parson tumbled, weak as a woman into his arms and fainted from loss of blood.

In a few moments the men were in their saddles with keen eyes searching the range, while the parson, his wound bandaged by the camp cook, was on his way back to town with that admiring functionary in charge of him.

A few hours later the cowboys rode triumphantly into Las Palomas with their prisoners. The parson, hearing the clatter of horses' hoofs, rose from his bed and stepped into the street. There was great excitement in the village. As he neared the prisoners, their captors were placing them in line against an adobe wall.

"What are you going to do?" he inquired of the foreman.

"Do?" echoed the other. "Why, we're going to finish the job that you began up yonder, parson. We'll do it with neatness and dispatch—eh, boys?"

"You bet," responded half a dozen voices. The little parson, weak as he was, then and there preached an extemporaneous and unwelcome sermon.

"Boys," he said, "are you going to turn murderers? Do two wrongs make a right? Would you stain your souls with the blood of human beings? Are you, too, outlaws, that you defy the demand of justice? It is true that these men are a menace to the community and must be guarded at pistol point, but it is also true that you, be neither judge nor jury. Give them a fair trial."

The bandits would not have been caught that day if the parson had not proved himself a good shot, and so the cowboys gave him a chance to speak. Then one of them took him by the arm in order to lead him out of the way.

"Parson," said he, "you showed yourself plucky as the best of us a while ago, and now you talk like a religious crank. You're like a cow that gives a good bucket of milk and then kicks it over."

For answer the parson jerked loose from his companion, and walking over to where the prisoners were standing, faced the crowd.

"You might as well murder five as four while you are 'bout it," he said coolly.

The cowboys swore. It seemed cowardly to lay hands on a man so much their inferior physically. There was a moment of hesitation and more muttered profanity, when the foreman of the outfit spoke.

"Blamed if the parson ain't right, boys," he said. "We'll go to Hillsboro and give the gang to the authorities. I reckon the little parson-singer here is the biggest man among us after all."

And so it was that Las Palomas was cheated of the tragedy it came so near witnessing, and peace instead of bloodshed was its portion, while it watched with curious eyes the cloud of dust in the distance where the cavalcade of cowboys and holdups was heading toward Hillsboro.

Next day justice held its own in a grasp of unfiled steel, and the parson paid a pastoral visit to the sick family up the river with no fear that Red Holmes and his rustlers would interrupt his journey, or that the fate of Father Pedro would be his.—S. F. Examiner.

Canadian Notes.

Montreal bootblacks must hereafter pay a tax, the little fellows \$2 a year, and men with stands \$5 a chair.

The Methodist conference in session at Winnipeg adopted a resolution of loyalty to King Edward and adjourned.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier was presented with several addresses at L'Assomption, Hon. J. L. Tarte and other speakers took part.

John Bennie, a farmer, aged 35 years, formerly of Walkerton, Ont., was found with his head blown off on the floor of his house. It was a case of suicide.

Nonunion street car men at Kingston were pelted with stale eggs and fruit on Monday night, some shots being well directed. Several plate glass windows in stores were broken. The police were out but made no arrests. The locked-out men had no hand in the matter.

An unknown man jumped from the top of the center arch of the Montreal Victoria bridge, 120 feet above the water, and was either killed by the fall or drowned. His body came up once, and floated for about 25 yards, and then disappeared beneath the surface.

Sir James Grant, president of the Canadian Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, has received the information that the order from Washington to refuse immigrants suffering from tuberculosis entrance to the United States will be interpreted to prevent consumptives from Canada wintering in Colorado and California. He says this should emphasize the necessity for a Canadian sanitarium.

Tenders.

Tenders are requested for the erection of a grand stand for use on July 4. Specifications to be seen at secretary's office, to whom tenders must be forwarded not later than Friday, 6 p. m.

J. NEWTON STORRY, Sec., Room 1, Northern Cafe Building.

Tenders.

Cash tenders are requested for the sole privilege of printing and distributing the official program for the Fourth of July sports celebration. Tenders to be left with secretary, before Wednesday, June 26, at 5 p. m., from whom specifications may be had.

BALANCE IN TREASURY

From Victoria Day Celebration Given to Fourth of July.

At a well-attended meeting of the 21 of May celebration committee held Saturday evening it was unanimously decided to extend to the Fourth of July celebration committee, the use of the funds left from the 24th of May which amount to more than \$500.

The action of the committee in tendering the use of this money to the Fourth of July committee is most heartily appreciated by the committee which is now working hard to make the celebration a big success.

WANTED.

WANTED—Candyman for Photo Album, Cantwell, photographer, 3rd and 1st st. 227.

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST—Between the 16-Mile roadhouse and Dawson, one surveyor compass in mahogany case about 40 inches. Finder returns to my office and receive reward. J. J. 204.

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PRIVATE board by the day, week or month. Rooms furnished. Terms reasonable. Apply Mrs. Mary C. Noble, east side 2nd ave. 1st. 414 and 4th st.

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DURRITT & MCKAY—Advocates, Solicitors, Notaries, Etc. Commissioners for Ontario and British Columbia. The Exchange Bldg. Front street, Dawson. Telephone No. 80.

N. F. HARRIS, D. O. Barrister, Solicitor, etc. over McLaughlin, Murphy & Co. hardware store, First avenue.

WADE & AIKMAN—Advocates, Notaries, etc. Office, A. C. Co. Building.

PAETILLO & RILEY—Advocates, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Offices, Rooms 1 and 2, A. C. Co. Bldg.

MINING ENGINEERS.

J. R. YARBELL—Mining Engineer—Mineralogist—over 20 years' experience. Will be held at Masonic Hall, 1st and 2nd streets, Thursday, June 27, at 8 p. m. and 5 p. m. and 5 p. m. and 5 p. m.

SOCIETIES.

THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION of Yukon Lodge, U. D. G. & A. M. will be held at Masonic Hall, 1st and 2nd streets, Thursday, June 27, at 8 p. m. and 5 p. m. and 5 p. m.

In the Territorial Court of the Yukon Territory.

Between ERNEST LEVIN, Plaintiff, and FRED TRUMP, PATRICK MARTIN and ANNE MARTIN, Defendants.

Take notice, that this action was on the 13th day of June, 1907, commenced against you, and that the plaintiff in his writ of summons claims: "An accounting of all partnership business, partition or sale of said partnership business; such other and further relief as the nature of the case may require; costs of this action."

And take notice that the court has by order dated the 13th day of June, 1907, authorized service of the said writ of summons on you by the insertion of this notice for three weeks after the date of said order in the Nugget newspaper.

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