

## THE ARCTIC BROTHERHOOD

### Initiates Many New Members Last Night.

### Hall Beautifully Decorated—Many Visiting Members—Social Session at Close of Meeting.

From Wednesday's Daily.

From the standpoint of numbers the best meeting in the history of the local camp of the Arctic Brotherhood was held last night when the hall was most becomingly and artistically decorated, the handiwork of Messrs. Kohm and O'Malley. All the stations of the various officers were veritable beauty booths while the entire hall was gaily decked in gala attire.

Those who surmounted the difficulties of the trail, survived the torrents of the mountain canyons and arrived safely at the haven of rest beneath the wing of the swan on whose back was perched Her Iciness the Arctic Queen were Commissioner Wm. Ogilvie, Edgar A. Mizner, John Gilson, J. L. Timmins, A. H. Mogridge, E. C. Stahl, F. Geisman, C. H. Wubbenhorst, S. O'Brien, H. M. Martin and A. R. Richards. All the work was exemplified on the person of F. Geisman, the other novitiates standing breathlessly on the bank, silent spectators of his floundering.

Before the camp closed a number of speeches were made by the new members, and by Messrs. Menzies and Hill, of St. Michael camp and Col. Chas. E. Claypool, arctic chief of Circle City camp, No. 7. The regular order of business having been completed the camp went into social session and for two hours a most enjoyable time was had. An elegant and bounteous lunch, the creation of B. P. Germain, was served, stories were told, recitations and songs rendered and the Arctic Brotherhood orchestra, the finest in Dawson, favored the throng with many of their choice selections.

Dawson Camp, No. 4, is in a most prosperous condition and being the one order indigenous to the far north, membership therein is eagerly sought for. The personnel of the local camp is above the average and every effort is being made to keep it up to its present high standard.

## ELDORADO AND BONANZA

### Happenings on Two Prosperous Mining Creeks.

Mr. Sam Weis, of Monte Cristo, was in town on business on Tuesday.

W. O. Smith, of 76 below Bonanza, is in town today.

Mr. Mills, of King Solomon's Hill, was in town on business Tuesday.

Mr. Thompson, of 43 above Bonanza, came to Dawson for his last sleigh load of goods for the season.

Mrs. Ryan's lunch room just above the Klondike bridge, the newsboys' popular resort, has just been refitted throughout and will be more popular than ever.

Mr. Pete Erickson, of 10 Eldorado, returned from Seattle last Sunday with a span of horses which he will use on his claim this summer.

Mr. C. F. Carlson, an old sour dough, arrived from Tacoma last week.

Mr. Dick Lowe owner of the famous Bonanza fraction, arrived from San Francisco last Saturday.

Mr. R. A. Chisholm, who owns extensive interests in this country, arrived from his old home in San Francisco last Monday. Mr. Chisholm says times are better on the coast than they have been for years, which is largely attributed to the Philippine war.

The Grand Forks Social Club hall was filled to suffocation last Saturday night occasioned by the presence of Gov. Ogilvie. Faces familiar at the Forks, yet strangers to the hall, were seen there that night to greet the governor.

News was circulated about town last Tuesday evening that the Bronson and Ray concession was open for staking that night. Many started out who did not know whether this concession was on upper or lower Bonanza. The consequence was that a number of tired and wornout men and women arrived at Grand Forks about 2 a. m. Wednesday bound for upper Bonanza. The odd part of the whole affair is that the Bronson and Ray concession is still closed.

Barrett & Hull have received a fresh consignment of lemons, oranges and eggs. All unfrozen.

### Chinese Crew Deserts.

The entire Asiatic crew, numbering 14, of the British bark Collingrove, which is loading lumber at Port Blakeley, deserted early Monday morning, stealing a small boat from the vessel. Four hours later H. M. Thornton, ships' comrade, formerly chief engineer of the steamer Sarah M. Renton, captured the deserters near West Seattle, using a rusty old pistol and a little persuasion. The prisoners were confined on a raft out in the bay, until British Vice Consul Pelly persuaded them to return to the ship.

Thornton returned from Port Blakeley yesterday afternoon, and stated that the Chinese were working again and that peace reigned. There is a division of opinion as to the cause of the desertion. Some think the Chinamen intended to take the "underground" railroad to Portland, and make their homes in this country, irrespective of the fact that Capt. Jensen had put up \$2400 bonds with the United States to insure their return to the Orient. The Chinamen claim they do not get along well with First Officer Kay, and offered to prove that he did not treat them with due consideration.

The Collingrove arrived at Port Blakeley last Saturday from Shanghai. Monday morning when Capt. Jensen ordered up his breakfast he found the bark deserted. The situation was alarming, especially to the captain, who saw the \$2400 bond he had to put up at Port Townsend with the collector of the port, in peril.

Capt. Jensen took the steamer Sarah M. Renton for Seattle. A fast trip was made, and a few minutes after landing the captain had secured the assistance of Thornton. The steamer Estella was chartered, and Thornton, armed with an empty pistol, went forth to capture the Chinamen, and thus save Capt. Jensen's \$2400.

As luck had it the Chinese were discovered in a small boat, near Alki point. As soon as they observed that the steamer was in pursuit of them they made haste to reach shore, but were retarded by the large number of people in the boat. As the steamer approached there was great excitement aboard the little craft. From the actions of the Chinese Thornton suspected that they would jump into the water and commit suicide. If such was their intention they did not have time to carry out the plan before Thornton had them covered with the empty pistol.

The police, United States customs officials and United States marshal's office refused assistance, according to Thornton's story, taking the position as long as Capt. Jensen had put bonds there was no reason why they should take the Chinese into custody.

Finally Thornton got British Vice-Consul Pelly and an interpreter to talk with the Chinese. The conference committee reported in favor of a peaceable return to the Collingrove, provided Thornton went along and remained over night to preserve peace aboard the ship. Thornton agreed.—P.-I., March 13.

### Graham Acquitted.

Salt Lake, March 12.—The supreme court today handed down a decision in the case of the State vs. John C. Graham, appellant, formerly postmaster at Provo, reversing the lower court and setting aside the verdict of the jury; also quashing the information. The defendant was charged with unlawfully cohabiting with more than one woman, in the county of Salt Lake, continuously between the first day of January, 1899, and the 12th day of May, 1899. The points of law involved in the appeal were that the offense was not committed in this county, as one of the defendant's alleged wives lived in Utah county and one here; also that what the neighbors believed as to the defendant and his relations with the alleged plural wife living in this county was not sufficient upon which to base a verdict of guilty. The opinion says in part:

"The mere existence is some other county than the place of trial of acts or conditions of the defendant, lawful in and of themselves, but necessary to be alleged and proved, in order to establish the crime as charged, do not invoke the powers of this statute so as to permit the trial of the defendant in such other county."

The opinion was written by Judge Rolan and concurred in by Justice Baskin and Bartch.

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Kodaks bought and sold. Goetzman.

### Inez Walker's Life Closed.

St. Joseph, Mo., March 5.—There has just died, near San Antonio, this county, a woman, Inez Walker by name, for whose rescue from a Mexican plantation several lives of Gen. Jo Shelby's command were sacrificed, on the memorable trip of Shelby's 800 men from the American borders to the City of Mexico, there to offer their services to Emperor Maximilian. At the time this tragedy occurred Inez Walker was a girl in her teens, the daughter of an American miner, whose life, as well as the lives of several of his friends, were lost in the desperate effort to recover his daughter, who had been kidnapped by a plantation owner named Rodriguez.

Shelby's army was ten days' march from the City of Mexico when two of his men chanced to pick up a sheep herder, an employer of Rodriguez, from whom they extorted a secret—that a young American girl, fair of face and form, was held captive in the home of this plantation owner, some ten miles distant. That night Shelby's little army camped near the scene of the tragedy. Jim Wood was a Missouri boy, to whose ears the sheep herder imparted this interesting story. That night he kept the Mexican under guard in his tent, while a comrade imparted the secret of the girl's captivity to a dozen of his most trusted friends. Near the hour of midnight this handful of men stole out of camp, evaded the pickets and made straight for the house of the plantation owner.

"Boys," said Wood "none of us know what is waiting inside the stone wall that surrounds the hacienda. Mexicans fight well in the dark and see better than wolves, but we must have that American woman out of their hands, or we must burn the buildings. If the hazard is too great for any of you, you may step out of the ranks. What we are about to do must be done quickly. Shelby sleeps little of late, and it may be even at this very moment that he is searching through the camp for us. Let him find even as much as one blanket empty, and from the heroes of a night attack we shall become its criminals."

Not one man volunteered to desert the party, although each realized the desperate nature of the undertaking.

Rodriguez, fearing the Americans would learn the secret, had stealthily notified Mexicans for several miles around, and during the early part of the evening they came, dropping into the hacienda by twos and threes, but all of them thoroughly armed and desperate enough for any emergency.

The Americans began the attack by securing a large beam, by which they battered down the gate to an immense corral, inside of which a small-sized army of Mexicans lay in wait for any attack. They fired upon the Mexicans at close range, but it was the kind of fighting the Missourians were used to, and each man, equipped with a dragon pistol in each hand, marched to the slaughter. A legion of devils seemed to have broken loose; the camp where Shelby rested was alarmed instantly. The shrill notes of the bugle were heard over all the tumult, and with them the encouraging voice of Wood. Crouching in the stables and pouring forth a murderous fire from their ambush in the darkness, some twenty rancheros made sudden and desperate battle. The Americans charged, guided only by the lurid and fitful flashes of the muskets.

Shelby's entire camp was aroused, and the general himself ordered the buildings to be surrounded. The men, by instinct, seemed to know that some of their comrades were on the inside. For a brief ten minutes more the combat raged in and around the house; the doors were as redoubts. There was a tower to the building, and once at least during the fight did Rodriguez appear above it to encourage his men below to desperate work. A dozen of the best shots in the attacking party fired at him. No answer came save a savage curse of defiance.

Already five of the attacking party were dead and the remaining seven had gained entrance and were fighting their way to the tower of the building, where they had reason to believe the fair captive was to be found. It was the woman the Americans wanted. Gold and silver ornaments were everywhere, and precious tapestry work and many quaint and woven things, but the powder-blacked and blood-stained hands of the assailants touched not one of these. It was too dark to tell who killed Rodriguez; to the last his voice could be heard cheering on his men and calling down God's vengeance on the gringos. Those who fired at him specially, fired at his voice, for the smoke was stifling, and the sulphurous flames of the gunpowder almost unbearable.

When the hacienda was won, Shelby had arrived with the rest of the command. He had mistaken the cause of

the attack, and his mood was of that kind which but seldom came to him, but which, when it did come, had several times before made some of his most hardened and unruly followers tremble and turn pale. Coming to the door with a look of wrathful menace on his usually placid face, the general called out, "Who among you have done this thing?" There was no answer. The men put up their weapons. "Speak, some of you. Let me not find cowards instead of plunderers, lest I finish the work upon you all that the Mexican did so poorly upon a few."

Jim Wood came forward, covered with blood and powder stained, so disfigured that the general himself could not recognize him until he spoke. Wood explained the nature of the visit to the hacienda, and the general's stern visage relaxed instantly, and he asked, "Where is the woman?" Through all the terrible moments of the combat a light in the tower had burned as a beacon. Grief-stricken, prematurely old, yet beautiful amid the loneliness of her situation, Inez Walker came into the presence of Shelby, a queen. The liquid light of her large dark eyes had long ago been quenched in tears.

When the dead had been buried, and the wounded cared for, and when Wood had received a warning which he will remember to his dying day, the column started once more on its march to the South, and Inez Walker was among the number.

At the City of Mexico, where the services of Gen. Shelby and his little army of 800 men were denied admission under the banners of Maximilian, nothing else could happen but disbursement. Back from this strange and wild south land, Inez Walker found her way again to the States, with the remnant of soldiers who had composed one of the bravest and hardiest commands that ever existed. From the early '70s she found a home in Missouri, near San Antonio, where most of her time was spent. She died in the fullness of years, but with the memory of her terrible experience never effaced.

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Bennett 1:25 p. m. Arrive at Skagway, 4:40 p. m.

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