

# TRAPPING A TIGER.

## HOW A YANKEE WITH A YANKEE IDEA SOLVED A PROBLEM

And Incidentally Earned a Purse of \$500 and a Name as a Hero—How the Tiger Prepares for an Attack—Carried Off the Trap.

(Special Letter.) There are no inns along the high-ways of India, as the average reader has probably been told before, but the traveler seeking rest and refreshment turns into one of the free bungalows provided by the government. He finds cooking utensils, dishes and a bunk, and there is generally a native caretaker. The rule of the road is that no traveler stops longer than over night except in case of sickness or accident. Few of the bungalows have doors or windows, and unless in the height of the rainy season no blankets are hung up at the openings.

It was in a bungalow on the high-way between the towns of Ranapore and Bagrah, in the province of Bengal, that Sir Edward Potter, an English tourist doing India, met a tragic fate. A party of six had arrived at the bungalow an hour before dark. When supper had been prepared and eaten, the gentlemen smoked and chatted for a couple of hours and then lay down on the veranda to sleep—that is, five of them did, while Sir Edward had a bed made up for him in the large room. The nearness of the jungle was a mile away, and as the grounds had been beaten over for serpents no one felt any fears as he made ready for sleep. It was a starlight night, with everything quiet, and all the party fell into a sound sleep. They were awakened at midnight or a little later by a shriek for help, and as they got to their feet they beheld an enormous tiger trotting off with Sir Edward in his grip.

**Tiger Prepares for Attack.** The tiger had stolen out of the nearest cover and taken a thorough survey of the bungalow before seizing the victim. Any one of the five sleepers offered him an easy victim, but he passed them by. He made his way between two of them and entered the room by a window and seized Sir Edward by the shoulder. The shouts of the others did not rattle the beast in the least. With a twist of his head he threw the man over on his back and



**BOTH STOOD STILL AND STARED.** went off at a leisurely pace, and he was neither fired on nor pursued. No one dared shoot for fear of killing the man, and to have pursued the tiger into the jungle would have been foolishness. As none of the party was a tiger hunter, there was nothing to do but resume their journey and give notice at the next post of what had occurred. They had scarcely left the bungalow when a man named Reed arrived there. He was an American and what the English call a "cute Yankee." He had gone out to India from New York after tiger skins. Instead of taking rifles and cartridges he had taken beartraps. Landing in Calcutta with no less than two dozen monster steel traps, he was making his way up to the tiger country to do business. He wasn't blowing his horn very much as he knew that every Englishman in India would look upon him with contempt, but as there was no law against trapping tigers he meant to send home a shipment of skins if he could.

**American Bait His Trap.** Reed had no sooner heard of the tragedy of the night before than he baited his trap for his first tiger. He traced the beast into the jungle for 200 yards and then set one of his traps on a path and baited it by tying a kid to a stake just in the rear of it. This was done early in the morning, but with no hope that the tiger would leave his lair until late in the evening. He did leave it, however, much earlier than that. Strangely enough, he contented himself with sinking his fangs into Sir Edward and killing him, but did not mutilate the body in the slightest. The bleating of the kid called him from his lair about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and at the same hour the beartrap man went forth to see if his trap was all right. As he was advancing along the path in one direction the tiger was coming up from another, and the result was that as Reed halted within five feet of the bleating and frightened kid the tiger looked him in the eyes from a distance of about forty feet. Both stood still and stared for a minute. Reed had a rifle but he was a poor shot and dared not take the risk of firing. The tiger was no doubt astonished and puzzled, and perhaps a yell would have frightened him off, but as no yell came he began to work up his temper. For two or three minutes he switched his tail and growled and then of a sudden rose in the air like a bird. He had divided the forty feet into two leaps, but the second was never made. As he touch-

ed the earth after his first he fell upon the pan of the trap, and the jaws closed around both forelegs.

**Tiger Breaks the Chain.** The trap was secured by a chain stout enough to draw a sawlog, but caught as he was the beast soon broke the chain and went off into the jungle with the trap. It was while he was being followed that the body of Sir Edward was found. It seems hardly credible, but that tiger gave Reed and his native assistants a two days' hunt. He dragged the monster trap through thickets and up hillsides and across ground where a man could hardly make his way, and when finally come up with and killed he had traveled a distance of eighteen miles and had bitten one of his legs off in hopes to get clear of the trap. Not only that, but an hour before he was come up with and finished off, the beast, fettered as he was, and covered with his own blood, hobbled into a small village and tried to seize a small child in its teeth.

It was Reed's first experience with his Yankee idea for thinning out the dangerous beasts of India and making a few dollars at the same time, and he found that it worked very well. Though much abused afterward for his scrub way of downing the royal Bengal, he was made a hero of in this case, and friends of the lamented Sir Edward presented him with a purse of \$500.

### HUSBAND'S FAULTS CURED.

By "Riding the Stang" Drunken Men Are Disciplined.

In some portions of the world the customs of the "good old days" still obtain. The method pursued in the treatment of drunken husbands in the north of England is a survival from the time when there were no magistrates convenient before whom the erring husband might be haled. This method is known as "Riding the Stang," and though a very old practice, quite recently two cases of its being enforced were brought before the public notice. The erring husbands were tied astride long poles and carried in this ridiculous and uncomfortable position through the streets of their town, and followed by a jeering crowd of men, women and children, who did not hesitate to pelt them with refuse, according to the time honored usage on these occasions. There are variations of the methods of riding the stang, however, that mentioned above being perhaps the severest form. In parts of Yorkshire and other northern counties, for instance, "riding the stang" is practiced more as a vicarious punishment for any frailty on the part of a man or wife than a direct and personal punishment, as in the cases instanced above. Needless to say, in the cases in which the ceremony is performed vicariously, the person who rides the stang is not subjected to bodily ill treatment at the hands of those who perform it. It is usually some good-natured friend who is selected for bestriding the stang. He is carried through the streets in the jank of the evening on the shoulders of two men, preceded by another carrying a lantern. At every fifty yards or so the procession makes a halt, during which the accommodating stang rider recites this verse:

Good neighbors attend while I you harrow,  
'Tis neither for your sake, nor for my sake,  
That I ride the stang,  
But it is for the wife of John Smith  
That I ride the stang.

In the fullness of time the procession finds itself outside the house of the guilty husband, where it disperses after a few choruses of hoots and jeers. The vocal discord, however, is seldom deemed sufficiently soul-stirring, a supplementary pandemonium produced from pots, pans and kettles usually being employed against the offender.—New York Press.

**Emperor William Taxed \$125,000.** William the Only (no relation to the Only William of New York) is a believer in real estate as a means of salting away money, and is the greatest property owner in Germany. He has no less than eighty-three estates, upon which he had to pay taxes to the amount of \$125,000. Next to the Emperor, the Prince of Pleiss is the largest real estate owner in the empire, he having seventy-five estates, upon which he pays nearly as much in taxes as does the War Lord. After these two, the largest landed proprietor in Germany is the Duke of Ujest, who owns fifty-two estates and pays \$60,000 taxes on them. The Duke of Ratibor possesses fifty-one estates in Germany, besides his enormous holdings in Bohemia, and is the fourth largest taxpayer on real estate in the empire. Among the other large landed proprietors of the German Empire is the King of Saxony, who is the owner of fifty estates, most of them provided with castles or fine manor houses.—New York Press.

**Rubies Are Becoming Scarce.** Rubies are growing scarcer. The most beautiful come from Ceylon, India, and China. The mines of Pegu are nearly exhausted or but little worked to-day. The regions where they are situated are dangerous of approach; besides, in the states of the Grand Mogul the exportation of rubies is forbidden until they have been exhibited to the sovereign, who retains the most beautiful. The ruby of Siam is distinguished by its deep red color, somewhat resembling the garnet. Caruncles, to which the ancients attributed fantastic properties, were in reality rubies.—Chicago Journal.

**Uncle Eph'm.** "Some men," said Uncle Eph'm, "is like fish. Day don't never come to de top ontell dey die."—Chicago Tribune.

# PRESENCE OF MIND EXHIBITED BY A HEROIC ARIZONA WOMAN

(Special Letter.) Because Mrs. Douglas Carter had a lariat handy and possessed the skill and courage to use it, she succeeded the other day in performing a highly heroic feat. She dragged from death by suffocation in the treacherous Arizona quicksands her husband, and also a highwayman who had robbed her of all she money she and her husband had—the sum of \$2,500 which she was carrying to Tempe.



MRS. DOUGLAS CARTER.

Three weeks previously Mr. Douglas Carter had folded the hard-earned money into a wallet. There was great rejoicing on the Carter cattle ranch, for at least the mortgage on the land would be lifted. On the appointed day for taking the money into town Mrs. Carter and her sister, Miss Watson, started for Tempe in a buckboard. Mrs. Carter had the money tucked in her bosom. Mr. Carter was to overtake them on horseback, so the two women drove leisurely along the dusty road. Mrs. Carter's own saddle horse was hitched behind. It was a thirty-mile drive from their cattle range into Tempe. They had driven about ten miles along the desert when the sound of fast-approaching hoofs came down the road. Thinking it was Mr. Carter, they pulled up their horses and waited for him. But it was a strange horse and rider who swung around the curve. A black shadow seemed to lie on the man's face and they could not distinguish his features. When he came a little nearer they saw that the shadow was a black silk handkerchief tied over his face. Mrs. Carter leaped her horse down the road, but the race was too uneven. "Here," said the man, fingering his revolver. "I don't like to hurt you, ladies, but I know you have some money with you. Hand it over; lively, now." "You're mistaken," said Mrs. Carter as firmly as she could. "My husband has the money at the ranch." "I ain't much on 'rithmetic," muttered the robber, "but I'll count ten, and if you don't hand over the stuff before I get through I'll try shooting. That's more in my line."



THE RESCUE.

He counted as far as five—then Miss Watson, with a terrified shriek, tore open her sister's dress and pulled out the wallet. Mrs. Carter put forth a powerless hand to save it, and the highwayman, with a smile, put spurs to his horse.

Miss Watson fell forward in a faint, and Mrs. Carter tried to bring her to consciousness. She was still limp and dazed when Mrs. Carter heard the sound of galloping hoofs. Passing the reins around her sister's hands, she reached under the seat for the pistol that she had tried to get when the robber surprised them. Coiled under there was a lariat, which she also took.

When Mr. Carter reached their wife was in the saddle and ready to take up the man hunt with him. Telling Miss Watson to drive to Tempe and inform the authorities to be on the lookout, Mr. and Mrs. Carter started in pursuit of the highwayman. His tracks were plainly perceptible, but the man had had a good half hour's start. The Carters had ridden about five miles when they reined up at a water hole. They were coming upon irrigated land now and signs of habitation. Tracks around the hole proved that the robber had also stopped there to water his horse. Bits of rope and leather scattered around showed that he had been mending some part of his saddle. This fact inspired them with fresh courage, as that delay made the highwayman's chances of escape less likely. A few miles further on they again found scraps of leather. He was evidently tinkering with his bridle and was unaware that he was being pursued.

They peered through—and spurred their horses to greater speed. They heard the clatter of hoofs before they caught a glimpse of their quarry. He, too, had heard hoof-beats and was digging his spurs into his horse. They were too far away to shoot, and the highwayman evidently did not mean to get within range, for he lashed his horse across the marsh, heading for a stream. The Carters gained on him. "Don't shoot him," urged Mrs. Carter. "He can't hold out much longer." The highwayman was but a few feet in the lead when suddenly his horse stopped. Covering him with his pistol, Mr. Carter galloped up shouting, "Throw up your hands, or I'll shoot."

Then something happened that Mrs. Carter, a few paces in the rear, could not understand. Both horses were floundering in the sand, their riders tugging at the reins. "For God's sake, don't move. We're in the quicksands!" shouted her husband.

For a few seconds Mrs. Carter sat in dumb agony; then she cried to her husband, begging him to tell her what to do.

"Don't come any nearer. You'll go down, too."

Despite the desperate efforts of horses and men, they were steadily sinking. The horses were already engulfed above their knees.

Like a flash of light a plan suddenly crossed Mrs. Carter's brain. With a half-choked cry she uncoiled the riata she had taken from the buckboard. The hoarse, terror-stricken cries of the doomed men fell upon her ears, while every fibre in her body was working in unison with the strong, steady aim that threw the riata. It cut keen and quick through the air, circled above her husband's head and caught him fast around the waist.

Then she gave the lasso a deft turn around the pommel. The horse answered with a straining of muscle. A moment more and Mr. Carter lay out of danger.

Without waiting for her husband to recover from his fright and assist her Mrs. Carter, prepared to rescue the robber. She found it harder to steady her nerve for the second throw. The lariat whipped through the air, but



fell short. Again she threw it and again she missed him. There was little time to waste now, for the horses were sinking rapidly and the highwayman was wildly crying to her to save him. There must be no mistake this time.

A third time the whir of the lariat sounded through the air. This time it caught him fast and to drag him back to life and safety was brief work. Then brave Mrs. Carter toppled off her horse and when she opened her eyes her husband's arms held her close and the highwayman had disappeared.

"I didn't want to hold him," said Mr. Carter. "I think this will shake him up into leading a different sort of life. He gave me the money and struck out on foot, for both the poor beasts are gone."

**Fashi as in Champagne.** The coming fashion in champagne—if it may be so called, seems to have been unmistakably fixed by the warrant which the king granted to one of the oldest firms in the champagne district, says the Court Journal. Of course, coronation year will be a champagne year, during which most merchants will recoup themselves for the heavy loss they have sustained during the past twelve months, and naturally the wine that people will order will be that of the firm which has been selected by the king for the honor of a royal warrant.—Chicago Journal.

**Lack of Food Makes Stoics.** Dr. Felix L. Oswald, writing about the scanty diet of Italian peasants in What to Eat, makes use of the following simile: "What makes that dog of yours look so long legged and light?" inquired the visitor of a Sicilian farmer. "He hardly eats anything." "How do you account for that?" "We don't give him anything." "What! Why don't you, then?" "We get nothing." "That all-including reason fills Italy with dietetic stoics who can find solace in the reflection that a good nap is almost as good as a meal."

# DEADWOOD CRIMES.

## SOUTH DAKOTA CITY STIRRED BY RECENT EVENTS.

W. H. Ward, Now Under Arrest, Charged with Many Murders—Kirk and Lee Shepard, Brothers, Aged 16 and 20, Alleged to Be His Most Recent Victims.

(Deadwood Letter.) The story of the Ward murders, that have been perpetrated near Pluma, a town three miles from Deadwood, is a ghastly tale. W. H. Ward, who is now closely watched in an iron cage in the Deadwood jail, is unquestionably a murderer at heart. How many deeds he will have to answer for will probably never be known. Whether he is crazy and committed his crimes under a spell of insanity will be determined at his coming trial.

**Two Brothers Missing.** Some eight weeks ago two brothers named Kirk and Lee Shepard, who resided with their mother near Pluma, suddenly disappeared. Kirk was 16, and Lee was 20 years old. There was a third brother named Harley, aged 18. Harley had been adopted by W. H. Ward, familiarly known as "Beachers." As Harley grew older he grew tired of Ward's place. This is supposed to have commenced the trouble between Ward and the other brothers. When Ward found out that Lee Shepard was advising his youngest brother, Harley, to quit the old man and come back to his own home to live, it is supposed that Ward immediately began to lay plans for the extermination of both of the brothers. At any rate Lee and Kirk suddenly disappeared, and a few days later, when the searching parties got pretty close, Ward disappeared too. Things got very interesting when, a few days later, one of the searching parties unearthed the decomposed body of a man, which tallied in every way with that of Lee Shepard, one of the missing brothers. The body was found in an old water ditch, covered over with about two feet of dirt and some willow brush. The body was beyond recognition, a quantity of quick lime having been placed beneath and on top of the body to hasten the decomposition. The body was dressed in a suit of underclothes and the hair on the head was red, which corresponded with that of Lee Shepard.

### Unearthed a Body.

When the body was unearthed there was the greatest excitement in the old



THE WARD HOUSE.

town of Deadwood and at Lead, and the entire population turned out to hunt for the man who was suspected of committing the crime. Hundreds of people went over the little garden patch with iron bars, thrusting them down a foot or more, in hopes of striking the soft burial place of the second brother, who was still missing. But Ward had made good his escape.

The searching parties went through the old man's house, peeked into every old well and tunnel for a mile around the place, plowed the potato garden and tore up the rotting floor. They found every day some clue, not only to the crime of the murder of Lee Shepard, whose body had been unearthed, but to other murders that are believed to have been committed by him.

All of the clothes worn by Lee Shepard were found in the house, excepting a suit of underclothes, which were on the dead body when found. In an old barrel, wrapped in a dirty cloth, was also discovered the suit of clothes last worn by Kirk Shepard, the second missing brother. But where the body of Kirk had been laid by Ward is still a mystery. Bones were found a few days ago in a natural cave near the house, and a sack of fish and bones was dug up in the garden, but the coroner has thus far been unable to tell for a certainty whether they are human or animal. Some of the bones found in the cave looked like the arm and leg bones of a man. The sack of fish is claimed by a brother of Ward to have been buried where it was found by a butcher from Deadwood.

### Capture of Ward.

Ward was captured near the Devil's tower, 80 miles northwest of Deadwood. He had gone there to look after a ranch, so he states, which he owned in part with another man. He was found asleep in the bushes early in the morning and was taken without any resistance. He feigned surprise at being taken into custody. He stated that he had not read any of the newspapers containing reports of his disappearance and that of the Shepard brothers, and he did not see why he should be taken to jail.

Ward went to the Black Hills about 14 years ago. He built a house at the mouth of Little Strawberry gulch, south of Deadwood, and but little has been known of his daily life. He was not friendly to visitors, who might chance to call on him at his house, but on the street or anywhere off from his premises he was sociability itself. He was a strong Odd Fellow, and was known as a friend to the sick brothers. How he lived is a mystery. He never worked for any one, but owned some mining ground of his own. Frequently

he sent out reports to his friends that he had made a sale of his ground, but the records did not show any transfers. He kept Harley Shepard docile by promising him \$5,000, which he stated he had received from the sale of a mine. Ward now says that Lee Shepard stole the \$5,000 and ran away with it and that instead of being dead he is in hiding with Ward's roll. The records do not disclose any transfer made by Ward in which \$5,000, or even \$5, was paid him for ground.

### Writes a Decey Letter.

Just before Lee and Kirk Shepard disappeared, Harley, the third brother, went to Sheridan, Wyo., to work. While there he received a letter apparently written by his brother Lee, which stated that Ward had given Lee the \$5,000 and that as soon as he, Harley, could come home he could have it. The letter was received five days after it had been sent from Deadwood. As soon as Harley received it he started for his home. When he arrived he found that his two brothers had been gone several days and Ward had also disappeared. The letter was not written by Lee at all, but by Ward, who had imitated Lee's handwriting. It is now supposed that Ward intended to get Harley back home and then kill him, too.

The house occupied by Ward is a robbers' roost. Everything imaginable is to be found there. There is no proof that Ward was a thief, only that he has accumulated boxes and barrels of things that belonged to somebody else. There are a dozen trunks full of flour, sugar, dried meats, coffee and all sorts of eatables. He had been taking silverware from restaurants at which he had eaten for years past. A large box was found filled with silver knives and forks, butter dishes, sugar bowls and everything that had a value in the silver line. He had enough miners' tools stored away to run a large mine. Some of them had private marks on, showing that they belonged to miners in that vicinity. In the loft of his house were found a number of bridge timbers, which he had stolen from a railroad near by. His house contains a good stock of second-hand goods.

### Other Crimes Alleged.

There are now a good many stories afloat about former sudden disappearances, where men and women suddenly dropped out of sight. About a year ago a man named George Rutgers arrived in Deadwood from the East for the purpose of making an investment. It is now remembered that he met Ward and that he was last seen with him near his house. Rutgers had about \$800 in money on his person. Three months ago a farmer found a body in a decomposed condition twelve miles below Deadwood, in Whitewood creek. The arms and legs had been cut off. There was no clue to this ghastly find, but Ward now gets the credit for it. Who the man was that was found remains a complete mystery. About nine months ago an unknown man entered the house of a miner named Herdman, in Garden City mining camp, at midnight, and killed the defenseless wife with an ax. Her head was cut open. Nobody was found who could give any light on the affair. Some people think now that Ward did some of his cute work on that night at the Herdman house. Three years ago Ward had a miner working for him named Neuenfeldt. Ward finally owed him several hundred dollars in back wages. One day the miner was found lying under a pile of dirt in the tunnel where he had been at work, and Ward stated that he had been killed by a cave-in, but there are dark rumors that the fall of earth was anything but accidental.

### Ward a Simple Appearing Fellow.

Ward is an innocent, inoffensive looking man. He does not carry the face of a criminal. He denies his guilt and claims that the Shepard boys will yet appear to clear his name. But the evidence is growing stronger every day against the man. A strong thing that will go against him is what he said to Harley Shepard, when one of the searching parties was on the premises. He said: "Harley, if these men find the bodies of your brothers on my ground you will be blame for it. You ought not to have run away."

### Suggested a Cure for Combines.

In so far as our present trusts depend upon public or private privileges and favors there can certainly be no excuse for delay. If the largest of all trusts is exacting monopoly charges from domestic consumers, and selling its products in foreign markets at lower rates—and who can doubt that this is the case?—we have only ourselves to blame if we fail to apply the simple remedy of placing iron and steel upon the free list. And this trust is only one of many, the powers of which could be curbed by this course of action. If railroad rates are so manipulated that they sometimes favor the localities in which the plants owned by trusts are situated—and what disinterested student can deny this?—why should we hesitate, in season and out of season, to agitate the question of the control of the national highways? If patent laws are another reliance of the trusts, why should we hesitate to throw open to general use, in return for a reasonable compensation, every patent that is employed hereafter for monopolistic ends? Those remedies would at least moderate the exactions of many of the trusts.—Atlantic Monthly.

### At Her Last Finis.

Mistress—I'm afraid you will not suit, Honora. And yet Mrs. Ranger said that you always gave perfect satisfaction at her house. The Cook—Yes, mem, we always got along first rate, me and Mrs. Ranger. Mistress—But did you have a great deal of cooking to do there? The Cook—Didn't have any; lived on cast stuff. Thought that was the way all real ladies did.—Chicago Journal.