

The Fourth of July Riding at Galena.

BY CARLOS PILGRIM.

(Copyright, 1898, by S. M. Curlew Co.) "Holy mother, gentlemen!" argued...

should have been a small horse of blood, the most unlikely. Just as it could not have mistaken the other for anything but an unimpaired lunkhead...

Dillon was early in earnest, and when a man of his racial characteristics is in earnest things are likely to happen, whether the scene of action be Spitzbergen or Timbuctoo...

Directly after breakfast those people from the rival valleys and from all adjacent sections who had not been fortunate enough to get in the night before, began to concentrate in the camp...



"FOR TWO BLESSED HOURS HE RETAINED THE PACE."

Galena was like most of the northwestern mining towns; if at all distinguishable from them, it was by a slight accentuation of that air of bonhomie which is more or less apparent on the visages of all communities of the genus...

Conceive, then, his popularity. He was the patron, the philanthropist, the benefactor of the town. And thus was it that we were called in conference...

The mayor, the sheriff and I were in a back room of the saloon, hatching intent on Dillon's harangue. After he had given us every opportunity to suggest ways and means for the day of entertainment...

It was worth a curious man's while to sit back and look on. Big men, young and old, bronzed, weather-beaten and grizzled, thrashed about like a mob of public school-boys on the last day of the term...

There was almost as wide a difference in the appearance of the two riders as between the bay and the buckskin. The south valley champion, Curlew, was a tall, thin, wiry fellow...

The buckskin pony remained in his downcast posture and allowed the New Mexican to saddle him unhesitatingly, merely cocking his hairy ears—once forward and the other back—and watching behind him through the tail of his shaggy mane...

swirl; the harroon of course had its full quota, strong men there with a purpose; faro, stud, draw, whist—all were going, and the chips rattled gleefully.

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When the man was sprawled to one side and the horse immediately lapsed into his usual drooping attitude of watchful sleepiness. Some of us ran to assist Rawlins, who lay just as he had fallen, too weak to rise. But he waved us back; his eyes were malignant with shame and anger...

Galena was a busy little town. Every man in Montana that could distinguish pay stuff from pyrites of iron extolled it, and it was an actual center of a hundred and a number of others came down handsomely. But in the interval between the statement of the idea and the day of fulfillment there arose the necessity for some modification in the plan...

When I got down the flat was cleared for action, and the man called Curlew was preparing to ride. It was my first glimpse of the man, a tall, loose-jointed, long-limbed fellow (the nickname), red-haired boy of perhaps five and twenty, drawing and good natured, with the most surpassing and unaffected air of nonchalance imaginable. He was evidently the equestrian ideal of his valley...

As the moments wore on and his whole repertoire of strength and strategy was worked through, without in the least unbalancing his pride, he finally succumbed to lose heart; it was the first time that any man had been so tenacious of grip, and gradually his leaps became weaker and less vicious. Then Curlew's quiet and blood-seeking spurs urged him to more vigorous efforts, but even these could not longer sustain the engagement...

The morning of the Fourth dawned in all the chaste radiance of July in the foothills, such a day as recompenses a man for a year lived in a hut, 150 miles from the nearest railroad artery, and as they say in Montana, "only half a mile from hell." As was my invariable wont, I rose early, and hearing that the competition ponies were in the town corral, strolled down to catch a glimpse of them...

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The one was a beauty, dark bay, of fair height, peaked and slender, clean, wiry, roman-nosed, and with the wildest pair of blue eyes I ever saw in any brute. The look of them was actually carnivorous! He had several dead men in his record they told me, and he certainly did have a proper cast for it. I almost doubted if his Achilles existed. The other was a fat, double-headed, some type of a low, and as they say in Montana, "only half a mile from hell." As was my invariable wont, I rose early, and hearing that the competition ponies were in the town corral, strolled down to catch a glimpse of them...

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capturously dragged from the saddle and carried to Dillon's, an inert monument of glory to his merry and demonstrative friends. After the hero, his worshippers, the antagonistic party, and all outsiders had been duly refreshed, which required some little time, we bent ourselves again to the matter in hand and prepared to witness the combat of the man against the horse...

There was almost as wide a difference in the appearance of the two riders as between the bay and the buckskin. The south valley champion, Curlew, was a tall, thin, wiry fellow, with a long, thin nose, and a pair of eyes that were as bright as steel...

When the man was sprawled to one side and the horse immediately lapsed into his usual drooping attitude of watchful sleepiness. Some of us ran to assist Rawlins, who lay just as he had fallen, too weak to rise. But he waved us back; his eyes were malignant with shame and anger...

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Several of the leading railroad companies having headquarters in Omaha have just invited themselves in a commercial movement, the success of which would mean much to Omaha and incidentally swell the revenue of the railroad corporations. A change in the management of the Omaha & Great Northern Railway Company for Omaha is being effected...

As a much greater number of lines enter here the railroad facilities for getting quick shipments of cream from the pastures of the west would be increased several fold. It is on this proposition that efforts are being made to convince the management of the company to build their new factory in Omaha...

For three days previous to July 1 the office of Internal Revenue Collector Houtz was thronged with people of all ages clamoring for the new revenue stamps, and yesterday brought a larger crowd than ever. The average receipts for June 28, 29 and 30 were \$20,000 per day, and every mail brings in heavy orders for all kinds of the new stamps...

James Gladwyn, who shot at Hans Timme, under the impression that the latter was a burglar, while he was prowling about his residence in the north end of the city, was discharged in police court Thursday afternoon. Timme, who had Gladwyn arrested, on the charge of assault with intent to kill, sought to prove that the act was deliberate, and that Gladwyn knew who he was and shot at him with the view of killing him...

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BAXTER TAKES UP HIS WORK

New Union Pacific Superintendent Gets Into the Harness.

Robert W. Baxter, the newly appointed superintendent of the Union Pacific, has arrived in the city from Portland and formally assumed charge of the operating department of the "Overland Route." He was warmly greeted by his many old friends at the headquarters yesterday morning.

CREAMERY LOOKS TO OMAHA

Big Beatrice Company Figures on Moving Its Immense Business to This City.

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WORK OF A FEMALE THIEF

South Dakota Woman Robbed of a Large Sum at the Union Depot.

Mrs. Tessie Stevens of Elk Point, S. D., reported to the police that she had been robbed of \$500 and a ticket to her home at the Union depot. She said she was sitting in the waiting room when she was accosted by a well dressed woman, who engaged her in conversation. Suddenly the strange woman pretended to faint and fell over into her lap. When she revived the woman asked to be assisted to a cab and was driven away.

After she had gone Mrs. Stevens discovered her loss. The woman she described as being about 25 years old, a decided blonde and very stylishly dressed. The description answers that given of a woman who has committed several robberies in various parts of the city during the last two weeks.

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