

# THAT PLUCKY GIRL.



LIGHT, stranger! Alight and rest yourself! Here, Mose! Pete! Some of you lazy fellows take the stranger's beast and be quick about it! No Chinese? No, stranger, not while there's a nigger or a white face to be had in Silverville. No yellow-faced scoundrels for old Jeb Sloan! Have a chair, stranger, or perhaps you will go in and register the first thing?" I went.

Presently the landlord came out and joined me.

"Take a seat, stranger—Mr. Kendall, I suppose I ought to say, seeing that you wrote your name as such, though here we don't know that a man always puts down the name his mother gave him."

"I haven't had occasion to abandon my name yet," said I, laughing. "I hope it won't be very long before supper is ready, Mr. Sloan. My mountain ride has given me an excellent appetite."

"It will be on the table in about half an hour's time. There's a fine perch for supper; one of the men caught it this morning. If you're hungry, the cook can give you some coffee and something to eat now."

"No, thanks, Mr. Sloan; I'll wait and enjoy a good cigar and this mountain scenery a while. Have a cigar? They're prime, I assure you."

"Thank you. That's an offer I seldom go back on—thank you, stranger; but you needn't mind that there 'mis-ter' any more."

"Been here long?" I asked, as I lit my weed.

"A matter of fifteen years since I came down here, and began keeping this hotel."

"You've seen a good many changes in that time, I suppose?"

"I have. There were Indians thicker than hops, right up to the very doors, when I first came. Now they're very scarce. Plenty of Chinese, though. I'd just as soon have the Indians. Ugh! I hate the yellow varnints!"

"Then you agree with the sentiment 'the Chinese must go, landlord'?"

"Stranger, they're gone, so far as old Jeb Sloan is concerned. I won't have one about while there's a nigger this side of the Rockies, as I've said before now."

"Well, I don't much blame you, Sloan. I don't like them myself. I suppose you've had adventures with wild beasts and Indians, too? Regular hair-raising times?"

"Well, Mr. Kendall, I—"

At that moment a slight, graceful girl, with short, black curls, black eyes, lovely hands and feet (as I saw at a glance), a sweet, gentle face, and an altogether ladylike and refined air, came out on the veranda, dressed in a blue calico dress, with a crimson ribbon at the collar circling her white throat, and addressed old Sloan:

"Father," said she, "my pony is lame, and I want Black Bill to ride over to the postoffice."

"Well, tell Pete to get him up for you," said the old man, looking at her with an air of pride.

"Yes, sir."

With a half-glance at me, the little beauty disappeared, leaving me quite astonished at such a ladylike apparition in such an out-of-the-world spot. The old landlord saw my look of surprise, and, as the light figure disappeared in the house, he said:

"My daughter, sir. Don't look much like her dad, does she? We can take care of daisies when we've got them, if we do live in the mountains," said the old man. "You were asking me about adventures. You wouldn't think that little girl was one of the coolest hands hereabouts, would you, now? She can break the wildest horse on the plains, ride the fastest horse, and shoot



straighter than any man, woman, or child in the diggings. Yes, stranger, I've had adventures, but I don't know as I ever did anything more than that little girl did, the time she saved all the boys' dust for them. It was about two years ago," began Sloan. "We never thought of leaving the place all alone, or the girl, either, for though Belle is not a coward, it isn't safe in these parts."

"But there had been a mishap over at the Lone Tree Mine, and some of the men needed help, so it just happened that every mother's son on the place went over to the mine. There was two girls working in the house, but they had gone out to buy something, and there was not a soul but Belle left at home. I knew the men had a lot of nuggets in my big blue chest for safe keeping, and the key was in my drawer, but none of us ever thought of danger. There was no Indians about, and we did not think of anything else. But there was something worse than Indians—a mean white man. He was a ruffian that the men had driven out of the camp on account of his meanness, and none of us knew that Red Bill was in the neighborhood. We called him Red Bill because of his fiery red hair; and for general wickedness he couldn't be beaten. If I had known he was prowling about, I'd never have left my girl alone, you may be sure of that. But I didn't even give her a thought, nor did Belle. I had given her a very pretty sewing machine for a present, and she was sitting there, on account of the

heat, with all the doors open, singing and sewing away as contented as could be, when all of a sudden somebody said:

"How do you do, Miss Belle?" right at her elbow.

"Belle looked up, and there stood Red Bill laughing at her, and she was alone, and no one in sight. She was awfully frightened, but did not make any fuss. She just said, smiling as pleasant as a May morning:

"How do you do, Bill? When did you get back?"

"Well, I haven't been here long," said Bill. "And I ain't going to stay much longer. Can you guess what I have come for, Miss Belle?"

"Belle turned faint, but quickly said: 'I suppose you have come to see father.'"

"Then Bill laughed heartily, and said: 'No, I did not. I knew they had all gone before I came. I want those nuggets out of the chest, and then I want you, Belle Sloan. Who's here to hinder me from taking both, I wonder?'"

"Then Belle said, as calmly as she could: 'I suppose there's nobody to hinder you, Bill; but I hope you're going to act the gentleman.'"

"I hope so," said Bill; "but I'll have to request you to get the key of the blue chest for me. I don't know where they keep it."

"What if I don't do it?" said Belle, looking up at him.

"He smiled and laid his hand on the revolver in his belt, and said: 'I think you had better, Belle. I came for it, and I am not likely to go without it.'"

"Belle saw there was nothing for it, she being alone, but to pretend she was going to surrender till she could hit on a plan. She wasn't going to give up the men's hard-earned gold, not she. But she had to appear as if she were afraid, so she said:

"Bill, I wouldn't give you that key, if I could help it. I want you to tell the men I didn't do it willingly."

"Bill laughed, and said: 'When I see them, I will. Hurry up, Belle. It would be unpleasant for you if they came just now.'"

"By that time Belle had hit on her plan, if she could only make it work. There's a cupboard in that room, with a high shelf to it, and on the shelf a box, where I keep my papers. She knew the key wasn't there, and she knew that she was dealing with the worst ruffian on the plains, and if she tried to do anything and failed, her life wasn't worth a red cent. If she didn't try, she knew he'd keep his word about carrying her off. So, to save herself, and the boys' gold, she made up her mind to risk it."

"Bill," she said, "I'll get the key, but you must lay down that revolver. I can't trust you."

"You want to trick me," said Bill. "How could I?" asked Belle, as innocent as a lamb. "You know I'm in your power, and you might be gentleman enough to lay down that revolver while I'm busy getting that key."

"Well, there, then," said Bill, putting his revolver on the table close to the cupboard door, not thinking of any danger from the girl.

"She stepped and unlocked the door and reached up to the shelf."

"Father keeps the key in a blue tin box on that shelf," she said; "but I don't believe I can reach the shelf."

"Perhaps I can," Bill said, grinning (he was a mighty tall fellow), so he stepped up, just as Belle wanted him to, for the instant he was inside the closet, she closed the door to, locked it, shot the bolt into the socket, and, stranger, she had him.

"He began to curse and swear and fling himself against the door, but it was stout, and he hadn't much room to work, so it held tight."

"And Belle picked up his revolver and shot straight through the keyhole, not missing him an inch."

"I'll shoot every time you stir!" she said. "You know me, Bill Wilder, and you have got sense enough to keep still when you are beaten. If you break that door I'll shoot you down! The men will settle you when they come."

"And, stranger, that plucky little girl stood guard over that wild rascal till we did come."

"Then there was a rare hubbub! The girl and the gold all safe, and Red Bill a prisoner in the closet."

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"They all put some money together and bought Belle the prettiest pair of silver-mounted revolvers you ever saw, to show their gratitude."

"But Red Bill has not been here since, and I don't think he is likely to come again."

"Stranger, here comes the men, and there goes the supper bell."

## PUT SCIENCE TO NEW USE.

Erudite Commission Now Selecting a Site for Rio Janeiro.

Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, has a notoriously bad climate. It is a fastness of yellow fever and subtle tropical ailments, and the death rate is so alarmingly high as to seriously affect the commercial prosperity of the city. Some time ago the Brazilian government took in hand the question of removing their capital and appointed a scientific commission to fix a site, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. The commission have selected a plateau which should be a real land of promise to the transmigrants from the coast. The spot is between the parallels of 15 degrees 40 minutes and 16 degrees 8 seconds south, and the meridians of 49 degrees 30 minutes and 51 degrees west. It is over 4,000 feet above the level of the sea and its temperature resembles that of middle France. There is plenty of water for agriculture and no yellow fever. The journey by railway from the coast is a matter of some eighteen hours. This is believed to be the first occasion on record in which science has been called in to choose the site of a capital.

Duty. Let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this precept well to heart: Do the duty which lies nearest thee, which thou knowest to be duty; the second duty will already have become clearer.

It costs something to do right, but a great deal more not to do it.

# ROCKY MOUNTAIN BIG-HORN.

If You Kill One of These You May Call Yourself a Sportsman.

At last we have reached that gallant fellow, the mountain sheep or big-horn. A true cliff-dweller is he. Born under the shelving rocks of a beetling cliff, sometimes actually cradled in the snow, and reared in the stormy atmosphere of high altitudes, he is a typical mountaineer. Wherever you find him at home, depend upon it that you will also find the finest scenery of the district.

This animal loves a birds-eye view of a mountain landscape as well as does any member of the geological survey. A steep descent, with a narrow, level valley and a thread-like river spread like a relief map three thousand feet before him, is his delight. In former times he was venturesome, and often wandered miles away from his mountain home to explore tempting tracts of bad lands; and, being unmolested, he sometimes took up a permanent residence in such places. But the venturesome inhabitants of low, isolated mountains and shelterless bad lands have paid with their lives for their pioneering, and now a mountain sheep is rarely found elsewhere than amid mountains worthy of the name. Kill one fine old mountain ram by your own efforts in climbing and stalking, and we will call you a sportsman, with a capital S—provided you save his head for mounting, and his flesh for the platter. But no ewes, mind you! Ewes and lambs count against you, rather than to your credit. Can I ever forget how I once traveled all the way from Washington to Wyoming, killed just one superb mountain ram amidst grand scenery preserved him, carried his "saddle" to Washington, and called my pleasure trip a complete success? Hardly. Even the recollection of it is worth four times the money it cost. That particular mountain sheep stood four feet three inches in height at the shoulders. He was four feet ten inches in length of head and body, and his girth was three feet eight inches. He leaped off a low ridge of bare rock, fell dead on a foot of snow in the head of a rock-walled gulch, and oh! boys, how fine he was! Up in the mountain park he had been pawing through the snow to get at the spears of dry grass that were there obtainable; and in spite of the difficulty of the process, and the pitiful scantiness of the grazing, I was astonished beyond measure at finding that his stomach contained fully half a bushel of that same grass. He was not only in good flesh, but positively fat; and from the fact that to save our lives Fleming, the packer, and I, both muscular men, could not lift him upon a mule to carry him to our camp, and for other reasons I am certain that he weighed at least three hundred pounds.

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"Bill laughed, and said: 'When I see them, I will. Hurry up, Belle. It would be unpleasant for you if they came just now.'"

"By that time Belle had hit on her plan, if she could only make it work. There's a cupboard in that room, with a high shelf to it, and on the shelf a box, where I keep my papers. She knew the key wasn't there, and she knew that she was dealing with the worst ruffian on the plains, and if she tried to do anything and failed, her life wasn't worth a red cent. If she didn't try, she knew he'd keep his word about carrying her off. So, to save herself, and the boys' gold, she made up her mind to risk it."

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"And Belle picked up his revolver and shot straight through the keyhole, not missing him an inch."

"I'll shoot every time you stir!" she said. "You know me, Bill Wilder, and you have got sense enough to keep still when you are beaten. If you break that door I'll shoot you down! The men will settle you when they come."

"And, stranger, that plucky little girl stood guard over that wild rascal till we did come."

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"But Red Bill has not been here since, and I don't think he is likely to come again."

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"Father," said she, "my pony is lame, and I want Black Bill to ride over to the postoffice."

"Well, tell Pete to get him up for you," said the old man, looking at her with an air of pride.

"Yes, sir."

With a half-glance at me, the little beauty disappeared, leaving me quite astonished at such a ladylike apparition in such an out-of-the-world spot. The old landlord saw my look of surprise, and, as the light figure disappeared in the house, he said:

"My daughter, sir. Don't look much like her dad, does she? We can take care of daisies when we've got them, if we do live in the mountains," said the old man. "You were asking me about adventures. You wouldn't think that little girl was one of the coolest hands hereabouts, would you, now? She can break the wildest horse on the plains, ride the fastest horse, and shoot

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# ASLEEP AS SHE WALKS.

An Unusually Pronounced Case of Somnambulism in Denver.

Anna Rossman, a beautiful woman about 22 years old, was found walking the streets of Denver in a somnambulist condition on a recent afternoon, says the Rocky Mountain News. An Italian fruit vender noticed the strange conduct of the young lady near the corner of 15th and Arapahoe streets. She walked into the drug store at the mining exchange, the police were notified and the patient was taken to her home. The case is a very peculiar one, and has before been brought to the attention of the police department during the past two months. On account of the family, all mention of the matter has, until this time, been suppressed. It is evident, however, that the somnambulist tendencies of the unfortunate woman have become chronic and the peculiar features of the attack are attracting the attention of physicians. Miss Rossman formerly lived in Pueblo. There she attracted attention by her strange performances, walking about the streets apparently awake, but really asleep and totally unconscious of where she was going. Removing to Denver, the same conduct was continued, and the family then went to Cheyenne. They again came to this city and settled at the place where they now reside. It is claimed by the friends of the afflicted woman that she is possessed of supernatural powers, is gifted with second sight, and that other strange phenomena are within her control. In these spells she would attract but little attention were it not for the fact that she is utterly oblivious of passing objects and walks before carriages, street cars and other vehicles with reckless senses. A little over a month ago she was found at the union depot, and Yardmaster Pierce discovered that she was not aware of where she was. A carriage was called, she was taken to the police station, and afterward to her home. Again on the 7th of March she was found in a similar condition at the Glenarm hotel. One day when Dr. Johnson, the police surgeon, was in a restaurant, Miss Rossman walked in and the waiter thought that she was intoxicated. Grasping the situation, Dr. Johnson left his meal, took the patient's arm, and quietly walked with her to her home, Miss Rossman being all the while utterly oblivious of the notice she was occasioning from bystanders. The young lady had come from Cheyenne just before her latest sleep-walking experience, and walked from the depot to the place where it was found that she was still asleep. No information could be gained as to what she had been doing at Cheyenne or whether she had made that trip in a somnambulist state. When the ambulance came to the mining exchange Miss Rossman was taken quietly to the conveyance and realized nothing of the situation until her home was reached. She then awakened out of the deep sleep, but gave no particulars as to her sudden visit north. She is a beautiful blond, has the sympathy of all who know her in the unusual affliction which has befallen a woman who is said to be possessed of a bright mind. When these fits have passed away she knows nothing of what has transpired.

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# FOURTH OF JULY

Reduced rates on the

Sioux City O'Neill and Western R'y

Between all Stations.

APPLY TO ANY AGENT.

Largest Circulation in Nebraska.

It isn't much wonder that The State Journal now has the largest circulation in Nebraska. It has reduced its price to 65 cents a month with Sunday, or 50 cents without Sunday. It has been spending more money for Nebraska news than any other paper; it has on its staff such men as Bixby, Walt Mason and Annin. The Journal is being pushed at every point and is climbing steadily and surely away ahead of the other state dailies. People like a Lincoln paper. Especially when it is as good as The Journal.

A Remarkable Cure of Rheumatism.

Westminster, Cal., March 21, 1894.—Some time ago, on awakening one morning, I found that I had rheumatism in my knee so badly that, as I remarked to my wife, it would be impossible for me to attend to business that day. Remembering that I had some Chamberlain's Pain Balm in my store I sent for a bottle, and rubbed the afflicted parts thoroughly with it, according to directions, and within an hour I was completely relieved. One application had done the business. It is the best liniment on the market, and I sell it under a positive guarantee. R. T. Harris. For sale by P. C. Corrigan Druggist.

Some time ago I was taken sick with a cramp in the stomach, followed by diarrhoea. I took a couple of Doses of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and was immediately relieved. I consider it the best medicine in the market for all such complaints. I have sold the remedy to others and every one who uses it speaks highly of it. J. W. Strickler, Valley Center, Cal. For sale by P. C. Corrigan Druggist.

Having used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in my family and found it to be a first class article, I take pleasure in recommending it to my friends. J. V. Foster, Westport, Cal. For sale by P. C. Corrigan Druggist.

A Canadian National Park.

There is a movement in Canada for having a national park created in the Nepigon country in order that the trout fishing may be eternally perpetuated. The movers hope to see five miles of the Nepigon river north of Lake Superior set apart and guarded and the river kept stocked with fish.

Constituted an Alibi.

Among the Saxons a person accused of crime would clear himself by means of compurgators—that is to say, he induced twelve persons to come in and swear to his good reputation and that they did not believe him guilty.

She Was Not Musical.

Teacher—Tommy, what was Nero's greatest act of cruelty. Tommy—Playin' the fiddle, mum. Teacher—Take your place at the head, Thomas.—Texas Sitings.

A Doctor's Unique Collection.

Dr. Luys, a leading Paris physician, has made what he considers to be a unique present to the medical faculty. It consists of a collection of 220 mummified cerebral lobes, which show numerous specimens of the various forms of brain disease, from the commonest to the most complicated. Dr. Luys organized this collection in the interest of science during his long connection with the Salpêtrière and the Charité hospitals. The brains are