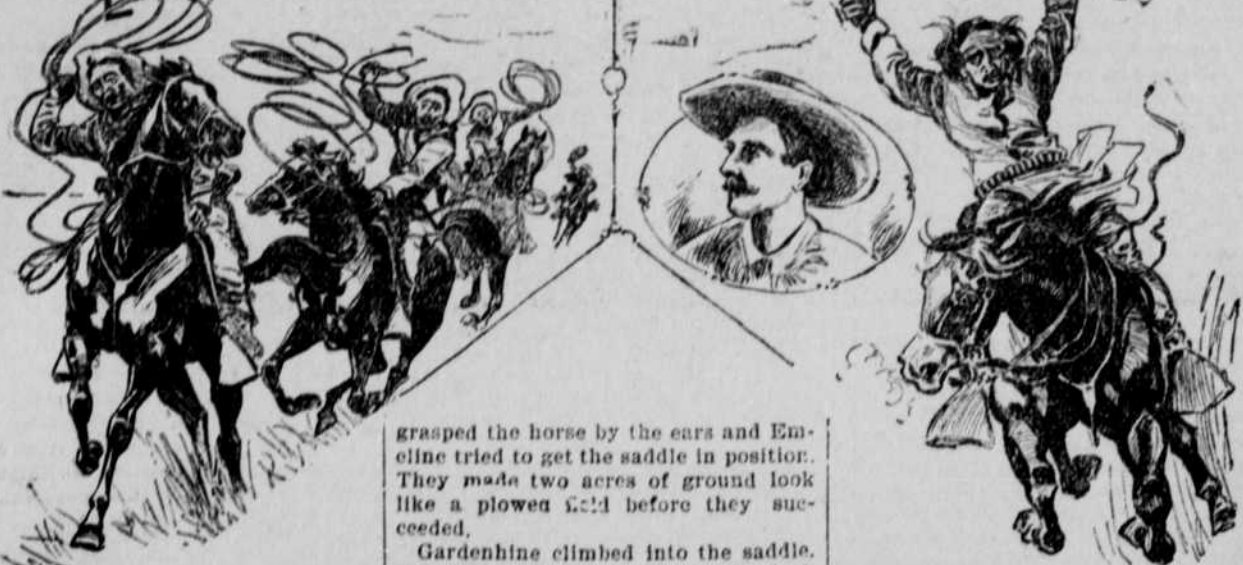


EVERY DAY HEROES OF THE AMERICAN PLAINS



grasped the horse by the ears and Emeline tried to get the saddle in position. They made two acres of ground look like a plowed field before they succeeded.

Gardenhine climbed into the saddle. For fifty yards the broncho bucked, while Emeline sent his spurs home. Then the horse had enough. It was perfectly willing to behave.

When Harper Young roped his broncho the animal looked at him reproachfully. The horse simply arched his back when the girths were being drawn tight. The cowboys take no chances with their girths. Just as Young put his foot in the stirrup the horse bolted. He indulged in ground and lofty fumbling. He sprang up in the air and twisted his body about in the most extraordinary fashion. He executed a back-bucking step that was distinctly novel and which made the cowboys roll on the ground with laughter.

It took Bob Wilson half an hour to saddle a vicious looking bay. But when Bob was in the saddle the animal behaved in the tamest possible manner and Bob was filled with disgust.

"I want a real 'brunk,'" said Bob; "this thing's nothin' but a hobby-horse. He's as easy to ride as a railroad train."

But it had been agreed that each man was to have but one horse, so Bob went off grumbling over his hard luck.

A trim and timid brown broncho, with a light, delicate step, was led forth for Marlon McGinty, of the U-Pork ranch. She looked as if a child could ride her. She made not the slightest protest when the saddle was placed upon her and the flank girth was cinched. McGinty had looked the mare over closely and he had made up his mind she was not what she seemed.

She wasn't. Riding that horse was a good deal like riding a cyclone—you can not tell exactly what happens, but you know that much is going on. That gentle looking animal shot herself into the air. She came down on four feet and two feet and one foot. She made the most awful plunges. Her back curved until she was turned into a hoop.

Then was the crowd aroused to mad enthusiasm. The cowboys shrieked and the Indians—there were 500 Companies there—whooped with all their might. McGinty was not like his namesake in the song. He stayed right on the broncho, and old cowboys said they had never seen such gorgeous bucking. The animal made mad rushes forward, and stopped short with a stiff-legged shock. She fell over backwards and she sidestepped like a shifty prize-fighter.

McGinty sat on her back as if it was no trouble at all, and the plaudits rang about him. When the mare was doing her best, or rather her worst, McGinty shook one foot loose of the stirrup and sat sideways with one leg over the horn of the saddle.

Then the broncho started to run. She shot away like the wind until her fore-foot sank into a prairie dog hole. Then, and then only, did McGinty go down. Horse and rider disappeared in a cloud of dust.

It was taken for granted that McGinty had been practically killed. But he wasn't even hurt. There was never a finer exhibition of riding.

Dave Matthews, of the X ranch, in Shackelford county, drew Old Gray. A horse with convictions is Old Gray, and he lives to them. He is willing to work. When he is being driven he is as gentle as a kitten. When an attempt is made to ride Old Gray it is very like trying to go through a threshing machine.

Several hundred ambitious men had tried to ride Old Gray and not one had succeeded. When the saddle was placed on his back he behaved beautifully. He had the air of a wise horse and a conqueror. He was certain that he would throw his rider and there wasn't any use in wasting strength.

If you have ever seen those fireworks things called "nigger chasers" you can have some idea of the way Old Gray acted on the ground. But nothing that moves can give any idea of Old Gray's aerial evolutions. They are peculiar to himself. He gathers himself in a ball, shoots upward and then appears to explode. As a rule he lands on his head, but he is not particular about this.

After his first efforts Old Gray stopped in sheer surprise to find the man still on his back. He turned his head to look. An inch of steel tearing up his sides made the broncho jump. He placed his head between his legs, arched his back until it was like that of a furious cat, and began bucking until it seemed that he must tear himself and Matthews to pieces. But the man was not dislodged.

When Old Gray was led away he hung his head in shame. It was his first defeat in a long and busy life. He had broken many bones and the ribs of hundreds, only to meet his master at last.

In all, twelve men took part in the contest, and not one was thrown. Jim Harris had the narrowest escape. He was allotted a big black, so strong that the plunges caused the blood

to gush from Harris' nose and ears. Once the man lost his stirrup. But he conquered the broncho.

McGinty was awarded the first prize, \$40, while Dave Matthews received the second prize for conquering Old Gray. The third was given to Harper Young. The verdict of the judges was applauded. McGinty was placed first because "he cut up antedotes when his horse was pitchin'," as a cowboy carefully explained.

The first of the seventeen competitors won the first prize and established a new record. He was Berry Persley, of the Pitchfork ranch.

The steer crossed the line on the run. Persley's lariat settled over his horns. The steer turned a complete somersault. The horse braced himself while Persley ran up to the prostrate and stunned animal. The man threw up his hat to show that the steer was tied in 1m. 14s.

Emeline Gardenhine caught the steer around the head and horn and the big animal came down with a crash. The pony dragged the steer while Emeline was dismounting. The animal was tied in 1m. 14s.

When Billy Parks, the "Pitchfork Kid," came forth, he was acclaimed as becomes a champion. Parks won first prize last year in 1m. 28s. But fortune was not with him this year. First his prey put his hind foot through the loop and then he missed his first throw. Still he tied the steer in 1m. 55s.

It sounds very tame on paper, but it was a hair raising spectacle for a tenderfoot. The cowboys seemed to take the most desperate chances, yet they escaped so easily, and were so quick and skilful that the danger appeared to be eliminated.

To Scare Her Mother.

Clara Moran, the 16-year-old daughter of John Moran, of New Haven, Conn., who was believed to have committed suicide from the fact that she had been missing for two days, and left a letter for her mother and sisters, in which she said she would drown herself, has been found. The girl says she has not been out of the house since her disappearance, but has been hiding in the cellar to create a scare in the family, just to see how badly her mother and sisters would take on if she had really killed herself.

Rare Felicity.

She—Such lovely bargains as there are at that new place. He—Ah! She—Yes, silks at 18 cents, and in a store so small that 100 persons crowd it to suffocation!—Detroit Journal.

IDEAS IN FASHIONS.

A lady of title recently appeared at a London race in a silver gray alpaca, with wide velvet revers framing a tucked vest of white chiffon; the folded belt of black satin ribbon came from under the arms. The bonnet worn with this costume was of black fancy straw and lovely shaded crimson roses.

A beautiful French product was a sun-ray skirt of gray canvas, over a silk foundation; the corselet bodice had a circular basque, with a V-shaped opening in the back, and double crossed draperies in the front, caught on the shoulders with bright buckles. The epaulets were petal like in form, and, like the crossed bands on the bodice, were edged with narrow lace ruffles. The high rolled collar was encircled with a twist of primrose velvet, corresponding with the folded belt.

Garden party dresses now being worn at the various functions going on all over the country are worth noting. Gray, trimmed with yellow, softened with gulfure, seems to be a favorite mixture. A gray kill-plaited voile had a bolero of this kind fastened on to the bodice in such a fashion that it formed the entire trimming. Many people go garden backward and forward to the several entertainments, whether it be garden parties or dances, are wearing kill-plaited crepon cloaks to match their dresses, profusely trimmed with lace.

A French designer sent out the following gown: The material is red checked canvas over silk; there is a plastron in front and back of accordion plaited red silk muslin, adorned with a banner like bib, which is fastened down the sides with narrow satin loops over enameled buttons. The folded silk belt is tied in the back in short loops and long ends, which are embroidered with jet. Full ruffles of accordion-plaited chiffon finish the neck. A red straw hat, adorned with a black Amazon feather, red roses and a wreath of loops of red muslin, finishes this striking costume, which must not be affected except by a woman who is confident that her beauty is great enough to stand close inspection.

DID WORK OF A HORSE

GROUND BARK FOR ONE LONG WINTER.

Confederate General Shelby Commuted His Death Sentence to Hard Labor in the Tanyard—Sad Experience of Benjamin Allsup.



A little volume published by Mr. Patterson of Jefferson City, Mo., in 1874, the biographies of the members who composed the General Assembly that year are given. Among others, this paragraph will be found:

Benjamin Allsup—Born in Tennessee and removed to Douglas county, Missouri; was captured by General Shelby; tried as a spy and condemned to be shot; worked in the brick mill of the rebel tannery at Little Rock all winter as a horse and was released in the spring."

To a group of friends Col. Henry A. Newman of Randolph county, Missouri, the other day related a truly interesting story about Mr. Allsup, with whom he served in the lower house of the Missouri legislature in 1874. Mr. Allsup is now dead, but a host of relatives in Southern Missouri and Northern Arkansas survive him. Colonel Newman said that he was first attracted to Mr. Allsup by reading the brief biography referred to.

"This remarkable statement attracted my attention," said Colonel Newman, "and I hunted the old fellow up, and asked him what it all meant. I had rendered him a little favor once, and being a Tennessean myself (you know Tennesseans are clanish), I succeeded in obtaining further particulars from him. Here is about the way he told the story to me, as I now recall it:

"It is true that I was captured by General Shelby's men as a Federal spy. I tried to conceal my identity under the guise of an ignorant old farmer, but it didn't work. Compromising papers were found in my possession, which proved that I was a spy beyond question. This happened in the vicinity of Little Rock. I well knew the penalty. A drum-head court martial followed and I was sentenced to be shot just outside the camp at Little Rock.

"As a guard was taking me away from General Shelby's tent, Capt. Dick Collins, Shelby's gallant chief of artillery, came in and said to the general that he had found a splendid horse for his battery in the government tanyard, working in the bark mill. He said it was very light work and a broken-down mule could pull the beam.

"General Shelby at once called the guard back and instructed the soldiers to take me down to the tanyard, rig up a set of harness of some kind and put me to work and turn the horse over to Cap. Collins. The order was strictly



MR. ALLSUP HARD AT WORK.

obeyed. The soldiers tied the backband of the harness to me, and I worked all winter grinding tanbark. The work was easy, but very monotonous. Round after round I went all day. A soldier was on guard with a rifle in his hands to see that I didn't strike for higher wages or seek a change of climate for my health, but all things considered, I was treated fairly well.

"The rebels would come around and poke their fun at me sometimes. One said he believed that 'Old Hoss,' as I was called, had the bots; another one observed that 'Old Hoss' was about to lose his off shoe, and then I was given a new pair. One old fellow said he believed I had a sore neck and suggested that a leather collar in place of the shuck one I wore would prove beneficial. He also advised a good feed of oats. All these suggestions were made in good humor.

"The little conscript who fed the bark mill was very kind to me, and would work in my place occasionally when the guard was not around. But he was caught one day, and the guard called the corporal, with this explanation:

"Here's this damned little fluxion-mane colt that ain't half broke working in place of Old Belshazzar. He will run away and break the mill." I was put back to work.

"I do not know just why the guard changed my name to Belshazzar. It was his duty to put on my harness, which consisted of a belt around my waist and two straps over my shoulders, and then I was hitched to the single-tree; the guard would 'click' to me, as if I were in reality a horse, and tell me he would give me a good feed at night, and also a good currying down in the morning if I worked well.

"All this was fun enough for the rebels and I had no particular reason to complain, as it was preferable to being led out and shot as a spy. In this way I ground tanbark all winter, and in the spring Gen. Shelby exchanged me."

NO EFFECTUAL METHOD.

He Was Not a Lord Fannetery by Any Means.

The little boy whose parents had recently moved into the neighborhood was a human document; over his entire costume was written the fact that good clothes do not bring happiness, says the Detroit Free Press. His sailor hat, his immaculate little trousers of duck and his neatly polished shoes were so obviously unsuited to the average juvenile temperament that two urchins paused to extend their sympathy.

"Hi, there Johnny," said one of them; "tell yer mother we're goin' fishin' an' ask her will she lend you to us to lean over the boat an' charm the fish."

The boy with the sailor hat made no reply.

"Aw, let him alone," put in the other urchin. "Don't you see what's happened to him? His parents are tired of him an' have dressed him up purty an' stood him out on the pavement so's he'll get kidnaped."

The subject of their remarks hung his sailor hat on the fence, took off his collar and necktie, and, turning to the boys who had been gleefully admonishing him not to spoil his beauty, offered the simple inquiry:

"Want to fight?"

The challenge was promptly accepted, with the stipulation that each of the old residents was to refrain from taking a hand while the other was engaged with the stranger. In a short time both the local boys had announced that they had "had enough."

"Say, you feller," said one of them, as he wiped the dust off his sleeve, "you're a scrapper all right. But what makes you wear that kind of clothes?"

"It saves time," was the answer. "Mother and father are movers.

They're never contented to stay in one part of town. They rent a different house every three or four months. It used to take two or three weeks of givin' an' takin' back talk to get acquainted with the boys, so I got mother to buy me these clothes. She doesn't know yet what I wanted 'em for; she thinks I'm gettin' neat. All I have to do now when we move into a new neighborhood is to put 'em on. They make me look so easy that it only takes a day or two to get all my fightin' tended to an' get acquainted with the fellers an' have a good time."

WAS NEVER SO DRY.

A GREAT SCARCITY OF WATER IN THE WEST.

An Unprecedented Drought that Extends All Over the Country—Missouri and Illinois the Greatest Sufferers—The Mississippi and Missouri Rivers Unusually Low.

Wide Extended Drought.

St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 7.—United States Observer Frankfield said today that the present unprecedented drought extends all over the country. He added: "Speaking from this station, the states of Illinois, Missouri, Indiana, Kansas, Nebraska and Arkansas are all in the need of wet weather. Iowa has had more rain than some of the surrounding states, but is now in almost as bad a condition as the rest.

"Missouri and Illinois are suffering the most, particularly the southern portion of Illinois and Central Missouri. There is yet no indication of rain."

Reports from these states say the ground is too dry for fall plowing and all the country roads are from four to six inches deep in dust. A white film covers all the land. The ripening corn hangs dull and apparently lifeless in the heat of a summer sun, and everything is parched. In many sections of Missouri cisterns have gone dry and the danger of fire in the small cities and towns is imminent.

The Mississippi and Missouri rivers have not been so low in ten years.

LIKE MR. POTTER OF TEXAS

Man From Missouri Creates a Scene in a Chicago Hotel.

CHICAGO, Oct. 7.—F. R. Reed, a stockman from Cubertown, Mo., awoke from a troubled dream this morning at the Ross hotel, Root and Halstead streets, possessed with the idea that someone had entered his room and taken from under his pillow \$300 which he had received from a sale of stock the day before.

Without looking to see if his fears were correct, Reed bounded from his bed, dashed out of the door and down the hallway with a revolver in his hand, yelling at the top of his voice. When he reached the elevator shaft the car was at the top floor and Reed, thinking he saw at the bottom of the shaft the man who had stolen his money, fired three shots into the basement.

No one was on the floor at the time except the porter and clerk, and they hurried above and overpowered the imaginative cattleman before he tried to shoot again. He was held until policemen from the stock yards station arrived, and his revolver was taken from him and he was sent to the station.

His pocketbook, containing \$300, was found under his pillow. He was not locked up, but was warned by the officers at the station to go home at once.

HE HAD ELEVEN WIVES.

Dr. William Six Sentenced to the Illinois Penitentiary for Bigamy.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Oct. 7.—Dr. William Six pleaded guilty in the Sangamon circuit court to the charge of bigamy, and was given an indefinite sentence, under the new law, to Chester penitentiary. The complaint was made by James Horning, brother of Miss Katie Horning of Berry, Ill., his latest victim, whom he married last spring, when he had ten other undivorced wives living in various cities in Indiana, Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas. Miss Horning, with an unaccountable infatuation, stuck to Six to the last. He is a veterinary surgeon, about 40 years old, and fairly good-looking.

Chicago to Have a Beer War.

CHICAGO, Oct. 7.—Chicago is destined to have cheap beer for a time, and a beer fight thrown into the bargain. A war of extermination was threatened by the beer trust to-day on the rebellious brewers who remain outside the brentworks. It is reported unofficially that an immediate cut in the price from \$4.50 to \$4 will be made, and that the prices will be scaled down to \$2 even, if need be, before the fight is finished.

Rig Copper Mining Deal.

Houghton, Mich., Oct. 7.—Captain W. A. Dunn has sold his Six Mile Hill property to Cameron, Currie & Co., of Detroit, brokers for New York capitalists, for \$500,000. The property has the richest showing of copper of any mine opened since the discovery of the Calumet and the Hecla, and mining men are unanimous in predicting a prosperous future.

Heavy Damages for Injuries.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., Oct. 7.—A jury in Judge Myers' court yesterday awarded a verdict for \$3,850 to Mrs. Bridget A. Cusick against the Electric Street railway for injuries alleged to have been received in 1894 while alighting off a car.

Virginia Republicans Nominated.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Oct. 7.—The state Republican convention met in the opera house here at noon yesterday. Captain P. H. McCall of Culpepper was nominated for governor.

Christian Churchesmen Convene.

EUROPA, Kan., Oct. 6.—The annual convention of the Christian churches of the state of Kansas convened here to-day and will hold sessions until Friday evening next. The attendance is very large, every section of the state being represented.

Bank Teller Charged With Robbery.

NAPANKA, Oct. 6.—W. H. Potter, teller of the Dominion bank branch here, which was robbed of \$10,000 a few weeks ago, was arrested to-day on charge of committing the robbery.