

It is agreed that the cowboy is passing. He is succumbing to barbed wire fences and railroads. But of this there was no sign at the reunion of Texas sowboys a few days ago.

was a picnic on a large scale-a picturesque, fantastic spectacle. There was a wild, barbaric dash about it, a vividness and enthusiasm such as this country never saw before. There was nothing ever like it except the first reunion last year, and that was only half as big as the present one.

More than 15,000 visitors came to the little prairie town where the Wichita Valley railroad ends. It is the nearest railroad town to the heart of the cattle country.

Of course there was not room to house so many, but this made not the slightest trouble. The visitors didn't expect to live in hotels. They camped along Seymour creek and the Brazos river for four miles.

Many came on the railroad, more on horseback, a few hundred in wagons. and some on foot. And it was worth every sacrifice that was made.

Texas has had a prosperous year. The rains came at the right time. The cattle are fat and bringing a good price. There has been plenty of work for the

cowboys. Men who have lived all their lives in cities or on small and peaceful farms can have no idea of what this cowboy gathering was like. To begin with, they may think that there was no end of trouble. During the three days' celebration there were only two cases of disorder. One man was arrested for cutting a rope to keep the crowd back, and another for carelessly breaking the

wheel of a wagon. The cowboys came in all the glory of their adornment. They arrayed themselves in new sheepskin leggins or corduroy trousers, which are matters of no particular moment. They had their brightest kerchiefs knotted around their necks, and these are important. They wore the finest of sombreros, heavy with gold and silver trimmings. Their saddles were truly magnificent, and more than one wore silver spurs.

And never, perhaps, was so many gorgeous revolvers to be seen in one place. A cowboy never calls the weapon a revolver. It is a pistol, a gun, or a pop. The initial cost of the revolvers-and they are the finest that money can buy-doesn't compare with the amount spent on their adornment. They are inlaid with gold, and many are studded with diamonds. The cowboy's pride in his pistol exceeds that in anything else that he possesses.

There were little cowboys and big cowboys; men with soft, apologetic voices and terrible records and others with swaggering gait and brawling voice that are as dangerous as don-

The features of the reunion were the cowboy games and the "broncho bustin' " and steer roping contests. The ablest cowboys on the panhandle took part in these, and it was an exhibition that was worth going hundreds of miles to see. There was a grand stand erected that seated 2,800 people, and it was crowded. Seymour is proud of its enterprise in building that stand.

The meanest, strongest, most evilinspired horses that live were selected for the contests. Those who know something of this dangerous and exciting sport from the Wild West show can have only an approximate idea of what this contest was like. It took place on the prairie and the foremost men among the most wonderful horsemen of the world had a part in it. They were not giving an exhibition for the benefit of a lot of people who knew nothing about it. They had to please the most captious of critics who knew every point of the game. And the cowboys are not afraid to criticise.

Emeline Gardenhine, last year's champion, a slender, active man, first came forth, swinging his lariat as a small boy waves a flag. From the pen rushed a bay horse with white spots on his side, a powerful and wonderfully awift animal. He went by at top speed.

The lariat curled gracefully through the air and settled over the wild horse, Gardenhine's mount stretched out his feet and waited for the shock. It came with such force that the horse was

jerked from under its rider. Gardenhine led the fractions broncho in front of the grand stand. He walked of a furious cat, and began bucking unalong pracefully and meekly. seemed that any ordinary rider could

manage him. But when a saddle was thrown over him there was trouble, and no end of It seemed that the broncho had at least twenty-three feet and that they shot out forwards, backwards and sideways, so that his legs looked like the at last.

spokes in a rapidly moving carriage. When he wasn't kicking he was danc-After a 'ime a couple of cowhoys the plunges caused the blood tion.

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 'bronk,' " 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 cach 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 Marion McGinty, of the U-Fork 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 Comanches there-whooped with all their

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 prizefighter.

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 forefoot 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 Mc Ginty 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

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 rearing up his sides made the broncho jump. He placed his head between his legs, arched his back until it was like that til 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 pride of hundreds, only to meet his master

in all, twelve men took part in the contest, and not one was thrown. Jim

nose and ears. Once the man lost his stir-

rup. 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 Harpey Young. The verdict of the judges was applauded. McGinty was placed first because "he cut up anticdotes when his horse was apitchin," "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 somergault. 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

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.

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 ruf-The high rolled collar was encircled with a twist of primrose velvet, corresponding with the folded

Garden party dresses now being worn at the various functions going on of the harness to me, and I worked all all over the country are worth noting. Gray, trimmed with yellow, softened with gulpure, seems to be a favorite after round I went all day. A soldier mixture. A gray kilt-plaited volle had a holero of this kind fastened on to the bodice in such a fashion that it formed the entire trimming. Many people going backward and forward to the several entertainments, whether it be garden parties or dances, are wearing poke their fun at me sometimes. One kilt-plaited crepon cloaks to match their dresses, profusely trimmed with

A French designer sends 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 blb, 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 coatume, which must not be affected except by a woming. Really that horse would have Harris had the narrowest emaps. He an who is confident that her heanty made a striking success in a ballet, was allotted a big black, so strong that in great enough to stated close impos-

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.



N 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 Douglass county, Missourl; 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, pathy. the other day related a truly interesting 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 biograph 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 Tennesseean myself (you know Tennesseeans are clannish),I succeeded in obtaining further particulars from him. Here is about the way he told the story to me, as I now recall

"'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 sold 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 takes a day or two to get all my fightme to work and turn the horse over to in' tended to an' get acquainted with Cap. Collins. The order was strictly the fellers an' have a good time."

"'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 Fauntieroy by Any Meuns.

The little boy whose parents had recently moved into the neighborhood tire 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 sym-

"Hi, there Johnny," said one of story about Mr. Alisup, with whom he 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



MR. ALLSUP HARD AT WORK.

obeyed. The soldiers tied the backband winter grinding tanbark. The work was easy, but very monotonous. Round 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 said he believed that "Old Hoss", as I was called, had the botts; another one observed that "Old Hoss" was about to out their clothes until their limbs are lose his off shoe, and then I was given a blown bare by Autumn winds. 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 tn good humor.

'The little conscript who fed the back mill was very kind to me, and would work in my page occasionally when the guard was not around. But he was caught one day, and the guard called the corporal, with this explana-

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

PARAGRAPHS WITH POINTS.

It begins to look as if we might have to invent the word championess. If you lie to a customer, and the clerk knows it, has the clerk a warrant for falsifying to you. Great crowds are reported at the

camp meetings, and the religious fervor was never more in tents. The hearded lady of the museum wouldn't shave for the best man in the

world. Her face is her fortune, Trees have trunks; but they leave

Now that the weather is cool enough

for the people to sleep, they are beginning to stay up nights to play whist, The Afridis will know more about what Khyber pass has cost them after Mr. Bull presents his bill to close the

Now that the Princess of Wales has gone Woershofen to enjoy the Knelpp cure, barefooted parties among the doncherknow" people on this side of the creek can be confidently depended

Governor Griggs of New Jersey de clines to be a candidate for United States senator because he cannot afford Has the price of the place advanced in common with that of other puchasable commodition?

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.

Sr. Louis, Mo., Oct. 7 .- United States Observer Frankenfield 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 Arkanss are all in the need of wet weather. Iowa has had more rain than some of the surrounding states, was a human document; over his en- | 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, & stockman from Cufbertson, 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 base-

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 po-licemen from the stock yards station arrived, and his revolver was taken from him and he was sent to the sta-

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. Willam 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 Hornung, brother of Miss Katie Hornung 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 Hornung, 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 breastworks. 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.

Houserton, 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 \$5,850 to Mrs. Bridget A. Cusick against the Electric Street railway for injuries alleged to have been received in 1894 white alighting off a car.

Virginia Republicans Nominate.

Lyxennuno, 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 Churchmen Convene. Europia, 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.

Hank Teller Charged With Robbern NAPANER, Oak, Oct. 6 .- W. H. Ponter, teller of the Dominion branch here, which was robbed of \$10,-000 a few weeks ago, was arrested to day on charge of committing the rob