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J. G. BRENIKER

BROKEN BOW, NEBRASKA

## At The Corcoran Mine

By Harry B. Iszard.

That affair is fresh in my memory yet! And I don't believe it ever will become a back number as long as my thinking machine holds out. Of course, Leadville was considerably younger in those days: About the same old town, though; a little bit livelier with a bigger floating population, that's all. Oh, Yes! For a while we had our "dead man" for breakfast—as the saying goes—but after Ed Cuddihee and "Cap" Flood exterminated a certain breed and the "vigilantes" strung up Frodsham and a foot-pad or two, things rather quieted down.

I was engineer on the Corcoran Mine when this thing happened. You know the "Corcoran" is up Stray-Horse gulch, on the Carbonate Hill side, and we had one of the best "mine" boarding houses in camp. Mrs. Macaire and her daughter Bess, had charge of the place; and if ever there was a "peach" upon this terrestrial globe, that girl Bess was certainly it. No! I'll not describe her, that's not in my line! I can handle a hoister of any horse power better than talk about a pretty woman: Some engineers are directly the opposite.

But this girl was all I say, and a trifle over. Well educated, too! Old man Macaire was a cross between "tin-horn" and "hobo," with an everlasting thirst that kept him always soaked. It goes without saying, that the women folks supported the old cuss, and thought as much of him as though he had never forgotten to be a gentleman.

One day, Manager Steele brought over a new foreman by the name of Jack Trellis; he had taken him from the "Little Pittsburg" group, on Fryer Hill. My! He was a "screamer" in all directions and had a local reputation as a practical miner. It seems that he had a college diploma, also; which is something unusual for a practical miner to have. Well, sir, it took Jack Trellis and Bess Macaire just about the length of one meal to thoroughly understand each other. After a long look had been exchanged, they both seemed to find something that satisfied them, and from that time on—according to Hoyle—they were the big cards in the deck.

You see, the two being general favorites, the boys all took an interest in their movements, and "Long" Jake Tumley, the shift boss, declared the young people should have a square deal, even though he had to create a "rough house" at every prospect "layout" between Stray-Horse and South Evans.

Now, there are just a few words around which this story circulates, and I overheard them spoken the day I was working in the boiler room. I had climbed to the safety-gauge in order to re-adjust the weight, when Jack's voice came very distinct and clear through the open window:

"Bess, you are mine! Mine before God and man! I shall take you with me in Life and in Death!"

I lowered myself from the perch in a doggone big hurry and re-entered the engine room. I wasn't anxious to overhear more talk in the same vein.

For about two months everything was as quiet as a worked-out drift. Tumley had commenced agitating the subject of wedding presents when the climax arrived that put an end to the whole business. Understand! I don't pretend an explanation as to the end of this! We accepted the first theory that presented itself and were content to leave it go at that.

Steele had sent Trellis over in the neighborhood of Aspen to look after some interests belong-

ing to the company. He was to be gone a week! Two days later, Klipton dropped upon the scene and proceeded to work up a boom for himself in a startling manner. Klipton owned two "joints," one in Leadville, the other at Red Cliff. Between them, he managed to "skin" many "tenderfeet" and not a few "suckers." He was a cold, hard-eyed devil, possessing just enough refinement to make him thoroughly bad. In his coat pockets, he carried a couple of those latest improved, swivel action, hell-firin' guns, and he knew how to use them, too!

Well, Klipton appeared before the women with a "knock-out" proposition and a forged check he had cashed for the old man, to the tune of three hundred dollars. He said he wanted the girl and would give the forged check in exchange, together with Five Thousand of Uncle Sam's collateral. If Bess failed to see the proposition with the eye of a philanthropist, "papa" Macaire would bid good-bye to them all and settle down in Canon for a term of years.

"Now, I'm a man of business," said Klipton, "and I want to settle this matter before that cursed young booby returns from Aspen. I'll give you all day to think the matter over and be up at nine o'clock tonight for my answer." He then started for the door; but before reaching it, turned around and remarked:

"I don't want you people to labor under a mistake that I am going to compromise on this deal, because I ain't! If Miss Bess doesn't deliver the goods, her dad goes over the road on a long vacation, and you don't forget it!" With that he jumped on his horse and rode off to town.

Bess flew over to the shaft-house, fairly howling with terror. She cleared the six steps leading to the engine-room and clutched me by the arm.

"Oh! Billy, Billy, what shall I do?" she wailed. "Where is Jack? Why don't he come to me? Jack, darling, I'm in trouble! Save me! Save me!" Then she collapsed and fainted. I carried her up the stairs into Jack's little office, that opened off the main shaft room, and in a few minutes, had brought her about all right. She told me her troubles and I assured her that Steele would send for Jack right away, and promised to see him immediately. I also cautioned her to hold Klipton off as long as possible, so that Jack could have a run for his money. She finally braced up and promised to act on my advice. I then called the night man and asked him to work the afternoon for me while I made a still hunt for the manager.

If Trellis had been right in Aspen, we could have reached him by wire in a very few minutes; but he was several miles distant, on the hills, and it would take time. However, two imperative messages were sent and I began to breathe easier.

Steele was one of the finest fellows that ever lived and would have broken his neck to do those two youngster a favor.

Now comes the part that other people can speculate on, if they want to.

I was down in the engine-room that night about nine o'clock, working out the time I had borrowed in the afternoon. "Long" Tumley was sitting on the bench back of me, for we had been discussing the day's excitement. He was in favor of treating Klipton to a coat of tar, then making him dance on air, at the end of a rope, afterward; but as the law happened to be on the other side, in this case, I discouraged the suggestion. There was little or no hoisting being done, as the

(Continued on page 7.)

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BROKEN BOW NEBRASKA

#### B. & M. Train Schedule

WEST BOUND	EAST BOUND
No. 39 ..... 6:20 a.m.	No. 40 ..... 6:40 a.m.
No. 41 ..... 11:25 p.m.	No. 42 ..... 9:50 a.m.
No. 43 ..... 8:22 a.m.	No. 44 ..... 11:25 p.m.

No. 39 and 40 run between Lincoln and Broken Bow only, and not on Sundays. Freight trains Nos. 41 and 42 carry passengers, but are run as extras.

#### Schedule of Broken Bow Mails.

POUCHES FOR THE EAST GO AS FOLLOWS: Train No. 40 ..... 6:40 a.m. Train No. 42 ..... 9:50 a.m. Train No. 44 ..... 11:25 p.m. POUCHES FOR THE WEST GO AS FOLLOWS: Train No. 43 ..... 8:20 a.m. Train No. 41 ..... 11:25 p.m. Office open Sunday from 9:30 to 10:30 a.m. Week days 6:30 a.m. to 7:30 p.m.

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### A BREEZY TIME.

A musical comedy of more than usual merit will be given at the Opera House on Xmas evening, December 25th.

The Lemark, Illinois, Gazette of November 11th has the following to say concerning the show: "The Fitz & Webster Company, of 15 people, presented 'A Breezy Time' before a large and appreciative audience at the Opera House last Monday night. This is one of the best companies that ever showed in our city and the manager has booked them in their new play for the coming season."

Come and see a bright clean show and hear some very fine music.

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