AN OLD OMAHAN'S WILD LIFE.

Hunting Down the Desperadoes of the Prairies.

ADVENTURE WITH MIDDLETON

A Daring Deed Among Robbers-An Educated Desperado-Striking the Trail-An Act of Treachery.

Liewellen's Exploits, Mr. W. H. H. Llewellen, the leading member of the New Mexico delegation to the deep water convention recently held in Denver, is a young man who has seen a great deal more of frontier life than falls to the lot of the average man. He began his career in Omaha. and many of his exploits were first given publicity in THE BEE. His work was chiefly done in the interior of Nebraska, and not in Omaha, as reported in the Denver Times, whose reporter Oweaves quite a yarn upon incidents which have necessarily been greatly magnified in order to make a readable story. It runs about like this:

His first work of any great importance began about ten years ago, when northern and western Nebraska was being terrorized by a number of desperadoes. who made the lives of cattlemen, ranchmen and farmers, as well as existence in the Black Hills, burdens, and made them wish they had never seen the country. "Llew," as he was known, went to the Union Pacific officials, who had previously been trying to rid the country of these hard characters, and proffered his assistance.

A DARING DEED AMONG ROBBERS. The railroad peeple jumped at the opportunity and held out fabulous induce-ments for the young man to make the hazardous effort. He went to work on the stage lines between Sidney, Neb., and Deadwood, Dak., and in a few months had "turned up" several of the worst road agents in the country. He had many a fight, but seemingly bore a charmed life, but during the many encounters he had experienced he was wounded only once. He shot the man who had put the ball into him and then rode 125 miles on a mule to the railroad with the dead robber strapped on the saddle. During this long ride the detective had only one dried up biscuit to eat and a canteen full of stale water to drink. For this capture he received \$5,000 in cash from the railroad company.

AN EDUCATED DESPERADO.

His most noted exploit was in the ar-rest of "Doe" Middleton, or "Gold Tooth," as the Indians called him. "Doe" was once a peaceful and well-todo ranchman in Western Nebraska owning a nice herd 'of eattle and was known far and wide as one of the nicest feilows upon the plains. He was a graduate of Yale college and had studied medicine in one of the New England states, and had practiced until his health gave out, when he came west to recuperate. He located near Sidney and soon became a popular and useful citizen. RECOMING AN OUTLAW.

He had but one failing, and that was a pasilon for strong drink. When under the influence of liquor he was inclined to be quarrelsome, frequently insulting his best friends, who would leave him until the effects of his debauchery wore off. While on one of these sprees he entered a dance house in Sidney one night, and quarreled with a couple of soldiers. Revolvers were drawn and a number of shots exchanged, which resulted in the two blue coats being killed, while Middleton was unhurt. The dead bodies were stacked up in a corner of the room, and the dance proceeded without further intercuption. COMMITTING DEPREDATIONS. This rash act made Middleton an outlaw, and he at once organized a gang of desperadoes, who provied around the country, stealing cattle and committing many depredations. All efforts of the many depredations. All efforts of the railroads and state authorities to break up the gang failed, although many thou-and lost in one of those moments when sands of dollars were expended and several lives lost, besides innumerable numbers of stock being destroyed. Prairie fires started by the outlaws burnt off the grass and caused much suffering among cattle, thousands of heads dying of starvation. BIDDING THE BABIES GOODBYE. It was at this date, in 1877-78, that Lleweilen offered his services to Albinus Nance, at that time governor of Nebraska, promising, if given carte blanche, to put "Doc" Middleton in the penitentiary, and to break up the reign of terror. Governor Nance wisely concluded to favor the young man, and he was soon in the saddle. He bade farewell to his wife and babies one bright spring morning, and two days later was among Middleton's friends, who were numerous in the small villages of the Niobrara country.

handled revolver. "I'll fix you. Take that, and you take that," as two shots were fired in as many seconds. Middleton rolled off his horse with a wound in his stomach. The other scoundrel never knew what hurt him. Then, seeing that the entire gang was ready to attack him, Llewellen put spurs to his horse and sped across the divide like the mind methods are specified at the specified specified at the specified specif the wind, catching a number of builets in his hat and coat as his blooded horse

carried him along. ASSISTANCE FROM THE SOLDIERS. He rode for two days and a night until he arrived at the Sidney military post, where he related his encounter

and naarow escape to Captain Monahau, commander, who at once placed fifty soldiers in charge of Llewellen, with instructions to return and bag the game. The vicinity of the treacherous act was reached, and without much trouble the bandit was captured.

He recovered from the wound and got ten years in the Nebraska penitentiary, good behavior and time releasing him about two years ago. He is now run-ning a saloon in southern Dakota. Liewellen was paid \$10,000 by the

railroad company for this service, besides receiving many gifts from the stock growers of the Niobrara country. He left a short time thereafter for Arizonia, and was for several years Indian agent of the warlike Apache nation. He compelled these Indians to behave themselves while on the reserva-

tion, a number of times enforcing obedience at the point of a gun. "Lew" is a man of undaunted courage, and at the same time is one of the best hearted fellows on earth.

A RIDE TO DEATH.

[FROM THE FRENCH.] St. Paul Globe: "And now, monsieur, you know, I think, what you have to do!" The colonel ceased. Captain

Randon wheeled like a manikin turned by a brutal hand. Two seconds later he was in the street. His brain was vacant without thought; he walked with the automatic step of the drunkard whom will alone maintains upon his indecisive Arrived as his own house, he threw

himself upon a chair, leaned his elbows upon his knees, his brow upon his hands, and remained thus, astonished to find himself almost calm, tearless, but still unable to reflect. From time to time a sharp pang traversing his heart momentarily recalled to him that he suffered; he felt himself pale. He made an effort to rouse himself, got up, opened the window and regarded the heavens of a light, tender blue, the blue of the early spring morning that follows a night of rain. The trees of the garden had begun

to blossom, rosy clouds floated above the houses, hovered a moment upon the chimney-tops like the wings of birds and then resumed their way. Before him, bathed in a pallid sunlight, veiled

still by a vaporous mist, the quadrangu-lar bulk of the quarters, its walls yellow and naked, showed itself in an attitude stiff and martial. For the first time he seemed to see all these things, and more quickly than ever, the impression of external objects acting upon a galled and tortured brain. Nevertheless, while in his lungs the fresh, pure air of the morning circulated, and he felt and he saw the beauty of the world about him, by a curious doubling of personality he followed impossibly in another self, the terrible and commonplace history that

had DISHONORED HIM. He, Captain Randon, accused of forgery, was going to be brought before a courtmartial. To-morrow at latest he would be arrested-the colonel had given him but twenty-four hours-had said: "And now, monsieur, you know, I think, what you have to do!" He had but one passion-the horse-and that passion had ruined him. To ride, to run them, to mount them at

it! He descended to the court and called his stableman. "Saddle Niniche!" said he. And he waited, promenading from side to side, threshing the air with his riding whip, whistling through his teeth. When they brought him his mount, a little mare, true bred, slender, yet sinewy

he was calm again, and settling himself slowly in his stirrups, departed. Erect upon his saddle, martially camped, his legs falling naturally along the flanks of his mare, the reins supple but perfectly carried, and trimly at-tired in a blue cavalry coat, closely buttoned to his form, Captain Randon ad-vanced at a slow step. He was pale, a little nervous perhaps, but he wished to be impassible and stiffened himself resolutely, in order to give himself countenance, he regarded the bluish smoke of his cigarette mounting lightly in little eddies in the transparent clear-ness of the atmosphere, or lifted his head to examine the windows of the houses to surprise a pair of eyes that contemplated him, a hand that drew aside a curtain, and he was happy at the little effect produced by his passage. Impelled by force of habit, he had taken the road to the quarters. He

perceived it presently and smiled conemptuously; nevertheless continued his route. He desired to see for the last time the beings and things familiar to him. He saluted with the tips of his fingers the sentry who presented arms, gave an amicable good-day to the sous-officer of the guard, a man of his own squadron, made the tour of the barracks without dismounting, threw a glance into the stables, directed the officer of the day to remit some punishments that he had inflicted the evening before, passed to the gate, leaped it and turned and swept the building with a gaze of

adieu. Only then did his heart sink, and, fearing the trouble that invaded him, ne put his mare to the trot, seeking to fly his weakness. He had resumed the way to the forest; before long he was in the woods. Rays of sunlight filtered throughout the leaves, designing the shadows of the trees and branches upon the brownish earth. Drops of the night's rain still pearled upon the

Captain Randon brought his horse to a walk. "There is a plenty of time," he thought, and allowed himself to go dreaming idly, soothed by the freshness of the morning breeze.

In the meantime he had passed into a wide sandy alley—"the training alley," as he remembered, of the barracks—he had traveled two kilometers at a jump. He dropped the reins upon Niniche's neck, and the head and shoulders of the mare balanced to the right and balanced to the left with the regularity of a pendulum. Randon was absolutely cantent -content with the pride of a resolution well and firmly taken. He was happy even to find himself calm and

PROUD OF HIS BRAVERY. At the end of the alley he traversed a wide clearing, and a hundred metres further stopped. Behind a tall hedge near by, a stone's throw from the high-way, not more, the line of the railway ran; the descent that led to it was perpendicular and covered with pebbles and jagged points of stone. Pale as a corpse, Randon observed it, a strange emotion holding him, his legs weakening beneath him. He made a half-turn --threw his animal upon her haunches and advanced again--but at a walk.

There was plenty of time. Niniche was afraid of a tree that had fallen across her route, and plunged violently. A little more and Randon had been dismounted. It was a painful surprise to him. "Chut!" he cried, "What is the mat-ter with me? Can I ride no more?" And, afraid of being afraid, he stiffened himself anew and began to pet and

soothe her-less to calm his animal, perhaps, than to reassure himself. Gently, mamie, gently; no precipi-

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STRIKING THE TRAIL.

"Llew" wandered in and out, appar-ently having no other aim in life than kill time and "be one of the boys." He was soon on good terms with several tough men and was a frequenter of their gatherings. He finally located the terror of the plains, and at once set out to capture him. Negotiations were finally entered into between the detective and the desperado, whereby the latter was to surrender himself and receive as light a sentence as the law allowed-the authorities concluding that the killing of the soldiers was an act of self-defense, and holding Mid-dleton amenable to the charge of horse and cattle stealing only.

IN A TICKLISH POSITION.

A meeting place a hundred miles from any habitation was eventually agreed upon between Llewellen and Middleton, who, by the way, had never before met, and the day of appointment the detective rode to a lone spot where dozen horsemen were in waiting. Llewellen was apparently unarmed, but beneath a big flannel shirt he carried a beautiful gold-mounted 48-calibre revolver which he could use with deadly effect when he felt so disposed. He met the notorious "Doc." and his men, who forced him to keep in front of them constantly, and as they proceeded along the banks of a creek the "talk was made.

AN ACT OF TREACHERY.

Middleton agreed to surrender and take his chances of receiving the mercy of the courts. Llewellen drew a docu-ment from his pocket and offered it to the robber to sign. It proved satisfactory and the conference was about to end amicably, when one of the gang, at the command of the thief, jerked a huge revolver from his belt and tried to shoot the officer. This act of treachery was never carried out, as the "gun" re-fused to do its bidding, the spring being too weak to explode the cartridge, and the trigger only snapped six times without harming anyone.

Liewellen cast a quick glance at Mid-lieton, whom he detected in the act of drawing one of his revolvers. SHOOTING DOWN THE BANDITS.

"You are treacherous dog," exclaimed the detective, and out came the gold

a stable had aces and to have fixed idea of his life; the goal of all his desires and efforts; the single thought of his soul. A marvelous horseman, absolutely indismountable, so they said in the regiment --- the men had surnamed him "The Jockey"---a name that was at once his ambition and his pride. The maintenance of his stable, however, had cost him his patrimony. He had bor-rowed, and a pack of creditors loosed at moral sense is obliterated and conscience uses sophistries to put to sleep its scruples, he had drawn from the eash box of his squadron, forged signatares to the bills in it, ann falsified his

ticit.

self

accounts in the hope of hiding the de-Unskilfully done, the fault was speedily discovered, and to-morrow he was to be publicly branded, and the cavilers of the second class, who, in the street. rode behind him, would then have the right to refuse to salute him, the right o scorn him. "How could I have done it?" he cried

aloud, clutching the window-frame in agony, all in a sweat, his eyes dry and staring straight before him in an attitude of blank despair. He had a vision of the ordeal awaiting him-the five brother afficers united there to judge, CONDEMN AND DEGRDE HIM!

"And now, monsieur, you know, I think, what you have to do!"

The phrase of the colonel returned to him suddenly in its implacable signifi-cance, followed by that other one that his brain conveyed to him like an echo -"He means you to kill yourself!" He remained a moment bewildered, stupefied. Then, a sob shook his breast, tears rolled from his eyes, and like a child, who, feeble and without support, has need to sustain and solace itself by affection, he was seized with an infinite gratitude, an instinctive thankfulness to the colonel who had been kind to himhis colonel, who had accorded him twenty-four hours of grace, who had opened to him a door of salvation in permitting him to evade a public dishonor.

He must kill himself-that liberty alone remained to him. Kill himself! Finish it, and immediately! Death! No more hubbub, no more uncasiness or disquietude! Indifference to the future! Forgetfulness of everything and of him-

So be it! He had had enough of this needy, tormented existence!

Meanwhile he had not stirred from his window, unable to tear his regard from the spectacle of life that surrounded him. In the distance from the gates of the quarters a platoon of riders were going out for their regular maneuvers. Men and horses were like pigmies, small but distinct. Mechanically he counted them. Four-eight-twelve -sixteen-eighteen. Soon the platoon

was lost from sight in one of the cross streets, and when the last of the cavaliers had disappeared around the turning, a great emptiness filled the breast of Randon. It seemed to him that henceforth he was alone in the world abandoned by every one. He drew himself back, slowly reclosed the sash and re-entered his chamber. Against the wall on the right a pano

ply of arms fastidiously arranged caught his eye. He reflected, quickly passing in review the divers means of suicide that were at his door, successively rejecting them all—the revolver, commonplace; the stroke of the poin-ard, theatrical; poison, the method of a nervous duchess; drowning, fit only for

a betrayed and Suddenly he shivered—he had found

tation. Easy, my girl, casy. Thou shalt have thy gallop by-and-by." Again he stopped and made a half turn; again hesitated; for the desire to

wheel, the desire to fly and turn no more, had come upon him strongly; but only for an instant. Then quickly-unwilling to allow himself a moment to reflect, a moment to regret-he rose in his stirrups, bent his body forward, andthe race began!

The wind cut his face, tears wet his eyelashes; but still he went with dizzy-ing rapidity; the trunks of the trees passing him like specters. Nothing was clear or distinct-nothing but a vague, confused impression that it was his life thus flying from him in fragments. But still he went, and now it was the

noise of a horse that he believed he heard pursuing him. He turned in the saddle-nothing-the noise was nothing but the noise of the pebbles that Ni-niche's flying feet cast behind her. But this idea that a horse pursued him pleased his fancy, set it going, and immediately he imagined himself upon the "track" and making the last grand round! He hurried the pace of his mount!

The circuit of the clearing had twice been passed; the gait was frightful, but the hedge was before him-behind the hedge-he divined it without seeing it -- the precipice, with its jagged, rocky sides! Then he felt himself at the end of his breath---the air he swallowed came from his panting lungs in shrill

whistlings! In the twinkling of an eye he had a vision, a dim realization of that which was to be his death ---- a fall into space--a complete failure of respiration. A CRUSHING BLOW UPON THE HEAD The idea of stopping his mare crossed his mind; He bore the reins-too late Already he was upon the edge! He closed his eyes-he abandoned himself,

but, instinctively loosening the reins and locking his legs according to his habit when leaping obstacles. He had a half consciousness of the

moment when Niniche rose in the air, he experienced a sense of relief; it was tinished! He forced himself neither to hear, to

see nor to breathe, but he bent his spine as one who awaits a volley of blows from a cudgel! He fell, he bounded, he rolled! How long it was, that bounding and rolling; and then—

that dull noise of a shock upon hard ground that he heard distinctly! "I am swooning," he thought. "I am-" a cruel pain in his head recalled

him. "He had broken it? Had hebut immediately there was a second shock that shook him from head to foot -a sensation of rending and tearing throughout his body. He remembered that he had fallen upon the railroadundoubtedly a train had passed. A TRAIN THAT HAD CUT HIM IN TWO.

All his ideas were clouded-a mist before his eyes-but he was peaceful and comfortable, very comfortable-he wished to remain thus always-alwayshe knew no more!

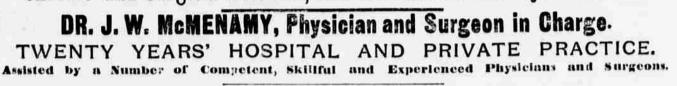
Meanwhile he had come to himself again. About him was a whispering of voices, as about a coffin.

"It is the interment-I am deadnow!" he thought, and the conclusion gave him a pleasure. Suddenly he felt himself lifted-a frightful pulling rent his vitals-atro-

cious agonies harassed him, tore and racked him.

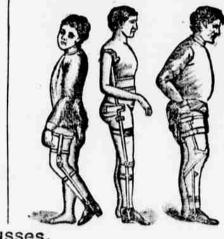
He strove to cry out-"My--," the words strangled in his throat! For the second time he knew no more -he was dead!

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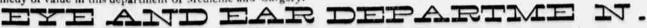
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