

ROBBERS' STRATEGY,

Thrilling Story of the Early Settlers of Pearl River.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

(Copyright, 1895, by Maurice Thompson.)
 At Logtown, which is a lumbering station of importance not far from Pearlington, on Pearl river, in Mississippi, I was told that years ago a band of robbers, controlled by a desperate man, one of John A. Murrell's successors, named Copeland, infested the country round about, committing all sorts of terrible crimes and openly defying the officers of the law.

This put me on the track for new material for my sketches of early life in the Pearl river country, and diligent inquiry rewarded me with some very romantic and thrilling incidents illustrative of what the advance guard of American pioneers experienced in a region of a country which is still almost primitive after all our years of progress.

When our great civil war ended there was no railroad in southern Mississippi, and the condition which prevailed fifty years earlier over a large part of the Pearl river country still existed, with the added confusion and distress brought about by four years of lawlessness and the natural demoralization consequent to war.

Peace was declared, but there was no peace in the region between Honey Island and the Alabama line. Copeland and his gang for a long time terrorized the whole population, black and white, Creole and American, Indian and Negro. No man dared let it be known that he had money.

At this time two boys, half brothers, by the name of Favre, the elder called Pierre, the younger Alphonse, were in a boat in a bayou or creek fishing for "green trout," as the native designated bass, when they saw flames issuing from the roof of their home, which was about a mile away across a marsh.

The house was a humble one, built of pine boards; but it contained a few things of value, and underneath its floor at a certain place was buried an earthen pot containing several hundred dollars in silver money, which the family had been hoarding for years.

As soon as the boys saw the fire they rowed for dear life, until they reached a landing place, whence, without delay, they ran to the house, only to find it already burnt to coals and ashes. What had caused the

made a slight miscalculation as to the exact spot, and so had a deal of extra digging to do, but in less than an hour they reached the pot, and found it full of silver.

At this time Pierre was digging, and it chanced that Alphonse, on the very instant the treasure was uncovered, saw one of the robbers was at his heels; their feet twinkled undergrowth some forty yards away.

"A man!" he cried in his brother's ear. "He sees us!"

Pierre looked when Alphonse pointed and saw four heads instead of one, four dark and excited faces, four pairs of greedy eyes, gazing over the bushes. A moment was time enough to disclose the whole situation to Pierre's quick Creole mind, and his first clear thought was that he must meet the emergency with prompt action.

It was no part of his nature to consider a fight lost before it was ended, much less before it began.

Alphonse was scared and trembling from head to foot, his eyes as round as a dollar, his hair fairly lifting his hat.

A moment later the four men broke through the bushes and came running toward the boys. It was time to act, and Pierre acted.

He seized the little pot of silver and sprang to his feet.

"Come on, Alphonse! Run! Follow me!" And away he went as hard as he could run.

Alphonse was at his heels; their feet twinkled under them, and what was coming behind them gave their little limbs double energy.

Naturally enough, the robbers stopped to look about for a minute at the place where the pot had been dug up to see if perchance the boys had left the money. Then on they came. But they had given the boys good start, which had been of great advantage.

One of the men fired a pistol and yelled, "Halt!" another banged away with a Winchester rifle. A hail from the latter sang close to Alphonse's ear, just as he followed Pierre into a wildly tangled piece of forest, where the undergrowth was half reeds, half swamp bushes.

It was more a matter of accident than of choice that the boys reached this dense part of the wood, and they found great difficulty in entering, so matted was the rank growth,



THE MEN WERE CLOSE BEHIND THEM, SHOOTING AS THEY RAN.

conflagration? This was a mystery to them, for not a spark of fire had been left on the hearth. They stood there gazing stupidly and gazing in silent distress. What made the matter most disheartening to them was the guilty recollection that their father and mother, on leaving home that morning with a wagon load of potatoes for a distant town, to be gone two days or more, had particularly charged them not to go away from the house at any time during the parental absence, and they had disobeyed, with this disastrous result.

Residence, of course, was anything gone to ashes, not so much as a shelter or a bite to eat left.

Pierre and Alphonse Favre were 13 and 17 years old, respectively, starting out on a mixed blood, brave as they could be, but their hearts sank at sight of this destruction, as well as they might.

The nearest neighbor lived twelve miles away, so there was no time to advise with or turn to for help. Nor did they dare leave the spot, remembering that the little treasure of silver lay buried under those hot coals.

All that they could do for a long time was to saunter or stand around, with their hands in their pockets, gazing dolefully at the slowly dying fire. It would be twenty-four hours to wait yet before their parents could return; meantime, what were they to eat? This question could have been very easily answered but for a single fact.

Although their guns were safe enough, back yonder in the boat where in their haste to reach the burning house, they had left them, not a charge of powder remained in their powder horns. The last shot had been fired at a duck, which Pierre had seen while fishing.

A small amount of ammunition had been left in the house, but, of course, it was now gone. Pierre was first to speak.

"Well," said he, "we'll have to wait and watch here till the fire goes out, and then dig up the money and go to somebody's house."

Alphonse assented to this; it seemed the only thing to do, so while one of them remained on guard the other went to bring the guns and fishing tackle from the boat.

They had not very long to wait for the fire to burn out, the pine boards were dry and



THEY SAW FLAMES ISSUING FROM THE ROOF OF THEIR HOUSE.

rich with turpentine. A little after noon they began sweeping away the ashes from a certain spot with a brush of pine boughs, and soon were ready to dig up their father's buried money.

Now all this time four men were hidden at the woods' edge hard by, watching them narrowly and with no little impatience. These were the robbers who had set fire to the house, cunningly calculating that the first thing the boys would do when the fire went out would be to dig up the money.

It was, indeed, a fine piece of villainous strategy, for the outlaw knew that the Favres had buried the money; how they found it out I could not learn, and they knew as well that no threats or tortures, nor anything short of wily strategy would ever force a disclosure of the treasure's hiding place from any one of the family.

Doubtless the four heartless wretches chuckled grimly enough when, after long waiting, they saw the boys sweep away the ashes and begin to dig with an old ax from which the handle had been burned.

Their plan had worked to perfection; all they had to do was to lie there in the shady edge of the wood, smoke their pipes and wait till the money was found, then and take it.

All unsuspecting, the boys delved away, taking turns at the ax. It seems that they

The men were close behind them, shooting as they ran, and yelling with all manner of dire threats and imprecations.

Alphonse got himself caught in a tangle of weeds and vines. Pierre fell down and split part of the money, but they wiggled out of the difficulty just in time to elude their pursuers.

They escaped, indeed, and, after great suffering, found their way to the house of a friend.

Pierre held on to the pot, but at the end of the terrible run there was scarcely half of the money left in it. The robbers did not get so much as a single dollar, and by diligent search the Favres found most of what they had lost. A year later Copeland and his gang were brought to justice.

VACATION HELPS.

How to Amuse Youngsters During Idle Summer Days.

After the novelty of vacation has worn somewhat away the children often begin to find that the days are long and it is hard to fill them. As a consequence, they become restless and want to go here and there.

It is well for them and for the mother, too, if something can be devised to entertain them in their own yards.

Among the things which all children enjoy is a tent or playhouse. If there is no one about to put up the frame for a square playhouse, a firm stick or pole can be given upright into the ground, another nailed to the house and the upper part of the upright piece, and a couple of breadths of canvas, ticking or heavy unbleached muslin stretched over the horizontal piece and staked down to the ground upon either side.

This will make a very satisfactory tent, and can be used for a playhouse, tea party, store, Indian, and any number of similar games.

Swing and hammocks are the usual property of children, but "testers" are so common, and they "are lots of fun." A short upright post, with a large iron spike driven into it, makes a safe tester for one.

Bore a large hole in the middle of the plank of the tester and put it over the spike. In this way a mark is kept from slipping or falling. But if a regulation tester can not be made at least provide a soap box and a plank.

Boys who are large enough should be provided with boards, nails and hammer, and, as they learn to use these, with other tools. The tools not only amuse them and occupy much of their spare time, but will also prove a source of much useful instruction.

AMATEUR LAUNDRESSES.

On a warm day let the children dress in old clothes, which wetting will not injure, and have a tub of water in a shady corner of the yard.

Perhaps you, little imagine the amount of fun they will have with it. Girls can have their small dolls go swimming, bathing and boating, but they must not use their diluted dolls, or those that are glued, as their constitutions will not admit of this treatment.

The boys can construct boats to sail, and they will probably think of a dozen other things that we "grown-ups" never would. At any rate, they will be sure to enjoy it thoroughly.

Small toy boats will be dearer to some of the fun than the older ones engaged in was kept happy for more than an hour with a ball, a hoop and a noise machine, although a straw would do as well as the latter. He blew through the macearon into the water, which bubbled and boiled, and was such fun.

A shower bath with the hose may occasionally be given the children of one's own household, in the back yard, and I guarantee if you take charge of the hose that they will enjoy it as well as the children. One caution: Do not allow them to take the full play of the water near the nozzle, as the force is so great as to cause serious injury if often repeated.

EXPENSIVE AMUSEMENTS.

A croquet set will provide the children with many hours' enjoyment and a set of four balls may be had for about 50 cents.

An upright stake about sixteen inches above the ground may be driven into the lawn for a game of Ring Toss. Provide rings of various sizes and wind them with bright colors of cloth. The rings will throw best if made of heavy iron wire, but wooden rings will do. The smaller the size of the ring the higher number it counts when thrown over the stake.

with beans and each player in turn sees how many bags he can throw through the hole.

Perhaps the few suggestions given may prove useful and may help to suggest other plans to the mothers who sometimes are driven to wonder if vacation is as great a delight as it is supposed to be.

It is of especial importance that each child shall be given some task which is his to do every day. A helpful, useful occupation, regularly engaged in, will lay the foundation for habits of industry and usefulness, and will, besides, prove much better for the child than an unbroken round of frolic and play.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

They were Omaha tots, two girls and a boy, all under 5, engaged in a controversy about housekeeping. I'll be mamma," exclaimed the older girl. "Well, I won't play baby," chimed in number two; "I'll be papa."

"No, you don't," promptly shouted the boy; "you can't be papa, 'cause you don't wear pants!"

A proud papa, not many hundred miles from the center of Syracuse, is boasting of the alleged brightness of his 10-year-old son.

The said 10-year-old, relates the Syracuse Post, was looking over a newspaper the other day, not forgetting to take in the advertisements. "Papa," he said, "I thought that Job and Lot were two different people?"

"Why, they were, my son," was the proud father's answer. "Well," this newspaper is off its base then," said he of the ten years.

"Look here! It says 'Job Lot' at the head of this advertisement. Who's he, then?"

Father (coming unexpectedly upon the scene)—Ah! Just as I thought! In swimming on Sunday.

Boy (putting on a bold front)—I fell in, dad.

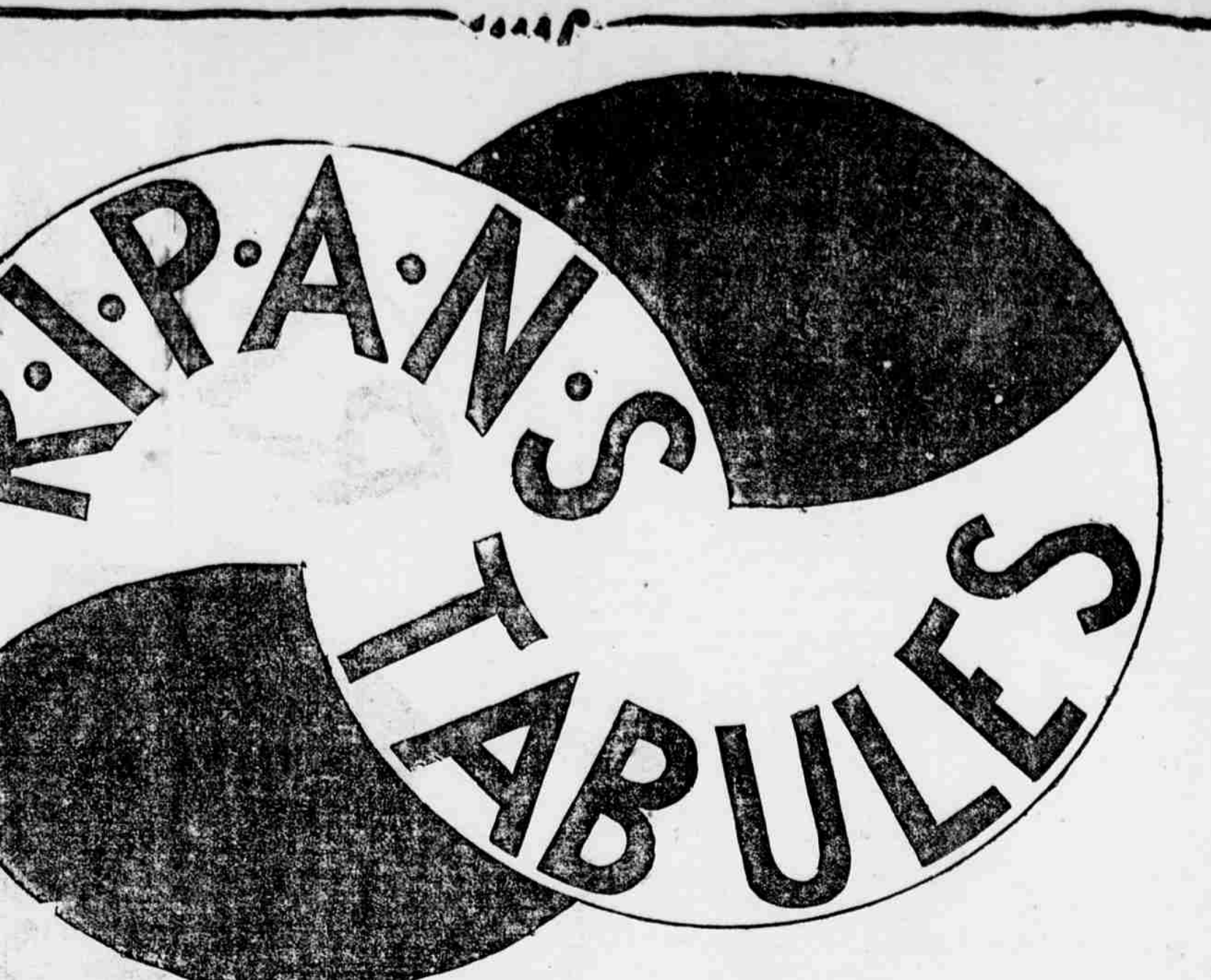
Father (angrily)—Don't lie to me! You've got your clothes off.

Boy—Well, you wouldn't want me to fall in this muddy water with my Sunday clothes on, would you?

Johnny and Jennie were quarreling and Jennie began to cry.

"Oh," said Johnny, "don't cry. I'll take back all the mean things I've said."

"Yes, you'll take 'em back," sobbed the



DISEASE COMMONLY COMES ON WITH SLIGHT SYMPTOMS, WHICH WHEN NEGLECTED INCREASE IN EXTENT AND GRADUALLY GROW DANGEROUS.

ONE GIVES RELIEF

You Suffer from HEADACHE, DYSPEPSIA or INDIGESTION,
 TAKE RIPANS TABULES

You are BILIOUS, CONSTIPATED, or have a DISORDERED LIVER,
 TAKE RIPANS TABULES

Your COMPLEXION is SALLOW, or you Suffer DISTRESS AFTER EATING,
 TAKE RIPANS TABULES

Your BREATH is OFFENSIVE and Your STOMACH DISORDERED,
 TAKE RIPANS TABULES

Ripans Tabules act gently but promptly upon the liver, stomach and intestines; cleanse the system effectually; cure dyspepsia, habitual constipation, offensive breath and headache. One TABLE taken at the first indication of indigestion, biliousness, dizziness, distress after eating or depression of spirits, will surely and quickly remove the whole difficulty. Ripans Tabules are prepared from a prescription widely used by the best physicians, and are presented in the form most approved by modern science. If given a fair trial Ripans Tabules are an infallible cure; they contain nothing injurious and are an economical remedy. A box will be sent, postage prepaid, on receipt of 50 cents by the RIPANS CHEMICAL CO., 10 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK. Local druggists everywhere will supply the Tabules if requested to do so.

THEY ARE EASY TO TAKE, QUICK TO ACT.

ADVERTISEMENT DESIGNED AND ILLUSTRATED FOR THE PUBLISHERS' INK ADVERTISING BUREAU, 10 SPRUCE ST., NEW YORK.

BE WAHY, BOYS!

Frank L. Stanton in Times-Herald.
 There's a day that is dawning somewhere for you (Be wary, boys! Be wary!)

When the mother-in-law to be called "the Will take the stand (and she'll keep it, too) (Be wary, boys! Be wary!)

And strut in bloomers of crimson hue. (Be wary, boys! Be wary!)

There's a day that is dawning—we see its light. (Be wary, boys! Be wary!)

When the mother-in-law of the new stamp shall rise in majesty, clothed in might, (Be wary, boys! Be wary!)

And speed her bicycle out of sight. (Be wary, boys! Be wary!)

The day is coming and soon will dawn (Be wary, boys! Be wary!)

When the mother-in-law of the bloomers will pity her namesakes dead and gone (Be wary, boys! Be wary!)

And strut in bloomers of crimson hue. (Be wary, boys! Be wary!)

Good-by, John! (Be wary, boys! Be wary!)

A TERROR OUT WEST.

Roosevelt's Record as Pacifier of Bad Men and Bears.

Theodore Roosevelt, the police commissioner who is just now causing so much commotion in New York by making saloon keepers obey the Sunday closing law and by playing Harold Alarich among sleepy or negligent policemen, is well and favorably known on many cattle ranges in the west.

Three qualities which he displayed over there endeared him to the heart of the plainsman—his pluck, his horsemanship and his ability to shoot straight and quick.

Ask the first Dakota or Montana cattleman you meet out at the stock yards for his opinion of Mr. Roosevelt and the chances are he will reel you off half a dozen stories of the young New Yorker's nerve and prowess.

One of these visitors from Montana was sitting in a hotel the other evening, says the Chicago Times-Herald, when some one happened to mention the big figure Roosevelt was cutting just at present in New York municipal affairs.

The Montana man said: "Some of the newspapers, I see, are having fun with Theodore Roosevelt, especially in

the east. They don't know him down there as well as we of the west or they would change their tune. You can hear of him all through the cattle ranges of the Dakotas.

He has fame there for absolute fearlessness. He has faced and killed more grizzly bears, for one thing, than any two men who ever lived, and a man who enters into a personal controversy with a grizzly, however well organized he may be for the interview, must have his nerve with him.

Then the ranches out where Roosevelt circulated have never been able to produce a broncho which he dared not ride. The wilder and more furious the animal the more smilingly and ingeniously ready was Roosevelt to mount him.

And on these bronchos as well as on the bear occasions it was noticed that he showed those white teeth of his just as he does on police occasions and about which the New York papers feel such wondrous glee.

"Aside from combats with bears and contests with bronchos, Roosevelt has unhesitatingly made valiant battle with three or four hard characters whose trails he crossed in his western rambles. One character who was regarded as desperate and who did business under the nom de guerre of Long Ike, once helped himself to a glass of whisky which Roosevelt had poured out.

Ike evidently relied on his length, his six-foot figure and his six minutes of whisky for his protection. Roosevelt, however, was mistaken. Roosevelt in an instant had cold of him like a tiger, and before Ike had gotten the whisky or anything else that he might boast of he was thrown into the middle of the street. Even then he did not have peace, for Roosevelt was after him like a landslide and had thrashed him lame and black and blue before he was five minutes older.

The stranger then returned to the saloon perfectly calm, his white teeth making their usual exhibition. Nor was Long Ike's scalp his only trophy. The annals of the northwest show others. Today he is famous through the whole upper Missouri and Yellowstone country as a man utterly game, and you would not be able to find a character so reckless of his own safety in that region that would for slight cause pull on trouble with Theodore Roosevelt.

In the words of one who came in collision with him, "He's as clean, straight gun as a grizzly, and if he says 'live things on earth he's afraid of I'd like to see his brand and

learn its range. I'd want to keep away from it."

When Roosevelt first made his appearance out west his get-up provoked a good deal of sarcastic comment among men who had lived there for any length of time. The New Yorker costumed himself a good deal according to the school boy's notion of the Indian fighter. The hardened frontiersman was inclined to resent this somewhat theatrical importation, and was not slow to express dissatisfaction. Roosevelt was regarded as "a fool tenderfoot," whose notions of western makeup were based on close study of Beadle's library. The real cow-puncher knew no such gaudiness, seldom owned an ivory-handled six-shooter, and probably never set for his picture with a Winchester "at the make-ready." Before the newcomer had been long among them, however, the frontiersmen learned to respect him, and overlooked his fondness for dress

ing himself in such fancy styles. This change of opinion was precipitated when Roosevelt killed his first of many grizzlies, and was knocked on one occasion when a master scout the New Yorker word that he meant to shoot him on sight. The eastern man at once rode into the rustic's camp to find out why he was to be shot. The rustic did not like the looks of the visitor, and instead of making the expected gun play asked him what he would have to drink. Roosevelt took "the same" and took it straight, and from that time on was one of the few men in the west who could dress like a tenderfoot, and be taken for a "sure good boy." He could shoot a little better than a cowboy, he had better muscles and fewer ribs than most of them, he had better teeth, above all, he could live on "sour belly" without complaining, and get along without riding fifty miles for liquor. He was a pretty good cow puncher, even if he did own the cows he punched, and even if he did lose money at the game.

Compulsory Exertion.

"The people here appear to take life very easy," remarked a northern man who was sojourning in Arkansas. "Nobody seems to have any work to do. Is there a single busy man in the entire community?"

"Lard, yes!" replied the native whom he addressed. "Years a feller over in the other side of town that's got salt rhus and a Waterbury watch."