THE OMARY DAILY BEE: THURSDAY OCTOBER, 14, 1897.



to grief, and their reputations are usually smashed in some unexpected and often lusaloon as meek as a lamb. saloon as meek as a famb. "All the fight was gone from the bad mar and he was begging like a whipped child dictous manner," said a western mine owner to a group of friends.

12

"I was working a claim at a mining cimp in the Black Hills in 1879, when a profes-"Backing Jones up ogainst the bar, the stranger removed the slough hat and dis-closed the long, black hair of a woman. sional had man from the headwaters of Bitter Creek came along, put down stakes and proceeded to make it interesting for everyone around, espicially the few tenderfeet who this before." had not been long in the west. Our bad man was a big, strapping fellow, more than six feet tell, with a face that would convict him before any intelligent jury.

"He hailed from somewhere in Missouri and said that his name was Bill Jones. He also let it be known that he preferred to be called Bud Bill Jones, as that was the title man in four townships back in the states, around, as if looking for a way of escape. Jenes celebrated his arrival in camp by "'Now, there ain't a bit of fight in n cleaning out the only saloon in the place husband. He never fought a man in h he had earned by whipping every fighting at that time. He carried a six-shooter in every procket and a bowie knife in his boot

dered the bartender to set up drinks for the crowd. When the man at the bar de-manded to see the color of his money in ad-it was time for me to come for him. I the crowd. When the man at the bar de-manded to see the color of his meney in ad-vance. Jones let out an Indian war-whoop and promptly shot out all the lights in the place "after he hid perforated two or three hots and broken the necks off a few bottles with bullets.

was then an unknown quantity. had demonstrated that he could shoot, and

wisor counsel prevailed. he had his own way .. The fellow knew little her an ovation. or nothing about mining and failed to strike pay dirt. In fact, he spent most of his time mining camp."

He was a loud talker, and at swearing he could beat any dozen men in the camp. soon found that he was a bully and a dead-He would borrow money from the boys who were flush and never repay them. was careful, however, to obtain loans only from men who were afraid of him, and

that reason would not press him for payment. For a month Jones was not Interrupted

in his career of chief bad man of the camp. Globe-Damocrat Nellie Norman, the pretty Long before the end of that time he was 23-year-old woman who committed suicide therewishly disliked by every one in the bare yesterday by taking a dose of carbolic place but as he had not killed any one, no-acid, was Nellie Anderson, a former belie of body requested him to move on. One reason in the place was too much occupied in the most romantic and in some respects unusual scramble for gold to pay much attention to one. Several years ago she ran away with him. The Impression that Jones was at and married, against the wishes of her par heart a coward was gaining ground, but as ents. Matt Vitowich, one of her father he kep the test.

day the wagon train from the nearest town he heard that his daughter had left her hus tenderfoot I ever saw. The newcomer was

of faded blue cloth. The fellow had losi perior, caused a deal of trouble in the two front teeth, and a third one, long and World's Fair board. It was while posing yellow, protruded by youd the lips On his for artists that the girl maintained she was chin there was a large black wart and a ruined. Then she changed her name to Nellie smaller one on the nose.

The Killing of an Arizona Terror About Commit Murder.

hair and

How the Morning that Was to Have Brought Death to His Guest Proved His Last_Shot by a Mexican Scout.

"I had not been long in Arizona where went in 1866 to take charge of the Delaro

"Excuse me, gentlemen," she said, facing the crowd, 'I never had to do nothing like mine, before I heard a great deal of the glancing at the outlandish doings of Ciptain Casenove," said Luther D. this before, glancing at the outlandish trousers and coat she wore. Willim Jones here is my fueband. I'm his wife, Mary Ann. He ran away and left me down in Missouri. I always kept him straight at Ammon of Los Angeles to a representativ of the New York Sun. "It was revealed at the end that his name was an assumed home, but when he got away from me he tried to make folks taink he could fight." "'No, William, you ain't going to leave one, but simmering down and sifting all that was told of him, it is p etty certain

me. "Mrs. Jones gave the blard of the bad man another twist when she saw him glancing "Now, there ain't a bit of fight in my husband. He never fought a man in his life. Did you, William? He's too lazy to fight or to work, but he ain't the same when he's away from me. He gets foolish notions leg. "The fellow knew how to shoot; there was in his head, and he is always taiking about in his head, and he is always taiking about no mistake about that. He marched into the saloon the night of his arrival and or- the before but I always brought him back. When heard that he was up here calling himself

when the stranger yanked him into the mid-

dle of the room.

robbery. "I'm much obliged to you men for keep ing hands off and not going against a poor

"Some of the minors present g t under the only table in the place and the others ment to all the whisky he could drink, then well to all the whisky he could drink, then

escaped by a side door. Jones helped him-self to all the whisky he could drink, then went out and marched up and down the main street of the camp for an hour, firing off his pistols and yelling for some one to come out and fight him. Some of the boys were disposed to oblige him, but the bad marched up and down the storeke per proposed three cheers for Mrs. Mary Ann Jones, and they were given with a he will.

'Next day, when she marched out, holding the penitent and discouraged William by the This one night's performance established hair and they climbed up on the wagon to be the reputation of the man, and for a time gin the return trip to Missouri, we gave

"We never had another bad man in that

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. We Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. A1 druggists refund the money if its fails to cure. 25c. tiken alive that he had.

ROMANCE WITH A PATAL ENDING

Elopement Begins a Fast Life, Which Ends in Suicide.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 13 .- According to the body requested him to move on. One reason why he succeeded so well in the role he had set out to play was that every other man wealthicst men living there. Her story is a horseback alone to ride to the Deloro mino in the Juarica mountains. It was a long day' coward was gaining ground, but as t in constant practice with his pistols gardeners. They, went to Stockton, where de, and in trying to make a short cut to th one volunteered to put his courage to as philosophically as possible and set his camp I lost my way. found me following a bridle path along a canyon on a very tired horse. The night was ch was the state of affairs when on: son in-law up in business. Two weeks later

cold and frosty, as the October nights always are in the A izona mountains, and I had no grub or blankets; but I made up my mind camp the oddest specimen of the band and gone east. I ever saw. The newcomer was It became known afterwards from a letter tall, but as thin as a rail, with a hitchit-like face, and pale watery eyes. He was gone to Chicago, where she got employment the best I could, as soon as I should come to slouch hat, with a hole in the top, covered his head, and was pulled down to the eye-brows in front. "The self and as such she was in great demand because of her hearts. The hearts of her hearts. The hearts of her hearts are to the her hearts of her hearts. The hearts are to the her hearts and follow dressed in an outlandish rig, no garment of in a cloak house. This she left sometime a place where there was grass enough for which came anywhere near a fit. A worn afterward because of an insult offered by my horse to pick up a feed. It was 7 o'clock "The only baggage carried by the new ar-rival was a small bundle done up in a piece over that of other artists, undoubtedly su-

Norman. "The odd-looking tenderfort climbed down from the wagon in a clumsy, hestitating way, art on the Transportation building of the

make any protest, and pretended to take no notice of the occurrence. The three men then unbuckled their belts-each carried two SHOT IN THE NICK OF TIME revolvers, and there were three carbines leaning in one corner of the room-and lay down between me and the door with their pistols by them. The captain extinguished pistols by them. The captain extinguished the torch and all three seemed to go to sleep at once.

"You can imagine what sort of night parsed. For hours I lay awake wondering what the morning would bring, but I was A GUERRILLA TURNED HIGHWAY ROBBER tired and fell at last into a sound sleep

From this I was aroused by the captain shaking me by the shoulder. The gray dawn was just lighting the cabin through the square window, so that I could dimly see the things about me.

'Come, get up,' he said, in a tone in ich there was none of the shade of politewhich there ness that he had used in questioning me the right before. 'I want you to take a walk with me."

I was unarmed and virtually a prisoner so there was nothing to do but obey. He threw open the cahin door and waited until I put on my straw bat and passed out ahead of him, then motioned the direction in which I was to go-toward the rocky hillaides that shut in the valley. A raving led up among the hills, and up this he marched me to its that he was a confederate army officer in bead at the creat of a ridge. Beyond the civil wer who conducted a guarrilla cpened a wild, magnitudinous country that the civil wir who conducted a guarrilla locked as if the fcot of man never had trod warfare with such savagery that at the end-Here I stopped and faced him. He was

ing he had no hope of amnesty and went to carrying a cocked revolver in his hand and there was murder in his eye. Mexico, as so many ex-confederates did at that period. In a few months he reappeared ' If you mean to kill me it may as well be to here as for me to walk any further ' I north of the border, in Arizona, and it about the same time there began a series of rob-

said. 'Is that what you mean to do?' "'You have called the turn precisely,' he berles of stages and emigrant trains that said, with a smile that was wickeder than a scori would have been. 'I regret the nemade the epoch a memorable one in the young territory's history. Northerners and cessity, but you were so unfortunate as to southerners alike were plundered, but in come upon us in our retreat, and I can't let case of the former, outrages and unprovoked you go away with the knowledge you have gained. I can see that you know who I am. old-blooded murder often accompanied the obbery. Gradually suspicion ripened into Now, you will save yourself and me some certainty that Cantain Casenove had a hand trouble by turning round and continuing in these robberles, and with the inquiry raised by this discovery the captain kept your promentide.

THE DEATH MARCH. from the settlements and stayed pretty "The cold-blooded scoundrel was actually much in the mountains, except when business called him down to the stage and wagon trails. The roble les went on and, of course, compelling me to walk to the place where he proposed to murder and leave me, so as save himself and his companions the

everyone now was laid to hlm. "There were warrants in plenty trouble of carrying my body or burying it, as they would have to do if they killed me against him soon and then came rewards for his capture by the territory, by the counties at their cabin. I had made up my mind from in which crimes had been committed that the beginning that it was a lost cause with me, and saw no use in putting matters off. were laid to him, and by the express and stage companies. But there were not so 'You can kill me where I stand,' I said. many men trying to get those rewards as on

'I will go no further.' "The smile left his lips, which he sud night expect, for there was a good deal of The smile left his lps, which he sud-denly compressed so that they locked like one thin, straight line, and I saw by his eye that he meant to shoot me where I stood. Then, on the instant, before he could risk in the undertaking. The captain has name of being absolutely desperate, cool, and ready with weapons, and determined ever to be taken alive. In his gang of fol-owers, which never exceeded four or five raise his pistel, there came from close to n number, there was said to be one or two

one side a crashing report, and the cap tain's revolver cracked, sending the bulle of the guerrillas who had served in his com-mand during the war, and had the same reainto the ground beside him as he tottered and fell, dead before he struck the ground ons for never suffering themselves to be The shot that killed him came from an old

army musket pointed through the bushes and trailing vines that grew among some "His robbery of the Mexican diligencia be-tween Tucson and He mosilio in Sonora will boulders a dozen paces to the right, and give an idea of the worthy captain's methods With two followers he stopped the diligencia while the echces of the report still sounded among the peaks the head of a Mexican apand standing the passengers, three American peared through the smoke looking to see if his aim had been sure. He gave one quick, and two Mexicans, up by the roadside, dis armed and robbed them. Then as the rob wary glance around, then, krife in hand ers started away one of the Mexicans, wh leaped from his concealment to where the captain lay and seized him by the hair. lift had secreted a pistol in some way, fired after them. At once they returned and shot th ing the head from the ground. Two swift cuts to left and right, a quick stab in th back of the neck, and he was holding th Two swif five passengers down in the roadway, leaving them for dead. But one of the five, an Amer aptain's head, severed from the body, b he hair. Then, clutching his knife, h PERILS OF THE JOURNEY. the hair. "It was on an October day that I started of

glared at me " 'Who are you?' he demanded ir. English 'You his man?

"'No, I was his prisoner.' I answered. 'He was about to kill me. I am the superin-Night came on and tendent of the Deloro mine "'Hm! All right!' said the Mexican. 'Come with me. Dam quick! Run

THE RETREAT. "But with all his haste he found time hur ricdly to rifle the dead man's pockets, even pulling from beneath the shirt a medallion that had hung from the neck by a silk cord. tioned for me to take the musket and follow come to whe'e the canyon opened into a little grassy valley; and, near the center of this valley, stood a jacal, as the Mexicans call the one-room huts which they build, where timbe- is plentiful, of uoright posts chinked with mud. Near the hut three horses were ley with precipitous sides a saddled horse was feeding about their picket pins. picketed. The Mexican paused long enough to

"Through the one unglazed window and the bor, partly open, streamed a light, and I "Get up behind be," he said, which I did door, partly open, streamed a light, and I knew I had struck a place where white people and in this way, riding double, we made our want ware staving Without hesita- way out of the mountains. As we jogg

related by Tibbs, and stated that Thomas struck him with little or no provocation. Then this is the way the recorder summed He flew up a tree and reared lustily for aid. His mother heard his crice, and, strong with the strength of that wonderful maternal love which will impel a mother

it all up: "Look ! Look here, Mr. Inomas, you can't run a restaurant that way. You must run it to feed folks and not to whip them. I will dismiss the case against Mr. Tibbs and will fine Mr. Thomas \$5 and costs."

A story of how two Chicago lawyers got a brother attorney to consult a fortune tel-ler much to their subsequent discomfort, has just leaked out and is making the lives of these two eminent legal lights a burden. The story, according to the News, grows out of a \$10,000 suit which these two law-yers—one of them a member of the state legislature—were prosecuting. The attorney on the other side was a pervous little man harmed. legislature—were prosecuting. The attorney on the other side was a nervous little man of excitable temperament and a leaning to-ward theosophy and things supernatural. The two who represented the plaintiff had what they considered a good case and weren't losing any sleep over it. One of them—be of the legislature—was of a waggish turn of mind and thought he saw a good opportunity to have some fun with his opponent. He knew of an old woman on the North Side who professed to be the seventh daughter of the professed to be the seventh daughter of the seventh wife of a seventh son, or something of that sort, who for \$5 would reveal the pest, present, future and anything else that gle with four full-grown wolves. Like the brave little frontiersman that he was he cannot be seen without the aid of an in-growing vision. To her he went, told her his opponent's name, the nature of the case in hand and promised to pay her a double fee if she would, when the defendant lawyer did not hesitate to rush to the rescue. fore he could reach the scene of conflict called on her, tell him that unless he settled at once the case would be his ruination. having caught a fine ewe had cut her throat with his long, lancet-like fangs and was greedily drinking her gushing blood. Then the attorney go, a mutual friend to

go to his opponent and confide to him that a rare and wonderful woman lived on the north side who could tell a man everything the others, now ravehous from the taste of the blood of the dog they had left for dead, from the number of grape seeds he had swal-lowed to the color of his prospective motherin-law's hair. The friend entered into the spirit of the affair and saw that the opposing counsel was introduced to the woman of triangular sight. Of course he asked about his angular signt. Of course he asked about his \$10,000 case, and the old woman, after mak-ing an impression by exploiting a few glit-tering generalities on his life, gave him the whole history of the suit and said that un-less he settled it at once it would end to his clearing up and breaking a nice little farm, to raise an equally nice little family of copies

ulter ruin and disgrace. So much was the lawyer impressed with the old woman's ability to solve destinies that for a week he worried like a man with a broken suspender. All the time the attorneys on the other side were taking life easy rubbing their palms together gleefully. Finally the excitable little fellow could bear It to longer and he went to one of the bes lawyers in the city and retained him on the case. The consequence was that when it came to trial the two who had been spending their time enjoying their huge joke were taken by surprise and given one of the most beautiful drubbings any one ever received.

SLAUGHTERED THREE WOLVES.

Bravery of a Woman in the Wilds of Minnesota.

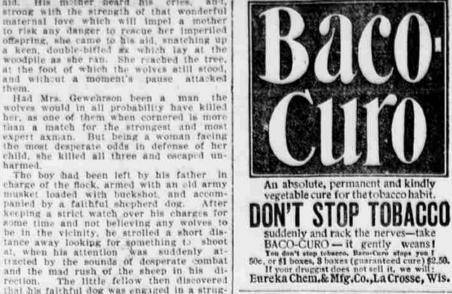
of his words. All three were gashed and cut as if they had been through a contest Had it not been for the fearlessness his brave mother, 12-year-old Otto Gewehr with a buzz saw, and no one seeing then son, son of a frontier farmer in Minneso a and hearing Otto's story would ever doub would probably have fallen a victim to the prowees of our frontier housewives. hunger of a pack of timber wolves. While. guarding a pack of sheep which were graz-

There are others-but none "just as good" ing near the house young Otto was attacked by three of these feroclous brutes. az Dr. Davis' Anti-Headache.

AN OPEN LETTER To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now that H. Fletchirs on every bear the fac-simile signature of that H. Fletchirs, wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA" which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought, hat H. Flitchers on the and has the signature of that H. Flitchers wrap-



"EURERA, we have found it !"



Be

CONSULTATION FREE. Chronic, Kervous and Private Diseases

and all WEAKNESS MEN

HYDROCELE and VARICOCELE permanently and The youngster was as agile as he had been brave, and went up a tree like a cat, and had it not been for his mother's timely as-sistance, who rushed upon the scene at tha moment, he would probably have not lived to tell the story. Otto Gewehrson, sr., had managed, besides

WEAK MEN. (Vitality Weak), made so by too close application to business or study; severe mental strain or grief; SEXUAL EXCESSES in middle life or from he effects of youthful follies. Call or write them oday. Box 277.

both of which did him great credit. Being in the almost prinditive wilderness, he had Omaha Medical and Surgical Institute. suffered a deal of annovance, as well as of loss, from the depredations of timber wolves,





permanent and speeds the patient is a moderate drinker or as

Reak of particulars and Douglas. Omaba, Neb. Kuhn & Co., lath and Douglas. Omaba, Neb. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., Cincinnati, O. Habit Write for their "Book on Morphine Habit, mailed free.

DR. MCGREW 18 THE ONLY SPECIALIST A. WHO THEATS ALL **Private Diseases** L Weakness and Disorder of MEN ONLY 20 Years Experience. 10 Years in Omaha. tion Free. Box 766, or 14th and Farnam Sts. OMAHA, NEE.



here, Mr. Thomas, you can't run to risk any danger to rescue her imperiled offspring, she came to his aid, snatching up a keen, double-bified az which lay at the woodpile as she ran. She ranched the tree, at the foot of which the wolves still stood,

tion.

came full upon one of the wolves, which had

A well-directed shot sent the brute limping away, but served to attract the attention of

of himself and a flock of fine-blooded sheep.

which abound throughout the thinly settled

portions of lisski county. By careful watching of his flock, keeping good shepherd

dogs, a liberal distribution of poison and the setting of traps for the marauders of the

forest, he had managed to give the wolves an impression that his farm was a good

place to fight shy of. During this summer he had no trouble with them and had con-cluded that they hid left his neighborhood

altogether. He took the skins of the dead wolves to the county seat to claim the bounty on them. The three hides bore wit-

and they all rushed at him.

ame full upon one of the works, dog, and eft his comrades to finish the dog, and paying gaught a fine ewe had cut her

A story of how two Chicago lawyers ge

and stood around for several minutes with-out speaking a word. Finally, he stepped up searching in vain for a suitable model for to the storekeeper, and, in a harsh, piping one of the figures in his group, "Naviga tion." He finally selected Nellie Norman

Jones has staked a claim?

Bouri? "He's from Missouri all right, and maybe

stranger, with a sneer.

the hills.

"Where does he camp?"

"'In there, mostly,' said the store keeper pointing to the saloon next door. "'Is he the e now?' asked the stranger with a look of interest, as he took a tighter

grio on his bundle. 'No; he went up to his claim today, but

he'll be back pretty so n.' "It was a fact, Jones had actually gone out

that morning to make a bluff at working his plaim, but we knew he would be back long before night.

'Guess I'll wait till he comes,' said the stranger, after a short silence.

"The fellow stood around for a little while as if undecided what to do. He voluteered no information about himself, and the curiosity of the boys was aroused. The strange finally walked across the street, and selecting a place from which he could command a view of the front door of the soloon, sat down on the ground, and opening his bundle took out a large piece of gingerbread, and

began to cat. "Word was quickly passed around that there was a mysterious-looking stranger in looking for Bad Bill Jones, and the camp. boys began to gather at the saloon in antici-cation of fun of some kind. No one went near the stranger or made any attempt t learn-his name or his business with the ba

They knew they would not have long walt for developments, and the sympath

of the entire crowd was with the odd-looking stranger. out an hour later we heard a yell down

the street followed by two pistol shots, and knew that Jones had returned from claim. That was his usual signal to let the

boys know that he was in camp. "Everyone made a rush for the saloon, and when Bill walked in a few moments later he

demanded to know what was up. "There's a new tenderfoot in camp; came up on the wagon train! Freshest looking chap

you ever saw!' volunteered the bartender. New tenderfoot! Whoop! That's good!

Trot him out. I'll make him dance and then buy drinks for the crowd, just by way of introduction to the camp!' roared Bill, and to emphasize his words he drew a pair shooters and sent a couple of ballets through

Where is he? Bring him out and clear the floor for a dance!' should Jones as he swaggered up to the bar.

"Just then the door opened and the crowd ins'de made way for the stranger, who came

in very anietly At sight of the odd-looking figure Jones uttered another war cry, and, pulling his platols, began to shoot holes in the floor around the feet of the stranger. The slouch hat of the latter was pulled so low as to al

most entirely conceal his face. "'Dance, --- you!' Dance for the boys, and be lively about it! I'm bad Bill Jones.

from Bitter Creek, and J run this camp!" As he shouted this comand Jones sent

a bullet into the floor, right between the feet of the stranger. 'To the surprise of the boys the stranger

neither danced, ran nor begged for mercy. "William Jones!"

was the piping voice of the stranger. and, as he spoke he sprang forward and made a grab at the tangled beard of the Bad Man from Bitter Creek.

" Good Lord, it's her!' cried Jones, when he heard-the voice of the stranger.

The six-shooters dropped from the hands the bad man, and he made a wild rush the back door. It was all so sudden i unexpected that no one made a move to p him. He reached the door and the stop street all right, but the stranger was close at his beels, and we heard the piping voice shouting: 'Come here, William! You can't lose me any more.' "Once In the street, Jones ran for all he

was worth, but he wore heavy cowhide boots and the race was a short one. The stranger

voice, asked: "'Is this here the camp where William Jones has staked a claim?' Do you mean Bad Bill Jones, from Mis- and in six months the form over which artists had raved was gone and her beauty faded-and then there was but one course colls himself Bad Bill!' replied the left open to her. She followed it. Some time after the World's fair closed Nellie Then he has a claim somewhere up in Norman came here and applied for aid at the Hephzibah home, where she was received on a promise to reform. She became ill and was taken to the City hospital, where she wrote to her father in California for help. The cply she received said her mother was dead and that because of the life she was living the father could not have his daughter re-turn to his roof. Nellie drifted again into

her fast life, and, becoming sick and discouriged, finally decided to end the struggle by death.

The Grandest Remedy.

Mr. H. B. Greeve, merchant of Chilowie Va., certifley that he had consumption, was given up to die, sought all medical treat ment that money would procure, tried all cough remedies he could hear of, but got no relief; spent many nights sitting up in a chair; was induced to try King's New Discovery, and was cured by use of two bottles. For past three years has been at-tending to business, and eavy Dr. King's New Discovery is the grandest remedy ever made, as it has done so much for him and ilso for others in his community. Dr. King's New Discovery is guaranteed for cough colds and consumption. It don't fail. Trial

bottle free at Kuhn & Co. THE QUARREL IN THE CORN FIELD.

S. E. Kiser in Cleveland Leader, Up on the hill where the sweet breeze in

blowing. I see the long rows of the ripening corn; There by the fence where the tall grass is

growing. Is the jug of sweet cider, bencath the white thorn, And the swish of the cutters that cleave

through the stalks,

And the song of the wind, as it blows through the shocks, Come as plainly again as they did on the

That I threw down the cutter and strutted away.

see the big, yellow, ribbed pumpkins that cover The ground where the corn has been

taken away-Ah, there is a flock of wild geese flying

over Bound for some far-distant southern

bay. hear the stern tones of my father And I

again. Bidding me go, as he coldly did then. And again in my throat I can feel the

lump rise the hot tears tumble out of my And again first." eyes!

for the hill where the sweet breeze blowing.

As in the fair autumn it ever blows there!

0, for a taste of the sweet cider flowing Out of the jug tilted high in the air! for a rest from the roar and the rush,

From the pushing, the crowding, the carnage, the crush!

O, for the swish of the blades through the stalks, And the song of the wind, as it blows

through the shocks!

But the hill's for away, and the years have been speeding-Some other is cutting the corn that

vives there. And the wind sings away through the shocks,

all unheeding The pain that grew out of a foolish affairt-

O, for a alght of the corn on the hill. O. for the And O.

the day i down the cutter and That strutted away.

ion I rode up near the jacal and gave a call, along the Mexican told me his name, which ay came the words sharp and stern: Who are you! What are you doing ere?

'I'm the superintendent of the Delore mine,' I answered. 'I saw your light and ode up to see if I could get a bite to eat.' "The door was flung wide open and I saw a morning, when the captain left his connan standing in the doorway, a cathine in his hand. Behind him, I could see indis-tinctly, were others, and I was sure that all of them were ready, at the least suspicion, to turn loose with their firearms on me. 1 began to wish that I had not been in such a nd then the man in view called to met All right. Take the saddle off your horse and come in.

IN THE HOME OF THE ROBBERS. They watched me from the doorway as

unsaddled my horse and picketed him out graze. Then with my saddle and bridle my arm I approached the cabin and the man in the door made way for me to enter. The light, a pine knot stuck in the chinking of the wall, had been relighted, and showed me the bare interior of the hut and the faces of three as villainous-looking men as it ever has been my luck to see. Two of hem were the typical mine camp toughs hardened, desperate-looking fellows of the 'way low down variety, who live by robbery, and usually, sconer or later, get shot or are rounded up by a lynching party. The third man, plainly the leader and of a much higher

ype than the others, was the most dangerous ooking man of the three. He was above the medium height, erect and slender, evidently very muscular, and he carried himself with an air that suggested a military training

His eyes were cold and plercing, his features fine and regular, and his clean-shaven face revealed a determined, cruel month, with thin, straight lips. There was something inexorable and remorgeless in the lines of his deeply tanned by exposure to sun and wind, and although I never had seen him before I knew that he was Captain Casenove But I was in for it now and there was nothing to do save make the best of my sit-

"A little fire way smouldering in the stone A fittis fit was amounted in the stone freplace. At a signal from the leader one of the men put a coffee pot on the embers and pointed to a pleze of bacon hanging against the wall. Fout off a slice with my pocket knife, broiled it in the embers, and with this and a piece of bread made my sup-per, which I ate with far less appetite than

I had had an hour before. I knew that my only chance of pulling through was to appear confident and unconcerned, and, my supper caten. I setted myself on the floor-there were no chairs or benches in the hut-lighted my pipe, and waited for what might come No one had spoken to me while I was cook

ing and cating my supper, but the three had gone outside. Now, as they came back, I caught these words from the captain: gone outside. " 'There's no hurry. We've plenty of time for that. There are some things to find out

'Seated on a roll of blankets opposite me the captain began to question me about my-self and about what was going on in the settlements. There was no evading his relentless eye and keen interrogatories, and I answered him promptly and frankly. On one point only I tried to decrive him, telling him that our paymaster would go next week to the mine to pay off the hands. This was to get him off from any idea that I was liking to have a considerable amount of money with

me, in point of fact, I had seven Mexican dollars, nothing more. He listened to all I said with no expression of belief or cle-belief, and at last brought the interview abruptly to a close by saying:

A TROUBLED SLEEP. " That's all we have to talk about tonight. I rockon we'll turn in. Here's a blanket. You can make out with this and your saddle blanket."

and hung it on a peg over the place where he was to sieep. I did not think it wise to

nstantly the sound of voices ceased within, was Santiago Grijalba. He had acted as soon the light was extinguished, and there was a and trailer for the government in various clicking of gun hammers. Through the door- Indian wars, and tempted by the rewards of fered, had gone hunting for Captain Casa nove's head. He had traced the outlaws to their retreat in the mountains, and for three nornings had gone to a point where he could

On this morning, when the captain left his compan ions to march me for execution up the defil in the mountains, his coportunity had come "There was no pursuit of us by the othe outlaws, and at noon we came to a little Mex ican plazeta, where I was able to secure on horse and saddle. I traveled with Grijabs hurry to let my presence be known. There back to Tucson, where his arrival with the was a whispered consultation in the doorway, famous outlaw chief's head created an excitement that still is remembered and talked o by very old-timers there. He got his re wards, I am happy to say, including a sub stantial gift from me, and he had a sheriff's posse back to the outlaw's nome in the countains. There they found the two met whom I had met there, and with them third one that I had not seen. Demoralized by the taking off of their leader they had hung about the place that they might have

known would soon be visited by officers of the law once it was discovered, and they surren dered with little show of resistance. "The medallion that Grijalba took fro aptain Casanove's body had been awarded

him by his state for gallantry in battle during the civil war. It gave his real name, which was not the one he bo e in Arizona. It became known to but few, and is better for gotten since the captain paid the debt for his crimes.'

TOLD OUT OF COURT.

In a recent Florida case for the replevin of hree cows the judge was a Bullock, another Bullock was deputy sheriff and the opposing counsel were also Bullocks.

One of those startling eruptions of juris prudence which sometimes occur in the court of a justice of the peace was recently observed by a correspondent. In deciding an attachment case the magistrate, after paying due tribute to the able argu-ment of counsel, announced: "I have given the matter full consideration, and while there is some little conflict in the testimony the judgment of the court is that the at tachment should be dissolved, but the goods This equals the originality held." the justice who issued a habeas corpus for a horse.

Tibbs stated that he went into a restaurant on Decatur street Saturday night, where Thomas is a clerk, and called for a 10-cent lunch, relates the Atlanta Constitution. The beef did not suit him and he asked that the order be refilled. When the good beef was brought Thomas took the 10-cent check and handed him one for 15 cents. Tibbs declined paying the extra 5 cents and tore up the 15-cent check. This angered Thomas and he pasted Tibbs over the left eye with his Thomas stated to the court that he gave Tibbs no bone, but the meat had some gristle on it. The fresh order called for an extra 5 cents, and that was why he changed the ticket. He did not strike Tibbs until that gentleman had cursed him.

Other gueste in the restaurant who were present at the time told the same story as

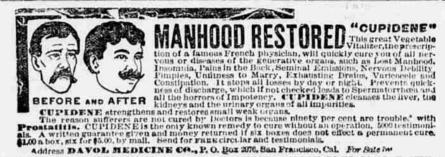
MEN BROKEN DOWN BROKEN DOWN

Men who suffer from the effects of disease, overwork, worry, from the folice of youth or the exness or lack of development of any organ, failure of vital forces, unfitness for marriage, all such men should "come to the fematain head" for a scientific method of marvelious power to vitaine, develop, re-store, and sustain. We will mail without charge in a plain scaled suvelope a ramphlet that Tells It All. Softhug sent unasked. No expo-sure, no deception. Address

ERIE MEDICAL CO. 64 NIAGARA STREET, BUFFALO, N. Y. per. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

Openul Pitches M. D.





MADE MEA MAN ALAX TABLETS POSITIVELY CURE ALL Serious Discusses and Indis-creations. They guirkly and survey prestore Loss they guirkly and survey prestore Loss they guirkly and survey prestore Loss that business or marriage. Prestore Loss that business or marriage prestore Loss that and Consumption if taken in time. Their case shows immediate Improve-ment and effects a CURE whore call of the statistical that the prestore thousands and will curry you. We give a point environ guarantee to effect a cure in each case or refand the money. Price SC cours per package, or plain wrapper, poon receipt of referse. Creater free addax REMEN AJAX REMEAT

For sale in Omaha by James Forsyth, 202 M Kunn & Co., 15th and Douglas Streets.

