

THE RAILROAD RAIDERS

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

Copyright, 1917.

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

Adopted from the Western Picture Version Produced by Signal Film Corporation and Featuring Helen Holmes.



HELEN DROPPED FROM THE BRIDGE TO THE ROOF OF THE BAGGAGE CAR AS THE TRAIN RUSHED BY.

The Knotted Cord.

In the office of the chief of police, Helen, with Melrose, Webb and Roy Wilson, impatiently awaited news concerning touring car No. 52479. Instead of news, a call came from the depot reporting that a patrol officer had been knocked on the head and left senseless on the platform. From the baggage man the chief got a description of the officer's assailants and what was of more importance, learned that the two men had shipped a trunk on No. 9 to Pedro.

"Lady Melrose may be in that trunk," exclaimed Helen, listening eagerly.

Melrose snorted incredulously: "Impossible!"

"No," persisted Helen impetuously. "With that gang nothing is impossible." She turned quickly to her companions: "We can beat No. Nine's time to Pedro, come!"

Webb started for the door. Wilson and Helen were close behind and Melrose, in a dazed at the suddenness of the move, followed. They tumbled into a police car, and with a sergeant at the wheel started at emergency speed for the harbor terminal.

The highway parallels the railroad track to Pedro, and after catching sight of the train they soon overhauled it. Helen, always the wit and resource of the party, now gave her orders to the driver: "Beat the train to the Burnette bridge—the overhead crossing. I'll drop from it to the top of the train and if Lady Melrose is in that trunk, I'll take her place."

The starting proposal shook even Webb's courage; he caught his breath. Wilson and Melrose declared her insane, but Helen was obdurate and she carried her point. The sergeant urged the police car madly ahead. Once at the bridge, Helen clinging to the edge, swung hand over hand above No. 9's track. As the train shot under her, she dropped to the baggage car roof.

The messenger within heard the heavy fall. Believing he faced a hold-up, he slammed all shut and made ready to defend. But Helen, lowering herself from the top of the car, showed him, through the window, her star. He promptly opened the door, and, swinging inside, she explained. But when she helped him open the trunk, her fears were realized; Lady Melrose lay senseless within it.

With the aid of the messenger Helen lifted her gently out, and then, to the amazement of the trainman, told him she herself would take the place of the unconscious woman—directing him how to close the trunk and leave it to be claimed.

Her companions in the police machine, by speeding furiously, had already beaten the train into Pedro—the intention being to let the Raiders claim their trunk and follow them to their headquarters that all might be taken together.

When the train pulled in Marshall and Masters claimed their trunk, without putting it into their machine, started away. Helen's companions following.

But, careful as Webb was, Masters saw the pursuers—"Webb's behind us," he cried to Marshall.

Marshall acted promptly. "Get her out of the trunk," he shouted as the car reeled with the breakneck speed. "Throw it overboard and we'll beat it for Ling Woo's."

Helen, listening, heard the words. Ripping a strip of cord from the trunk lining, she rapidly tied into it by means of knots, the dots and dashes of a Morse message. The abductors were already opening the trunk. Resisting an impulse to use her pistol, she feigned unconsciousness in order to go through to the end and capture all concerned. The next moment she was lifted from her hiding place and the trunk was thrown off. The machine was now within sight of the ferry slip; a boat was about to start across the bay. With Helen between them, the two men hastened aboard just as Webb's car reached the discarded trunk on the roadway. Unluckily, Webb stopped to open the trunk. Then, finding it empty, he dashed for the ferry, but only to see the boat half-way across the bay.

Explaining to the curious that they were taking a sick woman to the hospital, Masters and Marshall, without interference, got Helen to Ling Woo's. True to his word, the latter paid the two men the money promised, but as her captors started to go,

Helen covered them with her revolver.

She was now, however, in perilous surroundings. A noise was dropped suddenly from above; it caught her gun hand and jerked her arm above her head. Disarming her, with a laugh, Marshall and Masters, money in hand, left her Ling Woo's prisoner.

Webb, with his men, had gone back to the trunk. It was Roy who, picking up the cord that lay in the bottom and running it idly through his hands, realized suddenly that the fiber bore a message. To decipher this was the work of a moment and he read Helen's words aloud: "At Ling Woo's place."

"We can get into Ling Woo's place through the company warehouse," he said hurriedly. "But we must get there quick!"

The machine was run at top speed back to the ferry. The party caught a boat, and once across the bay they ran through the railroad warehouse, broke open the door, smashed into Ling Woo's, and after a sharp fight, overpowered him and his gang and rescued Helen.

Marshall and Masters went straight to a wharf saloon, where Burke was to telephone them for news.

At Mountain Springs, Desmond had been advised of the selection of Roy Wilson as president of the line. When he showed Burke the wire the latter shook his head. "I'm afraid that boy won't stand for any crookedness," he muttered.

"Hell! have to go east, anyway," observed Desmond. "So he won't bother us."

Burke now told Desmond of Marshall and Masters' latest exploit. But, deeply interested in Helen herself, Desmond was enraged at her abduction. Burke, taken completely aback, listened in humiliation to his outburst of wrath. "I won't have women mixed up in this work," declared the angry easterner.

"Apostle of morality, eh?" sneered Burke.

"No, I fight men," snapped Desmond tensely. "Remember that, or you go to the discard. I'm going to break up the transfer business at the terminal," he added, most unexpectedly.

"Ruin the road?" asked Burke.

"For a while," returned Desmond bluntly.

The intrigue suited Burke. He advised Marshall and Masters and the two made ready to loot a merchandise car on the freight ferry.

Returning with Helen from Pedro to headquarters, Roy Wilson received the news of his election. His friends crowded about to congratulate. With them were Desmond and Burke.

"When are you going east?" asked Desmond of the new executive.

Roy glanced toward Helen: "The minute we run the railroad raiders to earth—and get Helen's father out of the penitentiary."

Burke looked reproachfully at Desmond; their plans were threatened, but neither could say anything.

Down at Pedro the raiders, all set, awaited in their launch the arrival of darkness to loot the car ferry. And news of their success reached Mountain Springs next morning when an excited Englishman, in spats and frock suit, pushed past the headquarters' office boy and catching at the first clerk he encountered, banged him excitedly. The clerk could make nothing of what he was saying, but others gathering, managed to get a coherent statement. "Somebody," declared the Englishman, "robbed my car, crossing the ferry last night."

Burke, in the group, suspected this must be the looting carried out by Marshall's gang. He took the irate Englishman to Desmond.

"This is Mr. Chapman," he began; but could get no further. Chapman in great excitement interrupted him, and Burke, taking a comedy cue, as Chapman tried to talk him down, talked rapidly back at the wrathful shipper. Desmond for a time could get nothing of what either was saying. But when Burke quieted down, Chapman reiterated his charge that his car had been robbed on the ferry.

Desmond sneered at the statement and Chapman, more furious than ever, exploded again with wrath. Desmond finally set him roughly down in a chair and turned to Burke, and the moment he took his hands off Chapman the latter, bounding to his feet, took

The Busy Bees :- Their Own Page

BROAD and deep Americanism which is pulsing through our great republic these days will take on a reverent and sacred atmosphere Memorial day, which is Wednesday of this week. It is perhaps the most beautiful of our national holidays, since, unlike many of the others, it is unmarked by disorder and confusion. The impulse which led to the establishment of the day as a holiday was the desire to pay due honor to the self-sacrificing martyrs of the civil war. In no sense of the word is the significance of the day meant to be one of sadness, but rather a time to recall the glorious aspirations which thrilled men's souls in a time parallel to the present, when to love one's country was to lay down one's life for it because of patriotism and devotion to liberty and freedom.

Busy Bees have been clamoring to do their bit in the war relief work. They are also asking what they can do to show their love for the old soldiers as well as the newly made ones. When they go with their parents to decorate the grave on Wednesday they might take along with them a few extra flowers for the graves of soldiers who by some chance may be overlooked. You can also raise the flag on your house if it is not already been. Some consideration for the veterans who wear empty sleeves, and are stumping along on wooden legs would show your gratitude for the perpetuation of the union for which they sacrificed themselves unselfishly that you might enjoy freedom.

It is these veterans who left the college halls, the plow on the farm and the offices over a half a century ago who have accomplished for us the things our young men of today are preparing to do for the world.

The snowballs, the lilacs, violets and sweet williams are in bloom for the day, so let the Busy Bees remember that in so pausing to strew the garlands they are honoring themselves in the doing.

We may honor our patriotic and heroic dead by growing up to be true men and women and by faithfully fighting the battles of our every day life as they fought and our boys are now training to do.

Do not forget to send us any pictures you are taking these lovely spring days, and if they are kodak pictures please send the films also, so that they may be enlarged.

The prize last week was won by Florence Seward of the Blue side, a former queen. Mary Fischer and Helen Crab, both of the Red side, won honorable mention.

Officers of the New Busy Bee Club

MARTHA KOHAN. ANNIE CUTLER. SADIE KATZPER.

Here are the officers of one of the Busy Bee clubs in the Kellom school district. Annie Cutler is the president, Martha Kohan secretary, and Sadie Katzper treasurer. Nine years is the age requirement for this club.

"All girls are welcome to join," announces the little president. "How about the boys?" you ask. "Pooh, boys are taboo." The club was organized April 22 and already has a large membership.

After while a passenger train came along and started another one. They went out again, taking sacks to help put it out.

care of them. They are always getting into mischief and doing funny things. Someone gave them a pair of rabbits and they have been feeding them clover.

The twins were going to the country today. They are always so hungry that mamma was wondering where they could take their lunch in. My big sister suggested that they take their lunch in our cedar chest.

A Happy Easter.

By Theresa Grantham, 8 Years Old, Lexington, Neb. Blue Side.

This is the first time I have written. I hope I will win the prize. I am going to tell you of the happy Easter we had.

Saturday afternoon we girls bought some Easter eggs and told the boys to make some nests, for the rabbit was coming tomorrow night.

They did as we told them and Sunday we put the eggs in the nests. We told them to look in their nests and they found their eggs. In a little while Marjorie Rosenberg came over and brought some cards and we played games.

My Trip to Ericson.

By Eunice Collinson, Aged 9 Years, Merna, Neb. Red Side.

Last August I took a trip to Ericson, Neb., in an automobile. I started about 8 o'clock in the morning. I had to get out and walk up quite a few hills, where it was very sandy.

I saw about 200 sheep and 100

Little Stories By Little Folks

(First Prize.)
The Omaha Tornado.
By Florence Seward, Aged 10 Years, 1634 Victor Avenue, Omaha, Blue Side.

I am going to tell you about our trip to Coney Island when we were in New York four years ago. We went one night and rode on the elevated railroad for a long time until we came to a city sparkling with lights, high towers and buildings.

We got off the car and my aunt bought a long string of tickets for admittance to nearly every show. First we went to the animal show. There were monkeys, gorillas, tigers, lions, cossoms, elephants, in fact every kind of animal was there from far and near.

After we had looked at them for a while we went on the "ocean wave." It was made so the ground moved and rolled like the sea. We went around in little cars just like automobiles.

My story is getting long so I will tell you just one more thing and will continue it next Sunday.

The next show we went to was "The Omaha Tornado." We went into a theater and took seats. By and by the curtain arose displaying a tiny city, representing Omaha. Then all of a sudden the sky became dark and a low rumbling was heard. A blinding flash of lightning came, another rumble and a freight train ran across the stage marked "North-western." Soon it became so dark that we could not see anything. Then the roar of the wind was heard and loud rumbling.

When the second scene was shown all the houses were torn to pieces and bricks and timber were scattered all over. Soon the sky cleared and the curtain went down. We all clapped loud and long.

This is my last ten-year-old story for my birthday is tomorrow. My next story will be entitled "Our Trip to Catalina Island."

Rules for Young Writers

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Show subject and articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.

A prize book will be given each week for the best contribution.

Address all communications to Children's Department, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

so fast that it became harder and harder.

The harder it became the hotter it was, until at last it was like a great soft, hot ball of fire.

This ball of fire gradually cooled on the outside, leaving a great rocky crust, which broke up into what we call our soil and sand and rocks.

In the soil God planted grass and trees and vegetables and then put people and animals on the earth.

The sand left from this great area was melted by glass makers who make the glass. The piece found in the garden was part of those ancient times.

(Honorable Mention.)
Gathering Spring Flowers.
By Mary Fischer, Aged 12 Years, 3066 Lafayette Avenue, Omaha, Red Side.

One Sunday afternoon last summer some friends, my sister and I went out to Child's Point in an automobile. On the way out we had to go up and down several steep hills, but it was a very nice ride just the same.

When we got there we gathered some flowers. We found many violets, both yellow and purple, and many sweet williams.

On a steep hill in one place we saw all kinds of flowers. We were very anxious to get them, so we started to run and could hardly stop. After we had our arms full of different kinds of wild flowers we started to the top of the hill again and although it was hard to get there we finally made it.

While we were busy gathering flowers we did not notice how black the sky was getting, but when we got out of the thick woods we saw that the sky was very black and also that it was thundering and lightning.

We were quite a way from home and we knew we would have to hurry, so we quickly jumped into the automobile and started. At first it just sprinkled, but after a while it began to rain very hard. After a long and unpleasant ride we arrived home and were very certainly glad to get there.

I have seen Luella Gibson's letters and stories on the Busy Bee page many times and they are all very good.

When Tables Turned.
By Esther Hahn, Aged 12 Years, David City, Neb. Red Side.

"It's too hot to go walking," said Mildred, fanning herself with her handkerchief.

"But I want to see if the violets are blooming," I persisted.

"I confess I'd like to see, too, but it's so late," said Mabel.

"Oh, no! We'll just go as far as our chestfuls," I said cheerfully.

We packed a little lunch and started on our usual route to our cave. We passed over the bridge and watched the dancing waves of a pond below, which gleamed like diamonds.

We were looking for the violets when Mildred drew back in alarm.

"What's the matter?" I said.

"Where's the snake?" she cried.

"I can't see the snake until it wriggled from its hiding place. I was not afraid of snakes so I did not feel so startled as Mabel.

We sat down on the mossy banks of our cave, when to our astonishment we heard a queer rumbling.

I jumped up and ran, my heart beating wildly in my breast.

Had my brothers been there I would not have been so frightened, but they were so busy on their rabbit pen that they did not accompany us.

"Esther, come back," laughed Mildred.

"What is it?" I shouted.

We soon found it to be a wagon passing by on the other side of our cave.

(Honorable Mention.)
The Origin of Glass.
By Helen Crab, Aged 10 Years, 4016 North Thirty-fourth Avenue, Omaha, Red Side.

While helping my papa in the garden I saw him dig up a small piece of glass. He asked me if I ever thought how glass came to be in the world, and when I told him I had not he told me this story:

At the beginning this earth was a vast ball of mist which spun around the warpath again. Thinking by this time the scene had gone far enough, Desmond, to placate the angry man, handed him a cigar. Chapman dashed it to the floor. Desmond took him by the shoulders. "Listen here," he exclaimed sharply. "I won't listen," yelled the indignant man.

Again Desmond was forced to push him into a chair. "Keep quiet long enough to allow me to appoint a man to investigate your charge," he shouted. This somewhat subdued Chapman's cholera. But Desmond, already upset, and forgetting that Roy was now his own superior, called in the latter and asked him to go with Chapman to Pedro to investigate the case. Roy made no objection whatever. Indeed, he welcomed the opportunity and his frank, honest face made a happy impression on Chapman. The two men left talking most amiably together.

Too late Desmond realized his blunder. He turned to Burke. "Get word to Marshall that Wilson is on the job." (End of the Eighth Episode.)

Success for Uncle Sam.
By Katherine Schultz, Aged 9 Years, Milford, Neb. Red Side.

Do you think we are going to have war? I don't like to think of it, for I can't help thinking of our soldiers who become so hungry when they are fighting. Of course our soldiers will do their best, but many of them will be killed.

I think the German people have many more soldiers than we have, but I wish we would win and then the Red, White and Blue would still wave.

I do you remember the last time I wrote you a letter and the name of the story, which was, "In the Early Days?" I am going to finish it.

While the men were starting to look for the boy some other men rode up with a boy. It was the father and the mother of the little boy.

They were all very happy to see their dear little boy again. I will close for this German war. I will answer any letter from the Busy Bees.

A Red Cross Busy Bee.
By Ethel Mick, Brownell Hall, Seventh Grade, 211 South Thirty-sixth Street, Blue Side.

This is the first time that I have written to you, so I must tell you all about the Red Cross work I did at the Benson & Thorne booth.

I first got up at 5:30 in the morning, got dressed and hurried downtown. The people first gave me my Red Cross cap and bag. Then I went to the door to get somebody to subscribe, but only got \$3. I told the women that I would rather go to the different buildings to ask the men.

They said that I could, so I went to the different offices and got \$30.50.

As I belong to the Camp Fire Girls I must tell you about the like we are going to have Wednesday. We are going to meet at one of the girls' houses and then take our supper out in the woods.

DR. ZULPH DECIDES THE GREAT MASTER IS DEAD.

CASE.

William Montgomery Strong, a wealthy young clubman, rescues Beverly Clarke from kidnapers employed by a band of brainy criminals known as The Secret Seven. This organization plots to get papers representing a large fortune left to Beverly by her uncle, Thomas Clarke, who was a member of The Secret Seven. These papers form the base for villainy on the part of the arch-conspirator of the organization—Dr. Zolph. Because he has thwarted all their plans, The Secret Seven ruin Strong financially and even plan to murder him. They succeed in stealing some of the papers, but they are recovered and the plans for Strong's murder have been foiled. Beverly, with part of the fortune, is now established in a luxurious home with her mother, and Strong and she have become engaged.

Detective Morgan, called in to solve the murder of Detective Ackerton, commissions Strong as one of his assistants and they are drawing a net around Dr. Zolph, when The Great Master, leader of The Secret Seven, proposes a scheme by which he will take a drug that will produce unconsciousness for forty-eight hours. They can then trap Dr. Zolph and see what action he takes when he believes The Great Master is dead. At the appointed time Strong and Strong must administer a drug that will restore consciousness. The plan is put into execution. Jane Warren, who holds the secret of Zolph's past, is seriously hurt by an automobile, taken to a hospital. Thus both The Great Master and Jane Warren, who hold the much-needed information, are unconscious, and Zolph seems to win.

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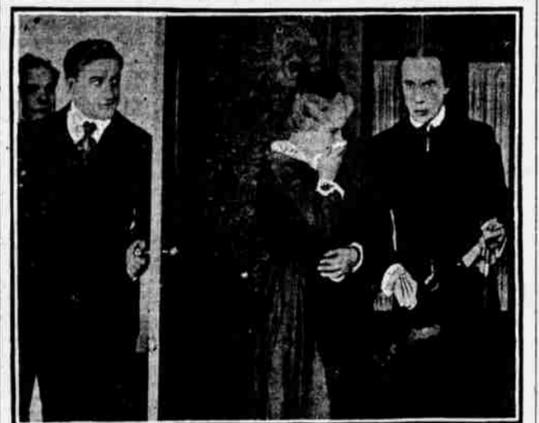
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THE GREAT SECRET

Serialized from the Metro Wonderplay Serial of the Same Name, in Which Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne are Co-Stars

BY J. M. LOUGHBROUGH

Author of the Novellization of Clyde Fitch's play, "Her Sister," "His Backdoor Romance," and other short stories.



DR. ZULPH DECIDES THE GREAT MASTER IS DEAD.

watch him as he departs, feeling that he has now become the leader of the criminal band.

Strong goes to Beverly's home and tells of the happenings and of Jane Warren's accident. They decide to devote some attention to Jane and visit her in the hospital.

Zulph is unable to convince his henchmen that The Great Master was dead until they had seen him in the casket. He takes them to the tomb where the body is lying and they are satisfied. The other members of the Secret Seven Council receive the news of his death from his servant.

As first part of the plot to get Zulph the hospital physician-in-charge telephones to him that before losing consciousness Jane Warren had asked that if any operation was necessary to permit Zulph to perform it. Sears and his assistant visit the hospital and complete all arrangements to trap Zulph.

Zulph arrives and the nurse escorts him to Jane Warren's bedside, where he makes a diagnosis. As he looks at her bandaged head he thinks of his past and how he has tried to make her do his bidding. In her delirium Jane mutters: "I must tell. I will tell." Zulph, fearing exposure, decides that he will perform the operation in such a manner that her death will be certain.

Meantime Sears and his assistants have arranged their trap for Zulph and have hidden in clothes lockers in the room where he dons his surgeon's garb. Strong, Beverly and the real surgeon of the hospital, Dr. Morgan, are in hiding elsewhere. The patient is taken from the bed to the operating table. Zulph, as he washes his hands before putting on his anti-septic gloves, pauses to look in the mirror to see if his face betrays any weakness. He rests his hands on the basin and then goes to make the operation.

The moment he has gone Sears and his assistants emerge and take the finger prints he has left on the basin. They seem to have something extremely interesting, for both express confidence. At the operating table Dr. Zolph looks carefully at the nurses and prepares to operate in such a manner that Jane Warren will pass into eternity.

Little Tots' Birthday Book

- Six Years Old Tomorrow (May 28):
Name: School:
- Brophy, Mary.....Sacred Heart
Childs, Byford A.....Walnut Hill
Emery, Margaret.....Webster
Heath, Mildred.....Monmouth Park
Helm, Jack.....South Lincoln
Lindmer, Velma Mae, Miller Park
Vencalek, Mary.....Brown Park
- Seven Years Old Tomorrow:
Goodman, Orval M.....Madison
White, Harold K.....Long
Yambor, Charles.....Highland
- Eight Years Old Tomorrow:
Beveridge, Marion.....Farnam
Christensen, Edith.....Webster
Cox, Gwendoline.....Central
Hanson, Frederick.....Park
Lee, Richard.....Kellom
Powell, Virginia Ludelle.....Dundee
Sehrt, Pearl.....Central
Victor, Grace.....Walnut Hill
Willoughby, Eleanor.....Farnam
- Nine Years Old Tomorrow:
Bednarz, Jenney.....St. Francis
Cachoppa, Steve.....Cass
Foy, Joseph, Jr., jr.....Dundee
McGloin, Mary.....St. Mary's
Northcutt, Harriet.....Franklin
Shea, James E.....Sacred Heart
Vail, Edward.....St. Bridget's

turkeys. The turkeys had bells on, so the coyotes would not get them. I reached there about 1:30 o'clock and started back about 8 o'clock in the morning.

There was lots of fleas up there. The fleas bit me so hard I could not sleep.

May Basket Day.

By Marquerite Geiser, Aged 11 Years, Columbus, Neb. Blue Side.

Box 5, Blue Side.

May basket day was May 1. I gave three May baskets away. I took one to school because it was too far to go at night. The other I gave at night. The flowers did not bloom so we took lilac buds and honeysuckle buds. We also took some flowers that we bought, and put candy in, too.

I hope Busy Bees had a good time May basket day.

Kindness to a Little Bird.

By Hazel Prange, Aged 8, 5004 Cass Street, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

One day Abraham Lincoln was riding with a friend. They came across two little birds lying in the road. The wind had blown them from their nest. One man ride on, but that man was not Abraham Lincoln. He stopped and put the little birds back into their nest. Then with a happy heart he followed his friend.

Our Flag.

By Gwendolene G. Smith, Aged 10 Years, Herman, Neb. Blue Side.

See the flag, our nation's flag,
Waving there on high,
We look with praise upon it
As we pass it by.

And as we look upon it,
We think of the old, old story,
How the people asked Betsy Ross to make
The dearest flag, "Old Glory."
The old flag still unfurls on high,
Over our dear land,
And we think how we fought for
"Old Glory."
With a few, but faithful band.

WHEN BILL NYE WAS SHERIFF

To nearly every one the name of Bill Nye brings the picture of a genial, fun-loving man whose jokes were once famous all over the country; but to those who lived in Wyoming some thirty years ago Bill Nye means something else, too.

At that time Nye had begun to be famous throughout the United States as editor of the Laramie Boomerang, but he was chiefly known—and feared—nearer home as sheriff of Laramie county.

Sheriff Nye was absolutely fearless. He was resolute, decisive, quick to act and tireless in pursuing offenders. He failed to get his man on only one occasion, and that failure was due to the tenderness of heart that was always a part of his character.

Nye started out once after a typical bad man who had shot or stabbed some one, and quickly learned that he had fled to the mountains. Wyoming was a pretty wild territory back in the early eighties, and it was difficult and dangerous to follow the trail of that criminal and attempt to arrest him, but Nye never hesitated. Summoning a deputy, the sheriff sprang on his horse and the two started off. After riding nearly 200 miles into the wilderness they learned that their man was hiding in an abandoned miner's cabin, whither he had brought his young wife.

Soon after darkness fell Nye quietly rode up to the cabin and dismounted before the door. He sent his deputy round to guard the rear of the little shack. Then Nye threw open the door and dashed inside, with his revolver cocked and ready for instant action. The criminal was asleep on the bed, and his wife, who sat close by, was stroking his forehead. Nye covered them both with his gun and told them to throw up their hands.

"I've got you," he said grimly. "Now you get up quietly and come along—the lady can stay here if she chooses."

The bad man admitted that the game was up and began to roll his blanket into a bundle. "Never mind that," said Nye; "we've got plenty of blankets in the place you're going to."

The desperado then asked if he couldn't say goodby to his wife.

"I reckon it's the last time I'll ever see her," he continued. "You've got the goods on me this time, sheriff—and I reckon I'll swing for it."

He appeared so cast down that Nye's warm heart prompted him to grant the request. "All right," he said, "I'll give you two minutes."

The criminal rose from the bed. The next instant those tightly rolled blankets came whirling through the air and struck Nye in the face, so heavily that he reeled back against the wall. Before he could recover his balance and throw off the blankets the criminal had dashed out of the cabin, leaped on Nye's pony and was galloping down a mountain trail in the darkness.

Of course Nye's deputy came rushing and started in pursuit; but the bad man was never heard from afterward.

—Youth's Companion