



REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Judge of the 18th Judicial District, C. REED. For Sheriff, ISAAC T. AULT. For Treasurer, JOHN A. DORAN. For County Clerk, M. A. CARVIN. For Register of Deeds, S. L. BARRETT. For Surveyor, T. A. BAILEY. For Coroner, M. M. McALISTER. For Commissioner—Second District, J. M. ALLEN.

We do not know what age this is in Kansas, but it is not the short-age. It is something to acknowledge the corn, but it is more to do as Germany has done and admit the hog.

All the cattle on the strip are to be removed. This is the last order and the one the administration should stick to.

Nobody seems disposed to offer an explanation for the cessation of the old-time howl of lack of room for the insane.

A Chicago paper asserts that Vanderbilt stocks have touched high water mark, and the brokers all at once broke off to see.

The president of the Chickasaw senate is named Goforth. That is what he will do when the white man is given a vote in that country.

The Topeka Journal thinks the beautiful blue Danube looks a little bluer than usual to the people along its banks since the rye crop failure.

President Harrison will see that the next secretary of war is selected from his ability to carry on a campaign—political as well as military.

From the experience of two people Thursday, it is very clear that suicides should not jump into Niagara Falls unless they mean it. There is no chance at all of missing your aim.

George Martin says that President Harrison has proven himself as great a man as Blaine with safer judgment and more prudence. Everything in journalism, nowadays runs to the sensational.

Eugene Ware says: "A howler of calamity can work on cheek and vanity, Big whiskers and inanity."

The new book of Republican rally songs was particularly constructed to strike terror to the souls of the Alliance. The success of this, however, depends a good deal on what kind of a voice gets hold of them.

The man who brings a basket of fruit around to the editorial office, gives the editor one apple and perhaps a peach and asks for a notice and then pays 15 cents subscription for the weekly for a month, is stirring abroad.

Congressman Baker made a People's party speech at the old soldiers' reunion at Kansas City and the audience booed him and left the hall. It is still policy if a party speech must be made at a non-partisan gathering in Kansas that it be Republican.

Now it has been discovered that sugar can be made of cotton seed. Great stuff, that cotton seed. Twenty years ago it was looked upon as refuse and now they make everything of it, even to political capital.—St. Joe News.

And the producers thereof are the seediest of all who fool with them. Whisky, it is said, is rapidly killing off the native Alaskans. This announcement, taken in connection with the statement that a large colony of Mis-sourians are preparing to emigrate to that far-off quarter, gives the circumstance rather peculiar significance.

Texas is calculating upon spending some \$300,000 in making a state exhibit at the World's fair at Chicago, and not unnaturally she wants to get the full benefit of her ante, hence the protest of "One Hundred Thousand Texans" telegraphed to the fair management against Sunday-closing.

The opera "Lohengrin" was produced in Paris for the first time yesterday. "Lohengrin" is one of Wagner's first operas and is a succession of as beautiful tone-works as can be found in music. There is none of the weird discords or jumbled kakaphony for which Wagner has been derided in it.

The chipper town of Kensington, Kan., is to have a two days' reunion of old soldiers and old settlers and a celebration of the fourth anniversary of the town on Sept. 23 and 26. George Anthony and General Big will both speak and a number of prizes be awarded for brass bands and ball clubs. The notification is refreshing that there will be no politics in it.

Jay Gould joins the long list of enthusiastic heralds of "good times coming." Good times with Jay Gould does not necessarily imply a hilarious financial condition with everybody else, but as he is a shrewd observer, and at all times candid in the expression of his opinion, his forecast in this instance adds materially to the value of those that have been so encouragingly given of late.

If the "Many Protection Democrats" and it cannot be denied that there are many—who telegraphed to the New York state Republican convention asking that body to nominate a certain Republican for governor so that they might support him, were sincere in their request, they will support the nominee of the convention, Major Fassett, who is a clean man and competent for the position, and withal a consistent Republican and worthy representative of the principles of the great party he has been chosen to lead in the Empire State. If the signers to the petition are advocates of the principles of protection, they have no place in the Democratic party which is irrevocably committed, as a party, against that governmental policy.

RESULTS ARE WHAT IS WANTED.

In relation to arrangement with Germany, opening the ports to that country to American pork products, a stroke of policy worth millions to American producers and merchants, Secretary Hal-ford says: "The negotiations which ended in the withdrawal of the prohibition against the importation of American pork into Germany, were concluded at Saratoga and not at Cape May Point. The conclusion was reached while the president was at Saratoga, between General John W. Foster, representing the United States government, and Count Von Murnm, charge d'affaires, representing the German government, and was approved by the president. The removal of the pork restriction has nothing to do with any question of reciprocity, but is based upon the acceptance by the German government of the inspection of imported meats by this government under the law of the last congress."

Whether the reciprocity clause in the new tariff law had anything to do with bringing about the desired and mutually beneficial consummation or not matters but little to the American people. Markets for our surplus products on the most advantageous terms obtainable is what we want, whether such terms are secured through legislation or diplomacy. And the fact remains that in this instance, as in every other worth speaking of, all that has been accomplished is the result of Republican statecraft.

STILL HOWLING CALAMITY.

As was noticed by all who read the resolutions adopted by the Alliance county convention in this city Thursday, which resolutions appeared in the EAGLE yesterday morning, that following still persists in defaming the state and in this instance the best and wealthiest county and city in the state, without regard to what affect their misrepresentation of facts may have on the city's and county's good name and credit abroad, or its discouraging affect upon the uninformed at home. The bold, broad statement is made that \$2,400,000 is required "to pay the tax and interest on the debts of the people of Sedgewick county." The total assessed valuation of property in Sedgewick county, as shown by the records, is \$15,228,432. The highest rate of tax levied in the county, including the school fund levy, but not including some small assessments for local improvements, is 34 mills, or 3.4 cents on the dollar. This will produce about \$50,000 in taxes. Of course it is impossible to tell what the interest account of the citizens as individuals amounts to, but to make up the amount, stated in the resolutions referred to, of \$2,400,000, would require a 164 per cent assessment upon all the property in the county as returned for taxation.

To be sure those people who formulated and promulgated the outrageously false statement will deny that they meant to injure the city and county, but that such will be the effect, to the extent the statement is accepted as true, cannot be doubted or denied. Who would want to invest money or engage in business of any kind in a community where property is taxed nearly one-fifth of its assessed value? Nobody, for the simple reason that no legitimate business can stand such a burden. It is more than the gross returns of 75 per cent of the invested capital in the city and county, while the fact is, the burden upon the property of the city and county is phenomenally light, considering the character and extent of the improvements, public and private.

The impression made upon the casual reader of the statement referred to will be that the \$2,400,000 is collected and sent out of the city and county, annually. At this rate, if it were true, it would require a very few years for the city and county to be utterly depleted of every vestige of a representative of wealth, including the land, while the fact is the increase in wealth in the city and county has been a subject of general comment.

The statement referred to is a mere assumption, without any foundation of fact; it is untrue, and ought to brand its author and promulgators as slanderers of the good name of Wichita and Sedgewick county, and instead of prejudicing anyone in favor of that following, it ought to cause every honest and fair-minded person who may have been led off by them under a misapprehension to blush for shame as they abandon the delusion and snare.

According to the report of the department of agriculture the average condition of the five leading cereal crops of the United States on the first day of September was 94. This is the nearest to a full crop all around ever produced in the country, and if prices should go no higher than present quotations this year's crop will bring more money into active circulation than the country has had for years, and as a consequence better times generally must inevitably ensue. It requires no logical reasoning to prove this, it is a self-evident proposition.

Alex Buitts in the Kansas City Star says that the increase of Alliance lecturers in Kansas has been attended with a corresponding falling off in the number of lightning rod peddlers in that state.

There, Drat You, Take That. Sol Miller, being charged by a Topeka paper with having either "patronized" a "joint committee" or "perjury," retorts as follows: "Well, Mr. Worms, will you tell us why it looks any worse for a member of the board of public works than it does for anybody else to drink a glass of beer when he feels like it? Is there anything prohibited in the law creating the board of public works? Is it any body's business? We didn't know when we took the office, that we were to be commensurable for our private acts to every meddling, growling, belying newspaper."

An All-round Man. From the Kansas City Star. The Rev. J. D. Botkin, Methodist presiding elder of the Wichita district, will go to Washington next week to attend a great international Methodist meeting. Brother Botkin was a candidate for governor of Kansas in 1888 on the Prohibition ticket, and is equally at home on the stump or in the pulpit. He can turn with ready ease from an exposition of the "Psalms" of David to a defense of summary legislation and an arraignment of the rum power.

At His Post. From the Lawrence Journal. Victor Murock has returned to his work after a short vacation, and Victor's father's paper, the Wichita EAGLE, again offers its tempting Silhouettes to the exchange editor.

EUGENE WARE'S LATEST.

At the last fall of the curtain and in shuffling and scuffling of the merry throng that jostles out of the theater opens and flies down the aisles to the open air; just as the footlights have gone out with a pop and the whole complement of clowns and comedians of quibbles and grimaces are transforming themselves back into street wear in the dressing rooms; when the show is over and the fun is only laughed at in reminiscence ripples, suddenly in the shadows of the stage, outlined grotesquely against the billow drop curtain appears a man—one of the players who has come late—or early perhaps and watched his brothers toss their wit and spring their witticisms. And now moved by an inward force or urged by some cogent impulse of a dormant whim, his voice fills the hall. And as it strikes the ears of the retiring multitude, they return to their seats; nor lateness; nor fear of surfeit prevents them. For here, they say, is the greatest player of them all, and he has only now appeared; we must hear him. And so in the flickering lights of fast events, in the patch-work of ragged wit and ravell'd arguments, the greatest player throws a new charm over it all and the crowd laughs to the end.

So Eugene Ware comes forward at this hour with a classic "The Kansas Bandit or the Fall of Ingalls." After every joke at the expense of the Peffer and Simpson crowd has been worn threadbare and the reading public turns monotonous of "rats" and "chestnuts" at every repetition, the poet of Paint Creek writes it all anew.

Why? Well, it opens with a bandit on the banks of Paint creek troubled with the poverty of the times and who, lamenting, mourns that

"A pace the times have changed. Draw paper for the last four years remuneration hath not yielded. Me constitution doth the full Assimilation of the normal rum refuse."

So Alonzo, the bandit, proclaims war against the world:

"And now and here, importunate and rash, I face the world with courtesy for cash."

The first stranger who appears is a fellow of the meek and lowly and, asked to deliver, gives the bandit all he has—a benediction. This preacher is "agin" Ingalls, and seeking for office. Says he:

"Before I get in politics, dear Bandit, I had a pulpit, and right well I manned it. I used to tell the story of the cross, But now I just talk politics and hose. I'm down on Ingalls now, for his position I do not think real sound on prohibition."

This preacher politician all Kansas knows. He passes on to Wichita.

The next victim who appears is a tall stranger with spectacles. After some dickering the bandit asks, "Art thou a farmer?" "No," says the stranger, "I am an agriculturist."

Bandit: "What is the difference?" Stranger: "The farmer works the soil. The agriculturist works the farmer."

The stranger tells about how Ingalls failed to give him an office, and the bandit after telling him

"Thou hast more poetry than playthings, More spondee than spondeeus," let's him go. This old stranger proves to be General Rice.

The next man who comes along is editor of an anti-Ingalls paper. He claims that he has brains but no wealth. Alonzo cuts his head off right above the ears with this prologue:

"That will I take and with this chaste steel Which now in circles with violence centrifugal I brandish, all above thy ears will I discover, And make thee like the headless hen of Wichita, fed through the gullet with a goose quill. All that thou needest is thy Cerebellum in these post bellum days."

A howler of calamity. He needs no brains for dmit 'e. Can work on cheek and vanity, Big whiskers and inanity."

The editor walks off in this condition, apparently none the worse. Also a lawyer comes along, who, on his way to the Garden City ejaculates:

"Honor! Myself I wear the trusted mantle of forensic glory—I'll be chief justice yet."

He has nothing either. The bandit becomes discouraged. He is catching cold "A hollow cough combined with hollow coffers."

When another, a barefooted person, comes up, who gives the countersign, "Down with Ingalls." Jerry Simpson here recites facetiously how he beat Prince Hal, and how

"The bark that held the prince peeled off." After a rather prolix output of blank verse, Jerry says:

"My district expects Me to produce territorial humidity and divide The rain-belt with the seaboard states. Ingalls Could not accomplish it. What has he done for Kansas? All she needs is rain. She having Rain has grate, and having rain had Ingalls. He could not make it rain, hence naught for Kansas had he done."

The very best thing in the whole poem is this. It drops out of Jerry's pocket as he departs:

"Will somebody please explain Why we do not get any rain? We've got prohibition, Behold our position: No whisky, no beer, no rats, Will somebody please explain Why we haven't got any grain? It's lack of humidity, Kansas ability. Because of no rain, no grain. Will somebody please explain Why we haven't got any brain? Because all sterility. Envy's ability. No rats and no grain—hence no brain."

This will repay a second and a third reading.

After Jerry's departure a "Thing," which calls itself a High Moral Plane comes along, and after criticizing Ingalls for his vanity more than anything other attribute, suggests this as an epitaph for his political tombstone:

"'Tis was he stark And, in the very uppers Of his straitjacket He fell."

Still the bandit can not come by any cash. Nobody has anything. By and by he blames the government and to a chance traveler, Calamity Bill, laments: "By force Of business necessity compelled to rob and steal, because there is only eight dollars Per capita in actual circulation." "Calamity Bill" sympathizes with Alonzo and tells him how much better his way is of robbing the public. "I can rob more men, in fifteen minutes, than you can in years." He relates how it is worked. How they will elect Peffer or a mattress. And then make money with printing presses and eventually scotch the farmers in. The bandit catches on, and after a short struggle with his conscience,

joins the anti-Ingalls' caucus. Thus to the denouement.

"Let's howl sub-treasury-free cash—and Peffer. Let's go back on our mortgages—of course—While through our state-meat's whiskers the wild zephyr."

The Kansas zephyr, ships with solemn force. We'll keep 'em down, and we'll keep 'em down, that's plain. We'll keep 'em down as long as it don't rain."

KANSAS CLOVER.

To the Editor of the Eagle. I scented a clover field a mile away, the other day, and dropped my corn-knife and started that way to investigate it. Before I had gone far I distinguished alfalfa clover, and on arriving there I found forty acres, knee high, the third crop in full leaf and bloom. It was a splendid sight—a beautiful deep sea green with its purple flowers on its surface, rolling with the breeze, heavily laden with honey and maturing seed for next spring's sowing. The dark, rich green color of the field contrasted strongly with the light yellow ripening cornfields, surrounded by the omnipresent Kansas sunflower in every direction the eyes could turn, and assured me by its perfect freshness when all else was fading by the heat of August, that what I said in a former article would prove true: That alfalfa is destined to revolutionize farming in Kansas, because it is a reliable forage crop for eight months in the year, making three crops where now one is made; for with alfalfa you can get \$1 a bushel of your corn by putting in twice as many acres of alfalfa as corn and feeding the alfalfa during spring and summer and using the corn to finish turning the stock. A litter of pigs turned into an alfalfa lot in the spring will grow to weigh 200 pounds each by fall and be ready for market. This will dispense with the stinking pen, so repulsive to fastidious people, and avoid the extravagant waste of corn by feeding in winter. Calves and lambs can be fed in the same way. This will make farming more easy and more profitable and remove the drudgery of the present system of Kansas farming, by which a large acreage of land is put in cultivation which the farmer must work diligently, in season to keep the weeds in check and mature the crop, and out of season to feed it to stock, and to make ends meet. But by this new system the stock and crop work together while the farmer is growing a little corn to finish them with. In this way twice as much stock can be grown, at twice the profit and with one-half the labor. Of course we want the quick maturing hogs, sheep and cattle, which are admitted to be the best on account of the fineness of bone, flesh and fat.

Another advantage of this system of farming is, it keeps up the fertility of the farm more than the growing and feeding of grain besides it is more certain in the returns for the effort put forth.

Under the system of growing corn and wheat, you get no good out of the stalks and straw; they are sacrificed to mature the grain, while with alfalfa every leaf and stalk is converted into milk, mutton or beef. This does not mean that alfalfa is superior to winter over the breeding animals. So on the whole, if the farmer seeks his own interests he will prepare a plot of ground for seeding to alfalfa next spring.

The best of Kansas is now sown to alfalfa, which would be only 5,203,300 acres, it would increase the value of our state over \$50,000,000 and increase her annual production over \$100,000,000. You can figure it out just as easily as you can take three as profitable crops off the ground. It has been found that the best alfalfa in Kansas is now grown in which bids fair to compete with sorghum in producing cheap sweetening for Kansas.

There is more in alfalfa than we ever thought of, and I believe it is worth more to Kansas than wheat, red clover and prairie grass combined.

B. E. H.

THE STEADFAST FRIEND OF KANSAS.

From the Kansas City Star. If the Republican party has not clearly demonstrated its right to the title of the "consistent, unwavering friend of Kansas," then must courage and fidelity to lofty principles be considered the sign of a weak man. This does not rest alone upon the party's course with reference to the recent Alliance, or third party craze, but goes back to the time when it first became a prominent factor in governmental affairs. Without a single exception it has been generous in its side progress toward a higher and more enlightened civilization, and it has persistently advocated only those principles which appealed to the moral conscience, intelligence and sound business sense of the community.

Never in single instances has it yielded to any of these sudden, epidemics of popular fancy which have periodically swept over the country, but has steadily held its course for those principles which experience and sound business judgment dictated. Frequently it has exposed itself to defeat, and sometimes has suffered defeat for adhering to this line of conduct, but in every instance popular sentiment has afterward almost unanimously indorsed the position it maintained.

And above all things, it has never sought to benefit itself at the expense of the state. Other parties, in the hope of securing some temporary advantage, have at different times assailed its credit and its good name, but the Republican party never. The good name of the state and its consistency have ever been its inciting motive to action. A few years ago the Democratic party sought to foist itself into power by spreading exaggerated reports broadcast concerning the mortgage indebtedness of the state and the distressed condition of its people generally. It was the Republican party which came to the state's rescue, and such a valiant battle did it wage in its behalf that overwhelming defeat was visited upon the calumniators.

It has been making the same good, sturdy fight for the right during the last year and a half, and in the face of odds which might have induced an organization less influenced by lofty principles to have bowed its head somewhat to the force of the storm upon it. Its only effect upon the Republican party, however, was to stimulate it to renewed efforts in the direction which it believed to be right. Profoundly impressed with the belief that the intelligence of the people would eventually assert itself, it has steadily labored to place before them all the facts bearing upon the present situation in the state. It has also spread these facts broadcast throughout the country to show how ill-founded are the slanderous statements which the Alliance orators have directed against the good name of the state.

Probably the best work which it has done in this direction is the statement recently put forth by the convention of Republican league clubs. No more convincing evidence of its high and conscientious character was ever put forth, and it cannot but greatly aid in the work of eliminating the elements which have so seriously threatened to retard the return of good times to the state.

OKLAHOMA OUTLINES.

Jake Admire wants Kingfisher to have five limits. That big ball played hob with the cotton in the vicinity of Oklahoma City.

Over \$100,000 have been disbursed among the Indians on the various allotments. The Hennessy Clipper claims to have been the first paper that used the term "sooner."

If Mr. and Mrs. Rock get the Oklahoma City Gazette of course they will keep Otto Bismeyer.

There are not many strikes among the intruders, but they spend most of their time "walking out."

There will be more to be thankful for at next Thanksgiving day in Oklahoma than there has been before.

There were twelve babies born in Oklahoma county in the month of August. Seven girls and five boys.

People do not think a watermelon is very good in Oklahoma unless it cracks over five inches ahead of the Kalis.

The Indians can never get over counting on a Messiah coming. This is a figurative way of meaning civilization.

There is one nice thing for the Stillwater editors in their quarrel. They see their names in the newspapers every week.

A good many incidents in Oklahoma are watered with a lynch law like Judge Seay would want with a \$12,000 residence.

Mr. Taxpayer in the Oklahoma Times Journal says the farmers of Oklahoma are not so anxious for statehood as the people of the rest of the country.

Bill Hackney is back in Oklahoma again. It made it a little hard running for he and Governor Steele to both be away at the same time.

The Cherokee outlet is so-called because it was granted as a narrow lane for the Cherokees to get to the western salt marshes and hunting grounds.

Renno City is growing like every other town in Oklahoma. People don't hear so much about it, but it is getting there just the same.

An Oklahoma City grocer closed out and went to Chicago. Last week he was back again. There are lots of people who think Oklahoma, but do not know it until they get off some where else.

Kingfisher Free Press: Hundreds of tons of hay are being put up in this neighborhood. That is right. Put up hay whether you have stock to eat it or not. It costs nothing more than labor, much, and next spring it will be a good price. Make hay while the sun shines, if it is hot.

The Mexican Kickapoo are a restless, suspicious and crafty set of Indians. They will sacrifice all comfort and benefits allowed them by the government rather than deviate from their non-progressive notions for fear of making themselves in jeopardy of being civilized. They, like Big Jim's gang of Upper Shawnees, refuse to patronize schools or allow themselves to be civilized or ornamented.

The following table shows the total number of allotments on the east: Lower Shawnees..... 368 Upper Shawnees..... 192 Citizen band of Pottawatomies..... 1,488 Lower Kickapoo..... 111 Sac and Foxes..... 549

Total..... 2,092

EXCHANGE SHOTS.

Heart Beat. You may squirm and you may fidget, Do whatever else you like, But my equer bowl is bigger Since McKinley passed the bill. —Vioia (Was) Intelligence.

From the Kansas City Star.

The Wichita EAGLE has no competition now in the morning newspaper field in Kansas west of Topeka. The Capital and the EAGLE are already all the morning papers that Kansas needs.

Thanks for the Good Words. From the Hutchinson News.

Mr. P. B. Dillard, the rustling Wichita Eagle man, was in town today, and got up a good list. The EAGLE is the first morning paper to reach Hutchinson, being right hours ahead of all others. As the EAGLE contains the full morning press report and is our nearest neighbor, we bespeak for it a generous support from all our citizens who want a morning paper.

An Eloquent Truth. From the Kansas City Star.

One of the best things to which Mr. Fassett, the Republican nominee for governor of New York, gave utterance in his speech of acceptance was in relation to local government. He said: "We have as good government in the cities and counties in this state as we desire. There are more good men in any civilized community in this world of ours than had men." Nothing could be truer than this declaration, and it carries with it food for profitable reflection not only in New York, but in every municipality in the land which is cursed with corrupt and inefficient government. The rule is generally in its application, and in its Kansas City as closely as it does the particular municipalities which Mr. Fassett had in mind. No community will be ringeridden or run in the interest of spoilsmen in which the best citizens are alive to their duty as voters and their responsibility to society.

He Owned the Pew. "That reminds me of an incident to which I was a witness," said Dan O'Sullivan, the newspaper reporter. "It was in the old Catholic church in Buffalo. There was some sort of a celebration on, and the church was crowded. In the midst of the service a little Irishman, who was in the enjoyment of a fortune he had worked hard to get, and who was the lessee of the second pew from the front, entered. He walked impressively down the center aisle, as becomes a man of independent means, soon reaching his pew as was that several strange ladies were occupying it. There was room for him, but that wasn't enough. He placed one hand on the back of the front pew, and with a wave of the other said in a voice loud enough to be heard all over the church: "Come out at that now."

"Very much surprised and confused, the ladies obeyed, and then they were treated to another sensation by the lessee's saying: "Now in mid year again I make myself a new pew. Do only wanted you to know as who owned the pew."

"He was as polite as they make them, and he accompanied his command with such a sweeping gesture and winning smile that the ladies complied and the interrupted priest resumed."—Chicago Post.

A Pittiable Procession.

In upper Broadway may be seen a procession of six sandwiches—that is, men with big signs on front and back—slowly promenade up and down. Three of the men are white haired, respectable looking old men out of luck, and three have the appearance of good for nothing in the prime of alibodied manhood. Each man carries a flag, and the stars, painted upon white cloth, come down to their heels. They advertise a cheap shoe house.

There is something pathetic in these old men reduced to such a method to earn a livelihood. If the joyous schoolboy, the ambitious student, the happy father or the respected merchant could anticipate such an end would life be worth living? Would he consent to live it out to this extreme—reduced to poverty and shame, forsaken by kindred, walking the streets of New York a human sign? What a story of human hopes, great expectations, love, sorrow and degradation lies enshrouded between these bits of painted cloth!—New York Herald.

A LEGEND OF A HORSE.

TERRIBLE DEEDS OF THE WHITE DEVIL, OF CALIFORNIA.

Story of the Notorious Vasquez and His Avenging Steed—The Spirit of the Dead Bandit Seemed to Inhabit the Frenzied Animal—His Death.

One day, as the freight train running from San Francisco to San Jose rumbled around a sharp curve just outside of the city of San Jose, a white horse sprang on the track and raced down toward the town in front of the engine. For a mile the train did not gain on him. Then the unequal footing of the crossties and the pace began to tell upon the white steed, and the engine crept slowly up to him. The engineer gave a few shrieks of the whistle to scare the horse from the track, but he kept right on in front, running with the speed of a racer, with his long tail streaming in a straight line behind him.

The pilot struck him, ground the life out of him in an instant and then plowed into the dirt on the opposite side of the track. The engineer swore a few choice oaths and jumped out of the cab. The horse was as dead as a doornail and the engine had left the rails.

It was Vasquez's horse. The whole country knew it the next day. He was 30 years old and totally blind when he met his death in front of the freight train, and for ten years had roamed over the mountain-pied land about the lower part of Santa Clara county, free as a bird and feared by the Mexicans more than a lion. He was called by them the "white devil," and it was their belief that he was possessed of a soul mortgaged to the evil one—the soul of Vasquez. It is a strange tale that the old Mexican mothers tell of this white horse.

Vasquez was the most noted bandit of California twenty years ago. He hid defiance to the law, eluded the detectives and searching parties for years and killed and robbed half a hundred men. He roamed over the state of California from the north to the south, leaving desolation and death in his wake. He surrounded himself with a band of desperate Mexicans and terrorized entire communities.

On a dreary August afternoon in southern California the mayor of Los Angeles and a fellow official were driving along the old sand road through the Arroyo Seco toward the town. Over the brow of a hill half a mile in front of them a group of horsemen appeared at a gallop. They swept down the hill and met the buggy of the mayor. The galloping horses were yanked back upon their haunches, and a swarthy Mexican upon a white horse showed a pistol in the mayor's face, and said, with a show of his teeth in a smile, "Your money, senor."

The mayor thought it was a joke and laughed. "Quick, quick!" said the horseman, as his weapon clicked. "I am Vasquez."

"The mayor laughed again. "Let you don't believe me, senor, look." He pointed back to the evil one, who appeared another group of horsemen riding at full tilt from the town.

"Quick," said Vasquez. "I am no fool." The mayor looked down the pistol barrel at the pair of black, glittering eyes that lined the sights and put up his hands. He was frightened of his claimants bag of gold, as was his friend, and the bold riders wheeled and were off at a run, the posse from the town riding up five minutes too late to catch them or to save the mayor's coin. The band escaped into the chaparral.

Vasquez made history in this way for five years, and then was caught like a rat in a trap in an adobe house near the scene of the robbery of the mayor, and was shot down by a newspaper correspondent detailed to accompany the search party. He survived his wounds, was taken to San Jose, where one of his earliest and most atrocious murders had been committed, and there met his death on the scaffold.

The night after Vasquez was hanged a white horse galloped up the street to the jail, stood a moment at the door and gave a neigh. The Mexicans heard in it a call to the dead Vasquez. There came no answer to the horse's challenge and he wheeled about and went as suddenly as he came.

Then he turned back and followed Vasquez's old trail. Once in a while a man would be found on the road with his body frightfully mutilated and his flesh bearing the marks of hoofs. Sometimes in the night a white horse would appear at the door of a Mexican cabin in some lonely spot and neigh. If no answer came he would be off like the wind, but if any man dared show himself the horse would attack him with hoof and teeth and it was seldom that a victim escaped.

Time and again he was shot at, and one Mexican buck was foolishly enough to try to rope him and met a horrible death. The horse bore a charmed life. He became almost as great a terror to the Mexicans as Vasquez had been to the rich Americans.

If by chance a Mexican pony got out of control and wandered off in search of grass the white horse would find him and snort him. First he had one follow him, then two, then half a dozen. No man could kill them, and no man dared to attempt to capture them. With no loads upon their backs they were fleet as the wind and could outstrip the best horse with a rider. The Mexicans named the leader the "White Devil," and said that Vasquez lived again in his horse.

As the years went by and Vasquez became a memory, and his exploits the theme for children's stories, the White Devil