GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

The Bad Luck of Three Outlaws who Carried Off a Woman.

Men are accustomed to look upon women as frail, tender, and without pluck, but the bravery and heroism of the female sex, when forced to face the inevitable, shine forth in instances which men may have equalled, but never excelled.

In June, 1878, three ruffians, one of whom was a half-breed Indian, rode up to the pioneer cabin of Henry Clark, situated near the State line between Kansas and Nebraska, due north of Smith Centre, and on the bank of the Republican River. It was about 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and Clark was in Marysville, Kansas, on business, leaving the wife, who was a robust woman of twenty-five, alone on the place. Hospitality is the rule in the West, and when the men asked for breakfast she could not well refuse, although she made up her mind at first glance that they were bad men. They said they were looking for stock, and seemed to be posted as to Clark's absence. All were heavily armed and rode good horses. While Mrs. Clark was very much frightened and annoyed at their presence, she made a pretence of being cool and brave, and this probably put the climax off for some time. She prepared a good breakfast, and the men sat down to eat, but it was easy to see that they were not hungry. They only made a pretence of eating, and when they got up two of them seized her and rushed her out doors, and the third, who had already mounted, received her on his saddle. In speaking of this act, Mrs. Clark explains:

"I had been expecting just such a move, and was in a measure prepared for it. I knew they meant me evil, and I was glad when I saw they were to take me away. We had no neighbor nearer than three miles, and I felt that only in being taken away from the house was there any chance of rescue from their clutches. Men were constantly riding about the country looking for land or stray stock, and I had strong hopes of meeting some party before we had gone far. Therefore when they seized me I made but little resistance, and, apparently to their great surprise, I did not scream nor faint."

The men rode off at a gallop up the river, skirting the edges of the timber, and in about three quarters of an hour reached a cabin which had been abandoned early in the spring by a family named Miller. The settler's wife had died, and he had removed to Red Cloud. The cabin was a small and snug affair, having a heavy door with a bar to it, and two windows provided with almost bullet-proof inside shutters. The men rode straight to the cabin and dismounted, Mrs. Clark being assisted off the saddle before the man who rode the horse with her got down. As she struck the ground she grabbed for the butt of a revolver which stuck out of the holster of the man who helped her down, and with that weapon in the next two or three minutes she relates herself:

"I was and am a fair shot with rifle or revolver. I first seized the weapon with the idea of committing suicide, but changed my mind in an instant, pulled up the hammer, and shot the man in the leg before he had taken his hands off me. Then I darted for the cabin, carrying the smoking weapon in my hand. The half-open door was only ten feet away, and I was inside and had the door bar in place in a few seconds. Indeed, the man whom I had wounded had scarcely fallen before I was in the house. My action was so sudden and unexpected that not a hand was stretched out to stop me. Fortunately for me, the bar stood on end just behind the door, and as I slipped it into place I felt that I had been saved. Two or three years of pioneer life give a woman courage and coolness, and I knew I had disabled one of the men and had five bullets left for the other two."

The wounded man received the bullet in the left leg just at the knee, and made a serious matter of it. He fell to the ground and cursed and groaned in a most terrible way, and proved that the woman should be burned alive at the stake to pay for his injury. His companions were at first inclined to ridicule him and to admire the pluck of the woman, but when they realized that he would probably lose his limb, and that the bullet had to be picked out with a hand, their anger became frightful. They made a rush for the door, evidently expecting to easily lay hands on the woman and drag her out, but they found it barred. When they turned to the windows they found them also well secured, because the shutters let it be seen that she meant determined resistance, and they gave up their efforts and retired to consult. From what Mrs. Clark overheard she was convinced that the two men wanted to help the wounded one off and leave at once, but he obstinately refused to move an inch until he had been revenged on the woman. He called their attention to the fact that it was a lonely neighborhood, not likely to be visited by any strangers before night, and that they should batter in the door and secure their victim. When he finally referred to his wounded evidence of her bravery, he fiercely shouted: "D——n her, it was an accidental shot. She's got my revolver, but she won't dare fire it to save her life. Get a log and bust in that door."

The men hunted about until they found a large limb which had been trimmed up, and they seized this and made a rush for the door. The woman knew just what they were preparing for, and she softly unbolted one of the blinds and swung it back until she could see them. One of the panes of glass was gone, and she rested the revolver in this opening, took deliberate aim at the man nearest her, and when she pulled the trigger he fell down and expired with scarcely a kick, having been shot through the heart. The other immediately ran away, but took a circuit and came back to the wounded man. Then the cursing, raving, and storming were renewed, and the wounded man propped himself up and emptied the contents of his Winchester and his revolver into the door and window blind. Mrs. Clark had warning, and she sat down on the floor in a corner. Some of the bullets fell inside, but she was in a safe place. When the wounded outlaw had exhausted his ammunition he called upon his companion to beat the door in with a rock lying near by, and threatened him with death if he did not. Mrs. Clark was looking out of the window, and she says:

"The man was thoroughly afraid of me, more so than of his friend, and he refused to obey, saying there had been nonsense enough, and he would now help the other way. He stood looking toward the cabin as he talked, and I saw the wounded man slip a cartridge into his revolver and raise the weapon and fire. The bullet was meant to kill, but it did not even wound, and the man turned, drew his own weapon, and fired three bullets into the would-be assassin's body, causing his death in a minute or two. He did not go near the body, his act evidently being done as a token that I was not to be disturbed, and then got the horses together, strapped the rifles to the saddles, and rode away as hard as he could go."

The woman soon left the cabin and took her way homeward, but was met by her husband and three cattle hunters about a mile away. The three latter pursued the fugitive for miles, securing two of the horses, and exchanging several shots, but he finally got safely away.

Hattie Benton's Adventure.

The adventure of Hattie Benton, a girl of 16, with a gang of outlaws on the Arkansas River, proved her bravery to be equal to that of any man living. Soon after the war, while everything was yet in confusion in the South, and especially in the Southwest, Benton moved from Missouri to Arkansas, and settled upon the Arkansas River at a point midway between Pine Bluffs and Arkansas Post. The country was then full of outlaws of all sorts, and robbery, assassination, and murder were rife in the lonely sections. Benton lived on the bank of the river, and furnished wood to steamboats. Hattie was his only child, and had been accustomed to the wild life of the West since babyhood. The mother was an invalid, who could scarcely leave the house or wait upon herself. The father was a man of fiery temper, and people soon learned that to attempt any love making with the girl would be pretty certain to end in somebody's death. The three or four outlaws who came sidling about, were made to walk the plank, and in time it came to be known along the river that the old man Benton looked upon his daughter as too good a match for any one in those parts. Then it was that an outlaw named Jack Cummerford sent the old man a message that he was coming to make Hattie his wife. The fellow was proprietor of a floating whiskey shanty, and had two or three hard cases constantly with him. While there was no question but that this crew were guilty of stealing and robbing and worse, the citizens hesitated to complain, and the law to arrest.

Cummerford heard of the girl long enough before he saw her, and the first Benton heard of the outlaw was by way of a message in which Cummerford told him that he would be on hand in about ten days to take the girl over, and if she suited him, he would take her away. The father boiled over at the impudence of the message, and he arranged to kill the outlaw on sight. Had it been known just how he would come Cummerford would have been welcomed with a bullet, but the messenger did not state that part of it, and after letting on his guard several days the father began to relax his vigilance and believe the message to be nothing more than an idle boast. One morning he went down to his wood piles to find a shanty moored at the bank, and a rough-looking fellow just ashore. Jack Cummerford and his gang had arrived, and the villain intended to make his words good. Benton was not armed; the outlaw had a rifle in his hands. Suspecting some evil, the pioneer started to retreat, but was shot in the back before he had gone thirty feet, and he was dead almost as soon as the outlaw reached him. The three men then proceeded to the house together. The mother and daughter were preparing breakfast, and were ordered to make provisions for their victors. They had heard the rifle shot, but before they could voice their suspicions of what had happened the leader of the gang brutally said:

"Come, now, hurry up. I've come to take the gal away, and as I thought the old man might object I just laid him out on the start. No snivelling, now, but get breakfast ready and then prepar' to go with me."

The mother was so overcome that she dropped into a chair and began moaning and weeping. It was a terrible shock to the girl, but she realized from the first moment that if she was to be saved from the fate planned for her she must save herself. She therefore went ahead with the preparations for the meal, and about the time the men were told to sit down to the table the mother hobbled out and sat down beside the dead body of her husband, so dazed and terrified that she could not shed a tear. After the first shock the girl began to plan against the gang, and every move made by the men was narrowly watched. As the place was isolated they had no fear of being disturbed, and took matters very leisurely. They talked of the shooting of Benton as coolly as if they had only fired upon a dog, and as they drew up to the table Cummerford observed:

"Ought to have hit him about two inches lower, but it wasn't so bad for snap shot. Kinder sorry for the old woman, but she'll feel better after we fling the body into the river. Say, gal, how d'ye like me, any way? You orter be proud of such a man as Jack Cummerford!"

"Come, Jack, be a bit easy on her until we git afloat," remarked one of the others.

"Oh, sartin," chuckled the outlaw. "She's kinder nervous of course, but she'll soon be proud of her husband. Rather pooty gal, Hattie is. Sorry I didn't come last week, but my motto is to attend to bizness fust. Say, gal, don't be afeard to laugh if you feel like it."

Cummerford had brought his rifle or carbine to the house, where the others had left their firearms aboard the boat. The carbine leaned against the wall in the rear of the men, and just as they got fairly to eating the girl examined it sufficiently to note that the chamber contained four or five bullets. No sooner was she certain of this than she snatched it up, and sprang out doors, and as she ran for her mother, who was in the direct line of the boat, she called to her to leave the body and hasten aboard the craft. Dazed as she was, the mother did not hesitate a second about complying, and she was aboard before any of the outlaws came out. When they did appear it was to find the girl with the carbine at an aim, covering the mother's retreat, and walking slowly backward herself. The ruffians were all upset for the moment. Then Cummerford sprang into the cabin after the dead man's rifle, and when he reappeared he brought it to his face and commanded the girl, who was by that time on board the shanty boat and trying to cast off the line to come ashore. She paid him not the least attention, and he coolly fired at her head. The bullet drew blood from the edge of her right ear, and in retaliation she picked up the carbine and fired an off-hand shot, which killed the man who stood on the right of Cummerford. The recoil of the heavy piece knocked her down, but before they could rush upon her the mother seized an ax and cut the line, and the boat floated away on the current.

Cummerford ran back into the cabin after ammunition, but before he found it the boat was half a mile below the house, and when he opened fire the women sheltered themselves in the cabin. As fast as he could load and fire he fired upon the boat, hoping that a stray shot might wound or kill. The girl made no reply until the current carried the float into a bend on the opposite side of the stream. Then, when the outlaws began to prepare to swim or float off to it she opened fire from the three or four loaded revolvers hanging in the cabin, and did such good shooting as to force them to abandon the attempt.

Had they been coaxing on dark the two men would doubtless have found means to recover the boat and recapture the women, but the craft had not been detained more than an hour in the tree top, when a Government survey party came along and were soon in possession of all the details. The women were taken off, the boat was stripped of its plunder, and then the structure was given over to the flames. During this time two men were landed to hunt for the wretches, but like the cowards they were they left the locality with all possible speed, and Cummerford was not heard of again until killed in a fight at Arkansas Post.

BEATING THE BANDITS.

Expressman Brown's Winning Fight with a Gang of Train Robbers.

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"This last express robbery," said an old railroad man, "calls to mind an exploit of an express messenger that ought not to be forgotten. It was about eight years ago, and Frank Brown, then in charge of an Adams Express car on the Santa Fé road, was the hero of the occasion. Somewhere in Colorado the train was stopped by seven desperadoes, the engine, baggage car, and express car were detached and run forward three or four miles where the robbers expected to go through the express car at their leisure. They had the advantage of the engineer and fireman and brakeman from the start, because these were unarmed, and the robbers, with their revolvers, compelled them to do their bidding.

"Brown, however, the moment the train was stopped closed his car and prepared for defence. During the run from the point where the train was stopped to the point where the robbers expected to enter upon the business of robbery Brown strengthened his position, and when the gang attempted to force an entrance he was ready for them. He knew that in about an hour a train would approach from the opposite direction, and his purpose was, through parley and by a show of strong resistance, to delay the entrance of the robbers until about the time the train approached. He did not at first hope to keep them out, but he determined to make the fight, and for an hour the struggle went on.

"The train robbers resorted to every possible expedient to induce Brown to surrender or to open the doors, and failing in that they proceeded to compel his surrender by opening a steady fire on the car. They would shoot from several different points of view, and then, taking it for granted that Brown had been frightened or possibly killed, would make another attempt on the car. Every time they were met by hostile demonstrations by Brown, and were compelled to abandon the attempt. Every time they were repulsed they opened fire more venomously, and when the whistle of the approaching train sounded there were 138 bullet holes in the express car, and Brown was still master of the situation. With the coming up of the other train the robbers made a hasty flight, securing no booty at all.

"This experience led the company to put guards on every express train, the manager choosing men who had a good deal of fight in them, and who, understanding that they were paid to fight, were always ready for an engagement. The result of the experiment was that express offences were made on the trains in that section for a good many years. As a rule, the desperadoes who attack express trains are pretty well informed as to the condition of affairs, and if they know they are likely to be met with strong resistance or to come in contact with men who will shoot without ceremony, they are not inclined to make many ventures; but if they know that the express messenger and the trainmen are unarmed, they have little hesitation in making an attack."

A NEW SPORT.

Wrestling on Horseback—Sam Mathews, Inventor and Champion, Challenges the World.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I forward you an account of the latest novelty in wrestling, something entirely new, and I think it will take. I would like to issue a challenge through THE SUN to any man in the world to wrestle me a match of this kind on horseback. The ideas and rules are entirely my own. The horse I brought from Mexico, and the saddle I had made especially for the wrestling business. Yours respectfully, SAMUEL MATHEWS,

APRIL 28. 216 Grant avenue, San Francisco.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

People in the East have enjoyed the latest and newest departures in sport exclusively, viz., tobogganing and ice-yachting, the glorious climate of California not furnishing a sufficiency of congealed water to admit of those exciting pastimes being introduced here. The fertile brain of a Californian, however, has perfected the latest and most astounding novelty in field sports. This is nothing more nor less than wrestling on horseback, and Sam Matthews, the champion wrestler of the coast, is the patentee, so to speak.

While on his tour in southern California Sam became possessed of a very tractable horse of medium height, which he immediately set about training for the new style of wrestling, and also for use in mounted polo games. Both master and horse progressed so well in their respective capacities that Matthews had a saddle made especially for the wrestling business, and resolved to challenge any man in the world to wrestle on horseback, the contest to be governed by the following rules:

First—The horses must be of medium weight, and of the same height, and the saddles used must have no horns or projections to force them. No straps or buckles to be used to fasten the rider to the saddle or prevent him in any way from falling.

Second—The contestants prior to an attack, must on each side grasp hold of a heavy large pole, and then due is called they must advance, and, after clasping right hand with right hand, begin to wrestle.

Third—When a man has been dismounted he loses the fall except where he lands in an upright position and only with one foot on the ground. In such a case, if the man remains before either rolled over or before touching the ground with both feet, the fall will not count against him.

Fourth—Dismounting from one horse to another is allowed but not a contestant who shall strike or kick either his opponent or his opponent's horse will be considered guilty of a foul and lose the contest.

Fifth—No foul blow of either character can be disguised by his horse falling, such fall will not count against him.

Sixth—One referee and two judges shall be appointed by the contestants and the decision of the referee shall be final.

Sam Mathews and I. S. Reeves wrestled a match of this sort on Saturday. Two rounds were wrestled, in which each came off a victor. This style of wrestling was a novelty in itself, and was very exciting. To constitute a fall both feet had to touch terra firma. The horses were kept close together, and the wrestlers were at times on one horse and at others were all over the horses. Sam Mathews got his fall in scientific shape. When the contestants came together he caught Reeves suddenly and unseated him in short order.

THE LONE FISHERMAN OF KETTLE CREEK.

His Recollection of How the Rare Golden Dew Made him a Monarch.

HARRISBURG, May 7.—"W'ile we're waitin' fer that air creek to git in some kind o' good humor," said Major Haight, the lone fisherman of Kettle Creek, "we mowt ez well make ourselfs comf'tble. We've got a jug an' we've got a tumbler or two. Now, jist ez long ez w'at's in the jug holds out, an' jist ez long ez the tumblers don't git broke, we're all hunkey. The creek's too high to fish in, 'cause trout is a leetle p'tic'lar 'bout bitin' w'en the water don't suit 'em. Thus sech a thing ez havin' too much water an' not enough—but hold on boys; speaking o' trout, come to think on it, th' hain't none no more. W'at I mean by that is, thus trout 'nough, but whar be they? Now, fer instance, take that brook thet's a-roarin' an' a-tearin' over yender. That hain't the wust I ever heerd it roar, 'cause last year it was a big deal wuss, but it's plenty bad enough now. It's a reg'lar tearer ev'ry year. Why? 'Cause ev'ry year the trout gits fewer an' fewer, an' the creek feels ez jit's pervidin' water for nothin', an' that makes it mad, an' it gits on its ear an' biles.

"Now, w'at was these here creeks made fer? They was made so ez trout could git cheap board an' lodgin' an' all the comforts of a home. The creeks has ben a givin' that to 'em fer better'n a good many hundred years. They hain't never rested a minute, not one on 'em bain't, an' trout is durn popular kinder, ez I kin tell yer. They want the best th' is, an' they'm a pointer to hev it too. They've had it in these creeks from the beginnin', an' now w'at do they do? For better'n ten year they've ben packin' up an' quittin'. They've ben agoin' away, the Great King only knows whar, without givin' their boardin' places no notice, till w'ats left on 'em hain't enough to make it worth w'ile fer the creeks to run. But if the trout go on a quittin' year in an' year out, the creeks they keep gittin madder an' madder, jist like a feller ez gits discouraged like an' goes off an' gits billin' drunk an' hoops it up round town like a wild Injin to drowned his sorrer. That's jist w'at these creeks is doin' now. They'm on a grand old spree, an' they don't care the pin feathers of a dead crow whk knows it.

"Wall, the little creek that's tearin' away over yender, like a flattened out Niagary, is the maddest little creek o' the hull caboodle. Why? 'Cause it had more boarders wunst, an' better uns, th'n any o' the rest. The big guns usety stop over thar—the ol' mossbacks, the fellers th' fit took a durn cute rooster to knock the spots off of. The smart rascles that'd waddle up to yer fly, smell of it, an' cook their eyes up at it ez much ez to say:

"'Thur a leetle too much sun to-day. I kin see the thread ye tied it with. Come ag'in' w'en its cloudy. So long.'

"An' then they'd turn an' wiggle their tails at ye ez if 'twas a thumb they had up to their noses. I never see sotch smart trout ez usety git out yer way 'cept the mossbacks. I don't wonder it's madder'n a spanked young un w'en it gits a thinkin' 'bout w'at customers it hain't got no more.

"I want to call up a little recomember'nce o' sumpin' th't I see some trout do in that creek one day. I had another good fly on my leader, an' fer more'n an hour I coaxed a big trout to come an' git it, fer he was welcome to it, hook an' all. Bimeby I showed him th't th' wa'n't nothin' mean 'bout me by puttin' six different flies on the leader. They was good uns, too, fer I made 'em myself. The one in the black gnat ez was so nat'ral th't wunst w'en I happened to lay my rod down in a medder w'ile I tapped my flask, nipped my good ol' corn-beef sandwich, an' puffed a pipe or two, the snell w'at the gnat was tied to ketched on top of a stalk o' timothy grass, an' hung kinder in the air. I jumped sudden an' see it danglin' an' says to myself:

"'Wy thar's jist w'at I ben lookin' fer, one o' them big black fellers, to see w'at my counterfeit of him is lackin' in.'

"So I sneaked up on my hands an' knees, with my off hand in my hand, to slap it over the gnat. An' I done it, an' slipped my hand in under the hat to keep the fly from gettin' away. W'en I skivered th't I had ketched my own gnat th't was tied to my leader. I'm a swan's tail feather if I didn't drain my flask at one settin'.

"But I must git back to th't big trout I commenced about. He'd nat'rally s'pose th't any fly that fooled me would be apt to git away with a trout. But it didn't—not much. I trailed that fly, an' t'other uns with it, over that trout pool, this way an' that way, a shiverin' like a tremblin' leaf in October. I knew th't 'twa'n't no use. I could see two trout in the pool, an' the littlest one ov 'em must ha' ben a two-pounder. Neither one ov 'em didn't pay no more 'tention to them flies th'n if both on 'em had been wooden fish held down by sinkers. I s'pose th't I couldn't git 'em. The trout usety git out ez much ez to say:

"'Thar's a durn cute rooster to knock the spots off of.'

"Wall, I done all, an' after w'ile I'd say to myself:

"'Sky, birds, an' trees,' I'd say, 'fields, hills, an' streams.'

"Then I'd slip the flask outen my pocket—the flask th't held the golden dew—an' I'd put it to my lips an' let it run slow.

"'Sky, birds, an' trees,' I'd say ag'in, 'fields, hills, an' streams.'

"Then I'd coddle the flask a minute or so, tender an' carful, an' bimeby let the golden dew run ag'in slow an' stiddy. Then I'd raise up an' look natur' over from blue to blue.

"'Sky, birds, an' trees,' I'd say, 'fields, hills, an' streams! Nottin' like 'em in this broad land, an' they'm all mine!'

"That's the way the stuff Jim Shunk fetched with him usety make a feller feel, an' th' hain't never ben nothin' like it on Kettle Creek sence he was called away."

A French Tickborne Case.

From the St. James's Gazette.

There is a French Tickborne case on the tapis. A property, estimated at 20,000 sterling, is claimed by the son of a man who has been missing for thirty-five years. A relationship is claimed by some of kin, and he alleges that he has been kept out of his inheritance through the machinations of the Cheyreuse family. Some time ago, when M. Carnecasse was Prefect of Police, a Cheyreuse was arrested for having created a disturbance before the door of the town house of the duc de Cheyreuse. He was not punished at the time, but the next day the Cheyreuse family, in revenge, intended to get the Prefect of Police dismissed, and it leads to a fight at out in the cellar.

MAINE'S SEASIDE RESORT.

The Natives, the Scenery, and the Way to Reach the Attractive Mount Desert.

BANGOR, May 6.—Great preparations are making at Mount Desert for the reception this season of such a throng of visitors as that island resort has never seen before, and from all indications the big crowds will be on hand to exchange heaps of money for accommodations at hotels, good, bad, and indifferent; buckboard rides over the rocky roads, and sniffs of sea air from over Frenchman's Bay. A wonderful transformation is that which has come over this picturesque island since the first tourist landed there, and the natives began to turn their attention from coasting and catching codfish to hotel keeping and speculating in land—so wonderful that the people down along the coast of Hancock county can scarcely realize it. To be sure, the hardy fishermen and sailors, and the few small farmers of the island made a comfortable living before any big hotel was erected there, or any enthusiastic moneybags from the large cities invested good sized fortunes in elaborate cottages, perched on commanding bluffs; but none of them were rich, and they had not the faintest idea that their shore privileges would ever be occupied by anything else than their modest dwellings and the fish flakes. New Mount Desert has become such a popular resort that the little old dwellings and the fishing paraphernalia have been crowded out of all the most attractive spots by the abodes of pleasure, and the people are largely engaged in keeping hotels, boarding houses and shops, driving buckboards, sailing yachts, and otherwise catering to the wants of tourists, in which occupations many of them coin money during the summer season.

Lands which not many years ago were covered with scrub woods or grazed upon by a few sheep, are now cut up into cottage lots and held, if not already sold and built upon, at figures high enough to take one's breath away. And the prices, especially at Bar Harbor, are going up every year. The wealth acquired by the fortunate islanders has not turned their heads, but, on the contrary, they are using their best endeavors to get richer still, some who had sold out all their lands a few years ago having reinvested in the expectation of large returns.

Bar Harbor, although in the opinion of many not so picturesque a spot as either Southwest or Northwest Harbor, which are located at the mouth of Somes's Sound, is yet the principal place of resort on the island. It has been known as a watering place for over two decades, but its greatest fame has been attained during the past few years. It is one of the villages of the town of Eden, which, with the two other towns of Mount Desert and Tremont, forms the island. Eden is named presumably from Edinburgh, Scotland. The village is not very prepossessing in appearance near the water front, where are rows of plain little wooden shops and a collection of great barracks-like hotels, but this is only the clamping ground of the tourists' masses. Further back are pretty hedged-lined avenues, ornamented with tastefully built cottages of the middle class, with here and there a neat hotel of moderate dimensions. Beyond these on the mountain slope and along the bold shore are the elegant summer estates of the select and very wealthy few, who put forth the most strenuous efforts to hold ordinary mortals at arm's length. If these exclusive people are solely in quest of rest, they certainly ought to enjoy it, for everything is very quiet around their costly houses in the picturesque and brown shingle mansions, the dwellers in these pretentious cottages near the village have the best time. The number of hotels and cottages is ever on the increase at Bar Harbor, there being about thirty of the former now, and boarding houses increase on every hand, so that traders who desire to locate there and get rich find it next to impossible to find land enough in the village on which to erect a small shop.

There is no surf bathing at the Harbor, because there is no beach, but the boating facilities are good, and famous cod are caught off Mount Desert Rock, out in the mountains in the poor country for the dude and his bicycle, because, as a native puts it, "the roads are all up hill, both ways," but a mountain drive on a springy buckboard is fine recreation. The principal attraction is Green Mountain, which noble peak is ascended upon the steam cars of Eagle Lake by the Green Mountain Railway. This railway is said to be steeper than the one on Mount Washington. It is certainly steep enough to make the ascent exciting, and may be considered a masterpiece of mechanical skill. It carries one to the very top of the mountain, 1,527 feet above sea level, whence, on clear days, which, by the way, are few and far between, may be obtained a splendid view, the panorama, including league upon league of blue ocean and dense, dark woodland and island-dotted coast, to the north, 100 miles distant, is discernible the snow-capped peak of Mount Katahdin; to the west, on the further side of Penobscot Bay, the blue line of the Camden hills is plainly seen, and beyond one catches a faint glimpse of Mount Washington in New Hampshire.

Bar Harbor seems, from a distance, to nestle directly at the foot of Green Mountain, and yet the village is a long way from the base. The foot of the railway is reached from the Harbor by a carriage drive to Eagle Lake, thence across that water by steamer. On the mountain top is a pretty little hotel, much resorted to by people who like to see the sun come up out of the ocean in the morning and dip suddenly into it again at night.

Until three seasons ago the only methods of transportation to Bar Harbor after leaving Bangor were by stage coach or steamer. Some people thought it quite romantic to mount to the top of a tally-ho coach at Bangor, and speed away for Mount Desert behind six spanking white horses decorated with flags and rosettes, but a few miles bumping over the Hancock hills always took the romance out of them. The steamers from Bangor, Rockland, and Portland ran along the rough picturesque scenery, but the journey was tedious, the sea not always in a pleasant mood, so that when a railroad was built from Bangor to a point on the shores of Frenchman's Bay, opposite Bar Harbor, and but six miles distant by ferryboat, the event was hailed with satisfaction. The scenery along the rail route surpasses that along the coast, and the distance from Bangor to Bar Harbor is but fifty miles. The train service of the Maine Central Railroad, of which system this branch is part, is now such that when the coming season opens a person can leave Boston after a late breakfast and get through to Bar Harbor in time for tea. It is from Grant's Point, in the town of Hancock, where the railroad ends, and especially on a moonlight evening, that the best possible view can be had of the scenery on the Harbor. In 1604, the French Jesuits planted their cross and named the Island Sainte Sauveur. At this distance they appear to rise abruptly from the sea, and are seen in all their beauty of outline, while at Bar Harbor, as somebody has aptly put it, one rubs his nose against the picture.

PROFESSIONAL DEAD BEATS.

The Inter-State Commerce Law has no Terrors for these Gentlemen.

From the Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

"I have beaten the Atchison road and every other railroad between Pittsburgh and New Mexico. I'm not afraid of being caught up on the Pennsylvania railroad."

A young man about two years of age stood calmly surveying a group of railroad men that surrounded him at the Union Station this morning. He had just been informed that as soon as an officer arrived he and a companion would be placed under arrest. He was a young Hebrew, who took the situation very coolly, and seemed confident that he would escape the vigilance of the policemen.

He had the appearance of being a young man who had but recently become a member of the order of tramps. His clothes still had a semblance of respectability, and their fashionable cut had not yet been twisted out of shape.

The cool-headed, recently-initiated tramp told quite an interesting story. He and his companion had been found sleeping in a box car on the Pennsylvania Railroad at daylight this morning. They had been unceremoniously told to seek other quarters elsewhere, and were supposed to have left the yards.

Just as the day express on the Pennsylvania railroad was about to start on its fast run for New York the two were found squeezed on top of the trucks of one of the coaches. They were immediately informed that it was the custom to arrest men who ran the risk of being ground to pieces by riding on the trucks of fast express trains. The young Hebrew, however, coolly told his story, and it was finally decided not to arrest him or his companion.

The two had adopted their way on an express train the entire distance from Santa Fé, N. M. They arrived at Chicago on Saturday morning. They then secured places on top of the trucks of one of the sleepers on the fast express No. 6 on the Fort Wayne road in which position they rode the entire 468 miles to this city, arriving here last night. They had taken a box car to stretch their stiffened limbs and get a night's rest.

When discovered this morning, the young Hebrew, in speaking of his experience, said: "The greatest difficulty we had was on the Santa Fé road. The people on that road boast that within the last couple of years they have been so vigilant that no tramps have got free rides on their trains. The officials recently made a promise that they would give a new suit of clothes to the first man who stole a ride over the road. I wanted to get a new suit of clothes, and I was anxious to get back to Philadelphia. So I made the trial. I succeeded, and won after the new clothes. Did I get them? Well, this suit is a little dusty, but it don't look very old-fashioned. I'm waiting to take good care of it. That's the reason I carry this little brush with me. I got over the Santa Fé road all right, where they have cowboy brakemen. I guess I'm sharp enough to steal my way over the Pennsylvania Railroad. I'll be in Philadelphia to-night, sure."

The young fellow flashed a nickel out of his pocket, saying that he was going to get a lunch, but that he would soon be back again.

A HEAVEN OF DESPERADOES.

The Secluded Home of 3,000 Outlaws—The Farmington Boys were Mistaken—160 People Murdered in Only Five Months.

From the Missouri Republican.

Chama is situated in Rio Arriba county, New Mexico, about seven miles from the Colorado line. In the winter of 1879-80 Chama was the western terminus of the San Juan division of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. The town at that time had a population of about 3,000, composed of railroad builders waiting for spring to open, contractors, gamblers, cowboys, cutthroats, thugs, saloon keepers, speculators, teamsters, and a few business men and forwarding agents. There were about 250 women in the community, of which about a dozen were respectable and led virtuous lives. Chama was a tough town. Shotguns and large revolvers were necessary articles of men's dress, and no man attempted to go abroad without them, or to go to sleep without having them within reach. The women, too, carried revolvers, and demonstrated at regular intervals that they knew how to use them. Two-thirds of the men had no regular employment beyond killing time and each other. They had a cheerful willingness to be shot at and an earnest and painstaking habit of shooting back. Scarcely a day passed during the months of November and December, 1879, and January, February, and March, 1880, that there was not one or more funerals in town. Christmas day, 1879, there were three men and two women buried in one grave without coffin, shroud, or prayers. The population was regularly reduced, but the fame of the town had gone abroad through the San Juan region of Colorado and northern New Mexico, and toughs flocked in to take the place of those who crossed the great divide. There was a town Marshal, but the office was merely ornamental, and was usually conferred on the most popular ruffian in the community. There were three Marshals in five months, and at no time could the citizens point with pride to an ex-Marshal. The office of Marshal led but to the grave. The Mayor had a less dangerous but a more onerous office. It was a duty of his office to attend all funerals in town. If he failed in this the friends of the departed took occasion to interview him, and after a couple of these interviews the Mayor concluded that he would not be guilty of misfeasance in office thereafter.

Chama is nestled among the Rocky Mountains. In winter time the average depth of snow exceeds seven feet. It is surrounded by great pine woods, and occasionally old Boreas gets on a lark and makes things hum. At the time of which we write there were three brick buildings in town, one frame building, five log houses, and a thousand tents, more or less, of all sizes and shapes. When a blizzard breezed down the gulches from the Rockies it was a signal for a lowering of tents. The strongest ropes and the best braced canvas could not stand the racket, and the people knew it. So out in the elements the inhabitants of the tent went, and in order to make an even and symmetrical distribution of mystery, they invariably attacked the occupants of the few houses, and between the tearing of the winds, the smashing of signs, the overturning of carts, the shooting of guns, the shrieking of women, the cursing of men, and the piteous braying of mules and burros, the night passed. These storms were of frequent occurrence, but seldom lasted more than six hours. The day after a storm there were generally a few funerals, the tents were raised and things went on in the old way. The women of the place were a picturesque set. They could shoot and stab and kill and swear and habitually did so. They habitually got drunk. Some few of them maintained establishments of their own in tents, but the greater number huddled together in great barn-like dance houses with canvas roofs. There were six dance houses in town and each had from twenty to thirty women as a part of its furniture and hereditaments. The fierce fights between these dance hall women were frequent. If one was getting too popular or the proprietors of one coaxed away a woman from another a fight immediately ensued. Each of these dance-hall men had a little army of retainers, and he needed them. In the first place, Chama was a tough town. Shooting commenced. All present took a hand, and there were more than fifty, including about twenty women, in the hall at the time. Eight of the Farmington gentlemen were killed in their tracks and five were not recreated. The casualties among the dance house adherents was not quite so bad. Word came over the town in a flash that the Farmington men had declared their intention to capture the town. This was enough. The patriotism of Chama, male and female, was at high pitch. Men and women pulled out forth with their guns. Even dance-house bosses for once fought side by side. The Farmington invaders were driven into a corral near the depot. The corral was surrounded by an insane mob, and a brisk fusillade was kept up until 4 o'clock in the morning. At 4 hour the more portion of the Chama people went off to carve the chicken, but a guard was left to keep watch of the corral. The Farmington fellows began to remember that the jig was up, and every man commenced to shift for himself. Before daylight the survivors had taken the advantage to slip out of the corral and escape to the cars, which were three dead and two so badly wounded that they couldn't make off with the others. In the morning the two wounded men, in lieu of ammunition, surrendered. Good treatment was made for a hanging bee. The two prisoners were to be hung at 4 o'clock in the evening. They were to be kept on exhibition at the corral until that hour, under close guard. Chama was in high glee. It was a gala day. The dead were buried in the forenoon, and by the time the afternoon began to get gloriously drunk, the people felt ready for the great event set for 4 o'clock. The guards over the prisoners were frequently relieved, and whiskey galore was at the disposal of the guards and of the prisoners. The latter were drunk and quite cool, though aware of their fate, took things easy. They wiled away their boots, hats and pistols and those of their dead comrades to their favorites among the guards.

A train arrived at Chama at 2 o'clock the first in a month. It was to depart again at three. The train consisted of one passenger coach and seven or eight freight cars. It stood on the track within a few feet of the corral where the Farmington men were held prisoners. The locomotive was right in front of them. The guards got drunker and drunker and the prisoners held long consultations with each other. The engineer and fireman had left the locomotive and taken a stroll up town. The guards were busy with the whiskey jug and were not closely watching the prisoners. The latter saw their opportunity and embraced it. In a nice, easy, careless way they slipped the pistols out of the holsters of their guards, shot them dead in ten seconds, made their way as fast as their lame condition would permit them to the locomotive twenty feet distant, climbed on it, pulled the pin connecting it with the train, pulled the lever, and shot along the track. They were well out of town and going at the rate of forty miles an hour before the town woke up to the situation. The little engine climbed up and rushed down steep grades. It turned sharp curves at a lightning speed. It plunged through newly-gathered snowdrifts. Once, about twenty miles from Chama, it struck a band saw where some section men were repairing the track, and sent it whirling down a precipice. The conductor telegraphed to the different stations to head off the engine and the fleeing desperadoes. The station men signalled them to stop, but they wouldn't, and at last, forty miles from Chama, while climbing a steep grade, the little engine, sans coal, sans water, sans steam, petered out, and the fugitives abandoned it on the track. Next day an engine was sent up from Del Norte to pick it up. It had suffered no injury. The fugitives were not heard of for some time afterward. One of them was lynched at Socorro in 1884 for killing a mining engineer.

The glory of Chama has departed. In 1880 the railroad was pushed on to Durango, and the people who made Chama lively went with it. Chama is now a quiet little village with a population of a couple of hundred, mostly Mexicans. The graveyard has grown green again, and the crack of the six-shooter is not often heard. A reputable railroad contractor informed the writer that during the five months in the winter of 1879-80 160 people were killed at Chama. And for this slaughter there was not a single person called to account by law.

CROOKS ARE KEPT MOVING.

Pickpockets and Bunko Men are Hustled Along by the New York Police.

From the St. Louis Republican.

It is one of the boasts of the New York detectives that they are personally acquainted with all the professional criminals in and near town. The results of their business are often peculiar. You are talking with Detective Prior a few feet from the door of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and he sees a young dandy halt a few feet away.

"Better keep right on," he says to the dandy; "hurry up, now."

"Oh, good morning," says the dandy. "I'm only going to set my watch."

"That is Kid Miller, chief of the bunco men, and the detective will not allow him to stop in front of the hotel. You are pushing your way into Macy's shopping store, and a little lady-like body is just ahead of you. Suddenly some one steps up to her and roughly orders her to "Get out at once."

"Certainly, sir," she says, very meekly. "I was only going to match a piece of silk."

She lies. She is a shoplifter, and the man who ordered her out is a detective.

Perhaps you are at the Arion ball with its 5,000 dancers and lookers on. You walk in the lobby near the entrance for a breath of air, and meet Capt. Williams, in uniform, alert and handsome as an eagle. He darts from your side and stands in front of a stout, elderly, gentleman so as to oppose his progress.

"What do you mean by coming here?"

The man answers hurriedly: "My wife is here, and I have come to take her home."

"That'll do now," says the Captain; "there's the door; get!" And, as Artemus Ward