

BAXTER SPRINGS NEWS

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A RANGER'S LOVE LETTER

By JOHN H. RAFFERTY

THE rangers were lounging about the corral. Breakfast was over; the April sun was scattering the pale blue fog that arose from the Rio Grande.

"Guess who I seen in Juarez last night," said Tomkins, plating his quirt.

"Panhandle Pete?" said Holliday, lounging up as he rolled a cigarette.

"Yep. How d'ye know?"

"How did he know?" roared Kelly. "What's he sparkin' Pete's gal fur? Eh, Holliday?" And the pockmarked Kelly laughed in the young ranger's face.

"Oho, that's the lay, is it?" growled Tomkins, sneering. "Well, maybe that accounts for Pete bein' so leery o' comin' across the river. I never did think Panhandle Pete was a mind reader."

"What do you mean?" asked Holliday, his florid face looking tawny with anger. "If you mean that I've told the woman anything, you lie!"

"Never mind, purty," snarled Tomkins. "I ain't a-goin' to fight ye till I ketch this Panhandle bully. I'm after the reward. F' ye kin lay low till I git it, ye can git all the scrappin' ye want."

Just then Peterson galloped round the corner of the corral with the mail from El Paso, and the rangers crowded around eager for letters. Capt. Crews, a low-voiced, sun-browned man with black, curly hair, came out of his tent and took his letters.

"Tomkins!" roared the mail carrier.



PANHANDLE PETE.

tossing a newspaper at the bowlegged ranger.

"Kelly!" and the surly giant reached out a big paw for his letter.

"And a love letter for Holliday!"

The young ranger bit his lip as the crowd roared in ridicule, but he took the letter in silence, and, going to his tent, read:

"Sweetheart: I found the flowers on my table after supper. I know they came from you. Meet me at the middle post of the bridge at nine o'clock to-night. I have something to tell you. Your own
"FLORENCE."

"Listen here, boys!" Capt. Crews was calling to his men. "A letter from the governor. The reward for Pete Dimitri is increased—500 now. Can't some of you scheme up a way to get him across the river? I've sent him half a dozen baits, but he won't come."

"I sent him a letter from his gal," said Kelly, but—

"You don't expect him to bite at that kind of game, do you?"

"It might be worked," said Tomkins, lowering his voice, "but every time we set a trap that dad-gasted woman puts him next."

"How in the devil does she know?" asked, Crews, looking from one to the other.

"You might ask Holliday," sneered Tomkins. "I seen him in the Plaza with her Tuesday night, and I bet six bits he's a readin' a letter from her right now. I don't like that d— dude no-how, Cap. He ain't never done nothin' 'cept ride around an' look purty. He—"

"He can outshoot you, Tom."

"He ain't never shot nothin' r nobody, is he?"

"He's a peach with a lariat, isn't he?"

"Well, s'posin' he is. He ain't roped nothin' 'cept this here gal o' Panhandle Pete's. I don't mind sayin' right out that I think he's a tippin' off Pete fur to stand in with th' gal."

"Ah, get out, Tomkins!" said the captain, trying to smile, as the men shuffled out of his tent, but he looked uncomfortable, and he saw that his men agreed in their estimate of the new ranger.

Holliday met Tomkins half-way between the corral and the camp, and said: "Tomkins, do you know where Pete is living in Juarez?"

"Naw, I don't know whar he's livin'," snapped the suspicious fellow, striding after his saddle and bridle. "I seen him dealin' fur in Del Nodal's store, an' I got him spotted so's he can't get no letters there 'bout me knowin' it. Hear that, Mr. Tenderfoot?"

But Holliday only sneaked back to his tent and sat down at the soap box which served him as a table. With much effort and many loving touches of the pen he finally finished addressing his letter. Then he saddled his pony, and, leading it before Capt. Crews' tent, saluted and said:

"Captain, I'd like a leave of absence till midnight."

Crews eyed him furtively from the corners of his bright gray eyes, saw the end of a letter peeping from the pocket of his blouse, coughed, hesitated, and then drawled: "All right, Holliday. I won't ask you what you're up to, but I don't mind telling you that the boys are saying ugly things—"

"I know it, sir. I hope you don't believe everything you hear?"

"N-no-oo, but, Holliday! You'll be careful what you say and do, won't you? I've my heart set on getting this Pete Dimitri. There are seven warrants out for him, and I'd give a week of my life if this troop could land him."

"I'll not spoil our chances, str. You can bet on that." And the big suspect stalked away with the light of a lover in his black eyes and the spring of young fervor in his tread.

But when he had ridden away, the captain summoned Tomkins, and said:

"Tommy, I don't like the idea of sporting one of my own men, but—"

"I'll watch him like a hawk, sir," anticipated the bow-legged bully.

"But not a word to anyone, Tom! And promise me?"

"Yes, captain."

"If it turns out that Holliday is all right, you'll stop this backcapping and make friends with him?"

"I'll go you better, sir. I'll beg his pardon."

"He has leave till midnight. So have you."

And Tomkins grinning maliciously got on his pony and trailed away toward the river. And all that day like a stealthy shadow Tomkins stalked his man.

At eight o'clock from his hiding place in a doorway Tomkins saw the "dude" come out of Wah Lee's restaurant, mount his pony and lops leisurely toward the west. A mile from town he turned toward the river and, riding in the shallow water so as to leave no trail, went pacing slowly down stream toward the low wooden bridge which spanned the shallow river between old Paso del Norte and the American town.

Tomkins, riding out of sight and hearing, in a parallel with his quarry, saw Holliday stop like a blacker shadow in the shelter of the bridge, his pony's head almost on a level with the low floor of the central span. Tomkins crossed the approach and driving his pony down into the ooze of the eastern side dismounted and tied it among the willows. Then he crept into the yellow shallows till he was opposite Holliday, raised himself into the low timbers of the bridge and peered up and down the viaduct in search of the woman, or was it Panhandle Pete he should see at this lonely rendezvous?

Even as he watched he saw the outlaw skulking along the western sidewalk of the bridge. He loitered, scanned the American approach, turned his back upon the little mule ear which passed, and then, with a light spring, sat upon the top rail of the fence-like guard and began to make a cigarette.

He was lighting it when suddenly from the opposite side Tomkins heard the whistle of a lariat. A woman screamed: "Run, Pete, run!" and the bulky body of the outlaw fell backward into the water. The watcher dropped down into the sand, got out his revolver, mounted his pony and scrambled out of the black shadows toward the shore. As he reached the level he saw a horseman streaking eastward in a long cloud of dust that rose high into the moonlight, and as he gained the bridge approach Tomkins saw the scared woman standing under a street lamp looking wildly after the vanishing cloud.

Capt. Revere was smoking in the moonlight before his tent when he heard the clatter of horses' hoofs coming loud on the rocks and dull on the sand. "Kelly's drunk agin," he guessed, as he walked toward the corral. But there he found Holliday dismounting. The men came running, but the "dude" laughed in their faces and said:

"I've got him, fellows; there at the end of my rope."

Tomkins, all befuddled with his vain stalking, galloped up as they stooped over the bound outlaw. They carried the limp prisoner into a tent and searched him, and in his greasy pocket they found a letter which read:

"Sweetheart: I found the flowers on my table after supper. I know they came from you. Meet me at the middle post of the bridge at nine o'clock to-night. I have something to tell you. Your own
"FLORENCE."

They looked up at Holliday.

"I didn't forge the letter," he said, blushing. "She sent it to me all right. But I—er—just fixed up the envelope a little."—Chicago Record-Herald.

JAPAN AT THE HEAD.

Recognized Nation of the Future in Eastern Asia.

Other Asiatic Peoples in Which America Has Reason to Be Interested—Short Lesson in Ethnography.

[Special Correspondence.]

ETHNOGRAPHIC research and study of the character and habits of our Asiatic and Polynesian fellow-creatures has been stimulated in this country to an almost incredible extent since, through the chances of war, the United States acquired the Philippines and other Pacific islands. The temporary occupation of the coast towns and the capital of China, and the wonderful commercial, naval and industrial development of Japan have made it almost necessary that we should become thoroughly acquainted with the strange peoples of the east, whose markets we are endeavoring, in a measure, to control.

The Japanese is a nation of the future in Eastern Asia. This has been felt by the world at large ever since the close of the Japanese-Chinese war; and Great Britain has recognized it by entering into an offensive and defensive alliance with the island empire. While in reality but little is known about China, whose people are enslaved by superstition and tradition, Japan, the "land of the rising sun," has thrown off the shackles which for centuries bound it to the past, and is being "civilized" at a rapid rate.

Foreigners visiting Japan are impressed by the polite, modest and amiable disposition of the natives, and that is why they are held, both by Europeans and Americans, in far higher esteem than the Chinese. The Japanese character consists of a rare mixture of good and bad qualities. The proverbial national politeness of the Japanese has its dark side, because it furnishes an incentive to hypocrisy;

pire which was subdued a few years ago by Great Britain. Its population numbers 7,500,000. They belong to the Mongol branch of the human family. Their language is closely related to the Tibetan and Chinese, and the predominant religious faith is Buddhism. The Burmese are divided into seven castes. Closely related to them are the natives of the Khanates, which are now about evenly divided between Great Britain, France and China. The natives of these dependencies are sturdy, nomadic and more highly civilized than other Mongol tribes. They are taking kindly to labor-saving devices of every description, and may prove good customers for American manufactures.

Another enterprising and prosperous Mongol tribe are the Kalmucks. They inhabit the interior of western China and the adjacent district. The nomadic families of the Kalmucks constitute the larger part of the population. They are nominally under Chinese suzerainty, but are already scattered over vast regions belong to Russia. The principal wealth of the various clans consists of horses, camels, cattle and sheep. The men are excellent horsemen; the women are always mounted on camels when journeying from one pasture ground to another, or attending the national festivities in distant towns.

In the Himataya district of northern India are found many tribes of Tibetan origin. One of the most remarkable is the pastoral clan of the Toda which has for centuries dwelled in the Nilgherries and maintained its individuality in the face of much opposition. Their dwellings are constructed of bamboo and covered with straw, the entrance being so low that the interior can be reached only by crawling into it. The Todas are characterized by rare racial purity. They are divided into five separate castes, whose members never intermarry. Among the three lower castes each village has its own priest, who is not allowed to offer sacrifices, however; his sole responsibility being the care and milking of buffalo cows, the most respected of all Toda callings. The



JAPANESE VEGETABLE VENDER AND ASSISTANT.

to such an extent, in fact, that lying is not considered wrong.

Quite as superficial as the Jap's politeness is his seeming modesty, when in the presence of strangers, which is by no means based upon a conviction of the visitor's highest culture. It is put on to satisfy curiosity, which forms an important part of the oriental character, and used as a means to secure information that might prove valuable for commercial purposes. Many bright young Japs are sent to European and American colleges and universities, not to study the principles and rules of occidental civilization, but to acquire a knowledge of the potential means by which this civilization has managed to control the eastern world. Back of the commendable patriotism of the Japanese there is a



KALMUCK WOMAN ON CAMEL.

national vanity which is almost ridiculous, because it makes them believe that in wisdom and real culture they are far ahead of either Europeans or Americans. As a nation the Japs are vegetarians. Like the Chinese, the common people live principally on rice, vegetables and fish. Everywhere can be seen movable kitchens and vegetable dealers are encountered in every street. The more popular vegetables sold are beans, radishes, cucumbers and chestnuts, and among the delicacies are to be mentioned young bamboo slips and lotus roots.

Another Asiatic country with which we may soon enter into commercial relations is Burmah, an Indian em-

JOHN W. MACKAY DEAD.

Bonanza King Passed Away in London—Began Mining in California 51 Years Ago.

London, July 21.—John W. Mackay, of San Francisco, who had been suffering from heat prostration since Friday last, died at his residence on Carlton House Terrace at 6:30 o'clock yesterday.

How Mr. Mackay Became Rich. San Francisco, July 21.—Mr. Mackay was the last surviving member of the four bonanza kings, Flood, O'Brien and Fair, the other three members of the quartette, having long since died. For the past 13 years Mr. Mackay had not been actively identified with the life of this city, but had passed most of his time in the east, making annual visits to the coast to look after his property interests in this state and Nevada.

Mr. Mackay came to California in 1851 via Panama. He at once entered a mine, working with pick and shovel in the placers of the American river and at Downieville.

RIOT OVER BASEBALL.

Friends of Sunday Baseball at Nebraska City Angry at the Action of the Law and Order League.

Lincoln, Neb., July 21.—A telephone message from Nebraska City says there was a riot at the baseball grounds there yesterday afternoon when the Law and Order league attempted to prevent the game. The warrant sworn out by members of the league was placed in the hands of Sheriff Brower for the arrest of the two teams. When he arrived on the grounds an angry crowd surrounded and hustled him violently. His revolver was taken away from him. He succeeded in arresting four players and took them to a justice's office, where they were placed under bonds.

REPUDIATES THE CONTRACT.

Nebraska Populist Committee Does Not Think Helen M. Gougar's speeches Are Worth \$25 Each.

Lincoln, Neb., July 20.—Helen M. Gougar, of Indiana, filed suit in the district court against the populist state central committee for an alleged unpaid balance of \$450 for speeches delivered in Nebraska and a pamphlet which she issued in the interest of the party during the campaign of 1900. Miss Gougar, in her petition, says a contract was regularly signed with the populist chairman, whereby she was to receive \$23 a speech, the aggregate being \$150, and for the pamphlet she was to receive \$300. The committee, it is said, repudiates the contract, claiming her speeches, particularly her abuse of William McKinley, did more harm than good.

A REJECTED SUITOR'S CRIME.

George Wiley Shot Miss Dovie Flynn Because She Refused to Marry Him, and Then Committed Suicide.

Marshall, Mo., July 21.—George Wiley shot and killed Miss Dovie Flynn, stepdaughter of Richard Dearing, a Chicago & Alton railway employe, at the latter's home here at midnight Saturday night because she refused to marry him and then committed suicide. Wiley had intercepted Miss Flynn on her way from a religious meeting and walked with her to her home.

The Sultan of Bacedol Backs Down.

Manila, July 21.—The sultan of Bacedol, Mindanao, who recently sent an insultingly worded communication to the commander of the American expedition to Lake Lanao, in which he threatened to begin offensive operations in August, has now written a friendly letter to the commander of the American forces, in which he disavows all desire to fight and says he will confer with the Americans in the future. The general Moro situation is regarded as favorable.

Bryan to Speak in New England.

Lincoln, Neb., July 21.—A speaking tour of four weeks' duration is the programme mapped out by William J. Bryan, who left Saturday night for the east. He will address 20 or more democratic gatherings in the New England states, chief of which will be a meeting of the New England League of Democratic clubs in Boston, July 24.

A Young Woman Burned to Death.

Mitchell, Ind., July 21.—Miss Nellie Grant, aged 25 years, daughter of a wealthy New Orleans lawyer, was burned to death yesterday at the home of her grandmother, Mrs. Virginia Bullit, at Lawrenceport. Her dress caught fire from a blaze which started in the barn, where she had gone to gather eggs.

Big Fire at Colquitt, Ga.

Macon, Ga., July 21.—Fire yesterday at Colquitt, Ga., destroyed 11 stores along the public square. Among the buildings burned were the post office and the Masonic temple. The more important stores were general merchandise establishments. The estimated loss is over \$50,000.

Two-Sovereign Gold Pieces.

England is going to coin £2 pieces in gold. They will be about the size of our \$10 coin.

WILLIAM WALTER WELLS.