

An Anecdote of His Life on the Road.

Mr. John Coulter, traveling correspondent of the Leavenworth Times, writing from Dodge City, narrates the following interesting anecdote of the late "Canada Bill."

On the cars, a short distance out from Kansas City, I fell in with a detective employed upon one of the western railroads, and while engaged in the endeavor to pump him of anything which might possibly prove of interest, he favored me with an anecdote of the late Canada Bill, the famous three card monte man who died a short time ago. The conversation was general at first, and while discoursing upon various subjects the detective said:

I see by the papers that Canada Bill's dead. Well, I knew him pretty well; met him often. He was as gentle as a woman and as cunning as a fox; he could beat any man at his own game, and there wasn't but one instance to my knowledge where he got left. You knew Ramsey? killed out near Stockton, in Rooks county, or somewhere near there, about two years or so ago. Bill didn't like Ramsey at all; hated him worse'n poison, 'cause Ramsey had treated him rough, at least Bill thought it was rough, and put him off of a U. P. train once for robbing passengers. One day Bill was operating on the train, he was out on the U. P. then, and was getting his nest feathered pretty snugly, when he ran across a young feller sitting in a seat by himself. Bill saw he was green, so he slaps him on the shoulder in a careless sort of way and asks him his name. The lad thought he had struck a friend, so he told him he was a nephew of Alex. Ramsey, Sheriff of Ellis county, and was going out to Hayes. Bill didn't want any better chance than this to get even with Ramsey, so he sits down and in a few minutes he had the young fellow's money, watch and everything, and didn't leave him even enough to get his supper. After he had fleeced him, he turned to the boy saying: "You go home now and tell Ramsey that Canada Bill got your money for old acquaintance sake. Tell him you had to go without your supper 'cause I had your money, and that I haven't forgotten the time when he put me off that U. P. train and made me walk."

When the boy got to Hays and told Ramsey about it you bet he was mad. So he goes up on the road, either with Jack Bridges or met Jack there. I don't know which, and they got on the same train with Canada Bill. Bill was in the smoking car, flourishing around, when Jack and Ramsey came in. Jack sat down in the corner, and Ramsey, pulling his hat over his eyes, goes to the seat where Canada Bill was playing and bets on the game. Of course he lost, but didn't say anything until about \$1.00 was up, when Ramsey pulled two big six shooters down on Bill and says "Turn down that card. You know me. Hand that money over d—n quick!" Bill wasn't scared at all; he was too cool for that, but simply passed the cash over, with the remark, "Of course the money's yours, you won it." You hold the winning cards in your hand." It broke Bill, that play of Ramsey's did, but he knew it wasn't worth fooling with Ramsey. Bill was good hearted, but he liked to snake in the greensies.

From the Pan Handle.

Sheridan is on the tramp between this and Dodge City. Not "Phil." but the other one.

Mr. Russell returned from his expedition southward after horse thieves. He reports some startling adventures which may some time in the near future be published in the New York Ledger. He is now hunting up his train in order to again assume charge.

General Thomas H. Welsh left Elliott on the 5th instant for a trip to the "ald dart. The General has spent several years on the frontier and has accumulated quite a pile, and it is now his intention to go where he can get the most for his money, Dodge City. Ireland is his ultimate destination. "O, Tommy, don't go."

"Scotty," the veteran teamster, played a fine point last week, which resulted in him securing government transportation from this place. Go in, Scotty. P. will hold your hat and coat till you whip-up.

On the 7th inst. five Texas Rangers came into this post, and after spying around for awhile, went to the post trader's where they met Mr. P. Duffey, whom it seems they were after. One of the rangers walked up to him and asked if his name was not Duffy. He replied that it was. He was ordered to hold up his hands, which he did in somewhat of a hurry, owing to the muzzles of several pistols being pointed at his head. The party then arrested him and for safe keeping turned him over to the Post Guard.

It appears that on in 1874 Duffy kept a ranch at Fort Concho, Texas, and on one occasion a party of negro soldiers came to his place and wanted liquor. As a part of

them were already drunk Duffy refused to give them more, and put them out of his ranche. They, after getting reinforcements, made an attack on the ranche. Duffy defended himself with arms. On the following morning seven of Uncle Sam's sable soldiers were found measuring their lengths on the ground, as dead as mackrela.

It is also alleged that Duffy killed a citizen about the same time, for which he was arrested and gave \$1,000 bail, but skipped, leaving his bondsmen to stand the blunt. This is the crime, it is said, that he is arrested for this time.

He will be taken back to Concho next week—that is, he will start back. But poor Duffy has no hopes of ever reaching Concho, and that is the opinion of many others, as well as PROPATRIA. Fort Elliott, Texas, Nov. 9, '77.

CLEOPATRA.

This remarkable piece of passion picturing was written many years ago, by W. W. Story, the American sculptor at Rome, to accompany a statue of Cleopatra which he had executed for a party in England. Aside from the magnificence of its diction, the idea of the poem is so bold and original that very few will feel themselves familiar with it even on a second reading. The idea of metempsychosis never had an ampler or more fitting illustration:

Here, Charmian, take my bracelets,
They bar with a purple stain
My arms; turn over my pillows—
They are hot where I have lain;
Open the lattice wider.
A gauze on my bosom throw,
And let me inhale the odors
That over the garden blow.

I dreamed I was with my Antony,
And in his arms I lay,
Ah, me! the vision has vanished—
Its music has died away:
The flame and the perfume have perished—
As this spiced aromatic pastille
That wound the blue smoke of its odor
Is now but an ashy hill.

Scatter upon me rose leaves,
They cool me after my sleep,
And with sandal odors fan me.
Till into my veins they creep;
Reach down the lute, and play me
A melancholy tune,
To rhyme with the dream that has vanished
And the slumbering afternoon.

There, drawing in golden sunlight,
Loiters the slow, smooth Nile,
Through slender papyrus, that cover
The sleeping crocodile,
The lotus rolls on the water,
And opens its heart of gold,
And over its broad-leaf pavement
Never a ripple is rolled.
The twilight breeze is too lazy
Those feathery palms to wave,
And you little cloud is as motionless
As stone above a grave.

Ah me! this lifeless nature
Oppresses my heart and brain!
On! for a storm and thunder—
For lightning and wild fierce rain!
Fling down that lute—I hate it!
Take rather his buckler and sword,
And crash and clash them together
Till this sleeping world is stirred.

Hark! to my Indian beauty—
My cockatoo, creamy white,
With roses under his feathers—
That flash across the light.
Look! listen! as backward and forward
To his hoop of gold he clings,
How he trembles, with crest uplifted,
And shrieks as he madly swings!
Cry, "Come, my love, come home!"
Shriek, "Antony! Antony! Antony!"
Till he hears you even in Rome.

There—leave me, and take from my chamber
That wretched little gazelle,
With its bright black eyes so meaningless,
And its silly tinkling bell!
Take him—my nerves he vexes—
The thing without blood or brain—
Or, by the body of Isis,
I'll snap his thin neck in twain.

Leave me to gaze at the landscape
Mistily stretching away,
When the afternoon's opaline tremors
O'er the mountains quivering play;
Till the fiercer spender of sunset
Pours from the west its fire,
And melted, as in a crucible,
Their earthly forms expire;
And the bald, bleak skull of the desert
With glowing mountains is crowned,
That burning like molten jewels
Circles its temples round.

I will lie and dream of the past-time,
Zones of thought away,
And through the jungles of memory
Loosen my fancy to play;
When, a smooth and velvety tiger,
Ribbed with yellow and black,
Supple and cushion-footed,
I wandered where never the track
Of a human creature had rustled.
The silence of the mighty freedom,
And hence in a tyrannous freedom,
I knew but the law of my mood.
The elephant, trumpeting, started
When he heard my footsteps near,
And the spotted graffe fled wildly
In a yellow cloud of fear.
I sucked in the noontide of splendor,

Quivering along the glade,
Or yawning, panting and dreaming.
Basked in the Tamarisk shade,
Till I heard my wild mate roaring.
As the shadow of night came on—

To brood in the trees' thick branches,
And the shadow of sleep was gone;
Then I roused, and roared in answer,
And unsheathed from my cushioned feet
My curving claws, and stretched me,
And wandered my mate to greet.
We toyed in the amber moonlight,
Upon the warm flat sand,
And struck each other with our massive arms
How powerful he was, and grand!
His yellow eyes flashed fiercely
As he crouched and gazed at me,
And his quivering tail, like a serpent,
Twitched, curving nervously.
Then like a storm he seized me,
With a wild triumphant cry,
And we met as two clouds of heaven
When the thunders before them fly.
We grappled and struggled together,
For his love like his rage was rude;
And his teeth in the swelling folds of my neck
At times, in our play, drew blood.

Often another suitor—
For I was flexible and fair—
Fought for me in the moonlight,
While I lay crouching there,
Till his blood was drained by the desert;
And, ruffled with triumph and power,
He licked me and lay beside me
To breathe him a vast half-hour.
Then down to the fountain we loitered,
Where the autelopes came to drink;
Like a bolt we sprang upon them,
Ere they had time to shrink.
We drank their blood and crushed them,
And tore them limb from limb,
And the hungriest lion doubted
Ere he disparted with him.

That was a life to live for!
Not this weak human life,
With its frivolous bloodless passions,
Its poor and petty strife.

Come to my arms my hero,
The shadows of twilight grow,
And the tiger's ancient fierceness
In my veins begins to flow.
Come, not cringing to sue me!
Take me with triumph and power,
As a warrior that storms a fortress!
I will not shrink or cower.
Come as you came in the desert,
Ere we were women and men,
When the tiger passions were in us,
And love as you loved me then!
—Blackwood's Magazine.

LOVE'S LAZINET, OR WHAT SHALL I DO.

[From the Prickly Pear, Brother-in-law to Cactus.]

There is a "snoggy" in company B,
He is a corp. of high degree,
He came all the way from Germany
America for to see, and a happy man was he
Until very recently,
And now the cause of his troubles all seems to be

What I am about to reveal.
It's a fair young damsel he chanced to meet in
Garfield.

Now this young maiden was tall and slender
And the fairest among the female gender.
Now this young Romeo to Garfield often he did
go

And his business there was to woo this lady fair
So she promised for to be his bride, and very
soon the knot was to be tied,
But, alas, too soon, too soon, she slighted him
Another heart to gain,
And since that day "Sir" Romeo has been like a
wreck upon the raging main.
He wrote to the editor of a weekly for advice
both kind and true,
Asking what channel to pursue and what he
thought best to do.
But the editor's advice took the spoony by
surprise
And caused fresh tears to flow from Romeo's
red eyes.
Camp Supply, Nov. 12, '77.

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