NOW IT IS A LINE.

[illegible]

A $20 GOLDPIECE.

"Don't [illegible] L.— L.—. Better remain over [illegible] C——n and start clear the night [illegible] the next day."

These were the farewell words of our genial host of the Pacific Inn, Mendocino county, Cal. I had purchased a couple of horses and a pack mule lower down in the valley and was taking them along the old Oregon stage route to my home in the northern part of the state.

Accompanying me were my overseer, Robert Thomas (or Hawkins, or, as he was more popularly known, Rancheria Bob, and an adventurer named Wilson, who was going to spend a few months on the ranch "to see how it was done." I had not advertised for boarders nor contemplated starting a "tenderfoot nursery," but Wilson, whom I had met at the Palace hotel, seemed such a genial, pleasant fellow that it was impossible to refuse his earnest request to join us in our mountain life. Bob was rather opposed to the scheme, but not being a prominent factor in the matter Wilson came along.

Our route lay through a section of country which had slipped into a demi-civilized state, the mines there having in a measure become exhausted, the stage route abandoned for the more expeditious railroad and the immense timber tracts still being too far distant to be worked to any advantage. The men as well as the other conditions took a backward growth, and those who remained were very favorably described as "tough;" hence the cautioning instruction from our landlord.

Acting upon such advice, we planned our daily route so as to pass L.— L.— at noon. We were all well equipped with rifles and side arms, and looked forward to a very pleasant journey. Our horses were in fine condition, as also was the mule. Perhaps it is needless to say that Bob and myself rode the former, while Wilson was happy on the mule.

The view was charming, with constantly changing vistas. Now exquisite groups of bouquet shaped elm trees haunted the river bank, and again an open, undulating [illegible] with wooded hills in the near foreground, backed by the great blue tinted mountains of the Coast range. We traveled on enjoying the constantly changing view, without any incident worth mentioning to any trip of the kind, and the evening of the second day found us at L——n. From town L——d was 10 miles and L.— L.— but 39. As these were the only settlements in the country, we felt it be quite in order to make an early start, as it would be a good day's work for the horses, who were beginning to show effects of their recent exercise.

Various rumors as to the sanctity and future prospects of the L.— L.—ites (we classified them as gamblers, do-nothing hard-material hope) reaching us as we journeyed on, [illegible] were the reports that we looked upon our approach as one in the camp Lines must have fell on inspiring readers, or Gomorrah. L.—L.— was one of those places (which fortunately are becoming few) where no restriction is placed on any class of society, and the unwritten law, "Might makes right," is the only recognized political power. There were perhaps 200 people in all frequenting the dead population, [illegible] certain seasons every night to gamble that number.

The only visible means of support of the Philadelphians was catering to the vices of their fellow men. It was the escapades of that lawless class who haunt the borders of a new civilization. Miners came there to spend Sunday and the result of their past week's toil. Herders who might have been leading a hermit's life in the mountains for three months brought there the result of their labor and did not leave until it was all exhausted. We did not believe much of all this that was told in regard to the place, considering the greater part of the information of that mythical character common to the character of such a region.

Our intention of starting early in the morning from C——n was frustrated by one of the horses casting a shoe, and it was nearly 9 when we entered the woods beyond C——n. However, we had the prospect of a moonlight night and did not despair of reaching L——d in fairly good season. We crossed the watershed at the Mendocino valley, and were descending into that of Humboldt, the road following the twisting Eel river. Here begins the greatest redwood belt in the state, and as we traveled lower down the valley we saw the trees which were 100 feet or so high as the foothills assume such mammoth proportions that the distance to their tops could scarce be measured in as many yards. They now became an important factor in the topography of the road, which deviated from its course constantly therefrom to the dictation of these monarchs. This constant interruption made what had been a fairly direct road a system of geometrical curves, impossible to follow in any fixed direction. Soon a certainty it became a labyrinth. The great size and abundance of the trees stilled the atmosphere, giving a somber effect to all the varied scenes natural to the woods. We could see huge limbs swinging at the tops of the trees, and yet scarce hear or perceive the [illegible] of the wind, which must [illegible] from service [illegible] of our animals [illegible] and the [illegible]

It was [illegible] that Black Bart, the stage robber, [illegible] It was a clever [illegible] story is told [illegible] in the woods. One stage driver told with pride how, after robbing [illegible] of the mail and Wells Fargo's box, Black Bart asked him for a piece of tobacco. His nom de plume arose from the fact that, after rifling the mail, he would jot down a doggerel verse upon the back of some specially fine silver envelope—an extemporaneous effusion of sympathy to the owner of the package—and sign "The Black Bart." His final capture, after many fruitless rewards, was unique. Being interrupted in his self enforced inspectorship of a mail, he departed, in his haste leaving one of his cuffs. This was traced by the laundry mark to San Francisco and led to his capture. Stories as to his prowess and the speed and beauty of his horses are too numerous to mention. His great virtue, so the people said, was his liberality to the poor, and the fact that he never robbed from any one but the express company and the mail. As we threaded the tortuous road we could easily imagine a highwayman stepping from behind one of the enormous trees and calling on us to "hold up our hands."

Coming upon a little spring, we halted awhile to refresh both ourselves and our horses. Here we calculated that we were distant but eight miles from L.— L.— and still had 22 more to go before L——d was reached. It being but little past noon, our ride through L.— L.— before dark and reaching L——d in good time seemed a foregone conclusion. Nature, however, often upsets the best of calculations, for scarcely were we remounted when a heavy shower came on, softening the road so as to make a slow walk good speed. Our hopes fell with the rain, which was dismal enough in the big woods, rendering still darker a gloomy way. To return was as far out of our plan as to continue, the woods at night being as dark as a pocket. L.— L.— must be our abiding place perforce. We consulted, therefore, as to the best means to avoid trouble should the inhabitants feel in a sportive mood.

It being the middle of the week was a point in our favor, as there would in all probability be few outsiders in town. Our first care was Wilson, whose verdancy was too apparent to conceal and would no doubt render him more or less a butt of frontier wit. Bob advised him to get to bed at once on his arrival and said by way of inducement that he could then watch our property, which we would of course be obliged to leave in our rooms. Wilson was perfectly willing to do this, especially after Bob's graphic description of "the dancing act," firing a revolver under a man's feet to see if they are tender. Our most emphatic advice was not to show any money over that absolutely essential for his expenses. The rain and mud had sufficiently taken the newness from our outfit, and we thought we could represent ourselves as going north to work on some of the big ranches.

It was near dark when we reached the town and slowly rode through the one street on which it was built, looking for the best appearing hotel. On both sides were rows of hotels, gambling houses, barrooms and stores, sometimes separate, but oftener all combined in one building. With the desire of selling as far as possible through the town, we selected the first house on the road and applied for shelter. The rain had ceased, and the sky was beginning to clear. We almost regretted that we had not decided to keep on, but the horses were too tired to make the idea feasible. As we rode through the village the "stoop population" were interested enough to comment on the general appearance of us and our horses, but in no way other than common to all western towns. One remark I remember, applying to Wilson: "That yellow haired one on the mule is a 'tenderfoot'—look at his 'chaps.'" Wilson had leggings instead of boots.

We went to a stable between the hotel and woods, unsaddled our horses, and taking our rifles, etc., went up to our rooms. Bob and I soon went down to our supper, which was fairly good for the country. We told the people, who seemed rough, but pleasant, that our friend was too tired to come down and secured supper for him. Taking down his dishes, we sauntered into the barroom and were agreeably disappointed to find things fitted up as well as elsewhere along the road. The building was of a class common in the west, an oblong two story structure, with piazza facing the street. Down-stairs were the barroom, kitchen, dining room and owners' living rooms, while the entire second story was for guests. This was subdivided by a narrow hall running lengthwise, leaving numerous small boxes called bedrooms on either side, one row fronting the piazza and the street, and the other commanding an extensive rear view. As we were about the only guests, we had rooms in the front row. The house was unplastered, and only the lower floor rooms were ceiled.

Bob and I seated ourselves in the barroom and answered the various questions commonly asked of travelers and began to laugh at our fears, although there were some pretty tough faces among the loafers.

Our attention was attracted to a cowboy who appeared a stranger, like ourselves, and who volunteered the information that he, too, was going to L——d in the morning. Although we had always made a rule to be chary in talking to strangers, there was something in his face and manner attractive, and I found myself holding quite an animated conversation with him. His name was Dick. This involved an invitation to drink, which I compromised by the loss of two evils—a western cigar—which I smoked to the bitter end. I had just resumed my good old pipe in order to remove the unpleasant taste of "friendship's offering," when I heard a door open and was surprised to see Wilson come in to the bar. He said he had just run down for a moment for some cigars, and I [illegible] his [illegible] I had some on. To my surprise he offered a gold piece in payment.

This was the keynote to the whole trouble. The barkeeper, a big, burly, foxy eyed fellow, slid the gold back of the counter, passed out the cigars and returned change for only $1. Wilson told him he had given him $20. The barkeeper bluntly denied this and produced a silver dollar as the one handed him and appealed to a bystander, who, of course, confirmed his statement, and, moreover, challenged any one in the room to differ. Although many had seen the transaction, no one objected. I [illegible] for [illegible] a moment [illegible] I had [illegible] to go [illegible] looked surprised, as [illegible] and [illegible] if he was one of our party. I replied in the affirmative and gave the circumstances of Wilson's connection with us. Dick studied a moment and then asked, "Are you going to let him lose that money without making a kick?" I told him I did not see any other way to do, as to make a row in that place would be foolish. He wanted to know what I would give him to get the coin back, and I replied that he could have the whole, as we had lost our claim.

"Will you back me up, and has your friend (meaning Bob) got any sand?" said Dick.

I was very much worked up over the whole affair, and although I don't believe in getting into a row unless it is forced upon a man it goes against one's grain to see such a barefaced robbery as Wilson's, so I said, "Yes," although I did not really believe that he was in earnest—in fact, I could not imagine how he would go about a recovery. I was soon to learn.

We had remained in the barroom an hour after Wilson's retirement, and the place had gradually become deserted until there were but half a dozen people besides the barkeeper and ourselves remaining, and several of these were sleepy drunk. The barkeeper, though he glanced now and then in our direction, paid us no other attention. He seemed to have forgotten the gold episode. I had given up any idea that Dick's suggestions were coming to a point, and was thinking of retiring, when he got up, sauntered over to the bar in an easy manner, and, quick as a flash, covered the barkeeper with his revolver, and asked him to "return that money." Bob and myself at once covered the remainder of the party, who protested, however, that they had no intention of interfering. The barkeeper saw his predicament and sullenly handed out a $20 goldpiece. The only remark he made was, "You'll wish you was 'burning' before you ever started for L.— L.—, and if you think you are going to come it on us so easy you are making a —— big mistake."

Dick did not reply, and soon we all went up to Wilson's room. As we went up stairs we could distinguish among the babble of cries the words, "That's a plucky cuss," "Are you going to let those tenderfoot beat you?" "Gee, Bill, you've been held up. You've got to treat." "It won't do for those fellows to boast that they did up L.— L.—," and then Bill's deep voice: "And they won't either. I'll get my innings before they leave, you mark me."

We found Wilson barricading the door of the room with bureau and washstand. We held a council of war. We could hear the men talking below us. Wilson's room was directly over the bar, and by cutting a hole through the flooring we left only the ceiling between them and us, so we could hear distinctly everything they said. Fortunately the affair occurred too late to bring out a big crowd, and only a few of the near neighbors, attracted by the report, had come in. They decided that we were too well armed to assault us in our rooms, especially as we were on our guard, but thought the best idea would be to attack us when we came down, as we would have to do or starve. With this idea, one of them commenced boring holes in the stairway casing, presumably to shoot through. Naturally we prepared to go out the window.

The hotel was one of the old fashioned roof that, and removing the rope from this and blowing out our light we laid the bedclothes on the roof, removed our boots and carefully crawled to the far end of the piazza. The noise in the barroom seemed to have drowned any noise we made, and our only fear was of some one coming out. Tying our rifles and other things into two bundles, Dick lowered them, and then we all slid down the corner post and put for the woods. There we finished dressing, and Dick and I then went to the stable for our horses. The clouds had been breaking away for some time, and the moonlight made us so conspicuous that we had to watch the shadows as we dodged across the open space. We had little trouble in finding our horses, and started out, each leading two, I in advance. As my head horse approached the threshold of the door his sharp hoofs came down upon a flat stone with a loud clatter. I expected every moment to see the hotel door open, but they either did not hear or thought it a common noise in the stable.

Fearing a repetition of the alarm, I ripped up an old blanket, and muffling the horses' hoofs we led them out where the others were waiting, trying to account for our long delay. Then all commenced arranging their things on their saddles. I finished first, and mounting my horse, with my rifle on my knee, placed myself as a scout to watch the hotel. I confess that I then felt comfortable for the first time that night. It was well I did, for no sooner had I mounted and my horse moved a few steps away than one of the other horses sounded a neigh that roused all the occupants of the house we had left. Flinging open the door so that the light fell full upon me, some one yelled, "They are getting away!" and emptied his revolver at us. We could hear the bullets sing about us, but no damage was done, and as the others were [illegible] Bob called to me to "put out." I would have been glad to do, but my horse refused to lead so a canter. I think he was crazed by the flashes from the revolver. I never thought of dismounting, but receiving another salute opened up with eight of my heavy cartridges at the doorway. When I finished, it was vacant. I heard the bottles break as the balls went crashing into the woodwork of the bar. Dick in the meantime had ridden back to see what the trouble was and was firing his 44 rifle as fast as he could. L.— L.— was certainly lively waked up. You could see lights appearing all along the street. But we came our way on account of the [illegible] I think the people thought we [illegible] landlord's party in the woods and the unruly guests.

One fellow I shall never forget. He came out of the house and was just aiming to fire as I shot. He made a perfect picture of the tragic as he gave a little spring, his rifle fell to the ground and soon he himself staggered into a sitting posture. I had hit him in the shoulder. A second later I saw a flash from the barn and felt a burning sensation in my neck. Jabbing spurs into my horse, to my glad surprise he started on a run after the others. Dick let no time in following. We found Wilson suffering from a severe wound to the cheek. A ball had glanced from a tree and cut him quite badly. My neck had just a scratch.

We pushed the horses along at a hard gallop for some distance, in spite of the mud, and then halted for a consultation. It was perfectly silent in the woods. I advised going on to L——d. Dick, however, raised objections, saying there were lots of short cuts by which the L.— L.—ites could get ahead of us, especially as they knew the country, and they would certainly try to do so. He knew of an old claim up a creek where the road crossed a little way above where we would be perfectly safe. We could throw them off our trail. This we decided to try. When we arrived at the creek, Dick sent Bob and Wilson up the creek, telling them to keep in the water all the time. The creek was one of those shallow, rapid streams common to this section, and the directions were not difficult to follow. Having started them, he and I crossed the creek and continued on the road for nearly a mile. Then we came to a rocky ridge. Leaving to the top of this, we followed it until we reached the creek, about half a mile below our first crossing. We crossed up to the roadway and over planned our route again, and at last on and after our friends. Thus we left a plain trail leading along the road from the cabin should the searching party examine our tracks.

As we turned on up the creek I thought I heard voices back of us, but was not sure. We hurried along, the rushing of the water drowning the patter of our horses' hoofs against the stones. It was some time before we overtook Bob and Wilson, and all were feeling tired out, horses and men. Then Dick led the way to the [illegible] through the redwoods, to our goal.

We found there a fine cabin. Tethering our horses, we went inside and built a big fire of dry wood, meanwhile using our saddles and blankets for a couch to rest. How we did sleep! It was broad daylight the glorious day when at last we awoke. After a wash in the creek, had it not been for Wilson's cheek, it would have been hard to realize that our previous evening's experience was not a dream. The horses were feeding on the rich bottom grass, and this reminded us that we had nothing to eat. To shoot would attract attention, and although we had seen deer about we left them alone.

Bob's ingenuity came to our rescue. He had noticed several covey of quail in and about the clearing, which on his approach scurried through a gap in a thicket. Acting on this idea, he constructed a fence in shape of a V, and at the apex fixed a cage trap, so that by pulling a string it locked the quail in. We went out as beaters and soon had a fine covey running along his new roadway, and when he sprung the trap we were possessed of over 20 fine quail. These we broiled, and no one objected because they had not been hung up two weeks before.

We rested all day undisturbed and retired to another night's rest. Getting up early the next morning, we ate a breakfast of cold quail and started for L——d. When we came to the road, it looked as though a small army had crossed, but as the freshest tracks pointed toward L.— L.— we kept on toward L——d, confident of not being disturbed. Once there we felt perfectly safe, as old L——d was noted for his sterling qualities, and Dick knew him well.

On our arrival his greeting was indeed cordial. They had heard of the L.— L.— affair, and hearing nothing of us feared we had been captured by the pursuing party. We remained with him two days. During that time the rumor became current that the L.— L.—ites had got wind of our whereabouts and were coming up to clear us out and L——d, too, if he made any objections, but we never saw anything of them. On leaving we asked for our bill and were surprised to be told there was none, with the additional remark, "Any one who can clean out L.— L.— travels free at L——d."

Dick I persuaded to remain with us, promising him work. Wilson was for starting home at once, but after his face healed he enjoyed many a month's hunt in the woods.

The $20 goldpiece I purchased of Dick and keep as a memento of a very trying time.—Arthur Llewellyn in New York Post.

Decided.

Maud—Have you decided how you are going to vote?

Miss Quivers—Oh, yes. I'm going to vote in my new black cloth gown, with pearl buttons.—Chicago Record.

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How the Magnetic Springs lost a good customer is told by John V. Smith, a prominent Odd Fellow, Wooster, Ohio, who says: "I had dyspepsia and despaired without hope of relief. So sleeplessness and nervous prostration with pains all over me, until I had decided to go to the Magnetic Springs Mr. Laubach advised me to try Dr. Wheeler's Nerve Vitalizer and before I had used all the second bottle my rheumatism and sleeplessness were entirely cured." Sold by B. Van Der Bergh. 820 3w

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation, 25 cts., 50 cts., and $1.00. Sold by B. S. Webb 1

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821-4w-pd

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CHANCERY ORDER.—State of Michigan, 29th judicial circuit, in chancery. Suit pending in circuit court for the county of Ionia, in chancery, at Ithaca, on the 2nd day of November, 1894. Justin Andrews, complainant, vs. Eva Andrews, defendant. In this cause it appearing by affidavit that defendant, Eva Andrews, is not a resident of this state, and is a resident of Ohio, therefore, on motion of Francis Palmer, soliciting for complainant, it is ordered that defendant enter her appearance in said cause on or before four months from the date of this order, and that within twenty days the complainant cause this order to be published in the ALMA RECORD, said publication to be continued once in each week for six weeks in succession.

FRANCIS PALMER, Complainant's Solicitor, Alma, Michigan.

JOHN D. POSNEY, Clerk of the Circuit Court, Commissioner for Gratiot Co., Mich. 820 7w

PROBATE NOTICE.—State of Michigan, County of Gratiot, ss. Notice is hereby given, that the final account of Rachel A. Wadley, the administrix of the estate of Samuel N. Wadley, late of Gratiot county, Michigan, deceased, will be allowed by me at the Probate Office, in the village of Ithaca, in said county, on Monday, the 31st day of December next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day.

Dated Ithaca, November 27, A. D. 1894.

JOHN M. EVERDEN, Judge of Probate.

821-4w

PRESENTATION OF CLAIMS.—State of Michigan, County of Gratiot, Probate Court for said County, ss. Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the county of Gratiot, made on the 26th day of November A. D. 1894 six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Kilmer F. Pratt, late of said county, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate Office, in the village of Ithaca, for examination and allowance, on or before the 26th day of May next, and that such claims will be heard before said Court on Tuesday the 26th day of February and on Monday the 27th day of May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of those days.

Dated Ithaca, November 26, A. D., 1894.

JOHN M. EVERDEN, Judge of Probate.

821-4w

MORTGAGE SALE.—Default having been made in the conditions of payment of a certain mortgage, made by George Joslin and Della Joslin his wife, of the township of Seville, Gratiot county, Michigan, to Thomas M. Granger, of Pine River township, county and state aforesaid, which said mortgage bears date the 29th day of September, 1891, and was duly recorded the 8th day of October, 1891, in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for Gratiot county, Michigan, in liber 64, on page 66 of mortgages, and said mortgage was duly assigned by Thomas M. Granger to Henry V. Cobb, and on the 7th day of December, 1891, and was recorded on the 18th day of December in liber 62 of mortgages, and page 337, and said mortgage was duly assigned by Henry V. Amsward to Cyrus D. Wightman, on the 14th day of January, 1892, and recorded in the Register of Deeds office, on the 15th day of January, 1892, in liber 62 of mortgages, on page 340, on which said mortgage and the note accompanying the same there is now due and payable the sum of one hundred and twenty three dollars and twenty-four cents ($123 24), and no suit or proceedings at law or equity having been instituted to recover the amount secured by said mortgage. Therefore public notice is hereby given that on the 2nd day of March, 1895, at two o'clock in the afternoon, at the front door of the Gratiot county court house in the village of Ithaca, Gratiot county, Michigan, that being the place of holding the circuit court in and for said county, said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises therein and herein described, at public auction to the highest bidder, which said premises are described as follows, viz: The north-east quarter of the south-east quarter of section twenty-one (21), in township twelve (12) north of range three (3) west, being in Gratiot county, Michigan.

Dated November 26th, 1894.

F. H. WILLIAMS, Attorney for Mortgagee. CYRUS D. WIGHTMAN, Mortgagee. 821-4w

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the estate of Rosie Heller, deceased. We, the undersigned, having been appointed by the Probate Court for the county of Gratiot, state of Michigan, commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said deceased, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the law office of John D. Spinney, one of the undersigned commissioners, No. 2, Wright Block, in the village of Alma, in said county, on Tuesday, the 22nd day of January, A. D. 1895, and on Tuesday, the 14th day of May, A. D. 1895, at 10 o'clock a. m. of each of said days for the purpose of examining and allowing said claims, and that six months from the 15th day of November, A. D., 1894, were allowed by said court for creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated December 3rd, 1894.

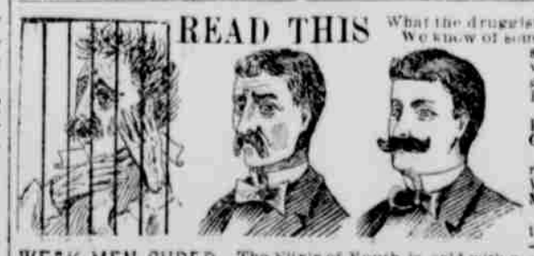
BERT WOODWARD, JOHN D. POSNEY. 820-6w

PRESENTATION OF CLAIMS.—State of Michigan, County of Gratiot, Probate Court for said county, ss. Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the county of Gratiot, made on the 19th day of November A. D. 1894 six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Mary Bielow, late of said county, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate Office, in the village of Ithaca, for examination and allowance, on or before the 20th day of May next, and that such claims will be heard before said Court on Monday the 19th day of February and on Monday the 20th day of May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of those days.

Dated Ithaca, November 19, A. D. 1894.

JOHN M. EVERDEN, Judge of Probate.

822-4w



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We can highly recommend the Elixir of Youth.—Peck Bros., Grand Rapids, Mich.

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Can truthfully say that it is the best remedy on the market.—R. A. McWilliams, Gd Rapids.

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