

DIES FIGHTING TO SAVE HER HUSBAND

WOMAN MEETS POSSE WITH RIFLE, KILLS SHERIFF AND WOUNDS OTHERS.

URNS HER CABIN INTO FORT

Place Is Taken Only When Both Roberts and His Wife Are Dead—Latter Found with Fourteen Bullet Wounds.

West Plains, Mo.—Fourteen bullet wounds were found in the body of Mrs. John Roberts, who, with her husband, defied a sheriff's posse in their cabin in the Ozark mountains, near Prestonia, Ark. Both were killed after a remarkable battle which also resulted in the death, by a bullet from the woman's rifle, of Sheriff Leo Moonsey, and the wounding of two deputies.

A few nights ago Roberts assassinated Obe Kessinger, and the act brought the sheriff and a posse to his cabin. Mrs. Roberts fought with extraordinary fierceness and bravery, defending her husband and her home until she fell. After four hours of long range fighting the posse stormed the house. They found Mrs. Roberts lying beneath a window, a rifle clamped in her stiffening fingers. Roberts was dead with eight wounds.

The sanguinary affair was the outcome of a feud between Roberts and his neighbor, Kessinger. Roberts rode over to his enemy's cabin and shot him as he came to the door. Kessinger's wife rode to Prestonia and told of the murder.

Sheriff Moonsey organized a posse of six deputies and arrived in sight of the place just before noon. Mrs. Roberts, who was at a well, was warned by the galloping of the horses and, calling to her husband as she ran, disappeared in the cabin. She reappeared at the door in an instant, holding a repeating rifle in her hands. As the posse, led by the sheriff, dashed toward the cabin, she called to them, warning them away.

As they approached closer she opened fire, her first shot hitting the sheriff, who fell from his horse mortally wounded. His fall disconcerted

the members of the posse for a few minutes and while they carried the dying man to the edge of the woods Roberts and his wife barricaded the door of their cabin. They then took up positions at windows. Mrs. Roberts commanded the rear of the house, where the posse first attacked, and her husband fired from a side window, preventing a flank movement on the part of the posse.

Mat Lowrey, a farmer and member of the posse, was shot as he peered from behind a tree to take aim, a bullet from one of the rifles in the cabin taking off the tip of his nose. His son, who ventured close to the besieged, was shot in the hip as he made a rush toward the door.

When the posse had tried without avail for three hours to capture the cabin, and were in consultation in the woods, Sheriff Conkin of Ozark county, and his deputy, Lyman Steven, who had heard over the telephone that a posse had gone into the mountains, joined them and assisted in the next assault.

Reinforced, the men attempted to make a concerted attack on the cabin from all sides, but were unable to get past the clearing and around the cabin, so deadly and rapid was Roberts' fire from the window. Frequently they saw Mrs. Roberts' head at the windows as she took hasty aim and fired at tree or stump which sheltered a deputy. It was impossible to follow her movements, so rapidly did she fire from the openings in the cabin walls. The posse were loath to shoot at the woman, and though she was hit 14 times each wound was made by a stray bullet, or one that had first penetrated the wall.

After every assault had failed the posse decided to make one more effort to surround the cabin, taking a wide detour. While one detachment mounted and rode away the other again opened fire to deceive the besieged. Their fire drew no responses, and some of the bolder crept up to a window and peered in on the scene of death.



She Fought Until 14 Bullets Pierced Her Body.

OUR SAILORS' UNIFORMS.

Copied From England and Not Representative of America.

All are familiar with the American man-of-war sailor's suit, but has any one ever stopped to consider how he comes by it and what the origin of it is? With the exception of the fit itself and the stars in the corner of the collar the whole suit is copied from the English. One would have thought that by this time the American nation would have fallen upon some original costume for its navy in some way more representative of America.

In the early days of the British navy it was still the custom to tie the hair in a cue after well greasing it, but such annoyance was felt by the men in consequence of the oil getting on the rough serge of their jumpers or blouses. This caused the blue collar of the same material as the jumper to be added, but without much success, as the collar looked quite as untidy, so at length the idea of putting the blue drill collar over the serge was adopted. The drill collar being a separate appendage and therefore easily washed and kept clean. The lanyard was worn to represent the ropes and rigging of the ship, and the jackknife indicated that (to be paradoxical) the bluejacket's object in life was death to his enemy.

In those days the neck was exposed, but as time went on and more thought was given to the welfare of the men this was found to be injurious to the health; hence the substitute of the white neck flannel, white being used to give the effect of the uncovered neck.

The two rows of white braid at the top of the cuff represent England and Ireland, the one row at the bottom showing that Scotland had not become annexed. The rows of braid on the collar represent wholly and solely the victories of Nelson.

At the opening of Lord Nelson's grand career and his first great victory at Aboukir the first row of braid was put on the collar, and Jack was a proud and happy man, and he became still prouder and happier when Aboukir was followed by Nelson's greater victory at Copenhagen, and the second row was added. But he became the proudest and happiest man and, alas, also the most sorrowful and grief stricken, when that great hero and magnificent example of naval courage lost his life in his last victory at Trafalgar, and so the third row of braid went on, but there was no more to come after it, for "the last pipe" had sounded for the gallant sailor, his last fight fought, his last victory won. To signify the mourning which filled the hearts of all English sailors the black scarf was added. This was the origin of the British tar's uniform, which is both historical and biographical and dear to the heart of all English people.—New York World.

A Rather Novel Complaint.

An English traveler once met a companion sitting in a state of the most woeful despair and apparently near the last agonies by the side of one of the mountain lakes of Switzerland. He inquired the cause of his sufferings. "Oh," said the latter, "I was very hot and thirsty and took a large draft of the clear water of the lake and then sat down on this stone to consult my guidebook. To my astonishment, I found that the water of this lake is very poisonous! Oh, I am a gone man; I feel it running all over me. I have only a few minutes to live! Remember me to—"

"Let me see the guidebook," said his friend. Turning to the passage, he found, "L'eau du lac est bien poisonneuse" (The water of this lake abounds in fish).

"Is that the meaning of it?"

"Certainly."

The dying man looked up with a radiant countenance. "What would have become of you," said his friend, "if I had not met you?"

"I should have died of imperfect knowledge of the French language."

A Great Man's Simple Speech.

I was lately told a delightful story of a great statesman staying with a humble and anxious host who had invited a party of simple and unimportant people to meet the great man. The statesman came in late for dinner and was introduced to the party. He made a series of old fashioned bows in all directions, but no one felt in a position to offer any observations. The great man at the conclusion of the ceremony turned to his host and said in tones that had often thrilled a listening senate: "What very convenient jugs you have in your bedrooms. They pour well." The social frost broke up, the company was delighted to find that the great man was interested in mundane matters of a kind on which every one might be permitted to have an opinion, and the conversation, starting from the humblest conveniences of daily life, melted insensibly into more liberal subjects.—Arthur C. Benson in Putnam's and the Reader.

An American Admirer.

In a small way an American figures in the journal kept by Rosalie Lamorliere during the revolutionary days of 1793 in France and published under the title, "The Last Days of Marie Antoinette."

Rosalie Lamorliere, a girl of Picardy, was servant to the queen in the condegerie. "One day," Rosalie has recorded, "M. de Saint Leger, the American, who was coming from the register's office, noticed that I was carrying a glass half filled with water.

"Did the queen drink the water that has gone from the glass?" he asked.

"I answered that she did.

"With a quick gesture he uncovered his head and drank the water that remained with every indication of respect and pleasure."

A SCIENTIFIC RUBE.

I do not doubt that as the world goes on a deeper sense of moral responsibility in the matter of marriage will grow up among us. But it will not take the false direction of ignoring these our profoundest and holiest instincts. Marriage for money may go, marriage for rank may go, marriage for position may go, but marriage for love, I believe and trust, will last forever. Men in the future will probably feel that a union with their cousins or near relations is positively wicked; that a union with those too like them in person or disposition is at least undesirable; that a union based upon considerations of wealth or any other consideration save considerations of immediate natural impulse is base and disgraceful. But to the end of time they will continue to feel in spite of doctrinaires that the voice of nature is better far than the voice of the lord chancellor or the royal society and that the instinctive desire for a particular helpmate is a surer guide for the ultimate happiness both of the race and of the individual than any amount of deliberate consultation. It is not the foolish fancies of youth that will have to be got rid of, but the foolish, wicked and mischievous interference of parents or outsiders.—Grant Allen.

"From the darkness came a solemn voice that said: 'Electric lights all out, b'gosh, and yet it ain't blowin' hard, either. Something's happened to the dynamo, maybe.'

"I had been selling electrical supplies to the little lighting companies for several months, but I had never heard this particular idea expressed before.

"I laughed long and loud and was all the more amused when no one joined me.

"After they had lighted a big kerosene lamp I proceeded to explain to the crowd that incandescent lamps can't be blown out by the wind. When I had finished the old Rube who had commented on the light said:

"Look here, young man, if you knew a little somethin' about local conditions and about your own business you'd know that the wires in this township are hung up slack on the poles in some places and that they get to slatting in a good stiff breeze. When they do there's a short circuit that puts the line out of business."

BALLOONING.

It Is a Safe and Simple Sport, but Not a Cheap One.

The only peril in a balloon ascension in such good weather as careful aeronauts choose for a voyage is in alighting, and in a well ordered expedition, where all the passengers keep cool and cling to the car, there is no danger at all.

Even if the wind is blowing hard the strong, elastic, woven willow basket takes up the danger part of the shock. One of these baskets ought to yield up its passengers unhurt from a landing in a wind blowing fifty miles an hour.

Ballooning under moderately favorable circumstances is a safe and simple sport. It is not, comparatively speaking, a cheap amusement. An ascent, including the cost of gas, expense of a pilot and transportation of passengers and balloon home, costs in this country from \$35 to \$75 a passenger. It is less in France. From Paris you can make an ascension for about a hundred francs.

The fare home is a very variable expense. Nothing is more uncertain than the spot where you will land. Of course it is easy to descend whenever you like. You may limit your flight to a couple of hours.—Albert White Vorse in Success Magazine.

A Sea Story.

"Of all my sea experiences," said the captain, "this was the strangest."

The ladies at the handsome captain's table said "Hush!" to one another and turned to the ruddy mariner with listening smiles.

"We were carrying," he said, "a lot of troop horses. A dreadful storm overtook us, and for two days we wallowed in the trough of a heavy sea. Finally it was decided that, to lighten the ship, the horses must go overboard. They went overboard in the morning. As soon as they saw that they were abandoned, they turned and began to swim bravely after us. Brave, desperately, they swam. They followed us for miles and miles. I can still see them, a long line, their necks arched, pushing heroically through the heavy sea.

"They sank, poor brutes, one by one."

The captain smiled sadly.

"And I still seem to have," he said, "all those deaths on my conscience."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Allegheny Mountains.

Not more than five of our presidents down to Lincoln's time ever crossed the Allegheny mountains, and four of these were western men who had to cross the mountains to reach Washington—Presidents Jackson, Polk, General W. H. Harrison and Taylor. President Monroe crossed the mountains on his return trip from west to east in 1817. Van Buren came west in 1842, two years after the expiration of his presidential term, and saw the mountains then for the first time. It was on this trip that he got upset and dumped in the mud near Plainfield, Hendricks county.—Exchange.

The Original Almack's.

The original Almack's club in London, afterward known as Willis' rooms, had a curious origin. It began as a tavern, started by Lord Bute's butler, McCall, who proposed to give it his own name, McCall's, but judicious friends warned him that the tremendous unpopularity of Scots in London at that time, for which McCall's master was largely responsible, would spell ruin to an establishment so called. "Very well," said McCall, "I will call it Almack's." The present Almack's club is a more fashionable organization which chose to adopt the old name.

Literal Thirst For Work.

The lawyer who made a bluff at a big practice turned hastily to part from his companions.

"I am sorry, but I must go," he said hurriedly. "I have a case at home which I must absorb to the last detail."

"I guess," said one of the party, "it's a case of beer."—Baltimore American.

Nowhere with more quiet or with more freedom does a man retire than into his own soul.—Marcus Aurelius.

Falling in Love.

I do not doubt that as the world goes on a deeper sense of moral responsibility in the matter of marriage will grow up among us. But it will not take the false direction of ignoring these our profoundest and holiest instincts. Marriage for money may go, marriage for rank may go, marriage for position may go, but marriage for love, I believe and trust, will last forever. Men in the future will probably feel that a union with their cousins or near relations is positively wicked; that a union with those too like them in person or disposition is at least undesirable; that a union based upon considerations of wealth or any other consideration save considerations of immediate natural impulse is base and disgraceful. But to the end of time they will continue to feel in spite of doctrinaires that the voice of nature is better far than the voice of the lord chancellor or the royal society and that the instinctive desire for a particular helpmate is a surer guide for the ultimate happiness both of the race and of the individual than any amount of deliberate consultation. It is not the foolish fancies of youth that will have to be got rid of, but the foolish, wicked and mischievous interference of parents or outsiders.—Grant Allen.

Knew the Sound of Wood.

There was an argument on a cricket field in a village near Nottingham, England, which interrupted the game for some time. The match was being played between the local tradesmen of the village. All went well until the bowler, who was the village constable, a man over six feet tall, sent a ball which bumped up from the ground and hit the village butcher, who was batting and who was exceedingly fat and perspiring freely, on the head. The wicket keeper, a remarkably thin and agile man, who was the village grocer, caught the ball and yelled, "Ow's that?"

"Hout!" shouted the village baker, who possessed only one eye.

"Hi say now!" roared the fat butcher, who refused to have it so. "But hit 'it me on the head."

"Hi don't know where hit 'it you," responded the umpire, who was the village undertaker, "but Hi knows the sound of wood when Hi 'ears hit, so hout you go."

The Tricksters.

"Political tricksters always give themselves away," said a congressman. "Their methods remind me of the two men who wanted to sell their corpses for dissection. These two men, miserably clad, called on the dean of a medical college in New York.

"We are both on the verge of starvation, sir," the spokesman said. "We are well on in years, and it is clear that we haven't much longer to live. Would you care to purchase our bodies for your dissecting room?"

"The dean hesitated.

"It is an odd proposition," he muttered.

"But it is occasionally done," said the spokesman in an eager voice.

"Well," said the dean, "we might arrange it. What price do you ask?"

"Over in Philadelphia," said the spokesman, "they gave us \$40."—New York Tribune.

Run Down.

Tom—Of course the bride looks lovely, as brides always do. Nell—Yes, but the bridegroom doesn't look altogether fit; seems rather run down. Tom—Run down? Oh, yes, caught after a long chase!—Philadelphia Press.

Woes of the Amateur.

Wife—I wonder why the grass doesn't come up? Hubby—I'm sure I can't tell. You don't suppose you planted the seeds upside down, do you?—London Tit-Bits.

Pride went out on horseback and returned on foot.—Italian Proverb.

Automatic Salt Works.

About a hundred miles north of Lima, near the town of Huacho, is one of the great curiosities of nature, a salt factory on an automatic plan. When the tide comes in it fills a lot of shallow basins, and the water is prevented from flowing back into the sea by closing the gates. The atmosphere is so dry that the water evaporates rapidly and leaves a sediment of salt in an almost pure state, which is scraped up, packed into sacks and shipped to market. Within the coast a little farther the percolation of sea water through the porous rocks into pits and hollows has caused immense deposits of salt to accumulate. The salt is taken out in blocks six or eight inches square and sold in that form. As soon as the salt is excavated the water comes in again and in a year or two has solidified and is ready for the market. Wells driven into the sand disclose strongly impregnated water at a depth of twenty-five feet, which seems to be a great deal heavier than the sea water, and is drawn off into vats for evaporation.

Canaries of Paris.

The venter of chickweed in Paris is a well known figure. The sellers are numerous, and their cry is one of the most noteworthy of those that resound in the morning in the streets of the French capital. According to the Bulletin des Halles, there are about a hundred thousand canaries in the capital, and the daily consumption of chickweed is estimated at \$2,000. This sum looks large, but it allows only 2 cents for each bird. A Paris contemporary points out that a goodly portion of land between Suresnes and Courbevoie is set aside for the cultivation of the weed.

Said What She Meant.

"Oh, I am so awfully ashamed of myself!" said Edith Jones to her dearest girl chum. "When Henry proposed to me last night I intended to say, 'So sudden' but I quite lost my head and exclaimed, 'At last!'"

An Exception.

"Animals," said the teacher, "frequently become attached to people, but plants never do."

"How about burs, teacher?" queried the small boy at the foot of the class.—Chicago News.

Hard to Tell.

Miss Oldgirl—Do you think Mr. Snifkins is sincere when he writes that he loves me more than tongue can tell? Miss Peachblow—I dare say. He's tongue tied, you know.

THE FRIEND IN NEED.



Small Boy (to old gentleman who is afraid of wetting his feet)—Carry you across for ten cents, sir.

PRACTICAL APPLICATION.

"Ah, kind friend," said the moralist, "it is deeds, not words, that count."

"O, I don't know," replied the woman. "Did you ever send a telegram?"—Stray Stories.

HINT TO A TARDY LOVER.

Papa (from the next room)—Ethel, aren't you going to light the gas in there?

Ethel—Yes, papa; we were just speaking of striking a match.—Stray Stories.

THEY LOVE EACH OTHER SO.

Cora—Have you seen my new photographs, dear? Every one says they look exactly like me.

Dora—What a shame! Can't you get another sitting?

A PATIENT SUFFERER.

Boy (to tramp)—Don't you get awful tired of doin' nothin', mister?

Tramp—Terrible! But I never complains. Everybody has their troubles!

Marriage Age Is Increased.

It is generally admitted that the marriageable age of women has advanced considerably of recent years. Many a bride has long felt girlhood behind her before she exchanges her vows at the altar, and there seem to be few young men nowadays who care to assume the responsibilities of married life until they are in the financial position usually associated with middle age.

The Real Foundation.

It is well to have visions of a better life than that of every day, but it is the life of every day from which elements of a better life must come.—Maeterlinck.

The Contented Man.

The man who is thoroughly contented is likely to be a bore or a tramp.

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