GOOD STORIES OF BAD MEN.

Sundry Picturesque Gentlemen of Undoubted Nerve Who Manage to Make Life Exceedingly Interesting for Their Fellows.

A Choice Bit of Word Painting Illustrative of the Neat Way in Which Dan De Quille Succeeded in Effectually Taming Farmer Peel.

Talt Hall Went Deliberately to Work During His Gory Career and Sent Nineteen Souls Over the Range Into Eternity.

Some Information About the Lawless Individuals Who Have Dyed the Mountain Slopes of Kentucky With Blood of Their Victims.

For the information of those who do not know Dan De Quille personally it may not be out of place to state that he is, as Sir Ector said of Launcelot, "the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies." Quaker ancestry is crowned in him by a sweetness of disposition native to himself. His manner is as mild as a parsons's, his voice soft as a woman's, his look placid as a saint's. Nothing can ruffle his temper. He is as alien to strife and anger as a lamb. If there were a divining rod that had the power to point out the most upright, inoffensive and blameless man living, the chances are that after sweeping the whole world-over it would settle upon Dan De Quille, says the San Francisco Chronicle.

Yet his gentleness does not prevent him from feeling just indignation at whatever he believes to be wrong, and, happily, with his mild qualities is combined a courage that inspires him to deal out censure unsparingly when he thinks it deserved. While local editor of the Territorial Enterprise in the rough times of Virginia City he had many experiences that tested his nerve, but none that proved more conclusively the metal of which he was made than the one about to be narrated.

ALWAYS READY FOR A FIGHT.

Of all the desperadoes who gained for the territory of Nevada the distinction of the bloodiest of bloody grounds, none other, with the possible exception of Sam Brown, ever attained to the same pitch of eminence as Farmer Peel. He came to Virginia City from Salt Lake with a record of five murders. Within a few years he had added as many more to his score, and his comparative youth and vigor promised a long continuance of the harvest. He was a singular character. When sober he was as mild and pleasant a gentleman as one would desire to meet, but when in liquor he was a demon. But, drunk or sober, his instinct was to kill. Not that he was quarrelsome, but he bore the perilous title of "chief," and had to defend it against all comers, and he was studiously careful that no one should ever get the drop on him. Thus, when El Dorado Johnny, a little Irishman who made pretensions to being a bad man, arrived in Virginia City and incidentally inquired in Pat Lynch's saloon if there were any "chiefs" about——

"You probably intend that remark for me," said Farmer Peel, who chanced to be within hearing.

"Any one can appropriate it that likes," replied Johnny.

"Very well; we will settle it right now," rejoined Peel. "Come out into the middle of the street."

The guileless Johnny did as proposed, but Peel paused at the doorway and as his rival turned to see if he were following fired a shot that stretched him dead in his tracks.

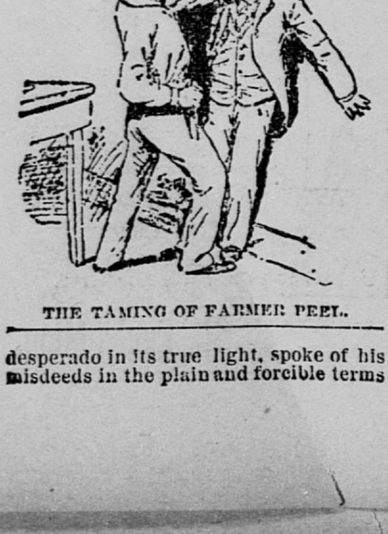
Peel was never punished for any of these murders. In fact, he was never arrested for them. They were confined to a class that the authorities probably considered the more killed of them the better. At any rate they did not appear anxious to meddle with him. But one day he got drunk and behaved so outrageously that there was a general outcry for his arrest, which was accomplished by a large posse of officers and citizens with great difficulty. He was taken before Police Judge Davenport, who fined him $100. Peel said he had not money enough with him to pay the fine, but he would get it, and the judge allowed him to go upon his own recognizance. The next morning he walked into the room while the court was in session, and, advancing close to the judge, said:

"Judge Davenport, I've come to settle that fine."

"Very well," replied the judge, stroking his magnificent beard with complacency at the subdued tone of the outlaw.

Thereupon Peel seized Davenport by the whiskers with both hands and pounded his head against the wall until he was almost insensible. Half a dozen officers were in the court, but they made no attempt to arrest the ruffian. They knew him too well. When he had done "woolling" the judge he walked calmly out of the court room, and that was the last of it. The fine had been settled.

Dan De Quille, however, took occasion to review the whole career of Peel in the local columns of the Enterprise next morning. He did not mince matters. He pictured the character of the



THE TAMING OF FARMER PEEL.

desperado in its true light, spoke of his misdeeds in the plain and forcible terms they deserved, and called upon the authorities to overcome this terror and bring him to punishment. The article was so bold that Dan's friends were alarmed, but it is not likely that he himself had given a thought to the consequences. In spite of the gravity of the situation the printers, in the spirit of that familiarity which exists between the editorial and composition rooms of interior newspaper offices, resolved to have some fun at Dan's expense; so, when he took his seat at his desk that evening, one of them told him seriously there had been a party in several times during the day making inquiry for him. Dan asked who it was. His informant replied he did not know for certain, but he thought it was Farmer Peel, as his look and manner appeared decidedly hostile. Dan applied himself to his work without making any comment. After his night's labor was finished, without saying a word to any one, he took a stiletto that he had picked up somewhere as a curio, the blade of which was scarcely larger than a knitting-needle, and sticking it inside the lapel of his coat as you would a pin, sallied forth from the office.

He had accepted the printer's statement in good faith, and had made up his mind that if there were hunting to be done he would take a hand in it himself. He did not know Farmer Peel by sight, their lines never having come together. By inquiry he finally located him in a big gambling saloon on C stree. He entered the place and asked the bartender to point out Farmer Peel to him. The obliging youth indicated a square-built, full-bearded man standing near one of the tables. Without an instant's hesitation Dan approached him and stood shoulder to shoulder; then, extending his left arm, he pinioned Peel to his side with the firmness of a vise, while with his right hand he drew the stiletto and held it to his throat.

"You are Farmer Peel, are you not?" said Dan.

"I am," replied the astonished desperado.

"I am Dan De Quille, of the Enterprise. I understand you are hunting for me. If there is any grudge we will settle it right here."

"I've not been hunting for you, but I'll make it very warn for any one who told you so if you will let me know who it is. There's no hard feeling on my part, I assure you. On the contrary, I hold you in high respect and esteem. You wrote nothing about me but what was true and deserved, and I admire a man who is brave enough to say publicly what he thinks about a character like me."

The desperado was so manifestly sincere that Dan released his hold, withdrew the stiletto and apologised for his uncalled-for behavior.

"You needn't apologize," said Peel. "You pursued exactly the right course for one who has to deal with me ordinarily. You got the drop on me—something no man ever did before. I respect you more than ever for it. Come and take a drink with me. I want you to believe I'm your fast friend."

And the friendship thus strangely formed remained unbroken until Farmer Pell met his death at the hands of his old partner, Johnny Bull, in Montana.

TALT HALL'S RECORD.

The Man Who Gave Nineteen Men Their Quietus.

"Do you know anything about Talt Hall, who is raising such an excitement over in your section," asked a Dispatch reporter of Dr. Spencer, the delegate from Lee county, says the Richmond Dispatch.

HE STOLE HIS NEIGHBOR'S DAUGHTER.

"Well, I know a good deal about him," replied the doctor. "He killed a cousin of mine, Elkerton Turner. Talt Hall," continued the doctor, "was born in Floyd county, Kentucky, and has been in a feud all his life. He confesses to having killed nineteen men, and the gang to which he belonged has killed over a hundred. He inherited the feud. His father, old Talt Hall, killed two or three men. My impression is that the feud started in 1875 at a Christmas dinner given by Jeff Turner, at his house on Beaver creek. There was a row between the Turners and the Sizemores, in which Jeff Turner and Bug Sizemore were killed and some eight or ten were wounded. Old Talt Hall espoused the cause of the Sizemores, and the feud has been going on ever since. It extends over three counties in Kentucky—Letcher, Knott and Floyd. I have been in the territory frequently, but a stranger is in no danger of being injured unless he takes sides.

"Two of Elkerton Turner's uncles were at the row down on Beaver creek," the member of the house added, "but Elkerton was killed while acting in his capacity as an officer of the law. Talt Hall went to a neighbor's and stole a Winchester rifle and the neighbor's daughter, and was making off with both. The old man swore out a warrant, and it was given to Turner to execute. While endeavoring to make the arrest Turner was killed by Hall, but had succeeded in wounding his adversary desperately. Hall escaped, and, though close search was made for him, no trace of him could be found except in caves in the mountains, where there were evidences of his wounds having been dressed by friends. Then he was lost sight of until he turned up in Norton and killed an officer."

"What sort of looking man is Hall?" asked the reporter.

"Although," replied the doctor, "he is one of the most desperate characters in all that section, you would not think it from his appearance. I know him personally. He is rather prepossessing in appearance and what I call a smart, uneducated man. He is about, say, twenty-eight years old, dark complexion, has a keen black eye, and the only suggestion of unpleasantness in his face is the fact that the hair grows very low on his forehead. If, however, he gets down on you for any reason he will kill you if he can. Such feuds as the one I have spoken of are very common in that country. Another one has been going on for years just over the mountain from me. They start between two persons and extend to the whole family connection on both sides.

BANE OF THE RANCHER.

Lawless "Rustlers" Who Steal and Terrorize the Northwest.

The horse-growers and stockmen generally of Montana have fired the first gun in the war of extermination which will be waged against the horse thieves of this and adjoining states until the entire gang is killed or driven to the South. For five years the operations of the "rustlers," as the thieves are locally called, have been growing in magnitude and boldness, until now it has become a question of the survival of the strongest. The growers recognize that either they must retire from business or kill the rustlers. They do not intend to do the former, but have organized to accomplish the latter. Until about three years ago the losses of the horse-growers from thieves, while large, were not so great as to cause serious uneasiness. But the evil has been growing in extent, until during 1891 it reached such proportions as to be beyond the control of the detectives employed by the state live stock board. This board employs a number of detectives, brave and hardy men, who know the mountain trails, the watering places, and the country as a whole as well as the city man does the route he takes each day from his home to his office. But what can half a dozen of these men do when brought face to face with a band of horse thieves, numbering from ten to twenty, armed to the teeth, ever on the alert, and who know that capture means an interview with Judge Lynch or a long term in the penitentiary? But while the detectives have not been able to make any arrests of consequence, one of them managed to join the rustlers early last spring, worked with them all last summer and during the fall, and now the stockmen know the extent of the evil with which they have to deal. They know the headquarters of the band; they know it numbers 100 active members, led by half a dozen of the most notorious and dangerous criminals that ever lived in any country; they know the way the business is conducted; they know

RETRIBUTION FOR RUSTLERS.

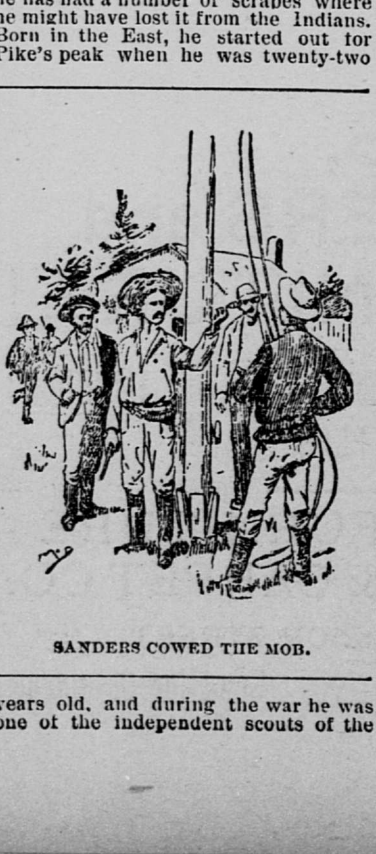
that in fifty towns in Idaho, Washington, Montana, North Dakota, South Dakota and Wyoming there are men, supposed to be honest and reputable citizens, who keep the rustlers informed of everything that is going on, and who get their share of the proceeds arising from the thefts from the ranges; they know there are a hundred or more families living in huts along the trail the rustlers use to drive their ill-gotten horses, who are so terrorized that they will not tell all they know for fear their homes will be burned or the head of the family be shot down like a dog on the range. All these things have been learned, and in addition the stockmen know that to live in peace and preserve their herds it is necessary to wipe the horse thieves from off the face of the earth. To do this they have raised a fund of $20,000, and from the British line on the north to the boundary of Wyoming on the south, from Idaho on the west to North Dakota on the east, there is now being projected an organization which, when completed, will number 5,000 men, divided into companies of from twenty-five to one hundred, under competent leaders, each to operate in a section with which the members are thoroughly familiar and to keep on the trail of the rustlers until the last one is either under the sod, safe in the penitentiary or driven far beyond the borders of Montana.

The task the stockmen have set about to accomplish is not an easy one, and before the worst is finished many a man among them will have been laid low by the bullet of the assassin or shot down in a square fight on the plateaus of the state. The organization of the rustlers is as perfect as that of the stockmen can be, and its members are held together by bonds as strong, if not stronger, than honest men can forge. They know what capture means, and unless surprised and taken unarmed they will never yield, no difference how large the force may be they are compelled to meet. No member of the gang can hope to save his own neck by "squealing," because the stockmen have now in their hands all the information they need to carry on the campaign they have inaugurated.

SENATORIAL FIGHTERS.

Shoup and Saunders Had Experiences With Ruffians.

The Northwest has two senatorial fighters, says the Indianapolis News. These are men whose lives have been spent in the wildest parts of the frontier, and who have grown strong with fighting among the Indians and the desperadoes. I refer to Senator George Shoup, of Idaho, and Senator Wilbur F. Sanders, of Montana. Shoup is a tall, straight, broad-shouldered, blue-eyed man. There is no hair on the top of his head, and he has not even a scalp lock. He lost his hair naturally, however, and he has had a number of scrapes where he might have lost it from the Indians. Born in the East, he started out for Pike's peak when he was twenty-two



SANDERS COWED THE MOB.

years old, and during the war he was one of the independent scouts of the Colorado volunteers. A large part of his career during the war was as a scout, and he has been connected with all the Indians and the desperadoes of the West. He is now at the head of the Indian affairs committee, and he has been governor of Idaho and left the executive chair to take his seat in the senate.

Senator Sanders is noted as having rid Montana of the noted gang of ruffians which overran the Northwest some years ago. He was at the head of the vigilantes and has a number of times looked death in the face. He has made many a speech in his state with his pistol in his pocket, and while he was speaking pistols have come out before his eyes in the hands of his audience. During the rebellion he was in the army as a soldier from Ohio, and it was through failing health that he had to resign and go West. In the camp where he settled there was a band of Southern sympathizers, and these undertook to haul down the stars and stripes from the flagpole in the public square with the idea of raising the stars and bars. As they caught hold of the rope, Sanders, who was standing near by, pulled out a revolver and said to them: "No one shall haul that flag down while I live." The mob looked at the flag and then at the revolver, and into the eyes of the determined young man who held it, and they decided to let the flag stand.

LOOKED A TERROR.

But It Was Only in the Cut of His Clothes.

He had on a cowboy's hat—he had long hair and fierce black eyes—there was a claw from the foot of a grizzly bear dangling from his watch chain. You could size him up only in one way—he had killed his man, or, perhaps, half a dozen of them, says the Detroit Free Press. If he hadn't fought Indians and stood up to the bad, bad men of the far West, then his looks belied him. He was a quiet, unostentatious man, as all nervy men are. He was reading a dime novel, as all game men do when they travel. Now and then he felt down the back of his neck to see if his bowie-knife was cuddling up to his spine in a proper manner, and now and then he reached down to his boot legs to see that his cargo of revolvers hadn't shifted.

Three or four of us, after taking plenty of time to size him up, decided to ask him how and where he got the wound which had left the scar clear across his left cheek. It looked like the work of Sitting Bull's tomahawk, but we wanted the particulars. So it was agreed that I should work him up to tell his story, and after a quarter of an hour of diplomacy I had shaped matters so I dared observe:

"That is a bad scar you have on your cheek, and there is no doubt a story with it?"

"Yes, sir, there is," he replied.

"We should like to hear the particulars, if you have no objection."

"Oh, the story don't amount to much," he modestly remarked.

"But you certainly had a close call. How many Indians were around you?"

"Indians? I didn't see no Indians."

"Oh! Perhaps you were in a Western stage when it was held up, and you got that scar in fighting off the road agents?"

"Never saw a road agent in my life," he said.

"Tackled by a bad man out in Montana?"

"Never was in Montana and never saw a bad man."

"But had a fight?" I persisted.

"No, I didn't."

"Well, perhaps you'll be kind enough to explain how you got that scar?"

"I will. I went into a restaurant in Toledo and ordered a pumpkin pie. The waiter brought me a squash pie instead. I kicked. The owner of the place, who was a woman, got mad and slashed me with an old case knife. I afterwards settled with her for $3 in cash. That's the story, sir."

"But why—why are you wearing those things belonging to a Western terrior?" I asked.

"These things? Oh, I got 'em of an actor for $4. He had to sell out or walk home, and, as the walking wasn't good, he sold."

"And may I ask who you are?" I inquired, as an awful silence fell upon our crowd.

"Certainly you can. I've been working for a farmer near Monroe all sum-

CARVING A CUSTOMER.

mer for 'leven dollars a month, but I quit the other day, and am going to Toledo to get a stock of stomach bitters to sell on the road. Needn't be afraid of me. I ain't loaded, and if I was I haven't got the sand to go off. Never tackled but one man, and I hain't got through running away from him yet!"

Then we went to the other end of the car and tried to call the convention to order and do some resolving, but it was a failure.

KENTUCKY'S BAD MEN.

They Are Dying Out to an Appreciable Extent.

The old Kentucky feuds are dying out, and those who participated in them are finding their way to the prison or the grave or to the oblivion of peaceful life. The Yellow Creekers of Bell county scattered like frost before the sun when the builders of Middlesborough and the new Pineville appeared, says the Louisville Courier-Journal. The leaders of the old factions sold their farms at a good figure and became capitalists or moved away. Craig Tolliver's name has almost ceased to frighten timid children in Rowan county, and Craig's old antagonist, Boone Logan, has moved away from the town in which he led the battle which exterminated the Tolliver gang. The French-Eversole clans are awaiting trial at Winchester for their crimes in Perry county. The leading Eversole is dead, French has moved away from Perry county to Winchester, and the gangs have fallen apart. The Harlan county war was over when Wils Jennings and Wils Howard fell into the hands of the law. The followers of the Turners and those of the Howards have dropped into peaceful ways or fled the country. The Hatfields or McCoys have been hanged or imprisoned. And the snuffing out of Jerry Little's life by a saw-log, while engaged in building a residence for himself, was the first reminder the public has had in a long time of the now almost forgotten Strong-Little feud that once gave so much trouble to Breathitt county.

Going to Duluth.

Going to Duluth to take advantage of the rich mineral discoveries in the famous Mesaba iron range, take "The Northwestern Line," C. St. P. M. & O. Railway.

Day trains have reclining chair cars, leave Minneapolis 8:55 a. m., St. Paul 9:35 a. m., arrive Duluth 4:30 p. m. Night trains carry buffet Pullman sleeping cars, leave Minneapolis 9:45 p. m., St. Paul 10:25 p. m., arrive Duluth 7 a. m.

A FAMILY JAR.

Nathan Drew and Susan Brown,
They waz married in our town
Nigh on fifteen years ago,
An' two moun's at's heaped wi' snow
Sarve ter show ther passers-by
That away beyond the sky
Chil'ren, two, are waitin' thar,
Waitin' fer ther par and mar.

They lived in er little cot,
Sittin' way back in er lot
Whar ther honeysuckles clum
Roun' ther door an' bees 'ud hum
In er dronin', lazy way
Ev'ry pleasant summer's day,
A' ther crickets sung et night
When ther sun hed lost ets light.

They waz happy ez could be—
Leastwise so et 'peared ter me—
Hollyhocks beside ther walk
Uster bend ther heads an' talk
When they seed 'em wander by
Love ashinin' in each eye,
An' ther housedog on ther mat
Feil ter courtin' o' the cat.

Nearly twenty years rolled by
Not er cloud in all ther sky,
An' ther neighbors uster say,
Watchin' 'em from day ter day,
Not a better mated pair
Could be livin' anywhar,
Than waz Farmer Nathan Drew,
An' his wife, ther buxom Sue.

Then one day ther kim a slash,
Reg'lar matrimon'al smash;
Nathan said some unkind things,
Wuds be wuss than hornet stings;
Susan answered mighty cross,
Twixt em et waz hoss and hoss;
Then she packed her kit an' went
Cross the road to neighbor Dent.

Nathan wouldn't foller her,
Wouldn't give no reason fer
Why she'd left his bed and board,
An' she wouldn't say er word;
So et went fer most er week—
Nuther'd be ther furst ter speak;
Driftin' all ther time apart,
Hidin' each a breakin' heart.

When they happened fer ter meet,
Walkin' in ther village street,
Nathan 'uld appear ter be
Watchin' uv ther scenery,
While the buxom Susan's eyes
Seemed a sarchin' uv ther skies,
Like she thought 'twere goin' ter rain
'Fore she'd get back hum again.

Susan went one day ter town,
Called while thar on Lawyer Crown,
An' she said ter him, said she,
"Me an' Nathan can't agree,
Matters keeps a growin' wuss,
What I want is a divuss;
Mak' ther papers good an' strong,
I won't live erlone fer long "

Nathan hurd ther news nex' day
While a-mowin' up his hay,
Raised his hat an' scratched his head,
Thoughtful like, an' then he sed;
"Wall, perhaps et's fur ther best,
This 'ere breakin' up ther nest;
Both uv us are young ez yit,
Nuther mates we're sure ter git."

Nathan went nex' day ter mill
A' while drivin' down ther hill
Breechin' broke and scart ther team;
We foun' Nathan near ther stream
Lyin' senseless like an' dead
Wi' a big cut in his head;
Wagon split in little bits,
Hosses both ez dead ez nits.

When we brought him home that night
Lyin' still an' cold an' white,
Ole Doc Broughton couldn't say
Ef his soul 'ould leave er stay.
Susan crept inter the house
Quiet like ez any mouse,
Tuk her seat beside ther bed,
Fell ter bathin' Nathan's head.

When he opened uv his eyes
He looked up in glad surprise,
Tuk her hand in his ter keep,
Like er baby went ter sleep.
Doctor turned away his head,
"Nathan's goin' ter live," he said.
Susan knelt and thanked ther Lord,
Prayin' uv her own accord.

What became of the divuss
Unbeknownst ter most uv us.
Lawyer Crown he squashed the case,
Did et, too, wi' smiling face.
"Them ez God has jined," he said,
Shakin' uv his old bald head,
"Only death hed orter part
When he stills their beatin' heart."

—R. L. Cary Jr., in Chicago Mail.

KINGSBORO'S PUZZLE.

New York Daily News.

Nobody at Kingsboro knew what to make of it. Deacon Turner, the oldest inhabitant, said that during his earthly pilgrimage he had sojourned at numerous towns, but in no one of them had any young man who dressed nicely and did no work turned out well. Capt. Brown, who worked hard, but managed so badly that he was never out out of debt, glared savagely whenever he saw handsame Joe Mallison with his hands in the pockets of his neatly-fitting coat, and took occasion to remark to the first person he met that he wished the old days in which people who had no visible means of support were prosecuted would return again.

Squire Beatem, who kept the postoffice, admitted to certain astute questioners that Jo Mallison never received letters, so it was impossible that any one was sending him money with which to support himself in idleness. Suspicion even ran so high that Bill Bridger, who was the only apothecary and candy seller at Kingsboro, and who had Jo Mallison for quite a steady customer, made it a rule to examine very carefully every bank note that Jo offered in payment, lest haply the handsome do-nothing might be circulating counterfeits. The married women at Kingsboro, who had to work as hard as women almost always do in new towns in young states, carefully pointed out Jo to their sons as an example to be shunned, except so far as personal neatness was concerned.

But the Kingsboro girls differed from the rest of the community in their estimation of Jo. H might be indolent—in fact, they knew he was, for he might almost always be seen on the main street of the village, sauntering along, while other men were at work—but he was handsome and he dressed with real taste, and his breath never smelled of liquor or tobacco, and he was always polite, and he never was awkward or ill at ease or presuming when in the society of ladies, and he seemed to understand all his fair companions so well. In all these respects he was quite different from most of the Kingsboro boys, so that when good mothers warned their daughters against young men who could only give fine words in proof of affection the damsels experienced strong misgivings as to what they would say if Jo Mallison were to propose.

But Jo saved them the necessity of deciding any such question. He proposed to nobody; he made love to nobody; he seemed to have no special favorites among the girls of Kingsboro. He never even flirted. He seemed to heartily enjoy himself when with ladies, and to express his gratitude so deftly as to leave no one a word upon which to base a suspicion of any stronger sentiments. And he did not stop at conquering the hearts of all the Kingsboro girls. Without any seeming intention to do so, he won the hearts of a few of the elderly women in the town. They did not mean to give countenance to a showy idler, but somehow when Jo would coax some bad or fretful child to take a walk with him, and then send the child home with a head full of Bible stories and a mouthful of pretty songs, the mother of the child would reluctantly admit that the handsome do-nothing did have a real good heart.

There was not at Kingsboro any club, that institution so industriously hated by all good women, but there was a gathering place which fulfilled all the requirements of a club, and that was the postoffice. The mail stage was nominally due at 7 in the evening, so that half the male population congregated in Bill Burth's saddle shop, which formed the ante-room of the postoffice, immediately after supper, and they usually enjoyed a two-hour season of conversation before the arrival and distribution of the mail gave them a hint to go home.

Subjects for conversation were not very numerous at Kingsboro, and as the few native characters with any salient points had been thoroughly discussed during the many sessions of the men who waited for the mail, the arrival of Jo Mallison was a perfect godsend. It is hardly necessary to say that Jo found but few companions among the Kingsboro men. The young men hated him for estranging their sweethearts, and each of the older men was afraid that Jo might marry his daughter and come under the paternal roof for support.

One cool night several weeks after Jo's appearance at Kingsboro, the opposing theorists as to Jo's character indulged in a many-cornered and very lively duel. It was during a season when sudden atmospheric changes made most of the Kingsboro people bilious; otherwise the bitterness with which the conversation finally came to be characterized would have been inexplicable. Squire Ripson so far forgot his years and dignity of character as to call Bill Burth, his temporary host, a fool for holding that Joe could be nothing worse than a well-to-do young man enjoying himself, while Bill, notwithstanding the kindliness of spirit which was proper to a man who was a Methodist class leader, called the squire a liar. Both men were on their feet, inclining slightly forward toward each other and looking words which should never be spoken, when suddenly the mail stage drew up with a crash at the door.

The postmaster threw a last parting glare at the squire, and carried out the mail bags, while the whole party followed to see who might be in the stage. The light streamed through the open door into the stage, and the villagers saw inside a single passenger whom they recognized as a Cincinnati salesman through whom some of the Kingsboro merchants sometimes purchased goods. They were about to turn away in mingled disappointment and resignation when suddenly Jo Mallison, who had just arrived at the office, sprang into the stage and threw himself upon the passenger, while the stage turned quickly, the driver whipped up furiously and started for the hotel.

The stares which passed around the party of spectators were simply appalling in their blankness. At last Squire Ripson recovered breath enough to gasp:

"Detective!"

"No such thing!" shouted Bill Burth through the delivery window. "It's probably the poor little fellow's brother, and he's been waiting for him weeks longer than he expected to."

A derisive smile played over the hills and valleys of the squire's face, and he was about to say something when the reader of the New York Romance abandoned his theory of the disguised prince and suggested that Jo was a highwayman; that he knew traveling salesmen carried lots of money; that he was robbing the salesman; the driver was in league with him, and like enough they were a mile from town by this time instead of going to the hotel. "Jack Sheppard was a little fellow," said the theorist in evidence.

"I'm going to the hotel," said the squire, starting for the door and followed by the whole party. A moment later the door of the postmaster's inner sanctum was heard to slam and Bill Burth came running to join the crowd. Sol Turner, who carried crutches and was soon left behind, shouted appealingly to them to do nothing until he got there to see, but no encouraging answer was wafted back to him.

The hotel was gained and the stage stood before the door, but the consequent failure of the theory of the Romancer's reader could not stop the impetuous rush of the villagers. They crowded into the public room of the hotel, but neither Jo nor the stranger was there. In a moment, however, a door opened and good Mrs. Butler, the landlady, appeared, with a smile on her face and a tear in each eye.

"I know what you men are after," she said. "Don't ever talk about woman's curiosity again. The whole story is this: Jo Mallison is a woman and Mr. Brown was her lover. They had some sort of a lover's quarrel and parted angry. She made up her mind she was in the wrong, but by that time he had started on another trip. She didn't know where to write to him, but she once heard him say he never missed going to Kingsboro, so she came here in a suit of her brother's clothes and has been waiting for him ever since, poor girl. And they've made up and are ever so happy and are going to be married tomorrow. And I've known about it all the time and I'd have done just what she did if I'd have been her."

This last clause of Mrs. Butler's speech was enough to set Jo Mallison right in every one's eyes, for Mrs. Butler was one of those women who are trusted by every one on questions of propriety. But it is doubtful whether her hearers on this particular occasion remembered this portion of Mrs. Butler's wonderful address until it was recalled by some slighting remark made by persons to whom the story was told at second-hand. The men said nothing to each other for several moments. Then Bill Burth went meekly up t Squire Ripson and whispered:

"I was a fool, squire."

"I was another," whispered the squire.

The interested parties had determined to have the wedding ceremony performed with the greatest privacy, but some one learned from Parson Fish the hour at which the service was to be performed, and the news spread rapidly, and the Kingsboro people took the matter into their own hands. They dressed in their best and besieged the hotel, and when the bride saw them through the slats of her window blinds her sense of fun moved her to order that they should be admitted so far as the capacity of the largest room in the hotel would allow.

Thus it was discovered that the bride had discreetly brought a trunkful of her own proper apparel with her, and that she looked simply charming in a neat walking suit and bonnet. Parson Fish made man and wife of Hubert L. Brown and Josephine M. Allison, and then "Jo" kissed and was kissed by all the Kingsboro girls, and by many matrons who seemed to grow younger as they looked into her happy face. As for the men, they looked as sheepish as they deserved to, but they had a new subject for conversation, and it lasted the post-office coterie for a full fortnight.

News From the Back Districts.

Memphis Appeal-Avalanche.

Foraker is visiting Charlie Ross.

WHERE THEY ALL GO TO.

Where did James G. Blaine go to when in Europe?

Where did Senator William M. Evarts go to?

Where did Mr. P. D. Armour go to?

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Manitoba and Pacific Express, daily for Crookston, Grand Forks, Grafton, Winnipeg, Fargo, Bismarck, Livingston, Bozeman, Helena, Butte, Missoula, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, Olympia and Portland	4:15 p.m.	12:45 p.m.
Dakota Express, daily, for Fergus Falls, Wahpeton, Moorhead, Fargo and Jamestown	8:00 p.m.	7:05 a.m.
Brainerd Express, daily except Sundays, for Anoka, St. Cloud, Little Falls and Brainerd	9:00 a.m.	10:30 a.m.

Dakota Express does not run west of Fargo on Sunday.

Pullman Sleepers daily between St. Paul and Grand Forks, Grafton, Winnipeg, Fergus Falls, Wahpeton and Fargo. Pullman First-Class and Tourist Sleepers and Free Colonist Sleepers are run on through Pacific Mail Trains. C. E. STONE, City Ticket Agent, 162 East Third Street, St. Paul. G. F. McNEILL, City Ticket Agent, 19 Nicollet House Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES.

LEAVE (Northern Pacific R. R. Co. Lessee.) ARRIVE.

Minneapolis.	St. Paul.	For Chippewa Falls, Eau Claire, Neenah, Oshkosh, Fond du Lac, MILWAUKEE and CHICAGO.	St. Paul.	Minneapolis.
*3.45 P. M. 6.25 P. M.	1.30 P. M. 7.15 P. M.		7.50 A. M. 8.45 P. M.	8.25 A. M. 4.15 P. M.

All trains run Daily

MINNEAPOLIS & ST. LOUIS RY.

LEAVE ALBERT LEA ROUTE. ARRIVE

St. Paul	STATIONS.	St. Paul
*9.45 am	For Waterville, Mankato, Albert Lea, Des Moines, Cedar Rapids, Chicago, Kansas City and West.	*7.20 pm
†6.25 pm		†9.10 am
‡6.25 pm	St. Louis and the South.	‖9.10 am
*8.00 am	Watertown Express.	*5.10 pm
*3.45 pm	Waterville Express.	*10.20 am

†Daily. *Ex. Sun. ‖Ex. Mon. ‡Ex. Sat.

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Through Trains.	Leave St. Paul.	Arrive St. Paul.
Chicago "Daylight" Ex	*7:50 a m	*1:00 p m
Chicago Vestibule Lim'd	*7:30 p m	†7:25 a m
West Superior and Duluth	†9:35 a m *10:25 p m	†5:00 p m *6:50 a m
Ashland, Hurley Bayfield & Washburn	†9:35 a m *10:25 p m	*5:00 p m *6:50 a m
Chippewa F'lls & Blk Riv	†5:05 p m	†6:15 p m
St Joseph & Kansas City	*7:35 a m	†7:45 a m
Omaha & Kansas City	*7:35 p m	*7:35 a m
Sioux City, Shakopee, Denver & San Francisco	*7:35 p m *7:55 p m	†6:52 p m *7:35 a m
Pipestone & Sioux Falls	*7:35 p m	†6:40 p m
Shakopee & Mankato	†5:00 p m	†10:10 a m
Tracy, Wat'town & Pierre	d7:55 p m	‡3:35 a m

Chicago, Burlington & Northern Railroad

Leaves for Chicago, St. Louis and down-river points, 7:50 a. m.; arrives from same points, 6:10 p. m. daily, except Sunday. Leaves for Chicago and St. Louis, 7:30 p. m.; arrives from same points, 7:35 a. m. daily

GREAT NORTHERN R'Y LINE.

TICKETS 195 East Third St., St. Paul; 300 Nicollet Av., Minneapolis and Union depots in both cities

LEAVE	St. Paul Union Depot.	ARRIVE
b8:05 a.m.	Wayzata, Litchfield & Willmar	b5:30 p.m.
b8:30 a.m.	Fer. Falls, Fargo & G. Forks	b6:10 p.m.
b3:20 p.m.	Osseo, Clearwater & St. Cloud	b11:55 a.m.
b3:30 p.m.	Anoka, St. Cloud & Willmar	b10:55 a.m.
b3:30 p.m.	Excelsior and Hutchinson	b11:55 a.m.
a6:30 p.m.	Willmar, ‡Sioux City, Sioux Falls, b Watertown, bHuron, Wahpeton, bAberdeen, bEllendale, ‡Fargo, bCasselton, Grafton, Winnipeg and Pacific Coast,	a7:15 a.m.
a7:40 p.m.	‡Anoka, St. Cloud, Sauk Center, Fergus Falls, Fargo, Crookston, G. Forks, Great Falls, Helena, Butte and Pacific Coast,	a6:55 a.m.
	—Eastern Minnesota.—	
b1:05 p.m.	Duluth, W. Superior, Elk River, Milaca, Hinckley, Princeton, Anoka, *	b7:00 p.m.

a, daily; b, except Sundays. *Buffet parlor cars on trains to Duluth and West Superior. †Buffet sleepers. ‡Dining cars, palace sleepers and free colonist sleeping cars.

Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie Ry

CITY TICKET OFFICES } Mpls. Guaranty Bldg., St. Paul, 185 E 3d st.

SOO LINE

M'tl-Boston Ex lv St Paul (A) 6:35 pm; M'tl-Boston Ex lv Mpls (A) 7:35 p m; Wisconsin Div. lv Mpls (B) 8 a m; Minn. Div. lv Minneapolis (B) 8:45 a m; (B) 4:20 p. m; St. Croix Falls ac. lv St. Paul (C) 5:45 p m.

A, daily from Union station; B, except Sunday from Union station; C, except Sunday, from Broadway station, St. Paul.

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R S

Trains leave St. Paul Union Depot as follows: For Winona, La Crosse, Milwaukee, Chicago, B, 7:35 a. m.; A, 2:45 p. m.; A, 6:55 p. m; A, 8 p. m., Mason City, St. Louis, Kansas City, A, 9:15 a. m.; C, 7:15 p. m. Dubuque & Rock Island, B, 7:35 a. m.; C, 7:15 p. m. Aberdeen, Mitchell, A, 6:15 p. m. Calmar, Davenport, B, 9:15 a. m. Austin & Way, A, 9:15 a. m.; A, 4:25 p. m.; C, 7:15 p. m. Milbank & Way, B, 3:00 a. m.; Red Wing & Rochester, B, 4:40 p. m.

A means daily; B, ex. Sunday; C, ex. Saturday. For further information see Company's time tables. Ticket Offices, 181 East Third St. and Union Depots

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Chicago, St. Paul & K. City Ry. trains leave union depot 8:30 a. m. ex. Sunday, 7:30 p. m. daily; arr 7:50 a. m. daily, 9:40 p. m. ex Sun

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