Fresh From Noo Yawk

By Annette Angert



stagecoach between the rattroad and a little minin ' camp called Yellow Creek, which was at the lower end o' the Catalinas yon-

der, and on the edge o' the desert. I hardly ever had a full load of passengers, and on this particular trip I had but one. He climbed up on the seat with me. He was a slim little fellow, pink of cheek and blue of eye; his gray clothin' was fine and cut to fit, and he had one o' them there little go-to-hell college hats on his head. He was mighty quiet until we'd got well away from the railroad, and then he opens up sudden with this:

"'Have you any bad men in this section?

"'We've got one,' says I, which was the truth. 'His name's Bill King; but we've took to callin' him King Bill on account o' his ways. Big man, he is, with a King of England beard and bearin'; perfect shot; has never killed anybody, but has lots o' holdups to his discredit. And.' I adds, 'he's got a notch in the upper part o' each ear to prove that he's been shot at pretty

"'A notch in each ear!" eries the boy, settin' up as straight as a prairie dog. 'By Henry, the first crack!"

"'What's that?' says I. "'I said, answers the kid, 'words meanin' that I'd found him the first

thing.' And a glance at him shows me that his blue eyes is all fire, and that all o' the pink is gone out o' his "'Might I inquire where you're from,

stranger?' I says.
"'N'Yawk,' says be. And when I looks like I don't exactly get bim, he

goes on fractious: 'New-w-w Yaurkis that plain enough?"

"Yes. I answers. 'But as for the plainness of the rest, it ain't. I don't somebow connect. Know Bill King?"
"No; but I will." And with that he takes a little nickel-plated gun from the suftcase at his feet, and transfere it to a handy cost pocket. When I seen that pistol, I was too tickled to laugh-bonest. The boy goes on, with that the officers have never arrested Bill King?

"It's simple, says I.

'What's simple? "They can't catch him." The boy turns up his nose. 'Stuff!

Stuff!' says he. 'But I'm glad they baven't caught him. I want him myself. And jot this down in your little memoranda-I'll get bim."

'Look bere,' says I, 'you take a blamed fool's advice, and forget it-I I. 'by takin' a good aim and holdin' the mean forget your crazy determination to rope to Bill King. Why, you little says I, 'can put six bullets into one tadpole, you couldn't wake Bill King bullet hole at fifteen yards, without if you was to find him asleep!"

The boy turns on me hot. It seemcountry a few years ago to hunt for things but the firstborn of woman evand then killed him! I-I've talked to hide a dog in

T the time of this tale too much. I see. But I've got to have was operatin' a a friend here, and it might as well be you as anybody else. Promise me on your word that you'll keep things to yourself until it's all over, and I'll tell you the rest.

"My curiosity was well out o' banks by now. I promised on my word of

"'The reason I want to keep it a secret is,' he continues, 'because I want to kill Bill King myself. If the fact that I'm after King gets up a stir, the law is likely to make a new effort to get King. I've got more against him than the law has. See? Well. here's the rest. A cowman, a few months ago, found a skeleton on a desert, and close by it a small bottle with a letter in it. The letter was to The cowman very kindly put it in an envelope and mailed it. Here's the letter. Read it.'

"'If you can drive a minute,' says I: and he takes over the lines in his pink-and-white halds.

"The sheet o' paper was yellow and soiled. But I could make out in a clear, bold handwritin' in pencil this: 'Mr. Robert Selford.

"'1441 Frayther St., New York. Dear Brother:

'I am writing this in the hope that some merciful soul will find it and mail it to you. I am miles from anywhere, and within an hour I'll be gone A brute of an outlaw robbed me of all the gold I had found in eight months; and when I followed him out into the desert to try to recover it, he surned upon me, and we had a long fight. He got me at last. Through the lung. But he didn't get me before I'd notched each ear for him with bullets. I tell you this because I want you to know that I went down like a Selford and like a man. And now, little brother, heaven bless you, and good-by

"THORNTON SELFORD. The cowman buried the skeleton. says the boy, almost sobbin', as I handed him the faded letter and took the lines. He goes on: "The nowman's name was Lute Ardmore; he works on the Crossed L Ranch.

The Crossed L te about two hundred miles to the west of here. says I. "T'll find Ardmore, and thank bim. before I go back, says he. 'You was mistaken in your idee that Bill King had no blood on his hands."

"'It's clear,' I says. 'Get him, son, if you can. But let me offer some good advice-you throw away that little popgun of yours into some kindly sunch o' scrub, and get a real, mausized bun.

'No.' objects Robert Selford, 'You see, I've been practicing with this for a month, and I'm used to it. I can hit a dinnerplate at fifteen yards, every

'Poor boy! you can do that popgun in both hands. But Bill King. almin' at all.

"'Stuff! Stuff!' exclaims young Seled like his madness was about to ford, not a bit convinced. He takes choke him. 'Listen here,' says he. 'I his little pistol from his coat pocket, ford, not a bit convinced. He takes had a big brother who came to this and gives it a caress such as few gold. He was a good brother. He was er know. 'This boy,' says he, mighty the best brother any man ever had, proud, throws its bullet sideways, and This Bill King killed him—robbed him, they'll put a hole in a man big enough

"Well, in them days there was in Yellow Creek a saloon and hotel combined under the headin', 'The Dew Drop Inn.' It was run by a fat, baldpate I man named Elversett; and it had the faithful patronage of over a hundred miners and cowmen-at least, the saloon half did. Robert Selford got a room in the hotel half. After he'd had his supper, he walks into the saloon. which was crowded, as usual. He goes

a man with each ear notched. "Of course, he drawed attention, A big miner by the name o' Shanks Martin finally throws down his poker hand, rises, and takes the boy by one arm.

here and there among the little poker

tables, lookin' for a man he don't find

'You've give nurse the slip.' says he; and a big, whoopin' laugh goes up from the other fellows. 'Don't you think you'd better get back home?"

"Now, does little Selford begin to tremble and whine? He don't, believe me! He flicks that little popgun from his coat, and labs its nose against Martin's ribs, and says with his teeth

"You can't poke fun at me-d'ye understand, you big beef? Keep quiet! If you don't, I'll send you bowlin to great majority.

'Martin watched the hammer o' the popgun. He saw that it lacked a good deal o' bein' at the dangerous point. He knocked the weapon down with one hand, and grabbed it with the other.

'Son,' says he, 'you ain't got no sense; but you have got some nerve. So I'll forgive you, and give your popgun back butt first, like a gentleman. Three squalls, boys, for the Popgua

"Then and there, in a baptism of noise and powder smoke from a few dozen forty-fives, the kid got a name that stuck to him as long as he lived in hat corner of the globe.

'Robert Selford got behind a bunch cowmen who was throwin' dice on one o' he rear lables, and commenced to watch the door. Fate answered his prayers short off. In walks a big. bearded man with his broad-brimmed hat pushed up in front and a pair o' the biggest forty-fives on earth at his hips-and his right hand rested ready on the butt of his right-hand gun. He keeps his ere on the crowd, backs up to the bar, and with his left hand tosses a little silver coin across.

"A bag of lobacco, he growls. Then the Popgun Kld steps from behind the dice throwers; and I've never seen another such a look on a human's face as I seen on the face o Bill King when he seen Robert Sel-Robert Selford begins to shoot as fast as he can work the trigger-Bong! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bill King, man of steel nerves and a brother to the devil himself for darin' dope a thing that almost knocked us the door, jumped on his hoss, and burnt up the wind gettin' away from Yellow Creek! His pistol empty. oung Selford borrowed we fortyfives from convenient noisters without askin' for 'em, run to the loor, and stood there blazin' away until they, mounts.

too, were empty! wasn't good policy to inquire into inle Ensterner on the bar and gave him

King Bill of the Catalinas.

A few minutes later Robert Sciford, white as a ghost, climbed down from the bar and went off to bed.

That night after I'd hit the hay in my little shackhouse. I says to myacif: "Bill King has got a conscience yet. The only murder he's ever committed is still on his mind. He knowed. Thornton Selford was an Easterner. When he seen Robert Selford, dressed in Eastern clothes, he knowed an avenger had come. And he was so upset about it that he didn't take into consideration, the fact that the avenger was a tenderfoot, and just a boy at

"You'll see how near right I was in my reasonin' after I get a little farther along with the tale.

"The next mornin' while I was waterin' my stock, Robert comes to me and says like he means it: "'I must have one o' your hosses

Mr. Callaban.' "Hosses" says I. foolish-like. "'Yes,' says he-'and a couple

them things you carry water in. "'Canteens,' I explains. But most all you want a real gun.

"'No,' he objects. 'As I've already told you. I've practiced with this little fellow, and I'm used to it; I can hit dinner-plate at fifteen yards with it, very crack.

'The only extra hoss I've got,' I says, 'is a calico pony that's so mean he's always been knowed by the name O' Pizen. If you think you can bandle him, he's at your disposal. Also the two canteens, and a blamed good saddle. But when you start, kid, tell me good-by: because I like you a whole devil of a lot, and I don't believe I'll ever set eyes on you alive again.

'Stuff! Stuff! says he. 'Let's have the hoss, saddle, and canteens. right, says I. 'It's your Remember, kid, that Bill

funeral. King ain't likely to run from you any

"He mounted the hoss, with water straight toward the red-not Catalinas. with all of Yellow Creek standing in the main street and watchin' after him

'What made you let the little fool have them 'contrements, Webb?' somebody asked me

"You go and ask the kid! I snaps. " 'No, Bill King won't run from him any more, says Elversett, as he wipes the bar with an imaginary rag for imaginary spilled liquid. "I've always heard as how the Lord sets a special angel to stand guard over fools. And I'm certainly in hopes it will turn out to be so this time.

That day passed, and another trips to the railroad in a deeply troubled state o' mind. Just as I was un-hitchin' on the evenin' o' the second day, in rides Old Man Oliver, of the Oliver & Ogden Ranch, the Linked-O: he comes straight to me and dis-

"'Web,' says he, 'you know that "Everybody recovered quick. It there calico we sold to you some time any more, kid." back, the one the boys called Pizen? other man's affairs in them days. The He come home a few hours ago, with a miners and cowmen simply set the lit- saddle on him, a bridle, and water and old woman!

three big cheers for havin' the sand in him along with me, but he was a little his gizzard to shoot seventeen times at lame from a dog hole.

"We'd better hune him up, I guess. says Oliver. 'I'll start all the cowmen I can spare in the mornin'.'

"'And I'll utilize my four stage hosses in the same way, says I. whether the blasted old stagecoach runs tomorrow or not. I can casy find three good riders among the miners

"Well, the two parties spent the next four days in huntin over that barren, red-hot country lookin' for the We didn't find even a sign of I was fully convinced that he had added one more bleachin' skeleton to the desert. We rode back without talkin' any.

When me and my three men rode into Yellow Creek, we seen Elversett

hurryin' to meet us.
""The boy's back!" he yells, seemin' as glad as if Selford had been his own 'Bill King brought him in a few hours ago. Both of 'em was mighty near dead—the kid was, anyhow. The kid owes King his life, now, and I reckon it'll settle the account betwint

em, whatever it is." "I went up to the boy's room, aithough I was so dog tired that I could hardly walk. Robert was lyin' flat o' his back, starin' toward the roof, with his sunblistered fingers laced logether across his chest. He didn't seem to know that I was anywhere near him until I stood over him and was speak-

"'Do you know who brought you in. son?' says L 'Do you think I ain't got no eyea?"

he clips. "'Did I mention your blasted eyes?" snaps, for he'd riled me.

'Do you think I'll let that stand between me and getting square for poor old Thornton's sake," says he. And his blue eyes was shootin' fire at

"Ton't you think you'd reely ought to consider that Bill King saved your life? I says.

"'Do you think I ought, Mr. Callahan" He seemed now a mite sorry and grub tied to his saddle, and rode that he'd been so shortspoken with me a minute before.

'I sure do,' says I. 'He let you shoot at him seventeen times, without firin' back; and at one shot he could 'n' fixed you easy! He found you half dead, and brought you in at the risk of his own liberty. He could 'a' let you go on and die out there in that redhot hades, and had one enemy less. And death for lack o' water is some death, kid, believe me!

'It reely must be bad to die like that, says he, musin'; and I thought I had impressed him with my plea for future peace. He goes on, still mus-in': 'I'll see if I can't arrange it.' "Er, how's that?" I says. bendin'

"'Yes.' says he. 'I'll catch him ssleep, knock him senseless, tie him

up good and hard, and let him die with water before his very eyes. Because he killed my brother Thornton. "'Good-by, kid, says I. 'I'm goin'

now, and I don't hope to see you again. Bill King won't fool with you "He smiles as he shakes hands with

me, and mutters. 'You're a bloomin' When I went out to water and

feed my four stage horses the next mornin', I found that one of 'em was gone. Also my saddle. Also two canteens and a lot o' grub from the hotel was missin'. And when Elversett knocked at the Popgun Kid's door, he got no response

Selford the Easterner, as related to

me afterward: bein' guided by their peaks, which loomed up ga'nt and black in the dim starlight. now, and in its place had come the cunnin' shrewdness of a red man, standin out daylight found him hidin' his hoss in he'd said it. a big gully filled with greasewood and mesquite. Then he crawled out o' the gully, and began to steal up a ridge that afforded a fine view of the rollin' the question. Below country and one side of the Catalinas. When he had reached the top o' the Why? ridge, he hid himself in a nest o'

on a hoss. times. The clumps o' desert scrub and right, replies the the big bowlders, the ridges and the hollows, tangled him up bad, It wasn't until midnight that he came in sight of a little pile o' live coals, the remnants of a cookin' fire, which taid in front of a little hangout under an tell you, says the man overhangin' ledge o' rock. He smiled Bill of the Catalian with his teeth shut, and his right hand tightened its grip on the population. He

him out for a while.
"'Now, by Henry!' he jubilates, his eyes on an ear with a notch in it. 'Now,

"Bill King's saddle-cinches, course, was made out o' short ropes. With these short ropes the boy bound the bad man's wrists behind him, and he also bound his ankles together. He paid 'special attention to the knots. and the result was that no man on earth could 'a' got out of 'em unhelp-ed. He throwed a little fresh wood on the live coals, and soon had a little Then he takes up one o' the demijohns, and dashed a bit o' water

with a lot of hourse gaspin', and set found by a count, up with a good deal o' difficulty. He gone down at the little with a good deal o' difficulty. the boy, and remembered.

"'Well, you've got me at last he says, and laughs low "'I sure have,' replied Robert Sel- means of bullets

goin' to fix you, too. 'And I s'pose you'll burn me at the with a beard; at 2

"'No manner o' death is quite bad the kid. 'Bullen's you?" says Bill King. enough for a man who could bring can't be: Ob, # 18

himself so lowdown as to take the life of a fellow like my brother, Thornton Selford!' exclaims the little Easterner. And his blue eyes was hard and Catalinas found and

'Again Bill King age you laugh out o' them mouth, before I'm in 'Just how? how? "The boy tears to one of the demiste "You're min"

in sight o that

"Once more Bill Eq.

'Yes,' says Rose,

Thornton Selford's by

flickerin' light o' fe

fire showed his go

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How much more

"Robert Selferi an

"That's enough par

You ain't the

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continued:

Bill King's tre ?

got to pay for it!

how about it-will me

on when you go.

phatte-like

"This is what happened to Robert

"He rode straight for the Catalinas. His rashness was all sone kid? make the balan swers: 'About res' bowlders, and begun to watch all King to take two per points o' the compass for a lone man I'd like very morns

"He lost himself in the night a dozen knowed that he had found Bill King.

"He crept on his hands and knees as slow as a spail, but without makin' the least bit o' noise, to where the bad man laid asleep. Bill was on his side, with his head on his saddle and his hat over his face. A big gun laid handy alive, and I wenters on the ground close by, and another out. I went from his big gun was in the holster that was when I tried to shall turned up. The boy confiscated both o' these weapons, and with one of 'en struck Bill on the forehead and laid

on the outlaw's face.
"It worked. Bill King come around winked the blood out o' his eyes, seen

ford mighty haughty. 'And I'm sure had passed' but a

stake, in true Big Injun style, won't years between-

man we had called

"But it was.

back to New York sp

Hers And His

By Walt Gregg



Heb. you, showing himself to the surprised mother and daughter. "Can't you read the signs around here, they 'No Trespassing!' "But I am not trespassing, this is

my own property. "Yours, Huh! How long since? reckon I know the boundary lines of

berries."

The man had been scanning her face, which seemed familiar to him, angry with me, I didn't know it was and when she spoke his name, he, too, you when I yelled. Where's Joe" recognized her. "Mollie, I've been wondering if it might be you." He was then ashamed of his outburst, for be the noticed the shabby clothes of the pair dead. before bim. And when he knew it was Mollic, a sweetheart of former days, eyes: he was more than ashamed.

"You see. Mollie. Aunt Sugan died erty to me, but if the berries can be she could give any answer. of any service to you, why you are welcome.

With head tossed high, Mollie answered, "Very well, I can ill afford the expense, but I will have the title ex-'Is that so, Joe Newell. Well, Uncle amined, Until then I will pick the ber-Si left this place to me. I thought I ries, and if I find the place is rightful- riage, and little Mary was the only

HE two women had might make a few dollars picking the ly yours. I will refund the money to

"Oh. come now. Mollie, don't be The widow would have left him in ignorance, but the daughter gave him desired information.

A gleam of hope shot into the man's "Where are you staying?" "Come. Mary, our pails are full, we must get to the barn with them," and last winter and her will left this prop- little Mary was hastened along before

cause for regret for her hasty mar-

Ten years before Joe and Mollie had been sweethearts. Then Joe Lane, a young man from the city, appeared and carried Mollie away almost before she knew her own mind. Later she found

comfort that she received from her that she would accept them. ter was only five years old. Joe Lane answered the call beyond this world. and Mollie and Mary took up a struggling existence. They found the road one of many hardships, and when Mollie's uncle died they thought that Licking berries in the beautiful country might benefit the health of them both. So the berry season found her in the

Joe Newell had in all the ten years past never forgotten the sweetheart of his former days, and to her memory he clung. It was no wonder that he failed to recognize Mollie in the berry field, for although her beauty was not entirely gone, time had wrought many changes in her. He hoped that now that she was again free that he might offer his heart and hand to her, and

Mollie, too, had for years held the face of Joe Newell close to her heart. and almost hoped that when visiting the old home town she might find him unmarried. But when he had yelled at her in such a rough manner she resolved to go ber way alone. His name had slipped out unconsciously and she wished that she had restrained

herself. Morning found Joe Newell at the office of Lawyer Cromble with his papers. The old lawyer bemmed and hawed over the papers, then said he would "see about it

Later in the morning Mollie snatched a few moments from her berry picking and visited Crombie. He again towed to "see about it. Among Joe's papers. Cromble found

an old and faded sheet which read: "I.

their failure to marry.

Susan Adams, do give my rights in the had a right to fit Blueberry Patch to Silas Munroe." how it'll come of And among Mollie's papers he found a paper of the same date which read; I Silas Munroe, do give my rights in Susan future lives. the Blueberry Patch to Adams.

A further perusal of the county deeds showed that formerly Silas and Susan had owned the patch in ouestion in a joint deed, but on consideration of their marriage each bad unknowingly transferred their title to each other. Then they had not mar-ried and lived out their days in single blessedness. At their deaths they had bequeathed their rights in the ratch to their nearest beir, thinking that the old papers were of no value because of

"Well, they both owned it," the lawyer scratched his head, "and they both

had finished she look "No. Joe it's not Something in her en get all else, and bell cause I love you

"And because !

to be ours," was let

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Joe visited the is

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bustened to the

where Mollie was 28

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Home And Happiness

By Joe Busche



T was the most ador. Just that darling nook in the hill-side tage on the hillside, bowered in roses. The roof was soft green blending in with the surrounding scenery.

The tipy porch was shaded by low trees. The whole fair, little hill presented an appearance as charming as

The bride clasped her new husband s We're interested in that little house

able house-just a -and what a lovely view it must curiously bit of a white cot- have! And such roses! Oh. Dick. I "Won't wonder if it's occupied!" The new husband viewed the pretty corner of the porch where we can see place critically.

A gray-haired woman came to the door, wiping her floury hands on her frankly, "as you've probably guessed, clean apron. Her face was pleasant, and we're looking for a little home in

"What can I do for you?" The bride spoke eagerly, blushing a

The woman looked at her a triffe anything about it." "Won't you come in?" she asked. "Tie your horse and sit here on the

"We're a bridal couple." Dick said and her voice and accent refined as the country, from which I can com-she asked: mute. This little house appeals most strongly to both my wife and myself.

It's quite convenient to the railroad We could buy this horse and buggy which we hired in the village, and Batyour maiden name? ty could drive me to and from the sta-

"I certainly do," said their hostess. As it happens, I'm the igent for that house. It was put in my care.' "Then it is unoccupied!" oried Bet-

"Yes, it's unoccupied," the other admitted. But—" then, suddenly, "Did he say your name was Betty"." "Why, yes," said the bride in astonishment Would you mind-I know it seems strange thing to ask-It's a mere

fancy, but would you mind telling me said Betty. "It was

your father's?"
did not want to go, but he was blind
"John." said Betty proudly, for it
was a well-known name. "But they
are both dead." And her lips quivered. But the woman had gathered her into her arms and was weeping passion-

ately while Dick leaned forward in

Betty Lathrop," she sobbed. "Bet-Lathrop's daughter. Oh, it is too od-too good to be true."
Then drying her even she turned to

trange, how very—what was your ple.

"My dears, forgive me, but it is so
"My dears, forgive me, but it is so
"It was the same as mine—Betty." sudden. Listen, while I tell you all." "And your father's-quick, child, She took Betty's hand in hers. and made her yield. She left the lit-

"Little bride, you will be happy. I think, when I tell you this. Years ago, when I had not lived here long, a young man brought his bride to this little cottage. They lived here for a in the city brief year or two and were so happy——and died so happy——They so happy. They made the cottage what it is. The little bride trained the climbing rose and cared for the other flowers. She loved it so, and I loved her. Then the young man became suddenly rich and he took her to the

someone will