

"COWBOYLAND" WAS FOUND BY LATE COL. ROOSEVELT TO BE BRAVE MEN

(Continued from page 2.)

their ethical significance. It was this quality which made him at times a specially pleasant companion, and always an agreeable narrator. The point of his story, or what seemed to him the point, was rarely that which struck me. It was the incidental side-lights the story threw upon his own nature and the somewhat lurid surroundings amid which he had moved.

Scar of Battle

On one occasion when we were out together we killed a bear, and after skinning it, took a bath in a lake. I noticed he had a scar on the side of his foot and asked him how he got it, to which he responded, with indifference:

"Oh that? Why, a man shootin' at me to make me dance, that was all."

I expressed some curiosity in the matter, and he went on:

"Well, the way of it was this: It was when I was keeping a saloon in New Mexico, and there was a man there by the name of Fowler, and he was a reward on him of three thousand dollars."

"Put on him by the State?"

"No, put on by his wife," said my friend, "and there was this—"

"Hold on," I interrupted; "put on by his wife did you say?"

"Yes, by his wife. Him and her had been keepin' a bar back, you see, and they quarreled about it, so she just put a reward on him, and so—"

"Excuse me," I said, "but do you mean to say that this reward was put on publicly?" to which my friend replied with an air of gentlemanly boredom at being interrupted to gratify my thirst for irrelevant detail:

"Oh, no, not publicly. She just mentioned it to six or eight intimate personal friends."

"Go on," I responded somewhat overcome by this instance of the primitive simplicity with which New Mexican matrimonial disputes were managed, and he continued:

"Well, two men came ridin' in to see me to borrow my guns. My guns were Colt's self-cockers. It was a new thing then, and they was the only ones in town. These come to me, and Simpson, says they, 'we want to borrow your guns; we are goin' to kill Fowler.'"

"Hold on for a moment," said I, "I am willin' to lend you them guns, but I ain't goin' to know what you are goin' to do with them, no sir. But of course you can have the guns. Here my friend's face lightened pleasantly, and he continued:

"Well, you may easily believe I felt surprised next day when Fowler came ridin' in, and, says he, 'Simpson, here's your guns!' He had shot them two men!"

"Well, Fowler," says I, "if I had known them men was after you, I'd never have let them have them guns nohow," says I. That wasn't true, for I did know it, but there was no cause to tell him that."

I murmured by approval of such prudence, and Simpson continued, his eyes gradually brightening with the light of agreeable reminiscence.

"Well, they up and took Fowler before the justice of the peace. The justice of the peace was a Turk."

Obregon's Son Is "Trick Rider"



As an accomplished equestrian, Mayo Obregon, second son of the Mexican president, leaves nothing to be desired.

"Now, Simpson, what do you mean by that?" I interrupted.

"Well, he came from Turkey," said Simpson, and I again sank back, wondering briefly what particular variety of Mediterranean outcast had drifted down to Mexico to be made a justice of the peace. Simpson laughed and continued:

"That Fowler was a funny fellow. The Turk, he committed Fowler, and Fowler, he riz up and knocked him down and tromped all over him and made him let him go!"

"That was an appeal to a higher law," I observed. Simpson assented cheerily, and continued:

"Easy Protection

"Well, that Turk got nervous for fear Fowler was goin' to kill him, and so he comes to me and offers me twenty-five dollars a day to protect him from Fowler; and I went to Fowler, and Fowler, says I, 'that Turk ain't goin' to get shot for no twenty-five dollars a day, and if you are goin' to kill the Turk, just say so and go and do it; but if you ain't goin' to kill the Turk, there's no reason why I shouldn't earn that twenty-five dollars a day' and Fowler, says he, 'I ain't goin' to touch the Turk; you just go right ahead and protect him.'"

So Simpson "protected" the Turk from the imaginary danger of Fowler, for about a week, at twenty-five dollars a day. Then one evening, he happened to go out and met Fowler, and," said he, "the moment I saw him I know he felt mean, for he be-

gan to shoot at my feet," which certainly did seem to offer presumptive evidence of meanness. Simpson continued:

"I didn't have no gun, so I just had to stand there and take it until something distracted his attention, and I went off home to get my gun and kill him, but I wanted to do it perfectly lawful; so I went up to the mayor (he was playin' poker with one of the judges), and I says to him 'Mr. Mayor, says I, 'I am goin' to shoot Fowler.'"

And the mayor he riz out of his chair and he took me by the hand, and says he, 'Mr. Simpson, if you do I will stand by you'; and the judge, he says, 'I'll go on your bond.'"

Forfeited by this cordial approval of the executive and judicial branches of the government, Mr. Simpson started on his quest. Meanwhile, however, Fowler had cut up another prominent citizen, and they already had him in jail. The friends of law and order feeling some little distrust as to the permanency of their own zeal for righteousness, thought it was best to settle the matter before there was time for cooling, and accordingly, headed for Simpson, the mayor, the judge, the Turk, and other prominent citizens of the town, they broke into the jail and hanged Fowler. The point in the hanging which particularly tickled my friend's fancy as he lingered over the reminiscence, was one that was rather too glibly to appeal to our own sense of humor. In the Turk's mind there still ranked the memory of Fowler's very unprofessional conduct while figuring before him as a criminal.

Said Simpson, with a merry twinkle of the eye: "Do you know, that Turk, he was a right funny fellow after all. Just as the boys were going to string up Fowler, says he, 'Boys, stop; one moment, gentlemen.—Mr. Fowler, good-by,' and he blew a kiss to him."

Cowboy Nicknames

In the cow-country, and elsewhere on the wild borderland between savagery and civilization, men go quite as often by nicknames as by those to which they are lawfully entitled. Half the cowboys and hunters of my acquaintance are known by names entirely unconnected with those they inherited or received when they were christened. Occasionally some would-be desperado or make-believe mighty hunter tries to adopt what a title he deems suitable to his prowess; but such an effort is never attempted in really wild places, where it would be greeted with huge derision; for all of these names that are genuine are bestowed by outsiders, with small regard to the wishes of the person named. Ordinarily the name refers to some easily recognizable accident of origin, occupation, or aspect; as witness the innumerable Dutches, Frenches, Kentucks, Texas Jacks, Buenos Bills, Bear Joes, Buckskins, Red Hirs, and the like. Sometimes it is apparently meaningless; one of my cowpuncher friends is always called "Silver" or "Splitter"—why, I have no idea. At other times some particular incident may give rise to the title; a clean-looking cowboy formerly in my employ was always known as "Muddy Pill," because he had once been bucked off his horse into a mud hole.

The growsome genesis of one such name is given in the following letter which I have just received from an old hunting-friend in the Rockies, who took a kindly interest in a frontier cabin which the Boone and Crockett Club was putting up at the Chicago World Fair.

Feb. 14th, 1893; Der Sir: I see in the newspapers that your club the Daniel Boone and Davey Crockett you intend to erect a frontier cabin at the world fair at Chicago to represent the early pioneers of our country I would like to see you malk a success I have all my life been a frontiersman and feel interested in your undertaking and I hope you will get a good assortment of relics I want to make one suggestion to you that is in regard to getting a good man and a genuine Maunterner to take charge of your haus at Chicago I want to recommend a man for you to get it is Liver-eating Johnson that is the name he is generally called he is an olde maunterner and a large and fine looking and one of the Best Story Tellers in the country and Very Polight geniele to every one he meets I will tell you how he got that name. Liver-eating in a hard fight with the Black Feet Indians they fought all day Johnson and a few Whites fought a large body of Indians after the fight Johnson cam in contact with a wounded Indian and Johnson was out of ammunition and they fought it out with their Knives and Johnson got away with the Indian and in the fight cut the liver out of the Indian and said to the boys did they want any Liver to eat that is the way he got the name of Liver-eating Johnson.

"Yours truly, etc., etc."

Frontiersmen are often as original in their theories of life as in their names; and the originally may take the form of wild savagery, or mere uncouthness, or of an odd combination of genuine humor with simple acceptance of facts as they are. On one occasion I expressed some surprise at learning that a certain Mrs. P. had suddenly married, though her husband was alive and in jail in a neighboring town; and received for answer: "Well, you see, old man Pete he skipped the country, and left his widow behind him, and so Hob Evans he up and married her!"—which was evidently felt to be a proceeding requiring no explanation whatever.

What Is A "Broke Horse?"

In the cow country there is nothing more refreshing than the light-hearted belief entertained by the average man to the effect that any animal which by main force has been saddled and ridden, or harnessed and driven a couple of times, is a "broke horse." My present foreman is firmly wedded to

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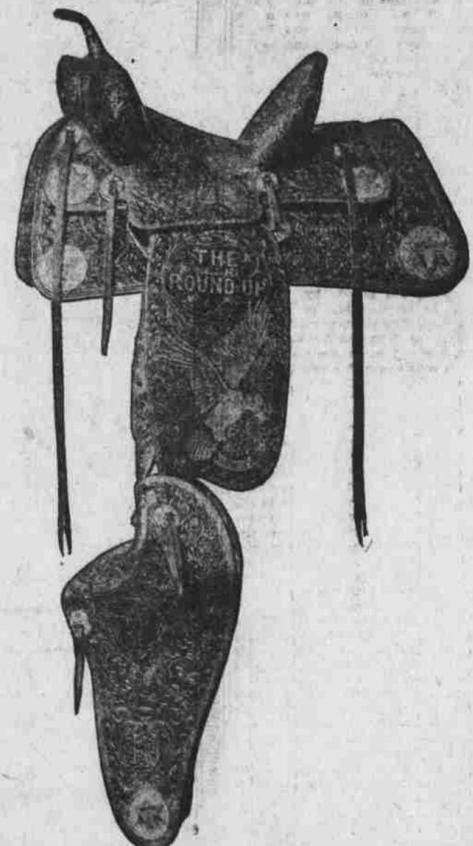
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