

# ODDS AND ENDS.

## THEY WERE BAD MEN

THE FORMER INHABITANTS OF ELLSWORTH AND HAYS CITY.

Back in the Sixties These Towns Were Not So Quiet as They Are Now—How Some of the Citizens Settled Down—Wild Bill and Jim Curry.

"Ellsworth" shouted a brakeman on the Union Pacific railway, Kansas division, as the train swept through a prairie valley and slowed up at a sleepy, cottonwood shaded, prairie encircled western Kansas town. To the left could be seen a large and peculiar building, located on the outskirts of the village.

"What is that building?" I asked of the gray bearded man who had shared my seat for the last 20 miles.

"That is the Grand Army grounds and building," he said. "It belongs to the old soldiers, and they hold a reunion there every summer."

"They have picked on a very quiet town in which to rendezvous."

"Yes, this is a quiet town now, but I can remember, 30 years ago, when Ellsworth was hell's half acre. Yes, worse than that, for all the madness going on in this town in the sixties couldn't have been crowded on to less than hell's half section. Times was mighty dull in Ellsworth them days when there wasn't work for the corner six days in the week, and he generally had to work overtime on Sundays. It was the toughest place on the plains until the railroad moved on west, and the killers, toughs, gamblers and their female companions followed on to Hays City. Then the carnival of crime and the contract for filling the graveyard was transferred to Hays. But today both towns are as quiet and orderly as a New England village. Some of the bad men of those days settled here in Ellsworth permanently and became quiet citizens—after they became residents of the graveyard on the hill yonder.

"Apache Bill, scout and tough, took up a permanent residence out yonder because a bartender got the drop on him one night and added about two ounces to Bill's weight in the shape of lead placed where it would do the most good. Comstock Charley, a half breed Cheyenne scout, tough and general all round bad man, also became a quiet citizen of the place where they planted 'em in those days on account of a puncture put into him by Henry Whitney, sheriff.

"Bill Hickok (Wild Bill) gained his fame at Hays City, west of here, as also did Jim Curry, who later on shot and killed Ben Porter, an actor, at Marshall, Tex. I knew Jim Curry when he was an engineer on this road. He became enamored of a woman, married her, and they settled down in Hays City, keeping a little restaurant there. There was a regiment of negro soldiers quartered at Fort Hays. The negroes took offense at Jim because he refused to serve them with meals at his house. They came around to clean out the place. Jim went to shooting, and when he quit Uncle Sam's army was decimated to some extent.

"Wild Bill was a nery man and did some killing in his day, and he might have lived longer if he had not grown careless. You see, Bill, like all men of his class, was always expecting trouble and was always on guard. Bill for years had never allowed himself to get into a position where he had been eye and ready revolver were not master of the situation, but he did allow the drop to be got on him twice to my knowledge. The first time I was present, and the next time—well, Bill was gone himself when the second time came to a climax.

"I will tell you the story of the time I was present. Now, I never knew Bill to pull his gun to kill unless it was in self defense or there was no other way to secure the peace and quiet Bill always hankered for and would have peaceably if he could, forcibly if he must. Jim Curry was a coward, but he was determined to acquire a reputation as a bad man, and, as Bill Hickok held the championship of the world at that time as a killer, Curry thought he might safely run a bluff on Wild Bill.

"So he sent Bill word he would kill him on sight, not that he had anything against Bill, but Curry had gone into the killing business, and he proposed to hold the center of the stage and show that he was displaying energy and aptitude in his business. Bill paid no attention to Curry's talk, not considering him in his class.

"One day I met Curry on the street in Hays. We went into a saloon kept by a little, nervous, excitable German. Wild Bill's tall form and long, black hair loomed up at a table in the back part of the room. His back was toward Curry and myself. Curry walked over to the table, standing directly behind Bill. Before any one suspected what he would do he had his gun against Bill's head and said, 'Now, you long haired —, I've got you, and you're going to die.' Bill never batted an eye nor moved a muscle, but said, 'You would not shoot a man down without giving him a show to defend his life, would you?' 'Wouldn't I? What show did you ever give any one, you —?'

"The Dutchman was dancing around like mad, imploring Jim to put up his gun and for him and Bill to shake hands. If they would, he would stand treat for the house, which proposition was finally accepted. Wild Bill and Jim Curry shook hands, after which Bill said: 'Now, Jim, I got nothing ag'in you, and I don't want to kill you, but if you are bound to get a reputation there's a town full of tenderfeet here and lots of sassy nigger soldiers. Go practice on them. You'll have to get more of 'em to give you a reputation, and it will take more time to get that than if you held a discussion with me, but I think you will live longer to enjoy it and be happier than if you kept up projects with me. So now let's jest' drep this, or I may get the idea into my head that you're in earnest, and that might be bad for you.'—Indianapolis Journal.

## THE LADY AT THE WINDOW.

A big hotel stands o'er the way,  
And every morning there  
At a window just across from mine  
I see a lady fair.  
In fluffy garments, white and soft,  
Half hidden in the lace,  
That frames the curtain, I may see  
Her rosy, girlish face.

O lady fair, O lady fair,  
I often wonder why  
It is that you stand, gazing there,  
So radiant, so shy!  
You seem to look across the way.  
Oh, can it, can it, be  
That you arise to feast your eyes  
Each morning upon me?

O lady at the window there  
In robes of fluffy white,  
Methinks I see you smile upon  
Me, even as I write.  
If this be true, tomorrow morn,  
I prythee, come again  
And wave your handkerchief, and I  
Will answer with my pen.

Alas, alas, and woe is met  
Again I see her face!  
Again I see her spotless robe,  
Half hidden in the lace!  
She waves her handkerchief at me!  
Oh, for some friendly shade!  
I've just found out, alack, that she  
Is a freckled chambermaid!

How She Lost Her Fare.  
"Fare, please," said the conductor to the young woman who sat in the car a picture of woe.

"I can't pay you this trip," answered the young woman faintly.

"Why can't you, ma'am?" in a suspicious tone.

"I—I have lost my car fare."

"Did you have it when you boarded this car?" "Yes, but I haven't it now. You can take my address or give me yours, and I'll send it to you."

"I can't do that," said the man. "It's against the rules. If you lost your fare in this car, there is no reason why you should not find it again. I'll help you look for it."

"No, no," said the woman in a state of wild alarm. "I tell you that it is lost, and you will have to trust me to send it to you."

"Very strange," said the conductor suspiciously. "If you lost it on this car, I can't see any reason why you can't find it again. How did you lose it?"

"I—I swallowed it!" shrieked the young woman, driven to desperation, and the conductor went out on the rear end of the car and cuffed a small boy's ears.—Chicago Times-Herald.

What Was He There For?  
"Mr. Speaker," the new member quavered, "I should like to rise to a question of privilege."

"The gentleman from Kansas has the floor."

"I want to know if I got a right to mention that I got a lot of pure Jersey heifers to sell in the record for circulation in my district?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Clash of Social Atoms.  
"So you and your husband have separated?"

"Yes, it was a continual fight."

"Dear, dear!"

"And we couldn't agree as to the kinship rights."

With the advance of civilization, human relations grow more complex, and the social atoms clash more fiercely one against another.—Detroit Journal.

The Imputation Refuted.  
The Poodle—F-u-r-r-i-e-r—furrier, eh? Oh, I don't know! You ain't no furrier than me!—New York Journal.

Not Guilty.  
Professor Scroggins—Yes, it is a fact demonstrated by science that the earth's supply of water is diminishing.

Colonel Pepper of Kentucky—Well, suh, I can look the world in the face and honestly say that I am not to blame in the least.—Cleveland Leader.

Horrible!  
A woman, being informed that her husband was drowned while fishing off the coast, exclaimed:

"Horrible! Horrible! And he had on a gold watch, three diamond rings and diamond shirt studs."—Atlanta Constitution.

The Reason.  
"Maud has had the front handle bars raised on the tandem."

"What for?"

"She was afraid she couldn't lean back far enough for Jack to kiss her."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Force of Habit.  
An old librarian, unable to find his umbrella one evening when it was time to close, returned and looked anxiously for it in the card catalogue under the letter U.—Figaro.

Can't Keep Still.  
Mrs. Gabel—Do you know that you talk in your sleep, James?

Mr. Gabel—Do I? Then I bet you join in.—Fun.

## A HETEROPHEMIST.

HOW HE INJURED THE FINANCIAL INTERESTS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Mr. Blank Was Sent to England to Solicit Aid and Failed—The Message He Sent to Mr. Memminger Was the Opposite of What He Supposed.

The Southern Confederacy was only a few months old when a financial agent was sent to England on a very important mission. Mr. Blank was a politician and a banker. He was also an elegant gentleman, with many influential acquaintances on both sides of the water.

Before leaving Richmond he had a long talk with Memminger, the secretary of the treasury.

"If I find that England will aid us," he said, "I will send you word by some reliable blockade runner. It will be a very brief message, but you will understand it, while it will mean nothing to the enemy if it should be intercepted."

The confidential agent slipped through the lines, and in less than a month was comfortably established in London. In the metropolis he found many southerners and many prominent Englishmen who sympathized with the secessionists.

He saw Mr. Yancey, the Confederate minister, every day, and the two worked together in harmony. Mr. Yancey was a practical man and was not long in coming to the conclusion that no aid was to be expected from the British government.

"The abolition sentiment controls here," he said to Mr. Blank. "Some of the statesmen would like to help the south in order to break up the Union, but the people will never consent. The south will have to fight alone."

Blank felt pretty blue when he heard this, and that night he wrote the single word "successful" on a thin slip of paper and skillfully secreted it in an ordinary coat button.

The next day he was visited by a southern Englishman who remained with him for an hour or more. During his stay he removed the top button from his coat and sewed on one given by Mr. Blank.

"I understand it all," he said when he left. "If I get safely to Wilmington, I will go at once to Richmond and give this button to Mr. Memminger. I prefer not to know the nature of the message, as you say that it explains itself."

"Yes," replied Blank, "it will be understood by the secretary, and as it refers to a state secret I cannot say anything about it."

The two shook hands, and the gentleman with the precious button took the next train for Liverpool, where he boarded a steamer bound for Wilmington.

The steamer was chased by Federal cruisers, but she managed to reach her destination without any serious mishap. In the course of two or three days the mysterious traveler called on Mr. Memminger in Richmond and presented him with a button. The secretary cut off its covering in a hurry and smiled when he read the word "successful."

"Did Mr. Blank show this message to you?" he asked.

"No. We both thought it best that I should remain in ignorance so that no telltale expression of my face would betray anything if the enemy captured me."

At a meeting of the cabinet that afternoon Mr. Memminger was in high spirits. He predicted that the war would be over in 90 days and said that England was preparing to recognize the Confederacy and send over her warships to break the blockade.

"I have this," he said, "from my confidential agent, Mr. Blank."

The name commanded respect, and when the secretary said that under the circumstances a loan of \$15,000,000 negotiated in Europe would be sufficient everybody agreed with him. The weeks rolled on, and Erlanger in Paris advertised for bids for \$15,000,000 in Confederate bonds. Mr. Blank read this at his London hotel and dropped his paper in his agitation.

"Well, I'll be d—d!" he remarked. "Must be a mistake. I'll run over and see about it."

The next day he was at Erlanger's office in Paris. The French banker informed his visitor that there was no mistake, and then Blank swore vigorously and rushed in from all quarters.

If the demands of these speculators had been met, \$500,000,000 in Confederate bonds could have been sold. When this fact became known, Mr. Blank again relapsed into profanity.

He could not stand it, and, despite the danger of the trip, he made his arrangements to return home. His interview with Memminger was a stormy one when he arrived at Richmond.

"I intended to write 'unsuccessful,'" he said after a long talk.

"Well, there is your message," replied the secretary. "You wrote 'successful.'"

"I don't understand it," said Mr. Blank sadly. "Surely your advices from Mr. Yancey should have warned you that there was something wrong."

"His dispatches were intercepted," answered the other.

"I don't understand it," repeated Mr. Blank.

"Perhaps I do," quietly remarked the secretary. "I have carefully noted your talk this morning, and I have discovered that you are a heterophemist. For instance, you say London when you mean Richmond and Richmond when you mean London. You similarly misuse the names of other places and persons and are unconscious of it. When you sent me that message, the word 'unsuccessful' was in your mind, but, being a heterophemist, you wrote an opposite word and ruined the Confederacy."

"I may have made a mistake, sir," said Mr. Blank, rising from his chair, "but I am neither a lunatic nor an idiot. I have the honor to bid you good morning."

Heterophemy is a fatal thing in diplomacy.—Chicago Times-Herald.

# Three Woman Saved. A CASE OF INTEREST TO EVERY WOMAN.

## Mrs. Henry Younghans Tells a Story of Suffering and How She Was Cured.

From the Evening News, Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. Henry Younghans, of Detroit, Mich., who resides at 1003 Grand River Avenue, said: "Ever since our last little one came I was an invalid. For years I have had the most painful experience and would have to be doctored most of the time. After the last baby was born I was unable to attend to my household. I could hardly stand up and had dizzy spells. I wanted to sleep all the time and was treated by several of the best physicians. I would have the most fearful cramp, for which hot applications were used. I used these hot applications until I blistered myself severely.

"Before our child was born I had been a strong, healthy woman and was scarcely ever sick. After he was born I grew weak and thin, and received scarcely any help from the medicine left by the doctors. They said I was not properly cared for and that the baby was too strong for me. My back seemed to be breaking and I was scarcely ever without a severe headache. Could not tell you how many different prescriptions I have taken, but every doctor had a different plan of treating my case. I wore supports and laid for weeks with my limbs elevated, but without avail. One day my husband suggested that I try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, as he had read several articles in the paper about women who had been helped by them. I was disappointed and thought I must always be an invalid, but said I would try them after I had taken the bottle of medicine I was then using.

"A few days after he brought me in a box and asked me to give them a trial. I started taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People that day and put the other medicine away, thinking it would please him if I tried the pills. Before I had taken one box I felt better. My husband noticed the improvement and bought two more boxes. I kept on using them until I had taken four boxes, and I was entirely cured.

"I kept them in the house now and use them occasionally, as they are a great help to all women. You would not have known me two years ago. What I am today is owing to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

(Signed) MRS. H. YOUNGHANS.  
Mrs. H. Younghans, being duly sworn, states that she has read the above and that it is true in every particular.  
ROBERT E. HULL, JR., Notary Public, Wayne County, Michigan.  
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

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"Made in Germany."  
Apparently one of the chief results of the dictio "made in Germany" not is to render importers of foreign goods specially anxious to pass themselves off as British manufacturers, says London Truth. Here is a good example: The label round a matchbox extensively sold in London and the provinces bears a sort of trademark in the shape of a sailor's head, with the legend "England's heroes" and the following inscription in red and black letters:

"Manufactured by Martin Harris & Co., Ltd., Stratford, London, E."

"Support English Workpeople only by using English made matches."

This covers three sides of the box. The fourth is covered by a piece of sandpaper to strike the matches on. Remove this paper and you find underneath the further and still more interesting notification, "Printed in Germany."

How He Answered Them.  
A well known artist received not long ago a circular letter from a business house engaged in the sale of California dried fruit, inviting him to compete for a prize to be given for the best design to be used in advertising their wares. Only one prize was to be given, and all unsuccessful drawings were to become the property of the fruit men. After reading the circular the artist sat down and wrote the following letter:

The ——— Dried Fruit Company:  
GENTLEMEN—I am offering a prize of 50 cents for the best specimen of dried fruit and should be glad to have you take part in the competition. Twelve dozen boxes of each kind of fruit should be sent for examination, and all fruit that is not judged worthy of the prize will remain the property of the undersigned. It is also required that the express charges on the fruit so forwarded be paid by the sender. Very truly yours,  
—Bookman.

A Pilgrim.  
An inspector of schools was one day examining a class of village school children, and he asked them what was meant by a pilgrim. A boy answered, "A man what travels from one place to another." The inspector, with elaborate patience, hoping to elucidate intelligence, said: "Well, but I am a man who travels from one place to another. Am I a pilgrim?" Whereupon the boy promptly exclaimed, "Oh, but please, sir, I meant a good man!" I may mention that no one enjoyed that cheerful jest more than the inspector himself. It made him merry for days.—New York Advertiser.

Giving Him a Chance.  
Hopeful—You believe in fair play, don't you, ma?  
Ma—Indeed I do, my son.

Hopeful—Then you ought to take me along with you today when you go to my pa's new suit. If I've got to have my clothes made out of his, it's only fair that I should have a say in picking out the goods.—Baltimore News.

Prepared For the Worst.  
Fahb o' Mahob is comin an I'zo gwinter git it line.  
Er I'zo hab er 'plintment, 'twon be any fault o' mine.  
I'zo filed my application an I'zo ready for ter do.

Mos' anything dat Uncle Sam sees fit ter ax me to.  
I'zo relied up my influence an got a kyahpet-bag.  
Choos' fall o' recommendations dat sho'ty gibe me leave ter braz.

But, in case o' disappointm, I won' griev' myse' I a bit.  
Case, 'de life ain' all dependis on de office dat yoh git.

Yoh kin allow watch de sunshine as it rolls away de gloom.  
An dey kain' change no admission for ter see de vi'lets bloom.

It don't make any diff'ence of yoh clothes is out o' style.  
Dar is nuffin mo' becomin dan er inexpensive smile.

An de concert in de feres' I'zo been told is jes' as sw'et.  
As de slavin whah de white folks pays fo' dollars fur a seat.  
So I'zo gwinter keep good natured of de mahk I falls ter bit.

Dis life ain' all dependis on de office dat yoh git.  
—Washington Star.

An ordinary brick weighs about four pounds.

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