## THEY WERE BAD MEN

**南南南西南南市公司**在北京市南南

THE FORMER INHABITANTS OF ELLS-WORTH AND HAYS CITY.

Back In the Sixtles These Towns Were So Quiet as They Are Now-How me of the Citizens Settled Down-Wild Bill dud Jim Carry.

"Elpsworth!" shouted a brakeman on the Union Pacific railway, Kansas division, as the train swept through a brairie valley and slowed up at a sleepy, rottonwood 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 of concealing stones in it, by the time modern meteorologist, learning wisdom the eld 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, 80 years ugo, when Ellsworth was bell's balf acre. Yes, worse than that, for all the cussedness 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 Elleworth them days when there wasn't ork for the coroner 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 crderly as a New England village. Some of the bad men of those days settled here in Ellsworth perma-nently and became quiet citizens—after same direction.—St. Louis Globe-Demthey became residents of the graveyard ocrat.

on the hill yonder.
"Apache Bill, scout and tough, took up a permanent residence out youder cause 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 Chey enne 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 Carry, 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 Have City, keeping a little restaurant there. There was a regiment of pegro soldiers quartered at Fort Hays. The negroes took offcuse 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 be quit Uncle Sam's army was decimated to some extent.

"Wild Bill was a nervy man and did some killing in his day, and he might thave lived longer if he had not grown careless. You see, Bill, like all men of this class, was always expecting trouble and was always on goard. Bill for years had never allowed himself to get into a position where his keep 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 was gone bimself 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 al-ways hankered for and would have peaceably if he could, forcibly if he must. Jim Curry was a coward, but be was determined to acquire a reputation as a had 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 apt-itude in his business. Bill paid no attention to Curry's talk, not considering him in his class.

Oue day I met Carry on the street in Hays. We went into a saloon kept a little, nervous, excitable German. Wild Bill's tall form and long, black thair 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 baired I've got you, and you're going to die.' Bill never batted an eye nor moved a muscle, but said, 'You would not sheet a man down without givin him a show to defend his life, would you?' 'Wonldn't 1? 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 nothin ag'in you, and I don't want to kill you, out if you are bound to get a reputation there's a town full of tenderfeet bere and lots of sassy nigger soldiers. Go practice on them. You'll have to git more of 'em to give you a reputation, and it will take more time to git than than if you held a discussion with me, at I think you will live longer to enand be happier than if you kept

In spite of the constant talk of a suband other markets complain of the increasing adulteration of the raw ma-N. Thompson, the Chinese bave a pracat the head of the upper Namkong basin are rich in rubber, and the trees attain a height of 200 feet, with enormous girth. The great tribe of rubber collectdistances for their rubber harvest in the produce as it passes down the fiver. The Chinese, who control the trade, pay the Kachins for it in provisions and cloth, and as they are adepts in the art it reaches Rangon its weight and bulk of the past, is extremely cautious about are largely augmented by foreign sub-

The Assam supply is fed mainly by the Nagas, who, having got in their crops in December, set off for the rubber forests within the drainage area of the Taren river, where they know every tree, the knowledge being in many cases passed on from father to son. The rubber in this district is said to be verity by every one until the unfeeling growing so scarce that it often takes a hand of statistics banished it from the man 40 days to collect a cooly load. In earth. spite of this, the Singpho villages levy Yet a tax on each collector. When first collected, the rubber is very pure, but the terating it with earth and stones, and favor in the Calcutta market. It is a Smith Williams, M. D., in Harper's sore point with the Chinese merchants Magazine that the Nagas so exhaust the capacity of the rubber to receive adulteration that there is no opening left for the ex-

### The Englishmen's Wit.

There was an Englishman bailing from Hull on this side the water recently looking at America, and, of course, he came to Washington. He was a positive instead of a negative. If a rable phrase, "I trade both with the liva large man, weighing not less than plate coated with silver saits is exposed ing and the dead for the enrichment of Englishman not yet Americanized, quite chatty and affable, after the ice was broken, albeit just a wee bit slow of wit.

ing to a Yankee newspaper man in a negative. They are oversposed, and ary criticism and self criticism makes small party of journalists who were the image produced is a positive. blowing him off to a few rations, wet and dry, at a foundry where such things a negative may be turned into a posi- seem that for the time the minds of are manufactured.

portions and smiled. "You could scarceof one, don't you know. Those in hearing laughed, and the

a puzzled, yearning exp broad and bonest face. 'Really," he pleaded, "I beg your

pardon." And then before international complications could arise somebody called on the Englishman for a speech or something and the Yankee joker got away. - Washington Star.

# Vex Not Yourself.

I have no heart to finish these verses or to think of you any more. They say that I loved you, and I did love youfor five minutes it was, perhaps, but I did love you—and now love has faded out of it all, like the sunset from the snows we used to watch together, and I have no heart to think of you any more. So take these verses, like a basket of ferns deft out over night through an early frost, with bright green leaves and bright white rime, but dead, quite dead. For I do not wish to think ill of you. I do not wish to think of you at all.

"Sis felix et sint candida fata tibi." Vex not yourself with overmuch remembering. Life is too short to waste on withered flowers. Time loved us once, but now he walks dis-

All the fair fashion of the happy hours.

Why should you care if lips that loved you miss Yours was the grace and theirs the lasting Love's hour is done. They never more can kin

can they chide you, then, that you for

-From "The Cross Beneath Ring," by F. M. Banecke.

A story is going the rounds of the English newspapers about a gentleman who, finding a smoking concert wearisome, left early and finished the evening at a musical cemedy theater. He sat near the stall door, and as it was chilly he kept on his overcoat. A lady in a private box by accident dropped an earring of no great value, but the trinket struck against the edge of the box front and dropped into the open top pocket of the gentleman's overcoat. The guileless man went home, when his wife, always carefully inclined, turned out his cont pockets. The sequel to this pretty story is not told, though its moral is obvious. It is unwise, as it is mean and ungallant, to go to the opera without your wife.

# An Awful Idiot.

"Of all the fools I ever heard of, Jimberson is the chief.'

'What of Jimberson, pray? "Because his wife insisted that he should not stay around home while she was cleaning house he thinks her love his nephew. "The new woman? Looks for him has wased."-Indianapolis Journal.

The laryux of man is twice the size, on an average, of the same organ in "I didn't see anything fampy in the woman, although this disproportion is story that fellow just told. What made equalized by the fact that woman uses you laugh so over it?" her larynx a little more than twice as much as mar.

The Turkish language is said by don Fun. olars to be the softest and most munguage of modern times, being the purposes of a and recitative than ev

It was suspected a full century ago stitute having been found for it, rubber by Herschel that the variations in the seems likely to be for some time to number of sun spots had a direct effect come the stand by of the electrician for upon terrestrial weather, and he atinsulating purposes. The manufacturers | tempted to demonstrate it by using the who prepare the rubber for the electrical price of wheat as a criteriou of climatic conditions, meantime making careful observation of the sun spots. Nothing terial, especially of that coming from very definite came of his efforts in this Assam and Burma. According to H. direction, the subject being far too complex to be determined without long tical monopoly of the trade. The forests periods of observation. Latterly, how ever, meteorologists, particularly in the tropies, are disposed to think they find evidence of some such connection between sun spots and the weather as ors is the Sana Kachins, who go vast Herschel suspected. Indeed, Mr. Me drum declares that there is a positive dry season. The chiefs levy toll on the coincidence between periods of numerous sun spots and seasons of excessive rain in India.

That some such connection does exist seems intrinsically probable, but the ascribing casual effects to astronomical phenomena. He finds it hard to forget that until recently all manner of cli matic conditions were associated with phases of the moon; that not so very long ago showers of falling stars were considered "prognostic" kinds of weather, and that the "equi noetial storm' had been accepted as

Yet, on the other hand, it is easily within the possibilities that the science of the future may reveal associations Nagas have acquired the trick of adul- between the weather and sun spots, auroras and terrestrial magnetism that as the Assam rubber is not regarded with yet are hardly dreamed of .- Henry

Turning a Negative Into a Positive. A short time ago a developed plate was sent to the editor by one of the members of the Camera club on which the image was partly reversed-that is. instead of being a negative it was al most a positive. The canse of this is what is termed solarization-in other words, the plate was very much overexposed, and on development came out 250 pounds and rising to a height of at in the camera or under a negative beleast 6 feet 8 inches. He was, for an youd a certain time, a change takes place in the silver salts, which results in a positive instead of a negative. This

the image produced is a positive. tive during the process of development. Of course you are," responded the One of the simplest is as follows: Ex-23 ounces of bromide of potageium redevelop the plate with fresh developer, continuing the operation till the negative image has turned to a positive.

Rinse the plate, fix and wash in the same way as for an ordinary negative. Pyro or ferrous oxalate gives the best esults, but any developer may be used. A plate thus treated may be used as

## transparency.-Harper's Round Ta-A Unique Kentucky Bugle

It is a bugle made of two slabs of cedar about three-sixteenths of an inch in thickness and bent into a funnel shaped horn. The bell or mouth is 1814 inches in circumference. It is hooped with cowhorn rings and iron bands. The bugle is the property of Mrs. Annie Mayhall, granddaughter of the late Captain Robert Collins, who was a soldier in the war of 1812-15. It was in the campaign of Colonel Richard M. Johnson and was at the death of Tecumseh. Captain Collins was a bugler for the regiment, and this is the identical instrument he used during the war and which ordered the famous charge of Colonel Johnson. Captain Collins was a mechanical genius and with his own house over on to my property!" hands made the instrument. Every morning at sunrise be waked the neighborhood for miles around with his reveille call from his bugle until his death in 1864 .- Frankfort Call.

### First Sweetthing-So you are going to marry Lord Oldboy, my dear? Second Sweetthing-Yes; it's

"I suppose you made up your mind when you heard his title was all right?" o; not then.

landed estates?" 'No-a."

Ah, I know. It was when you heard had \$100,000 a year income. 'No; it was not then.'

'Then, pray, when did you decide to marry the old curmudgeon?" When I heard he had the consumption. "-New York Journal

# Mow She Appeared.

Something whizzed by-a minglement of steel spokes and red bloomers.
"What is that there?" asked Uncle Hiram, withdrawing his gaze from the high building to look after the vision. "That is the new woman," answered like the old boy."-Kalamazoo Telegraph.

you laugh so over it?" 'Do you know who he is?"

'No. Who is be?" He's the head of our firm.

Times-Democrat.

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The Growth of Language. No committee can tell whether a word is a good word or a bad word, or whether it is wanted or not. Old fashioned people will always tell you that a new word is not wanted and that there are plenty of exact equivalents for it already in the language. This seems conclusive, yet experience often proves that they were wrong and that there was a shade of meaning which they did not perceive, but which was nevertheless pressing eagerly for expression. Thousands of words which we now consider absolutely essential to the language were, when they were first introduced, described as quite unnecessary and the mere surplusage of pedantry or affectation. Let any one turn to that most humorous of Elizabethan plays, "The Poctaster," and read the scene in which the poet (Marston is the subject of the satire) is given an emotic and made to bring up all the newfangled words which he has used in his works. The character who is watching the results keeps on calling out that such and such monstrosity "has newly come up."

This was thought a brilliant piece of satire at the time, and yet now half the condemned words are admitted by all readers and writers. In truth, there can tween five and a half and six feet .be no censorship in literature. The only Fun. possible plan is to give every word its hance and allow the fittest to survive. It was in this sense that Dryden declared that he proposed new words, and if the public approved "the bill passed" and the word became law. Instead of a writer being on the lookout to throttle and destroy any and every new word or phrase that may be suggested, it ought to be his business to encourage all true and fitting developments of his native tongue. Dryden, in the admirable passage from which we have quoted already, uses the memoour tongue."-London Spectator.

### Literary Evolution of America

We are passing through the same is the reason why objects which reflect stage of literary evolution as the French. "I'm a Hull shipbuilder," he was say- light strongly show clear glass in the only that with them the habit of liter-There are several processes by which easily studied. Here, as there, it might men had overleaped themselves, as though in this strange fin du siecle we Yankee as he measured his huge pro- pose the plate as for an ordinary nega- were pausing in our letters and art, untive and develop until the image may certain of the onward way, and seeky make us believe you were only part be seen distinctly on the back of the ing in more acute apprehension deeper plate. Rinse off the developer, and place penetration and keener analysis of what the plate in a solution made up of a has been and is an answer to our per-Englishman looked at the Yankee with quarter ounce of iodide of potassium, plexity of what shall be. Here, as there, 25 ounces of water. Let it remain in self too often in a studied eccentricity this solution from three to five minutes, and wastes its energy in a search for wash well in running water, and then the novel and bizarre-a search that is most futile when most successful.

But as one reviews the field of American letters one may take heart of brace to say that our development in no way lags behind that of England, that it has in it the promise of an evolution as brilliant, as varied and perhaps more critically sound. Above all, it is independent, and so is contributing an important, perhaps an essential, part to the growth of a distinctly national literature. - Professor B. W. Wells in Forum.

# He Knew Chickens.

Mr. Suburb-What on earth are you trying to do, neighbor? Mr. Nexdoor-Merely taking down a little of this fence, so that I can move my chicken house over into your yard. "Eh? My yard?"

"Yes, I like to be neighborly and considerate to other people's feelings, you know. "But-er"-

"Yes, you shan't have any more cause to complain about my chickens scratching up your yard.'

But you are moving your whole 'That's the idea. As soon as the chickens find their house in your yard, they'll cohelude that you own them, and will spend the rest of their natural lives scratching in my yard, you know.' -Pearson's Weekly.

# A Tiger With a Glass Eye.

This isn't a "stuffed" tiger, but a real live one, ferocious and strong. He is at present in the menagerie at Stuttgart and looks as fierce with his glass eye as with the real one.

A serious affection of the muscles "When you heard of his castles and caused the beast to lose the sight of one eye. As the public didn't appreciate a one eyed tiger, the beast was put under cocaine and the useless optic removed. This was a ticklish operation, several strong keepers holding the beast down while the eye was taken out.

He was measured for a new eye, which had to be made with a special degree of ferocity. For the first week he tried hard to rub it out, but he now rests contented as the only wild animal with a glass eye.

### Not the Stomech's Foult. "Doctor," said the patient, "I believe there is something wrong with my

"Not a bit," replied the medical man very promptly. "God made your stornach, and he knows how to make them. There's something wrong with the stuff you put in it, maybe, and something wrong in the way you stuff it in and stamp it down, but your stomach itself is all right.

And then the patient immediately went out to find a physician who understood his business. - New Orleans

Mecklenburg-Stre-

"Did Colonel Roarer get his title in service, or is it bonorary?

Three

Service.

"Ah, what branch?" Sappers and miners. He command. ed the detachment that worked on the reputation of the unsuccessful candidate."-Detroit News.

A Baseless Theory. Weary William-They say houses re fleck the kerrickter of those livin in

Hungry Howard-Shucks! I've studied houses goin on 20 year, au I can't tell yit, till I go in, whether a place is good for a hand out er a kick out.-

"What a tongue Mrs. Comusdown has! Did you ever see her when she had stood her poor little husband up in a corner and was delivering one of her philippies?"

"That isn't what he calls them. He calls them Xantippies."-Chicago Trib-

## Sharing Their Troubles.

Willie Slimson-I put a piu in the teacher's chair this morning, and he Bobby Smitem-Well, he

down in such a hurry again. Willie Slimson-No; neither will I .-Tit-Bits.

### Ethel's Little Plementry, Ethel-When did you first meet him?

May-He came up and offered me the use of his umbrella when I was caught out in a storm. Ethel-Then he was your rain beau? New York Journal.

### A Better Metophor.

Soxey-I see they are fitting up a giant phonograph to warn vessels off the coast, and it will be ten horsepower. Knoxey-No, you mean teu woman

## power. -Pittsburg News.

Mer Standard. Bertha-What is the height of your ambition, dear? Marie (blushing) - Oh, something be-

"Julia, you did not accept Mr. Fitz-"I was afraid to. He proposed to me

on bargain day."- Chicago Record. After the Hall. She labored hard to make him see
The error of his way.
'Twas vain. He couldn't see a thing



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