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## The Prophecy of Carolyn.

By ELLIOT WALKER.

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"This is the sweetest, most lovely spot imaginable," said Ara Barr, speaking audibly, as the stream spling below the rock on which she stood gleamed rosily in the sunset.

"Isn't it? The setting, the—merciful heavens!" A deep, unfamiliar voice rose to a horrified cry of consternation.

In her sudden, startled turn the girl's slender foot had slipped. It caught in a crevice. A wrench for release, and she sat down, jarringly, uttering a low shriek.

The man skipped limply to her assistance. His face was even more distressed than hers.

"You are hurt!" he exclaimed.

"I certainly am very uncomfortable, sir. My ankle is sprained, I think. Why did you speak to me?"

The stranger's eyes widened.

"I thought you spoke to me. I supposed you saw me. I'm Mr. Elder, Delos Elder, you know. Miss Barr, I'm mighty sorry."

For a moment Ara forgot the pain. She laughed half hysterically. Delos Elder, the man she had long wished to meet—Carolyn Seely's friend, who was coming to Bonnyview, and she, Ara, had begged Carolyn to send him over. Her intention had been to impress Mr. Elder. What would Carolyn say?

A twinge of the ensnared foot brought tears to her eyes. She held out a hand, stammering: "Oh, yes, I—I might have suspected. I left word that if any one called to say I'd gone up the road. I never thought of you."

Elder had dropped her fingers and was working at the imprisoned shoe. "Bruce, now," he said firmly. "It's going to hurt."

It did hurt. The girl tried to smile, but her cheeks went white. She strove



HE TRUNDLED HIS DELICATE BURDEN HOME IN THE DUSTY BARROW.

against the black dizziness. No, she simply would not faint. She would not! The man heard her grit her teeth.

"As plucky as she is pretty," he thought. "Poor child. I'll bet that was agony, but I had to pull. How will I get her home?"

He leaped down and presently was back with a dripping handkerchief. Already twilight had darkened about them. Mosquitoes buzzed; a whip-poor-will sounded the call of the night; the brook gurgled melancholy murmurs; a bat swooped—and no helpful sounds came from the lonely highway.

"I guess my countenance is sufficiently sopped," uttered Ara meekly. "I didn't quite faint, did I? I'm much obliged for your arm and shoulder, but, really, I'm all right now. Please take me home, Mr. Elder."

"Directly, Miss Barr." He passed a hand over a wilted shirt front. His bright tie had shed its color on his white vest. Where was his hat? He rubbed his knees; they had ground painfully against the stone, even to sad laceration of cloth.

"I'm thinking of the best way," he added cheerfully. "I can't carry you. Neither can you walk nor hop on one foot. No dwelling is in sight. No team is apt to come along. We must not wait here, and I'm afraid to leave you in this lonesome spot."

"We'll crawl," cried the girl. "My people never worry about my being late."

"No; I might shout for help." "Oh, anything but that. Besides, who will hear you? I'm going to get up."

"You're going to sit still, Miss Barr. I'll find a way. Wait a minute."

The pair sat in dismal silence. Ara dodged a bat with a shudder. Her injured foot ached. It was growing grossly dark in the shadows.

"I have it!" exclaimed Elder, rising. "The wheelbarrow!"

"Where?" "By the roadside, just beyond the bridge. It was full of stones for walling up a spring. I'll dump the rocks and bring it to the nearest point."

"You'll dump me?" "No, I won't."

In an instant he was gone. The girl pressed his damp handkerchief to her lips.

"It was all his fault," she whispered, "but I'm sort of glad it happened. Carolyn said—phaw! What am I doing?"

"The thing squeaks frightfully and is dirty, but I've spread my coat in it," informed Mr. Elder, returning. "Come! I'll lift you down. Hang on! Don't

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## A NOTORIOUS OUTLAW

Fearless "Billy the Kid," Who Reveled in Carnage.

ONLY A BOY, YET A TERROR.

This Youthful Desperado of the South-western Territories Was but Twenty-one When He Met Death at the Hands of Sheriff Pat Garrett.

When General Lew Wallace was governor of New Mexico and the war that raged for several years between the rival cattle companies was at its height "Billy the Kid" had reached the flood of his murderous career. He arrived in Lincoln county to take sides in the cattle warfare, known and feared in every range town and mining camp in the southwestern territories.

Pure wanton love of carnage was all that attracted him to Lincoln county. With the band of desperadoes he led he raided ranches, "shot up" towns, killed, burned houses and committed outrage after outrage with the blind recklessness of a maniac. Fear was extinct within him. He cared no more for detachments of cavalry than he did for cowering sheriffs.

Affairs in New Mexico finally came to such a pass that half the cattlemen paid the youthful desperado tribute. It was only after Pat F. Garrett was made sheriff of Lincoln county and the author of "Ben-Hur" (General Wallace) urged that fearless gun fighter and gambler to capture Billy the Kid that a determined effort was made to end his reign of terror.

The obstacles that Garrett had to encounter called for all his headlong energy and nerve. Billy had the entire countryside in a state of abject terror; friends were ready to give him timely warning of pursuit; ranchmen dared not deny him lodgment or concealment.

Pat Garrett undertook the capture in October, 1880, and on Dec. 20 he surrounded the Kid and his band in a deserted house near Stinking Springs. After a siege lasting most of the day the outlaws' ammunition was exhausted. Billy the Kid surrendered. He and his four followers, surrounded by a great force of armed men, were taken to Las Vegas and thence to Santa Fe for safe keeping.

An array of indictments charging murder confronted him. He was tried on one indictment and acquitted, then tried on another and convicted. He carried himself throughout with sneering defiance. After he had been sentenced to hang Garrett took him to Fort Stanton, near Lincoln. Two deputies armed with Winchester were assigned to guard him in the temporary jail in the Murphy & Dolan store building.

In some mysterious fashion the Kid possessed himself of a revolver, shot down his guards, seized their weapons and appeared at the window. When another guard appeared the prisoner riddled his body with buck shot. Then he called to an old man at the plaza to bring him a file. Filing off one of his shackles, he called for a horse. One was brought, and he escaped.

For nearly three months after that Billy the Kid led a fugitive life. Garrett dogged him patiently and finally got wind of his hiding place—the ranch of Peter Maxwell, near Fort Sumner. It was nearly midnight when Garrett and two deputies quietly approached the Maxwell hacienda. Garrett crept into the room where Maxwell was sleeping. Softly awakening the sleeper, he questioned him concerning the whereabouts of the Kid.

At that moment the hunted youth sprang into the room, calling out in Spanish, "Quien va?" ("Who comes there?") It was Billy. He was unarmed, and as he reached for his rifle Garrett shot him. The body of William Bonney (Billy the Kid) was buried in the military cemetery at Fort Stanton July 15, 1881. His age at the time of his death was twenty-one years seven months. There his body is today, though in later years a corpse was exhibited throughout the west as that of the famous young outlaw.—Harper's Weekly.