

curtain Bill," McCanles roared.

Wild Bill stepped out with a rifle in his hands—it was McCanles' own rifle left behind when he had sold the station—and shot McCanles through the heart. McCanles staggered back through the door and fell dead on the ground at the feet of his little son.

Hearing the shot, Woods and Gordon ran to the house. Woods rushed in at the west-end door as Gordon entered at the front. Wild Bill shot Woods twice with a six-shooter and Gordon once. Both turned and ran. Woods ran around the house and fell in some weeds at the east end. Gordon staggered toward the Rock Creek bridge and Wild Bill, stepping out the front door, emptied his revolver at him, wounding him again in the back.

Wild Bill subsequently became the most famous of the frontier's long roll of "bad men." He was scout and spy in the union army during the civil war, scout in later Indian campaigns and marshal of Hays City, Abilene and Ellsworth, the "toughest" towns on the border in old cattle-trail and railroad building days. He is generally rated as the "quickest man on the draw and the deadliest marksman with a six-shooter the West ever knew. How many men he



David
Colbert
McCanles,
slain by
James
Butler
Hickock,
whose picture
is on the other
side

killed is a dubious question. Buffalo Bill, who was associated with him in Indian wars and knew him intimately, once told me that the dead men who slept in Wild Bill's "private graveyard" numbered more than thirty.

Wild Bill was killed in Deadwood in 1876. While playing poker, he was shot in the back of the head by Jack McCall, who was hanged for the crime at Yankton. Though Wild

Bill's death was instantaneous, his hands flashed to his guns and drew them halfway from their scabbards as he fell lifeless across the card table. When tried before a "miners' court," McCall was asked why he had not shot his victim in front and given him a fair show. His laconic answer was a tribute to Wild Bill's deadly facility with a revolver. "I didn't want to commit suicide," said McCall.

How Some Spent the 4th

A. J. Hill and wife headed for Crawfordsville.

O. W. Frum and family had a fine time at Crawfordsville.

J. C. Walton, J. W. Stephenson and Willis Southern went to Springfield July 4.

When last seen July 4, J. J. Corcoran and Dorothy were headed for Crawfordsville.

W. H. Beene and Geo. W. Laubner and wives decided that the Jefferson camp ground was hard to beat.

Carl Hill, Delos Clark and William Corcoran agreed the only real way was to drive to Crater Lake. They left Thursday and returned Sunday.

Edward Sawyer, express truck driver, went to Crawfordsville. He is able to be at work again.

B. M. Bond drove out to tend his flock of goats and kids but we understand he was kicked or bitten by one of them on the ball of the thumb, which caused him to remember it was July 4, so he took his family to the banks of the Willamette at Peoria.

It is a mystery where the Morn-

hinwegs went, but they came back with some mighty fine fish, caught by Mrs. Hazel Wallace.

C. J. Straley and M. H. Shook and families started celebrating early by driving to Newport Thursday. They returned Sunday evening.

P. H. Willis started with his family for Chicago to spend the day, but was sidetracked at Jefferson, so spent the afternoon on the banks of the Santiam.

Mrs. Arthur Foote and Ruby Schroll went partnership on a freezer of ice cream and invited in a few friends and relatives to watch them eat it. At least they were the last to finish eating.

John Bressler and family and Harry Bressler and wife took to the hills and we know a lot of folks who took to the woods and C. H. Koontz claims he had the best time of all and stayed "to hum."

C. P. Moody, on account of the great heat it is thought, invited his family out to the Long Tom river to see him drown himself. He was unable to do this, however, so is back at work at the depot.

Mrs. Knott is Dead

Mrs. Mellie Knott, mother of Mrs. J. C. Bramwell, died at the Bramwell home Thursday evening, aged 75. Mrs. Knott had long been crippled, but through all her sufferings was one of the most cheerful residents of Halsey and her constant sunny smile had the stamp of genuineness.

Undertaker W. L. Wright of Harrisburg conducted the funeral, which was at the Methodist church, with interment at Pine Grove.

Charles Mornhinweg and wife of Oak Ridge arrived Wednesday of last week and visited at the G. W. Mornhinweg home. They continued on to Portland Thursday for a visit with Mrs. Mornhinweg's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gulliford. They made the trip in their new car.

A number of people from Albany, Shedd and Halsey visited the Masonic home at Roseburg, interviewed many inmates and came away with the conviction that its management makes it indeed a home to those who seek its shelter.