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THIS LAST ROUND-UP

There was a pathetic side to the death of Walter Brown—that wasn't he, but the man who was shot.

It was on the old cattle trail running from Texas to Montana that I met Brown. It was a fine day, and the sun was shining brightly.

I never saw Brown gloomy but once. It was on the day that he was shot. He was through this mood of his that I got to know something of his past.

"You were a little mad a while ago, Brown?" "Yes, my boy," he replied, "and I am sorry it happened. I killed a man that account once and had to leave California. He mocked me just as Murray did."

"All trace of anger had left his face by this time and as he spoke the last sentence there was a touch of sadness in his voice. It was only at a few moments and then he added:

"I left a little girl 5 years old in California and I don't like to think of what I've lost."

"An envelope called the patent automatic lock envelope has recently been brought out, which will prove very accurate in the way of taking up and folding sides inserted in a slot or cutting, and on attempting to withdraw it, the folded parts catch against the inside, the envelope being firmly and effectually closed."

"I was willing enough, but I saw no prospect of sleep. It was still raining. Not so with Mr. Morgan. He simply turned and rode away, probably 100 yards out of his horse, looked one

back of his rope about the normal length, the other end of his rope, and his sombrero on the back of his head, lay flat on the ground, his hands crossed under his face. His slacker and his boots kept the rest of his body straight.

It is well known to tell something of this man Morgan—he was Brown's murderer. It is not known to tell something of this man Morgan—he was Brown's murderer. It is not known to tell something of this man Morgan—he was Brown's murderer.

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"Come, come, boys; let's don't have any trouble in camp." "Two days later he shot poor Brown in the back of his head."

"Oh, I know what you mean. You are depending on your partner. Get through two pages of it, I'll fight you both."

"After he was killed I realized what a deep wound it was. Two feet deep within five paces of the spot where he died was his grave."

"Walter Yankubank, murdered while asleep, was a man of about 40 years of age. He was a native of California, and had been in the country for some time."

"Gen. Miles has some very positive opinions as to the government's treatment of the Indians and its policy in the present crisis."

"She is one of the most charming-looking women you ever saw. declares a correspondent of The Ladies' Home Journal."

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Just beyond Cape Lisianski, on the Arctic coast of Alaska, some five hundred miles above Behring Straits, are extensive coal mines. The coal is especially fine and the Arctic whalers make these mines a rendezvous.

In 1887, twenty-three whale-ships lay at anchor off these mines. Shifts of men were working during the twenty-four hours of continuous daylight, living in coal for the coming days and nights.

Such is the present state of judicial affairs in France, for which a remedy is sought—not too soon.

There are many insects which one would little suspect to be furnished with apparatus suited to swift and more or less continuous flight.

With my camera resting on my knee, I took an instantaneous photograph of the man at the wheel struck eight bells.

"And here is the midnight sun," I called out to the boys. "I took another picture looking off toward the vessels that lay straining gently at their anchor-cables."

"The right arm of a blacksmith, for the same reason, is almost hypertrophied, while the left arm, from disuse, becomes atrophied."

"A well-known young lady of this city recently met with an accident which has occasioned her much annoyance by reason of the good-natured rallying of her friends, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press."

"The packages of tea, each about four feet long, six inches broad, and three to four thick, and weighing from seven to eight pounds, are stacked horizontally on the floor. In other, the upper ones projecting so as to come over the porter's head."

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A good story is told at the expense of one Englishman who came to this country with the British and German steel manufacturers last October. He built from Charlottesville, Va., and seems to have realized that foreigners are a little and when the party arrived at New York they had among them fully 2,000 pieces of baggage.

"I don't know how to get on," said the Englishman, "but I am sure that I am not the only one who is not getting on."

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The Chinese coolies in Peru have rendered useful service, the railway system being in great part the work of their hands. Owing, however, to the barbarous treatment which they have received and still receive, certain properties, the Chinese government has prohibited emigration to Peru, and the supply of coolie labor is thus at an end.

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