

BOLD RUBE BURROW.

He is to Alabama What Jesse James was to Missouri.

The claim is put forward by the admirers of Mr. Rube Burrow, of Alabama, that he was as great a man as was the late Jesse James. It was the member of the Dakota territorial legislature who, in the course of a debate, eloquently remarked that when it came to foot-racing he, (the distinguished legislator) "was a whole four-horse team and a dog under the wagon." So it is claimed for Mr. Burrow that he is a whole feud and a sheriff's posse thrown in.

It is forgotten that the reader has not hoped who Mr. Burrow is. A discouraging feature in the life of a prophet in his own country was brought to public attention a year ago, but Mr. Burrow has brought himself into public view so much more forcibly than could any prophet that it is believed that he is pretty well known. But lest any one should fail to recognize his name at first glance it may be mentioned that Rube Burrow is the most distinguished train robber and slayer of his fellow-men now before the American public. Certainly few readers can have forgotten that all through the month of October the state of Alabama was chasing Mr. Rube Burrow. Occasionally it would come up to him, and then it would pause and dispose of its dead and wounded, and wish it hadn't.

The train near Bueatunna, Mississippi, on one of the last days of September, having his face disguised in a red handanna handkerchief, a relic of last year's campaign, mention of which has already been made in the *Tribune*. He is described as a man utterly without party pride.

It is an old story, that of the Chicago man who, after witnessing a performance of "Hamlet," remarked to a friend as they passed out of the theater that "the fellow who wrote that play would make his mark yet, if he would only work hard and let whiskey alone," and it might be said of Rube Burrow that he will yet rise to great things if he will stick to work and keep out of jail. Rube Burrow is to Alabama what the Harlan county feud and the Hatfield-McCoy vendetta is to Kentucky. Each might, perhaps, be said to act as a sort of mustard plaster on the body politic. People in the neighborhood don't suffer from ennu, especially if the leader of the feud or Rube has taken a dislike to them. Mr. Burrow is said to be one of the most warm and wholesome men in his disliking in the profession.

The reader may well suspect that close attention to the exacting demands of the profession of train robber leaves a man but little time for literary work; so it is not surprising that Mr. Burrow has not as yet found time to prepare his autobiography. He hopes some day to issue such a work, under the title of "Recollections of a Road Agent; a Book for Boys," but he does not see his way clear to do so at present. The nearest approach Mr. Burrow has ever made to literary work has been to wad his shotgun with the local paper. Though this has been but a small step, it is nevertheless in the right direction. He says himself that he would prefer to wad his gun with Tennyson and Shakespeare, if he could have access to these authors. But though his memoirs have not yet been given to the public, a short biography is extant, and a few judicious selections from it will, it is believed, fail to interest the reader.

Rube Burrow was born in Lamar county, Alabama, in 1855, where his father, Allen Burrow, still resides. His early life was quiet, and gave little hint of his future achievements. Indeed, he was rather looked down on by his schoolmates because, instead of joining in their sports, he would steal away over the hill to the railroad track and watch the passenger trains go by, following the express car with a loving gaze as long as it was in sight. His mother frequently rebuked him for his grave and preoccupied air when the stage passed their house, little knowing what thoughts were stirring in the boy's mind. His teacher is fond of telling how one day in the history class, when young Burrow was about eight years old, the boy expressed his strong contempt for Alexander Hamilton in allowing his affair with Aaron Burr to end as it did. On another occasion the teacher required each pupil in the arithmetic class to bring in a problem for the others to solve. Young Rube's was as follows: "If A was in an express car with \$30,000, and B drops in with a shotgun, at the end of five minutes how much more money will B have than A?" "Little did we think then," said the teacher, speaking of it recently, with tears in his eyes, "little did we dream then that 'B' was a Donnell cipher standing for Burrow."

The elder Burrow wanted his son to study for the bar. When Rube left the district school his

father proposed the subject, but he did not fall in readily with it. He told his father that he had a broader and, he believed, as satisfactory a field in mind. Shortly after he went to Texas, where he subsequently married and settled down on a small farm, making no beginning in the profession he was destined to adorn for several years. In 1880 his wife died, and shortly after he launched on his present career.

He began his practice by a chivalrous attempt to rob an Indian woman. With his younger brother "Jim," and a man named Thornton and another named Bramley, he went up into the "Nation" to rob the dusky daughter of an oppressed race. But the woman was somewhat of a desperado herself, and from her entrenched position in her house opened such a lively fire that they concluded to retreat. On the way back they met a train which was foolishly stopping to take water at a little station. Rube said he considered the meeting of the train providential, and after shooting a few times at the conductor who was out looking at the scenery, they went in and robbed the passengers. Unfortunately the colored porter had anticipated them, so they got but \$200.

Rube Burrow's career now opened grandly before him, and success after success followed. With the same party before mentioned, he a few days later robbed a train on the Texas Pacific road and got a fairly good sum from the express car. A month later they began a memorable campaign against a particular train on the same road. Their plan was to board it every two or three days at Gordon, ride out a few miles, compel the engineer to stop, and then rob the express and mail cars. As they always encountered the same train men, they soon all got well acquainted and made up a very pleasant party. As they started from Gordon the engineer would turn around and peer down the barrel of Rube's revolver and say:

"Well, Mr. Burrow, where shall I stop tonight?"

"Same old place, Hank." Rube would reply and then they would go back and chat with the conductor about the bear movement in the express company's stock until the train stopped. Then they would rob the express and mail cars, the agents having left the safe doors open before they went to sleep, get on their horses, previously placed near the track and ride away. It is said the company changed the time table so as to give this train an extra ten minutes between Gordon and Seymour Springs for the robbery. This is not authenticated, however.

Shortly after this Thornton and Bromley were captured and enclosed in the Texas penitentiary. Rube and his brothers went to Arkansas and in December, 1887, robbed a train near Texarkana, getting a large sum. They then went back to the old homestead in Alabama to enjoy a short rest. While on this vacation, they one day went to Montgomery to attend a circus. When they got off the train heartless officers of the law attempted to arrest them, instead of waiting until the circus was over. The brothers ran, but Jim was captured and subsequently sent to Little Rock for trial, but died in jail while the judge was trying to get an impartial jury. Rube, however, kept on running and shooting back, every time he shot one or more policemen bit the dust and he easily escaped, though just before he entered the underbrush a private citizen put a load of birdshot in the back of his neck. However, he did not mind this much, as being on his vacation he had nothing to do but prop up two looking glasses and pick out the shot at his leisure. What he really regretted was missing the circus, which he had understood from the bills was the best on the road. Rube next turned his attention to Mississippi trains and last December robbed one on the Illinois Central road at Duck Hill, getting nearly \$20,000. He was assisted this time by one personal friend named Joseph Jackson. Jackson is still in partnership with him, the firm being styled Burrow & Jackson, train robbers and general practitioners; a specialty is made of fine express car work.

Rube remained quiet last winter devoting his time to study. During the summer, merely for recreation, he robbed a few safes in neighboring Alabama towns, as well as several farmers who were returning from market. He also further varied the programme by shooting the postmaster at Jewels, Lamar county because the official said the picture of Washington on the green stamps made him look as though he had the dyspepsia. Rube claimed it looked more like the goat. The sheriff and posse now started after him. "Possé after me all you want to," said Rube, "but you won't get me." And they didn't, though assisted by a lot of Pinkerton detectives, members of the militia,

private citizens on foot, etc. They got his father, young brother and brother-in-law, but that was all. Rube seemed willing to stay in the background and sacrifice his relatives, something very common, by the way, except in the case of the hero on the stage. The pursuers hung young Burrow up by the neck awhile and then took him down and he said he was ready to confess. Almost anybody would have been ready under the circumstances but his confession didn't amount to much after all—it was a thorough and deep-rooted confession, so they turned the family loose and went home.

His next and last robbery was the one at Bueatunna, already mentioned. He was assisted by Jackson only—and the red bandannas. They secured something over \$10,000 from the express, and a large number of registered letters, which they probably had considerable sport reading. This was his ninth train robbery, and the total of his gains from that source aggregate in the neighborhood of \$50,000. Jackson has been "laid low" of late, but Rube has been stalking as usual in the underbrush for the last month, allowing the people to hunt him. They only gave up a few days ago. Sheriffs, constables, detectives, police officers, the militia and other sportsmen have been after him all enthusiastic and heavily armed. He shot several of them on two or three occasions when they got too close, and then passed on. Bloodhounds were also employed, but he did not seem to mind them. He is in Blount county now, and is supposed to be dictating answers to the registered letters to his private secretary. There is a reward of \$7500 offered for him dead or alive, preferably dead, as he could be more easily handled in that condition. He has generously sent word that if the governor will grant him a full pardon he will stop train-robbing and settle down and live on the interest of his hard-earned money—otherwise he advises them to shut up their express cars at night. Rube has a son twelve years of age, named Earnest Wilberforce Burrow, who expects to succeed Jackson in the firm when he is sixteen. Rube is six feet and an inch in height, and weighs 175 pounds. His eyes are gray, and he wears his hair uncombed like a poet. He says it is as easy to go through a train as to rob a hen's nest, but he admits that he can't compete with the sleeping car porter. Any one going after him for the reward is advised to shoot low and keep it up as long as he can. If he can send a friend ahead to shoot him around in the more vital parts a few times it would be better. It is very easy to sit with our feet propped up in front of the grate, and say that Rube Burrow will meet his fate some day, but in the meantime what will become of the poor state of Alabama?

Voorhees Dreaded Reporters.

Murat Halstead writes: I remember on one occasion I wanted a genuine, high-flavored democratic speech from the state of Indiana, looking over the newspapers I noticed that D. W. Voorhees was to speak in a little obscure town. I think we measured it on the map, and it was forty-five miles from a railroad. I thought in that place we would perhaps get the genuine doctrine. So I commissioned McCullah, now of St. Louis. He got a buggy and got started in good time arriving all right. He was on the platform when the tall senator came on. Voorhees was in very high trim for a speech, but just as he was stepping to the front of the platform he saw the firm features of Mack, and paused aghast. Mack was there with his paper and pencil and Voorhees had been introduced to the audience, but he stepped down and said: "Why, Mack, you are not here to report this speech, are you?"

"Yes," said he, "Well," he said, "you must not do it." But Mack said, "Dan, I shall report you if it kills me. Now is your opportunity, instead of talking to this crowd, to make a speech to the 'United States,'" and Voorhees, with a groan, started in and made a very ponderous, rhetorical effort, indeed. Not at all the speech he wanted to make, disappointing himself, and, I must say, me, because it was not the speech I wanted.

Electricity Direct From Work.

The accomplishment of a hitherto apparently impossible feat—that of transforming mechanical work directly into electricity—is claimed by Prof. Braun, of Tubingen. He winds nickel wire into spirals, and as each spiral is elongated or compressed, a current of considerable strength is generated. This is increased by a number of spirals in circuit. Such positive results have been obtained that the experimenter is hopeful of constructing a useful generator on this principle.

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Out of this condition of things has been born the first cause to be noted among those which are producing the theological changes through which we are passing. This is the science of historical and literary criticism. It used to be considered a virtue to believe. It is now considered still, provided what we believe is the truth. If not, it is a virtue to disbelieve, and if we do not know, the only virtue is in doubt—keeping the mind in a state of suspense until we do know. It is a criticism that has brought us to this.

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Theology Must Change.

Rev. Minot J. Savage contributes the following interesting article to the first issue of the new Boston review, *The Arena*, in which he says: The causes, then, of the theological changes that are going on, are to be sought for in this one grand and hopeful fact that the world is growing. It is not the ignorant and the vicious whose opinions are disturbing the adherents of the old theology; it is the philosophers, the scientists and the critics of whom the priesthood are in fear. Let us now look a little more particularly at this phenomenon of world-growth and note some of its principal phases.

In the first place, it is important to consider the enormous modern growth of the world on his physical side. Without doing this one might wonder why these changes in thought are so concentrated and cumulative in these later days. But with this in mind it will be seen that they could not have come before, as well as that they must come now. It needed the inventions of the printing press, of gunpowder, of steamboat, and railway and telegraph in order that the whole world might be open to exploration. Unknown regions are always the home of mystery, and people are always fancying that all sorts of strange things are happening beyond walls over which they could not climb. But now all lands are visited, all languages are studied, all manuscripts are collected and all scriptures are read. The ruins and relics of antiquity have surrendered their secrets. Religions have been studied in their origins and lines of development. And beyond our little planet the universe has been reduced to order and many of its laws comprehended.

At last then, and in our day, for the first time in the world's history, adequate materials of knowledge have been gathered for the forming of rational opinions on some of the great problems, and the "thoughts of men are widened" to a comprehension of them.

Out of this condition of things has been born the first cause to be noted among those which are producing the theological changes through which we are passing. This is the science of historical and literary criticism. It used to be considered a virtue to believe. It is now considered still, provided what we believe is the truth. If not, it is a virtue to disbelieve, and if we do not know, the only virtue is in doubt—keeping the mind in a state of suspense until we do know. It is a criticism that has brought us to this.

In an Ice Floe.

At an early hour Saturday morning the United States steamer *Thetis*, which has been expected for some time, arrived in San Francisco after a long trip of seven and one-half months in the Arctic ocean. The *Thetis* left San Francisco about the middle of last April. Her mission was to follow the whaling fleet and keep within the call of danger. That she has done this to the entire satisfaction of the whalers has been learned long since. She has also rendered valuable aid to the Hydrographic office. She made the longest voyage of any vessel which went north this season, having been first to leave for the Arctic and the last to return, waiting there until the last of the whalers was out of the sea. The *Thetis* traversed the Alaskan coast line from Fort Tongas to Demarkation Point and followed the whalers farther to the eastward than any steamer of her class that ever went to the Arctic, getting as far to the northwest as Herschel Island. This latter, Captain Stockton says, is about 500 feet in length. The vegetation is confined to grasses and small flowers. On the east side of the island is a snug harbor which has been called Paulina Cove, capable of receiving a vessel less than sixteen feet draft. An open bay on the same side of the island was found to give fairly good anchorage with westerly and north-westerly winds.

In speaking of the *Thetis'* experience when caught in the ice, Capt. Stockton praised his officers and men very highly. Of the *Thetis* he also speaks well. He had feared that she was too clumsy, but now he is more than satisfied with her behavior as an ice boat. Her only mishap on the voyage occurred on August 18th, while she was returning from Herschel island to Point Barrow. The wind shifted westward bringing down the ice from Cape Halpet. The *Thetis* put on all speed and escaped the floe. There was a heavy ice resting on the shore to the windward of Tangent Point, and the *Thetis* in endeavoring to work inshore got into shoal water, and when she attempted to get out all headways were closed. The ship was in the greatest of danger, as she was likely to be crushed by the ice at any time. The *Thetis* "rammed" away at the closely packed ice and the officers and men worked away like beavers. For five days it looked like a hopeless task, but toward the end of the fifth a small break was made and this was followed up with a will, and the following day saw the vessel out of danger.

The *Thetis* will go to Mare island to be overhauled and repaired before going her next trip.

That Mr. Blaine is to have his innings now, in an opportunity to develop and assert his foreign policy, seems certain. The degree of patience which he has shown has surprised some people, but only those who did not estimate the difficulties which at the outset confronted him. The way seems clear for him at least, however, and there are evidences that he is girding himself up for a stroke of some kind calculated to arrest general attention. Whether his stroke will touch Samoa or Cuba or Canada, is as yet uncertain, but it will be a Jingo stroke.

The real scope of Mr. Blaine's opportunity is not of his own design. Events seem to have shaped matters for him. The case was very clearly stated to-day by a politician of note in conversation with a correspondent of the *World*: "If Mr. Blaine was ever a dangerous man at the head of the state department," said the gentleman, "he is more so to-day than ever before. The salvation of his party rests with him, and he is at all times and under all circumstances a loyal party man. He is not going to see his party beaten if he can save the day, and when he undertakes to save the day he will do it in his own way and by methods with which he is best acquainted and with which his own name will be longest associated. It is as clear as the morning that some sort of 'vigorous foreign policy' is now being thought out. Nothing else will do. The republican party is daily losing ground on every domestic question. The effect of the recent elections showed the drift of opinion. Protection as applied only to home industries in the levying of a tariff, will do no longer to conjure with. Tariff reform is carrying the day, and nowhere more conspicuously than in former republican strongholds. In Massachusetts, Rhode Island and throughout the northwest the situation is full of promise for the democracy. Even in Pennsylvania, where Mr. Randall once ruled supreme, the change to tariff reform has left the old leader without a following. It will not lie in the mouth of the republicans longer to boast about their pension policy. Tanner has made their real purpose in that direction ridiculous and almost criminal. The party cannot again put that bureau of the government into their campaign and bribe men by promises which it dare not keep. And as for the Southern question, that offers nothing under heaven to the republicans. Mahone's defeat is a last warning, if an additional one was necessary, that republican success under the present leadership and upon the lines at present laid down. So all things considered, what have the republicans to promise themselves they trump up something new and surprising and in some way calculated to reach and touch popular favor."

"But can Mr. Blaine count upon the support of his own party?" was asked.

"The situation in the senate, strange enough, is not assuring for Mr. Blaine. Whenever he needs that body to complete any scheme of his sailing must be very plain and party duty very binding or he will have trouble. There is not a republican member of the foreign affairs committee who likes the Secretary, and several of them hate him cordially. Mr. Sherman is chairman and owes Mr. Blaine a score of grudges. Mr. Edmunds comes next and his feelings toward the man from Maine are well known. Mr. Frye is the third man, and his relations with the man from Maine have for years been strained. Mr. Everts is fourth, and he does not like Mr. Blaine and Mr. Dolph who is last on the committee, has never manifested any great interest in the premier. It is obvious therefore, that Mr. Blaine is at a disadvantage there. He will have to exercise the treaty-making power with great care and carry himself generally with great care and caution where the senate has a final voice in deciding measures. But his opportunity lies outside of the power of the senate to check him or balk him. The danger is in his taking some position where the country will be committed by his official act alone, and where the republicans in the senate may be forced to come to him, first as a matter of national pride, and secondly as a matter of party necessity. He will know better than any other man how to bring such a state of affairs to pass and should he attempt it the play is sure to be skillful.

"But," continued the *World* informant, "before he moves Mr. Blaine must be more certain of his ground than he can possibly be at present. His admirers are pressing him in several directions. The Samoan interests are urgent, and the nexation interests are urgent, and the latest pressure is from some

merchants who lost property in the Panama riot of 1885, and have been waiting ever since for what they call an aggressive foreign policy by this government. They want Mr. Blaine now to champion their claims for several millions of dollars worth of property lost and insist upon a settlement by the United States of Columbia. He cannot be sure of his path and opportunity, however, until the senate has outlined its position on the Samoan treaty. He will get many valuable points from that, and be able to estimate from the debates just the kind of support and opposition he may expect from the senate. Then as the situation there may be encouraging or discouraging, he will know what he can afford to attempt with the senate's aid or hope to carry out without the senate."

"But you think a foreign policy of some sort is certain?"

"As certain as the sun shines. Everything points to it. Even the president must see the necessity. He, more than Mr. Blaine, wants the next national contest waged on domestic issues, and a stirring foreign move of some kind being necessary, it will be left for Mr. Blaine, of course, to say what it shall be.—*World*."

The Champion Jumper.

Darby, the champion jumper of England, intends visiting the United States. He has issued a challenge to jump any man in America from two to twenty jumps, without weights, spring shoes barred, for £200. He also offers to arrange a match with any man in America twenty running jumps, and allow Dane, Hamilton, Sullivan, or any man living, ten feet start for £200 or £1000 a side. John Mitchell, Darby's backer, will accompany him.

Darby is the wonder of the age in jumping. He jumps in clogs, the toes and heels being fitted with sharp pieces of iron to give him a grip, and he uses these when clearing thirty-six feet in three jumps, and in the last alights on his attendant's back while lying across two chairs, his wonderful activity and agility may be imagined, as the man on whom he fairly drops can, as he says, scarcely feel the weight of Darby. Some time ago he essayed to try and beat the standing record of 24 feet 5 inches for two standing jumps. This he did with the utmost ease, clearing the wonderful distance of 26 feet 2 inches, thus beating the previous record by no less than 1 foot 9 inches. This is the third new record he has made, viz., 41 feet 7 inches for three standing jumps, 16 feet 4 inches for third jump, and the unprecedented one of 26 feet 2 inches for two jumps. For most of the feats Darby uses a pair of dumbbells weighing nineteen pounds, but for three jumps he has a pair weighing twenty-five pounds. He jumped off a brick end (without disturbing the same) over a bar five feet high. Again, he cleared fully three inches above this, and says that he can easily clear 5 feet 6 inches from a standing jump. He also had two chairs placed twenty-one feet apart, both being cleared with the utmost ease.

Leaving a Fair Margin.

In this column not long ago we took occasion to say a good word of an eminent literary gentleman who has justly acquired the reputation of having lent a helping hand to many a young writer of ability, struggling for recognition which he did not know how to obtain. We have since that time received a letter from the gentleman, saying: "I have been trying for some time to live down the reputation of being a good-natured man, but you have utterly undone with a paragraph all that I have accomplished in this direction, and now I am once more overwhelmed with manuscripts that people have sent me and asked me to read, that it really takes all my time even to write to them that I cannot neglect my own business in order to attend to my own."

If we had heard Mr. Robert Christy's story about the man with the manuscript before we wrote that paragraph we should never have written it. Mr. Christy's man called on the good-natured critic and found him in bed.

"I have brought a manuscript on which I much desire your opinion," said he.

"Oh, my friend," gasped the critic, "you will have to excuse me from hearing it. My physician, who has just left me, says I have but thirty minutes to live."

"Thirty minutes!" exclaimed the man with the manuscript. "Oh, that's all right. I have timed myself and it takes only twenty minutes to read this."

A Military Novelty.

A vegetable cartridge shell which is entirely consumed in firing, has been brought out in France. The cartridge has scarcely half the weight of one with a metal shell, the cost is considerably less and the inconvenience of removing the shell after each shot, is avoided.

A Talk With Jeff Davis.

He Tells a Story About Col. James Bowie and His Knife.

A correspondent who visited Jeff Davis at his home at Beauvoir, just before his death, relates this: Over on a table was a short, rusty sword that had recently been sent from Mexico and attached to it was a card which said that the weapon had been found on the spot where Lieutenant Davis made his famous charge at the battle of Buena Vista and turned the tide of victory in favor of the Americans.

I touched the rusty old sword and almost unconsciously Mr. Davis drifted into talking of the heroes of the Mexican war, of Bowie, and Houston and Crockett.

"Henry Clay once told me," said Mr. Davis with a smile, "of his first meeting with Bowie. It was in the early days, and Clay was traveling in a stage coach where the only passengers were a pretty girl, a big, rough countryman and a limp little figure in a great coat. With the consciousness of his own perfect physique, Clay said he was congratulating himself on not being the limp little figure bundled up in the corner, when he became conscious that the pretty girl was begging the rough countryman not to smoke, as it made him ill. The fellow replied with a savage oath, that he had paid his fare and would smoke when he darn please. Mr. Clay said he was just trying to screw his courage up to the point of remonstrating with the country giant when the limp little figure undoubled itself like magic and with a quick movement, reached down its collar, brought out a knife, that in the excitement of the moment looked like a yard long, and with a catlike movement, seized the fellow by the throat. "Throw that pipe out of the window, or I'll—" A comprehensive sweep of the murderous looking blade finished the sentence and sent the pipe shattering on the ground. In another minute the knife had again disappeared down the capacious collar, and the limp figure resumed its former vertebral condition, "but the rest of the journey," said Mr. Clay, "I spent in wishing I was the little man in the great coat, who was none other than Bowie, with his famous knife."

Yellowstone Park.

The surveillance of the park is in the hands of the military, and in good hands, too. The present superintendent is Capt. Boutelle, of the First Cavalry, who succeeded Capt. Harris at the beginning of the season. Under the old system a civic superintendent and nine assistants were supposed to look after a tract of country nearly half as large as the state of Massachusetts and not only prevent tourists from carrying away the geyser and hot springs formations, but also to "round up" the hunters and trappers, who would do much to deplete the national reserve of its noble game unless prevented. There was never anything like a proper patrol of the park until it was put under military control. Every citizen who desires to see wonders preserved should rejoice in Capt. Boutelle's appointment. With the aid of two companies, one of which is stationed at Mammoth Hot Springs and the other at Lower Geyser basin, small detachments being placed at the other tourists centers, the regulations made by the interior department have been efficiently enforced, and in a manner acceptable to the public.

Some persons there may be who have taken umbrage because they were not permitted to despoil the geysers and springs of their beautiful deposits, but every fair-minded person cannot but rejoice that the rules against carrying away specimens are strictly and impartially carried out. Captain Bomas, of the First Cavalry, the second in command, is like Captain Boutelle a thorough officer and a thorough gentleman. The soldiers are an aid to tourists, and not a menace, and while carefully guarding the formations from vandalism, are excellent guides.

So carefully is the "no shooting" regulation enforced, that much of the game is becoming quite tame. While I was riding over the Trout creek route a few days since two beautiful deer appeared by the road side, and remained there, evidently without fright, while my wagon was driven by. There are thousands of elk, a few buffalo—perhaps 300—mountain sheep, antelope, bear and other game within the park enclosure. The buffalo are seldom seen, but are known to exist in the eastern and southern parts of this great park.

What is Castoria?

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Fitcher's prescription for infants and children. It contains neither opium, morphine, nor other narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for purgative drops, soothing syrups, and castor oil. It is pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by millions of mothers. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the children's panacea—the mother's friend.