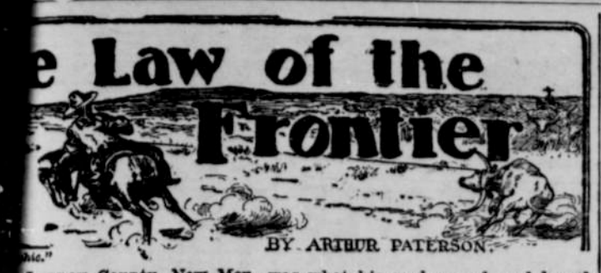
e Law of the Frontier



BY ARTHUR PATERSON.

...hic."

Lennox County, New Mex- town of one hundred and . This included the saloon f whom there were a score, ock-raisers of the neighbor- ering a dozen. These ranch- one of the store-keepers, only inhabitants with much o respectability, the bulk opulation being cow-boys, rough-riders, and their

was a cattleman's town, is warm May weather Jeph- on bubbled over with cow- ey were a mixed lot, repre- for the most part, of every blackguardism. Here and ever, you might find an and even more frequently hman of good up-bringing, drifted into the whirlpool of ching" as some men drift to e the mast, through inclina- sibly for a wild, unconven- istence. An Englishman, of s, one May morning, swung out of his saddle at Jephson's y nature with a whiskey on south. He was the son of a turer in Lancashire, England, brothers were being educated Army and the Church, while Ogden, the eldest, twenty-one this day, was a wanderer on tern prairies, earning a living w-puncher."

Ogden had done fairly well. not without self-control and n a land where all men went rmed to the teeth, he had kept per so far, and had never been us trouble.

bar was crowded at Jephson's and it was some minutes before could get his drink. When he withdrew to a table and sip- his whiskey slowly. He was red, having ridden forty miles ay and herded cattle most of eceding night, so that he felt and languid. Near him were

JOHN FELT HOT IRON TOUCH THE BACK OF HIS NECK

o saloon bummers, their feet orna- nting the top of an unlighted stove. e swing-door of the saloon opened, d a man swaggered up to the bar. e of the bummers pointed back- rds with his thumb.

"That's him, Sammy—the new Sher- ." The other grinned.

"Jedge Sanderbach's choice. Burt ssiter is the biggest tough in town."

"Why—naterally, he's friend of the dge."

"You bet."

They both laughed, and then re- psed into silence, while John looked riously at the man who had aroused is comment. He was tall, broad and out, with long heavy face, thick lips, d beetle brows. Coarseness and rutality were written in every line f that face, and his eyes small, rest- ss, and near together, contained a inister expression that made the Eng- ishman frown involuntarily. The Sheriff did not notice Ogden. He was seeking for familiar faces.

The swing-door opened again to ad- mit another man, who stood a moment looking about him, nervously flicking a rawhide against his boots and glanc- ing doubtfully at the bar. He was a Mexican with the full dark eyes and graceful figure of a Spaniard and the coarse, immobile features of an In- dian. His dress was a complete suit of grey buckskin, gaudily ornamented with beads, and deeply fringed. His sombrero, also new, was bound with a smart cord of yellow and green, and was tilted rakishly over his left ear. His boots were polished, his spurs silver-plated, of large size, and, being pendants of steel, jingled like bells as he walked. At the sight of the "greaser" there was a general growl of disgust among the cowboys, and had José Gallegos been a wise man he would have gone elsewhere to assuage his thirst and indulge his passion for gambling. But José was not wise, nor at the moment particularly sober. He had been left a small legacy, some six hundred dollars, and a portion of this was still burning his pocket. Work, therefore was out of the question; drink and play with the white man was what his soul craved, and he advanced to the bar, where, with the praiseworthy intention of conciliating a great man, invited the Sheriff to drink. It was a serious blunder—not that Lassiter had the least objection to accepting whiskey from anyone, even a Mexican at ordinary times, but today he was on his dignity, and the attitude of his neighbors forbade condescention, even inviting aggressive measures. Finally, to complete José's discomfiture, he inadvertently trod upon the officer's foot.

"What the h—l—" roared the Sheriff furiously, and, as José stumbled back with an apology, he struck the wretched youth a heavy blow in the face.

"Take that, to teach you manners,—greaser."

The boy reeled backward, blood flowing freely from nostrils and mouth, and bedabbling his precious new clothes. A shout of approving laughter greeted the exploit. But José was not a coward.

"Caramba!" he gasped, "you big dam devil." He reached for his knife, then shrank back at a threatening movement from two of his neighbors.

"Not that," said one gruffly. "Hit him back like a man."

The Mexican ...ped in helpless rage.

"Diabalo! How hit him? He big as mountain bear!"

"What's that?" said Lassiter, the elementary instincts of his nature now fully aroused by the applause of the crowd. "Call me a bear, would you? Clear away, boys. I'm going to pound the stuffin' out of the skunk."

He advanced with an oath, and the Mexican cowered behind the stove. Upon this the bummers sprang out of the way, taking their chairs with them. But there was still John Ogden. He did not move, except to rise to his feet with a flushed face, and to quietly lay his empty glass on the table. He was not a tall man, but squarely and compactly built and very deep in the chest, a great contrast to the loose-limbed Lassiter. José casting his eye about for a way of escape, saw his opportunity, and dodged round the table, whereupon the Sheriff, who had rushed at him, collided violently with the Englishman.

When two bodies meet in such a manner it is usually the smaller one which suffers; but in this instance, to the astonishment of the cow-boys, the Sheriff staggered backwards while the smaller man stood like a rock.

"Where are you coming to?" drawled John, in the most disagreeable manner he could assume. "Are you drunk?"

"D—n you," spluttered the Sheriff, whose ribs had severely suffered by the scientific insertion between them of the point of John's elbow. "For two bits I'll drop ye, as I dropped the greaser!"

"Will you?" said the Englishman sneeringly, "then do it."

He changed his position, his chest expanded; he slightly raised his arm and advanced his left foot a few inches, balancing himself on the right.

"Sammy," whispered one of the bummers to his friend, "two drinks to one on the cowboy."

"I'll take ye," was the gruff answer. "Burt will kill him."

"Done."

As the word was spoken, the Sheriff, seething in his wrath, bore down upon the Englishman like a three-decker on a gunboat. As he came he lunged at him heavily twice; but he beat the empty air. The first blow was parried skillfully, the second "slipped" and then Ogden, with every muscle braced, poured in a swift broadside. The first—a left hander——fell between the Sheriff's eyes, the second, immediately on top of it, came under his chin—a deadly blow in itself—the third crashed full upon the end of his nose, and the fourth, a vicious hammer, with the weight of limb and shoulder behind it, on the line of his jaw-bone just below the ear. Down went the big man an inert mass, bleeding and insensible, at which exploit the crowd stared and swore softly with wonder, while the prescient bummer licked his lips.

Ogden knelt by the sheriff, unfastening the collar of his coat. His own position was now a very delicate one, and he knew it. If the Sheriff had pals, his adversary would pay with his life for the punishment he had inflicted. Apparently, however, the man had no friends, for not a soul except the landlord and John himself troubled to find out whether he was still alive.

Nothing, as it happened, was seriously wrong with Lassiter. He was "knocked out" and severely bruised and would be marked for weeks, but a stiff glass of brandy speedily revived him; and his shooting irons were removed from him. A few minutes later Ogden was remounting to continue his journey, with a pleased countenance and somewhat sore knuckles. As he swung into the saddle, he was accosted by the Mexican.

"Senor, where you vamos now?"

"Why?"

"You will never come near Calhoun City night time? No. That Sheriff kill you." John sniffed.

"His funeral might come first. Still, you meant well. Thanks, my boy." He smiled, and with the impulse of a good natured man, extended his hand. "Adios amigo," he said.

The Mexican's face shone. "Ah, gracious Senor, I nevair forget."

A month later the spring round-up was over, and John Ogden was a free man, with $100 in his pocket, preparing to take summer holiday. This he decided to spend in Calhoun City. The reason which drew him to Calhoun was one which he would not even own to himself—homesickness. The railroad had now reached the town, and, it was said, had brought a cargo of people from the East decked out in the glories of civilized attire, and John longed to see anything that would remind him of old days. So to Calhoun he went straight away, and to Jephson's. There, on the second day, he met the Sheriff, and a pleased light came into Lassiter's crafty eyes as at the sight of something he had wished to see for a long time.

"Hev a drink," he said cordially. "My turn now. Order yourself."

Ogden did so, his right hand within easy grasp of his revolver. But no move was made against him, and after close observance of the man he came to the conclusion that none would be made. Burt Lassiter was a coward.

This matter cleared up, John settled down for a game of cards. He was generally a lucky player, but tonight everything went against him and he lost twenty-five dollars. This was bad, but what was worse was a suspicion that he had been cheated. He could not prove it, and he took his bad luck in silence, but such an experience is never conducive to sweet temper, and John, when he woke next morning, after a restless night, was in a very morose and uncharitable mood. What should he do? go for his mail? He strolled over to the post-office at once and asked for letters.

Slade, the postmaster, was sweeping out his room. He, too, was a queer-tempered man. A lean, wiry Yankee, with a wrinkled face like a monkey's and a high-pitched voice.

He took no notice of John's request, except to say sharply:

"Come in an hour."

Now considering the mail-bag was at that moment reposing on the counter at the back of the room, this was a little hard. John stood quite still for a minute, his wrath rising within him, then, without deigning to speak again, he strode to the bag and, breaking the seal, prepared to scatter its contents upon the counter. Before he could do it the postmaster flew at him like a wild cat, and snatched the bag from his hands.

"Ye cow-punching devil, you. If there was a shred of law in this God-forsaken place, I'd have ye arrested for robbing the United States mail. As it is, you'll—"

But he got no further, for John's temper had boiled over, and, catching the little man by the back of the neck, he shook him until he was black in the face, then tossed him like an empty sack to the other side of the room. Slade was up in a moment drawing a revolver, John did the same, more quickly, but he did not fire. The postmaster only carried a little nickel-plated pistol five inches long, a mere toy beside Ogden's great army Colt.

"Put it up," said John quietly. "This thing is not worth a life." He lowered his own pistol as he spoke, when from behind there came a sharp "ping" of a rifle bullet, and the postmaster staggered against the wall, falling upon his face dead. At the same instant John felt hot iron touch the back of his neck, and a voice, Burt Lassiter's said curtly:

"Hands up!"

(Continued next week.)

Shakespeare on Insurance.

I have heard you say honor and policy.
—Measure for Measure.

Plague of your policy.
The policy of those crafty, swearing rascals.
—Troilus and Cressida.

The policy grows into ill opinion.
—Henry VIII.

Did not my brother Bedford toil his wits
To keep by policy what Henry got?
—Henry VI.

Or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath used to do.
—Hamlet.

Of Albany's powers heard you not?
'Tis so, they are afoot.

Seal up your lips and give no word but mum.
—King Lear.

Believe me not, yet I lie not; I confess nothing nor I deny nothing.
—Much Ado About Nothing.

Heart-sorrowing peers
That bear this Mutual load of moan.
—Richard III.

There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be covered
With Mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall.
—King Lear.

Men and men's fortunes I could frankly use.
—Timon of Anthens.

An Old Joke Verified.

Said Tom to Bill, "Pray tell me, sir,
Why is it that the devil
In spite of all his naughty ways
Can never be uncivil?"
Said Bill to Tom, "The answer's plain
To any mind that's bright.
Because the imp of darkness, sir,
Can ne'er be imp-o'-light.

MARILLA RICKER.

Wealthy Woman Lawyer Who is Friend of the Penniless Prisoner.

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Keen knowledge of the law, a supreme sense of justice and money to spend where and when she will, are the three things which have helped Mrs. Ricker to open the gates for thousands of accused persons and permit them to go again into the light of the world for another try at life.

Fra Elbertus, that interesting man whose picturesque haunt at East Aurora is a garden spot, has said that "Justice is a commodity and the price is high." Not so where Mrs. Ricker is concerned. The unfortunate man or woman who finds himself or herself in the prisoner's dock and calls for aid from this public spirited woman may pay if the money is there—if not, Mrs. Ricker sees the case through, goes on to the next one with never a thought of the unpaid justice bill.

In the long fifty years during which Mrs. Ricker has worked unceasingly for the acquittal or release of accused persons she has known every class of criminal from the murderer down to the tough brought up for petit larceny. She has known gamblers and thieves, great and small; women of the streets and men about town, but for all of these she has found place in her heart and her promise to "see them through" has done more for many a man and woman than the services of a hundred clergymen. Mrs. Ricker does not pray with her clients. She brings to bear that great common sense in which at that time sound argument rather than religious prating does more for the cause of a criminal in the dock and brings to the court's mind a clearer insight into the case right then before him.

MARILLA RICKER

Mrs. Ricker has a unique personality. She is tall, rather mannish, wears her iron grey hair short and by her ready wit, infectious laugh and clear insight makes everybody about her forget that she is a "woman lawyer."

Her permanent abode is Washington and in that city she has worked unceasingly for forty years. Publicans and sinners will go far out of their way to do a favor for Marilla Ricker, the one who of all in the vast army of wealthy women devotes her time and money toward freeing unfortunates. Mrs. Ricker believes in freedom. It makes no difference whether or not the person she is defending is guilty or innocent. She is working for his freedom and means to get it.

Elbert Hubbard, (Fra Elbertus) wrote of her recently: "Marilla! who is Marilla I'll have to tell you—she is Marilla Ricker. Crank? I think so. Wheels? By all means. Bughouse? Beyond a doubt. Everybody who knows her loves her; those who do not love her do not know her. And there are plenty of people who do not know Marilla Ricker because their mental processes run on a totally different schedule from hers. They are not on her wire. I once heard her quote the prayer of St. Augustine; "O God I thank Thee that thou hast seen fit not to allow me to be tempted this day beyond my strength to resist." The life business of Marilla Ricker has been to be a friend to the friendless—to be a friend even to those who were not friends to themselves."

Beautiful Heads of Hair.

If beautiful hair were commonly seen, it is certain that poets would not go into ecstacies about it, but many a pretty face has a very meagre crown.

One most fortunate girl is Miss Edith Root, daughter of Secretary Root and it is strange that some enterprising maker of hair restorer has not tried to use her picture as an "after taking" testimonial.

Her dark brown locks are of a silky quality seldom seen in curly hair, and when loose reach within a foot of the ground. She usually wears her hair braided and wound closely around her head.

Some people contend that in arranging the hair a la mode, it is better to have meager strands rather than thick coils; women, however, still judge the "crowning glory" by quantity rather than quality.

Baroness von Sternburg has hair that many an actress has envied. It is Titian red, curly and abundant. She wears it in the low Greek coiffure, without adornment of any kind.

Niagara river in its course from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, falls a distance of 627 feet.

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FLORRIE GRAY—An East End friend of Letty's.
BILL ALIAS—The Terror.

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If you love your children, and of course you do, you will want them to read this story that they may know the horrors, the dangers and the temptations of city life. If they are dissatisfied with the old farm this is the story they should read that they may more fully understand the full meaning of life in the city. There is one other character in this story and this character has big, tired eyes which gaze out from the throng at the beauty of Lady Letty with a strange envy.

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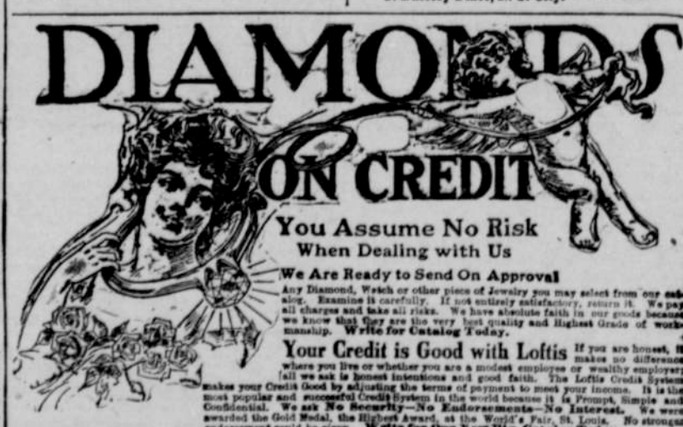

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