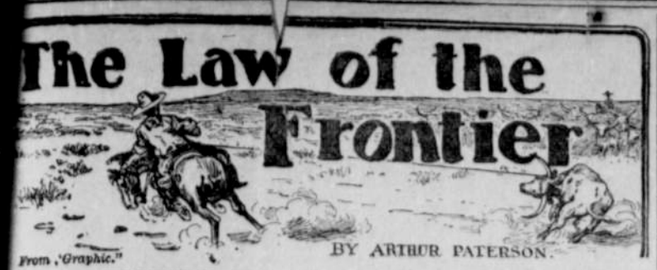
The Law of the Frontier



From "Graphic."

BY ARTHUR PATERSON.

CHAPTER II.

John Ogden turned his head; the muzzle of a Winchester carbine was within an inch of his neck, and the sheriff's cruel eyes were behind it.

Ogden felt numb and nerveless. In a flash he saw the significance of the words; he was as a bird within striking distance of a rattlesnake.

"Walk out of this," said the Sheriff.

Ogden turned to the door, meeting the eager faces of a crowd of people who had heard the shot. The sheriff beckoned to two men.

"Take him to the casa, boys, and stay by him."

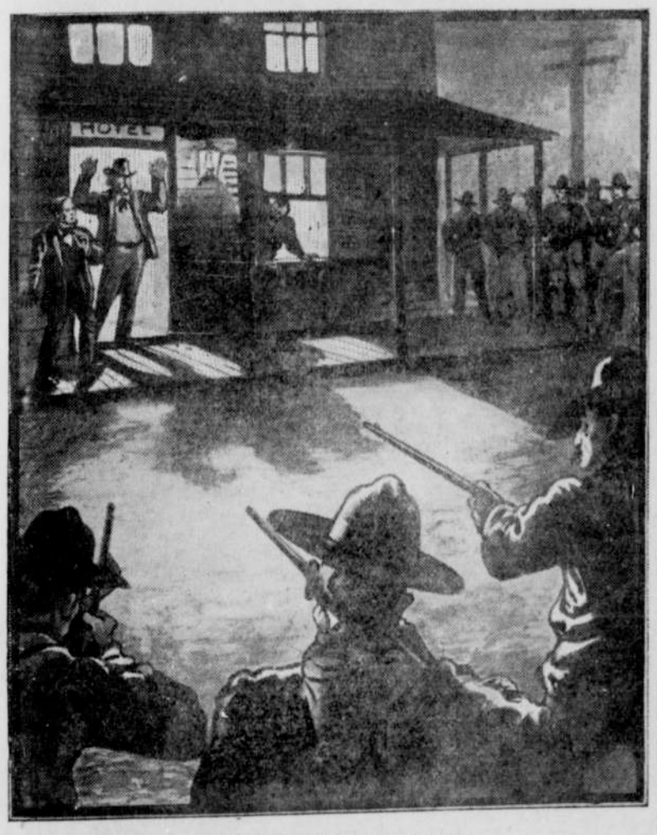
The promptness of action and lack of official ceremony in Western trials by jury is one of the features of frontier life At eight o'clock in the morning John Ogden had been a free man—by noon he was on trial for his life. The court-house was the largest room in the hotel, a convenient spot, for the judge was the hotel proprietor. John's trial lasted exactly two hours. Sheriff Lassiter, "our worthy officer of law," as Judge Sanderbach explained to the eastern visitors assembled to enjoy the ceremony, gave his evidence with a dignity and self-restraint that was much admired. He stated briefly, how when passing the post-office, he had heard the sounds of a struggle inside followed by a revolver shot, and entering had discovered the deceased in a dying condition, the prisoner standing over him, pistol in hand.

Long before this Ogden had recovered himself.

"It is a lie," he blurted out, in response to a bland and courteous question from the judge, "a foul lie from beginning to end."

"Do you say so, now?" echoed the Sheriff's attorney, the only lawyer in town. "That, I reckon, will be most interesting news to the jury. Please tell us why?"

The cowboy gave his account of the incident, and then the lawyer passed a very pleasant and profitable half-



"TEN RIFLES WERE SWUNG TO SHOULDER."

hour in cross-examination, during which Ogden's previous assault upon the Sheriff was introduced into the case in a manner which completely ruined any chance of acquittal he might otherwise have had. Ultimately a verdict of "Guilty of murder" was given by the jury and sentence of death by hanging solemnly passed by the judge, the execution to take place at sunrise the next morning. The prisoner was then marched back to his cell—an empty shanty—the court adjourned for lunch, and those who had witnessed the trial went quietly home. Only one person felt at all uneasy. This was a Mr. Edward Clincher, the store-keeper and oldest resident in the town. The most shabbily dressed and insignificant of men in appearance, "Ed" Clincher was the richest man in the country; and his dollars had been accumulated by twenty years' hard work, endurance of much hardship, and constant danger to life and limb.

"A queer bit there," he muttered to himself as he stepped out of the hotel blinking in the bright sunlight. "Burt is paying off scores for that pounding, wonder—well, well," shaking himself, "what does it matter to me? Hello, José Gallegos—"

A hand had been laid on his arm; and a brown face, now a sickly yellow with anxiety, was eagerly peering into his.

"Oh, Senor Edwardo, me want to speak you bad. Ah, caramba! very, very bad."

The boy was mad with excitement, and Ed, a kindly man with Mexicans and especially with this one, soothed him like a child.

"There—there, little fool," he said in Spanish. "What's to do? Wait, now; don't try firing off like a pistol at half-cock. Come into the store and talk."

José yielded with a grimance, following Mr. Clincher to a capacious log and adobe building, and once inside, he poured forth in the most voluble of Spanish, a story that moved both Mr. Clincher and his wife, who listened with her husband, to exclamations of horror and indignation. It appeared that José's younger brother, Maximo, a lad of thirteen, had been cook, house-servant, and general help at the post-office, and was on the premises this morning. When the trouble began, he had secreted himself where he could see all that went on, and had been an eye witness to the quarrel; had seen Lassiter fire the fatal shot, and with great difficulty had contrived to escape detection and capture. Terrified he had ridden off to his brother and told him all. José wishing to save Ogden, but knowing the contempt with which the evidence of a Mexican would be treated, and the danger to his brother if they had moved in the matter, had been in despair, until a thought came upon him to seek the help of Mr. Clincher, who happened to be the banker of the remaining portion of his legacy.

Clincher paced up and down the room, his face growing darker every moment, and little Maximo when he was brought in, was horribly scared. But when Mr. Clincher questioned with gentle firmness he concealed nothing. At the end the storekeeper fell into deep thought, the Mexicans eagerly watching his face.

"It will cost money," he said aloud, half to himself, half to them. "Why should I spend money on a darned cowboy?

"Money," cried José, the rest of the speech being beyond him. "I have money. Yes, me: Senor Don José Ilario Gallegos. All the money that lies with you I will spend to save his life—every dollar."

"Pshaw, you are a fool," was the rough rejoinder. "Your head's turned. What's he to you, boy?"

"My friend," and the dark eyes flashed. "Senor, he took my part when all others were my enemies, and after he took my hand as if he had been a brother. I will never forget—he took my hand. You," with a quaint pitying smile, "you, Senor Ed, are an Americano; you will not understand."

Mr. Clincher stared at this sudden change of tone, but there was no time for puzzling out enigmas.

"Have it as you will, boy," he said, quietly. "We'll share the expense, mebbe. I'll have a letter to write, which you must take to Jonathan Hame, who's Ogden's boss, and told me once Ogden would beat the band for honesty and grit. Vamos, now."

It was ten miles to Hame's ranch, but the Mexicans caught the cattleman just as he was off for a holiday in the Eastern States. By sundown he was in Clincher's store.

That evening the Clincher family supped late. They entertained a dozen guests, and it was a pleasant, sociable supper, for all the men were neighbors and friends. At the head of the table sat Clincher, the host, quiet and serene; on his right, Jonathan Hame, the largest owner of cattle in the country, a trifle absent in manner, but as undisturbed as his friend; opposite was a slim, hard-featured man, Collett, the sheep king; and on his right Dan Bacon, most successful breeder of horses in New Mexico, and so the list went on. After the supper, Clincher rose quietly from his chair, and locked the door. "Friends," he said, returning to the table, "we must talk business now."

All this time Ogden was locked in the Casa awaiting his fate. With his coat rolled up for a pillow, he lay on his back gazing up through the grating at the sky. Hope was all gone—nothing left but dreary, bitter despair. Thus thrown back upon his thoughts, his mind flew away from his present surroundings, over land and sea, five thousand miles, back to the smoky Lancashire town where he was born, and where all he loved in the world were now living. His father, his brothers, his mother—here he choked, and hot tears streamed down his cheeks unchecked. She had been a very foolish mother. John had been her first-born, and she had petted him, spoilt him, cuddled him. He had repaid her as a willful young dare-devil will, by trampling upon her with careless scorn, and utterly defying any later attempts at control, yet he had loved her passionately, and for her sake had resisted many a grim temptation.

"I will write," he said aloud. "Some one will lend me a pencil and piece of paper on the way to——"

Tramp, tramp, tramp. The guard was walking up and down outside. Hark! what was that? The man had cocked his rifle. Another sound—horses, a score of them at least, a challenge from the guard, a curt reply in a voice which Ogden knew; then silence followed by the sound of a key turning in the door, then——

"Out of this, boy. Come." A tall figure stood in the doorway, beckoning.

"Old man—Hame." John gasped.

"That's me. No word on it now. There ain't time."

John looked around. All about him were mounted men, a strange mixture—cowboys, bronco busters, and sheep-herders, red-faced Texans, and swarthy Mexicans—usually the bitterest of enemies—now for the first and only time in their lives standing shoulder to shoulder as comrades, to fight in a common cause.

"To the hotel, boys," said a voice, Ed. Clincher's. "Not a sound. We have a wily steer to rope, and must work clear around him before we throw."

They wheeled, and, with John and Hame in the centre, galloped down the one road Calhoun possessed, reaching Sanderbach's hotel in a few minutes. Lights were dancing in the windows there, people running to and fro in mortal fright, for it was said that a party of cowboys mad with drink were about to shoot up the town. The scare had just begun, and before anyone could leave the place Hame, Clincher, Collett and Bacon, with a force of fifty men, were round it in an unbroken ring.

Judge Sauderbach, portly and respectable, stepped out upon the porch. Behind him on the stairway to the upper story, were pale-faced visitors. The judge, a tall, fine-looking man, asked with an injured air of dignified surprise what they wanted.

The storekeeper answered. "The Sheriff of this town, Judge."

The Judge smiled, "He is not here, my friend."

"We search your house room by room. Boys, Clincher spoke over his shoulder, ten of you follow me, and I need'nt say, keep your guns handy."

He moved a pace nearer, and the men behind him gave their rifles a sling forward, raising a shriek of terror from the ladies on the stairs.

"Stay, sir," the Judge said solemnly. "You shall answer for this to the Governor of this Territory, though I cannot resist you now.

He stepped inside a room near the door, and the men waited in grim silence. At last a tall slouching figure came slowly down the passage into the lighted hall.

"Cover him," said Clincher sharply, and ten rifles were swung to shoulder, and again the ladies shrieked. The Sheriff, however, raised his hands above his head and stood still. In a moment they had closed around him, in a few more the porch of the Sanderbach Hotel was deserted.

Meanwhile, in the kitchen of Ed Clincher's house collected a small company of men, the same who had supped there some hours earlier. Before them stood Burt Lassiter, guarded. At a table in the center of the room sat Ed Clincher, a Bible at his left hand and a big six-shooter at his right.

"Burt Lassiter," he said, rising, and taking up the Bible, "swear on this Bible to tell the truth." The prisoner advanced, and in a husky tone took the oath, touching the Bible with his lips.

"You are on trial," the storekeeper continued, "before these men who are responsible for this town in right of being the first settlers in the country, and having most stake in it.

"You have this day accused an innocent man of murder, and by means of bribery had him condemned to death. "Now, answer this question, and remember you are on your oath—Who killed Ben Slade?"

The prisoner breathed hard. His flabby face was yellow and his fingers twitched, but he held his head high and smiled in Clincher's face.

"John Ogden, the man I arrested to-day."

Clincher turned his head, and made a sign to a man near the door.

"Bring in Maximo Gallegos." The Mexican boy came in, very frightened, but able to give his evidence clearly.

The prisoner laughed. "Did you ever know a greaser to tell the truth?"

"Call John Ogden."

John was cool now, and spoke shortly, to the point. When asked if he had any questions, Lassiter merely shook his head. But he was not smiling now. "I'll swear against a thousand oaths. I did not—"

Clincher held up his hand.

"Drop that," he said sternly. "Give him the bullet."

A small conical pellet of lead was shown to the prisoner, who started and then tried to smile contemptously.

"It is a rifle bullet," Clincher said very quietly. "Ogden, by your evidence, only carried a revolver. Yet the bullet you hold now was found in Slade's body, and fits your rifle exactly."

A moment of silence, while Lassiter tried to speak—and failed.

"Answer me again—" thundered Clincher.

There was a low gurgling cry, and the Sheriff fell grovelling at Clincher's feet.

"Mercy, mercy," he whispered. "For God's sake have mercy, and I will—"

"Stop" Clincher's eyes flashed fire, and cast away hands that had clutched his.

"Citizens, this man is guilty. In your name I condemn him to be hanged by the neck in public at sunrise to-morrow."

And thus was even handed justice done, without shadow of law, at Calhoun, in the Territory of New Mexico.

Frozen soup, in small leather sacks, is carried by travellers in Eastern Siberia. Frozen milk is also carried in the same way.

A pound of phosphorus will head 1,000,000 matches.

Chrysanthemums were grown in China before the eleventh centuary.

The Mexican lap dog is the smallest member of the dog family.

The hour was divided into sixty minutes because no other small number has as many divisions as sixty. It can be evenly divided by 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 10, 15, 20 and 30.

FIRST WOMAN BAILIFF.

Portlandt, Oregon has Appointed Mrs. M. E. Daggett

The first woman bailiff ever appointed in Portland, Oregon, was recently sworn into office. She is Mrs. M. E. Daggett, who for the past three months has been engaged as a volunteer officer in the Portland Juvenile Court.

MRS. M. E. DACGETT.

The entire life of Mrs. Daggett has been devoted to charity. She is the daughter of a Methodist clergyman and was born in Kentucky. When a young girl she went to Kansas with her parents and was in that state in the days when it was known as "Bleeding Kansas" Mrs. Daggett began her charitable work when quite young and frequently came to grief.

WOMEN RULERS OF INDIA.

Three Begums of Bhopal Who Have Been at Head of a Large Native State.

Among the interesting personages whom the Prince and Princess of Wales have met in the course of their tour through India, none presents a more engrossing study than the woman ruler of the State of Bhopal, Nawab Sultan Jehan, Begum, if the London accounts may be regarded as authentic. The Begum is a daughter and a granddaughter of a Begum, and between them these three women have ruled, for the past sixty years, the destinies of a state comprising nearly 7,000 square miles of territory and a population of a million people.

The mother of the present ruler descended from the famous Dost Mohammad Khan, the founder of the Bhopal dynasty. She succeeded to the throne in 1868, in which year she sent to Queen Victoria a quaint letter acknowledging her majesty's kindness in accepting the dedication of a book written by the Begum's mother, the enlightened Sikandar, describing her pilgrimage to Mecca.

The book in question is a picturesque record of an oriental journey, containing an appreciation of the characteristics of that place as seen and understood by an Indian lady. The Begum seems to have been particularly struck by the enormous quantities of food which the inhabitants of Mecca were able to consume. She records that they were in the habit of disposing of five or six pounds weight per hand per day.

They appeared to thrive on it, however, for the Begum vouches for the fact that the average man was so abnormally strong that he thought nothing of carrying a weight of 900 pounds from the street to the top of a house. The Begum apparently took a great interest in building operations in Mecca, for she includes in her book a list of building materials, with their cost.

Loyal to England.

The loyalty to the British Government, to which the present Begum's mother referred in her letter to Queen Victoria, was strikingly exhibited by the famous Sikandar who ruled during the mutiny.

At the height of the insurrection a deputation from her army gathered outside the palace and expressed a wish that the Begum would put herself at the head of her men and lead them on to Delhi to exterminate the infidel British. The Begum promised to do so, but during the night she, with a few faithful adherents, caused the whole army, consisting of about three thousand men all told, to be disarmed and their weapons hidden. The following day she offered to lead them unarmed to Delhi, but the army thought better of it. This plucky act probably had a great influence on the trend of events, and it undoubtedly saved the British residents at a neighboring town from massacre.

Bhopal has always been one of the most friendly of the Indian States. So far back as 1778, when Gen. Goddard marched across India, Bhopal was the only Indian power which showed itself friendly. In 1818 the British Government formed an alliance with Bhopal, guaranteeing to the Nawab the possession of the State.

More Liberty for Women.

The Shah Gehan Begum, the daughter of Sikandar, succeeded in 1868 and proved a most worthy follower of her mother. She threw aside the restrictions of the "purdah," which imposed the strictest seclusion upon Indian women, and was always accessible, conducting business on her own initiative with the greatest vigor. M. Louis Rousselet, a French explorer, thus describes a meeting he had with her many years ago.

"I had an appointment with Her Highness," he wrote, "and so I called at the palace, which is full of European treasures and luxuries. In the room into which I was ushered sat a little girl whom I took to be the daughter of one of the court nobles, and was on the point of addressing her, when she rose and with a very stately inclination of her head said: 'I am the Shah Jehan,' at the same time extending a tiny hand covered with jewels. When I had somewhat recovered from my confusion I noticed that, although of diminutive stature, she had a very handsome, intellectual face. She wore close fitting pantaloons of gold brocade, embroidered jacket and a muslin toque."

The present Begum still keeps up the restriction of the "purdah." When she was presented to the Prince of Wales at Indore, she was crowned with gold, her face veiled behind a burka of light blue and her figure draped in blue of a deeper shade.

The reign of women in Bhopal is likely to cease with the death of the present Begum, for she has two sons and a daughter, and the heir-apparent is the oldest son.

THE MAGIC STORY.

(*Continued from Page 2.*)

"Mr. Currier is good for anything he orders," he said to the man in charge; "one of my old customers. This is Mr. Bryan, Mr. Currier. He will take good care of you, and 'stand for' you just the same as I would. The fact is, I have sold out. I've just turned over the outfit to Bryan. By the way, is'nt Mr. Sturtevant a friend of yours?"

I nodded. I couldn't have spoken if I had tried.

"Well," continued the ex-"night owl" man, "he came here one night, about a month ago ,and told me the most wonderful story I ever heard. I've just bought a place on Eighth Avenue, where I am going to run a regular restaurant—near Twenty-third street. Come and see me."

Again the Wonderful Story.

I started to walk homeward, fingering the solitary nickel in my pocket and contemplating the certainty of riding down town in the morning. When I reached Union Square, I examined my address book for the home of Sturtevant, but it was not recorded. Then I remembered the cafe in University place, and, although the hour was late, it occured to me that he might be there.

He was. In a far corner of the room, surrounded by a group of acquaintances, I saw him. He discovered me at the same instant and motioned to me to join them. There was no chance for the story, however. Half a dozen men were around the table and I was the farthest removed from Sturtevant.

"It's too bad, Mr. Currier," remarked one of the party; "you should have come a little sooner. Sturtevant has been telling us a story, it is quite wonderful, really. I say, Sturtevant, won't you tell that again, for the benefit of Mr. Currier?"

"Why, yes. I believe that Currier has, somehow failed to hear the magic story, although I think he was the first one to whom I mentioned it at all. Sit down here and you shall have it."

We were interrupted at that instant, by a uniformed messenger who handed Sturtevant a telegram. It was from his chief, demanding his instant attendance at the office.

"Too bad," said Sturtevant, rising and extending his hand. "Tell you what I'll do, old chap. I'm not likely to be gone any more than an hour or two. You take my key and wait for me in my room. In the escritoire near the window you will find an old scrapbook, bound in rawhide. Read that and wait for me until I return."

Reading the Story at Last.

With that he went out, and I lost no time in taking advantage of the permission he had given me.

I found the book without difficulty. It was a quaint, homemade affair. I found the story curiously printed. It was quaint and strange.

In reproducing the contents of the book the peculiarities of type, spelling, etc., are eliminated, but in other respects it remains unchanged.

We know that you want to read Part Two of this unique story which contains the wonderful manuscript discovered by Sturtevant. The complete story, bound in silk cloth, with fine vignette illustration as front piece, beautifully printed on a fine quality of paper, will be sent to you absolutely free, postage prepaid, if you will send one dollar for a year's subscription to Success Magazine, or, if you are already a subscriber, your subscription will be extended one year. Address The Success Company, 32 Waverly Place, New York.

(Note.—The Magic Story as related is not magic, but while an intensely interesting narrative of a "Success" is simply one of the most comprehensive and uplifting pieces of advice ever presented to struggling mankind. It breathes action and determination to succeed—a living example of the words of the indomitable Richelieu, that there is no such word as fail. President Roosevelt's "Strenuous Life" was discounted in this story a hundred years. It awakens enthusiasm, it urges and compels. It is, too, a most enchanting tale.)

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FLORRIE GRAY—An East End friend of Letty's.
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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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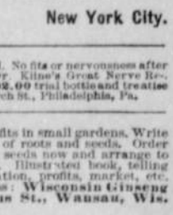
and scores of others, really too many to list here.



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