

HIS GREAT FIGHT.

The Fierce and Bloody Duel That Won "Wild Bill" His Name.

ATTACKED BY TEN OUTLAWS.

He Boldly Faced the Desperadoes, Using His Guns and His Bowie Knife, and When the Smoke of Battle Cleared Eight of His Foes Were Dead.

In the "Story of the Outlaw," by Emerson Hough, is a thrilling account of the desperate and sanguinary encounter against overwhelming odds that won "Wild Bill" his name and marked him as one of the most fearless and reckless fighting men that ever faced a mob, drew a gun or swung a bowie knife.

The real name of Wild Bill was James Butler Hickok. He was eighteen years old when he first saw the west as a fighting man under Jim Lane, finally in the year 1861 settling down as station agent for the Overland at Rock Creek station, about fifty miles west of Topeka.

He was really there as a guard for the horse band, for all that region was full of horse thieves and cutthroats. It was here that occurred his greatest fight, the greatest fight of one man against odds at close range that is mentioned in any history of any part of the world.

Two border outlaws—the McCandless boys—leading a gang of bad men, intended to run off with the stage company's horses. When they found that they could not induce Bill to join their number they left him with curses and threats.

As they rode away Bill told them to come and take the horses if they could, and on the afternoon of Dec. 16, 1861, ten of them rode to his dugout to do so. Bill was alone, his stableman being away hunting. He retreated into the dark interior of his dugout and got ready his weapons, a rifle, two six-shooters and a knife.

The assailants proceeded to batter in the door with a log, and as it fell in Jim McCandless, who must have been a brave man to undertake so foolhardy a thing against a man already known as a killer, sprang in at the opening. He, of course, was killed at once.

This exhausted the rifle, and Bill picked up the sixshooters from the table and in three quick shots killed three more of the gang as they rushed in at the door. Four men were dead in less than that many seconds, but there were still six others left, all inside the dugout now, and all firing at him at a range of three feet.

It was almost a miracle that under such surroundings the man was not killed. Bill was now crowded too much to use his firearms and took to the bowie, thrusting at one man and another as best he might. It must have been several minutes that all seven of them were mixed in a mass of shooting, thrusting, panting and gasping humanity.

Then Jack McCandless swung his rifle barrel and struck Bill over the head, springing upon him with his knife as well. Bill got his hand on a six shooter and killed McCandless just as he would have struck.

After that no one knows what happened, not even Bill himself. "I just got sort of wild," Bill said, describing it. "I thought my heart was on fire. I went out to the pump then to get a drink, and I was all cut and shot to pieces."

They called him Wild Bill after that, and he had earned the name. There were six dead men on the floor of the dugout. He had fairly whipped the ten of them, and the four remaining had enough and fled from that awful hole in the ground.

Bill followed them to the door. His own weapons were exhausted or not at hand by this time, but his stableman came up just then with a rifle in his hands. Bill caught it from him and, cut as he was, fired and killed one of the desperadoes as he tried to mount his horse. The other wounded man later died of his wounds. Eight men were killed by the one.

It took Bill a year to recover from his wounds.

His Parting Request. Augustus Caesar was a wise ruler, and when he died it was said of him that "he had found Rome brick and left it marble." He liberally patronized men of letters, and the "Augustan age" is a phrase applied to any era distinguished for literature and the arts. On the approach of his death, it is said, Augustus called for a mirror and arranged his hair. He then asked those about him if he had played his part well. On their answering in the affirmative he said after the manner of the actors, "Then, farewell—and applaud!"

The Celtic Affirmative. In the speech of so highly developed a people as the Celts there is no equivalent to "yes." Thus it happens that you shall never hear an Irish waiter pronounce the shibboleth "yesir" of his English confrere, for he invariably expresses an affirmative by some such phrase as "I shall, sir," "It is, sir," "Blackwood's Magazine."

The Old and the New. The old fashioned bride who was dowered with a stack of bedquilted now has a daughter who is going to bring her husband a trunkful of lingerie.—Ginestown News.

Our only victory over temptation is through persisting courage and an indomitable cheerfulness.—Faber.

CAUGHT WITH THE GOODS.

Climax to the Tiff Between the Lady and Her Husband.

The man and his wife, or perhaps it might be more proper these days to say the lady and her husband, had been having one of those cute little breakfast table chats wherein husband and wife twit each other about their relatives and get very personal in their observations. These things happen in the best regulated families occasionally.

The argument had grown heated and had reached the point where the wife usually makes up her mind to go home to mother when the telephone bell rang. The wife answered the telephone. A sweet voice asked over the phone:

"Are you having trouble?"

"Well, of all things!" snapped the wife in reply. "What if we are? It's none of your business."

"Oh, yes, it is some of my business. Locating trouble is the only thing I do."

"Well, you've got a nerve," replied the wife. "The idea of butting into private family matters like that!"

"If you had reported your trouble to me I would have had it attended to. One of your neighbors reported it."

"One of the neighbors? Great Scott! Could the neighbors hear it?"

"Your neighbor reported it this morning."

"Well, I'd thank my neighbors to attend to their own affairs. My husband and I settle our difficulties without help from them or from you. Who are you anyway?"

"I am calling you from the trouble department of the telephone company. The neighbor reported that there was something wrong with your phone."

"For the love of Mike!" shrieked the wife as she dropped the telephone receiver and nearly fainted away. "Caught with the goods!"—Brooklyn Eagle.

DICKENS AS AN ACTOR.

When Boz Became a Writer the Stage Lost a Star.

No one ever paid a much higher tribute to Dickens than did Kate Field. She had the soul of a poet, a discriminating taste in art and literature and wide knowledge of the world. In mentally she was fully as strong as either of her brilliant brothers, David Dudley, Stephen J. or Cyrus W., and she certainly was as good if not a better judge of character.

She once wrote an appreciation of Dickens in which she declared the world lost its greatest actor when Boz became a writer. She gave a description of one of the Dickens readings in New York that was masterly in its vividness of detail. Such versatility as she credited Dickens with displaying as he assumed the character of first one and then another of his creations, the pathos, the humor, the tragedy he put into a story, the marvelous way in which he stirred the emotions of old and young in his audience, would appear to be a bit extravagant were it not that now and then some old man, looked upon as stern and unemotional, tells with faltering voice how he stood in line all one night to buy a ticket to one of Boz's readings and then goes on to talk just about as Miss Field wrote, only before he gets far along in his story the tears are running down his wrinkled cheeks—his old heartstrings still attune to the magic of the master as he saw him.—New York Press.

An Old Time Feminine Fa. A century or more ago women in England were as keen for fads as they are today. In the journal of the Hon. Mrs. Charles Calvert, edited by Mrs. Warrenne Blake, we find recorded on May 4, 1808: "I begin a new science today—shoemaking. It is all the fashion. I had a master with me for two hours, and I think I shall be able to make very nice shoes. It amuses and occupies me, which at present is very useful to me." Mrs. Calvert appears to have proved a very apt pupil, for the very next day appears the triumphant entry, "I have just finished a shoe by myself!"—London Spectator.

Old Furniture. The ordinary furniture polish, very useful when the furniture is comparatively new or well preserved, will not always fill the bill. When furniture is old and badly scratched any desired shade of wood stain mixed with equal proportions of spirits of turpentine will bring back the original shade and newness. Be careful to apply the mixture very evenly, using preferably a fat bristle brush of rather small dimension.—National Magazine.

Had His Doubts. "Is it really a pleasure for you to have me call?" inquired the young man. "Why, yes," answered the girl in some confusion. "Why do you ask such a question?" "Oh, nothing. Only you seem to take your pleasure sadly."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Nature. Nature imitates herself. A grain thrown into good ground brings forth fruit. A principle thrown into a good mind brings forth fruit. Everything is created and conducted by the same Master—the root, the branch, the fruits, the principles, the consequences.—Pascal.

Thrilling Racing Drama. Act I.—Five Men Break a Horse. Act II.—They Enter the House to a Race. Act III.—The Horse Breaks Five Men.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

When Time Doesn't Fly. Sitting around a country depot waiting for a midnight train will do a lot to dissipate that tempo fugit theory.—Aitchison Globe.

He who is not ready today will be less so tomorrow.—Orvis.

OUR BIG GAME.

Bret Harte's Explanation That Made the Matter Quite Clear.

Bret Harte, the whimsical and brilliant chronicler of Roaring Camp and Poker Flat, used to become weary to exasperation at the foolish admirers who could not separate him from his characters and who insisted on confounding their experiences and predilections with his own.

Since he wrote of pioneer mining camps in the early days of the gold fever, his characters were often heroic only in part. Indeed, they were quite as often rogues as heroes. As he obviously could not be identified with the rougher types among them, the favorite notion seemed to be that he was, or had been, a gentleman gambler. With that idea in mind a young Englishman in London once tried hard to get him to describe and explain poker, which he referred to as "your great American game." Mr. Harte conveniently misunderstood him.

"So you say 'great game' over here?" he inquired amiably. "In the United States, now, we call it 'big game'—grizzlies, catamounts, buffalo and bighorn—don't you know. But we don't chase them with pokers. No, no! They're abundant, but they don't often come into the houses, really. It's usually necessary to go outside with a gun."

At another time he learned that a certain noted hostess, whose invitation to dine he had just accepted, had been questioning one of his intimates to learn if it were true that he was a reformed gambler.

"Not reformed," declared Mr. Harte wearily. "Tell her I am beyond reformation. Tell her that I was my own model for the gambler Oakhurst and that the scene of his suicide is pure autobiography."—Youth's Companion.

FREAKS OF DYNAMITE.

One That Was Lucky For the Man Down in the Mine Shaft.

"Not long ago," said a Leadville mining man, "there occurred one of those freaks of dynamite in one of the deep shafts of the Carbonate camp that might not happen again in a thousand years."

"Two men at the bottom of a shaft had put in five four and one-half foot holes which were to be exploded with dynamite cartridges 1 1/2 inches in diameter. As is usual in such cases, they gave the customary signals to the hoisting engineer and after lighting the fuse stepped on the bale of the bucket and started upward. When about ten feet from the bottom one of the men had an epileptic fit and toppled out. His partner tried to reach the bell cord to stop the bucket, but it was too late. The bell cord could be reached only from the lower part of the shaft. When the engineer saw only one man come through the collar of the shaft at the surface his face blanched."

"Where's Jim?" he asked excitedly. "Quickly the miner related the circumstances and exhibited his hand, bloody from contact with the sharp rock in an effort to reach the bell cord before the bucket entered the timbering. The men, their hearts beating wildly, listened in suspense for the five explosions of dynamite that would tear their unfortunate comrade to pieces. They heard five faint reports, one after the other. They were simply the detonating caps of the cartridges. Every one of the charges of dynamite had missed fire—failed to explode. I have known of one or even three shots out of five missing, but I don't believe there is another case on record where five missed as providentially as in this case."—Exchange.

A Musical Rebuke. As to the possibility of humor in music the London Telegraph says: "If composers and performers had more of the sense of humor music's appeal would be immensely wider. The truth is that musical performers are far too apt to take themselves too seriously." The solemn attitude of some musicians toward their art was humorously rebuked recently by a well known New York pianist, who remarked to his gifted wife, also a pianist, at the conclusion of a performance by the latter: "My dear, don't look so doleful! Music isn't a funeral; music is a joke!"

A Very Different Matter. A Peun avenue business man was taking an employee to task. "See here," you wrote a personal letter yesterday during business hours. You used your employer's time. That's stealing!" The employee dared back. "Well, sir," he said, "I have worked overtime at least 100 times a year for the past ten years." "Ha, ha!" That's business."—Pittsburgh Post.

In After Years. Old Fogey Father—My father never supplied me with money to squander on fast horses, theater parties, elite dinners and the like. Up to late Sunday, that's all right, dad. You must remember that I come of a more aristocratic family than you did.—Chicago News.

Forced Youth. "I insist that I am just as young as I used to be." "That's all right as long as you don't try to act that way."—Houston Post.

When Time Doesn't Fly. Sitting around a country depot waiting for a midnight train will do a lot to dissipate that tempo fugit theory.—Aitchison Globe.

He who is not ready today will be less so tomorrow.—Orvis.

Plan Your Vacation Now to the East—Seashore or Mountains SOUTHERN PACIFIC

Will place on sale low round trip tickets to all the principal Cities of the East, going or returning through California, or via Portland with going limit 15 days. Final return limit October 31st.

Sale Dates. April 25, 26, 27. June 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29. August 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31. September 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31. October 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.

Officers many advantages for a seashore outing. Low fares from all points in Oregon, reasonable hotel rates, outdoor amusements and all the delights of the seashore.

The New P.R. & N. Beaches. Tillamook, Garibaldi (Bayocean), Brighton, Manhattan and Rockaway, Lake Lytle, Ocean Lake Park, Twin Rocks, Tillamook Beach and Bay City will open a new field for a summer outing. Low Round Trip Fares from all points in Oregon.

Call on our nearest Agent for full information as to East Bound Excursion Fares, routes, stop-overs, or write to JOHN M. SCOTT, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Oregon. Eat California Raisins, Raisin Day, April 30th.

LOW ROUND TRIPS EAST

On the dates given below, round trip tickets will be sold to the points in the East shown below, and many others, at greatly reduced fares quoted:

THROUGH TRAINS EAST

Table with columns for cities and fares. Includes Atlantic City, Baltimore, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Colorado Springs, Denver, Detroit, Kansas City, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Montreal, New York, Omaha, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, St. Paul, Toronto, Washington.

Stopovers and choice of routes allowed in each direction. Final return limit, October 31, 1912. Details of schedules, fares, etc., will be furnished on request. W. E. COMAN, Gen'l Freight and Pass. Agent, PORTLAND, OREGON

The Easter Rush Is On. but we are not too busy to fill your order for lumber, even if it is but a small one. Look around and see if your place wouldn't look better for a little fixing up. Then tell us what lumber you need and we'll have it up to your place in less than no time. A. G. Beals Lumber Company

The Best Hotel. THE ALLEN HOUSE, J. P. ALLEN, Proprietor. Headquarters for Travelling Men. Special Attention paid to Tourists. A First Class Table. Comfortable Beds and Accommodation

WANTED—A RIDER AGENT. COASTER-BRAKES. \$10.00 Hedgethorne Puncture-Proof \$4.80 Self-healing Tires A SIMPLE PAIR TO INTRODUCE ONLY. J.L. HEADCYCLE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

NOTICE OF CONTEST. Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, Portland, Oregon. To William Knous, of Blaine, Oregon, Contestee: You are hereby notified that ROY L. COOK, who gives 200 Third St., Portland, Oregon, care of Plummer Drug Co., as his post-office address, did on March 20th, 1912, file in this office his duly corroborated application to contest and secure the cancellation of your Homestead, Entry No. 0425, Serial No. 0425 made September 14, 1908, for S.W. 1/4 of N.E. 1/4, S.E. 1/4 of N.W. 1/4, N.E. 1/4 of S.W. 1/4 and N.W. 1/4 of S.E. 1/4, Section 34, Tp. 3 South, Range 8 West, Willamette Meridian, and as grounds for his contest he alleges that said WILLIAM KNOUS has never established residence on said land, has never made any improvements thereon, has never cultivated any portion of the same, but has wholly abandoned said land for more than six months immediately preceding this date. You are, therefore, further notified that the said allegations will be taken by this office as having been confessed by you, and your said entry will be canceled thereunder without your further right to be heard therein, either before this office or on appeal, if you fail to file in this office within twenty days after the fourth publication of this notice, as shown below, your answer, under oath, specifically meeting and responding to these allegations of contest, or if you fail within that time to file in this office due proof that you have served a copy of your answer on the said contestant either in person or by registered mail. If this service is made by the delivery of a copy of your answer to the contestant in person, proof of such service must be either the said contestant's written acknowledgment of his receipt of the copy, showing the date of its receipt, or the affidavit of the person by whom the delivery was made stating when and where the copy was delivered; if made by registered mail, proof of such service must consist of the affidavit of the person by whom the copy was mailed stating when and the post office to which it was mailed, and this affidavit must be accompanied by the postmaster's receipt for the letter. You should state in your answer the name of the post office to which you desire future notices to be sent to you. H. F. HIGBY, Register. J. C. ARDREY, Receiver. Date of first publication April 4, 1912; date of second publication April 11, 1912; date of third publication April 18, 1912; date of fourth publication April 25, 1912.

Notice. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.—That the County Court of Tillamook County, Oregon, will receive bids for one hundred cords of either Alder or Hemlock Wood, to be cut 46 inches in length and corded in the basement of the Court house on or before October 1st, 1912. A certified check equal to 5 per cent of the amount of the bid must accompany each bid as a guarantee that the bidder will execute a Bond for the delivery of wood if awarded the same. All bids to be filed with the County Clerk on or before the last day of May, 1912. The Court reserves the right to reject any and all bids. By order of the Court. J. C. HOLDEN, County Clerk.

Are You Giving Your Live Stock a Fair Deal? You like a little salt and pepper—a little mustard—a little lemon extract—a little this and that to flavor your grub. Your cow, your steer, your hog under natural conditions would have a chance to get a bite of this, a bite of that and a bite of the other thing and so get a variety in its feed. But under the unnatural condition in which you keep them, they get every day about the same sort of stuff to eat. As a natural consequence they get "off their feed." Even if they do not, their digestive organs need the tonic effect which comes from a variety of feeding stuffs. Watkins' Stock Tonic is a scientific preparation which not only improves the flavor of the feed you feed, but also supplies that tonic element so needed to make your live stock do their best. There is no longer any doubt about the need of a tonic for the modern domestic animal kept under artificial conditions. You must give them something to help them digest their feed and get the greatest good from it. Watkins' Stock Tonic supplies this need. It makes the animal relish its feed more; it aids in the digestion and assimilation of the feed, and in addition to that, it has a tonic effect upon the whole system. Your animals need a tonic of this kind. Watkins' Stock Tonic is not a secret preparation. We tell you the actual ingredients that are used in it. You know exactly what you are buying, and do more good than any other stock tonic or so called stock food ever made. The Watkins Man will be glad to leave you a pail on trial, backed by the Watkins guarantee. Delivered by Wagon. R. R. ROBERTS