

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

Terms of Publication.

Published every Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock in advance, otherwise by mail, and will be discontinued until the subscription is paid for. Postmasters send postage to be paid by the subscriber.

Advertisements will be inserted in the Herald on the first of the month, and will be continued until the 15th of the next month, unless otherwise ordered. The price for advertising is as follows: One square of 10 lines for one month, \$1.00; for three months, \$2.50; for six months, \$4.50; for one year, \$8.00. Longer advertisements and those for real estate, and those for the sale of property, will be charged for by the number of insertions. The price for advertising is as follows: One square of 10 lines for one month, \$1.00; for three months, \$2.50; for six months, \$4.50; for one year, \$8.00.

Advertisements will be inserted in the Herald on the first of the month, and will be continued until the 15th of the next month, unless otherwise ordered. The price for advertising is as follows: One square of 10 lines for one month, \$1.00; for three months, \$2.50; for six months, \$4.50; for one year, \$8.00.

Advertisements will be inserted in the Herald on the first of the month, and will be continued until the 15th of the next month, unless otherwise ordered. The price for advertising is as follows: One square of 10 lines for one month, \$1.00; for three months, \$2.50; for six months, \$4.50; for one year, \$8.00.

Advertisements will be inserted in the Herald on the first of the month, and will be continued until the 15th of the next month, unless otherwise ordered. The price for advertising is as follows: One square of 10 lines for one month, \$1.00; for three months, \$2.50; for six months, \$4.50; for one year, \$8.00.

The Somerset Herald.

VOL. XLVI. NO. 31. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1898. WHOLE NO. 2424.

Weak Lungs

If you have coughed and coughed until the lining membrane of your throat and lungs is inflamed,

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil will soothe, strengthen and probably cure. The cod-liver oil feeds and strengthens the weakened tissues. The glycerine soothes and heals them. The hypophosphites of lime and soda impart tone and vigor. Don't neglect these coughs. One bottle of the Emulsion may do more for you now than ten can do later on. Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion.

All druggists; see and get it.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

THE KISS IN COURT.

A lawyer met a pretty maid, While he was walking out one day, And stole from her a honeyed kiss, Which was not just the proper way.

At once a case of tort was brought, Which least he could not deny; The lawyer held no justice ought To fill a suit as that to try.

The action, when it got to court, Met with a jury lenient, And though a quiet and retort Day after day it was spent,

The lawyer evaded no maiden should So much rare loneliness display. A kiss like this, he understood, Was heaven on the State's highway.

The maid said her lawyer tips No consent were for him to sue, Though they all others might sue. His answer was somewhat quaint: "Consoling the argument, And then proposing the argument, And to the jury it was sent. Who talked entirely to agree."

But, sent into their jury room, "Which least he could not deny, And found the girl in fault for plain 'Contributory negligence.'"

—Harper's Bazar.

TALE OF A WHITE CROW.

And of Four Boys and a So-Called Crusty Old Uncle.

BY MRS. J. D. HURTON.

"Slow and sure, 'is my motto," "Slapdash-go-lang, hit-or-miss," is mine.

"Nothing venture, nothing have, expresses my sentiments on the present occasion."

"You would know, if you had ever heard the boys, that the last precise utterance came from gentleman Phil, just as you would know that the second came from reckless Rick and the first from careful Rob."

The fourth member of the party said nothing. He ran his eye along the trunk of the lightning-blasted tree up to the fork where the crow's nest hung. It was fully fifty feet from the ground, and there was neither knob nor branch along the tapering trunk, from which every particle of bark had fallen away till it stood smooth and straight as a telegraph pole. The noble head had been blown away, with the exception of that one shattered branch, and a safer eye than Mrs. Brown had chosen could hardly be found, yet these four boys had a conspiracy already laid against the peace of her house.

Blood had been shed in its furtherance, for the sentinel crow had been brought down from his lookout in a neighboring oak, and lay dead at Phil's feet.

"I can do it with my slip noose," declared George, after his survey. "I was sure I could, when Rick and Rob described the tree."

Up went George, secure from any slip or fall, moving the noose in short hitches above him and ascending steadily till his goal was reached. There was a confusion of small heads and flapping wings in the nest as he reached for it, and three black crows half tumbled and half flew into the branches of a neighboring chestnut.

"Oh!" cried the boys below, in disappointment, but George waved the empty nest and dropped it down to them.

"I've got one," he shouted.

"I see it," cried Rob. "He's tied it in his handkerchief or he's cut it away."

"Now he's putting it in his cap and stowing that in his shirt waist. It'll be a wonder if he doesn't smother it on his way down."

"Hoy, boys!" cried Phil. "Here come the old crows!"

He half raised the following-peece that had settled the sentinel, but Rick knocked it down again with a—"Stow that, Phil. They won't do him any harm."

George sat on the limb quite undisturbed by the flock that darkened the air above him, cawing, wheeling cawing, swooping till their wings nearly brushed the intruder on their domain; Joseph B. Davis, Harrison Snyder, Jerome Stutz, Noah S. Miller, Sam. B. Harrison.

Customers of this bank will receive the most liberal treatment consistent with safe banking. Parties wishing to see any of our accounts may be accommodated by draft for any amount. Money and valuables secured by any of the bank's established safe, with most improved fireproof boxes.

Collectors made in all parts of the United States. Changes made free.

Accounts and deposit collected.

THE KISS IN COURT.

A lawyer met a pretty maid, While he was walking out one day, And stole from her a honeyed kiss, Which was not just the proper way.

At once a case of tort was brought, Which least he could not deny; The lawyer held no justice ought To fill a suit as that to try.

The action, when it got to court, Met with a jury lenient, And though a quiet and retort Day after day it was spent,

The lawyer evaded no maiden should So much rare loneliness display. A kiss like this, he understood, Was heaven on the State's highway.

The maid said her lawyer tips No consent were for him to sue, Though they all others might sue. His answer was somewhat quaint: "Consoling the argument, And then proposing the argument, And to the jury it was sent. Who talked entirely to agree."

But, sent into their jury room, "Which least he could not deny, And found the girl in fault for plain 'Contributory negligence.'"

—Harper's Bazar.

HE LIKED TO CHANGE GHOSTS.

THIS WAS THE REASON ALFRED ALLEE KEPT RIGHT OF HIS FELLOWS.

From the New York Sun.

Once when Alfred Allee was half drunk and wholly good natured a San Antonio man asked him why he had killed so many persons. Learning with his hands thrust deep into his pockets and a queer look on his ugly face, he made answer:

"Because I like to change ghosts."

He is a ghost himself now. A year ago, in Larado, three Mexicans who hated him found him in his shirt sleeves, weapons and intoxicated. They set to work on him with knives. He was incapable of resistance, and said nothing more than:

"Don't do that! You don't know what you are doing. Don't do that!"

He had eight wounds on him when picked up, and every one of them went to the bottom. He was a thoroughly battered man. Each of the knife stabs represented a life that he had taken. Allee was an accurate shot, remarkably swift with his pistol and one of the most coolly desperate men of the Rio Grande frontier as known. The passion for slaughter seemed to grow on him, and in the last decade of his life he killed four men in affrays. Each of these killings he stood trial in the courts and was acquitted, sometimes on the plea of self-defense and sometimes for no reason at all that any one could see. Occasionally he was drunk when making his record, but not always. He was a merciless man at all times, and whisky did not make him any more crazy than milder drinks.

Alfred Allee was born in Southwestern Texas and followed the business of all natives. That is to say, he was a ranchman. He had only a common school education and early developed traits of wildness. He comforted himself with the rustler part of the population and was a frequent figure at dances, horse races and cock fights. He was a desperate gambler when once engaged, and those who dealt for him were careful to deal "square." More than once he was accused of standing in with the many gangs of cattle thieves with which the country was infested, but this was never proved. It is certain that he was a highly upright man in business and his word was as good as his bond.

The first four murders with which he was charged were ordinary affairs of the ranch, the cow camp and the cattle trail. The victims were Mexicans or cowboys of no prominence, and they brought their slayer no great amount of reputation. He was known as a man who would shoot great and well, and one upon whom it was hard to get the drop, but he was not classed with the gilded killers, of whom something like a dozen owned the Rio Grande country. Allee was not brought into immediate contact with any one of them, and was perhaps a good deal better than most of them. He was a man of his own kind, and he kept himself out of the center of his way, killing an obscure person now and then, but exciting no special comment or remark.

About this time he moved to Pearsall, the county seat of Frio county, and engaged in shipping cattle. It was at the height of the "nestor" excitement. Pasture fences were not nightly, cattle were stolen by the hundred and men and the rough element was in the ascendant. The Settlement of the county formed the Cattlemen's Protective Association and made a business of running down the thieves. Some of them were tried and sent to the penitentiary, but a great many more quietly disappeared. It was given out that they had fled the country, and no one made particular inquiry for them. All through the months of October and November, 1885, however, it was noticed that the Mexican cultures were plentiful about the mesquite grove pastures of Frio county. Now and then a corpse with a good many bullet holes in it floated down the Frio river. Simultaneously the cattle business began to pay larger dividends, and it was known that Allee was one of the most trusted and effective agents of the Cattlemen's Protective Association. His former intimacy with the rustler element gave him exceptional advantages, and he utilized them. A choice was offered to him, and he wisely decided to range himself on the side of law and order.

Re-established in the good graces of the wealthy men of that section and well paid by them, his desire to kill somebody not a rustler got the better of him. The affair brought him into State prominence. The victim was named Rhodes. He was shot on the public square of Pearsall. He reached for his pistol, but Allee had him covered before his fingers touched the butt and he went dead in his tracks. Rhodes was well connected in the lower counties and his slayer was bitterly prosecuted. Self-defense was the plea and justifiable homicide the verdict. This affair cost Allee all the money he had made from the cattlemen and he went to drinking.

Boarding an International and Great Northern passenger train at Cotulla, La Salle county, one night, he quarreled with a negro car porter. Not knowing his man, the negro attempted to put him off the train. Allee killed him, of course, was arrested, and gave bail. Once more his name got into the papers, and people began to look upon him as worthy to wear the mantles of Ben Thompson and Bill Longley and Sam Bass and a host of other worthies who had gone before.

At that time train robbery in Texas was a thriving industry. The gentlemen of the road distributed their favors impartially among the various lines. If a Gould train was held up one week, it was a certainty that a Huntington train would be held up another week. Several hundred features were introduced which marked the crimes as the product of one master mind. A conductor noted for his pride in gold

THE KISS IN COURT.

A lawyer met a pretty maid, While he was walking out one day, And stole from her a honeyed kiss, Which was not just the proper way.

At once a case of tort was brought, Which least he could not deny; The lawyer held no justice ought To fill a suit as that to try.

The action, when it got to court, Met with a jury lenient, And though a quiet and retort Day after day it was spent,

The lawyer evaded no maiden should So much rare loneliness display. A kiss like this, he understood, Was heaven on the State's highway.

The maid said her lawyer tips No consent were for him to sue, Though they all others might sue. His answer was somewhat quaint: "Consoling the argument, And then proposing the argument, And to the jury it was sent. Who talked entirely to agree."

But, sent into their jury room, "Which least he could not deny, And found the girl in fault for plain 'Contributory negligence.'"

—Harper's Bazar.

HE LIKED TO CHANGE GHOSTS.

THIS WAS THE REASON ALFRED ALLEE KEPT RIGHT OF HIS FELLOWS.

From the New York Sun.

Once when Alfred Allee was half drunk and wholly good natured a San Antonio man asked him why he had killed so many persons. Learning with his hands thrust deep into his pockets and a queer look on his ugly face, he made answer:

"Because I like to change ghosts."

He is a ghost himself now. A year ago, in Larado, three Mexicans who hated him found him in his shirt sleeves, weapons and intoxicated. They set to work on him with knives. He was incapable of resistance, and said nothing more than:

"Don't do that! You don't know what you are doing. Don't do that!"

He had eight wounds on him when picked up, and every one of them went to the bottom. He was a thoroughly battered man. Each of the knife stabs represented a life that he had taken. Allee was an accurate shot, remarkably swift with his pistol and one of the most coolly desperate men of the Rio Grande frontier as known. The passion for slaughter seemed to grow on him, and in the last decade of his life he killed four men in affrays. Each of these killings he stood trial in the courts and was acquitted, sometimes on the plea of self-defense and sometimes for no reason at all that any one could see. Occasionally he was drunk when making his record, but not always. He was a merciless man at all times, and whisky did not make him any more crazy than milder drinks.

Alfred Allee was born in Southwestern Texas and followed the business of all natives. That is to say, he was a ranchman. He had only a common school education and early developed traits of wildness. He comforted himself with the rustler part of the population and was a frequent figure at dances, horse races and cock fights. He was a desperate gambler when once engaged, and those who dealt for him were careful to deal "square." More than once he was accused of standing in with the many gangs of cattle thieves with which the country was infested, but this was never proved. It is certain that he was a highly upright man in business and his word was as good as his bond.

The first four murders with which he was charged were ordinary affairs of the ranch, the cow camp and the cattle trail. The victims were Mexicans or cowboys of no prominence, and they brought their slayer no great amount of reputation. He was known as a man who would shoot great and well, and one upon whom it was hard to get the drop, but he was not classed with the gilded killers, of whom something like a dozen owned the Rio Grande country. Allee was not brought into immediate contact with any one of them, and was perhaps a good deal better than most of them. He was a man of his own kind, and he kept himself out of the center of his way, killing an obscure person now and then, but exciting no special comment or remark.

About this time he moved to Pearsall, the county seat of Frio county, and engaged in shipping cattle. It was at the height of the "nestor" excitement. Pasture fences were not nightly, cattle were stolen by the hundred and men and the rough element was in the ascendant. The Settlement of the county formed the Cattlemen's Protective Association and made a business of running down the thieves. Some of them were tried and sent to the penitentiary, but a great many more quietly disappeared. It was given out that they had fled the country, and no one made particular inquiry for them. All through the months of October and November, 1885, however, it was noticed that the Mexican cultures were plentiful about the mesquite grove pastures of Frio county. Now and then a corpse with a good many bullet holes in it floated down the Frio river. Simultaneously the cattle business began to pay larger dividends, and it was known that Allee was one of the most trusted and effective agents of the Cattlemen's Protective Association. His former intimacy with the rustler element gave him exceptional advantages, and he utilized them. A choice was offered to him, and he wisely decided to range himself on the side of law and order.

Re-established in the good graces of the wealthy men of that section and well paid by them, his desire to kill somebody not a rustler got the better of him. The affair brought him into State prominence. The victim was named Rhodes. He was shot on the public square of Pearsall. He reached for his pistol, but Allee had him covered before his fingers touched the butt and he went dead in his tracks. Rhodes was well connected in the lower counties and his slayer was bitterly prosecuted. Self-defense was the plea and justifiable homicide the verdict. This affair cost Allee all the money he had made from the cattlemen and he went to drinking.

Boarding an International and Great Northern passenger train at Cotulla, La Salle county, one night, he quarreled with a negro car porter. Not knowing his man, the negro attempted to put him off the train. Allee killed him, of course, was arrested, and gave bail. Once more his name got into the papers, and people began to look upon him as worthy to wear the mantles of Ben Thompson and Bill Longley and Sam Bass and a host of other worthies who had gone before.

At that time train robbery in Texas was a thriving industry. The gentlemen of the road distributed their favors impartially among the various lines. If a Gould train was held up one week, it was a certainty that a Huntington train would be held up another week. Several hundred features were introduced which marked the crimes as the product of one master mind. A conductor noted for his pride in gold

HE LIKED TO CHANGE GHOSTS.

THIS WAS THE REASON ALFRED ALLEE KEPT RIGHT OF HIS FELLOWS.

From the New York Sun.

Once when Alfred Allee was half drunk and wholly good natured a San Antonio man asked him why he had killed so many persons. Learning with his hands thrust deep into his pockets and a queer look on his ugly face, he made answer:

"Because I like to change ghosts."

He is a ghost himself now. A year ago, in Larado, three Mexicans who hated him found him in his shirt sleeves, weapons and intoxicated. They set to work on him with knives. He was incapable of resistance, and said nothing more than:

"Don't do that! You don't know what you are doing. Don't do that!"

He had eight wounds on him when picked up, and every one of them went to the bottom. He was a thoroughly battered man. Each of the knife stabs represented a life that he had taken. Allee was an accurate shot, remarkably swift with his pistol and one of the most coolly desperate men of the Rio Grande frontier as known. The passion for slaughter seemed to grow on him, and in the last decade of his life he killed four men in affrays. Each of these killings he stood trial in the courts and was acquitted, sometimes on the plea of self-defense and sometimes for no reason at all that any one could see. Occasionally he was drunk when making his record, but not always. He was a merciless man at all times, and whisky did not make him any more crazy than milder drinks.

Alfred Allee was born in Southwestern Texas and followed the business of all natives. That is to say, he was a ranchman. He had only a common school education and early developed traits of wildness. He comforted himself with the rustler part of the population and was a frequent figure at dances, horse races and cock fights. He was a desperate gambler when once engaged, and those who dealt for him were careful to deal "square." More than once he was accused of standing in with the many gangs of cattle thieves with which the country was infested, but this was never proved. It is certain that he was a highly upright man in business and his word was as good as his bond.

The first four murders with which he was charged were ordinary affairs of the ranch, the cow camp and the cattle trail. The victims were Mexicans or cowboys of no prominence, and they brought their slayer no great amount of reputation. He was known as a man who would shoot great and well, and one upon whom it was hard to get the drop, but he was not classed with the gilded killers, of whom something like a dozen owned the Rio Grande country. Allee was not brought into immediate contact with any one of them, and was perhaps a good deal better than most of them. He was a man of his own kind, and he kept himself out of the center of his way, killing an obscure person now and then, but exciting no special comment or remark.

About this time he moved to Pearsall, the county seat of Frio county, and engaged in shipping cattle. It was at the height of the "nestor" excitement. Pasture fences were not nightly, cattle were stolen by the hundred and men and the rough element was in the ascendant. The Settlement of the county formed the Cattlemen's Protective Association and made a business of running down the thieves. Some of them were tried and sent to the penitentiary, but a great many more quietly disappeared. It was given out that they had fled the country, and no one made particular inquiry for them. All through the months of October and November, 1885, however, it was noticed that the Mexican cultures were plentiful about the mesquite grove pastures of Frio county. Now and then a corpse with a good many bullet holes in it floated down the Frio river. Simultaneously the cattle business began to pay larger dividends, and it was known that Allee was one of the most trusted and effective agents of the Cattlemen's Protective Association. His former intimacy with the rustler element gave him exceptional advantages, and he utilized them. A choice was offered to him, and he wisely decided to range himself on the side of law and order.

Re-established in the good graces of the wealthy men of that section and well paid by them, his desire to kill somebody not a rustler got the better of him. The affair brought him into State prominence. The victim was named Rhodes. He was shot on the public square of Pearsall. He reached for his pistol, but Allee had him covered before his fingers touched the butt and he went dead in his tracks. Rhodes was well connected in the lower counties and his slayer was bitterly prosecuted. Self-defense was the plea and justifiable homicide the verdict. This affair cost Allee all the money he had made from the cattlemen and he went to drinking.

Boarding an International and Great Northern passenger train at Cotulla, La Salle county, one night, he quarreled with a negro car porter. Not knowing his man, the negro attempted to put him off the train. Allee killed him, of course, was arrested, and gave bail. Once more his name got into the papers, and people began to look upon him as worthy to wear the mantles of Ben Thompson and Bill Longley and Sam Bass and a host of other worthies who had gone before.

At that time train robbery in Texas was a thriving industry. The gentlemen of the road distributed their favors impartially among the various lines. If a Gould train was held up one week, it was a certainty that a Huntington train would be held up another week. Several hundred features were introduced which marked the crimes as the product of one master mind. A conductor noted for his pride in gold

THE First National Bank

Somerset, Penn'a.

Capital, \$50,000.

Surplus, \$30,000.

DEPOSITS RECEIVE IN LARGE AND SMALL AMOUNTS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND.

ACCOUNTS OF MERCHANTS, FARMERS, STOCK DEALERS, AND OTHERS SOLICITED.

—DISCOUNTS DAILY.—

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

CHAS. O. SCULL, GEO. R. SCULL, VALENTE HAY, VICE PRESIDENT, JOHN R. PUGH, W. H. MILLER, JOHN R. SCOTT, ROBT. S. SCULL, FRED W. RIESBECKER

EDWARD SCULL, PRESIDENT, VALENTE HAY, VICE PRESIDENT, HARVEY M. BERRKLEY, CASHIER.

"I can do it with my slip noose," declared George, after his survey. "I was sure I could, when Rick and Rob described the tree."

Up went George, secure from any slip or fall, moving the noose in short hitches above him and ascending steadily till his goal was reached. There was a confusion of small heads and flapping wings in the nest as he reached for it, and three black crows half tumbled and half flew into the branches of a neighboring chestnut.

"Oh!" cried the boys below, in disappointment, but George waved the empty nest and dropped it down to them.

"I've got one," he shouted.

"I see it," cried Rob. "He's tied it in his handkerchief or he's cut it away."

"Now he's putting it in his cap and stowing that in his shirt waist. It'll be a wonder if he doesn't smother it on his way down."

"Hoy, boys!" cried Phil. "Here come the old crows!"

He half raised the following-peece that had settled the sentinel, but Rick knocked it down again with a—"Stow that, Phil. They won't do him any harm."

George sat on the limb quite undisturbed by the flock that darkened the air above him, cawing, wheeling cawing, swooping till their wings nearly brushed the intruder on their domain; Joseph B. Davis, Harrison Snyder, Jerome Stutz, Noah S. Miller, Sam. B. Harrison.

Customers of this bank will receive the most liberal treatment consistent with safe banking. Parties wishing to see any of our accounts may be accommodated by draft for any amount. Money and valuables secured by any of the bank's established safe, with most improved fireproof boxes.

Collectors made in all parts of the United States. Changes made free.

Accounts and deposit collected.

THE KISS IN COURT.

A lawyer met a pretty maid, While he was walking out one day, And stole from her a honeyed kiss, Which was not just the proper way.

At once a case of tort was brought, Which least he could not deny; The lawyer held no justice ought To fill a suit as that to try.

The action, when it got to court, Met with a jury lenient, And though a quiet and retort Day after day it was spent,

The lawyer evaded no maiden should So much rare loneliness display. A kiss like this, he understood, Was heaven on the State's highway.

The maid said her lawyer tips No consent were for him to sue, Though they all others might sue. His answer was somewhat quaint: "Consoling the argument, And then proposing the argument, And to the jury it was sent. Who talked entirely to agree."

But, sent into their jury room, "Which least he could not deny, And found the girl in fault for plain 'Contributory negligence.'"

—Harper's Bazar.

HE LIKED TO CHANGE GHOSTS.

THIS WAS THE REASON ALFRED ALLEE KEPT RIGHT OF HIS FELLOWS.

From the New York Sun.

Once when Alfred Allee was half drunk and wholly good natured a San Antonio man asked him why he had killed so many persons. Learning with his hands thrust deep into his pockets and a queer look on his ugly face, he made answer:

"Because I like to change ghosts."

He is a ghost himself now. A year ago, in Larado, three Mexicans who hated him found him in his shirt sleeves, weapons and intoxicated. They set to work on him with knives. He was incapable of resistance, and said nothing more than:

"Don't do that! You don't know what you are doing. Don't do that!"

He had eight wounds on him when picked up, and every one of them went to the bottom. He was a thoroughly battered man. Each of the knife stabs represented a life that he had taken. Allee was an accurate shot, remarkably swift with his pistol and one of the most coolly desperate men of the Rio Grande frontier as known. The passion for slaughter seemed to grow on him, and in the last decade of his life he killed four men in affrays. Each of these killings he stood trial in the courts and was acquitted, sometimes on the plea of self-defense and sometimes for no reason at all that any one could see. Occasionally he was drunk when making his record, but not always. He was a merciless man at all times, and whisky did not make him any more crazy than milder drinks.

Alfred Allee was born in Southwestern Texas and followed the business of all natives. That is to say, he was a ranchman. He had only a common school education and early developed traits of wildness. He comforted himself with the rustler part of the population and was a frequent figure at dances, horse races and cock fights. He was a desperate gambler when once engaged, and those who dealt for him were careful to deal "square." More than once he was accused of standing in with the many gangs of cattle thieves with which the country was infested, but this was never proved. It is certain that he was a highly upright man in business and his word was as good as his bond.

The first four murders with which he was charged were ordinary affairs of the ranch, the cow camp and the cattle trail. The victims were Mexicans or cowboys of no prominence, and they brought their slayer no great amount of reputation. He was known as a man who would shoot great and well, and one upon whom it was hard to get the drop, but he was not classed with the gilded killers, of whom something like a dozen owned the Rio Grande country. Allee was not brought into immediate contact with any one of them, and was perhaps a good deal better than most of them. He was a man of his own kind, and he kept himself out of the center of his way, killing an obscure person now and then, but exciting no special comment or remark.

About this time he moved to Pearsall, the county seat of Frio county, and engaged in shipping cattle. It was at the height of the "nestor" excitement. Pasture fences were not nightly, cattle were stolen by the hundred and men and the rough element was in the ascendant. The Settlement of the county formed the Cattlemen's Protective Association and made a business of running down the thieves. Some of them were tried and sent to the penitentiary, but a great many more quietly disappeared. It was given out that they had fled the country, and no one made particular inquiry for them. All through the months of October and November, 1885, however, it was noticed that the Mexican cultures were plentiful about the mesquite grove pastures of Frio county. Now and then a corpse with a good many bullet holes in it floated down the Frio river. Simultaneously the cattle business began to pay larger dividends, and it was known that Allee was one of the most trusted and effective agents of the Cattlemen's Protective Association. His former intimacy with the rustler element gave him exceptional advantages, and he utilized them. A choice was offered to him, and he wisely decided to range himself on the side of law and order.

Re-established in the good graces of the wealthy men of that section and well paid by them, his desire to kill somebody not a rustler got the better of him. The affair brought him into State prominence. The victim was named Rhodes. He was shot on the public square of Pearsall. He reached for his pistol, but Allee had him covered before his fingers touched the butt and he went dead in his tracks. Rhodes was well connected in the lower counties and his slayer was bitterly prosecuted. Self-defense was the plea and justifiable homicide the verdict. This affair cost Allee all the money he had made from the cattlemen and he went to drinking.

Boarding an International and Great Northern passenger train at Cotulla, La Salle county, one night, he quarreled with a negro car porter. Not knowing his man, the negro attempted to put him off the train. Allee killed him, of course, was arrested, and gave bail. Once more his name got into the papers, and people began to look upon him as worthy to wear the mantles of Ben Thompson and Bill Longley and Sam Bass and a host of other worthies who had gone before.

At that time train robbery in Texas was a thriving industry. The gentlemen of the road distributed their favors impartially among the various lines. If a Gould train was held up one week, it was a certainty that a Huntington train would be held up another week. Several hundred features were introduced which marked the crimes as the product of one master mind. A conductor noted for his pride in gold

THE KISS IN COURT.

A lawyer met a pretty maid, While he was walking out one day, And stole from her a honeyed kiss, Which was not just the proper way.

At once a case of tort was brought, Which least he could not deny; The lawyer held no justice ought To fill a suit as that to try.

The action, when it got to court, Met with a jury lenient, And though a quiet and retort Day after day it was spent,

The lawyer evaded no maiden should So much rare loneliness display. A kiss like this, he understood, Was heaven on the State's highway.

The maid said her lawyer tips No consent were for him to sue, Though they all others might sue. His answer was somewhat quaint: "Consoling the argument, And then proposing the argument, And to the jury it was sent. Who talked entirely to agree."

But, sent into their jury room, "Which least he could not deny, And found the girl in fault for plain 'Contributory negligence.'"

—Harper's Bazar.

HE LIKED TO CHANGE GHOSTS.

THIS WAS THE REASON ALFRED ALLEE KEPT RIGHT OF HIS FELLOWS.

From the New York Sun.

Once when Alfred Allee was half drunk and wholly good natured a San Antonio man asked him why he had killed so many persons. Learning with his hands thrust deep into his pockets and a queer look on his ugly face, he made answer:

"Because I like to change ghosts."

He is a ghost himself now. A year ago, in Larado, three Mexicans who hated him found him in his shirt sleeves, weapons and intoxicated. They set to work on him with knives. He was incapable of resistance, and said nothing more than:

"Don't do that! You don't know what you are doing. Don't do that!"

He had eight wounds on him when picked up, and every one of them went to the bottom. He was a thoroughly battered man. Each of the knife stabs represented a life that he had taken. Allee was an accurate shot, remarkably swift with his pistol and one of the most coolly desperate men of the Rio Grande frontier as known. The passion for slaughter seemed to grow on him, and in the last decade of his life he killed four men in affrays. Each of these killings he stood trial in the courts and was acquitted, sometimes on the plea of self-defense and sometimes for no reason at all that any one could see. Occasionally he was drunk when making his record, but not always. He was a merciless man at all times, and whisky did not make him any more crazy than milder drinks.

Alfred Allee was born in Southwestern Texas and followed the business of all natives. That is to say, he was a ranchman. He had only a common school education and early developed traits of wildness. He comforted himself with the rustler part of the population and was a frequent figure at dances, horse races and cock fights. He was a desperate gambler when once engaged, and those who dealt for him were careful to deal "square." More than once he was accused of standing in with the many gangs of cattle thieves with which the country was infested, but this was never proved. It is certain that he was a highly upright man in business and his word was as good as his bond.

The first four murders with which he was charged were ordinary affairs of the ranch, the cow camp and the cattle trail. The victims were Mexicans or cowboys of no prominence, and they brought their slayer no great amount of reputation. He was known as a man who would shoot great and well, and one upon whom it was hard to get the drop, but he was not classed with the gilded killers, of whom something like a dozen owned the Rio Grande country. Allee was not brought into immediate contact with any one of them, and was perhaps a good deal better than most of them. He was a man of his own kind, and he kept himself out of the center of his way, killing an obscure person now and then, but exciting no special comment or remark.

About this time he moved to Pearsall, the county seat of Frio county, and engaged in shipping cattle. It was at the height of the "nestor" excitement. Pasture fences were not nightly, cattle were stolen by the hundred and men and the rough element was in the ascendant. The Settlement of the county formed the Cattlemen's Protective Association and made a business of running down the thieves. Some of them were tried and sent to the penitentiary, but a great many more quietly disappeared. It was given out that they had fled the country, and no one made particular inquiry for them. All through the months of October and November, 1885, however, it was noticed that the Mexican cultures were plentiful about the mesquite grove pastures of Frio county. Now and then a corpse with a good many bullet holes in it floated down the Frio river. Simultaneously the cattle business began to pay larger dividends, and it was known that Allee was one of the most trusted and effective agents of the Cattlemen's Protective Association. His former intimacy with the rustler element gave him exceptional advantages, and he utilized them. A choice was offered to him, and he wisely decided to range himself on the side of law and order.

Re-established in the good graces of the wealthy men of that section and well paid by them, his desire to kill somebody not a rustler got the better of him. The affair brought him into State prominence. The victim was named Rhodes. He was shot on the public square of Pearsall. He reached for his pistol, but Allee had him covered before his fingers touched the butt and he went dead in his tracks. Rhodes was well connected in the lower counties and his slayer was bitterly prosecuted. Self-defense was the plea and justifiable homicide the verdict. This affair cost Allee all the money he had made from the cattlemen and he went to drinking.

Boarding an International and Great Northern passenger train at Cotulla, La Salle county, one night, he quarreled with a negro car porter. Not knowing his man, the negro attempted to put him off the train. Allee killed him, of course, was arrested, and gave bail. Once more his name got into the papers, and people began to look upon him as worthy to wear the mantles of Ben Thompson and Bill Longley and Sam Bass and a host of other worthies who had gone before.

At that time train robbery in Texas was a thriving industry. The gentlemen of the road distributed their favors impartially among the various lines. If a Gould train was held up one week, it was a certainty that a Huntington train would be held up another week. Several hundred features were introduced which marked the crimes as the product of one master mind. A conductor noted for his pride in gold

HE LIKED TO CHANGE GHOSTS.

THIS WAS THE REASON ALFRED ALLEE KEPT RIGHT OF HIS FELLOWS.

From the New York Sun.

Once when Alfred Allee was half drunk and wholly good natured a San Antonio man asked him why he had killed so many persons. Learning with his hands thrust deep into his pockets and a queer look on his ugly face, he made answer:

"Because I like to change ghosts."

He is a ghost himself now. A year ago, in Larado, three Mexicans who hated him found him in his shirt sleeves, weapons and intoxicated. They set to work on him with knives. He was incapable of resistance, and said nothing more than:

"Don't do that! You don't know what you are doing. Don't do that!"

He had eight wounds on him when picked up, and every one of them went to the bottom. He was a thoroughly battered man. Each of the knife stabs represented a life that he had taken. Allee was an accurate shot, remarkably swift with his pistol and one of the most coolly desperate men of the Rio Grande frontier as known. The passion for slaughter seemed to grow on him, and in the last decade of his life he killed four men in affrays. Each of these killings he stood trial in the courts and was acquitted, sometimes on the plea of self-defense and sometimes for no reason at all that any one could see. Occasionally he was drunk when making his record, but not always. He was a merciless man at all times, and whisky did not make him any more crazy than milder drinks.

Alfred Allee was born in Southwestern Texas and followed the business of all natives. That is to say, he was a ranchman. He had only a common school education and early developed traits of wildness. He comforted himself with the rustler part of the population and was a frequent figure at dances, horse races and cock fights. He was a desperate gambler when once engaged, and those who dealt for him were careful to deal "square." More than once he was accused of standing in with the many gangs of cattle thieves with which the country was infested, but this was never proved. It is certain that he was a highly upright man in business and his word was as good as his bond.

The first four murders with which he was charged were ordinary affairs of the ranch, the cow camp and the cattle trail. The victims were Mexicans or cowboys of no prominence, and they brought their slayer no great amount of reputation. He was known as a man who would shoot great and well, and one upon whom it was hard to get the drop, but he was not classed with the gilded killers, of whom something like a dozen owned the Rio Grande country. Allee was not brought into immediate contact with any one of them, and was perhaps a good deal better than most of them. He was a man of his own kind, and he kept himself out of the center of his way, killing an obscure person now and then, but exciting no special comment or remark.

About this time he moved to Pearsall, the county seat of Frio county, and engaged in shipping cattle. It was at the height of the "nestor" excitement. Pasture fences were not nightly, cattle were stolen by the hundred and men and the rough element was in the ascendant. The Settlement of the county formed the Cattlemen's Protective Association and made a business of running down the thieves. Some of them were tried and sent to the penitentiary, but a great many more quietly disappeared. It was given out that they had fled the country, and no one made particular inquiry for them. All through the months of October and November, 1885, however, it was noticed that the Mexican cultures were plentiful about the mesquite grove pastures of Frio county. Now and then a corpse with a good many bullet holes in it floated down the Frio river. Simultaneously the cattle business began to pay larger dividends, and it was known that Allee was one of the most trusted and effective agents of the Cattlemen's Protective Association. His former intimacy with the rustler element gave him exceptional advantages, and he utilized them. A choice was offered to him, and he wisely decided to range himself on the side of law and order.

Re-established in the good graces of the wealthy men of that section and well paid by them, his desire to kill somebody not a rustler got the better of him. The affair brought him into State prominence. The victim was named Rhodes. He was shot on the public square of Pearsall. He reached for his pistol, but Allee had him covered before his fingers touched the butt and he went dead in his tracks. Rhodes was well connected in the lower counties and his slayer was bitterly prosecuted. Self-defense was the plea and justifiable homicide the verdict. This affair cost Allee all the money he had made from the cattlemen and he went to drinking.

Boarding an International and Great Northern passenger train at Cotulla, La Salle county, one night, he quarreled with a negro car porter. Not knowing his man, the negro attempted to put him off the train. Allee killed him, of course, was arrested, and gave bail. Once more his name got into the papers, and people began to look upon him as worthy to wear the mantles of Ben Thompson and Bill Longley and Sam Bass and a host of other worthies who had gone before.

At that time train robbery in Texas was a thriving industry. The gentlemen of the road distributed their favors impartially among the various lines. If a Gould train was held up one week, it was a certainty that a Huntington train would be held up another week. Several hundred features were introduced which marked the crimes as the product of one master mind. A conductor noted for his pride in gold

HE LIKED TO CHANGE GHOSTS.

THIS WAS THE REASON ALFRED ALLEE KEPT RIGHT OF HIS FELLOWS.

From the New York Sun.

Once when Alfred Allee was half drunk and wholly good natured a San Antonio man asked him why he had killed so many persons. Learning with his hands thrust deep into his pockets and a queer look on his ugly face, he made answer:

"Because I like to change ghosts."

He is a ghost himself now. A year ago, in Larado, three Mexicans who hated him found him in his shirt sleeves, weapons and intoxicated. They set to work on him with knives. He was incapable of resistance, and said nothing more than:

"Don't do that! You don't know what you are doing. Don't do that!"

He had eight wounds on him when picked up, and every one of them went to the bottom. He was a thoroughly battered man. Each of the knife stabs represented a life that he had taken. Allee was an accurate shot, remarkably swift with his pistol and one of the most coolly desperate men of the Rio Grande frontier as known. The passion for slaughter seemed to grow on him, and in the last decade of his life he killed four men in affrays. Each of these killings he stood trial in the courts and was acquitted, sometimes on the plea of self-defense and sometimes for no reason at all that any one could see. Occasionally he was drunk when making his record, but not always. He was a merciless man at all times, and whisky did not make him any more crazy than milder drinks.

Alfred Allee was born in Southwestern Texas and followed the business of all natives. That is to say, he was a ranchman. He had only a common school education and early developed traits of wildness. He comforted himself with the rustler part of the population and was a frequent figure at dances, horse races and cock fights. He was a desperate gambler when once engaged, and those who dealt for him were careful to deal "square." More than once he was accused of standing in with the many gangs of cattle thieves with which the country was infested, but this was never proved. It is certain that he was a highly upright man in business and his word was as good as his bond.

The first four murders with which he was charged were ordinary affairs of the ranch, the cow camp and the cattle trail. The victims were Mexicans or cowboys of no prominence, and they brought their slayer no great amount of reputation. He was known as a man who would shoot great and well, and one upon whom it was hard to get the drop, but he was not classed with the gilded killers, of whom something like a dozen owned the Rio Grande country. Allee