

MERRY FAILURES.

Be a failure if you must,
Let ambition go to rest,
Hold that fame's a foolish prize,
Eat of husks for want of food;
But remember, observing son,
Do not be a dismal one!

Be a merry failure! Let
Troubles only nudge thee,
Take the edge from fortune's wrong
With the magic of a song;
Folks will say, observing son,
"Wish I were a failure, too!"
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Bud" Turner, of Missouri.

By Harry M. Vernon.

[Being the lurid life-story of a remarkable man who for twenty years acted as sheriff of "the toughest county on earth." In this capacity he hunted down and exterminated many of the most notorious desperadoes who ever terrorized the Western States of America. When he finally laid aside his weapons "Bud" Turner had accounted, single-handed, for the lives of no fewer than forty-two men, and had earned the grim sobriquet of "America's champion man-killer."]

There has just died peacefully in Taunton, Missouri, U. S. A., at the age of seventy-four, Mr. "Bud" Turner, who was popularly known as "America's champion man-killer." During his lifetime this remarkable individual accounted for the lives of no fewer than forty-two men, each of whom he slew single-handed, "for the good of the community." Last such a sanguinary record should lead the reader to think Turner was some quarrelsome desperado, I hasten to add that for twenty years he was first deputy and then sheriff of what was significantly styled "the toughest county on earth."

Turner's exploits will live forever in the checkered annals of Western history, and his name is held in positive veneration by many people in the Far West, for a braver man never lived. In 1864, after the great gold-fields of California had in a measure become worked out, many of the miners struck camp and headed for the States of Colorado and Dakota, gold and copper having been found there in large quantities. All the gamblers, "blacklegs," and "crooks" in the States had migrated to the goldfields, and every county and desperado wanted by the police was living in comparative safety somewhere in the Far West. Saloons, dance halls and gambling dens all did a flourishing business, and law and order were minor quantities, for the appointed officers usually "lasted" about one day, and then either gave up their jobs in despair or were buried in a plain wooden box. Every man carried a brace of six-shooters, and used them, too, on the slightest provocation—or none at all. Cold-blooded murders were matters of hourly occurrence, and might was right everywhere.

One day there sauntered into the mining camp of Gold City, Colorado, a young fellow heavily laden with miners' equipment. He was a stranger, and spoke to no one in passing. Walking up the main street of the little town, he stopped before the Palace Saloon, and depositing his pack on the sidewalk, went inside and asked for a bottle of "something soft." "Soft" drinks, I should explain, was the term given by the miners to soda-water and other non-intoxicants.

There was a loud laugh among the habitués of the place at this unusual request, and a brawny six-footer called out, mockingly, "Better drink milk, sonny; then your ma won't scold ye." Without heeding the interruptions, the young stranger again asked quietly for some soda. Thereupon the bartender, disgusted at his pertinacity, struck him in the face with a sponge saturated with water.

"Is that soft enough for ye?" he asked, derisively. The stranger slowly wiped his face; then he walked round behind the bar, picked the astonished bartender up bodily, and threw him heavily against the wall. Next, holding him at arm's length, and ignoring the fellow's frantic struggles, he administered a thrashing the man never forgot. Dropping "a victim in a corner, he coolly and deliberately helped himself to a bottle of soda-water, threw the money on the counter, and walked quietly out of the place, leaving the assembled miners struck dumb with amazement at his nerve. This was "Bud" Turner's first introduction to Gold City.

After some days' prospecting the young fellow staked out a claim and busied himself about his own camp, never seeming to care for the company of the other miners. One night, after a lucky day, "Bud" went into the "town," which consisted of some dozen wooden shanties that existed under the courtesy titles of "hotels," "bars" and "dancing pavilions." Just as he reached the first of these he was grasped from behind, thrown violently to the ground, and brutally kicked about the body by the bartender whom he had thrashed some time before. The man had lain in wait for him with several companions, and now meant to have his revenge.

Half dazed, Turner struggled to his feet, and, being unarmed, fought his assailants with bare fists. With smashing blows the young miner turned upon them, taking care to keep the men in front of him. Paying particular attention to his old enemy the bartender, "Bud" dropped him with a stinging blow on the chin. Two of the others, in sheer admiration at Turner's pluck, ranged themselves on his side, and the trio soon routed the others, who fled discomfited. After this little fracas, the particulars of which soon got noised abroad, Turner was spoken of, in the expressive slang of the West, as a "nervy kid," and was consequently left alone, it being seen he was no easy customer to interfere with.

Not long afterwards the sheriff of Belknap County was shot and killed in a brawl at one of the dance halls. Turner, who had gone to his assistance, was also badly wounded, but not until he had "dropped" his assailant and put an end to the fight by shooting the lamps from their sockets. When "Bud" recovered he was unanimously elected deputy sheriff, the former deputy taking his deceased chief's place.

Turner's first chance to distinguish himself in his new position came while assisting William F. Cody

(Buffalo Bill) in the capture of a noted desperado named Wiley, who, at the head of a gang of out-chiefs, had been "holding up" and robbing the wagons of settlers crossing the plains. "Buffalo Bill" was at this time a scout in the service of the United States Government, and Wiley had threatened to kill him "on sight."

It being known that the desperado's gang was somewhere in the vicinity, a posse was formed to capture them. The night before the attempt was to be made, as luck would have it, "Bud" met Wiley by accident, some miles out on the plain. Both men were on horseback, and in the moonlight could see each other distinctly. Wiley opened fire at long range, galloping his horse in a circle so as to gradually close in on the other horseman. The young deputy, sitting low in his saddle, put spurs to his mustang and thundered towards him. Waiting until he was close up, he dropped his reins, drew both his revolvers, and opened a deadly fusillade, with the result that the outlaw dropped from his saddle riddled with bullets. "Bud" jumped from his horse, placed the body of the dead man across the front of his saddle, and, remounting, rode into town, where he deposited his burden before "Buffalo Bill's" tent, with the laconic identification: "Here's your man, Cody."

In the first two years during which Turner served as deputy he "answered" for sixteen men, among them being "Jim" McNair, "the Terror of the Northwest," a cowardly renegade who used his knowledge of the white man's ways in assisting the Indians. McNair it was who with his own hand killed an entire family of six by tomahawking them before the eyes of their hapless mother. Turner followed this brute over the plains for weeks, finally running him down at a ranch in Dakota. McNair heard of Turner's proximity, and when "Bud" rode up McNair fired from behind a fence, the bullet knocking off the officer's hat. Turner promptly fell off his horse as though shot, and while on the ground drew his revolver, and taking aim lying on his back, shot McNair through the heart.

By this time "Bud" had been promoted, and was now a full-fledged sheriff. It was about this period when the famous gang of outlaws called "Kid Morgan's Rangers" was at the height of its evil career. The gang was perhaps the most notorious of the West has ever known, their specialty being "rushing," or the stealing of cattle. No one knew exactly who the members were; one's own neighbor even might possibly be a "Ranger." Thousands of cattle were stolen, and no one dared say a word for fear of incurring the displeasure of so powerful and mysterious an organization. Finally, after a more than usually bold raid on their part, "Bud" determined to capture them at all costs, and sallied out at the head of a small posse of trusted men. He trailed the members of the gang who were concerned in this particular job for over 600 miles, and finally succeeded in cornering them in Kalor Canyon, Colorado, at a place known as "Bloody Canyon." Here, between two almost perpendicular cliffs, a desperate battle ensued, out of which only four men emerged to tell the tale. Creeping from boulder to boulder, firing incessantly on the retreating cattle-thieves, the sheriff's little band fought their way forward until, there being no further cover available, the sixteen pursuers found themselves face to face with forty desperate cattle-thieves. The struggle that ensued is almost without a parallel in Western history for the desperate valor and dogged resolution displayed on both sides.

When it was over, and the acrid fumes of the powder-smoke had cleared away, only three of "Bud's" party, including himself, and one of Morgan's men survived, and then only because there was no more ammunition. In this fight Turner afterwards admitted having accounted for eight men.

The sheriff's next encounter was a species of duel between himself and "Doc" Howard, a cold-blooded murderer and horse-thief, in attempting to arrest whom Turner was wounded no fewer than five times. Howard and he came face to face unexpectedly in a barroom, and immediately emptied their revolvers at each other at less than arm's length. Howard was killed on the spot, and "Bud" was out of action for some months as the result of his injuries.

Hardly had he left his bed, however, when, single-handed, this remarkable man arrested four half-breed horse-thieves—but not before his unerring revolver had again spoken and added yet another to his grim list of "casualties."

During the depredations of the world-famous Jesse James gang of train-robbers and bank-thieves, "Bud" Turner was given a roving commission by the United States Government, through Governor Crittenden, of Missouri, to hunt the miscreants down. He chased the gang through six States, covering an area of 5000 miles in his tireless quest. It was at this time that the famous meeting took place between Turner and Jesse James, the leader of the band—a meeting which proved that James, although an outlaw with a price of

\$20,000 on his head, was also a brave man with some good in his composition.

Turner, after a ride of two days with hardly a minute out of the saddle, had reached Taunton completely tired out, faint with hunger, and in a high fever. He walked into an eating house, called for some food, and almost immediately fell asleep at the table, with his head resting on his arms. Suddenly he was tapped on the shoulder rather vigorously, and, raising his head sleepily, saw standing beside him the redoubtable Jesse James himself! James held a Colt .48 in his hand, within an inch of Turner's temple.

"Looks as if I had you right, eh, Bud?" said James, with a grim smile. "It does look that way," was the calm reply. "Well, don't prolong the agony. Fire away!"

James, however, could not bring himself to kill his man in cold blood, even though he knew full well that it was to track him down that Turner had come thus far.

"I don't want to shoot you, Bud," he said; "but I tell you this. If you ain't fifty miles from here by 6 o'clock to-night, the boys will have no mercy on you."

"You'd better shoot right away, Jesse," answered Turner. "I am here to take you, and it is either that or you take me."

James now noticed for the first time that "Bud" had left his revolvers in their holsters on his saddle, Turner being consequently unarmed. Thereupon the outlaw put his gun into the holster, sat down at the table and called for two drinks. He solemnly touched glasses with Turner; then, rising, said: "It's a pity you ain't one of us, Bud! Just sit where you are for five minutes, until I get to my horse." Backing to the door he smiled and called out, "The next time, I suppose, we'll both shoot, eh?"

"No," answered the sheriff, laconically. James then disappeared.

Turner ate his meal quietly, convinced that sooner or later he would catch his man. This one, however, he was wrong, for Jesse James was brutally murdered—shot in the back, some time later, by "Bob" Ford, one of his own men. Curiously enough, however, it was "Bud" Turner who avenged his death by capturing Ford and delivering him up to the authorities. Previous to Jesse James' death in a fight between "Bud" Turner's posse and the James gang sixteen men were killed, but both the Jameses—Jesse and Frank—escaped.

During the next few years Turner killed—by actual Government statistics—seventeen men, including such famous bad characters as "Kid" Henderson, "Bob" Aiken, Dick Cole, and another "Wild West" celebrity, "Tim" King.

After Turner's right arm was amputated—the result of a knife wound given him by the famous "Calamity Jane," who, in an endeavor to protect a man whom Turner had arrested, attached him with a bowie knife—the veteran sheriff retired, hoping to live a quiet life in his native State. But it was not to be. Walking down the street one day, "Bud" was attacked by the brother of a desperado whom he had killed, and in self-defense shot and killed this man also. Then, for the first time in his life, "Bud" was brought to trial, but was acquitted.

When King Edward, as Prince of Wales, visited the United States, "Bud" was one of the party—which included such other notables as "Texas" Bill and Sam Kellogg—who acted as guides to the Prince on several of his hunting expeditions. "Bud" died very peacefully, leaving two stalwart sons to carry on his work. Both of them, as might perhaps have been expected, are deputy sheriffs in the State of Missouri, U. S. A., where, in the bad old days, their father earned his grim sobriquet of "America's champion man-killer."—The Wide World Magazine.

Dodging Libel Suits.

"My boy," said the editor of the Billville Bugle to the new reporter, "you lack caution. You must learn not to state things as facts until they are proved facts—otherwise you are very apt to get us into libel suits. Do not say, 'the cashier stole the funds,' say 'the cashier who is alleged to have stolen the funds.' That's all now, and—ah—turn in a stickful about that Second Ward social last night."

Owing to an influx of visitors it was late in the afternoon before the genial editor of the Bugle caught a glimpse of the great faculty daily. Half-way down the social column his eyes lit on the following cautious paragraph: "It is rumored that a card party was given last evening to a number of reputed ladies of the Second Ward. Mrs. Smith, gossip says, was the hostess, and the festivities are reported to have continued until 10.30 in the evening. It is alleged that the affair was a social function given to the ladies of the Second Ward Club, and that with the exception of Mrs. James Bilwiger, who says she comes from Leavitt Junction, none but members were present. The reputed hostess insists that coffee and wafers alone were served as refreshments."

"The Smith woman claims to be the wife of John Smith, the so-called 'Honest Shoe Man,' of 315 East State street." Shortly afterward a whirling mass, claiming to be a reporter on the Bugle, flew fifteen feet into the street and landed with what bystanders asserted was a dull, sickening thud—Lanta Constitution.

French Politeness.

Our France in its distracted gallop of modern ideas and manners is assuredly about to lose one of its most precious and characteristic charms, its refined and intelligent politeness, its noble desire to please, which should be valued in spite of all the sarcasms of the foreigner. —M. Georges Lecomte, in the Paris Grande Revue.

There is now at Sandy Hook proving grounds the biggest cannon ever turned out. It is twenty yards long and weighs thirteen tons. The cost of each shot fired is \$1000.

Indians Delight in Inflicting Self Torture.

Shoshones Did Not Give Up the Sun Dance and Its Cruelties Until the Government Interfered—Ceremony Lasts For Three Days and Nights—Participants Go Without Food or Sleep During the Entire Period.....

The National Government has put a stop to the sun dances by the Shoshone Indians, writes the Lander (Wyoming) correspondent of the New York World. With the giving up of this cruel, barbarous, grotesque ceremony, which the savages regarded as religious, the Shoshones have taken another unwilling step in their enforced march toward civilization. They would retrace it if they could. The terrible physical tortures the sun dance involved were as nothing to them compared with the spiritual delights afforded them.

An Indian cannot live without something in the nature of a religious ceremony which is alike grotesque and disquieting. The Winnebagos over in Nebraska, surrounded by churches, schools and all the other things that go to make up civilization, have formed a society which imposes upon its members the drinking of mescal, a drug far more hurtful in its effects than morphine, as a religious duty. The Shoshones may not introduce a mescal as a substitute for the sun dance, yet there is no telling what they may do in the name of religion.

The Indians believed firmly that by dancing this dance they worshipped and propitiated the Great Spirit, procured through the favor of that spirit an abundance of rain and bountiful crops, and won the rare privilege of seeing and communing with the spirits of relatives and friends who had gone to the happy hunting grounds. It was by this means, too, that bucks were converted into warriors, and that other objects dear to the heart of an Indian were achieved.

Endurance of Indians.

No one but a fanatical savage could dance the sun dance, for no sane, civilized human being could master the physical strength begotten of religious frenzy to go through it. Think of dancing three days and three nights without food or drink. Think of running long strips of tanned deer hide under the big pectoral muscles covering the front of your chest, tying the ends of them to a big pole and then throwing your body back with such force as to tear them out through those muscles! That is what the sun-dancer did.

A sun dance takes place in a round inclosure about thirty feet in diameter, with a big pole in the centre of it. On the top of this pole is fastened the head of a dead buffalo. It is to this buffalo head that the dancers look and pray for strength to go through the three days' ordeal involved in the dance. The Indians dance around the pole for three days and three nights if their strength holds out that long.

The dance goes forward to the monotonous beating of a tom-tom. Each dancer has a little whistle, which he blows constantly for some inscrutable purpose while he is dancing. The savages dance back and forth between the outer edge of the inclosure and the pole in the centre of it. Whenever one of them gets so weak that he can stand no longer without support he lays hold upon the pole and, looking up beseechingly to the buffalo head, prays fervently to it for renewed strength.

He stands there in his paint and feathers clinging to the pole for support and praying to the buffalo head for renewed strength until he is able to go on with the dance again. He has a firm and unalterable faith that the buffalo head possesses power to answer his prayer, and he makes his application to the poor inanimate thing with all the earnestness and eloquence of which he is capable.

Before the dance begins those assigned to take part in it, who are not already warriors—the young bucks who have not yet won their spurs—run the strips of tanned deer hide under the muscles covering the front of their chests and, by throwing their bodies back, tear those strips out through those muscles.

The young buck who inflicts this punishment upon himself becomes thereby a full-fledged warrior and is recognized and honored as such from that time forward.

The sun dancers pray to the buffalo head not only for strength for themselves, but for rain and bountiful crops, as well as for all blessings in whatever kind. Among other things they pray that they may be granted the inestimable privilege of seeing

and of holding communion with the spirits of their dead relatives and friends, and so delicious do they finally become from mental excitement and physical exhaustion that they doubtless really imagine they see and commune with these spirits.

Occasionally an Indian has not the strength to carry him through the three days' and three nights' dance without food or drink, but in most instances the savages make shift to stay on their feet and keep in motion to the end of the religious ory.

When the dance is ended those who have gone through it, pitifully weak and shockingly emaciated, are taken to their teepees or little wooden shanties on the reservation and nursed back to strength and health. Some of them never get well. Many deaths from consumption and kindred diseases have resulted from the dance.

On the whole the Shoshone Indians, who for years have lived upon the reservation in Wyoming, a part of which was recently ceded to the Government, has just been thrown open to settlement, are a quiet, peaceful and fairly moral and intelligent tribe of Indians. There has been no outbreak among them of late years, they are on friendly terms with their white neighbors, and they get on without serious trouble with the Arapahoes, who occupy the diminished reservation with them.

In the matter of thrift they are Indians through and through, and from present indications ever will be. They have been allotted farms and are supposed to work them, but they are too lazy to do so. In this respect the Arapahoes are little if any better than they are.

Rev. Coolidge an Arapahoe.

The most interesting character on the Shoshone reservation is the Rev. Sherman Coolidge, the full-blooded Arapahoe, who a number of years ago took to wife Miss Grace Weatherbee of New York.

Coolidge has set a good example to the other Indians by pursuing the arts of peace, assuming the habits and customs of the whites, working his little farm when not working in the vineyard of the Lord, and leading a sober, godly and righteous life. For years he has conducted an Episcopal mission on the reservation. In his work of administering to the spiritual needs of those of his people who have embraced the Episcopal faith and of seeking to convert others to that faith, he has been actively and efficiently assisted by his white wife.

Coolidge is looked upon by the whites as a rather heavy, easy-going and not over-ambitious fellow, yet he has done not a little to uplift his people morally and spiritually, and to improve their condition physically and mentally.

Coolidge was adopted in his childhood by a Captain Coolidge, of the regular army, who educated him at Searby Theological School at Fairbairn, Minn., and sent him down here to do missionary work among his own benighted people. He fell in love with the woman who is now his devoted wife the first time he saw her, and she fell in love with him at the same time.

They first met at the home of an Indian trader here, and soon thereafter presented themselves at the home of the Rev. Mr. Roberts, who for a quarter of a century has conducted an Episcopal mission on the Shoshone reservation, and requested him to make them husband and wife. Her parents were known to have serious objections to the marriage, and the missionary refused to perform the marriage ceremony, but he afterward changed his mind and united them.

Ever since they have lived happily together among the Indians on the reservation, the husband conducting his Episcopal mission and working his little farm, and his wife assisting him diligently and faithfully in all his labors. While he has the complexion and the features of an Indian, he dresses, talks and lives as a white folk do. Mrs. Coolidge has little pride or taste in dress. Her apparel is a composite of that of a white woman and an Indian squaw, and to see her on the reservation the stranger would never suspect that she had been reared and educated in New York, and was the daughter of a prominent hotel manager there.

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NEWS Pennsylvania

PENSION BILL VETOED.

Executive Declares Measure Was Passed Without Due Deliberation.

Harrisburg (Special).—The soldiers' pension bill introduced by Senator J. Henry Cochran, of Lycoming County, was vetoed by Governor Stuart. In his objections the Executive points out that the measure bears evidence of having been passed without mature deliberation; that it omits material features of the law in force in the State of Maine, the lines of which it was supposed to follow, and draws attention to the fact that notwithstanding the assurance made on the floor of the Senate that only a million dollars a year could be required to carry out the provisions of the law, the House found that it would be necessary to increase the amount to nearly six millions.

It is evident that the lack of information as to the amount really needed to meet the actual necessities was a factor in bringing about the disapproval of the bill and the state of revenues taken in connection with the various other requests for State aid was also a consideration.

\$10,000 FOR FRANCE.

Bank Stock For Shriner Victim's Intended Bride Assigned.

Reading (Special).—It is said that the \$10,000 in Keystone National Bank stock claimed by Miss Sarah Reber as a gift from George F. Hageman, the lawyer who was killed in the wreck of the Shriker's train at Honda, Cal., a month ago, and found in his safe in an envelope declaring the contents to be the property of Miss Reber, his supposed fiancée, had been in reality assigned to Miss Reber three years ago.

The assignment was witnessed by an intimate friend of Mr. Hageman, who recalls the incident very distinctly. The assignment made at that time was found in the envelope containing the shares and will insure Miss Reber getting the stock.

Trolley Car Electrified.

Altoona (Special).—A large pair of tinner's shears was the innocent cause of eighteen passengers on a trolley car being badly shocked by electricity here.

A tinner, in boarding the car, stood the shears on the rear platform in such a position they formed a connection between the switch which is used to turn on the searchlight and the metallic part of the floor. The floor was wet, and instantly every part of the metal about the car became heavily charged.

Several passengers were thrown from their seats by the electric current, a number of others who were holding the metal handles, were unable to release their holds for several minutes, crying out in pain. The current caused a wild panic among the passengers, which ended when the trolley pole was thrown off the wire.

Country Schools Best.

Altoona (Special).—Of the twenty members of this year's graduating class of the Altoona High School who took the examination for a teacher's certificate before the County Superintendent Davis, not one secured a creditable average, despite the fact that the examination was only in common branches. The highest was 65 per cent, while the lowest was 15.

On the other hand, graduates of country schools, who were examined at the same time, attained a high average, without the advantages of high school training. Altoona graduates could not even write an application for a school.

Carried Dead Man Home.

Allentown (Special).—Cold in death, but with the reins still in the grasp of his lifeless hands, Frank N. Peter, the iron founder of Newside, Lehigh County, was brought home by his faithful horse.

Peter has spent the day at Reading on business, and has quartered his horse at Best's Station. On his return to the place, by railroad, he started to drive home. Instead of going into the barnyard, as it was accustomed to do, the horse, on arriving home, entered the yard as the investigator, and what the family investigated, the discovery was made that the driver was dead.

Vain Search For Girl.

Trevorton (Special).—A searching party organized Sunday, following the mysterious disappearance of Miss Miah Edwards, returned from the mountains without having found trace of her. It is believed her body is lying somewhere, probably in a mine breach.

She was a young girl and had lived lately with a private family in Shamokin. Saturday night she arrived here at a late hour to visit relatives, and they reprimanded her because she remained on the streets until a late hour. She said they would be sorry for their action and that she would kill herself. She ran into the woods and has not been seen since.

Suing For Four-Cent Fare.

Eastern (Special).—Mayor March has instituted suit against the Eastern Transit Company to compel the corporation to sell twenty-five fare tickets for \$1. The company now charges 5 cents for each fare, but allows transfers to any point in Eastern or Philadelphia.

If the new order is enforced an official of the company stated that no more transfer tickets would be given.

Wit Saved His Eyes.

York (Special).—While perched in a cherry tree eating the unripe fruit a limb broke and Paul Althoff, 10 years old, was precipitated into mortar pan twenty feet below. His face and body were covered with the burning liquid and had it not been for the prompt attention of three of his companions he would have lost the sight of his eyes.

The boys plunged young Althoff into a barrel of water standing near by and he was then removed to the local hospital.

BOMB MISSES ITS MARK.

Armed Guards Protect Home Of Wealthy Farmer.

Washington, Pa. (Special).—Armed guards, with bloodhounds, are guarding every approach to the residence of Millionaire Farmer James Kefover, at Zollersville, this county, in an effort to apprehend "Black Hand" agents, who have twice tried to blow up the Kefover residence.

Following his refusal to deliver up \$1,000 last week, Kefover Thursday received another similar demand, the penalty of failure being death. He ignored the demand and a dynamite bomb was hurled at his house, missing by a hundred feet, and upon exploding tearing a big hole in the ground. Captain John Wesley, a detective on guard at the barn, saw a man climbing a fence and fired. A yell and a subsequent bloody trail showed that his shot had taken effect.

All the nearby farmers have flocked to the Kefover residence and every traveler on the highway is closely examined and questioned before allowed to depart. The county authorities also operate with the private guards in an effort to foil the conspirators. The "Black Hand" agents are believed to belong to a band of striking railroad construction workers.

Lineman Killed.

Scranton (Special).—One man dead and another dying is the result of the toppling of an electric wire pole in North Scranton.

Patrick Mitchell, a lineman, aged 40 years, of Pittston, is dead, while T. F. McKean, of Scranton, is in a precarious condition at the State Hospital suffering from contusions of the hip and internal injuries. His recovery is doubtful. Mitchell's death was instantaneous.

When the wires were cut preparatory to taking the pole down it fell with the men perched high on it.

Suicide By Hanging.

Bangor (Special).—Evan Owen, a slater, committed suicide by hanging himself. Grief over the death of his wife and approaching blindness led him to do the deed. He was a native of Wales.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

The Schuylkill Ministerial Association has elected these officers: President, Rev. A. J. Hall; vice president, Rev. J. W. Handolph; secretary-treasurer, G. W. F. Woodside. John McCormick, Lewis Watkins and David Garrett, clerks in the Lansdowne post office, sorted and distributed 2,000 pieces of belated mail in exactly 30 minutes.

Peter Detrick, of Danville, who was convicted of murder in the