

MEN OF THE FRONTIER

How They Brought Law and Order to the Unruly West.

THE RULE OF THE REVOLVER.

Life in the Wild Days When Gun Plays Occasional Little Comment, Yet When There Was Always Safety in "Leaving It to the Crowd."

The bold, reckless life of the frontier of the middle years of the nineteenth century and later has been often recalled by the stories of desperadoes and bad men, but in the birth and growth of the frontier cities is a unique phase of American civic genius which has been little dwelt upon.

Most of the cities of the far west have hovered close about the gatherings of hardy miners as they came or went on a feverish search for gold. In forty-nine 80,000 men from all parts of the world reached the El Dorado of California. Some traveled 2,000 miles overland; others went far around by Panama or Cape Horn. In fifty-nine 100,000 gold seekers stampeded wildly across the sunburnt plains of Colorado. Of like kind, although of smaller proportions, were all the pilgrimages that are more or less responsible for the cities of the west, the finding of a streak of magic yellow, its story leaking out and growing, the glimpse of nuggets and specimens and then the grand, senseless rush to the Land of Get-Rich-Quick.

Thousands of daring spirits were drawn by the yellow lodestone, intent on nothing but the accumulation of wealth. Then necessity produced some weird assemblages of tents, shanties and log cabins, many of which grew into cities. Often full grown towns sprang up in a few months. Far from any state or territorial government and composed of a conglomeration of excited men, none of whom had time for civic affairs, these embryo cities existed and grew under conditions that were unique and extremely wild.

Our forefathers landed on the eastern coast full of religious zeal and a desire for freedom of thought and life. Their leaders and law came with them. They prayed and lived communally as long as they could, then increased, expanded and developed into a nation. But the gold discoveries of California, Nevada, Colorado and Montana brought thousands of independent men to the wilderness who were full of the hunger for gold, not homes; who had no leaders, no laws to which they could appeal and nothing to bind them together. Then the leaders came out of the crowd, and the law grew as it was needed. It was only after a time that any of these men came to consider remaining permanently in the country, and it was these venturesome builders who developed the newer part of our nation.

From the nature of things, with so much at stake among such hard living men, there were plenty of fights and disputes. There being no authority to which to appeal, differences were settled between man and man. A six shooter was the greatest help a man could get toward a physical superiority over other men, and so everybody carried a "gun" and knew how to use it. The trigger finger grew nimble with practice, and there developed a condition where frequent killings and shootings occasioned little comment or criticism, where men were almost indifferent to the spilling of blood and looked death square in the face with a nonchalance that is hardly conceivable now. Shooting affrays were the froth of a very strong brew of the border life, and they put a settlement to questions quickly and definitely. If when the smoke cleared away some good man lay biting the dust, his light had gone out according to the code of the time, fierce and barbarous as codes must be when man first struggles with nature.

And yet there was always safety in "leaving it to the crowd." The general sentiment of the community was very partial to fairness and honesty during the early days of most border towns. There were no locks or keys, almost any man's credit was good to any amount, and stores and provisions could lay untouched for months in wholly unguarded places. It was the natural, frank honesty of the virgin west and a veritable paradise for thieves and criminals.

And they came, hordes of murdering, plundering adventurers who knew no code of morals or chivalry, and resorted to anything to accomplish their ends. They found plunder rich, crime easy and escape still easier and, drifting all over the country, levied tribute from each new camp as it sprang into being. Often these men were in such a majority that a man who believed in honesty and justice was a man indeed if he had the courage to back his ideals. But there were such men, men as God meant men to be, full of the sense of right and the fitness of things and unafraid. They stepped right into the opening and tackled some of the cussedest crowds in Christendom, teaching a wholesome respect for "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" to bunches of drinking, blasphemous and unharmed temper. The gun fighting, lynchings and wanton spillings of blood that spiced the histories of the time may have been very close to savagery, but they serve now to deepen the respect we must have for men who harnessed law and order on such conditions.—*Outing Magazine.*

Good Temper.
Good temper is like a sunny day—
French Proverb.

CRYSTAL GAZING.

If You Want to Try It, This Will Tell You How to Proceed.

Having satisfied myself that some people really would see hallucinatory pictures in a glass ball or in water, I examined the ethnological side of the question. I found by studying works of travel and anthropology that many savage and barbarous races gaze into water, polished basalt, rock crystals, and so on, for the purpose of seeing distant events, foreseeing the future, detecting criminals, and so forth. It does not seem to me credible that so many and so widely separated peoples should agree with ancient Greeks and the races of western Europe in staring away if they did not see hallucinatory pictures. So I believe that some people do see them. Nor is this fact now denied by professors of psychology.

I have never been able to foresee from character, complexion, habit of mind and other indications what persons would prove capable of discerning even fancy pictures in a glass ball. The best gazers of my acquaintance, those who lift on pictures coincidental with actual events unknown to them or with the secret thoughts of a companion, are both of them not unfamiliar with other curious experiences. But I have tried with the glass ball two or three other friends who have seen what are vulgarly called "ghosts" in haunted houses, and in the glass ball they can see nothing, while people who never saw ghosts do see "coincidental" pictures in a glass ball.

If any readers care to make experiments, they can begin by purchasing a ball, or, of course, a glass jug of water will do, or even a teaspoonful of ink, in some cases, but both are inconvenient and may spill. Having got the ball, it is best to go alone into a room, sit down with the back to the light, place the ball at a just focus in the lap on a dark dress or a dark piece of cloth, try to exclude reflections, think of anything you please and stare for five minutes, say, at the ball. That is all. If after two or three trials you see nothing in the way of pictures in the ball, you will probably never succeed.—*Andrew Lang.*

Circumstantial Evidence.

During a discussion in regard to circumstantial evidence a lawyer told of a remarkable case which, he said, appears in the Virginia reports. It was this:

A man was discovered drawing a knife from the prostrate form of another man near a roadside. The witnesses rushed upon him and took the weapon from him. It was still dripping with the warm blood of the victim. He was accused of the murder, but asserted his innocence. He claimed that he had happened along the road but a few moments before and saw his alleged victim struggling with another man. Before he could come up the unknown had driven his knife home and had fled into some brush close by. Seeing the knife still in the breast of the fallen man, he stooped over and drew it forth just as his accusers came on the scene. That was his story. The knife being identified as the property of the accused, no evidence whatever was placed in his tale. He was tried, convicted and hanged.

A year later the man who had really committed the crime while on his deathbed confessed that he was the murderer and told how he had stolen the knife from the innocent man who had been sent to the gallows.

A Perfect Marriage.

Most people know and admire the work of the versatile William Blake, poet and artist, but few people know the story of his perfect marriage, for a perfect marriage it was indeed. In 1780 Blake fell in love with a pretty girl called Clara Woods, but she did not care for him, and the blow was a severe one to the impressionable young man. He left London and took up his abode at Richmond, where he lodged with a nursery gardener named Boucher. Mr. Boucher had a beautiful daughter, Catherine, and she became the confidant of the poet's love affair, and her generous sympathy so cheered Blake's mental sufferings that he gradually fell in love with the gentle girl. His affection was warmly returned, and Catherine Boucher married William Blake on Aug. 18, 1782. It was an ideal union. The young husband took a delight in teaching his wife, who was all eagerness to learn, and the modest gardener's daughter became eventually a cultured woman, who was an ardent hero worshiper of her clever husband and who cheered his life more than any one else could. Mrs. Blake learned to color her husband's drawings and was extraordinarily adept in the work.

Discovery of Osteopathy.

"The man who discovered osteopathy was a great sufferer from headache," said a man who claims to know. "He tried every remedy on earth almost, but could get no permanent relief. One day he had a terrible headache and went out into his front yard to lie under the shade of a big tree and rest his throbbing head on the cooling grass. Suspended from a limb of the tree was a rope swing used by the children. The man lay under this swing for awhile and finally put the rope under his head to act as a support. In a few moments he was surprised and pleased to find that his headache was much better. In half an hour the pain had gone. He began an investigation. He discovered that the rope swing pressed on the nerve in the back of the head. This pressure stopped the headache. With more study he decided that many pains could be relieved if nerves could be given the proper treatment—a massage. He started an osteopathic school and has made a grand success."—*Nashville Tennessean.*

ETIQUETTE IN KASSALA.

A Chat Between a Male Heathen and Two Native Ladies.

Some of the traditional observances in the polite society of other lands afford, in addition to amusement, considerable opposition to the free intercourse to which modern conditions have accustomed us. Mrs. Speedy, one of the first English ladies to visit Kassala, gives a good instance of this in her "Wanderings in the Sudan" when relating how she and her husband received their first callers. Their patroness was an Italian lady who had long been a resident of the city.

"In the morning a rap came to the door," writes Mrs. Speedy, "and on opening it I saw madame, with two Arab women, standing outside. She inquired cautiously if Charlie were within, and on my saying that he was, she made a sign to the two ladies, who drew the thickly concealing shawl still more closely over their hidden faces and moved off to one side in the passage, turning their backs to the doorway.

"She then explained to me that they were of very high rank and of a very strict sect and must on no account be seen by a strange man, especially not by one who was of another nation and an infidel. They were, however, very anxious to see me and had come to do me that honor, and if Charlie would not object to go below or into some other room for a few minutes they would make their visit very short.

"I represented the state of the case, and he at once consented to absent himself, his only regret being that he should not have a chance to converse with these ladies, as there were many things which he wished especially to know and which he was not likely to have any opportunity so good as the present for ascertaining. In turn, I represented this side of the question to madame, and after much hesitation and whispered conversation in the passage a compromise was effected.

"It was arranged that, completely veiled, the ladies should enter the room, not venturing to turn their heads in the direction of the masculine heathen, and that he should before they entered turn his back to the direction by which they would come in.

"This was all strictly carried out, and thus, back to back and a considerable distance apart, an edifying conversation went on for half an hour, questions being put in bland, inquiring tones and dainty replies given, which appeared to be quite satisfactory to both parties."

The Longest "Straight."

To the Buenos Aires and Pacific railway belongs the peculiar distinction of having on its system the longest straight stretch of railway in the world. The length of this is 205½ miles, and it is situated on the main line, between 158 and 363½ miles from Buenos Aires. The straight was formerly broken by reverse curves forming a detour around Lake Soría. The longer portion was then 175 miles long and was even then the world's record. The lake having, however, practically dried up, the company suppressed the curves, and the cutoff was opened to service on Oct. 15, 1907. It seems that when the line was set out in the seventies, at which time the country was in the hands of the Indians, after leaving Junín, which was a military outpost and the last point of contact with the Buenos Aires civilization, a course of about west-northwest was set and the line run straight across the flat pampas until it met another line about sixty miles long, which was pushed out eastward from the western terminus, Villa Mercedes. There were no obstacles of importance to avoid, and hence the phenomenal bee line.—*Engineer.*

Cain's Wife.

"I never discuss marriage," said the late General Fitz-Hugh Lee, "without thinking of an old colored preacher in my state who was addressing his dark skinned congregation when a white man rose up in the back of the building.

"Mr. Preacher," said the white man. "Sir to you," said the parson. "Mr. Preacher, you are talking about Cain, and you say he got married in the land of Nod after he killed Abel. But the Bible only mentions Adam and Eve as being on the earth at that time. Whom, then, did Cain marry?"

"The colored preached snorted with unfeigned contempt. "Huh!" he said. "You hear dat, bredereen an' sisters? You hear dat fool question I am axed? Cain, he went to de land o' Nod, just as de good book tells us, an' in de land o' Nod Cain gets so lazy an' so shirless dat he up an' marries a gal o' one o' dem no 'count pore white trash families dat de inspired apostle didn't consider fittin' to mention in de holy word."

Departed Glories of Fez.

Fez the "fertile," the Rome of the western Arabs, still retains traces of the magnificence which made her in the middle ages the rival of Mecca. In the twelfth century the holy city, to which when the road to Mecca was closed pilgrimages were made, contained as many as 700 temples, fifty of which were adorned with marble pillars. In those old days the city was the haunt of philosophers, physicians and astronomers. A mere formal pretense of study is now all that is practiced. "They have Euclid in folio volumes," a traveler writes, "but neither copied nor read. The teacher sits cross-legged on the ground and repeats in a drawing tone between singing and crying words which are echoed by the scholars sitting around him." Fez, however, is honest enough in one respect—she does not believe in outward show. In the interior of the houses are apartments decorated with paintings and arabesques, while the outside walls are often built of mud.

ECCENTRIC HOGARTH.

Incidents in the Life of the Vain and Able Artist.

Hogarth, one of the ablest and certainly one of the vainest artists that England has produced, was as a painter hardly recognized in his lifetime, to his bitter grief and disappointment. He made money out of his prints, but could only sell his pictures with difficulty and at low prices.

Yet Whistler once declared that Hogarth was our greatest painter. He painted some admirable portraits, but his manner was too independent and his tongue too sharp for success in a profession that requires a certain amount of diplomacy and much patience.

He resented any criticism of his work, and there is a story of a very ugly peer whom he painted that illustrates this. The portrait was returned to the artist. It was, in fact, too good a likeness.

But Hogarth declined to alter it in the least and told his sister that unless the portrait was paid for in three days he would add a fall to the figure and sell it to a wild beast showman to hang outside one of his caravans. The peer paid the money and instantly destroyed the picture.

More curious still is a story of Hogarth's absence of mind. When the sale of his prints had made him prosperous, he set up a carriage and one day went in it to visit the lord mayor.

While he was in the Mansion House the weather became stormy, and Hogarth, who happened to go out at a different door, after vainly searching for a hackney coach, walked home through the rain and was soaked to the skin. He had entirely forgotten his carriage.—*Modern Society.*

HIS LIFE MASK.

The Actor's Breezy Story of the Way It Was Taken.

A famous actor entertaining some ladies at dinner showed them his life mask, then told them with feeling how the mask had been made. "They put me in a chair," he said, "tied a towel around my head, plugged my ears with greased wool and stuck a quill in each nostril.

"Shut yer eyes," said the workman, drawing near with a ladle and a large steaming tureen of pink plaster of paris of the consistency of thick soup, and he slapped the stuff on my face in great ladlefuls. I could feel it running down my collar and over my chest just as soup would have done. I motioned with my hands wildly. The man laughed.

"That's all right, boss," he said, and kept slapping the hot, horrible, sticky stuff upon me.

"He stopped when my face was thickened in a half inch coat of plaster. He told me it would dry and harden in a few minutes. It did, but the minutes were awful. As the plaster dried it seemed to shrink, shrinking my skin with it. In a hundred places I was pinched and pricked as though by tiny crab claws. And the heat of the thing! And the difficulty of breathing through the quills stuck in my nostrils! Then, very carefully, very slowly, they drew the hardened cast from my face. I gripped the chair arms and shrieked. Did it pull? Did it tear? Let us draw a veil over the painful scene."

The actor smiled and handed his life mask about. "Behold," he said, "the result of my suffering! It looks like a particularly dull and inanimate false face, doesn't it?"

The man who believes his friends will support him in his adversity can keep from having his faith shattered by not becoming the possessor of an adversity.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Laughter and Indigestion.

"I don't know whether nature fitted me out with a different sort of digestive apparatus from the average man," remarked a magazine reader, who looked up from the printed page. "Here is a writer who sets it down as a solemn fact that 'laughter and good cheer are enemies of dyspepsia.' Now, whenever I go to a dinner where a lot of good stories are told or amusing speeches made and I laugh more than usual the result for me is an aggravated attack of indigestion. More than this, and, although I never drink anything in the way of intoxicants, I am certain to have an attack of hiccoughs as a result of laughing, which always amuses my friends who are aware of my nondrinking habits. I present the anomalous picture of perhaps being the only man at the table who has not taken a drink of any kind, and yet my actions are those of a man who had decidedly too much liquor. You can't make me believe that old saw about laughter being good for digestion in spite of the solemn gentleman who wrote this article."—*New York Press.*

Photography.

Practical photography first saw the light in 1839. On Feb. 21 of that year Talbot, who had obtained permanent prints and camera images as early as 1835, published his process. *Daguerre's* was published on Aug. 19, and somewhere between these two dates Ponton in a paper read at the Royal Scottish Society of Arts made known to the world his discovery that soluble organic matter in the presence of an alkaline bichromate was rendered insoluble by exposure to light, a discovery the value of which was not recognized for some years, but which is the basis of all that is included in "process work."

The Dark and Bloody Ground.

Before the white man began to explore Kentucky, about the middle of the eighteenth century, the region was a vast hunting ground for many large tribes of the south, north and east, and between these tribes there was continuous conflict for the possession of the rich game privileges. Later on, when the white people settled in the territory, their struggle with the red men was more bitter and persistent than in almost any other section of the continent; hence the sanguinary name that was given to the territory, "The Dark and Bloody Ground."—*New York American.*

Whist.

An acquaintance of Talleyrand once remarked to him that he did not think it worth his while to learn the game of whist. Talleyrand's reply has been remembered until this day: "Not know whist, young man? What a dismal old age you are preparing for yourself!"

Never Tested.

"You have a great many friends." "I don't know whether I have any friends at all or not." "You don't?" "Nope. I was born rich and have never been broke."—*Houston Post.*

Didn't Hit Him.

"To what do you attribute your success as a monarch?" "After a moment's thought the European ruler replied: "Largely to bad marksmanship."—*Exchange.*

What sort of truths do the majority rally round? Truths that are decrepit with age. When a truth is so old as that, it's in a fair way to become a lie.—*Ibsen.*

No man can wear one face to himself and another to the multitude without finally getting bewildered as to which may be the true.—*Hawthorne.*

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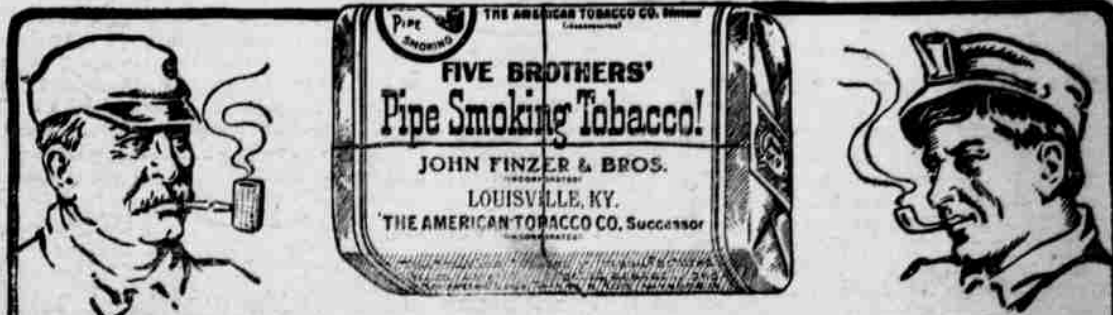
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