

GRIZZLY BILL'S UNDOING.

BY A. J. MEISLER.

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"Thrilling?" said the major; "well, I should say so. It was the most exciting thing that ever occurred to me. Why, I can't even think of it now without shuddering a little. I was considerably younger in those days than I am now. At the time I was a telegraph operator and dispatcher for the Mountain Valley Railroad company in a western mining country. It was a wild and lawless country and I was not much in love with my place, but being poor I was obliged to accept the conditions with the best possible grace.

"Goldton, where I was located, was really nothing more than a railroad station. It was not on the main line of the Mountain Valley railroad, but on a spur which ran to the Ingot mines. Travel was not very extensive; in fact, but one train a day passed my lonely station.

"On the 15th day of every month I received by express for the superintendent of the Ingot Mining company the money with which the miners were paid off. The amount averaged between \$12,000 and \$18,000. On the 14th of June in that year the superintendent of the mines came to me and said:

"Perkins, the pay money will be here to-morrow as usual; but I want you to exercise more than ordinary vigilance in guarding it, as I understand Grizzly Bill is operating in the mountains again."

"Grizzly Bill was a name to inspire terror. The individual who bore that unimpeachable sobriquet was an outlaw of great daring and resolution; he stopped at nothing. It was, therefore, quite natural for me to feel some little trepidation. I assured the superintendent, however, that I would do all in my power to guard the money; and I think," continued the major, with some self-satisfaction, "that I kept my word in this respect.

"During the night which followed, a violent rainstorm swept through the mountains. Shortly before ten o'clock the next morning I received word over the wire that the train from Pikeville could not get to Goldton owing to a washout below Summit Rock. It was thought that the track could be made passable by afternoon, and that the train would reach my station before six o'clock. I communicated these facts to the mine superintendent by means of an assistant who was always at the station during the day.

"At five o'clock that evening I received a message saying that it would be impossible for the train to get through before nine or ten o'clock the next morning. I sent word to this effect to the mine superintendent, who, in turn, communicated it to the men. Feeling rather tired I turned in early that night. Sleep, however, was out of the question.

"The baggage, freight, express and telegraph offices were all under one roof. One corner of the big warehouse (it was hardly anything else) was partitioned off so as to make a private enclosure. This box-like compartment I used for sleeping, eating and the transaction of the company's telegraphic and railroad business. The sender and receiver were affixed to a table conveniently near my bed, and if necessary it was possible to transmit or take a message without even arising. Of course, I never found it necessary to do this; I simply mention it to illustrate the arrangement of the office.

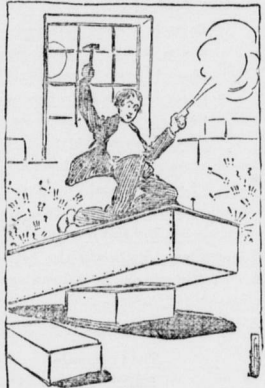
"Along toward midnight the telegraph instrument began to click. I heard my call, opened the key, and asked what was wanted. The operator at Pikeville wired back that the train which had been delayed on account of the washout had started for Goldton, and would reach there between three and four

o'clock in the morning. At precisely a quarter to three o'clock the train steamed into Goldton.

"The express messenger alighted and handed me a huge and many-scaled package. It contained \$17,500.

"Oh, that isn't all," said the messenger, with a laugh; "I have a box in the car that's as heavy as lead. We've been wondering all the way up the mountain what it contained."

"The box was lifted from the car and placed on end in the freight department of the station. It was fully seven feet long and four wide—horribly suggestive of the rough box in which a coffin is inclosed. I thought of this state after the train had resumed its journey. I put the pay money into the safe, turned the combination lock and retired. I fell into a doze from which I was aroused with a start by what seemed to be the ticking of the sander. It said as clear as if some one had spoken: 'Beware! danger threatens!' I sat up in bed. The moon was shining brightly through the window. I gazed intently at the sander. It made not the slightest motion, yet the message came again this time even more startlingly dis-



FROM THE INTERIOR OF THE BOX CAME A VOLLEY OF OATHS.

too well that the outlaw would stop at nothing to get the money which he knew was in my possession. To him murder was child's play. But after the first emotion of fear I felt perfectly calm. In truth, I felt as though fate had thrown this desperado in my way so that I could conquer him. I don't know why I felt thus; probably I experienced the same emotions that a soldier does who goes into battle with fear and trembling, yet who, when actually in the midst of danger, feels as cool and collected as though he were out of reach of all possibility of harm.

"I got out of bed, picked up the coal shovel and scuttle and made as much noise as possible. As the night had been an unusually cool one a fire was burning, and as I passed the stove I grabbed my revolver and thrust it into my right coat pocket. Into my left pocket I thrust some nails and a hammer. Then, whistling as loudly as possible to mislead the desperado in the box, I left the little office and walked across the floor of the freight part of the station. When immediately in front of the box I sprang at it with the fury of a man fighting for his life and overturned it. It fell to the floor, top up, with a resounding crash. Instantly I was astride the box driving nails into the lid as hard and fast as a man in terror for his life could do. And all that while I was yelling at the imprisoned outlaw at the top of my voice, telling him that if he so much as breathed I would instantly kill him.

"But my threats did not appear to frighten him much. From the interior of the box came a volley of muffled oaths that would have astonished a Digger Indian. I never heard such horrible profanity. I fired my pistol twice in the air to let him know that I meant business. After awhile he became quiet. I carefully examined the box and found that there was no danger of suffocating, for at the upper end were a number of tiny perforations which freely admitted air.

"I sat astride that box until my assistant arrived at seven o'clock. It was a long and trying vigil, but the magnitude of my victory buoyed me up. My assistant was almost too much amazed to speak when I told him of my capture. He quickly went to the mines and told the superintendent to hasten at once with a sufficient guard of men to the station and take Grizzly Bill into custody. It didn't take long to do this; and when Bill was hauled by no gentle hands from the box he was the angriest outlaw ever captured. He fought like a tiger, but it was of no use. The men who had him captive knew how dangerous he was. He was securely bound, and later in the day taken to Pikeville, where he was subsequently sentenced to a long term of imprisonment in an eastern penitentiary.

"That little adventure," concluded the major, "proved to be the turning point in my career. I was promoted to an important position in the city, where I prospered, as you see, I am to-day quite content with myself and the world in general. Thus you see Grizzly Bill's undoing was my making."

Frankness.

Elder Baker, who flourished in a rural district of New England a good many years ago, was a strictly honest but painfully frank old man. One day he was approached by old Zeke Bill, a man of doubtful reputation, who said: "Lookee here, elder, I want to make a request o' you, an' it's this: I want you to promise me that you'll preach my funeral sermon if you outlive me. Will you?"

"Why, certainly, Zeke, certainly."

"An' I want you to preach it from the text: 'An honest man is the noblest work of God.'"

"I'll do it, Zeke, I'll do it, and I'll add that I'm sorry there's such a poor specimen in the coffin."—N. Y. World.

Stone Paving for Streets. The first stone paving for streets in America was laid in New York in 1633.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A Counter Irritant. "Yes, dear wife," and he closed his eyes, "the end is near. The world grows dark about me. There is a mist around me gathering thicker and thicker, and there, as through a cloud, I hear the music of angels—sweet and sad."

"No, no, John, dear; that's the brass band on the corner."

"What!" said the dying man, jumping from his bed and clinging the boot-jack at the leader. "Have these scoundrels dared to come around here when I am dying!" And he recovered.—Bay City Chat.

A Remarkable Case. "Here's a sensational elopement story that is rather remarkable," he said, looking up from his newspaper.

"Does it fall to say that the girl is beautiful?" she asked.

"No. It says that she is 'entrancingly lovely,'" he replied.

"Then, what is there remarkable about it?" she inquired.

"It fails to say that she moves in either 'an exclusive set' or 'the highest circles of society.'"—Chicago Post.

What Ailed Him? Honest Barber—Mr. Jenks, you know I never bother my customers about buying my hair restoratives, and such things, but I must say to you, in all candor, that your hair is disappearing dreadfully fast. Now, my Elixir of Life, if applied in time—

Mr. Jenks (sadly)—No use, my friend. Nothing can stop my hair from coming out but death, or divorce.—N. Y. Weekly.

The Greater Fatigue. "I should think," she said, sympathetically, to the young man who acts, "that you would get tired of saying the same thing over and over."

"No," he answered, with pensive sadness, "it isn't that that makes us tired. It's hearing the same thing over and over when we ask for the salary that never came."—Washington Star.

His Little Compliment. "How do you like your new bike, Miss Wheeler?"

"Splendidly! Why, Mr. Pedleman, do you know, it rides so easily that half the time it seems as though it wanted to run away with me!"

"Perfectly natural it should, I am sure. If I had its chances I would do so, too."—Odds and Ends.

Not a Thing. "Hello, Halket, where have you been?" asked Hiland, who met his friend on the street, looking very weary.

"Been fishing."

"What did you catch?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"No; not even a train for Lome."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

An Explanation. Brown—The goal of his ambition was a million dollars. He has it now, and every time he thinks of the fact he feels blue.

Robinson—How is that?

Brown—Well, he had two millions a one time and he dropped one.—Brooklyn Life.

Didn't Expect Much. "Do you really think you will be nappy with me?" asked Emeraldia Longebell of Gus DeSmith, to whom she is engaged.

"I've no doubt of it. You see I am one of these easily satisfied sort of fellows who never expects much, anyhow," replied Gus.—Texas Sifter.

Before and After. He's most polite, the candidate, just prior to election; And after that you contemplate An ossified affection.—Washington Star.

THE EXCEPTION TO THE RULE. The woman put her hands on her hips and regarded the speaker.

"And who said anything about a baby?" she demanded, in a high, surly, snarling key, "I'm a washday, I am; an' it's a bundle of dirty clothes I'm taking home an' not a child at all. An' how would it be the business of a chit like you if—"

But the petticoated philanthropist heard no more. With one swift glance at the shapely bundle, tied in a checkered tablecloth, which filled the carriage, she fled as if for her life.—Chicago Tribune.

A Ready Answer. Some people are never at a loss for an answer, and the colored valet who got off the following is a good exponent of that class. It seems he was a lazy rascal, and his master one day reproached him with him about his neglect of duty.

"But, massa, I's am not equal to de occasion as I once wuz."

"Why, George, what on earth is the matter with you now?"

"I's a stitch in my side, sir, dat troubles me a powerful lot, and I's not able to do as much as I hab been doin'."

"A stitch in your side! Oh, come, George, that won't do. Where did you get such a thing as a stitch in your side?"

"De oder day, sah. You see, I wuz hemmed in by a crowd."—Harper's Round Table.

At a Revision. Some conscripts hardly know what to invent in order to obtain exemption from military service.

"Sir," said a youth to the revising captain, "I have no disease that will warrant me in claiming exemption, but I am the support of the family."

"I don't believe it."

"Your father and mother are circus performers and earn their own living."

"Well, I am a member of the same company, and have 'to carry dady and mammy on my head; doesn't that show that I support the whole family?"—Motto per Ridere.

In the Cause of Art. "Heavens! Who is that throwing a wheelbarrow over the banisters?"

"Don't get nervous; that is only the girls in the dramatic school upstairs learnin' how to faint."—Chicago Record.

WOMAN FROG HUNTER. How a New Jersey Maiden Makes a Comfortable Living. Miss Mona Seldon, of Friendship, N. J., is a hunter of renown. The game she hunts is frogs. For seven years she has been supporting herself by her unique method. Now she is one of the most prosperous citizens in the little town, and she is reputed to have a bank account which, if it keeps on growing, will eventually enable her to give up frog shooting. Before she took to frog shooting Miss Seldon taught school in the country regions. She did not particularly enjoy teaching, for her pupils were frequently boys about twice as big as herself, and they had that particular form of humor which shows itself in being obstreperous. Moreover, the salary did not satisfy Miss Seldon's ideas of proper compensation. Consequently, when she found that frogs were a costly luxury she resolved to invest her savings in a frog farm. Friendship being rich in bogs and swamps, Miss Seldon bought 23 acres of land, fenced it in and began to raise frogs for the New York market, to the scornful delight of her neighbors. They thought she was a harmless and amusing lunatic when they saw her practicing shooting frogs. But when they learned that she cleared \$1,000 the first season, those who came to scoff remained to imitate, and frog shooting became a popular occupation in Friendship. The other shooters sell their game to Miss Seldon, who in turn sells it to the market.

WHISK BROOM HOLDER. What an Ingenious Woman Can Do with Plain Brass Rings. The possibilities of brass rings are numerous. In the broom holder 42 brass rings are all worked over in double crochet with dark red Asiatic crochet silk. These rings are joined together front and back, as seen, and ribbon of the same hue is run through

WOMAN FROG HUNTER.

the outer row of rings and formed in tasteful bows at the corners, ribbon also forming the means of suspension and being bowed at the top.—Eva M. Niles, in Boston Globe.



FOOD FOR CHILDREN. A Few Facts Which Mothers Would Do Well to Remember. No solid food of any kind should be given to a child until it has the larger share of its first teeth. Even then it must not be supposed that because a child has acquired its teeth it may partake of all kinds of food with impunity. The digestive apparatus of a child differs greatly from that of an adult in its anatomical structure, and in the character and amount of digestive fluids, and it is by no means proper to allow a child to eat all kinds of even wholesome food which a healthy adult stomach can digest with impunity, to say nothing of the rich, highly seasoned viands, sweetmeats and epicurean dishes which seldom fail to form some part of the bill of fare. Children are not likely to crave unsuitable foods unless a taste for such articles has been developed by indulgence in them.—Mrs. E. E. Kellogg, in Good Housekeeping.

Testing Cake in the Oven. Miss Paulson gives the following directions for testing the oven in cake baking: "For sponge cake, put a piece of paper in the oven, close the door, and open it in five minutes. If the paper is a rich yellow, the oven is right; but if it is a light yellow the oven is too cool; if a dark brown, it is too hot. For pound cake the oven should be just hot enough to color light brown. Cup cakes require an oven of about the same temperature. All thin-rolled cakes require a hotter oven, so that the paper should turn a dark brown in five minutes. The length of time required for baking certain cakes will vary with their thickness or the size of the pan in which they are baked."

Fresh Currant Pudding. Pour over squares of stale sponge cake a very sweet custard into which ripe currants have been stirred and serve at once. Or, stir ripe currants thickly into a rich batter made with two eggs, half a cup of sweet cream, one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of baking powder and enough flour to stir thin; pour all into a buttered basin and steam one hour. Or, stir currants thickly into a nice bread pudding. Or, put layers of bread nicely toasted and buttered into a baking dish with very ripe sweetened currants between them. Pour over a little water—just enough to moisten the bread—and bake the pudding about half an hour; then serve it with sweetened cream.

How to Clean Glass Globes. Try washing glass gas shades or globes with tepid water in which a little soda and blue have been dissolved. Turn down to drain, wipe with soft, dry leather. If the globes should have the least crack or flaw in them be very careful to keep your hands well protected with the towel when drying them, as if the glass were to "fly" suddenly a painful and perhaps dangerous cut might result. When adjusting globes never screw them tight, or they are certain to break when the gas is lighted, as glass expands with heat.

THE EXCEPTION TO THE RULE.



"I suppose Fred's letter is about the same silly thing as usual?"

"No, it isn't; he didn't mention your name once this time."—Brooklyn Life.

Heartless. He told her he had lost his heart. As he gazed in her lovely eyes. But, alas, the cruel maid answered: "Why don't you advertise?"—Up-To-Date.

A Great Difference. "Bobby, I'm glad to see that you have taken good care of this knife and have not lost it as you did the one you had the other day."

"Yes; this 'un's mine—th' one I lost was pop's."—Chicago Record.

His Rival. She—Did you hear Mr. Gushington? His conversation is inexpressibly sweet.

He—Sweet? A liberal flow of sap does not necessarily have any effect upon the maple sugar market.—Boston Transcript.

Flattered. She—What charming teeth Mrs. Highsea has!

He—You flatter me, madam.

She—Oh, pardon; you are her husband!

He—Oh, no; only her dentist.—Judge.

Too Affectionate. Mamma—You know, Johnnie, that when mamma whips her little boy she does it for his own good.

Johnny—Mamma, I wish you didn't think quite so much of me.—Tit-Bits.

One Marriage a Success. Wise Father (to married son)—You are living very nicely, I see; but ere you saving any money?

Wise Son (re-hisping)—Yes, but don't tell my wife.—N. Y. Weekly.

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