JERGUSON'S LAST FIGHT.

A cowboy fight is good fun. It is virile and exciting. It is full of action and is not dulled by the tiresome diplomacy of civilized warfare. A new urmks of red Four, a few "cracks" or "bluffs" or 'sassings,' and the guns are barking away in a killing bee.

Ubet is a bit of a town in Fergus county, Mon. It is in the heart of the Great Northern catt'e range. On its eastward side is a flat, treeless, cheerless, plain of bunch grass, broken at times by long strips of burning atkali and sand. To the west and south are the dim, blue-tinged tops of the Rockies extending like a migney belt and lost in the horizon to the north The mountain eagle drifts a hundred miles before his flight brings him from his lofty home to the square where Ubet's magnates gather of a summer afternoon to discuss the comparative volues of the herds.

Ubet was drowsing to a sucry heat in the summer of 1892, when a Salisbury coach drew up before the only hotel and half a dozen passengers climbed from the hurricane deck and shook the white, stinging dust of the alkali plains from their garments. The big-bodied, redshirted landlord stood by with a hearty "howdy." The boys in the street ceased shooting at a mark and crowded about the leaders. The bartender came forth in his top boots and white sombrero to gossip with the driver about the new strike in the Cumber and and the picking up of times in Yellowstone Gulch. "I hear Ed Jackson hit a hard game again a hurdy house dance at Lewis

ton," he said. "I reckon," said the driver.

"Two shots in the lung and one in the leg, I hear a fellow from Yellowstone

"One in the lung an' one in the leg, but the Cumberland's surgeon says Ed'll pull through with good nus-

"Got kind o' reckless, I reckon." "Drunk, I hear say. Stranger, have suthin' to wash the alkali outen yer throat? Come ahead, Charley.

The stranger, his host, and Charley were soon exchanging "hows" over a pine board bar resting on cottonwood logs. Behind was a long, narrow shelf covered with rude but significant bits of bric-a-brac. There was the gun with which Big Andy Gallagher held up week, and for a companion piece was a strand from the rope which subsequently choked the lite out of Big Andy on the cottonwood tree by the Triangle ranch. Then there was a bit of dull yellow quartz, the first "float" found by one of the Hanley boys in their long search for the Cumberland lode, and on the walls were various posters announcing the merits of local breeding horses.

"Bout time I packed another barrel of that 'Three Star,' Charley," said the

"Next week, I recon," replied Char-ley. "The boys from the T.E. outfit was up las' Monday week an' pretty nigh cleaned us out. Said they reckoned they'd be up agin' to day.

"That so?" I met ol' man Jerguson and his boy Aleck at the Cla'rwater ford an' they reckoned they'd be up with the other boys of the Triangle. Said they was lookin' for a few shots at two russ'lers in the T. E. that picked up fifty head of Triangle cattle las' spring. Fight to-day, maybe. Will want the two bays shod, Charley.

"Stay around an' maybe you'll see some fun," said Charley, the bartender, to the stranger. "I wouldn't give a hurrah in hell for them two russ'lers if ol' man Jerguson gets drunk. He's an old hellion when he's drunk.

The stranger walked about the square and past the long, uneven row of log houses with false frame fronts Within the stores the red-shirted clerks were sleeping on the counters or talking sheep and steers, mavericks and markets. On the walks the village loaters were whittling down the edges of dry goods boxes. In the gambling houses the dealers were drowsing in their chairs and the lookouts were napping on the billiard tables. Small boys were lying in a bit of bunch grass shaded from the sun by a cottonwood tree. There was not a sound to jar the heated air save the clang of the anvils in the blacksmith's shop where the driver's two bays were

Away in the east there is seen a dim and mistlike puff of alkali dust. It turns and twists and wriggles in the hot air, and scatters upward and away into whirling clouds. It moves to the west in a flying line, and from its center comes a half dozen galloping horses with as many riders, slowly uncovered from their smoky disguises. It comes nearer and nearer, until it reaches the ranch that marks the limitations of Ubet, and then the air Is pierced by a shrill, wierd yell, the cowboy's sig-

"Oh-he-ee-vo-oo o whoop!" It echoes through and quickens the drowsy life of Ubet like an electric under the grateful shade of the cottonwood and gather in the square. The faro dealers call to the lookout and begins to shuffle the well worn deck. The loafers shut their jackknives and leave the dry-goods boxes. The bartender shades his sombrero, looks down the street, and yells to the old man. dogs wake up from their noonday sleep to do battle with the newcomers.

In a moment more the flying line of cowboys is before the hotel, a cursing, nowling crew, with old man Jerguson at the front, his white hair blowing in the soft wind beneath a great, dirtcovered felt hat. At one side is his boy Aleck, a stalwart, bearded voung fellow, and to the left is another boy, Henry, small, wiry, and so young that his place would seem to be in the nursery. There are also half a dozen boys of the plains, all wearing red flannel shirts girded by long rows of .45 Colts.

"Oh-he-ee-vo-oo-whoop! And the saloons and stores are denopulated while the natives gather in

"Hello, Charley. Take the hosses in the shed. Charley, an' russle back directly an' give the boys some ol' red eve." shouts the old man. "Go slow on the red eye, of man. The

T. E. boys is comin up to-day, "Charley

Whoop-ee! Boys, hear that! Hear what Charley says. The T. E. is comin"! done said they might. Boys, we'll get them russlers that took fifty head outen our bunch. Sure. An if the rest interferes we'll get them, too. Yo' hear?" "lo bet, ina chorus.

down, an then-my God, but we'll have turns with a tallow candle. a jubilation. To there. Aleck, stay in

the Square. For sure don't miss the T. E. comin'. Yo' Henry watch the hosses. We may need 'em quick; bu feed 'em up fust. An yo', boys, key your hands on your guns an' keep sight. No foolin' to-day. Short-hande on the ranch. Make every shot brin a man. Whoop-ee-e! I done said w might meet 'em. Stay in the squar Aleck, while we uns drink, an' Charley 'll bring vour drink out. Come ahead

boys, an' licker up; but go slow" The square is cleared for action lik the deck of a cruiser. The villager stand about within saloons or in front o. stores, waiting for the first signs of battle. Old man Jerguson has for gotton his warning and stands against the hotel bar boasting about the men he is to going kill and keeping Charley on the run for the brown bottle with th glass ball stopper that holds the "re-

The sun drops away over the snowy tops of the Belt range. Aleck alone stands watch in the square, his eyes turning in all directions and his gun cocked ready for action. His vigil is

not alone. Over in the village hurdy house a window is raised so quietly that the sound does not attract the gossipers beneath. The appearance of a rifle barrel escapes notice in the changing light, and the form behind is out of sight save for a head and a pair of bright eyes getting range on the boy. The youngster rests his gun on the ground, turns to the hotel, and calls:

'Charley, bring out that-" His voice is stopped. The gun from the window is sighted. Blim! blim! a stream of fire shoots out, and the boy. country without detection, because of struck in the head by both bullets, falls face to the ground, dead.

In a flash the barroom is emptied, and out onto the square comes the old man, staggering from the liquor he has drunk, and at his heels are a half dozen cowboys of his tribe, all with guns drawn tended shall escape the counterfeiter's and looking vainly for the enemy. The other boy cries:

"Pa, watch out! The T. E. has been here all day! are swung out, and blim! blim! blim!

then get together! My God! boys, counterfeiters, however, which beat the and captured Ned Ormsby, Ed Forbes, the Livingston stage three times in one don't forget that they murdered our government at its own game. The Little Jack Vaughn, Sam Stetson and Aleck!"

a fierce wail for revenge. The old man runs to the hotel as anquickly across the street to the end of seen him. He calls to the old man, who steps from a window to the roof of the shed and crawls along as silently as a come out. He lays his rifle on the roof | counterfeit, and a warning was and draws his revolver. Gloating for a moment over his man, he fires three Within two weeks we had plenty of shots down through the man's head, jumps lightly to the ground and finds

An hour drags by without a shot. Men with drawn revolvers are peeping from the corners of buildings and watching for pitfalls. The villagers from windows are awaiting the next play. The old cottonwood tree is a favorite gathering place, for it is in the open and just beyond range of shots across the square. Between the fighters it is a game of hide and seek and shoot anyway to kill. Old man Jerguson has returned to the hotel, and is in hiding while awaiting

developments. It is Charley, the bartender, who saves the day for the triangle. While he stands appeared in different parts of the counon the steps a whispered voice almost under his feet asks:

"Any of the Triangle inside?" "Not a soul," he answers.

"Can we sneak in and get a drink?" "Of course." Three men crawl from the darkness

beneath the steps and one by one sneak to guard from an attack.

then I am ready to go back to the city where the thieves did business ranch," said one, pulling down the win- they bought bonds and securities which

the room and they do not see that the in detecting bogus money. In each city door to the hall is opened cautiously we got a good description of the and that a man crawls through on his | man who bought the bonds, and hands and knees and drops behind the it showed that it was a different

then we'll go out and get old Jerguson's ally the Government Printing Bureau scalp and take along that other boy for came under suspicion because of the For Sale by W. W. SHORT. bear bait. I say, but wasn't that a pretty quality of the work, and every man at long-range shot I made from the hurdy | work in that department was examined house window?"

floor and whispers to the old man while Government employees, but the work picking it up. Then he takes a deck of turned out to be of some value after all. cards and offers to show a new trick that he learned from a commercial traveller, The three men lean forward, Secret Service operator, and he told me

reaches forward until he moves a chair | because he thought he had not received and the noise betrays his position. Two a square deal when he was dismissed shots are fired in quick succession at | thought over the matter for a day behim. He gives a fierce grunt as he feels a sting in his side. The rustler Secret Service operators went to look changes his position and the old man's for Little Jack, he had 'flown the coop. answering shots are buried in the wall. But two more shots are left in his gun. or little, for investigation showed that The bartender is atraid to move because | this fellow, under another name, had if the rustler conquers he will have to been in the company of some of the answer for his theachery. One more Government engravers, and while they shot comes in the direction of the old admitted this they said that they did not man and misses. He is weak from loss know him, and he had not made any disof blood, and has dropped over on his honest proposals to them. But who was side. He does not reply, and the rust. Little Jack? This query kept going ler. sure of his victim crawls slowly through my mind day and night for

window left uncovered by the curtain. He had been mixed up with several It falls on the rustler's face, and before | swindles in the South, and I sent to the he can rise a bullet crashes through the chief of police in New Orleans, to see if window, striking him square in the he could get me his picture. 'It might forehead. The knite falls from his be only a waste of time, I thought, but teeth, the guns drop from his hands, and I could not tell, and it never does to

he falls back dead. Charley, and young Henry Jerguson Orleans of Little Jack, and the mulatto enters at the head of a bunch of four girl said it was the same fellow she had

"For God's sake hurry! I am afraid the old man is a goner," cries Charley, on the red-eye till we make 'em lay and he rushes into the hallway and re- passed the bogus money in Philadelphia

on a billiard table. One of the boys pours a little of the red eye down his throat and the other starts for a doctor. The old man opens his eyes. "Henry, is that you?" he ask

weakly. "Yes, pa. Are you hit hard?" "I am done gone in a minute, boy What luck?

"We got one, pa, and druv two more away, and you got the rest. "I said we'd get 'em. I done said we'd get them russlers that took our-' And then some one took the old man:

After a time the stranger, who had been watching the fight from a safe distance, wandered up to the hotel and found Charley sitting on the steps. "They have gone home," said Char-

lev; "that is, all of them that ain't at the

undertaker's. It is pretty tough on Henry with the old man and Aleck both gone. Come in stranger, and have a drink. They drank while Charley described the fight in the barroom. Then they stepped outside into the cool, soft air of the night. Charley rammed his hands into his pockets and looked upward at the stars glistening over the snowy

peaks of the Belts. Finally he stretch ed out his arms over his head and "Stranger, i 's been a hell of a day in

CAPTURE OF THE FORBES GANG.

Ubet-a hell of a day. Let's turn in."

"It is a very difficult thing," said Detective Arnold, "to get rid of a large amount of counterfeit money in this the sateguards which are thrown around the genuine bank notes. The plan of protecting money has received the greatest attention from the treasury officials, and marks and characters have been put upon the bills which it is innotice. It would not be policy to tell what any of these marks are, but it will not be giving anything away to say that defects are put into bills sometimes Hardly has he spoken before the hurdy in order to testify to their genuineness. house window is again raised, two guns | This is done on the supposition that if a the others are stampeded. The old man will furnish evidence of his crooked

"Scatter boys till we locate 'em, an' "I was put to work upon a gang of And his voice drops away into | treasury department received notice of | Curley Peters. a counterfeiter from Boston of a \$1000 bill on the First National Bank of that other form sneaks from around a saloon, city. The bill in question aroused susraises a shotgun to fire, and then darts picion because the serial number was duplicated. There was nothing else the shed. Charley, the bartender, has about the bill that would excite suspicion. In the vignette of Lincoln on the bank note an intentional defect had been made in one of the lines in the snake in the grass. The old man leans | forehead and it was reproduced in the over the roof and sees his enemy peep- counterfeit note. There was, howing from the side waiting for him to ever. no doubt about it being a

sent out calling attention to it. work on our hands, for the banks, in scrutinizing bills after receiving notice, discovered several other counterfeits of different banks. Reports came to Washington from New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis and other A Development Peculiar to the Present places of the unding of counterfeits, and it became very evident that the country had been flooded with the bogus money by a very shrewd gang of counterfeiters. comparison of all the bogus bills indicated that they had all been made by the same hand, for they were just as good as the genuine bills, with the exception of the duplicate serial number

and letter. "The fact that the bogus money had try at about the same time showed that there had been concerted action in getting rid of money in large batches by the gang, but this alone did not give any clue to the operators or their headquarters. So far as we know they might have been located in any of the five large cities. Secret Service operators in the barroom, the last one backing in | were put to work in these cities with the intention of working back from the "I want to get that old man and time the money was put out. In every could be disposed of anywhere, from Charle, calls them over to one side of bankers and brokers who were experts man in each place. The descriptions "Give us another drink, Charley, and | were good so far as they went. Naturwith a search light. Well, we wasted a The bartender drops a cork on the lot of time proving the innocence of

"While I was working in Washington I came across Richard Osgood, an exone resting his gun on the bar. It is a a yarn which came from his mulattoservant girl The girl was good-look-'Whoop-ee!" and before the smartest ling, a bit of a flirt, and had picked up a ly. shock. The village boys crawl from boy could say Jack Bobinson old man white fellow on Pennsylvania avenue Jerguson is up with a gun in each hand on a Sunday night. She accompanied pouring shot across the counter, square him to a disreputable house and staved in the faces of the rustlers. Two drop part of the night. The fellow became back dead. The third jumps to the confidential, and told the girl that he rear of the room unharmed, and then would soon own a part of the Governbegins a deadly duel. The rustler's first | ment Printing Office. He also told her move is to shoot out the lights, for he to call him Little Jack. The girl the suspects that Charley is in the play next day reported to Osgood what she against him. Each fighter drops on the had heard, but Osgood, not being very floor and all is quiet. The old man friendly with the Secret Service people.

"This information might mean much group. semi-circle about the dust-covered forward, with a knife between his teeth several days, and then the name of Little Jack Vaughn, the New Orleans A light flash s at one corner of the card sharp, flashed upon my memory. miss any chances in my business. In "Come right in. It's all right!" vells | about a week I got a picture from New

> "The next step was more important. The description of the man who had referred to him as being under the aver-They pick the old man up and lay him | age size. I took the picture to the brok-

er who had seen him, and he said Little Jack was the man, without doubt. This cleared up something, as it was learned from the south, the names of some of the gang that Little Jack trained with, and that he had been in the counterfeit ing business during the war. But where was Little Jack and his partners? A large reward was offered for the capture of the gang, and a description of some of the which had been bought was sent to all the financial centers of this country and Europe with a description of Little Jack We got word from Lonlon that a man answering his descrip on had disposed of a lot of bonds in that ity and w · commuleated with Scotland

'We worked steadily on the case here weeks, and found out a lot of infor nation about the gang. We were asonably certain that Ed Forbes wa it the head of it, but, did not have to positive proof or the man. While rackug our brains to clear up the business. cablegram was received from Scot

and Yard to the effect that a man who answered the description of Little Jack had taken passage on the Cunard steamer Scotia, and was apparently alone. The Cunard pier then was in Jersey City, and I was there when the teamer arrived with several other operators. I picked up Little Jack in spite of his full beard and English makeup. I did not recognize any of the other passengers as crooks, but those who looked the least bit crooked were followed by an operator to their hotel, and left under surveillance until their iden-

tity was cleared up. "I went after Little Jack. He had charge of some barrels of wine consigned to J. M. Kearns, Flatbush, L. I The gauger, in examining the wine found that there was some foreign body in one of the barrels, and I had the bar rel opened, with the consent of the Collector. I found an hermetically scaled box fastened to the bottom of the barrel. and on opening it, discovered a dozen perfect counterfeit plates of bank notes The plates were returned to the box and the barrel was shipped to Fla bush I went with it, and found that Mr Kearns lived at the Eureka Club counterfeiter goes to work on a bill and When I delivered the wine. I saw little blim! away they go right into the little | discovers what may seem to be a slight | Jack and Ed Forbes in the house, and cluster of men. Two cowboys fall and defect he will correct it, and by doing so | concluded that the gang had returned to this country to begin operations

again with a new set of plates. "I raided the place in the evening

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