

KING OF STAGE ROBBERS.

BILL THE ELDER OF THE KEELER BROTHERS.

Jack the Younger Died Last Week—The Elder Brother was Deeply Pained at Hearing that Jack was a Bandit, but he Himself Became a Greater one.

The death of Jack Keeler in his shanty way up in the Harqua Hala Mountains, Arizona, last week has set the old-timers in the Territory to relating stories of the careers of crime of the Keeler boys, and especially of the truly wonderful method in which the elder brother, Bill, conducted highway robberies in southern Arizona twelve or fifteen years ago.

While the names of both Jack and Bill Keeler were on the lips of every one in the Territory for four or five years as the most ubiquitous of robbers, and people seldom took a long journey by stage anywhere in Arizona without fear that they might come upon one of the Keelers, very little has been known about them outside the territory.

The Keelers came from the neighborhood of Sag Harbor, Long Island, in the summer of 1873, when Jack was 20 and Bill 23 years old. They were great, strapping fellows, good natured and companionable among the cowboys. They soon became among the best cow punchers in Arizona, and Bill was a champion pistol shot. The brothers had a row and separated, Jack going on west to Yuma, and Bill remaining with his bunch of cattle near Tucson.

Jack got acquainted with several of the toughest highway robbers ever confined in Yuma penitentiary, and became infatuated with the career of a professional highwayman that the convicts pictured to him. One night two of the prisoners escaped, and Jack Keeler turned up missing. The Indian runners and the hounds at the prison were sent out, and a reward was offered for the capture of the convicts and Keeler, but they could not be caught.

Those were the days of the opening of the Tombstone gold mines, and men had begun to flock into the Territory from California and Nevada in wagons, on horseback, and on muleback. In less than a week after the prisoners escaped and Jack Keeler disappeared from Yuma, a series of highway robberies began. They were sometimes a week and sometimes several months apart, but in each of them there were always two or three masked men who did the business. There was strong suspicion that Keeler and his associates were the robbers. They got together in less than a year something like \$15,000 from men on the way to the new mines, and committed several murders in connection with the robberies.

Bill Keeler, at Tucson, heard that there was good reason to believe his younger brother had become an outlaw, and he wept at the disgrace that had been brought upon him. He agreed to give up all his cattle in defence of his erring brother if the latter would only abandon his criminal ways and return for trial; but it was of no avail. The highway robberies continued right along at intervals. Three years later Jack Keeler and an associate were shot while holding up the Wells Fargo stage one night near Maricopa. While the associate was left dying, Jack and two others managed to get away to the mountains and to secrete themselves from their pursuers. Jack lay in a hovel in the mountain canon between life and death for weeks, and when the United States marshal and his deputies came that way he gladly surrendered. When he had so far recovered from wounds in his neck and shoulder as to be able to stand trial he was sent to prison for thirty years. It was thought that he would not live out three months of his term. He proved that he had not shot or killed any one in his robberies, and he told where several thousand dollars of the stolen money had been hidden, and made as full restitutions as possible. He served about seventeen years in prison and was a model prisoner. He suffered much from his gunshot wounds. His repentance seemed sincere. When he was pardoned he went immediately out to the mountains, resolved to lead a secluded life. His physician had told him he would live only a short time and that any excitement or exertion might cause instant death. He was found dead in bed last week by a party of hunters, and he had evidently been dead for several days.

certain they were the work of the ex-cow-puncher.

People in the southern part of Arizona will never get through talking about Bill Keeler's manner of stage robbing. Indeed it may be said that he reflected credit upon his profession. His robberies were perpetrated in the most approved manner, and with little or no injury to his victims beyond the loss of their valuables. He was the first man in Arizona who ever robbed a stage coach alone, and in this particular he surpassed even the daring of the two men who held up the train on the Southern Pacific a few weeks ago. Keeler never had an assistant in any of his robberies, and so far as known, never made a confidant of any but one man, and this man finally betrayed him to the posse of law officers by whom he was killed.

About 1880 Keeler robbed a train containing seven passengers, all of whom were prepared for him. They knew of him and had started out from Tucson thoroughly armed. Keeler, no doubt, heard of their boast through his confidant, who was one of the hands at the stable where he himself had worked and he determined to give the seven men an opportunity to defend themselves. He posted himself out on the road about twenty miles from Tucson, and about 11 o'clock saw the coaching come. He was just over the brow of the hill where he could not be seen by the driver or passengers. He sat on his horse, levelled his rifle, and as they came over the hill the people on the coach saw both rider and gun and they knew at once what it meant. Keeler commanded them not to move a hand, and they obeyed. Their revolvers hung unused at their sides, and their rifles lay idle in the bottom of the coach. They knew it was death to somebody the moment a move was made. He next ordered them to get out one by one, lay down their arms, stand in a row, and divest themselves of all their money and valuables. This they did, piling about \$12,000 worth of treasure in a heap before them. They were then told to get back into the coach and drive on, Bill Keeler taking possession of everything that had been left behind. This story sounds incredible, but some of those who were in the coach at the time still live in this country, and verify it to the letter.

Keeler seemed to care less for money after he became a highway robber than he did while a cowboy. He cared nothing for money for his own sake, and spent little, as he never drank or gambled. It was no uncommon thing for him to rob people and then return part or all that he had taken. He once rode foul of a newspaper man who had only \$10. When Keeler learned his business he gave him back \$2, with the remark that he would probably need it. He had a great regard for women, and would never rob a stage coach where any of the passengers were women. He was never known to have killed anyone, although he intimidated dozens of men by shooting past their ears or putting bullets through their hats.

The general population in Arizona at that time was crazy with money making in the Tombstone gold fields, and many a man made thousands of dollars from a few hundreds in a month. That is why Bill Keeler was not hunted day and night when the first of his robberies took place. But the sheriff of Tucson resolved to kill or get Keeler at all hazards. The robbing of stages had become too common, and hundreds of men of capital would not settle in a territory where such a man as Bill Keeler was operating. Travel also had fallen off. A reward of \$5,000 was subscribed for Bill's capture dead or alive.

It was a few months later that a clue to the fellow's hiding place was given by the imprint in the dust of a peculiar shoe that his horse wore at the time of a new stage robbery. The Yuma Indian trailers, the most famous of their class in the world, were called upon. They can follow for miles a fairly good trail of a man while riding at breakneck speed through the brush and across the desert waste. A Yuma Indian went to work to trail Keeler. In two days he tracked the bandit right into Benson, and to a Mexican sheep herder's adobe house. It was known that Bill Keeler and the Mexican were formerly chummy.

Then the sheriff made up his mind that Bill had an accomplice and that he made his headquarters at the Mexican's. Suspicion fell upon a Sonora Mexican named Vejar as the bandit's associate. Vejar was inveigled to a hamlet a few miles away and handcuffed and hung from a meat hook for hours until he agreed to help get Keeler. He stipulated, however, that the highwayman was to be shot dead, because, he said, Keeler would not rest until he had killed any one who had betrayed him. Vejar said that while he had fed and watched for Keeler in secret, he had never been allowed to go on any stage-robbing expedition.

The sheriff and his posse were piloted the next morning early nine miles into a heavy chapparal in a canon. Vejar said that he had always gone to a certain tree there when he had food or news for Keeler, and had waited until the bandit came riding up, pistol or rifle in hand, so as to be prepared for any pursuers. The sheriff and his men concealed themselves behind brush and trees for several hours. Finally Keeler came riding up with a revolver flashing in his hand and a Winchester across the pommel of his saddle.

"As Keeler came through the trees that morning," said the sheriff long after, "he was the finest looking man I have ever seen—a horseback. He seemed for all the world like one of the ancient gods on a horse."

The pictures were in great demand all over the Territory for a year or so. They are still to be seen in many a miner's cabin or ranchman's home, and a more fierce, tiger-like expression is seldom seen than that of Bill Keeler's face in death.

FAINTED IN CHURCH.

THE DEPLORABLE CONDITION OF A YOUNG LADY IN BROCKVILLE.

A Case That Created Much Interest—Weak, Almost Bloodless and Frequently Confined to her Bed—Again Enjoying Complete Health.

(From the Brockville Recorder.)

Readers of the Recorder have no doubt followed with interest the many instances related in these columns of recoveries, sometimes of a very remarkable nature, of persons afflicted with diseases of different kinds, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Apart from the marvellous recoveries, the accounts were interesting to the people of Brockville and vicinity from the fact that this town is the home of the Dr. Williams' Co., and the place where the celebrated medicine is made. The family of Mr. Thomas Humble, residents on Park street north, furnishes a case of such recovery no less notable than many previously published, that will be of particular interest in this community. Mr. Humble is an employee of Bowie & Co., brewers, and is well known and highly respected by many of our citizens. The member of his family whose cure we have mentioned, is the eldest daughter Carrie, a girl of about nineteen years of age. The facts in the case were first brought to the notice of the Recorder by Mr. Wm. Birks, a well known merchant tailor, who on one occasion assisted in removing Miss Humble, who was attacked with a fit of extreme weakness while attending service in the George street Methodist church. The other evening a reporter visited the home of the family in question, and upon stating his mission to Mrs. Humble, not only with any desire for notoriety, but rather a determination on her part that she should be given if it might in the least be of benefit to others similarly afflicted. According to her mother's story, Miss Humble's illness dates back to the summer of 1889. Her trouble was extreme weakness and exhaustion, caused by weak and watery blood. She was subject to severe headaches, heart palpitation, and other symptoms which follow a depraved condition of the blood. Often while down street on business the young lady would become so exhausted by the walk as to be scarcely able to get home, and she was frequently confined to her bed for weeks at a time, and had to have her meals carried to her. For a period of over three years she was continually under medical treatment. The doctors' medicine would prove of benefit while being taken, but as soon as the treatment was discontinued, the patient would become worse. Her friends were much discouraged and feared she would not recover. In the winter of 1893 Mrs. Humble read of a similar case where a cure was brought about by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This prompted her to give them a trial in her daughter's case, who was at the time so weak that she could not leave her room. The result was remarkable. There was soon a marked improvement, and by the time two boxes were used Miss Humble appeared to be so much recovered that the treatment was discontinued. But it later became evident that the patient had not been fully restored, for after a few months there was a return of the trouble. Miss Humble was sent on a visit to some friends in the United States in the hope that a change of air would prove beneficial, but she returned to her home worse than when she went away. Her mother was then determined to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a further trial, and the result proved most gratifying, as the girl's health has been completely restored, and she is to-day as well and strong as any girl of her age. Mrs. Humble told the story of her daughter's illness and recovery with an impressiveness that carried conviction of its absolute truthfulness. Miss Humble also corroborated her mother's statements, and they could be vouched for by many of her friends in the church, the Sunday school and others.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an unfailing cure for all troubles resulting from poverty of the blood or shattered nerves, and where given a fair trial they never fail in cases like the above related. Sold by all dealers, or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. See that the registered trade mark is on all packages.

The Typewriter in War.

Military authorities appear to be exhausting every resource that will add to the rapidity of communication between the field of battle and the commanding officer. For a long time the tel-graph was mainly relied on for the instant transmission of intelligence, and then the telephone was brought into active use. It has been recently seriously proposed that aide-de-camp and other carriers of information in time of war should be taught shorthand, in order to write down important communications with all possible speed, and the latest move in this direction is the introduction of the typewriter on the scene of military operations. One of the novel features of a recent military tournament in England was the use of the typewriter on the battlefield for the purpose of recording messages from signallers. It is stated that the typewriter operator was also an expert cyclist, and had his Remington mounted on the handles of his machine. Riding in and out among the horses and gun carriages, which he did without the slightest mishap, whenever he came to a standstill he instantly braced up the cycle by a handy contrivance and pounded away at the typewriter while in the saddle. The message when completed was sent to the commanding officer in the rear by means of a trained dog.

Fighting the Inevitable.

Nearly all great scientific discoveries have been combated and misunderstood even by the intelligent. Even Sir Charles Napier fiercely opposed the introduction of steam power into the royal navy and one

day exclaimed in the house of commons: "Mr. Speaker, when we enter her majesty's naval service and face the chances of war, we go prepared to be hacked in pieces by cutlasses, to be riddled with bullets or to be blown to bits by shot and shell; but Mr. Speaker, we do not go prepared to be boiled alive!" The last words he brought out with tremendous emphasis. Steam power in men-of-war, with boilers which at any moment might be shattered by an enemy's shot—this was a prospect he could not face. Yet in a few years he found himself in command of the largest steam navy the world had ever seen.

The Vision of Bird.

Birds have very acute vision, perhaps the most acute of any creatures, and the sense is almost more widely diffused over the retina than is the case with man; consequently a bird can see sideways as well as objects in front of it. A bird sees—showing great uneasiness in consequence—a hawk long before it is visible to man; so to fowls and pigeons and minute scraps of food, distinguishing them from what appear to us exactly pieces of earth or gravel. Young chickens are also able to find their own food, knowing its position and how distant it is as soon as they are hatched, whereas a child only very gradually learns either to see or to understand the distance of objects. Several birds—apparently the young of all those that nest on the ground—can see quite well directly they come out of the shell, but the young of birds that nest in trees or on rocks are born blind, and have to be fed.

In Ireland.

Two poor down-trodden peasants are behind a hedge by the roadside, waiting for their landlord, guns loaded, and everything ready to have a "pop" at the "tyrant." It is past the time at which he is expected to come along. Still they wait and wait, until at length they become uneasy.

"Bedad, Pat," says Mike. "I do hope no'bin' has happened to the poor codd gentleman."

King, Poet and Financier.

The Emperor of Germany is a shrewd man of business. As everybody knows, a song written and composed by him is about to be produced, and the profits of it are to be given to a charity. An American newspaper recently applied for an advance copy of the words and music, and the Emperor replied that they could have it if they paid £1,000 for it, which would, of course, go to the charity. It is believed that the offer was declined.

In the Cyclone Belt.

Sir William—Aw, I say, is there no wing shooting around here? "Say, partner, if you'll just run over cyclone pit and keep your eye peeled, you'll have a shot at most everything in the country, from a killyloo bird to a house and lot, in about a minute."

Freedom of Thought.

Prisoner (sentenced for ten days)—What would ye do it Oi said ye was an odd fule? Judge—Ye do it OI said ye get ten days more for contempt. Prisoner—Thin, begorra. OI'll not say it—OI'll only think it.

Nothing to do but Blow.

"Bloomer has retired from the prize ring." "Indeed? What is he doing now?" "He has got a job that just suits him." "What is it?" "Filling bicycle tires."

The Russian peasant never touches food or drink without making the sign of the cross.

A single oyster in one season will produce 1,000,000 young oysters.



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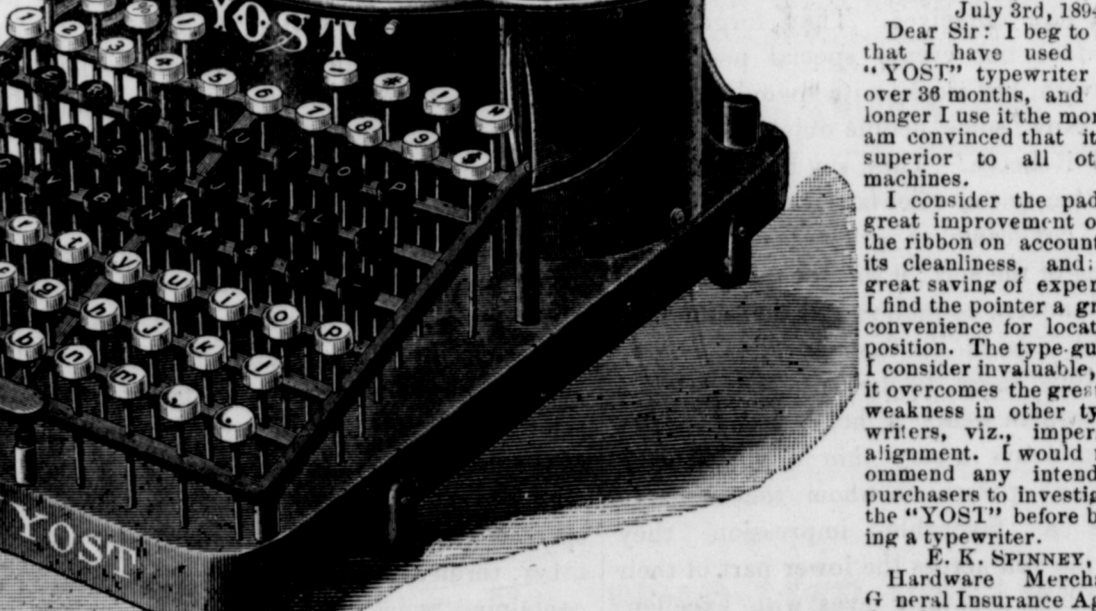
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St. JOHN, N. B., 3rd July, 1894. IRA CORNWALL, Esq., Agent "YOST TYPEWRITING MACHINE," Saint John, N. B.

Dear Sir: I beg to say that I have been using the old style "YOST" which I purchased from you in August, 1891, constantly ever since that time. During a portion of that time the machine was required to do heavy work in connection with the revision of the electoral lists of the Saint John districts, under the Dominion Franchise Acts, and for the rest of the time has been used for the ordinary work of a law office. Up to the present moment the machine has not cost me one cent for repairs, and seems to be still in perfectly good condition. The writers who have worked on my "YOST" have been unstinted in their approval. My own personal use of it leads me to regard it with the highest favor. The valuable features of the "YOST" are lightness, strength, durability, simplicity, quick and direct action of the type-bar, perfect alignment and absolute economy. I have not examined the later editions of the "YOST" but although I am informed they have many improvements on the old style machine, am at a loss to understand how they can be very much better for ordinary practical purposes. Yours very truly, E. T. C. ANOWLES, Barrister.

St. JOHN, N. B., July 30th, 1894. IRA CORNWALL, Esq., Ch. Dear Sir: We have been using a "YOST" writing machine in our office daily for about four years, and it has given us every satisfaction. Yours truly, MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

YARMOUTH, N. S., July 30th, 1894. Dear Sir: I beg to say that I have used the "YOST" typewriter for over 38 months, and the longer I use it the more I am convinced that it is superior to all other machines. I consider the pad a great improvement over the ribbon on account of its cleanliness, and he great saving of expense. I find the pointer a great convenience for locating position. The type guide I consider invaluable, as it overcomes the greatest weakness of other typewriters, viz. imperfect alignment. I would recommend any intending purchaser to investigate the "YOST" before buying a typewriter. Yours truly, E. R. SPINNEY, Hardware Merchant, General Insurance Agent &c., &c.



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