

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY AUGUST 21 1897.

LAST OF THE BAD MEN.

THE CELEBRATED SHOOTERS OF THE WEST NEARLY GONE.

But Two Survivors of Coterie who Maintained Law and Order in the Palmy Days of the Southwest—How Allison Killed His Man and Fooled the Judge.

The discovery of gold in the Klondike region may give a new lease of life to the legitimate bad man. In the last decade the ranks of the bad men have become so thinned that today there are not more than half a dozen representatives of the type made familiar by Bret Harte in his tales of the Argonauts. Of the famous coterie of "killers" who made life lively twelve years ago in the Southwest but two remain—Wyatt Earp and the renowned Bat Masterson. They belonged to a widely known group. It consisted of Morgan and Wyatt Earp, Doc Holliday, Bob, Phil and Jim Allison, Sam Cutts, Fobe Hyatt, and Bat Masterson. Each man was responsible for the deaths of more than a score of his fellow beings, yet the killings were all done on the side of law and order or in self-defense. Bat Masterson was Marshal of Dodge City, Kan.; Morgan Earp of Tombstone, Ariz., and Bob Allison of Tucson, and twelve years ago it was no sinecure to be Marshal of a city in the Southwest.

The three Allison brothers were famous fighters. Bob Allison lost his life while helping Morgan Earp in his fight against the "rustlers" at Tombstone. Phil Allison was killed while attempting to arrest single-handed a half dozen drunken Mexicans. Jim Allison, the most renowned of the three brothers, died at Butte, Mont., two years ago, of the grip. One of the most picturesque events in Jim Allison's life was his experience with a tenderfoot Judge at Flagstaff, Ariz., some twelve years ago.

At that time Durango, Col., was as lively a town as any in the West. Gambling saloon keeping comprised the only business done, and shootings were of nightly occurrence. Nobe Hyatt was the Marshal, and he invited Jim Allison to help him keep order. Mexicans formed the larger part of the population, and their fights with knives created great havoc. It was in one of these stabbing affrays that Allison interfered, and, during the exchange of volleys, he found it necessary to kill two Mexican brothers. The men were leaders of the best Greaser circle of Durango, and their death caused great excitement. Many threats were uttered against the Assistant Marshal. He had to choose between a knife in the back some dark night or departure from town. It was impossible to avoid the Mexicans, and, though a brave man, Allison deemed discretion the better part of valor, and left.

Some three months afterward Allison was in Flagstaff, Ariz. It was a typical frontier town at that time, built of pine boards and canvas, with a few adobe huts. It was a warm afternoon and Allison lounged in the dining room of the National hotel eating his dinner. Suddenly there was a slight commotion outside, and a big Mexican, resplendent with silver and braid and lace, stalked into the dining room. Allison apparently paid no attention to him as he walked to the table where the Marshal was sitting and took the chair opposite.

"You killa my brothers, d---you, but now I killa you," he called out, raising a big-bore revolver about the table's edge.

A loud report followed these words, and a body sprawled on the floor. The Mexican was dead. Allison had shot under the table before his opponent could draw trigger. The body was removed, and Allison and the other guests resumed their dinner. It was only another Greaser killed and a Greaser's life didn't count for much in the palmy days of Flagstaff. Allison had no thought of getting away. It was a fair and square killing, and the law had no business to interfere. However, court was in session not thirty yards from the hotel, and Judge Dunkins was new to the bench and to the social customs of the place. He heard of the shooting as court convened for the afternoon session, and immediately issued a bench warrant for Allison on the charge of murder.

"How you feelin', Jim?" asked Ike Reeves, who had the warrant in his pocket, as he met Allison later in the day. "Is your temper good this afternoon?"

"Fair to middlin', I guess," replied Jim.

"What's up?"

"Oh, nothin' much," responded the Sheriff. "Got a tenderfoot Judge over yah

and he's issued a warrant for you, and I didn't know just how to serve it."

"What's the warrant for?"

"Shootin' the Greaser."

"Well, I'm surprised."

"I can't help it, Jim; don't blame me for his d---foolishness."

"You're all right, Ike; I ain't blamin' no one. It's all right. If they want to pinch a man for killin' a Greaser, I s'pose they've got the power, but all the same it's a mighty queer law. I'll go along with you, Ike."

"And you won't make any trouble?"

"Not a buck?"

"All right, Jim, I'm much obliged, but you'll have to let me have your weapons."

Allison looked at his rifle, fondled the two big revolvers and the bowie knife in his belt, gazed at the Court House, and then drew the hammer of his rifle to a full cock.

"I can't do that, Ike," he replied. "If you want the guns you've got to fight for 'em. I'll go along all right with my guns, but I ain't goin' to let any one else touch 'em."

The Sheriff had no chance in a fight with Allison, and he knew it, so he waived the point and walked ahead with Jim close at his heels. The Judge was on the bench as the twain entered the courtroom, but no case was on trial. Jim Allison marched through the crowd with his rifle under his arm, ready to present and fire at a moment's notice, and took his place before the Judge.

"What's the meaning of this?" asked the Judge sternly, eyeing Allison's arms.

"Hyah's your prisoner, Judge," said the Sheriff. "It's the people ag'in' Jim Allison for killin' an ornery, low-down Greaser."

"Disarm the prisoner," shouted the Judge.

Two bailiffs started toward Jim, who only shook his head.

"The prisoner refuses to give up his arms," said one of the bailiffs.

"The court orders that the prisoner be disarmed," thundered the Judge, accentuating his demand by thumping the table with a law book.

The bailiffs drew their revolvers, and the spectators began to edge toward the door.

"Don't come no closer, boys," Allison said, quietly, cocking his rifle, and loosening one of the revolvers in his belt.

The bailiffs halted, and looked appealingly at the Judge.

"Unless the prisoner is disarmed I will adjourn court until his weapons are taken from him," cried the court.

Allison rose to his feet.

"I ain't meanin' no disrespect to the Court, your Honor," he said, "for I've risked my life too many times to uphold the law, as any of these fellows can tell you, with a sweep of his hand. 'But this ain't a fair game. I've done nothin' but shoot a Greaser who was tryin' to dammedest to croak me, and I came here peaceable and willin'. I haven't been in this town long and I don't know my friends. Every man in this here room may be ag'in' me, and I'd be a fool to give up my guns. I don't mean any disrespect to your Honor, but if any man gets my guns he's got a pretty tight on his hands. I may need them."

"Court's adjourned until the prisoner is disarmed," said the Judge shortly.

"Well, Judge, all I have to say is that you do beat hell. I haven't time for such foolishness."

Rifle in one hand, revolver in the other, Jim Allison marched steadily toward the door. No one liked the look of his weapons, or the flash in his eyes, and not a move was made.

With the rifle across the pommel of his saddle he rode out of town that afternoon, and the case of the "people ag'in' Jim Allison for murderin' a Greaser" was never called again in the courts.

CAPTAIN AND SENTRY.

His Argument led the Captain to see Smoking in a Better Light.

Colonel Baden-Powell has written a history of the Matabele War, which tends to show that the severest discipline is not always maintained in outlying provinces, and that class distinctions are not forgotten there. On one occasion he found his way back to camp by the pipe light of a Boer sentry. He owns that "at home" it might seem strange to talk of a sentry's pipe, but he goes on to say that in Africa smoking is not a serious offence. Thus he illustrates one phase of the question:

A colonial volunteer officer, hearing of the English army orders on the subject, thought he would freshen up his own men a bit. So, finding one of the night sentries smoking, he ordered him to consider himself a prisoner.

"What!" said the man, not smoke on sentry? Then where am I to smoke?"

"Of course it's not allowed," repeated the captain, "and I shall make you a prisoner."

The sentry took his pipe from his mouth

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and tapped the captain's arm with the stem of it. "The captain, be it remembered, was, in time of peace, the sentry's butcher."

"Now look here, Brown," said the smoker, "don't go and make a fool of yourself. If you do, I'll go elsewhere for my meat. From what happened next, it is to be presumed that Brown did not lose his customer."

AN OLD-TIME BATTLE IN ALASKA.

A Yankee Skipper and a Siberian Trader Were Interested in It.

Just about one hundred years ago there was a sanguinary battle in Alaska between the Tlinkits and the Aleuts, two tribes that then entertained sentiments of hostility for each other. The cause of the battle, the circumstances of it, and the dire ending of it are described in the Russian records appertaining to the far northern territory, which is now under the American flag, but formerly belonged to the Czar's empire.

To Alaska there came from Siberia, in or about the year 1790, an adventurous trader, a Russian named Baranoff, for the purpose of otter hunting. Arriving at the Aleutian Isles, he took about 300 Aleut hunters into his service. Off they went in their kayaks, or little skin boats, for those parts of the archipelago in which sea otters then abounded. They got many otter skins for the trader, who believed that in a few years he would become rich and great. He determined to form a settlement of them on the strait extending northward from Sitka Sound, not far from the situation of the modern town of Juneau, where at this time there are multitudes of gold seekers bound for the Klondike mines. There the Aleut otter hunters stayed for several years, to the profit of Baranoff, who dedicated the place to the Archangel Gabriel and committed it to his protection.

The native Tlinkits, who were a savage tribe and had dwelt in that region from time immemorial, took umbrage at the presence of the Aleuts, whom they regarded as intruders upon their hunting grounds. The Tlinkit chiefs formed a resolution to exterminate the intruding Aleuts. They made ready for war. Approaching the settlement unexpectedly, they fell upon it with great fury; they killed about half of the Aleuts; they fought like savages; they fired the guns which had been obtained years before from Siberian traders; they seized the otter skins which belonged to the Aleuts; they plundered the huts and afterward destroyed them. It was a triumph for the Tlinkits; it was a battle worthy of song and story. The victors danced with joy. They had brought glory to their tribe.

But this episode in the history of Alaska did not come to an end all at once. Some of the Aleuts had saved their lives by flight and had taken refuge in the forests, where the infuriated enemy could not reach them. It was under these circumstances that a strange and unexpected thing occurred. It happened that about this time, which was over 100 years ago, a Yankee skipper from Boston named O'Kane came along in his bark, schooner, or other sea craft looking for a chance to trade with the natives. It is known what kind of an assortment of Yankee notions he had in his ship, but he was doubtless ready to pay a fair price for any other skins that were for sale. As he made his way up Sitka Sound he caught sight of some of the Aleut fugitives, who also caught sight of him. He

took them aboard ship, got the news from them in some way, sent them below decks, and then started out to look for the Tlinkits. He found them, got some of their big chiefs to come aboard, gave them to understand that they were his prisoners, and held them for ransom. Here was a case. After a while, he effected an exchange. The Tlinkits delivered to him the otter skins which they had taken from the Aleuts, and also a number of the Aleut hunters whose lives had been spared. The big chiefs of the Tlinkits were thereupon released and sent ashore through the grace of the Yankee skipper from Boston, and to his profit.

Some others of the fugitive Aleuts who had found safety in the forest got possession of their skin boats or kayaks, and made their way along the coast to Kadiak, where Baranoff, the Russian from Siberia, was then quartered. They told him of the deeds of the savage Tlinkits; his anger was stirred up; he said the savages must be punished. It happened that just at this time a Russian naval brig, the Neva, arrived at Kadiak; and the Captain of the Neva told Baranoff, when he came aboard, that he would see to the punishment of the Tlinkits, who, by their conduct, had manifested their enmity to his master, the Czar of Russia. The naval brig headed for Sitka Sound, arrived there, came to the enemy's land, and attacked a stronghold which the Tlinkits had constructed. It was a stiff fight; the Russians had several pieces of cannon; the Tlinkits had only a few flintlocks and very little powder; the Russians battered the stronghold; the Tlinkits fell back, because their powder had given out; they fought till it was dark; they decamped in the night time. They were beaten; they had been punished; the crime which they perpetrated upon the Aleuts had been avenged; their power was broken. Russia was victorious. After the events here narrated the Tlinkits of Alaska were of but small accounts in war.

When Baranoff founded the settlement of the Aleut otter hunters upon Sitka Sound he put it under the protection of the Archangel Gabriel; but as the place had not been protected against the savage Tlinkits, he committed the new trading post which he established there to the care of the Archangel Michael. It was safer ever afterward.

It may be doubted whether any of the goldseekers who have entered Alaska by way of Juneau, which lies near the scene of the military and naval operations here described, ever heard of the old time battle between the Tlinkits and the Aleuts, or ever heard of the Yankee skipper from Boston, or of the naval brig Neva, or of the Russian Baranoff from Siberia, who piled up the rubles which came to him by the sale of otter skins a hundred years ago.

Now that the early history of Alaska has acquired a fresh interest for Americans, it is possible that a more complete account of

the Tlinkit campaign will yet be procured from original sources. There are opportunities for research between 55° north latitude and the Arctic Ocean between the Rocky Mountains and Behring Strait. Lots of sanguinary battles may have been fought up there.

USING AN APE'S WEAKNESS.

They Played Upon his Cowardice and Always Caught Him.

The late superintendent of the London Zoo, Mr. Bartlett used to manage the animals by indirect methods, akin to those by which nervous children are controlled by wise parents. A rhinoceros had a "bad place" on his face. The question was, Did the abcess come from a bad tooth, or did it only need lancing? Mr. Bartlett simply said to the keeper, "Give him a new birch broom." The rhinoceros at once ate it, grinning up the bits with great gusto. "Ah! You see his teeth are all right," said Mr. Bartlett, and the next day he lanced the abcess with a sharp bill-hook.

The diagnosis was as ingenious as his method of managing "Joe," a refractory chimpanzee. The Spectator describes the "indirect method."

"The big ape needed exercise. This he obtained by being allowed the run of the large monkey house instead of remaining in a side room before the visitors came. As he knew he would be caught and put back into his own room at this hour, the ape used to climb to the top of the other monkey's cages and refuse to come down.

"As he could not be tempted by food, Mr. Bartlett appealed to his mind by working on what he had noted to be his weak points, curiosity and cowardice.

"Mr. Bartlett went to the keeper, and touching him gently on the shoulder directed his attention in a mysterious manner to the dark passage underneath the gas-pipe which traverses the house, pretending to point out to Sutton some horrible unknown creature, using an energetic manner, but saying nothing except words to this effect: 'Look out! There he is! There he is!' At the same time the two men would peer into the dark place under the gas-pipe.

"The monkey used presently to come down to see what the subject of fear and interest was, when Mr. Bartlett and Sutton used to shout, 'He's coming out! He's coming out!' and rush away in the direction of Joe's cage. The monkey would rush for the same place of safety, which happened to be the door of his own house, and sometimes enter it before them.

"The monkey never learned the deception, but would be taken in by it whenever the time came to finish his morning's airing."

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