

A Far Western Love Tragedy.

But Masterson, during his last visit to New York, told a story of a Western experience which caused him some deep thought. At the time of which he spoke, he was living in a small mining camp in the Rocky Mountains, and working pretty hard for a living, as the story will show.

In the summer of '71, I was doing a little mining in a camp over on the western slope of the Rockies, and the entire population of the camp numbered forty-two and a dog. This bunch of toughness got along pretty well until the advent of the forty-third member of the aggregation. This advent took place on a fine day in the month of July, and it was hotter than the hinges—we hear of.

The individual was picked up on the road leading from Gold Run, about thirty miles away, in a state of absolute intoxication. In fact, he was so drunk that he was not aware of his own name, and after we had taken him to the saloon we looked him over, and christened him Sandy. Just how he came to be where he was has always been a mystery.

It was certain that he did not walk, for he was too drunk to have done that, he did not come by the stage, for the driver I knew to be a truthful person, and he assured me that he had had no passengers on the trip. However, he arrived, and that was enough.

He came from nowhere in particular, and had no calling in particular, unless a continual calling for booze might be said to represent such. He was drunk when he arrived, had manifestly been so from time immemorial, and had apparently evinced a determination to remain so until the going out of his light.

This was a rather sore point with the boys, because they wanted to know something about him which he could not be expected to know while under the influence of forty rod. He was first discovered on Main street, which was the only street in town, lying in the dust. He was picked up and carried out into the rear of the saloon, where he enjoyed a pile of blankets and ten hours' healthful repose.

He had cash in plenty with him, and he was permitted to snooze as long as he cared to. Upon awakening he called for the drop of whisky he needed in his business, and then dropped off to sleep again. During the day, and between his potations I endeavored to hold a little conversation with him, had a view to finding out if possible who he was! 'Sorry to be unpleasant, pardner,' he said, 'but truth is I want nothing but whisky and quiet,' and I made the mental observation right there that as between the two he seemed to give preference to the former article.

Drinks over Ike's bar were sold for fifty cents apiece for straight drinks, and one dollar for the fancy article, yet Sandy seemed to have no limit of purchase, and always paid for what he got in silver instead of the usual gold dust. As he did not seem disposed to go to work like the rest of us, we felt slightly aggrieved, and kind of hurt, especially as our leader used to deliver the saying of his own manufacture that 'By the sweat of yer brow shall ye chew three squares per day.'

He took up his residence in a little shack higher up on the mountain than the rest of the camp, which had been abandoned by the former occupant on account of the death of his partner. He always claimed that the shack was haunted, and refused to live there on account of the place in which the body was buried, under the dirt floor of the shanty.

This did not seem to bother the new resident, as he gave it out as his opinion that there were no such things as ghosts, and anyway if there were he did not care a continental for an army of them. This was looked upon as sacrilege by the balance of the camp, and he was left to himself for some days. This interval he utilized in getting so drunk that he was unable to leave the shack for a couple of days at a time, and then only slunk down to the bar to replenish his stock of whiskey, which had become exhausted.

Things drifted along in this manner until one day we discovered that though he used very few words, those few were couched in elegant English, and that he seemed to know what he was talking about. This was a cause of suspicion at first, as we came to the unanimous conclusion that he was a spy sent on by some big English syndicate, to look over the claims and report, with a view to gobbling up the entire outfit.

This idea was dispelled, however, one day, by a little happening which took place

in the bar where we were assembled. We were discussing the all important topic of conversation in most mining camps, that of the fair sex, and had chewed over the subject until it was pretty well worn out, Sandy happened in, and threw a half dollar on the bar and called for his usual tippie that of whiskey straight, which he took without water or any sort of a chaser.

This was enough to ruin the constitution of a mul, as the stuff was veritable liquid fire, and would make most any one choke for half an hour. He was just verging upon the delirium tremens mark, and anyone could see that he would only require about three more to set him going.

Ben Stockton had just delivered himself of the opinion that all women were only nuisances, and that he would rather see any kind of a 'yeller' dog around him than the best woman that ever stepped in shoe leather. In his opinion women were all fools and not worth bothering about anyway.

Just at this point he was interrupted by a glass of liquid fire before mentioned, accompanied by the glass, which landed him square on the bridge of the nose, forcibly putting a stop to any more of his conversation on the female question. Sandy had evidently objected to the remarks he had heard and taken the quick-

est means of silencing them. Then Sandy spoke.

'The man who would make such remarks about his mother's sex deserves to be hung up by the thumbs and then shot full of holes, and if I was not so drunk I would do it myself.'

This would usually have been the signal for a little gun play, and as we all knew that Sandy was unarmed, it looked as if we were to witness a murder. But Stockton never made a move, and after growling about the way his eyes hurt him, got up and left the room without making any further demonstration.

The next day the bartender told me that he had seen Sandy in the early part of the day, and that he had lent him a revolver. Sandy said he wanted it to shoot a squirrel or something, but he believed he was going gunning for Stockton. Nothing, however, transpired, and we dismissed the matter from our minds.

For two days we saw nothing of Sandy, and the revolver incident recurred to my mind. As I decided to go up and have a look about the shack, to see if Sandy had hurt himself, I found him lying on the floor of the shanty in a pool of blood, and after looking him over carefully, found that he still breathed.

I managed to tote him down to the saloon, and there we revived him with his usual beverage. He was not badly hurt, and soon recovered, but would only say when questioned that he had come to the camp with the express intention of drinking himself to death, and that the operation being a little longer than he anticipated, he had tried to hasten matters with the gun.

Things went along in the usual way for another week, and then came the finish

'When we were coming down to the camp for our midday meal, we saw the stage standing in front of the saloon, and also that there was a woman in it. We of course wondered who she could be and what she had come there for. When we arrived in front of the saloon she was talking to the barkeeper, and she took a seat in the corner.

Just then in came Sandy and called for a drink. Quick as a flash the woman pulled a revolver, and running over to him shot him through the head. Then she dropped in a faint. We managed to bring her to in a few minutes and she told us her story.

She was the wife of the man she had just killed, and the daughter of a country parson in New Hampshire. He also came from the East, and had been a school teacher in the town where she had first met him. He had started drinking soon after their marriage, and lost his position on account of it. Then he secured another one and lost that in a similar manner.

This went on for two years, and then one night in a drunken fit he sold her for a quart of whiskey to another man, and she had fled to her father. She had been following him for five months with the intention of killing him when she set eyes on him, and now when she had succeeded she was overcome with sorrow and went and lay on the floor with the body, telling it how much she loved her John.

She soon became hysterical, and before anyone could reach her, she had shot herself through the heart. We buried the two of them in the shack, and I left the place soon after.

I have often wondered whether there was not some other reason for her action, but have not been able to fathom it if there was.'

Rescued From Philippine Natives.

A dramatic, almost tragic, experience was that of Lieutenant J. C. Gillmore, of the United States gunboat 'Yorktown,' who was rescued from the wilderness of Vigan Province, of South Iloilo, by Colonel Hare and a picked detail of one hundred and forty men, and brought to Manila, January 7. With him were nineteen American marines and sailors who had suffered captivity with him since April, 1899. At first, the 'Yorktown's' men were prisoners of Aguinaldo, who treated them well. After they had been turned over to General Tino, they were brutally treated and dragged from place to place in the wild mountain flights of the insurgents. In mid-December, they were abandoned on the Abulot River, near its source. All around them were painted savages. The Americans were barefooted, hungry and unarmed. Rice was there only diet. They built thirty seven rafts and started down the stream; but, in passing many rapids the first night, all their effects were lost, and all but fourteen of the rafts destroyed. Eighteen of the miserable company were obliged to crawl during the latter part of their trip to the sea.

She Was Saved

From days of agony and discomfort, not by great interpositions, but by the use of the only sure-pop corn cure—Putman's Painless Corn Extractor. Tender, painful corns are removed by its use in a few days, without the slightest discomfort. Many substitutes in the market make it necessary that only 'Putman's' should be asked for and taken. Sure, safe, harmless.

Admirer (to great political boss)—What makes your hair curl in front?

G. P. B.—What is there straight about me that you take exception to my hair being crooked?



SUNDAY MORNING.