

The Tragedy of Cow Gap.

'It was in 1875,' said the frontiersman, that I first crossed the plains. A mining boom was in progress at a place that I will call San Pedro. It was about 200 miles from Denver and not a railroad near it. I worked awhile at mining, but I didn't make a strike, so I drifted down to a small town then known as Cow Gap, but dignified now by a longer name. I spent most of my money there, and one day I took it into my head to start out on a tramp. I headed for Pueblo, a good way off, I know, but I was in no hurry, and as there were several ranches only half a day's walk apart, I was not troubled about food and shelter. Folks are very hospitable in the west. I managed to get off the right trail while crossing one of the mountains and although I was on some kind of a wagon road I didn't come to any ranch. I had some bacon, salt, matches, five pounds of flour and a dozen large potatoes with me, so I had no trouble in getting dinner. I didn't much relish the idea of camping out, as I had no blanket, but had about resigned myself to it when I saw the smoke of a ranch.

When I reached the house I was attacked by two enormous dogs, but I beat them off and shouted until a woman appeared. She seemed surprised and somewhat annoyed to see me, but when I offered to pay for my board, she asked me into the house, where a man was sitting by a huge fire. It seemed that he was simply a neighbor. The master of the house was away, the woman said. The neighbor was just keeping her company during the absence. The neighbor was very sociable, but he seemed a trifle uneasy and wanted to find out all about me. I had nothing to conceal, so I made his pumping process easy work, and when, as I supposed, he was satisfied that it was safe to leave me alone with the woman, said goodby to both of us, mounted his horse and rode away.

The ranchman was expected home by 8, but he had not arrived when the clock struck 10. The woman did not seem uneasy at his absence. She and I had been chatting about many things. She had just shown me where I could sleep and I was preparing to turn in when I heard a horse's hoofs ringing on the frosty road. It struck me that the animal was ridden for all it was worth, and I wondered whether any accident had befallen my hostess' husband and if the rider had come laden with bad news. The horse was reigned up short at the gate leading to the house. I peered out through the window. A medium sized man with a handsome beard, was rapidly removing the saddle and bridle. These he tossed inside the gate and then gave the horse a smart cut with his 'quirt' or whip. The animal, a fine Kentucky bred black, wheeled and galloped off at a tremendous pace. The man listened until the hoof beats died away in the distance and then entered the house. I heard him talking with his wife, for I did not doubt the newcomer was the owner of the ranch. I wondered why he had ridden so furiously and turned his splendid horse adrift, for the night was chilly and the horse was very warm. Presently foot-steps approached my door and I heard my hostess' voice.

'My husband wants to speak with you at once,' she said. 'Will you please make haste?' Wondering more than ever at his request, I hastily resumed such of my clothes as I had thrown aside and joined the couple in the living room. The man was eating some supper that she had prepared. He seemed hurried, but perfectly cool. She looked worried.

'Sorry to disturb you, stranger,' he said, looking up as I entered the room. 'My wife tells me that you asked for shelter and she has given it to you. I'm glad to meet you, but it's unfortunate that you happened here tonight. From the look of you I don't think you'd betray a man whose grub you have eaten, but I can't afford to take chances. I'm Tom King.'

'While he was speaking a dozen conjectures flitted across my mind. Did he mean to kill me? I wondered, and as he declared his determination to ask nothing I involuntarily felt for my revolver. As his name—that of the noted desperado—left his lips, however, I gazed into the muzzle of a Colt 45. He must have had the weapon on his knee. It is scarcely necessary to say that I did not attempt to draw my 'shooting iron.' I had learned sufficient to know when a man got 'the drop' on me. Observing this, he lowered his weapon.

'Don't take offense, young man,' he said. 'Don't fool with your gun either.'

Lay it on the table. 'I complied.

'You are recently from the east, are you not?' he asked. I answered in the affirmative.

'Ah,' he said reflectively. 'I was in Wall street fifteen years ago.'

'Something in his appearance, I know not what, made me look closely at him. 'So your name now is Tom King,' I remarked. 'Did you ever meet my father Nicholas Greener?'

'He started from his chair. 'You don't mean to say that you are little Fred Greener? I see the likeness now, though. Well, your father did me many a good turn. I'm more sorry than ever that you should have come here at this time. The sheriff and a large posse are after me, and I guess there'll be a night.'

'The ranchman was an old friend of my father's. He used to visit my family very frequently when I was a youngster in knee breeches. He wore no beard in those days. He had often given me tips, and he was, I knew, then a most extravagant man. I dimly remember that he held a prominent position in 'the street' and that he suddenly ceased coming to our house. I remembered also that my father had spoken regretfully of his fall and that the commercial world had been astounded at the magnitude of the series of robberies he had committed. I also knew that he had been arrested and 'judged' his bail, I think with the consent of his securities. He watched me for a moment while I pondered on these things. Then he spoke again.

'Don't breathe my name to any living soul, Fred,' he said. 'It was supposed that I was drowned on board the Merry Monarch, bound for Buenos Ayres. Never correct that impression. Now for the events of the present. If the sheriff happens to meet my horse down the road, he will call in at the old ranch before he comes here. If not, he will be at the gate in fifteen minutes. I won't surrender, and he means business.'

'He paused and looked inquiringly at me. 'What do they want you for?' I asked.

'I have a penchant for other people's horses. I got a good number last winter, I never rob my neighbors, the present sheriff's father lives in the next county, and I took one of the old man's horses. They swore vengeance. They hadn't any proof against me then, but they got on my trail last week and went to arrest me on a false charge that they got a poor fool who lost a mule lately to swear to. In ever stole a mule in my life, and I won't be arrested to lie in jail until the sheriff can prove something against me. Now, I don't want you to get into trouble, but as you are here you had better stay until the things settle. You need not help either side.'

'During our conversation Mrs. King had been 'clearing the decks for action,' as a sailor would put it. She had brought half a dozen rifles, a shotgun and two Colt's revolvers into the room. Boxes of cartridges already lay close at hand, and thick shutters, evidently constructed for the purpose, were fastened on the windows. My revolver still lay on the table. King transferred it to his pocket. If I am killed tell your story, omitting any reference to our former acquaintance,' he said. This will confirm it, and so will Mary here. Won't you, Mary?'

'A tear trickled down his wife's cheek. 'Don't talk so, Tom,' she said. 'But of course if anything should happen I'll see that this friend of yours is not arrested.'

'Her people live in Kansas. She is provided for all right if I die,' said King as his wife left the room. 'Hello, here they are!'

'The sound of horses' hoofs was distinctly audible. The house was protected in the rear by a bluff too precipitous to climb. One of the windows, at which King took his station commended the read and all approaches. The night was moonlight. The thud of hoofs came very near and then ceased. I watched the road from a loophole in one of the shutters. Soon a white flag appeared from behind the bluff. It was followed by a man who carried it. He halted at the gate for a moment and hailed the house. The dogs sprang savagely at him, but seemingly recognised an acquaintance, for when he spoke to them the creatures licked his hand.

'It's Ezra Thornton,' said King in a low tone.

'Tom! Hello, Tom!' shouted the flag bearer.

'Answer him, Mary,' said King. Mrs. King opened the door.

'Tom's not at home, Mrs. King. He knows that Tom is at home. I came along so as to prevent trouble if I could. The sheriff's ridden from Pine Lake on his trail, and he means to take him if he has to burn down the house. Don't let them make trouble, Mrs. King.'

'Shut the door, Mary,' said King. A half smile was on his face. His wife sighed.

'It's no use,' Mr. Thornton. You must tell the sheriff Tom's not at home and that I can't open the house at this time of night,' she said. Thornton shook his head sadly and retraced his steps.

'Five minutes elapsed. They seemed an age to me, but King lighted a cigar and smoked it as placidly as if he were back in New York waiting to take his wife to the theatre. Then a dozen men appeared from behind the bluff and started for the gate. King swung his Winchester to his shoulder flung open the door and hailed them, 'Go back or throw up your hands!'

'The barrels of a dozen rifles gleamed in the moonlight as they were focused on the door, but King had shut it almost as he spoke.

'The sheriff and his men slowly retreated. Neither side seemed desirous of beginning an attempt at bloodshed. As they reached the shadow of the bluff the posse halted, and the sheriff stepped forward and formally called upon King to surrender. King took no notice of the command. Then the sheriff said something to his followers, and they started on a run for the gate. King raised his rifle again took steady aim through the hole in the shutter of his window and fired.

'The sheriff dropped. The others came on. King fired again. Another man fell, clutching at the ground and swearing horribly as he rolled over in agony. Then his companions halted.

'Drop!' called King, and I crouched below the level of the window. King and his wife were both on their knees out of danger. As I stooped there was a sharp volley. Bullets struck the walls, which were impenetrable, and two holes in the shutter of King's window showed that the marksmen had selected the right target. King had risen to his feet and fired three times, wounding two more men. Another volley rang out. He was in the act of pulling the trigger. Three balls penetrated the shutter, and one wounded him in the shoulder.

'Mrs. King turned pale, but she said nothing and brought some warm water from the kitchen, with which she stood ready to bathe his wound. He had no time to stop for that. The sheriff's men were almost within such an angle of the door as would render it impossible to aim at them from the loopholes. King's rifle cracked again. It was answered by another volley from outside, and he reeled back, wounded in the neck and thigh. He fainted from the pain, and I, too, fainted, from the nervous strain, I suppose. I was only a youngster then, you know.

'When I regained consciousness, the sheriff was inside the house. He had been only slightly wounded. After King fell his wife talked with the attacking party and admitted them on the sheriff's promise that her husband's life should be protected. It would have been madness to bar them out, as they told her plainly that they would break in at any cost, even if they risked her life.

'Two of the men wounded by King were very badly hurt. A doctor had come up from Cow Gap with the sheriff, anticipating bloodshed, for King had often quietly but forcibly declared his intention of resisting to the death any attempt that might be made to arrest him. The doctor had remained with King's friend, Thornton, behind the bluffs while the fight was in progress. He attended to all the wounded. King was painfully but not mortally hurt. One of the others, however, was in a very dangerous condition. The whole party camped for the night at the ranch. I was placed under arrest on suspicion of being an accomplice of the horse thief, who had been my father's friend.

'The next day we went down to Cow Gap, where I was released on proving the truth of my story, but I was enjoined from leaving town, as they wanted me for a witness at King's trial, which would take place as soon as his condition permitted. A week later he was brought down and locked up in the wooden shanty that they called a jail. He broke out one night and made good his escape, much to the disgust of his jailors, who supposed that weakness would effectually debar him from any attempt of that kind. A hunt was instituted by the sheriff, who had quite got over his wound, but King had covered his track as skillfully as when he fled from New York, and the search was completely fruitless. His wife vanished at the same time, and an attempt was made to track her, but she did not go to her parents' home,

and the authorities never solved the mystery of her disappearance.'

A NERVOUS WRECK

WAS THE CONDITION OF MISS GILLIS FOR EIGHT YEARS.

The Best Doctors' and Hospital Treatment Failed to Help Her, and She Had Almost Lost Hope of Ever Being Well Again—Her Earnest Advice to Other Sufferers.

One of the most common, at the same time one of the most to be dreaded, ailments which afflicts the people of this country is nervous debility. The causes leading to the trouble are various, overwork or worry being among the most prominent. But whatever the cause, the affliction is one that makes life a burden. Such a sufferer for years was Miss Marga et Gillis, of Whim Road Cross, P. E. I. Her life was one of almost incessant misery, and she had come to look upon her condition as incurable, when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were brought to her notice and to this life-giving, nerve restoring medicine, she now owes health and happiness. Miss Gillis tells of her illness and cure as follows: 'For the past eight years my life has been one of constant misery. My nervous system was shattered, and I was reduced to a mere physical wreck. My trouble began in one of the ailments that so frequently afflict my sex. I was irritable and discouraged all the time, and life did not seem worth living. For seven years I was under treatment by doctors. I even went to Boston and entered a hospital where I remained for some time. While there the treatment temporarily benefited me, but soon my condition was worse than ever. Finally my nervous trouble took the form of spasms which caused more suffering than words can tell. When thus attacked I felt as though I was literally being torn apart. I would frequently become unconscious and sometimes would remain in that condition for half an hour. I have sometimes had as many as six of these spasms in a week, and no one who has not similarly suffered can imagine the tired, wornout, depressed feeling which followed. Doctors seemed utterly unable to do anything for me, and those years of misery can never be forgotten. Then I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and in a short while found them helping me. Then another doctor told me he could cure me. I stopped taking the pills, and like the dog in the fable, while grasping at the shadow I lost the substance. I was soon in as wretched condition as ever. The pills were the only thing that had ever helped me and I determined to begin them again. I continued to take them for nearly nine months, the trouble gradually but surely leaving me, until I am now in almost perfect health and fully released from what I at one time thought would prove a life of constant misery. I cannot praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills too highly, nor can I too strongly urge those who are ailing to test their wonderful health restoring virtues.'

In thousands and thousands of cases it has been proved that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest nerve builder and restorer medical science has yet discovered. The pills act speedily and directly upon the blood and nerves and thus reach the root of the trouble, effecting thorough and permanent cures. Other medicines merely act upon the symptoms, and when the patient ceases using them they soon relapse into a condition as bad as before. There is no trouble due to poor blood or weak nerves which those pills will not cure. Those who are sick or ailing are urged to give this medicine a fair trial, and are cautioned against the numerous imitations which some dealers offer. The genuine pills always bear the full name 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People' on the wrapper around every box.

They Shook Hands.

A gentleman who accompanied Mr. Gladstone in one of his pilgrimages in Scotland tells this story: 'He had to be accompanied by a stalwart policeman, whose duty it was to protect him from too obtrusive attentions. At one station so many people insisted on shaking hands with the Grand Old Man that he became exhausted. The policeman was equal to the emergency. He whispered something to the veteran statesman, then stooped behind him and put his hand through the folds of the G. O. M.'s Inverness cape, while the genuine hand was withdrawn for rest. The handshaking went on apace. 'My conscience,' said one admirer, retiring after an energetic handshake from the peeler, 'the auld man's wonderfu' veegorous.' 'Deed he is,' said the other; 'but did ye notice his nails?'

This Beats Kentucky.

A story is told by one of the Imperial troops who visited Australasia at the inauguration of the Commonwealth, and who arrived back in England a couple of weeks ago. At Dunedin the soldiers were billeted on some of the householders, and the 'Tommy' who tells the following story appears to have fallen into good hands: 'I was put with a middle-aged couple and their two sons. The dad says: 'I must tell you that this is a prohibition house, and we have no strong drink on the premises.' I bore up and said it was all right. After tea the dad asked me if I'd like to look over the house. I went and as soon as we were in a quiet corner the dad pulls out a bottle and asks me to have a nip; but he told me not to mention it to mother and the boys. We went back, and

mother said she'd show me my room. When we got in the passage mother whispered, 'Don't let dad and the boys know, but I've got a wee drappie put by for you, and you can have a nip whenever you want it.' After a short yarn with the family again, the boys said, 'Perhaps you'd like to have a look at our workshop in the yard?' I would that, says I, and out we goes. Bless it if the boys didn't sneak into their room, make me swear I wouldn't tell dad or mother, and then I had another one!'

ELECTRIC RAILWAYS IN CANADA.

Statement of Their Numbers, Mileage and Other Information.

From returns received from the 35 electric railways of Canada. Mr. George Johnson, the Dominion statistician, makes up the following statement: 'At the end of December, 1900, the number of miles of electric railways in Canada increased to 681 miles, or 49 miles over the number in 1899.'

'The 35 electric railways in Canada carried 118,129,862 passengers in 1900, an increase of 14,097,203. This is equal to carrying every man, woman and child in the country 21 times.

'The car mileage run was 30,924,355 miles, an increase of 1,277,508 miles over 1899.

'The mileage run and the passengers carried show that for each mile run the electric carried 3.8 passengers, against 3.5 in 1899.

'The amount of paid-up capital invested in electric on Dec. 31, 1900, was \$20,-638,000, and the bonded debt was \$12,-619,422.

'The number of cars in active service in 1900 was 1,642, an increase of 98 over the previous year. The employes numbered 4,493, showing an increase of 164 over 1899.

'The total receipts for the year were \$5,422,540, and the expenses \$3,268,001.

'The steam railways carried 17,122,193 passengers in 1900. So that total passengers transported by rail was 135,252,055. Between them, the steam and electric railways carried the whole population of Canada 25 times in the year, and the proportion was over 87 by electric and a little under 13 by steam in every 100 persons carried.

'Since 1897 the number of passengers carried by the electric increased from 83,811,000 to 118,190,000 an increase of 34,379,000, which is equal to 41 per cent, while those carried by steam using railways increased from 13,742,454 to 17,122,193, an increase of 25 per cent.

'The expenses from about 57.50 per cent of the gross earnings of the steam-using railways and about 60.27 per cent, of the gross earning of the electric railways.'

His Description Of Her.

While watching the circus parade Rastus became separated in some unaccountable way from his sweetheart, and he asked a policeman to help him find her.

'What does she look like?' queried the officer.

'Well, sah,' replied Rastus, 'she's—she's a brunette, sah, with a yeastah hat on her hair, an her name's Jopheewy, sah.'

A Wonderful Invention.

They cure dandruff, hair falling, head ache, etc., yet costs the same as an ordinary comb—Dr. White's Electric Comb. The only patented Comb in the world. People, everywhere it has been introduced, are wild with delight. You simply comb your hair each day and the comb does the rest. This wonderful comb is simply unbreakable and is made so that it is absolutely impossible to break or cut the hair. Sold on a written guarantee to give perfect satisfaction in every respect. Send stamps for one. Ladies' size 60c. Gents' size 35c. Live men and women wanted everywhere to introduce this article. Sells on sight. Agents are wild with success. (See want column of this paper.) Address D. N. Rose, Gen. Mgr., Decatur, Ill.

Information Wanted.

Physician—Your wife is troubled with a peculiar throat ailment. She must talk as little as possible.

Husband—Say, doctor' is there any possible hope of its becoming chronic.

FOUL BREATH, CATARRH, HEADACHE,

Are Banished by Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. It Relieves in 10 Minutes.

F. A. Bottom, druggist, Coekahire, Que., says: 'For 20 years I suffered from Catarrh. My breath was very offensive even to myself. I tried everything which promised me a cure. In almost all instances I had to proclaim them no good at all. I was induced to try Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. I got relief instantly after first application. It cured me and I am free from all the effects of it.'