

BAD LUCK TO THE RANCH.

It Came of a Visit of a Pretty Young English Bride.

A Race at Breakneck Speed With an Armed Maniac and a Fatal Mishap that Prevented a Worse Tragedy.

When the cattle raising business was at the zenith of its prosperity in Wyoming, and when Cheyenne was in its glory, there were no more familiar figures at the Cheyenne Club than those of two young Englishmen who were making big money out of a large ranch some thirty miles from the town, where they not only raised beef, but bred draught horses from Percheron and Clydesdale stallions. Both were under 30. Tailleure, the elder, came of an old family, while Walsopp was the son of a rich manufacturer who had sent him off to the West to keep him from flinging money into the London gutters. It was generally supposed that Walsopp's father had paid for the ranch and stock, but the two appeared to divide the profits, and, at any rate, were on the very best of terms, and, though always gulling and laughing at each other, were practically inseparable.

One day, a little while after the spring round up, they, in company with a number of other cattlemen from the club, had sauntered down to the station to watch the Pacific express go through, which was one of the day's diversions, when the first overt proof was given to their companions that neither of them bestowed a thought on the life that they had left behind them, and from which they had apparently SEPARATED THEMSELVES ENTIRELY,

for they usually went to California when they left the ranch instead of running over to England when they could get the chance, as did most of their compatriots in the cattle country. There came out on the platform of the observation car a young and very beautiful English woman, followed by an elderly man, who was obviously her husband.

Tailleure and Walsopp both caught sight of the pair at the same moment. The blood rushed to their faces and they stepped forward. The English woman started a little as she recognized them, and then held out both her hands. There was an animated handshaking all round, and then a quick interchange of questions and answers, in which the fine-looking old husband joined freely until the train pulled out.

During the short interview the partners had with Mrs. Forbes-Brinton (which may stand for her real name) she must either have given them an address to which they subsequently wrote, or then and there have promised them a visit on her return, for she and her husband appeared again at Cheyenne, going east, in the course of a week or ten days, and stopped off, to be met by her old lovers and carried off to their ranch, where she was royally entertained. Hunting parties were made up for them, and the guides said that she was a good shot and handled a Winchester rifle with ease. Also she took a great interest in the live stock, and that was the beginning of all the difficulty; or rather it was what supplied a focus for the trouble that arose after she had gone away to concentrate itself upon. Those two poor young fellows should have been satisfied with their ill luck in meeting the girl whom they ought to have forgotten. Probably she had no idea she was doing an unwise thing in accepting their hospitality, and never suspected afterward that her visit was anything more than

A CASUAL INCIDENT

of their rather lonely life. Anyhow, Mrs. Forbes-Brinton went away after a few days' stay loaded up with more mementoes of Wyoming life than she could possibly have wanted, and having accepted, after some urging, the promise of a pair of farm horses selected from among the colts which her hosts then had on their stock farm. After she had gone both went back to the club and drank more than was good for them. And a man can stand a good deal when he is riding all day long.

Drinking did not hurt Walsopp's temper, though it made him inattentive to business, but Tailleure's nerve suffered badly. He became moody, growled, or remained silent when Walsopp tried to joke with him, and gave signs that he needed letting alone. Walsopp, however, was not clever enough to see this, and the moodier Tailleure grew the more he endeavored to rouse him to share his own reckless gaiety.

One day the foreman of the ranch rode up to the house to ask for directions on some matter of business. Walsopp talked it over with him, and he was about going away when Tailleure looked up from the easy chair in which he was sitting and said: "Fairbanks, I want you to brand that pair of draught horses which was set aside for Mrs. Forbes-Brinton."

The foreman looked at him in some astonishment, and Walsopp said quickly: "Why Tailleure, what in the name of goodness do you want this done for?"

"That's my look out," said Tailleure, rising. "I want it done. I mean that she shall know they came from us, do you understand?"

"Why, who else would they come from," said Walsopp. "My dear dear boy, are you mad?"

Tailleure turned and walked away. A day or two later he brought the subject up again and vowed that the branding should be done at once. Walsopp, who in the meantime had been warned by the foreman that Tailleure's mind was not running quite smoothly, and who had had the good sense to shut down at once on his own grog managed to smooth things over for the moment, but Tailleure showed an ugly persistence and insisted on postponing the business only for the brandy bottle. Walsopp consulted with Fairbanks whether it would not be better to humor him the next time and brand the colts, and they decided that this course had better be taken. In the meantime Walsopp wrote to Cheyenne for the doctor, asking him to come out to the ranch as if for a friendly call.

He came and had a talk with Walsopp, but it was only too evident that Tailleure had been brooding too long. He was heard muttering to himself about Mrs. Forbes-Brinton, and had apparently come to a determination that the unlucky colts should make some sort of vicarious sacrifice

FOR HER REFUSAL

of himself and Walsopp and subsequent marriage. He did not again speak of branding them, however, and in his excited condition the doctor deemed it best to allow his mind to follow its beat of the moment, whatever that might be.

At this juncture Fairbanks proposed that he should cut at the root of the matter by driving the colts across country to a neighboring ranch, where they could be kept out of Tailleure's way until he recovered his usual health or until they could be sold. He was to be told that they had strayed away or had been stolen by rustlers. Unfortunately this expedient, the wisdom of which was entirely superficial, was adopted, and after the colts had been spirited off the natural result followed. On learning of their loss, Tailleure flew into a great passion, abused everybody for incompetence and carelessness, and insisted on advertising in all the Wyoming papers and on notifying all the stockmen. Of course the colts were not found, and Tailleure, who now asserted with frantic and painful vehemence that his sole remaining interest in life was to place them in the hands of Mrs. Forbes-Brinton, took to mounting a horse and riding all day in search of them or the rustlers who had carried them off. This was a good thing in one way, for constant life in the saddle again might have begun a cure, but Walsopp became alarmed, and in his fear that Tailleure would come to some harm on these long solitary rides on which he would allow no one to accompany him, ordered Fairbanks to bring the colts back at once and cook up any story that would satisfy Tailleure. And now the last piece of bad luck was yet to come, for it so happened that Fairbanks, who slipped off after the colts one day when it was thought that Tailleure had gone on one of his protracted journeys, rode out of a little wood into his arms with the colts in halter.

Tailleure rode at Fairbanks and the cowboy who was with him like a madman, and in a hoarse voice demanded to know where he had found the colts. Fairbanks stammered over his reply, and Tailleure instantly accused him of having

ATTEMPTED TO STEAL THEM.

Fairbanks recovered his presence of mind at once and began an explanation, but it was too late. Tailleure would not listen. He drew his revolver and ordered Fairbanks to ride home with him at once, and have the matter settled at the ranch. Fairbanks asserted his readiness to comply, and throwing the halters to the cowboy drove his spurs into his horse. Tailleure wheeled to accompany him, and they had gone but a few paces when the madman perceived that the colts were being left behind. He reined in and shouted angrily to the cowboy to follow at top speed. This left Fairbanks a little in advance. Tailleure, thinking that he was trying to escape, fired at him and missed him.

The foreman seeing that it was a madman with whom he had to deal, drew his own revolver. Tailleure overtook him, and they rode on side by side, covering each other with their drawn weapons. The cowboy turned the colts loose and followed them. For miles they rode on thus together, the horses galloping at breakneck speed, Fairbanks expecting that every moment would be his last, and yet, by sheer force of will, restraining himself from firing. The madman's burning eyes were glaring into his, and that their fierce threatenings of instant death did not once unnerve him during that long and awful ride is the highest tribute to his powers of self-control. He felt, however, that unless Tailleure again suspected him of trying to escape he would be satisfied with the impression that he was driving his prisoner to the ranch. So he did not pull the trigger.

They had been riding for over an hour when they passed the first line of wire fences, which, as they were a little off the track, their horses took on the gallop, leaping them side by side. As they settled down into their stride again Tailleure seemed to notice that they were nearing home, and looked forward as if to see if the house was in sight. Fairbanks made a sudden lunge and knocked the pistol from his hand, Tailleure turned in fury. At the same moment his horse stumbled and threw him. He was picked up dead, his neck having been broken. Walsopp sold the ranch shortly afterward and went home to England. Nothing more has been heard of him in Wyoming.

Going to Law.

Two Dutchmen, who had built and used for years in common a small bridge over a stream which ran through their farms, had a dispute concerning repairs which it required, one of them positively refusing to bear any portion of the expense necessary to the purchase of a few planks.

Finally the aggrieved party went to a neighboring lawyer, and placing two five-dollar notes in his hand, said: "I'll give you all dish monish if you'll make Hans do justice mid de pride."

"How much will it cost to repair it?" asked the honest lawyer.

"Not more than five tollar," said the Dutchman.

"Very well," said the lawyer, pocketing one of the notes and giving him the other, "take this and go and get the bridge repaired; it's the best course you can take."

"Yaas," said the Dutchman, slowly, "yaas, dat ish much better than to quarrel mit Hans."

But as he went along home he shook his head frequently, as if unable, after all, to see quite clearly how he had gained anything by "Going to law."

Misinformed.

Stranger—"Is this Mrs. Slimdiet's boarding-house?"

Mrs. S. (Sharply)—"This is not a boarding-house, sir."

"Hem! Must have the wrong number. Can you tell me where Mrs. Slimdiet lives?"

"I am Mrs. Slimdiet."

"Indeed! And you do not take boarders?"

"Certainly not. This is a private house, sir—a home, not a boarding-house."

"Then I have been misinformed."

"I should say so. Being lonely, I take a few guests at eight dollars a week. Would you like to see the rooms?"

Liked Spelling.

Visitor—"What do you study at school?"

Little Girl—"Readin' an' writin' an' 'rithmetic an' spellin'."

"Well! Well! What a bright little girl you are. Now, which study do you like best?"

"Spellin'."

"Indeed! Most children do not. Why do you like spelling?"

"Cause every time I spell a word teacher laughs."

WANTED THE DIAMONDS.

The Extraordinary Adventure of an English Specialty Man

The house of Laird, Williamson & Co., diamond merchants and wholesale and retail jewellers, of London, employed no travelling agents. The nearest approach to it was what is called "a specialty man." In other words, he was an employee of the house trusted almost as much as one of the partners, but under bonds so heavy that the house need not worry about him if he did not turn up at the hour he was due. It happened very often that titled people and those who had grown rich in trade could not make it convenient to come to town to deal with the house personally for rare gems, while others were in want of special designs for birthday gifts, souvenirs, and the like. Such people stated their desire by letter, and the "specialty man" was sent to take their order or make a sale.

I had served the house four years without loss and scarcely without adventure, when I was started off for Morpeth, a town in the north of England. The firm had received a letter from a wealthy and well known public man living in the suburbs of that town to the effect that his wife had broken a leg and was not able to be about, but wanted several special things in jewelry as soon as they could be made for presents to friends. She would also look at some gems, particularly a diamond necklace, but nothing common was wanted. The story was current that this gentleman's daughter was soon to be married, and it was anticipated that I would receive a very fair order. The value of the jewels packed up for me for that trip was something like £7,000. From my very first trip I had always travelled after a certain fashion—the fashion of a commercial traveller. Many of the fraternity honestly believed that I was a genuine member. In my grip I carried about a dozen small bottles of dyes, and it was supposed that I was travelling with that line. The jewelry case was placed in the grip, and I left the affair knocking about with such apparent carelessness that no one could entertain a suspicion of its value.

There was only one odd thing about the letter from Morpeth, and that was not mentioned until after my adventure. It mentioned day and date and hour when my arrival would be expected, and I left London to hit the exact time. Had this matter been brought up beforehand we should have said that the gentleman was probably going to leave home later in the day. It was in the month of October, and I was timed to reach the town at 10 o'clock in the forenoon. The letter said that a carriage would be in waiting for me to drive at once to the manor. The train was on time to a minute, and I got off in company with two travelling salesmen. I found the carriage after a bit. There were two men on the box, and they at first seemed to question that I was the right party. Their doubts probably arose from the fact that I was plainly dressed and was in the company of the salesmen. One of them asked if I was the jewelry man Sir Blank was expecting, and I replied that I wanted to see the gentleman whether expected or not. They hesitated about driving off, but as no one else appeared we finally made a start.

I tell you honestly that I had no sooner entered the carriage than I had queer feelings. The outfit was too common to be owned and publicly used by such a man as Sir Blank, and the two men didn't appear at all like servants. I had never been in Morpeth before, and was therefore ignorant of the direction we ought to take or the distance to be travelled. After getting away from the depot a bit we turned to the west, the horses going at a sharp trot and the men holding conversation in low tones. We passed plenty of houses and vehicles and pedestrians, and as we left the town behind I looked ahead for sight of Sir Blank's great house and well-kept grounds. Perhaps the pair observed my anxiety, for one of them turned and said:

"It's a bit over five miles to the place, sir."

That satisfied me only for a moment. The more I looked at the men and the closer I scanned the outfit the stronger grew my suspicions that something was amiss. Three miles to the west of Morpeth is a hill from which one can survey the country for miles around. As we reached the crest of this hill I saw only small farms and plain farmhouses before me. If Sir Blank's mansion was on that road it was beyond my vision and still a good ten miles away.

"See here!" I called as we began to descend the hill. "I think there is a mistake. I think I have got Sir Blank mixed up with Sir Dash. Is it Sir Blank who is financially interested in a great cotton factory at Manchester?"

"He may be, but I dunno," said the man who was driving as he pulled up his horses.

"If he isn't it won't do me any good to see him. You see [getting out some of these bottles], I wanted to show him some of these new dyes for fruits."

"Is that your line, sir?"

"Yes. Here are ten new colors just out. I am sorry for my blunder but I'm willing."

"Then you travels with dyes, does you?" gruffly demanded the other.

"As you see."

"Then wot the bloody blazes does you get into this turnout for?"

"To see Sir Blank, of course. I got it into my head that—"

"Oh, blow your head and your heels, too! Jim, turn about hand drive the bloomin' huss back to town!"

"I'll be shot if I does!" replied Jim. "He can get right hout 'ere hand take 'isself back on 'is hown blasted legs, blast 'im!"

"Sorry for the mistake, and here's something to drink my health," I said, as I tossed him a coin and descended from the vehicle and walked hurriedly away.

When I reached town I went to a hotel. Inside of fifteen minutes I had learned that Sir Blank lived north of the town, and only a mile away. Likewise that there had been no accident to his wife. Further that the gentleman and his wife had been in Scotland for several weeks. It did not take me long to figure it out to my perfect satisfaction. It was a put up job to rob the house through me, and it had been put up with the aid of some one at Sir Blank's house. The letter had his monogram stamped on the corner, and the paper must have been taken from his library. The writing showed a fair business hand, and had not attracted remark. The country to the west of the hill where I had left the carriage afforded opportunities for desperate men to commit robbery, even in broad daylight, and I had no doubt that I was being driven to some appointed spot when

their programme was interfered with. It was a case for the police, but I was by no means green enough to take it to them. The house of Laird, Williamson & Co. would have stood to pay a thousand pounds rather than have the public informed through the press that there had been a conspiracy to rob their "special man." While I made many inquiries, I gave nothing away. I ascertained that the two men with the vehicle were strangers in Morpeth, and the whole plot was plain to me.

I had intended to leave on my return to London at 5 in the afternoon, but an accident on the line detained me till 7. The night came on dark and stormy, and there were but few passengers from Morpeth. Four of us who got on were ushered into the same compartment. There were two plain women ticketed to Durham, and the third was a man about 40 years old, of pleasing address and genteel appearance. As soon as we fell into conversation he gave me to understand that he lived at Beverly, a town about 100 miles down the line, and from certain words he fell I gathered that he was a prominent public official of the place. I didn't exactly reply that I was in the dye line, but he probably inferred as much from what I said. I was glad of his company. He was a fair talker, well posted, and I enjoyed his society.

The women got out at Durham and left us alone. We passed Darlington and were still the sole occupants of the compartment. Mr. Arnold, as he had given his name, had been sitting opposite me for an hour. As the train cleared Darlington he yawned and said:

"I am sleepy, and yet I can never get a wink of sleep on the train. By the way, I found a curious coin on the street at Morpeth to-day. Can you place it?"

He drew a wicked looking knife and held it in his teeth as he used his hands to tie me with some stout cords taken from his parcel. He turned me over, took the pistol from my hip pocket and tied my arms behind me. Then he tied my ankles and rolled me on my side. Why didn't I resist? Simply because his clutch on my throat had almost paralyzed me.

"Now for the sparklers!" he said, as he took down my bag, searched me for the key and opened it.

He laughed as he brought out the bottles of dye and tossed them aside, and he laughed again as he held up the jewel case.

"A deuced fine lay out, 'pon honor!" he chuckled, as he inspected the contents. "The house of Laird, Williamson & Co. carries only the best. What's the cash value may I ask?"

"But you are a cool one!" I said in reply.

"Only fairly so—only fairly. I should say £6,000 wouldn't be far out of the way. A very pretty haul and no risk attending it."

He placed the jewel case in his parcel, lighted a cigar, and pleasantly remarked:

"Take it easy, my boy. The next stop is North Allerton. In about ten minutes I'll be under the necessity of gagging you. Five minutes after that I hope to leave the train. You'll be discovered at Leeds, and perhaps sooner. The house really ought to stand the loss, as it is no fault of yours. You rather tumbled to the game at Morpeth, eh?"

I was so mad and my throat hurt me so that I made no reply, and he was about to continue his remarks when the train suddenly slackened speed and a minute later came to a stand-still. We had been ordered to make a special stop at a small station to let an up train pass.

"What in Tophet's name does this mean?" growled the robber as he looked from the window. "Special stop, is it? My friend, I'm about gag you. Utter one shout and I'll do for you with the knife!"

He'd taken a gag from his parcel when he got the cords. He was bending over me with it in his hand when the guard unlocked the door to admit two passengers changing from an overcrowded one.

"He's a robber! He's robbed me! Don't let him escape!" I shouted the instant the door opened.

"Out of the way—I'm armed—I'll do murder!" yelled the robber, as he made a break.

He would have gotten off temporarily but for an accident. As he went through the door he caught his foot and fell heavily on the platform, and the three men had pluck enough to seize and disarm him. And who do you suppose he proved to be? No other than that prince of criminals known to Scotland Yard as "Duke Goff," and a man then wanted in half a dozen different cities. He put up the job. The letter paper, as was proved, was procured for him by a female servant in the house of Sir Blank. The two men with the carriage were ruffians from Liverpool, who had hired the rig at Gateshead and driven it to Morpeth. Both were nabbed, and both peached on the "Duke," and all three got heavy sentences in prison.

A Delicate Point.

Cholly: "Do you think, my love, that your father will consent to our marriage?"

Angel: "Of course papa will be very sorry to lose me, darling."

Cholly: "But I will say to him that instead of losing a daughter he will gain a son."

Angel: "I wouldn't do that, love, if you really want me. Papa has three such sons staying here now, and he's a little touchy on those points."

A Prudent Girl.

Elderly Relative (to school-girl)—"Amanda, you are looking pale. You must not be too ambitious. Tell me the truth, now—haven't you been burning the midnight oil?"

Miss Amanda (her paleness still gone)—"Why, yes, auntie, but—but not much. We turned the lamp down very low."

LATE BRITISH NEWS.

Small electric wagons, for the delivery of groceries and other light articles of merchandise, are novelties in London.

Lord Bradford backed his horse, Sir Hugo, two years ago to win the Derby at £100 against £10,000. He won in all about £24,000.

In England there are 30,000 miles of telegraph lines. The number of messages received in London last year was 60,000,000.

Live fish have been safely sent in the mails from India to the British Museum.

Nearly 20,000 horses are imported into England every year.

Nearly 50 per cent. of the property of England is insured.

There are 10,000 parishes in England with only Church schools.

Mr. W. Brown, a Manchester manufacturer, has purchased 100,000 acres of land in Mexico for fruit farms.

Siam has just sent over to England twenty-seven youths, all belonging to the Siamese aristocracy, to complete their education.

A fashionable London clergyman thus addressed his congregation not long ago: "I hear that the incumbent of a certain very 'fashionable' church animadverted last Sunday in severe terms on the subject of the offertories of his congregation, whose flea-skipping parsimony had excited the indignation of their pastor. 'I am often congratulated,' exclaimed this divine, 'upon having a rich congregation, and, looking to the general expenditure upon dresses and establishments, they should, indeed, be wealthy; but looking to the amounts given by them in the church, they could only be regarded as genteel paupers. There is a decent liberality which is midway between beggarly meanness and imprudent generosity.' It may be hoped that the incumbent's forcible remarks will produce satisfactory financial results."

The heat prevailing at Bombay is abnormal, and the death-rate has risen to over 40 per 1,000 per annum, being the highest figure attained within twelve years.

Literary ladies in England have achieved a great step in progress. They dined last year together as the "Literary Ladies." This year they have modified their title to that of "Literary Women."

The Governor of St. Helena reports affairs there as being in a wretched state. Work is scarce; revenue is short of expenditure; poverty is declining, and there is great business and suffering among the inhabitants.

A church in St. Ives has for 325 years kept up the custom of an annual raffle with dice for Bibles, Dr. Wilde left £50 as a fund for the purpose of buying six Bibles annually and paying the vicar a small sum for a special sermon.

Since 1884 loans of more than £40,000 have been made out of the Sea and Coast Irish Fishing Funds and the Inspectors report as follows: "It will be a satisfaction to your Excellency to have brought thus before you the fact that the bad debts on these large transactions are so small. In so far as they relate to loans made by us, they constitute, in our opinion, a remarkable evidence of the honesty of the Irish fisherfolk."

There is a fasting alligator at the Crystal Palace, London, which has not tasted food for more than eighteen months, and is still fasting. Crocodiles and alligators are apt at first to refuse food in captivity, and at the menageries by which they are introduced it is the habit to prise open their jaws with a handspike or iron bar, and ram home blocks of meat. This fasting is the result of sulkiness.

A mass meeting of agricultural laborers in Yorkshire adopted these resolutions: "That this meeting of agricultural laborers deeply regrets the present degradation of their class, caused by low wages, and believes that the chief cause of their poverty is insufficient pay, unsanitary cottages, and inadequate opportunities of obtaining a share in the cultivation of the land." A further resolution was adopted: "That this meeting believes that the remedy for the condition of the farm laborers of the country lies in their own hands—namely, by legitimate combination, by means of which they may secure by legislation or otherwise substantial improvement in condition."

CANADA'S LUMBER INDUSTRY.

The Output from the Ottawa District.

A despatch from Ottawa says:—It is estimated that 3,000,000 logs will come down the streams of the Ottawa district this summer. These logs will come down the Ottawa, Gatineau, Mississippi, Blanche, North Nation, and Rouge rivers, and will be used by the mills at Ottawa, Arnprior, Braeside, Hawkesbury, Rockland, Carleton Place, and Montreal. Of the 3,000,000 logs mentioned, about 2,000,000 will come down the Ottawa river, 600,000 down the Gatineau, 200,000 on the Blanche, North Nation, and Rouge rivers, and 200,000 down the Mississippi. Three million logs, at an estimated average yield of 125 feet, board measure, per log, will give a total board measure of 375,000,000 feet for all the mills of the Ottawa district. This quantity of sawn lumber, at an average price of \$15 per 1,000 feet, will mean a turnover of capital to the sum of \$45,775,000 in the mills of the Ottawa district. Of the 3,000,000 logs coming down a fair percentage belongs to those left over last season. Therefore the actual cut in the woods during the past season cannot be judged by the figures given. From all information that can be gathered the lumber drives are now all safe, except a few small ones that were abandoned early in the season. As a result of the heavy rains the water in the streams has remained about stationary at a good level for the last three or four weeks.

Charlie's Dodge.

Mrs. B.: "You seem to be very fond of reading, Charlie, for every time I come here you have a book in your hand. What are you reading now?"

Charlie: "Don't know, ma'am."

Mrs. B.: "What, don't you know?"

Charlie: "No, ma'am. I always have a book in my hands, because then mother will say to father, 'Don't interrupt the lad in his studies. He'll be a great professor one of these days. Let him read in peace, and just you go and chop the firewood instead.'"