SACRAMENTO’S MURDER TRIAL

Jurors Selected to Decide the Fate of William Christ.

MRS. HART TESTIFIES.

Says the Defendant Acted Like a Crazy Person Before the Killing.

WANTED HIS WIFE TO DIE.

Had Offered the Witness a Pistol With Which to Shoot Mrs. Christ.

January 29, 1896, Call, San Francisco, California — The jury which has been chosen to try William Christ for the alleged murder of his wife was completed this morning, George Bord, A. L. Warren, O. C. Smith, G. D. Wentworth, C. B. Strong, F. B. Adams, William Vought, F. Heinrich, C. Kellogg, J. C. Scroogs and Max Ginsberg, being the chosen ones. The selection of the last three jurors occupied the forenoon and the afternoon session was consumed by the District Attorney, who made the opening statement for the prosecution.

The Prosecuting Attorney outlined the points the State would attempt to prove and stated that facts had been learned proving that the statement of Christ was farcical in the extreme. The weapon that ended Mrs. Christ’s life must have been discharged within twelve or fourteen inches of her head, as her face was badly powder-burned; whereas, if Christ’s story was to be believed, when the weapon was discharged it was at a distance of at least ten feet.

The bullet then would have taken an upward course, while the report of the autopsy proved that the missile ranged downward. He stated that all the contents of the room would be offered in evidence; that photographs of the face and hand of the dead woman, showing the powder-marks, would be presented, and it would be shown that defendant had made very contradictory statements as to how the homicide occurred.

At the close of the District Attorney’s address Mrs. Frances E. Hart was called to the stand. Mrs. Hart is the wife of William Hart, the man of

Continued on page 4

BOLD ROBBER FOILED BY A BANK CASHIER

History of Leroy Harris, Recently Released from Prison — Remarkable Criminal Who Robbed Post Offices from Connecticut To Illinois — No One Knew a Cent Was Missing — Scheme Discovered By Accident

January 8, 1898, The Daily Times Herald, Dallas, Texas — In the criminal history of America there are few parallels to the case of Leroy Harris, a convict recently

Continued on page 4

NOVEL SWINDLER

Sensational Scenes at a Portland Bank. A Lone Bandit Promptly Driven to the Street by Bullets. Well-Laid Plans to Loot the Institution Come to Naught. ESCAPE OF THE OUTLAW Makes His Way Through Groups of Excited People, Mounts His Horse and Rides Away.

January 21, 1898, Call, San Francisco, California — A daring attempt was made to hold up the cashier and rob the Citizens’ Bank, on the northeast corner of East Washington Street and Union Avenue, today shortly after 3 o’clock. The attempt would have succeeded but for the prompt and determined resistance on the part of A. W. Lambert, the cashier, who drove the robber from the bank and took a parting shot at him as he passed from the bank-room into the street. He missed by aiming a little too high.

Although the bank is situated in the heart of East Portland, where numbers are constantly passing along the streets during

Continued on page 4
PUBLISHER’S NOTES

About 30 years ago Sunny and I spent a getaway weekend in a hundred-year-old stone cottage located in Northern California. It was one of those pleasurable experiences that we talk about to this day. On the wall of the small kitchen was a framed needlepoint with an interesting proverb. Now, I don’t consider myself a mystical person, but I had the strange feeling that that needlepoint was placed there years earlier just so I would be able to read it during that weekend. I copied it down. When I got home I printed it on a sheet of paper and put it under the glass pad on my desk. We’ve since moved and I no longer have a glass pad, so the saying is now on the wall right in front of me.

I still start each day reading it and committing to making sure each day is lived to the fullest. With the beginning of another year, we’re faced with 365 new days. As long as we’re alive, each day has to be lived. It’s how we live it that makes a difference in our lives, as well as the lives of others. So, let’s live it to the fullest.

As Sunny and I are renewing our commitment at the end of the year, we ask that you also make sure those days God gives you aren’t wasted:

“This is the beginning of a new day. God has given me this day to use as I will.”

What a great pleasure it is to renew my subscription to the Chronicle of the Old West…The best damned newspaper in the country.

You keep on a printin’ em’ and I’ll keep on a resein’ em’. God bless ya!

Roger Suf
Chandler, AZ

Thank you so much for your kind words. You keep on a hopin’ em’ and we’ll keep on a printin’ em’. Incidentally someone who writes like you do must speak the same way. And if so, you had to originate from somewhere other than Chandler, AZ…like maybe Southern Illinois where I come from. That, along with never havin’ a “g” at the end of a word…goin’, bein’ and doin’ is the way I talked until I went off to college. In college I had to learn English all over again.

I’ve been a subscriber to Chronicle of the Old West for some time.

I totally enjoy reading the articles that were written some 125 years ago. The way they wrote is so interesting. And I’m sure they spoke the same way.

I also think it’s great that you print the articles in the same month they were originally printed. And Sunny does a great job of putting Woman’s Sphere together. Even when it’s about woman’s fashions I find it’s interesting. They sure did a great job dressing themselves back in the Old West. Keep it up!

David Stone
Norman, OK

David, are you looking for a job? I believe you would be a great public relations person for Chronicle of the Old West.

We’ve been publishing Chronicle of the Old West for some 16 years and Sunny and I still get a kick out of putting it together. It just amazes me that two people whose knowledge of the Old West at the time was through movies and novels came up with the idea of Chronicle of the Old West. Incidentally, although we do this, I have two syndicated radio shows, a syndicated newspaper column, and I do talk about the Old West, we don’t consider ourselves experts, but just enthusiasts.

As we hope our readers do, we learn something about the Old West each month.
January 9, 1895, Harper’s Weekly – “Captain Anderson — he’s the superintendent, you know — started today for the south of the Park; some trouble, I believe, down there. A scout thought the buffalo were being disturbed,” said Lieutenant Lindsey to me at the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, near the entrance to the Park.

“That’s unfortunate. Can I overtake him?”

“It’s nearly four o’clock, but as I am going down to our camp at the Lower Geyser Basin, we can start now, and by traveling at night we can catch him before he pulls out in the morning. I think,” said the yellowlegs.

So putting our belongings into a double surrey, we started hotfoot through the Wonderland, leaving a band of Dakota chicken-shooters standing on the steps waving their adieux. If verified all my predictions — men who shoot chickens belong in a stagecoach — they are a “scruffy wagon outfit,” as the cowboys say.

Posed on the trestled road, I looked back at the Golden Gate Pass. It is one of those marvellous vistas of mountain scenery utterly beyond the pen or brush of any man. Paint cannot touch it, and words are wasted. War, storms at sea and mountain scenery are bigger than any expression little man has ever developed. Mr. Thomas Moran made a famous stagger in this pass in his painting; and great, as is the painting, when I contemplated the pass itself I marveled at the courage of the man who dared the deed. But as the stages of the Park Company run over this road, every tourist sees its grandeur, and goes away with his Kodak.

As we pulled up in front of the tents of the rest camp, one of those mountain thunderstorms set in, and it was as though the New York fire department had concentrated its nozzles on the earth. The place was presided over by a classic Irishman by the name of Larry, who speedily got a roaring-hot beetsteak and some coffee on the table, and then busied himself conducting growing pools of rainwater out of the tent. Larry is justly famous on the road for his homeric and Celtic wit.

At an early hour we arose and departed — the pale moon shining through the mist of the valley, while around us rose the ghostly pines. We covered under our greatcoats, chilled through, and saddened at remembrances of the warm blankets, which we had been compelled to roll out of at this unearthly hour. At 7:30 we broke into one of those beautiful natural parks, the Lower Geyser Basin, with the sun shining on the river and the grass, and spotting the row of tents belong to D Troop, Sixth United States Cavalry. Captain Scott met us at the door. A bluffed old trooper in field rig and a welcoming smile. After breakfast, a soldier brought up Pat Rooney. Pat was a horse from the ground up; he came from Missouri, but he was a true Irishman nevertheless, as one could tell from his rugged hips, long drooping quarters, and a liberal show of white in his eye, which seemed to say to me, “Aisy, now, and I’m a dray horse; but spare the bridle, or I’ll put ye on yer back in the bloom in’ dust, I will.” The saddle was put on, and I waited, until present Captain Anderson came the superintendent, with his scout Burgess, three soldiers, and nine pack-mules with their creaking aparejos, and their general air of malicious mischievousness.

Pointing to a range of formidable-looking hills, the captain said, “We will pull in about there,” and we mounted and trotted off down the road.

What a man really needs when he does the backstretches of the Yellowstone Park is a boat and a canoe, and the whole bunch of mules go swimming. The most gorgeous colors instinctively objects to that form of cooking. The most gorgeous colors are observed in this geyser formation; in fact, I have never seen nature so generous in this respect elsewhere. I wondered that the pack-mules did not walk into the simmering holes, but I suspect a mule is more steam. They rode recklessly over the fallen timber, which the old bell-mare couldn’t hold them. The old bell-mare was a horse from the ground up; he was a horse needed two legs for. What a man really needs is a horse to pick along.

Both Captains Anderson and Scott have a pronounced weakness for geysters, and were always stopping at every little steam-jet to examine it. I suppose they feel a personal responsibility in having them go regularly; one can almost imagine a telegram to “turn on more steam.” They rode recklessly over the geyser formation, to my discomfort, because it is very thin and hazardous, and to break through is to be boiled. One instinctively objects to that form of cooking.

A good horse or mule, once accustomed, makes little of it, but on the steep down grades the situation is complicated by fallen logs, which it is necessary to “bucket” over, and then stop dead on an

Continued on page 5
Novel Swindler from page 1

that he had obtained some $4,000 of Uncle Sam's money before any one knew a cent was missing. It took six days to carry out the plan and when he drew the last money, he had apparently done everything he had planned and had aban-
donned the work, leaving, as it seemed, not a clue to his identity.

Harris visited the little town of Noroton Heights, Conn., where a credulous general storekeeper was also the postmaster. He made the postmaster believe him to be an inspector of the money order department.

The postmaster and storekeeper was the leading citizen of the place as well. A few days before the arrival of Harris in the town, the section had been visited with a severe Atlantic snowstorm. All the farmers had been "snowed in," and the ground was the first discovered.

While this was going on, Leroy Harris was most diligently employed. He filled out the money orders, payable to himself, and forwarded the advice to the postmaster to check up with the patrons of the office.

He forwarded the orders in department envelopes and then started out to collect them. The offices on which he had drawn orders were sprinkled on the map in every state from Connecticut to Illinois. Orders were drawn on Fort Wayne and Valparaiso, Ind.; Decatur, Joliet, Peoria and LaSalle, Ills. Five days after his departure from Noroton Heights, Harris presented himself at the LaSalle post office and asked payment on two orders for $100 each, the highest amount for which an order can be drawn, and in all the advice inserted the clause waiving identification.

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such a leg had formerly been chief clerk at Station L in New York. He could not be found. The description tallied exactly, and he was tracked and run to in Buffalo, but was not captured until after a fight. Harris was arraigned before the United States commissioneer, and when asked to stand up and hold up his hand to be sworn, he flashed a big revolver and held the court and officers at bay while he backed out of the room and darted into the street. Harris got away and skipped to Canada, but was afterward arrested at Niagara Falls and taken to Chicago, little pleading the United States court convicted and sentenced him to a five-year term at Joliet prison. When arrest- ed, Harris had nearly $2,000 concealed on his person, which was taken from him by Inspector Stuart. Harris recently brought suit against the inspector to recover this money, claiming it was not the money stolen from the govern- ment, but the case was decided against him.

In this way, squads are sent over the Park, and instructed not to fol- low the regular tails, but to go to the most unfrequent places, so that they may at any time happen upon a malicious person, and perhaps be able to do as one scout did — photograph the misconception with his own camera.

After a good day's march, we made camp by a little lake, and pickedet our horses, while the men packed off almost before we had finished. Our appetites had been sharpened by nine hours' fast, when a soldier called us to the 'commissaries' which were spread out on a pack canvas. It was the usual military "grub," and no hun- gry man can find fault with that.

"Any man who can't eat bacon can't fight," as Captain Scott said; if any reader wants to be a sol- dier he must have a mania for bacon, it seems. "This is the stuff that makes soldiers brave," he added, as the coffeepot came around, and we grew the san- dale snow-clad wilderness from one "shack" to another. Small squads of three or four men are quartered in these remote receses of the savage mountains, and remain for eight months on a stretch. The camps are provisioned for the arctic siege, and what is stranger yet is that soldiers rather like it, and freely apply for this detached service. There is little of the "pomp and vanity" in this sol- diering and it shows good spirit on the part of the enlisted men. They are dressed in fur caps, California blanket coats, leggings, and moc- casins — a strange uniform for a cav- alryman, and also quite a commen- tary on what are commonly called the Civil War, and instructed not to fol- low the regular tails, but to go to the most unfrequent places, so that they may at any time happen upon a malicious person, and perhaps be able to do as one scout did — photograph the misconception with his own camera.

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often necessary to dismount quickly to aid him out. We crossed the great divide of the continent at a place where the slope was astonishingly steep and the fallen timber thickly strewn. It was as thoroughly experimental traveling as I have ever seen, unless possibly over a lava-rock formation which I essayed last winter on the western slope of the Sierra Madre, in Chihuahua; and yet there is a fascination about being balanced on those balloon like heights, where a misstep means the end of horse and rider. I was glad enough, though, when we struck the park like levels of the Pitchstone plateau as the scene of our further progress. If one has never traveled horseback over the Rocky Mountains there is a new and distinct sensation before him quite as like levels of the Pitchstone plateau. There was a “topper” at the business. I gave him his head, and he justified my trust by negotiating all the mazes, fording and recrossing the stream in search of solid ground. He only visited his line of traps in the mountain wastes of the great reservation, but two troops are successful enough at the task. It is a great game-preserve and breeding ground, and, if not disturbed, must always give an overflow into Montana, Wyoming, and Idaho, which will make big game shooting for a long time I do not doubt, if the doughty captain said he was careful of his trail, but such damage as he could do would be trivial. Two regiments could not entirely prevent poaching of the mountain wastes of the great reservation, but two troops are successful enough at the task. It is a great game-preserve and breeding ground, and, if not disturbed, must always give an overflow into Montana, Wyoming, and Idaho, which will make big game shooting for a long time I do not doubt, if the doughty captain said he was careful of his trail, but such damage as he could do would be trivial. Two regiments could not entirely prevent poaching of the mountain wastes of the great reservation, but two troops are successful enough at the task. It is a great game-preserve and breeding ground, and, if not disturbed, must always give an overflow into Montana, Wyoming, and Idaho, which will make big game shooting for a long time I do not doubt, if the doughty captain said he was careful of his trail, but such damage as he could do would be trivial.
DANCE GOWNS

Designed by American Girls in Paris

TWENTY NOVEL CREATIONS AND EACH ONE REPRESENTS A WINTER FLOWER

Corresponded From Tip to Toe in Color and Form
Hair Dressed to Match

January 2, 1898, Herald, Los Angeles, California—(Paris Special Correspondence to The Herald.)
One of the couturieres here showed me a number of pretty evening gowns that were especially designed for dances such as usher in the first of the year.

They were all suggestive of frost and snow and winter flowers. The idea of giving a January dance at which these unique costumes were to appear originated in the fertile brain of a young American girl.

Our editor at work.

Bright Mousseline De Soie.

There are twenty young girls that belong to this dancing club, and of course they held a meeting to try and decide on some unusual feature for the dance.

When it was proposed by a bright member that their costumes should suggest snows and pretty winter blossoms the idea took at once. What could be more suggestive of winter snows than quantities once. What could be more suggestive of winter snows than quantities

“TWENTY CREATIONS”

With their plans fully formulated they went to interested couturiers, who were delighted with the novelty of the plan.

She was just boxing twenty lovely creations, no two alike that will be duplicated they went to interested couturiers, who were delighted with the novelty of the plan. She appeared. One that was particularly striking was made of bright red gauze over bright red taffeta.

The skirt was sun-plated, and over the left hip fell a garland of bright green holly leaves that reached halfway down the skirt, back and front. The corse of the red taffeta was covered full account with accordin plaited red mousseline de soie. It was cut square-necked and was finished with a border of green holly leaves spangled with strass.

The corsage of the red taffeta was made of spangled white mousseline de sole that overlapped each other, so as to entirely cover the skirt to give the petal effect.

The corse was an accordion-plaited plissé of the yellow chiffon cut square-necked, it was finished with a border of ragged shoulder straps. Between the chrysanthemums peered out little suggestions of spangled white tulle.

Another gown was made of green gauze, in that uncompromising green of the holly leaves. The skirt was made double and very full. The upper one was cut with a long, rounded point at the back and front. It was trimmed round with three ruches of the gauze with red berries peering out of the fullness.

The corse had a square yoke of puckered tulle, heavily incrusted with spangles. From the bottom of the yoke the green gauze was put on very full and gathered down into a belt of scarlet satin ribbon with long sash ends. At the bottom of the yoke there was a garland of the holly leaves and berries. Over the shoulders there were high bows of scarlet ribbon, tied with sprigs of holly.

HOLLY GOWN

There was another “hobby gown” in the number altogether different in every detail. It was made of heavily spangled white gauze over white glace taffeta. The skirt was trimmed with innumerable tiny ruffles of the gauze that reached to within six inches of the waistband. They were draped with tiny sprigs of holly leaves and berries.

The corse of the gauze was gathered full over the taffeta lining. It was cut square-necked and had a short yoke of puckered white gauze, heavily spangled and powdered with tiny sprigs of holly. From this yoke hung a pointed berthe of Brussels lace, spangled with stars. The shoulder and belt ribbons were of crimson satin ribbon.

BLAUSE CORSAGE

The mistletoe gown was made of spangled white tulle over white taffeta. The full skirt was trimmed around with three rows of ruches that formed rounded points at the back and front. The corse was covered with narrow bias folds of yellowish gauze tulle. Over this was

Continued on page 9
He was handcuffed and closely guarded by Sheriffs Love and McMurray. The car was crowded with curious people who wanted to see and speak with the outlaw. The reporter introduced himself and promptly applied his gimlet. But the prisoner was in a sullen mood and would not talk much. He did not approve of the curiosity of the crowd and remarked while the crowd was pressing around him:

“Wonder if these d—n fools think I’m a wild animal.”

Bill Cook is about 21 or 22 years old and is not a bad looking youth. He is five feet eight inches high and well proportioned. He weighs about 165 pounds. He has the form of an athlete. His face is smooth — entirely free from whiskers, and had no sign of needling a razor. His hair is dark and his little eyes are of a bright grey. In reply to the reporters gimlet he said:

“I didn’t have a chance to fight, they got the drop on me. I have not been in the Indian Territory since the 19th of October last. No, I was not at Red Rock in December, and I did not believe the sheriff’s word that I was there waiting for him to come after me. I do not remember to have ever killed any person. I have been to New Mexico about two days.”

Cook appeared very much disgusted over his hard luck in being captured and while he was very reticent with reporters he talked freely with the officers.

W. J. L. Sullivan, sergeant of Company B, Texas Rangers stationed at Amarillo, Potter County, Texas, was also in the city yesterday and he attracted no little attention. Sergeant Sullivan is a typical Texan. He stands six feet three inches in his riding boots, and he has been on Cook’s trail since the 19th of October last. To a Times reporter yesterday he told the following interesting story of his long chase:

“On the 19th of October last when the Texas & Pacific train was held up two miles east of Gordon, Texas, I started out after the robbers, and I have been on Bill Cook’s trail ever since. I did not know, however, that Bill Cook was the man I was chasing. I only knew I was following the trail of the robbers who held up the train. On the 12th of November one of my men captured four of Cook’s gang in Uray County, and three of the captured outlaws are now in the penitentiary — two for three inches in his riding boots, and he has been on Cook’s trail ever since. I did not know, however, that Bill Cook was the man I was chasing. I only knew I was following the trail of the robbers who held up the train. On the 12th of November one of my men captured four of Cook’s gang in Uray County, and three of the captured outlaws are now in the penitentiary — two for twenty and one for thirty years.

“We did not stop at their capture, but kept right along on the trail of the leader. We ran him into Jack and back again into Clay. Then another robbery took place on the Texas & Pacific at Benbrook, eight miles from Fort Worth; and again some of the robbers were captured, but the daring leader was still at liberty, as a few days later he held up the Rock Island Train at Red River, and we were then on the trail of the robbers.

COOK AND TURNER WENT TO THE SPUR RANCH IN THE PANHANDLE, THEN ON TO THE LAND AND THE "SQUARE AND COMPASS" RANCH. At this last ranch they spent several weeks and then went on to the "ZL" Ranch where they separated, Cook going to Roswell. Turner went to Colorado City and got into some trouble but he escaped.

“I then followed them with two men to Colorado City. Arriving there I shipped my men and hopped back to headquarters and followed Cook to Roswell. I soon found he had been in Roswell under the name of Williams, but he had left before I arrived.

“I concluded he was either making for El Paso or New Mexico, so I went to Sheriff Perry and told him that if anyone was going to White Oaks I wanted to be counted in. He and Sheriff Love, however, left before daylight without letting me know anything about it, and without having anyone to pilot me to White Oaks, I went to Eddy. Thinking it possible that Cook was trying to reach old Mexico, I came on to El Paso, and Saturday while myself, Captain Hughes and his rangers were watching every corner in El Pas and Juarez for the outlaw, Love and Perry had him in New Mexico.

Sergeant Sullivan and Cook had never met, but they knew each other from descriptions. Cook knew that Sullivan had been on his trail for months. Mr. Sullivan went into the car where the men were and approaching the young outlaw, greeted him with “Hello.” Bill Cook glanced up and said, “Hello, Sullivan.” The outlaw talked freely with his old pursuer.

Speaking of Sullivan’s capture of four of his men Cook said:

“I was only half a mile distant with Jim Turner when you got the boys, and if we had been on hand you would have had to do more fighting. I have never in my life killed any known being. You and your men were the only people who ever crowded me.”

Sullivan says that Cook is the coolest young chap he ever met, and that is impossible to rattle him.

YOUNG OUTLAW

Bill Cook, the noted outlaw from the Indian Territory, was in El Paso yesterday. He came here by special invitation and was accompanied by Sheriff Perry, of Chaves County, Sheriff McMurray, of Mitchell County, and Tom Love, sheriff of Borden County, Texas. The first two named officers are of New Mexico. Bill Cook is wanted in Oklahoma for highway robbery. He was captured on Mr. Farrell’s ranch in Lincoln County, New Mexico Saturday morning by Sheriffs Love and Perry. Cook was traveling under the name of Williams and was stopping at Farrell’s to rest his horse.

On arriving morning he started to the stable to feed his horse, and on reaching the corral two men suddenly confronted the outlaw with cocked revolvers. Cook did not have his gun so there was nothing for him to do but to surrender.

Sheriff McMurray was near at hand, and the three officers brought the outlaw to El Paso enroute to Santa Fe, New Mexico, to secure papers for his removal to Oklahoma.

The officers and their noted prisoner arrived on the Texas & Pacific Train yesterday morning, and taking a carriage drive to the Santa Fe train.

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Sheriff Hensley of Fresno Talks about the Two.

January 26, 1893, Herald, Los Angeles, California — “I had considerable experience with Indians,” said ex-Sheriff Hensley of Fresno County, in the Golden Eagle, the other evening, “but I have yet to find an Indian in his own language or any other that will say ‘thank you’ for any kindness shown him. “For many years I was in the sheep business, and often in the mountains we killed them for meat. Prior to the slaughtering, in nearly every instance, there would be an Indian in sight. No sooner would the knife be plunged into the throat of the sheep than the Indians would commence wriggling around to get the offal. On these occasions I have often tried to touch that spot in an Indian where he would say ‘thank you’, but I never succeeded. “I recall one of these attempts. It was in the winter, and it was rather short browsing for Mr. Indian. I had killed two sheep and given the offal to the Indians, as usual, when I saw a buck eying one of the carcasses. The dressed sheep were suspended from a stick of timber by a rope. I picked up a knife and indicated by gesture and manner that I would cut one of the carcasses where the Indian desired and give him the portion removed. I passed the knife around the fore-quarter. I then circled the hind-quarter with it. I made several other attempts to see what part of the sheep the Indian wished, but my efforts were futile. “Finally I gave the Indian the knife and told him to cut off what he wanted. This, I thought, seemed to please him. He walked up to the carcass and with one blow severed the rope and carried off the entire sheep. Still that Indian didn’t say thank you.”
The reviewer

ground granaries, and eventually We see grinding stones, under-
bison jawbones and Clovis points.
cal excavation sites exposing giant
mountain landscapes, archeologi-
photographs including flints,

and then come pages filled with
chapter are short and informative,
American adventurers includ-
ed by Spaniards, Apaches,
explored, fought over, and covet-
prickly and wind-swept land was
Purchase.  This desolate, dry,
before 1854 and the Gadsden
Tracks," the reader is given a con-
"Moccasin, Hoof and Wagon

takes the reader on a fast-
begins each chapter,
information at the

This book combines
photographer Deborah
Western writer
Jeanne Williams, who both
live in the Chiricahua mountain
community of Portal, Arizona.
Williams has more than fifty pub-
lished historical western novels
under her belt, and with her vast
experience in depicting original

Jeanne Williams, who both
publish and write the novel Lost
Roundup, published by Silk Label
Books, P.O. Box

The Spirit of the West is a volunteer
organization dedicated to pre-
serve the “spirit of the cowboy”.

Their Stampede program pro-
vides the building blocks for their
communities’ youth to develop
those traits that have defined the
“cowboy” throughout history.

Words like respect, hard work,
kindness and integrity are util-
ized to provide examples of what
is possible for our leaders of
tomorrow.

Grab a pair of gloves, pull on
your boots, strap on the kids
and enjoy a weekend of music,
poetry, food and authentic cowboy cul-
ture.  Go back to a simpler time
and enjoy an array of music
while enjoying an array of music
and scenery. You can sit and
enjoy with a glass of wine or

Madison, Ellensburg,
February 17 to 19 in
Ellensburg.
The West Cowboy Gathering

Chiricahua from previous column
out the canyons where rustled cat-
tles were held. Too, there sprang
up neat little churches and com-
munity buildings where neighbors
gathered for social respite as well
during tragedies involving forest fires and
roaring floods.
Jeanne Williams weaves her
information packed story about
the region’s wealth and wildlife,
while combining the historical
information about various pio-
ners who settled the region. Her
writing is tactful and precise, filled
with clever surprise. We smile at
some pictures showcasing deer
deriving a hunt, faithful dogs, a
skunk, and stagecoaches pulled by
thin horses reflecting a sparse
diet. There are old-time fiddlers
and an interesting hotel offering
rooms, meals, baked goods and a
whiskey barrel.

The stunning cover photograph
taken by Galloway in 2014 shows
how this magnificent region has
really not changed. Since the
beginning of time, humans are
merely travelers criss-crossing these
mountains and valleys. If you are
interested in Southern Arizona his-
tory, this book written by Jeanne
Williams will be a treasured addi-
tion to your Old West library.

Editor’s Note: The reviewer
Phyllis Marreale-de la Garza is the
author of numerous published
books about the Old West, includ-
ing the novel Lost Roundup, pub-
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By Captain David E. Brown

Between 1901-1909 there were 107 men who rode across the Territory of Arizona chasing cattle thieves, horse rustlers and outlaws. These men could shoot, ride, live off the land and served as lawmen during the last years of what we know as the "Wild West". In the beginning of 1901 there were only 14 men who enlisted into the Territorial Arizona Rangers. The Commanding Officer was Captain Burt Mossman along with 1 Sergeant and 12 Privates. These men kept their badges hidden so as not to be identified.

It was not until 1905 under the Command of Captain Thomas Rynning that badges were worn on clothing in plain view. Captain Rynning was in charge during the Morenci Mine Strike and can be seen in the legendary photo along with 24 other Arizona Rangers holding their Winchester rifles.

The final Captain to lead the Territorial Rangers was Harry Wheeler. He enlisted in 1903 and was promoted to Sergeant four months later. He was involved in a shootout at the Palace Saloon in Tucson where he killed an outlaw and later was involved in another shootout in Benson where he killed another outlaw. In 1907 Wheeler replaced Rynning as the third Captain of the Territorial Arizona Rangers until their disbanding in 1909.

Modern Day Arizona Rangers

Incorporated as a volunteer, law enforcement auxiliary in 1957, the Modern Day Arizona Ranger is pre-screened by filling out an enlistment packet accompanied with thorough background checks. He or she must obtain their carry concealed weapon permit. The application process also includes an interview comprised by Company Officers. Once the packet is approved from State Headquarters the applicant can be sworn in as a Probationary Ranger. They are evaluated by Field Training Officers while performing duties and finally must be voted into the Company by a majority of the members before taking the Oath of Enlistment as a "fully sworn" Arizona Ranger.

The men and women purchase all of the clothing and equipment needed to serve as an Arizona Ranger at their own expense. They purchase cowboy hats, boots, ballistic vests, utility belts with holsters that hold our sidearm and other valuable equipment needed to perform our assigned tasks.

The applicant then attends the Arizona Ranger Training Academy where they learn the history of the Arizona Rangers, techniques such as verbal de-escalation, handcuffing, baton, traffic control and so much more. The Arizona Rangers continue training within the State of Arizona.

Many members have Military or Law Enforcement backgrounds. However, make no mistake in the abundance of diversity the Arizona Ranger brings to the table. They are comprised of medics, first responders, teachers, instructors, business owners, leaders, hard workers and bonhearted warriors who believe in making a difference through our professional actions.

The Arizona Rangers have always believed in the youth of Arizona. Giving back and taking part in youth organizations such as Shop With A Cop, Elks Scholarships and White Mountain Clothe A Child.

To the men and women who walk the thin blue line, rest assured that we support you and will always have your six. Their number one priority as an Arizona Ranger is to have your six. Their number one priority as an Arizona Ranger is to have your six. Their number one priority as an Arizona Ranger is to have your six. Their number one priority as an Arizona Ranger is to have your six.

Meanwhile, the Arizona Rangers in celebrating our 60th year as volunteers and playing a vital role in Arizona’s history, "Few But Proud Then And Now."
Campbell said to a "Record-Union" reporter last night and everybody who knows him — and most people in Sacramento do — know he means what he says.

On the 15th day of March, 1898, Dan Campbell decided to leave Sacramento for Forty Mile Creek to seek fortune where there is nine months winter and three months bad weather, and last night he sat in a circle of friends at the Belvidere Hotel on Sixth Street, between J and K, for the first time since his departure.

Dan Campbell and his friend, E. W. Jenkins, of Ontario, Canada, left the Klondike on the 12th day of December last, and twenty-seven days later reached Dyea safe and sound, having suffered no unusual hardships and taking their time in making the trip, marching seven hours a day and resting two out of the total twenty-seven days.

But Dan Campbell, who was formerly employed in the packing-house of Mehr and Yoerk in this city, modified the statement that heads this article by saying that it applied particularly to men with families which are dependent on them.

"Of course," said Mr. Campbell, "a young man with only himself to know he means what he says.

"I have got a mule that knows every inch of the country. He is tractable and very sagacious. If at any time you should get lost, give the mule the rein, and he will show you checks that would surprise you."

"When I first met Smith, I said, 'Smith, you are going into a very tough country. The country is badly broken up, the trails indistinct and in many places covered with brush. You will find much difficulty in getting along, much less finding Evans and Sontag. I have a mule that knows every inch of the country. He is tractable and very sagacious. If at any time you should get lost, give the mule the rein, and he will show you checks that would surprise you.'"

"This," said E. W. Jenkins, "is only to show you that there is gold on the Klondike and that I have been there. Seven of us left Dawson, and we all got through easy — that is, easy for us, though I suppose people here would growl about the cold if they had to make the trip. We brought our own dogs and carried our own provisions, but we brought only enough to last us through the winter. Some folks say to me, 'if you can get out, we ought to get in,' but they forget that they must take in provisions to last a year, while we only brought enough out for the trip.

"Yes, no man ought to go to the Klondike unless he takes enough grub to last a full year. Then he will be independent and his soul will be his own, as well as what he makes. All the creeks on the Klondike are rich in gold, but they have all been staked out. There are enough claims for men now there, but where those going in will get off is hard to say."

"Every stream in that country," continued Mr. Jenkins, "and every hill that shows wash gravel, will give you something that will make you rich."

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Louis L'Amour's 120 books valued at $625. We will give away a drawing at the end of the year for a complete collection of Louis L'Amour merchandise. All of the monthly winners will be entered in drawings at the end of the year for a complete collection of Louis L'Amour books valued at $825.

1. Anyone can participate and win.
2. Enter by filling out the form below or by visiting our website at ChronicleoftheOldWest.com.
3. One winner will be drawn from all the entries with a correct answer.
4. Only one entry per person.

THIS MONTH’S QUESTION

"What is Barnabas Sackett’s daughter’s name?"

Answer ____________________________________________
Name ____________________________________________
Address ____________________________________________
City __________________ State ______ Zip___________

Mail to: Chronicle of the Old West
Post Office Box 2609 • Show Low, Arizona Territory 85902

Indians and Outlaws from page 9

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"Now, when Smith and the Indians were aimlessly wandering around between Sampson’s Flat and Todd’s, the detective remembered what I had said about the mule. He gave the mule the rein, and the intelligent animal piloted them to the mining, the Indians and others out of the wilderness."

"This simple story illustrates the superiority of the mule, acquainted with the country, over that of an Indian, unacquainted with it, in hunting outlaws."
The Indians Who Have Been Giving the Government Trouble. A Warlike Tribe that is a Disturbing Element among the Savages of the Northwest - One Version of their Grievances.

January 14, 1896, Sulphur Valley News, Wilcox, Arizona - The Bannock Indians, who were reported to be on the war-path because of the settlers interfering with their killing of elk, occupy the Fort Hall reservation in southeastern Idaho along with the Shoshones. The Shoshones, says the Philadelphia Telegraph, are more numerous than the Bannocks, who in 1894 were 772, all told, 132 being males over 18 years of age. The Shoshones there were 286 males above 18 years of age. The Bannocks, or Bannakas, belong to the general family of Shoshones or Snakes, which family also includes the various tribes of Utes, Comanches, Moquis, Chemehuevies, Cachilla and the Rechi, Kizh and Netole tribes of California. Their tradition is that they came originally from the Far East, and their language, which is so different from that of the western Shoshones, resembles that of the Comanches, whose home when white men first found them, was about the headwaters of the Beavers, the Colorado and eastward to those of the Arkansas and Missouri rivers.

The main tribe of the Bannocks was first found near where they are now established, at the Fort Hall agency, in Oneida County, in the southeastern part of Idaho, along the Snake River Valley. They are taller and straighter than the mountain Indians round about them, and have the reputation of being more warlike. They are nearly all able to speak the language of the Shoshones, but the latter do not speak the Bannock tongue. This is the same as that of the Plutes, and the latter say that the Bannocks split off from them. Before the Bannocks got horses they were expert in the use of the bow and arrow. They are distinctly a hunting tribe, and are so upon work, everlasting disgrace, except for squaws. They view themselves as the salt of the earth. They have earned a reputation for blood-thirstiness, and are said sometimes to kill their aged parents when the latter begin to become a burden.

The only purpose for which the Bannocks are kept is to be preserved is to sex and annoy the Shoshones, who take more kindly to labor, schools and the use of other clothing than blankets than do the Bannocks, who have appeared to be incomparably inferior to civilization for themselves and other Indians. The two tribes have been thrown together for many years on the same reservation, and while the Shoshones have manifested a willingness to accept the benefits of schooling and instruction in the use of implements of agriculture, the Bannocks have assumed a superiority because of their refusal to be civilized, and have taunted the Shoshones as "squaws" because they embrace the opportunities for improvement held out by the government. The Shoshones are peaceful and industrious. There were raised and sold for the reservation during 1893 more than $15,000 worth of agricultural products, which it is safe to assume that the Shoshones produced a very considerable share. The reports of the Indian agent show that of all the Shoshones and Bannocks on the reservation, only 140 can speak enough English to be understood in ordinary conversation. The degree of civilization to which these Indians have reached is indicated by the statement that there was one marriage during the year, and fifteen chiefs were living in polygamy.

Gradually white men came into the prairie, and, finding it well adapted to the raising of hogs, turned thousands of these animals loose in it. The hogs ate up the roots which had supplied the Indians’ winter needs, and they complained of this as a great injustice. This led to bad blood between themselves and the whites, and in 1878 a party of the Bannocks went on the war trail, killing several settlers and stealing horses. They went to do much work.

The men who were in the gold region last season, Mr. Jenkins said, did well, and it is safe to say that 60 or 70 per cent of the number struck it rich. He thought, however, that it will be different the coming season, and predicted that ten men would go broke where one makes a raise.

Messrs. Campbell and Jenkins were modest about their earnings while in the gold region, but a mutual friend of theirs informed the "Record-Union" reporter that either of them could draw his check for a Klondike (cool) $100,000, and not be financially crippled.

The two young men leave today for the East; Mr. Jenkins to return to his Canadian home, and Mr. Campbell to again visit the North of Ireland where his people are waiting his return.
TWO AND A MAP

January 15, 1889, Daily Record-Union, Sacramento, California — He unfolded the map carefully, and spread it out. “That’s what I like about a map,” he said. “You never need to ask your way. It makes you so much more independent. Don’t it, darling?”

“Yes, dearest.” A gust of wind swept down and tore the map — in two places, as the auctioneer says. “You should have pasted a bit of tape at the back of the folds,” he said. “Then it wouldn’t have torn.”

“I would have done it with pleasure, if you had asked me.”

“I can’t think of everything. However, the first thing to do in using a map is to find out where you are on it. Now, as you can see, we are here.” He pointed to a spot on the map with his pencil. “You think that we are at this point on the map, don’t you? Very well, and you think this line represents the crossroad in front of us, don’t you? Very well, it doesn’t. Because that line isn’t meant for a road, but a canal.”

“I fail to see how a crossroad can be a canal. Besides, you can see the road for yourself — ordinary hard brown line means a railway.”

“I knew you were in the wrong, but you are always so obstinate.”

“Don’t be silly, dear. I didn’t mean the crossroad on the — er — earth. I mean the crossroad on the map that isn’t the crossroad.”

“Very lucid, indeed,” he observed, even more icily. “When you try to be sarcastic, you only make ugly faces, and don’t say anything really good. Look here. You think that we are at this point on the map, don’t you? Very well, and you think this line represents the crossroad in front of us, don’t you? Very well, it doesn’t. Because that line isn’t meant for a road, but a canal.”

“How do you know?”

“Because it’s colored brown.”

“It is. I hadn’t noticed it.”

“You think that we are here? So it does on the map.”

“We’re not walking on the map. We’re walking on the — er — land.”

“Then the real road must be,” she replied bitterly. “Get a piece of Indian rubber and rub it out and make it fit the map.”

There was a moment’s pause, and then they both happened to look up at the same moment and both exclaimed joyously:

“Here’s a boy!”

So they asked the boy the way, and went on rejoicing, and peace reigned again.

They left the map behind them by accident. Afterward they both said that was a pity.

About the Bannocks

from page 13

party of irresponsible settlers or cowboys had gone after a hunting party and captured it. Speaking of the reported killing of these Indians, Gen. Miles said that probably many an innocent settler would pay with his life for the acts of these men. Sculpis and horses are the two things which the Bannock is taught to crave. The warrior who has taken one of these from his enemy will go when he dies to a land ruled by a big chief who wears the feathers and robes of a full chief and rides a fast horse.

This big chief will lead them all in the chase, and buffalo and other game will be plentiful and easy to take. To provide a horse for the chase the favorite horse of a dead warrior is killed at his grave. Formerly a squaw was also killed at the grave and sent after him to wait on him. Although the Bannocks are comparatively few in number, Gen. Miles says that if they are much stirred up they may get recruits from among the young men of all the other tribes and make a serious disturbance.

Chronicle of the Old West
CURRENT CONVERSATION

A Glossary of the Most Graphic Slang Words and Phrases

WHAT IS SAID ON THE STREET

Additions to the Language that Have become Familiar in Various Circles – Information for the Uninitiated

January 21, 1894, The Examiner, San Francisco, California – So large a proportion of the population uses slang that its curious terms and phrases and metaphors have become welded into and are part and parcel of the current talk of the day. What may be called the small change of general conversation may not be perfectly understood by all, but it has its meaning nevertheless, and in many instances is decidedly effective. For example, take the term “hustler,” so graphic and so singularly descriptive of a certain kind of man. Is there any one who can honestly say that he does not know what it means? In fact, it is a very trite description of a very common figure in the life of a great city. Thus it is a word that commands respect and cannot be put down, however much those who are sticklers for the “well of English pure and undefiled” may cry out against it. The “hustler” is here and has come to stay here, and without him it would be impossible to live. On the contrary, there are dozens of terms which describe “slimy” and dishonest men of all sorts.

LATEST SLANG TERMS

Here is a short list of the very latest slang terms:

“A thug,” a professional hangman, who haunts the every hour, pays for nothing and is universally sympathetic.

“A dead smooth,” meaning oily and disingenious liar.

“A gilly” is synonymous with “farmer.”

“A farmer,” a general slang term for any man who does not know anything, coming, of course, from the cockney contempt of the country and countryside.

“A gilly” is synonymous with “farmer.”

“A hush” is one who drinks.

“A mug” is any kind of citizen.

“A lurk” and “fro” for beer, and “red liquor” for all sorts of spirits.

“A hand-shaker,” synonymous with “queer,” which means to place one in a false position, but it also has all sorts of meanings, as “shoveling the queer,” which means to pass counterfeit money, or, as when a man hits another on the head with a club, in slang parlance, he “queers” him with a club.

“A cool frost” and “frost clothes” are synonymous. They mean to be shot.

“A cold frost” and “frost clothes” are synonymous. They mean to be shot.

“A croak,” and “to do a gun croak” means to fight.

“To growl” is to threaten, and do no more.

“Where does the action in Louis L’Amour’s book Flint take place?”

Answer:

“New Mexico”

Winner:

Richard VanHook
Goldboro, NC

The current month’s winner can be seen by visiting our web site.
to me I told him I had left Bell lay-

When he had come close up

leaving his prisoners in front of the

had taken their dinner. I called to

or five county prisoners where they

out of the hotel opposite, with four

deputy sheriff, Ollinger, coming

of the court house, I saw the other

gate, leading to the street in front

Deputy Sheriff Bell emerging from

one hurrying downstairs, and

upstairs in the courthouse, some-

heard a shot fired, then a tussle

yard behind the courthouse when I

light my pipe, and was crossing the

of my room whence I had gone to

Lincoln, New Mexico — I came out

Billy the Kid was in jail at Lincoln,

New Mexico waiting to be hanged.

He managed to get a pistol and

escape, in the process killing two

deputies. Following the shooting,

George Gauss, John Tunstall’s cook,

assisted the Kid in getting one of

the leg-irons off an ankle. Nine

years later George Gauss told the

story of that incident.

January 15, 1890, Ledger,

Lincoln, New Mexico — I came out

of my room whence I had gone to

light my pipe, and was crossing the

yard behind the courthouse when I

heard a shot fired, then a tussle up-

stairs in the courthouse, some-

one hurrying downstairs, and

Deputy Sheriff Bell emerging from

door, running towards me.

When I arrived at the garden
gate, leading to the street in front

of the court house, I saw the other

deputy sheriff, Ollinger, coming

out of the hotel opposite, with four

or five county prisoners where they

had taken their dinner. I called to

him to come quick. He did so,

leaving his prisoners in front of the

hotel. When he had come close up
to me I told him I had left Bell lay-

ing dead behind me in the yard,

and before he could reply he was

struck by a well directed shot from

the window above us and fell dead

at my feet.

I ran for my life to reach my

room and safety, and Billy the Kid

called out to me:

"Don't run, I wouldn’t hurt you.

I’m alone and master, not only of

the courthouse but also of the

town, for I will allow nobody to

Contined on next column

Billy the Kid from previous column
come near me. You go," he said

"and saddle one of Judge

Leonard’s horses and I will clear

out as soon as I can have the shack-

les loosened from my legs." With a

little prospecting pick I had

thrown to him through the window

he was working for at least an hour,

and he came to the conclusion to

await a better chance, tie one

shackle to his wrist belt and start. I

had saddled a small skittish pony

belonging to Billy Burt, as there

was no other horse available, and

had also by Billy’s command, tied a

pair of red blankets behind the

saddle.

I came near forgetting to say

that whilst I was busy saddling and

Billy was trying to get his shackles

off, Mr. Sam Wortley appeared at

the gate leading from the garden

where he had been at work, and

that when he saw the two sheriffs

lying dead he did not know

whether to go in or retreat, but on

the assurance of Billy the Kid that

he would not hurt him, he went in

and made himself generally useful.

When Billy went downstairs at last,
on passing the body of Bell he said:

"I’m sorry I had to kill him but

I couldn’t help it."

On passing the body of

Ollinger, he gave him a tip of his

boot saying:

"You’re not going to round me

up again."

We went out together to where I

had tied the pony, and he told me
to tell the owner, Billy Burt, that he

would send it back the next day. I,

for my part, didn’t believe in such

a promise, but sure enough the

pony arrived safe and sound, trail-

ing a long lariat, at the courthouse

in Lincoln.

And so, Billy the Kid started out

that evening, after he had shaken

hands with everybody around and

after having a little difficulty in

mounting on account of the shack-

le on his leg, he went on his way

rejoicing.

Who will blame Billy the Kid for

killing his two guards at the

time of his escape from Lincoln

whilst he himself was to be hanged

the week following? This is the

only murder I knew Billy ever

committing. I did not blame him

then. I do not blame him now.

Life is sweet.

Current Conversation from page 15

"To throw down" means to do a

mean trick.

"Lost in the shuffle" means sunk

out of sight.

"Blind baggage" means riding

between the freight cars, and is a

tramp expression.

"A speak easy" is a barroom

open after hours.

"Coming my way" means that

the outlook is a little more cheery,

the current is running faster,

selves.

"A graft" is anything which is

free; anything for which nothing is

paid.

"To shake" is to get rid of.

"To jolly," means to pleasantly

expressions which explain them-

story" are lies, as "he gave me a

song and dance," and so forth.

"A grift" is anything which is

free; anything for which nothing is

paid.

"To shake" is to get rid of.

"Not on your life" and "not on

your tindy" are simply emphatic

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expressions which explain them-

selves.
Where does all this cold weather ed in the physiology that nature will morning mush? It is nowhere statute ice, but who wants to have their objects to a fine white frost and a literary in weather, and nobody out in the cold. I'm not hard to knife, it seems like being left literally comes to splitting the butter with a summer resort, I think, and is poor live in. My residence was built for a cold. If this continues I shall have reasonably happy, but it is outrageously and nearly everyone well, and rea -Dr. Carrier has him in hand. one of our number, is quite sick. buried their little babe.

Grandpa Mason, another aged one of our number, is quite sick. Mr. and Mrs. T. VanDeren burried their little babe.

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The valley is at peace just now, and nearly everyone well, and rea -Dr. Carrier has him in hand. one of our number, is quite sick. Mr. and Mrs. T. VanDeren buried their little babe.

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January 19, 1898, The Eagle, Silver City, New Mexico — It is often easier to bear a great sore now than to endure small ills and remain of even, sweet disposition. The old simile that drops of water wear into the solid rock is certainly an apt one. It is easy to steel one’s nerves and fight bravely fortune that is adverse if there is a chance of an honorable victory. The bravest knight, however, may be overcome by gusts.

It is the misfortune, of women to be more delicate in their nervous structure than men, and to be more often the victims of petty annoyances such as rasp the nerves and temper. It is particularly woman’s duty to attend to minutiae. Housekeeping demands strict attention to small things. If the housekeeper has trouble in her work it is a petty matter to talk of. It comes from the petulance of servants, the failure, of the yeast perhaps to rise, or the stupidity of someone who has left the oven door open and upset all her plans for dinner. Someone, perhaps, has carelessly stopped the plumbing, and a large bill is incurred from this source, which makes it impossible for her to buy a much-needed winter bonnet for herself, or new coats for the children. The matters essential to health come first, and at any cost the water pipes must be repaired.

It is just such petty things as we have named which wear woman’s patience out and sometimes makes the middle aged woman a hopeless scold or a nervous invalid, when she should be a placid, even-tempered, happy woman. The power to endure small ills, however, can be cultivated. It is an easy matter at the beginning of life to look upon things philosophically and check the frown or hasty word which rises to the lips. If a mother would only remember that her whole future happiness depends upon the restraint she exercises on such occasions it would save her. More than her own happiness, the happiness of her own children and that of all who love her depend upon it. It is an effort that she must make at whatever cost. The habit of self-restraint and self-repression grows upon one who practices it. Finally it becomes second nature to speak a gentle word instead of a fretful one when an annoying blunder occurs. A word fitly spoken without temper will do more to prevent another blunder than all the sharp utterances of anger.

Unhappy fretfulness also grows with the indulgence in the habit until the person becomes an unbearable companion and sometimes drives all her friends from her. This vice is by no means limited to women. We have known men who were chronic scolds and who rendered their homes and offices abodes of misery by fretting over small matters, though this is not often a masculine fault.

Sacramento Trading Stamp Company. The new store of the company at 603 J street has been handsomely fitted with rich oak show cases, polished floors covered with large rugs and other tasteful decorations, and heavily stocked with beautiful articles of household use, such as rocking chairs.

Continued on next column
PEST-KILLING INSECTS

The Ichneumon Flies Which Do Away with Caterpillars

January 14, 1896, Sulphur Valley News, Wilcox, Arizona — The family of insects that are immensely valuable in killing the caterpillars that prey on the most luxuriant trees in the city, and in many cases have made them almost leafless, are the ichneumon flies. In appearance these insects are not unlike the mason wasps, with their slender waists and torpedo-like bodies, but they are perfectly harmless to man, though a terror to the caterpillar.

The webworm, says the New York Tribune, is one of the pests of the parks. This caterpillar is gregarious in its habits, and spins a big web around the leaves it intends to eat. This is no doubt spun as a protection from the worm’s enemies, but a Tribune reporter the other day noticed that an ichneumon fly had forced her way in, and every second one could see her dart out her ovipositor, or egg-laying tube, and puncture a worm, who would squirm up, but the mischief was done. An egg had been laid successfully, and the fly was out of reach, searching for another victim.

A large species of the ichneumon fly can often be noticed crawling along the dead limbs of the trees. Watch one stop. She has heard a worm boring its way in the center of the bough she was walking on. She is busy at once driving her needle-pointed ovipositor through the wood, and it is always with unerring aim. As soon as the borer is struck, an egg is deposited. The chief victim of this most useful fly is the elm tree borer, that is doing an incalculable mischief through a large region of this country. This pest was imported into this country only a few years ago, but has already made great inroads. She got the maples, sycamores and elms.

Prof. W. Beuttenmuller, the entomologist for the American museum of art, remarked recently that probably there had never been such a pest of insects injurious to every sort of plant as this, year, and that at the same time insects such as the ichneumon fly and lady-bird, who prey on these bugs, have increased wonderfully.

Another probable reason why the ravages have been so bad this year is that the ordinary number of birds to be found in the parks all through the summer has greatly decreased, owing, no doubt, to the severe frosts in the southern states last winter, which killed thousands of birds that make their southern homes in the region above New York.

Another of the ichneumon flies was seen stalking the big and ugly-looking caterpillar of the golden moth. The fly actually crept up to her victim on tip toe along a small twig, for the caterpillar in self-defense can emit an acrid green fluid, and as it can swing around with great force, the fly has to be cautious. In this case, the fly was successful. She got within striking distance and the next moment the big caterpillar was withering in rage; but the egg had been laid successfully, and the fly was out of reach, searching for another victim.

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The trading stamp is a neat device designed to increase the trade of merchants. Briefly stated, the merchant who uses the stamp gives one for each purchase of 10 cents’ worth of goods. The purchaser saving the stamps thus received takes them when he has 990 in a book, furnished free of charge by the company, and exchanges his book full of stamps for any article in the company’s store which he may select. The stamps are printed in green, very neat in appearance, but of course in no way related to Government or postage stamps.

The merchant who issues trading stamps must pay cash to the Trading Stamp Company for the stamps. Of course he aims to more than get even by doing much more cash business. Instead, there is more charging for his wares, he calculates to sell them at even a closer margin of profit than previously.

The customer who hoards trading stamps will naturally take care not to pay a higher price than before for groceries, dry goods, shoes or other purchases, at the same time watching with satisfaction the accumulation of the little green devices which means the ultimate possession of some article of use or comfort perhaps not to be thought of otherwise.

The trading stamp plan originated in a humble way a few years ago in the small town of Jackson, Mich. It found favor in the minds of merchants wherever it was tried, and spread like wildfire. Today, 157 stores are successfully running in as many of the large cities of the country. Sperry & Hutchinson, 320 Broadway, New York, are proprietors of the business and of all the stores. They have encountered in various places tremendous opposition from merchants whom they have antagonized, but insist that their plan of acting for merchants, in exchanging stamps for merchandise, is perfectly legal, and is a powerful trade stimulus for the dealers who embrace it.
A CHILD’S GIFT

January 9, 1886. Bee, Sacramento, California — “The most rifling gift is often the one to be valued most, and I have one that a king’s ransom could not purchase,” writes a gentleman who was once a teacher in a country school district.

“I had among my pupils some years ago a singularly beautiful and winsome little girl named Mary. Her parents were dead, and she had the misfortune to live with a distant relative who made the child most unhappy by his cruel treatment. His wife was even more cruel to the helpless child, who was the most obedient and submissive of children.

“They allowed her to come to school three months during the coldest winter weather. She was always thinly clad, and I fear that her little tin lunch-pail seldom contained anything better than dry bread and cold potatoes.

“I tried to be very kind to her. I hope that I was.

“But I had a large school of bad boys and mischievous girls who surely tried my patience, and who took up all my time, even at noon and recess hours.

“Mary was shy and sensitive, making few friends, and saying nothing when certain thoughtless and heartless girls ridiculed her shabby clothes.

“She had a way of twisting her thin white fingers together and glancing around in a frightened, timid manner when she was thus taunted.

“I always went to the rescue as soon as I could, and am not at all sorry now because I boxed certain ears very smartly on Mary’s account.

“The week before Christmas she fell ill. I went to see her every evening after school, and her gratitude for these visits shown forth in her eyes. I feared from the first that she would never be well again, and I think she felt so herself, and was not sorry.

“I took her a few little gifts on Christmas morning, and after I had given them to her she slipped one little thin white hand up under the pillow and said: ‘I’ve got a little of something for you. It ain’t anything hardly. I’m most ashamed to offer it; but it will do for you to remember me by, and it’s all I’ve got to give.’

“Her little all consisted of a small carnelian ring that could not have cost more than five cents.

“I’d like to have you keep it,” she said in a whisper.

“And I have kept it among the things I treasure most.

“In another hour she was raving in delirium.

“I wish, I do wish they’d stop it! She cried. ‘I wish they’d not point at my old clothes so! I hate so to put them on! I wish, I do wish, I could have — new — ones — sometime’!

“Before the day was done she had put on new clothes that never will wear old, no lose their heavenly beauty; garments not fashioned by earthly hands.”

Winsome Little Girl.

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