My name is Hurricane Bill

I never murder, and I never will." No living man who ever heard these words as they fell from the lips of one of the most remarkable frontier characters that was ever known in the West can recall them without a shudder. The rude rhyme was usually the prelude to a fusilade from the wicked looking revolvers which Bill carried on ali occasions. "Crack" went the revoiwer, and the next moment the glass becan to fly in every direction; then the lights went out, and confusion and tergor reigned, while the excited, haifdrunken plainsman emptied his guns at everything that moved. Bill seemed to bear a charmed life. Although he passed through many desperate encounters, and was a score of times on the verge of death from vigilants, depby sheriffs, United States marshals, or enraged friends of victims whom he had killed, he escaped as if by miracle. Several years ago Bill disappeared. All trace of him was lost, and it was thought he had at last received the punishment his crimes deserved. His name again came before the public a few weeks ago through a report that 'amiliar with the Indian methods of Hurricane Bill was one of the Cripple fighting. Few of that noted band of Creek train robbers. Men who knew Bill in his palmy days visited the jail to gain ocular evidence that the scourge volume could be written concerning of the plains had returned to life. They left the bastile with a sigh of relief. The prisoner pointed out as Hurricane the tiffe pits of that blood-stained isl-Bill was twenty years younger than and in the Republican River the noted bandit. In the opinion of those best qualified to judge, Hurricane Bill is safe beneath the sud.

Such being the case, it may be in or-

der to review the career of a man who

left a trail of blood in the border towns of Kansas, Texas, New Mexico, and of one of the streams of Northern Arizona. It is claimed that Bill origi- Texas, Bill's attention was one day atnally hailed from Harrisburg, Pa Of his parentage nothing is positively of a girl of Beventeen years. Bill was when a woman tells rie all about my known. When he first appeared on the upon a horse-stealing expedition at the plains in 1865 he was a splendid specimen of physical manhood, five feet he decided to cultivate the acquainteleven inches in height, wiry as an in- ance of the sparkling eyes. He was The duchess was never entirely happy dian, and a dead shot with a rifle He hospitably welcomed, and before he had evidently seen rough service in the war, and it was whispered that he solved that the girl should be his wife. ed "How would she know, for in had served as a guerilla under Gen. His suit prospered, and a year later stance, how many places I had lived Mosby in the mountains of Kentucky "Hurricane Nannie" became his bride and Tennessee. At the close of the war She is said to be living at the present Bill was probably twenty-five years of time in one of the back counties of Arage. He war a daring rider, and en- kansas. She was noted for her beauty, man, wearing a suit of light clothes?" United States flag against the Indians. must to whom she had united her destion again and I could see the girls' shooters under Gen Custer at the battle of Washita, where Major Elliott and
the of Washita where Major Elliott and
the wonderful revelations made by a
faithful wife.

shooters under Gen Custer at the batthe wonderful revelations made by a
faithful wife. a party of nineteen men were surroundself a man of nerve and endurance.

great prairies.

who fired the shot, and, indeed, few click of revolvers. cared. In those times human life was cheap, and unless the victim was a man pleasant tone that did not show a of influence in the business or sporting tremor, "we are looking for a bad man world coroners' juries did not trouble who has been stealing horses in this themselves with investigations. "Died neighborhood. I fail to see him here. by a shot from the hand of a person Good day, gentlemen."

comrades of the murdered soldier took fere with the progress of the coach he up his cause. They armed and march- would have been instantly killed. ed in a body to the town, sending word Persons who have looked up Bill's a dim ghostly light. The medium seatby messenger that unless the assassin record say that he killed thirty-seven ed herself in the darkest corner, exwas delivered to their hands before 12 men before his exit from the active plaining that she was controlled by the o'clock midnight they would attack and stage in the West. In his sober mo- spirit of Mohawk, and began making loot the place. The message did not ments Bill was cautious in exposing mysterious passes in the air and occafail to create the greatest excitement. himself to danger, and was even known sionally rubbing her face with her hands Hundreds of men rushed to arms and to accept gross insults without offering Her face grew gray and wan and seemorganized for a desperate resistance, resistance. If he found an adversary ed almost lifeless for a few moments, There was every indication of a flerce in possession of points of advantage, when she suddenly sat erect, with a battle between the whites and the no person was more meek than the hight, rested appearance, and, pointblacks. In the mean time the body of desperado whose hands had time and ing to the Colonel, called out in a shrill, the negro soldier lay where it fell, at again been stained with innocent blood. high-pitched voice: "Hello, brave!"

the time and had been seen in the sa- of crimes made it dangerous for him to one, two, six, eight spirits over you, loon a few minutes before the trouble make his appearance in large commun. and one, six seven in the earf conditbegan. He appeared on the street with ities, and his range was finally restrict. ionum. I see many dark shadows in a carbine in his nand, and four revol- ed to outposts of the western slope of your past life, brave, but your troubles wers and a long laife in his leather the Rocky Mountains. His last record, will last but four moons, then all am beit. Bill was evidently out for blood, ed feat of daring was the pursuit and smooth and bright before you. You On his way along the thoroughfare, killing of two men almost as bad as have been a wanderer; you have no which was crowded with armed citizens himself. The men were members of the wigwam. I see you travel over mounhunters, cowboys, and gamblers, Bill same band of robbers to which Bill be tainum and valley and crossing broad passed in front of a barber's shop. The longed. Three members of the band plains. I see you cross the huntingproprietor of the shop-a colored man- were put in charge of a herd of 3,000 grounds of my people. Then, again, looked out of the door as Bill ap- stolen cattle on one of the cattle I see you, in an office with one, five proached.

Without looking to the right or left, word for the slayers to prepare for land." Bill strode into the shop, seized the death. Bill rode to the cattle camp A look of amazement took the place Bodge City that night, and was St. Louis Globe-Democrat. called to account for the double

desperate battle known in the early history of the West.

Bill was never so happy as when in the midst of excitement and danger, He experienced a surfeit of both in the memorable campaign of Col. (now Gen. Forsythe against the Cheyennes in 1868. Forsythe was surrounded at the Arickaree fork of the Republican River by an overwhelming force of Indians, and held for seven long days and nights on an island in the river. During all this period the command was under fire of the enemy, with no protection except the decaying bodies of the cavalry horses, and no food except horse flesh. The defence stands in Indian warfare as one of the most gallant known in the history of the country. Hurricane Bill was a member of Beecher's scouts, a body of fifty men, and contributed his full share in meeting The blue bird's skyward call, on happy the desperate charges of the savages. A furrow on his left cheek remained as a souvenir of an Indian bullet fired during the first day's battle. A relief party reached the spot from Fort Wallace and the survivors of the never to be forgotten experience were rescued. Beecher's scouts, it may be said, were made up of daring adventurers from all parts of the West, and it is doubtful whether a body of men of equal numbers and fighting ability was ever assembled in the country. Many of the scouts had seen years of thrilling experience in the civil war and all were scouts are alive to-day. Almost to a man they died with their boots on A after the narrow escape from death in Nothing was heard of Bill for several

years after the escape from the Island of death. Early in the seventies he met a woman who became almost as interesting a character as himself 'tiding the rest in various attitudes of attenby the cabin of a settler on the bank time. His business was not urgent, and folks" rode away the next day he had re- will leave it to you, girls," she continuand was strangely infatuated by the

Cattle stealing was punishable with ed and shot down by the savages. Bill death by vigilance committees in Texoccupied a place among the mounted as Bill and a companion were caught in the act and thrown into jail. The future Blue eyes looked into brown future Blue eyes looked into brown village at the break of day and fought vigilantes assembled in broad daylight eyes and beyond into the unfathomable eyes and light hair, here followed a hand to hand with Black Kettle and his band. In the fight Bill received a wound over the left eye from the battleaxe of a warrior who dashed from a teppe as the soldiers swept through the village. Bill used his gun to parry the mirderous blow. The battleaxe glancet off, and the next moment the white off, and the next moment the white to be avenged. The mob poured a volledge, "preserving the variety, the man snatched the instrument of death ley from a dozen revolvers and guns charm and mystery of silence," with from the hands of the Indian and cleft into the cell, and the two men fell to a graceful acrobatic leap, stood poised his skull in twain. Wiping the blood from his eyes, Biff followed in the pursuit of the redskins, and through all to celebrate the event. Half an hour the memorable day and during the dis-later an undertaker drove up to the mal retreat that ensued he proved himfail to carry off the bodies Imagine

pointed tragically towards the stairs.

sible the surprise of the community when it in a twinkling the queen's trim ankles Indian fighting proved to be quite to was discovered that Hurricane Bill was dow, while every piece of furniture the the taste of the former Pennsylvanian, missing The body of Bill's companion room contained was graced with a livand for five years he devoted a large lay where it fell, riddled with twenty portion of his time to the pleasant pas- bullets, but Bill was nowhere to be ing statue. The arch-enemy of womantime of chasing Indians as scout, guide found. The steel chain binding the two or hunter to different detachments of men together had been filed apart, and, ghosts and spirits were relegated to troops protecting wagon trains on the through the assistance of his wife, Bill Occasionally Bill's was reserved for another fate. As was time and flew to cover, his little body worst nature assumed control, and he afterward learned, Bill was not even plunged into drunken orgies, gaining a wounded by the broadside that was convulsed with merriment A second later I saw him peer from be find the reputation for reckless adventures poured into the cell. He feigned death, which were the talk of the early set, and it remained for his wife to unlock the iron door and effect his release.

At one time several companies of a For a long time he remained in secolored regiment were camped at Fort clusion, but a report of a richly laden Dodge, then an important post near stage coach en route to Kansas City Dodge City, Kan. One evening a col- lured him from his retreat. At the typewriters, for the wicked little idea ored soldier filled up with "tanglefoot" head of a strong party of desperate had been at once communicated to little and created a disturbance in a saloou, men he prepared to make the usual adon the main street of the town. The vance. Just as Bill appeared at the Miss X worked itself into a definite sharp report of a pistol was heard, and side of the coach his eye caught the plan with little outward sign. the seldier dropped dead. Nobody knew gleam of steel and his ear detected the

"Gentlemen," said he, in a clear,

and cattle communities of the West. | in the stage who knew Bill's voice. Had rilegious finger. In the instance named, however, the he made the slightest attempt to inter-.

sperits, and the impending the twin staters, Eughrania and Virginian the twin staters, Eughrania and Virginian the twin staters, Eughrania and Virginian the two process of the troops give Theyenet. It is feared that in thing better than religionum. When gists Theyenet. It is feared that in- thing better than religionum. When meetle complications will arms

FOR THE WOMEN.

Sometimes the troubled tide of all the past to go. Upon my spirit's trembling strand is

rolled: Years never mine-ages an hundredfold With all the weight those ages have amassed

Of human grief and wrong, are on me Within one sorcerous moment I grove

And blench as one who scarce his way

can hold. Upon a verge that takes some flood-tide

Theh comes relief through some dear common thing, The voices of the children at their play: , The wind-wave through bright meadows

moving fast; wing;

So the sweet present reassumes her So lapse the surges of the monstrous

-Edith M. Thomas in the "Century."

A mouse cautiously emerged from a shadowy corner of the head of an open stairway leading down into the stenog sapher's room in one of the big insu rance offices of Chicago.

I begin my story thus, for, if my read the individual careers of those men er is feurinine, she will at once experience a curious sensation which will pave the way to more profound sensations, if masculine, he will mentally exclaim: "Here is something on the women," and be interested accordingly On the steps were grouped a half

dozen girls, the queen half way up and tion telow her and on the window ledge "I never believed in Spiritualism before, 'the queen was saying, "but I'll tracted by the handsome face and form be switched if I can help believing

> unless she was doing the talking I in, how many persons there were in our family and that I was to meet my fate

in the person of a broad shouldered south side medium. The queen had a kind was abroad in the land, and pum?" the background Mr Mouse came down the steps two at a

leg of a desk and heard him mutter: 'What fools these mortals be!" The excitement subsided and quiet reigned in the stenographers' room, unbroken save by the click, click of the

On the next Saturday afternoon three demure-looking mortals besought the medium for a reading. Miss X was arrayed in giddy attire and wore a diamond ring on her engagement finger. Col. Jinspin was enveloped in an air of injured innocence, in which the average man masquerades, while I was a sadunknown" was the ordinary verdict Hurricane Bill and his band of des. eyed widow in a black dress and bontwenty-five years ago in the mining peradoes rode away. There were men net, and a wedding ring graced my sac-

We were ushered into a tiny room, with but one window, whose shade was drawn so that the room was filled with In moments of drunken fury he was a She fell to counting on her fingers. "I Hurricane Bill was at Dodge City at dangerous man to meet. Bill's long list see you, brave," she went on, "with ranges near Tombstone. In a quarrel men working for you, brave, but you no "Take that, d-n you!" exclaimed one of the men was killed. The dead stay inside much. I see you building Bill, covering the defenceless negro man was a friend of Hurricane Bill, something. What is it, brave! Is it a with his rifle and sending into his head and no sooner did Bill hear of the tak. railroad? I see you measure and look Dullet that caused instant death, ing away of his friend than he sent long and carefully up and down the

doesd man by the leg and dragged the and opened fire. His aim was so well of the amused smile which had glimsody to a well in the rear yard. Cast- directed that his enemy fied. Bill fol- mered from behind the Colonel's blond in the body into the well, Bill walked lowed. The purpuit was on horseback, mustache at her ridioulous attempt to into an adjoining restaurant, stabled Before night Bill had brought one of imitate the Indian tongue. He is a the colored cook to the heart, and sent the foe to the ground. He followed sixil engineer. She was describing his his pedy to keep company with that the remaining man two weeks, and at occupation exactly. So strange a coinof the barber. Old-timers say that the the end of two weeks, across the line sidence was this that a chilly conviction dies were never recovered and the in old Mexico, the fugitive made his legan to force its way through the crust became their tomb. Bill rode out last stand and was relentlessly shot. of my unbelief and I felt a bit uncomfortable about my ring.

"You try to make people think you display the officers of the fin Turin, Italy, the twin brothers There am no religionum in you. But add troops succeeded in quelling the Hugo and Guido Palazzi lately married you not bad, you good all the way hughers and Virginian I like you. You have some

you am friend to a man you am friend. when he want wampum he know where

The Colonel was perplexed. Here was decided home thrust for a good Methodist with just a touch of soothing, alleviating flattery. He was fast losing confidence in himself. Next followed a discussion of his dispositionum as she called it, which left him in a pitiable frame of mind. I felt reassured and began to thoroughly enjoy myself. It was evident that she was nothing but a mind reader and she had an easy task before her. There was a help-yourself sort of an air of resignation about him and more than once I intercepted an El)WARD HARRIS President his most respectable faults first, as an seronaut does his sandbags, but was Edward O'Grady. holding of desperately to a few of his particularly pet vices lest he should go entirely up the flume. But it was of no use. When a man has stood for thirty-four years with his head uncovered to let the women pass by he has a cold in his head, which renders his of the enchantress and he groaned in spirit when he met our triumphant glances.

"It wil be your turn next," he maliclously whispered to me. "She will see through your little ruse easy enough." "You are going to have lots of wampum, brave," she continued. "Oh, lots," indicating with her hands a huge pile. We braced up and gazed at the Colonel with a pretended accession of interest.

I like you, too. I see cattle all around) u, brave I see you go way West and speculate in cattle. You must specumlate, and will go far from home What do you know about politicsur, frave"" she asked, with startling suude riness.

"Why, nothing," he replied, quickly surprised out of himself, and with a lack of expression which suggested the existence of a vacuum somewhere about

How I wanted to go out in the hall' and hug myself with rapturous tenderress! He knew nothing about politics. Generous admission. I had tried to convince him of that fact in many a political discussion, and how, oh, poor brave, he groaned aloud. He knew I would make a verbal report of the affair with all the accuracy of a stenographer, skilled in supplying any to deficient memory or stumbling pencil, from her own fertile brain.

Here Mohawk switched off and turned his attention to little Miss X, who ing to the oracle, sudden loss of riches by her family when she was but a child, several changes of residence and last but far from least, she was to marry a big broad shouldered brave with blue vent. She cut off his legs and made all the changes possible which would be consistent with her former description. My turn came at last and I drew a mental veil over my mind and tried to look as near like an imbecile as pos-

"I see you, squaw," she began, "away up above everybody. That is your place, squaw, but something drags you down What is it? Is it you familiment, or is it that you got no wam-

"I guess it is because I no got any wampum," I replied, with a feeble attempt at Mohawk

"You had lots of wampum once," she continued. Then she glanced at my wedding ring. "But your brave am gone. I see his spirit come and fill you lap with flowers. Poor squaw, all alone." This in a sad, plaintive tone. I assumed an expression of stony calm and tried to look sad and forlorn, but it was too much of an undertaking. I exploded in a most unbecoming giggle, quite incompatible with my sombre gown and bonnet and sad state of be-

Old Mohawk was on the alert at once. Keen eyes glanced from one to the other. The medium fell to counting on her fingers again.

reavement.

"But you no like you brave," she remarked, tentatively. No answer. "Are you sure he dead?" she asked. Her brow was wrinkled in a perplexed

"No," she finally concluded, "he no dead, he far away. He a bad brave, but you get another brave I see two braves, a dark-eyed, dark-haired brave and a big, broad-shouldered, blue-eyed brave, with light hair, quarrel about you. I hear a great yow-yow, but you will marry the blue-eyed brave. He will build a big wigwam for you and in four moons you will marry him and will always be happy."

I went to bed that night at 8 o'clock in the hope that old Sol would take the hint and get up a little earlier than usual the next morning, for I was anxious to relate my exploits to the girls. My audience was an interested one and interspersed my story with many a sympathetic "Of course," and "the idea!" but I was not satisfied. I wanted to assume the attitude of a reformer. of who had proofs at hand to sweep away the traditions and superstitions which becloud the human mind. I wanted them to argue, for the arrant nonsense, while I argued against it. But no, they were as ready to believe her a fraud as an oracle, and I know beyond a doubt that the duchess, notwithstanding the fine air of scorn on her face as she listened to my recital, takes a second look at every big man she meets wearing a suit of light clot hes.

Jinspin came around last night and asked me if I thought I could marry a big, broad-shouldered, blue-eyed, lighthaired brave, who would one day have lots of wampum. "I might," I replied, "if I could find one who had any brains and a few. at least, of the old-fashioned virtues." And, who knows, I may find them possessed by a short-eyed, bluehaired brave. with a tall complexion. Of course, I do not believe in fortunetelling at all, and I mean to take Jinspin, but I would just like to wait a little while and see what the dark-eyed brave is like.—Chicago News.

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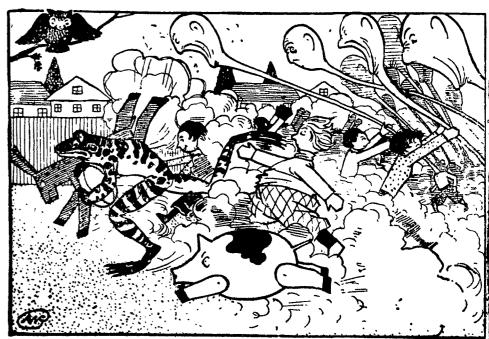
JOBBERNOWLS Play Football With the RUBBERNECKS Copyright, 1899, by Caroline Wetherell



The Jobbernowis a football game desired much to play. They organized a lively team and practiced ev'ry day, The Rubbernecks had heard of this. They planned a stratagem And challenged all the Jobbernowls to play a match with them. The Jobbernowla agreed to play. Their practice day and night In padded suits and heavy shoes made quite a lively sight. The Pig they chose as referee, but, oh, he flattered so The Jobbernowis began to think they nothing more could know!



The day set for the match was fine, not warm, but bright and clear, The Rubbernecks, who came on time, were greeted with a cheer. The umpire was the great Gray Owl, who'd read about football. To watch the play he perched upon an oak tree, bare and tall. The Rubbernecks their caps shook off and comforters of red, Then each untied his neck knot taut and limbered out his head. The Jobbernowls were much amazed to see such funny folk, But ere the game they'd tested much-they could not see the joke.



The Rubbernecks, like ostriches, could arch and stretch their throats And send the bati away ahead by butting it like goats. They also could it spinning send by batting with the head Or grabbing it between the teeth and blowing it instead. These were indeed quite horrid tricks! The Jobbernowls had been Defeated quite had not their friend the Bullfrog wandered in. He joined their team and took the ball up past the goal pellmell. The Rubbernecks gave up at once and called the game a sell.