

A TREASURE SAVED.

We sat in the little frontier hotel at Pine Ridge agency that stormy December night in 1890. There were a number of us—all newspaper correspondents—and a few interpreters, officers and reservation employees. The days previous had been full of excitement, for the Brule and Ogalalla Sioux were engaged in the ghost dance or messiah craze. About the agency General Miles had grouped some 1,500 troops. Beyond their white tents clustered the dingy tepees of the Indians, some 800 of them.

We greatly enjoyed those evenings in the hotel. They brought back to memory pictures of the old west—staging, buffalo hunting, Indian fighting. And what a fund of information the scouts, interpreters and "old timers" poured into our willing ears! Each one could have talked all night and yet left the narration of his experiences unfinished. We were especially interested in the singular career of B. He had left a home in Connecticut, and after varied experiences in Iowa and Nebraska joined a company of miners, and with them entered the new mining camp of Deadwood. He was then but 17 years old. That same winter he carried the first mail out of Deadwood to the Missouri river.

B. joined our circle while a scout was relating some experiences with stage robbers in the early seventies and immediately entered into the conversation.

"So far as I know, the smoothest trick, prompted by a desire to save money, ever played upon stage robbers occurred near Miles City in 1879. A load of passengers was almost within sight of the town. They had been traveling all day and were worn out, for the roads were awful bad in those days, and all coaches bounced and swayed very much. Having come near their journey's end, they were congratulating themselves. Hold ups had been frequent. Two heavily armed messengers accompanied each coach, with orders to fire on any person acting suspiciously.

"Dear me," said an elderly man near the door, "I'm glad we are safe. I have about \$500, and if I lost it I don't know where I could get more."

"I can get plenty of money," said a traveling salesman, "but the loss of what I have would put me to much trouble out here among strangers."

"Two miners and a prospector, each with large rolls, expressed their satisfaction at passing dangerous points safely. The next speaker was a little old woman, kind and motherly in her ways.

"My boy has started a restaurant in town and is doing well. He wanted me to come and help, so here I am, goodness knows far enough away from dear old Ohio. I thought he would need his mother, for these mining towns are wild, I hear, and full of temptations. I have only got \$200. It's all the cash I have in the world. Fearing robbers, I have put it in a place where no one would think of looking. You cannot guess where? Of course the guesses were all wrong.

"Well, I have four \$50 bills against the sole of my foot inside my left shoe." "Capital!" said the elderly gentleman. "No one would ever think of looking for money in your shoes." In a far corner at the front sat a small, slender, black haired man. He kept between his feet a little black valise. No one spoke to him during the journey, and he made no sound save occasionally to cough in a peculiar manner. Some of the passengers thought him to be a consumptive. Even when general good fellowship prevailed he took no part in the conversation. Making bold, the old lady said:

"And you—what would you do if you were held up?" "A hollow cough and a shrug of the shoulders was all his reply.

"What a mean fellow!" thought the old gentleman. At this instant the coach lurched violently to one side, and bang, bang, bang! came the sudden reports of guns. One messenger was shot, the other compelled to throw up his hands before time for resistance, and consternation and terror prevailed within the coach.

"Lord, Lord!" prayed the elderly man.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" cried the woman.

"Hurry up here; git out!" and one of the robbers held the door open with his left hand, while he covered the passengers with the revolver in his right. Of course they all fled out and were stood up in a row. There was much trembling on the part of the men, and the poor old woman wept audibly. It only took a few moments to go through the pockets of the line and to investigate the messenger's small safe. Probably the road agents would have taken to the hills at this moment had not one of them beheld the frail figure within the coach.

"Hold on, boys! Here's one we forgot," and he started in with an oath to drag forth the consumptive. As he entered a most plaintive, cough interrupted voice greeted him, and, tough as he was, he paused.

"Please don't make me get out. I am very sick. I will die, I know. If you will only let me be, I will tell you where you can get \$200 which you have overlooked. I have no money, but I know where the \$200 is." The robbers outside, having heard the shrill, penetrating voice, glanced at each other.

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"The piping voice took courage. 'Gentlemen, if you will ask that old lady to remove her left shoe, you will find the money.'

"The men began to mutter and scowl. The drummer found courage enough to say it was a shame to rob an old woman of her last dollar, and no one but the most depraved sort of a road agent would be guilty of such an act. The leader walked up to the drummer, slapped his face and tickled the end of his nose with the muzzle of his six shooter. The drummer discreetly held his tongue until the thives were gone.

"It was with sighs and sobs that the old lady seated herself on the ground, took the shoe from that fat foot and handed up her last dollar. In a twinkling it was pocketed, and the outlaws jumped for their horses and were gone.

"What a hubbub broke out when the people found themselves alone once more! With one accord they assailed the man within the coach.

"Oh, you villain, you wretch, to tell them of my money!" cried the woman as she shook him by the shoulders. The drummer entered at this moment. He had been talking to the other men of the party in low tones.

"Just step out, madam. We want to talk with him," he said. She obeyed, and several entered. It was noticed that the driver had his reins in his hands, and one end of them looked suspiciously like a noose.

"You d—d rascal," said the driver, "to have deliberately given this woman's money over to those outlaws! We'll make short shift of you," and he threw the noose over the man's head. There was a desperate struggle for a moment, and then the noose fell down, clean cut through. It was seen that the little man had a Bowie in his hand. He spoke in a different voice this time.

"For God's sake don't bother me here. You can hang me at Miles City as well as here. It's only a little way. I shall not escape. When we get there, I will have something to tell you which will explain my action. A man always has a right to have a fair hearing before he is hung, and I claim that privilege."

"Well, we can watch him that far," said the drummer. "We can hang him there as well as here."

"Some one helped the driver with the body of the messenger, and the coach started for town. The drummer, the miner and several others watched the little man intently, but he made no movement, nor did he speak until the coach lumbered up in front of the post-office and hotel. Then he said in a quiet voice:

"I am Tom — (one of the famous men of the Black Hills), and I have \$40,000 in this grip. The only way to save it was by telling the robbers of the old woman's money. I am glad to return it to her and a stake extra for the worry I caused her. As for the rest of you, I have nothing to do with your losses. We all ran the same risk. I wish you good evening," and he stepped quickly from his seat to the door and into the street, dropping a bundle of bills into the lady's lap as he passed."

And after lighting his pipe our story teller passed out into the night and wended his way to his humble cabin.—New York Tribune.

Sympathetic.
"I was at the courthouse today," remarked Gilfoyle, "and I saw a man sentenced to the penitentiary for three years for bigamy."

"He had too many wives, eh?" replied Bickers. "That's my fix exactly, and I can sympathize with the poor fellow."

"You? Why, you have only one wife."

"I knew it."—New York Sunday Journal.

Departed Grazing.
"Just 23 years ago today," said the old soldier, "the top of my head was grazed by a bullet."

"There isn't much grazing there now, is there, grandpa?" was the comment of the youngest grandchild, and as the old gentleman rubbed his bare poll he had to admit the correctness of the assertion.—Indianapolis Journal.

To Grow Up.
"Why do people take so much interest in what they call darkest Africa, anyhow?"

"I presume they have a kind of idea it would be a good thing to go there and graze with the country."—Chicago Tribune.

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It Was the One Thing That Kept a Dear Friend Away.

My wife finished the note, with her forehead gathered into puckers as deep as though she were trying to make her accounts balance.

"What is it, my dear?" asked.

"Why, it is from Mrs. Tucker," she replied slowly and thoughtfully, "telling me that poor Mary is dying and is extremely anxious to see me."

"Well, why don't you go at once?" I asked.

"Why, I don't see how I can," replied my wife.

"Why not?" I demanded impatiently. "It's broad daylight, it isn't raining, and you have a new dress and hat."

"Oh, I wouldn't ever think of such things with such a summons," protested my wife.

"Why don't you go then?" I urged.

"Or do you insist upon riding? Shall I go over and borrow Thompson's wheelbarrow and trundle you there?"

"Oh, John, I don't see how you can joke at such a time as this," responded my wife, almost in tears.

"Madam," I retorted, "you mistake; I am not joking. What feminine foolishness prevents you from immediately granting the last request of a very dear friend is beyond my poor comprehension, that is all. Will you kindly enlighten me?"

"Goodness knows," said my wife. "I'd go through fire and water for Mary, but under the circumstances I don't see—I really don't see how I can call there now."

"Why not?" I again demanded sharply.

"Because," explained my wife plaintively, "you see Mary owes me a call."

—New York Sunday Journal.

True Love on the Bowery.



Kitty—Wot's der matter dat der engagement between you and Chimie is broke?

Mag—Aw guess wot. He up and pated me one at der ball last night—just as if we wuz married.—New York Sunday Journal.

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B. On sale daily on and after April 29th until and including Oct. 15th, final limit 20 days in addition to date of sale.

F. Rates in this column apply to Military companies and uniformed brass bands accompanying same moving in bodies of 25 or more on solid tickets, to be sold daily beginning April 29th and until and including Oct. 26th, '97, final limit 10 days in addition to date of sale.

G. Rates in this column apply to bona fide students and their teachers in parties of 25 or more on one ticket, upon written application of principals of Colleges, schools and Universities to be sold May 15th to June 7th, 1897, inclusive and; Sept. 12th to Oct. 25th, 1897, inclusive, final limit 10 days in addition to date of sale.

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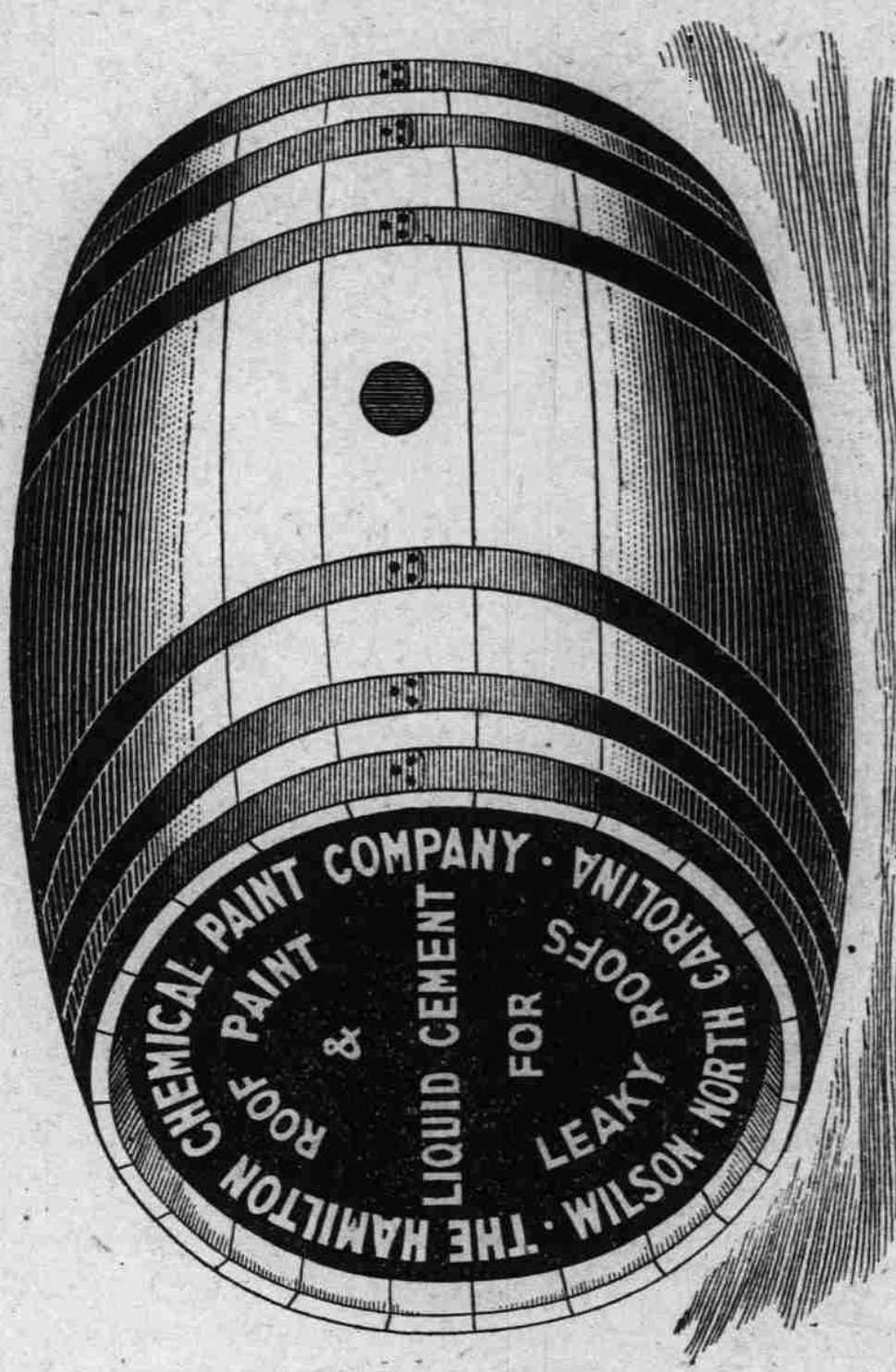
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