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"Alias Jimmy Valentine"

Novelized by FREDERIC R. TOOMBS From the Great Play by PAUL ARMSTRONG

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CHAPTER IX.

A silence ensued. Valentine was plainly suffering from the blow. Then an expression of confidence came into Valentine's face. He seated himself on a sofa at the left of the room.

"She'll be back," he said. "You fellows are just like Izzy Snedden. He always said women didn't amount to much. Guess that was because one of the barmaids at the Cheshire Cheese in London peached on him to the Scotland Yard bulls, and he had to make a quick getaway hidden under the coal in a freight steamer. But this girl is different from the kind of women you and I have known, boys. She saw there was something good in me, even when I wore the stripes, and she took me out of the reach of Warden Handler and 'solitaire'—'solitaire,' boys. Does that mean anything to you?" Valentine's voice rose higher. "Yes, and she's going to do one thing more for me. She's coming back to help me start on the square."

Red stepped close to Valentine, gripped his arm and hissed determinedly into his ears: "You know she won't. you don't think a straight girl would stand for a crook like you, do you—you, with the coppers always after you on account of some of the old stuff we did? Don't kid yourself, Jimmy. It's no go."

"If any other crook had dreamed a dream like that, what a laugh it would be, but now you go, Red—you and Avery."

Red rose quickly.

"What do you mean?" suspiciously.

The light of resolution shone in Valentine's eyes.

"I've quit," he said.

"What!" snapped Red and Avery together.

"I've quit."

"What about Doyle?" put in Avery.

"He's heavy on your mind, ain't he, Avery? I can beat Doyle."

"You ain't going to lose that coin I've got staked out for an hour's work?" wailed Red. "Seven thousand if there's a dime!"

"Yes, I'll lose that."

"And a trip abroad to brace you up—a month in Paris?"

"Yes; I lose that too."

Red went on excitedly, bending tensely toward Valentine:

"But you won't lose the old thrill of going into a bank just before dawn, landing the watchman and feeling out a combination in the dark?"

"And hearing the coppers pass and try the door?" reminded Avery eagerly.

"And seeing the old safe open up like an oyster and grabbing the dough?" said Red alluringly.

"And make a clean getaway?" followed Avery.

"And the long jump and the landing in at a swell cafe, Jimmy—eating the breakfast of the millionaire?" sang out Red.

"With the coin in your kick?" added Avery.

"And reading the papers and laughing our heads off at what suckers we made of the coppers—you ain't going to lose that, Jimmy?" Red pleaded, with every ounce of effort he could control.

Indecision had begun to show in Valentine's face, and now his surrender was complete.

"You got to me, Red," he announced, then added eagerly: "Where is this layout you got? Can we get to it tonight?"

"Sure. It ain't two hours from here."

"It's a cinch," commented Avery delightedly.

Jimmy Valentine had surrendered indeed. His two one-time accomplices had cunningly played on his weakness for the thrills of the "crooked game." The thrills of it to him were more precious than the rewards. They were his rewards. Besides, the girl had not returned. She had paid the debt she

"AND SEEING THE OLD SAFE OPEN UP LIKE AN OYSTER."

owed to her rescuer, and that was all. Well, let her go, reasoned Valentine. Never again would he commit the folly of placing faith in a straight girl!

"Wait!" he cried. "My hands are pretty tough. I couldn't feel the tick of grandfather's clock the way they are now, but I can beat that. I can sandpaper them down till I can feel the pulse in a dead man's wrist. Where's the"—

"We got him," whispered Bill Avery exultantly to Red. "We got him, an' he'll stick."

Hardly had Jimmy Valentine made his declaration to again join interests with Red Flanagan and Bill Avery than a bellboy entered the parlor, paging the name of "Mr. Valentine." Jimmy stepped forward hastily, seized an envelope bearing his name which the boy carried and excitedly tore it open. He found a brief note written in feminine penmanship. He read these words, and the color surged to his cheeks:

"Please don't leave till I return. I inclose you a note Mrs. Webster asked me to give you. We saw her at the depot, where we went to reserve sleepers for tonight. Rose Lane."

"What is it?" asked Avery, drawing near. "Something from Doyle, I'll bet."

"Yes, what is it?" questioned Red.

"It is the return of hope," answered Valentine, his emotion causing his voice to shake.

"You've weakened again?" sneered Red.

"No; I'm strong again."

"You mean that's from the girl?"

"She is coming back, Red, and there's nothing to this earth or in h—l that can make me go wrong. You said a minute ago that if you thought I had a chance you'd stick."

"I said it."

"Then I hold you to that."

"Good God!" exclaimed Avery. "You're not goin' to turn square, too, Red?"

"I'm going with Jimmy. If I'd do a bit for him I got to go if he asks it."

"What am I goin' to do?" asked Avery plaintively.

Valentine drew close to him.

"I've got you a job, Bill, a good one," he announced.

"Me a job! Where?"

Valentine read from a note Mrs. Moore had left with him.

"Listen," he said. "'This will introduce the man you promised the position as watchman of one of your grain

"I KNOW WHAT'S INSIDE OF ME."

elevators. The wages at $2.50 a day are satisfactory to him.'"

Intense disgust spread over Bill Avery's face.

"Two-fifty a day," he sneered. "A man can't live on that."

Valentine laughed.

"It costs 31 cents a day to keep a man in Sing Sing," he reminded the thief.

"I don't want a job," snarled Avery. "Only the suckers work for a living."

"Yes, you do want one," returned Valentine, "and this is just your kind, Avery. And let me tell you something that you think I don't know. You're tired of being a crook—tired to death. I knew that when we were inside. But you are afraid of what a lot of old pals will say. Well, let them say. What they got? Did you ever see a crook with anything? What do they amount to? They haven't the standing of a house dog. You're tired of it, Bill, and ashamed of the years you've lost, and I know it. Now here's your chance, your day of salvation. There's the letter and here's the coin to get there." He handed Avery some bills. "It's way out west where no one knows you, and you've got a chance. Just think, back to a mother and then ahead to"—

The hardened look began to fade from the thief's face.

"Give it to me." He clutched the money in his hand. "I'll try, by God, I'll try." Tears trickled down Avery's prison paled cheeks.

"That's the talk—that's the heart," spoke Valentine sympathetically.

"And if I fail I'll end it," said Avery.

"You won't fail. It's only the suckers that fail. Make the next train—beat Doyle. Get away."

Avery turned toward one of the entrances.

"Goodby, Jimmy. Goodby, Red," he cried, and he was gone.

"I tell you, Red," said Valentine, looking after him, "there isn't a crook you know who wouldn't go straight if he could."

"God!" exclaimed Red feelingly, "but you know what's inside of a man."

"I know what's inside of me, and I dare face it."

Jimmy Valentine crossed to a window and peered out into the street. No one in sight that he knew, yet he had lost all doubt that Rose Lane would return. Her message had calmed his fears, and, more than that, it had come in time to save him from thrusting aside the one chance in the world to redeem his lost years.

Another thought rose strong within him as he returned to the sofa, seated himself and saw Red standing disconsolately near the table. Something had to be done for Red—that was certain. Red Flanagan was young—barely twenty-five—and he had many characteristics that were not at all bad. Valentine was convinced that his friend would remain loyal to him if he could take him with him and that he would become a man of honor and integrity if he received the proper encouragement. He felt it his duty to do this much for Red—give him a chance, the chance that would turn square half the thieves in the prisons if they could but obtain it.

And so he resolved that he would take Red with him wherever he went if possible to arrange it. Together they would hew a way out of the morass of degradation and misery into which they had been plunged.

Red had been unfortunate in his early environment. Here lay the cause of his lawbreaking career. Left an orphan in a crowded tenement on the east side of New York city at the age of thirteen, he had been taken care of by his uncle, a retired police captain, who operated a gambling house in Thirty-third street.

Four years later Red was placed in charge of the buffet in this establishment, which occupation he followed until a new district leader was elected. One night during horse show week the sound of lusty ax blows on the armored front door struck terror into the hearts of the employees and the fashionably attired players of faro, roulette, baccarat and poker.

The lad's truthful testimony at the trial which followed so enraged his uncle that Red no longer found a home with him. Cast on his own resources, he was attracted by the glittering promises of an expert poker and faro dealer whom his uncle had employed. He joined with him in several trips on coasting steamers, "sitting in" with the gambler in poker games with the passengers and exchanging signals with him concerning the cards they held. He learned the art of denting the corners of the aces, kings, queens and jacks with his thumb nails so that in dealing with fingers sandpapered or worn almost to the bleeding point with pumice stone he could detect these indentations and know when and to whom he was dealing the high cards. From this it was only a step to a partnership with the great Jimmy Valentine, the man who could "cop a gopher" without any artificial aids.

All this was well known to Valentine. He himself had drifted into bad company in a manner somewhat similar. He could see in the lessons of his own experiences that Red's misdeeds were not entirely blamable on Red.

He was about to inform Red of his intention to aid him in a new career when he heard in the corridor the voice of Rose Lane addressing some one he believed must be her father.

"Here she is, Red," whispered Valentine, rising quickly. "You must get out till they go." But too late. At that instant Rose Lane entered, followed by her father. They saw Valentine standing by a suspicious looking young man with very red hair.

Valentine, realizing that he was on the verge of absolute ruin in the estimation of the girl and her already suspicious father, for he could hardly explain Red's presence, turned coldly toward the thief.

"I'm very sorry, sir," he said in indifferent tones, "but I don't know the man you are inquiring for. Never heard of him. Guess you had better inquire of the clerk at the hotel office."

Red, catching the hint, replied, "Thank you, sir; I will do so," and went out of the room, concealing a grinning face behind his hat.

(To be Continued.)

THE PHILOSOPHICAL BEGGAR.

He Relies Not on Sympathy Alone But Also on Men's Vanity.

"In begging," said the philosophical beggar, "much, very much, depends on the manner of approach.

"The old, old way of saying, 'I walked the streets last night and I've got to walk 'em tonight and I haven't had anything to eat for seventeen days,' the simple and commonly clumsy appeal to sympathy, is still the way most often followed because it is the easiest; but not all men are sympathetic and then the person appealed to in this way is always ready to detect a flaw in the story, the purpose of which is thus defeated by its overdoing.

"Exaggeration is the fatal defect in most begging stories, a defect that not only defeats the beggar but gives the person to whom appeal is made two distinct satisfactions. In the first place it gives that person a chance to take credit to himself for detecting a fraud, and then knowing that he has the further satisfaction of keeping his money, he doesn't have to give up.

"So these crude appeals, carelessly and bunglingly made, and addressed to the sense of sympathy only, almost always fail. My appeal is more carefully considered, and besides, as far as it is possible, it is adjusted to the particular person addressed; and often it is addressed primarily not to sympathy but to vanity.

"The application of a title to a man is a great help if you know the title to give him and just how to apply it. Many a man likes to be addressed as judge, a great many men are mightily pleased with being addressed as doctor and there are men who like to be addressed by military titles. I might say that some such men I address as colonel, but more as major, and there is sound reason in this. Plenty of men would not aspire to or would not expect to attain to the rank of colonel, and they would shy if so addressed, though they might consider themselves fully equal to and fitted for the rank of major.

"In military titles I never go below that rank. I never call anybody captain, there is no man who doesn't consider himself fit for a higher rank than that, and I very seldom address a man as boss, though that may sometimes do, and do well.

"So now with this appeal to human vanity to be used, if it may be, as an aid and an opening wedge, I compose my story. I know on sight what person I can strike with some hope of success, and I don't waste time on others; and then I must decide on sight as to the form of the appeal and as to whether it should be made to sympathy only or to both sympathy and vanity.

"Here now is begging that calls for keen discernment, quick action in decision as to the precise nature and the extent of the call and sound judgment as to the opening approach. Such begging is indeed an intellectual pursuit, calling into operation all the faculties of the mind, with an added tincture of the heart; and just as surely as does success come to every man who follows whatever pursuit with intelligence and with complete devotion, so does such begging bring its own rewards to the beggar."—New York Sun.

☞ The customer (at a very second-class restaurant)—"That's a good idea, waiter. Samples of the different dishes glued on to the menu."—The Sketch.

Miscellaneous Reading.

IN UNION THERE IS POWER.

In Organization the Farmers Find Their Strongest Weapon.

To the Officers and Members of the Farmers' Union:

Organization is today the greatest weapon and the most achieving tool at the disposal of the American farmer.

I have stressed, in previous appeals, the almost magical value of organization, as shown in great and small business, state and Federal government, accomplishment generally the world over.

But one could write volumes and yet leave many features of the subject unhandled.

I am, moreover, extremely anxious that every American farmer not a member of the Farmers' Union identify himself with this organization; for his own sake, first, and, necessarily, for the good of the organization.

There is not one American state in which the Farmers' Union is well organized, but the lot of the farmers of that state generally has been improved.

Why?

For the simple reason that instead of working singly, or in pairs, for the local, the county or the state improvements and reforms they needed, they have worked as a unit.

That is the secret of organization and its wonderful efficiency everywhere.

For instance: If it were to the interest of the farmers of a certain state to secure a larger educational appropriation that there might be more little "red school houses," what would be the plan under the old system.

A farmer or two would write his representative in the state legislature, the latter would laughingly read the letter and there the matter would end.

It would continue to rest for months and years, until gradually the feeble, scattered voices got together and made such an impression upon the law-making body that action was forthcoming.

Had organization existed the result would have been hastened by as many as there was numerical power and wise leadership to the organization.

That is what organization does—hastens results, reduces scattered public sentiment to a focus, and makes it beat hard, loud and persistently upon the ear-drums of a sleepy legislature.

We have proved it in so many states, that I cannot undertake to enumerate them.

Politics is just one feature.

If organization is effectual in that field, it is no less effectual in creating conditions that will lessen the farmers' debt, make his living conditions more pleasant, give him good roads, put him into more friendly relations with his neighbors, and, finally, solve what the wise men call the "rural problem."

Organization is the weapon of the many put into the hands of a few responsible, able and devoted men.

That is why I am preaching its value.

But organization can be most effective if you insist that your leaders be chosen for fitness and for ability to suffer and sacrifice rather than for jollying and hand-shaking ability.

So it will be an excellent plan for you to spend much of your time this year in looking for men who answer this qualification, then giving them a square deal. If they fail, and you still believe them honest and capable, give them another trial. It doesn't matter if they turn out dishonest or grafters. Drop that special kind, and go at it again with another set.

The American farmer is the hardest fellow in Christendom to organize because of his independence. He carps about his "rights." Even when surrendering a few of them for a while to better his condition he is often stubborn as a Missouri mule.

Organization has gone forward faster in European countries, because the farmers there realized to begin with that they had less a chance, in politics and business, and that they must combine for their own good.

The American farmer, until lately, has thought himself absolutely self-sufficient; he has stood upon the theory of every "American being a king," overlooking the way in which big and little business and city men organized to enforce their "kingship."

And continued to let wealth drift from the farm to the city, when the drift should, in the nature of things, be in the other direction.

I have been frank about these things, because we must face them in order to perfect our organization, and to bring into it every farmer in the country with the intelligence to know that organization is the keynote to his own salvation. Charles S. Barrett.

Washington, D. C.

SUN IS BAD TIMEKEEPER.

United States Naval ObservatoryBases Its Calculations on Stars Instead of Trusting Old Sol.

If a large number of persons were asked the question "What is meant when in daytime a clock says 12 o'clock?" about 99 out of every 100 would answer that at that hour the sun is on the meridian and it is noon. But the sun is not on the meridian each day when the clock is at 12.

Nearly every one has a friend who owns a valuable watch that keeps excellent time, and many a time this friend, on being asked the exact time, has looked at his watch with a great deal of pride and has told the hour, at the same time remarking: "This watch regulates the sun." If the watch keeps as poor time as does the sun it should be sent to a watchmaker, for the sun is a wretchedly bad timekeeper. It sometimes is as much as a quarter of an hour fast, and at another season it may be an equal amount slow. In fact, it may be said that a clock of extreme precision, such as the astronomers use, is never exactly at 12 when the sun is on the meridian.

"But," it will be asked, "if the sun does not give us our time, what, then, does? As every one knows, the rotation of the earth on its axis is our measure of time, each complete revolution making a day. As the earth rotates it carries our meridian around with it, and as the meridian crosses through the heavenly bodies, in succession they are said to "transit." The interval of time between two successive transits of the same celestial body across the meridian is called a day.

If the body considered is a star, we have what is known to the astronomer as a star day, or sidereal day. The stars are fixed, the earth rotates uniformly on its axis, and as a result the sidereal days for all stars are of equal length. But which star shall be chosen as the most important in the heavens, so that time shall be reckoned from it?

Instead of selecting a star the astronomers have picked upon the vernal equinox, the intersection in the sky of the equator and ecliptic. When it is on the meridian the astronomer's clock says 0h. 0m. 0s., the beginning of the sidereal day, whose hours run from 0h. to 24th. In a great observatory the position of the stars are recorded in time kept by such a sidereal clock, and sidereal time is of great importance to the astronomer.

Due to the annual revolution of the earth about the sun the sun appears to move continuously eastward among the stars, completing a journey once in a year. The sun moves in what is called the "ecliptic," and its motion is from west to east among the stars. This apparent annual motion of the sun has very important consequences. Let us consider those onty that refer to time.

Imagine a sun and a star on the meridian together at noon on a certain day. One complete revolution of the earth on its axis would bring the earth's meridian back to the star, and a sidereal day would have elapsed. In this interval of time the sun has apparently moved eastward among the stars, and it is necessary for the earth to rotate a little further on its axis to overtake the sun, bring it out on the meridian and complete the solar day. Hence sidereal days are each shorter than solar days.

As the sun completes its journey in a year, it crosses the meridian one time less in a year than does a star, and with respect to the sun the stars gain one revolution, and hence in a year there are 365¼ solar days, but 366¼ sidereal days. Consequently it is readily seen that in twelve months a sidereal clock will gain a day in twenty-four hours, on a solar clock. Twenty-four hours yer year means two hours per month, or nearly four minutes a day, a second every six minutes.

Sidereal time keeps track of the motions of the stars (which is its sole purpose), and hence it is seen that each of the stars will come on the meridian at 10 p. m. on the 1st of February; on the 1st of March it will be on the meridian at 8 p. m. The same thing holds good for all the fixed stars and constellations.

If all sidereal days are equal to each other, are not all solar days likewise? Solar days, though longer than sidereal days, could be equal in length to each other only if the sun moved uniformly among the stars in a circle at right angles to the axis of the earth. This circle in the sky is the equator. But the sun does not move in the equator but in the ecliptic, and with a motion in this latter circle which is not uniform. Hence a double cause exists which alters the intervals of time between successive transits of the sun across the meridian, and which we call apparent solar days. As a matter of fact, a solar day at one time of the year may be as much as 50 seconds longer than at another time of the year.

It is manifestly impossible to manufacture a clock which would keep track with the actual time kept by the sun, and it became necessary to invent a uniform sun time that a clock could follow. Consequently, the average, or the mean of the lengths of all the apparent solar days for the year, was taken, and this was called the "mean solar day." An imaginary sun called the "mean sun" is supposed to move in the sky which keeps this sort of time. The real sun does not give directly the time of noon as kept by our clocks.

Clock noon at any observatory differs from "apparent noon," when the actual sun is on the meridian, by an amount known as the "equation of time," which may be as great as 16 minutes. A "clock which regulates the sun" would always be wrong. Accurate, mean solar time may be determined by the astronomer from observations on the sun, but, strange as it may seem, a great observatory like the United States naval observatory of Washington determines its precise solar time by observations on stars.—New York Yorld.

STUDY OF AIR CURRENTS.

Tides In the Atmosphere Similar to Those on the Sea.

Until men began to navigate the air and study its currents and movements little attention was paid to the conditions of the upper atmosphere, and such matters as atmospheric tides and top currents completely encircling the earth were of seemingly little interest.

Since men have flown, and especially since men have flown and fallen, we have heard a great deal in a vague way of air currents. Recently Lawrence Hodges in a paper before an English scientific body gave some unique facts about air tides which are not generally known.

The moon, we know, causes the marine tides by its attraction. It draws the water on the surface of the earth toward it in a hump on the side that is exposed to the lunar influence, and draws the earth itself away from the water on the opposite, leaving a corresponding hump of water.

The air, it seems, is affected in the same way. The layer of atmosphere about the earth rises, falls and flows more freely than water, because it is lighter, so the tide comes more quickly in the air at a given spot than the marine tide.

This rise and fall, however, means just as much to the navigator of the air as the tide in the sea does to the sailor, and has to be accounted for. The most remarkable current, however, is one constant stream in the atmosphere running from west to east completely around the earth in the upper atmosphere.

This was first brought to public attention when the volcano Krakatao blew a cubic mile of matter into the upper atmosphere in the '80. The lighter particles were seen to make a complete circuit of the earth seven times in this circumglobing current before they finally disappeared.—Chicago Tribune.

MAD CAREER OF "BLACK BART."

Famous Bandit of Wisconsin and Michigan Changed By Operation.

Governor Warner has commuted the sentence of "Black Bart" Holzhey, who has been in Marquette (Mich.) penitentiary since 1889 under a life sentence, to 40 years. This brings Holzhey under the scope of the pardon board and he was released on parole on New Year's Day.

Can a skillful operation transform a man from an unruly, murderous ruffian to a quiet, gentlemanly fellow, fond of books and the society of refined and educated men?

"Black Bart" Holzhey, former notorious bandit and train robber, is a living example of what may sometimes be accomplished by a comparatively simple surgical operation.

Holzhey was sent to prison twenty-one years ago for killing A. E. Fleischbein, an Illinois banker, in the hold-up of a stage coach near Lake Gogebic, Mich. He was sullen and intractable until an operation removed a bit of bone that was pressing on his brain, and he became almost immediately a normal, law-abiding man with a consuming thirst for knowledge. For several years he has been in charge of the library in Marquette pen, and he has made himself an expert photographer and a close student of photography.

"I believe that the man is now normal and ought to be given a chance to be a good citizen," said Governor Warner. "It is evident to me that he committed his numerous crimes under extraordinary, unnatural circumstances from which he has completely recovered."

Holzhey's story is one of the most remarkable examples of daring crime and surprising reformation in the annals of criminology. It goes far toward proving the theory of many prison experts that crime is due in a large measure to physical conditions. Holzhey was a normal youth. At the age of 23 he experienced a sudden desire to commit crime.

Reimund Holzhey was born in Thuringen, Germany, in 1866. He came to the United States at the age of 16. He worked in the woods of Wisconsin and northern Michigan. He was an ordinary lumberjack for years.

Suddenly, without giving any evident sign of a change in his disposition, he flashed into publicity as the most bold and ingenious criminal of his generation. His exploits rivaled those of Jesse James. From April until August, 1889, his name alone was enough to terrify travelers in the north woods, and his exploits were for months the subject of comment and embroidered narration. He became known as "Black Bart," owing to his swarthy appearance, and under that sobriquet became notorious as the most picturesque criminal in the histories of Wisconsin and Michigan, the terror of two states.

First, there were a series of house robberies. A score of houses in the towns of the lumber district were entered and rifled by some man who left no evidence. Late in April the stage between Antigo and Shawano, Wis., was stopped as it passed through the woods. Holzhey covered the driver with his revolver while he cut open the mail sacks and took all the valuable packages. This time he was recognized.

Many and many a stage which made daily and triweekly trips between the lumber camps and the town was stopped in a piece of thick woodland, its passengers robbed and its mail pouches opened. Northern Wisconsin was in a state of terror. No driver left town without a companion heavily armed.

Finding the robbery of stages too hot work Holzhey changed his ground.

On May 9, when the Milwaukee and Northern train stopped at Pike, "Black Bart," with a bristling mustache, climbed aboard. He gave his ticket to the conductor and watched him enter the baggage car. Then he went to the end of the last coach, where the brakeman was standing, whipped out a revolver and told the brakie to walk in front of him, stopping at each seat. The brakie obeyed orders. At every seat Holzhey stopped and took toll—watches, money, whatever he could get. He complained because he could not stop and search those who refused to give as much as he thought they ought. Then, as the train slowed down at Ellis Junction, he swung off and disappeared in the woods.

Large rewards were offered for Holzhey's capture by the government and the railroad. Scores of detectives were allured by the big total and came to the north woods. Holzhey found the country untenable. So he disappeared. He was next heard of at Rhinelander, 100 miles away. He had walked the entire distance through the woods.

In that district lies the town of Sherwood. A Hebrew merchant was counting his cash there one noon while his clerks were at lunch. In walked Holzhey. Approaching the merchant he stuck a revolver in his face and told him to fork over. The merchant gave him several hundred dollars. Holzhey stepped into the alley behind the store. The victim gave the alarm, but the robber had disappeared.

The depredations continued. On August 7 Holzhey stopped a train on the Wisconsin Central railway, boarded the Milwaukee coach, stepped up to the sleeping conductor and took his watch, took $100 in cash and several watches from those in the berths, pulled the bellrope as the train neared Cadott and jumped off.

The rewards for Holzhey's capture, dead or alive, now aggregated more $2,500. Every man in the woods kept a sharp lookout for the bandit, yet when he appeared they feared to touch him. He was known in all the lumber camps, and the lumbermen were eager to catch him; yet he was able to enter nearly every camp in the woods, demand food, get it and go away without a hand being raised against him.

A man of tremendous energy and a clever woodsman, Holzhey would commit a robbery and disappear, only to turn up next day twenty miles from the scene. No man went on a journey without a gun, for fear of meeting the bandit.

The night of August 25 Holzhey spent at the Gogebic hotel, Gogebic. There he saw three bankers and learned that they were to travel by stage next day to Lake Gogebic. He arose early and disappeared.

As the stage passed through the woods next day Holzhey stepped from behind a tree and stopped the driver.

"I want to make a collection from you fellows," he said to the bankers. "Gentlemen, shell out."

"All right," said A. E. Fleishbein, of Belleville, Ill., one of the trio. "Here's mine."

With that he pulled a revolver from his hip pocket. Before he could fire, Holzhey shot, and Fleischbein tumbled into the road. A second man tried to resist, and Holzhey shot him also. The horse took fright and ran away.

Holzhey coolly searched the second man whom he had wounded. As he bent over him he said:

"If that fool had not shot, you would not have been hurt. I am sorry for you, but it's my business."

Then he rifled Fleischbein's pockets and disappeared.

He slept in the woods, only going to the villages for necessary food.

It was when he went to Republic that the bandit was captured. One day he walked into Republic, 120 miles away from where the crime was committed, and where he thought himself safe from detection, to obtain supplies. Village Marshal Glade recognized "Black Bart," and lured Holzhey to the second story of a hotel. When he came downstairs three powerful men pounced on him. It took three men to bind the desperado after he had made a fierce fight and attempted to shoot his captor.

Next day came Sheriff Foley and several men from Gogebic to identify Holzhey. Among them was Thomas Damuth, driver of the coach in which Fleischbein had been a passenger.

"That's the man," said Damuth, looking at Holzhey.

The robber returned the stare.

"How are you, Damuth?" he said fiercely.

"Would you have shot Glade?" he was asked.

"Would I have shot him?" he exclaimed. "I would have shot them all dead in their tracks. I'd a d— sight rather be dead myself than here. I expected a bullet every time I tackled a man, so why shouldn't I send one when it was necessary?"

Holzhey was tried for killing Fleischbein, found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment at Marquette.

The highway from Bessemer to the railroad passes through three miles of wild forest, and Sheriff Foley was not inclined to risk any chances of rescue. The sheriff carried, in addition to his revolvers, a double-barreled gun, loaded with slugs. Holzhey had his wrists handcuffed together, and a short chain with gyves was fastened to his ankles. The night was starlight, clear and cold, and the road was covered with snow.

One of the travelers accosted Holzhey in German, asking if he was cold. "No," said he, moving his thinly shod feet out of the snow and clanking the chain: "I am half turned to stone." He was offered a cigar, but declined it, saying he had never smoked nor used tobacco. He was not disposed to converse, even in his mother tongue. The traveler tried him with music, humming in a low voice the song from Schiller's "Robbers." The melody, sung by many voices, has a stirring effect.

The bandit listened with his hands folded across his breast, the firelight gleaming on his face and reflected back from his shackles. The waiting company gathered nearer to the burning stump, observing the bandit and the singer.

"Yes," said Holzhey, when the song was finished. "I know it. The melody is fine. I have heard it in Germany and America."

He turned his back to the fire as the whistle of the locomotive was heard. "What if he should throw himself across the track when the locomotive comes along?" was asked of Sheriff Foley. "Let him do so if he wishes," said the sheriff. Helped into the car and to a seat near a window, Holzhey relapsed into silence.

In the pen he was sullen, but not rebellious. He was given the same privileges as the other prisoners. In the following March he stole a table knife, whetted it in his cell until he had made a dangerous weapon with a stiletto point, and waited his chance.

One day he refused to leave his cell when the other convicts were called out. Warden O. C. Tompkins sent a man to bring him out. When the guard entered his cell Holzhey seized him from behind and held the knife at his throat.

Warden Tompkins, wondering why the guard did not bring Holzhey, went to investigate. He found the unhappy man fearful of making the slightest movement while Holzhey menaced him with hsi stiletto. The warden went for a gun.

"Let go that man, or I'll shoot," was his warning to "Black Bart" on his return.

"Shoot away if you want," Holzhey replied. But he wheeled the helpless guard between himself and the muzzle of the warden's gun.

For two hours Holzhey held his captive. Then Tompkins, taking a desperate chance, fired. The ball went through Holzhey's knife hand, shattering four fingers so that they had to be amputated. The exhausted guard was dragged from the cell.

As the months went by and Holzhey remained sullen and intractable, they began to think that something was wrong with him physically. An examination showed that he was insane. They sent him to the asylum for the criminal insane at Ionia, where he remained a year. There he was operated on, and a bone that had been pressing on his brain was lifted.

"Black Bart" went back to Marquette prison a changed man. His fierce mood had vanished. He was cheerful and obedient. He became the most trusted man in the prison.

Holzhey was put in charge of the prison library. He became interested in books of travel and works on philosophy, and finally he began the study of French, which he can now read and write. He is familiar with the history and politics of every civilized nation.

To illustrate the breadth of Holzhey's reading and his understanding of current affairs, he wanted to invest in copper stocks about a year ago. He had $600 saved in the years he had been in prison. Warden James Russell assented to his buying stocks, as it was his money. When the warden asked him what shares he thought of buying he was surprised at the bandit's knowledge of the copper situation, which he had gained solely by reading. He subscribed for a New York financial journal that cost him $12 a year, and for a Boston paper of the same nature. Within a year he had a profit of $1,800.—New York Tribune.

BUFFALOES ON THE MARCH.

When the Line of a Great Herd and of a Body of Troops Crossed.

The immensity of the buffalo herds in this region was beyond computation. One day south of the Arkansas, between Wichita and Camp Supply, they were so numerous that they crowded the marching columns of the Nineteenth Kansas so dangerously close that companies were detailed to wheel out in front and fire volleys into the charging masses," said William D. Street of Decatur county, at a meeting of the Kansas Historical society.

But it was not until I came to the northwestern frontier that I beheld the main herd. One night in June, 1860, company D, Second batalion, Ka' state militia, then out on a scouting expedition to protect the frontier settlements, camped on Buffalo creek, where Jewell city is now located. All night long the guards reported hearing the roar of the buffalo herd, and in the stillness of the bright morning, it sounded more like distant thunder than anything else it could be compared with. It was the tramping of the mighty herd and the moaning of the bulls.

Just west of Jewell City is a high point of bluff that projects south of the main range of hills between Buffalo and Brown creeks, now known, we believe, as Scarborough's Peak. When the camp was broken the scouts were sent in advance to reconnoiter from the bluff to ascertain, if possible, whether the column were in the proximity of any prowling Indians. They advanced with great care, scanning the country far and near. After a time they signaled the command to advance by way of the bluff and awaited our approach. When we reached the top of the bluff what a bewildering scene awaited our anxious gaze!

To the northwest, toward the head of the Limestone, for about 12 or 15 miles, west across that valley to Oak creek about the same distance, away to the southwest to the forks of the Solomon, past where Cawker City is now located, about 25 miles south to the Solomon river, and southeast toward where Beloit is now situated, say 15 or 20 miles, and away across the Solomon river as far as the field glasses would carry the vision toward the Blue Hills, there was a moving, black mass of buffalo, all traveling to the northwest at the rate of about one or two miles an hour.

"The northeast side of the line was about a mile from us; all other sides, beginning and ending, were undefined. They were moving deliberately and undisturbed, which told us that no Indians were in the vicinity.

"We marched down and into them. A few shots were fired. The herd opened as we passed through and closed up behind us, while those to the windward ran away. That night we camped behind a sheltered bend and bluff of one of the branches of the Limestone. The advance had killed several fine animals, which were dressed and loaded into the wagons for our meat rations.

All night the buffalo were passing with a continual roar. Guards were doubled and every precaution taken to prevent them from running over the camp. The next morning we turned our course, marching north toward White Rock creek, and about noon passed out of the herd. Looking back from the high bluffs we gazed long at that black mass still moving northwest.

"Many times has the question come to my mind. How many buffaloes were in that herd. And the answer—no one could tell. The herd was not less than 20 miles in width—we never saw the other side—at least 60 miles in length and maybe much longer—two counties of buffaloes. There might have been 100,000 or 1,000,000 or 100,000,000. I don't know. In the cowboy days in western Kansas we saw 7,000 head of cattle in one roundup.

"After gazing at them a few moments our thoughts turned to that buffalo herd. For a comparison imagine a large pail of water; take from it or add to it a drop and there you have it. Seven thousand head of cattle was not a drop in the bucket as compared with that herd of buffalo.

"Seeing them a person would have said there would be plenty of buffalo a hundred years to come, or even longer. Just think that ten years later there was hardly a buffalo on the continent! That vast herd and the many other herds had ben exterminated by the ruthless slaughter of the hide hunters, who left the meat to rot on the plain as food for the coyotes and carrion crows, taking only the hides which were hauled away in wagons to the Union Pacific railroad and shipped east in train loads."—Topeka, Kan., Capital.

Bank Notes Made of Skin.

In China, the first country in the world credited with using bank notes, certain skins were so valuable that they were accepted as cash and passed from hand to hand in the same way as bank notes are at the present day. The negotiability of these skins arose thus: The Emperor Ou Ti, being in want of money, gave his treasurer to understand that such a state of affairs must not continue. At that time it was customary for princes and courtiers on entering the royal presence to cover their faces with a piece of skin. Taking advantage of this custom, the treasurer ordered a decree to be issued forbidding the use of any other skins for this purpose except those of a certain white deer in the royal parks. Immediately there was a demand for pieces of these skins, which, being a monopoly, were sold at a high price, and the royal coffers refilled. The steady value of the skins thus secured made them readily pass and be accepted as an equivalent of coin of the realm. In the Russian seal fisheries of Alaska the workmen were formerly paid in the currency stamped on squares of walrus hide.—Tid Bits.

☞ Chappie—"I say, old cock, let's go shooting, eh, what?" Cholly—Nothing in it, old chap. We shouldn't bag anything but our trousers, y' know."—Cleveland Leader.