

tated long to undertake this task, for all frontier bandits know the government never forgives one who tampers with its mails and railways, and express companies will hunt to the death those who interfere with the safety of their business.

The bandits' deeds will live long in the memories of Western railroad men. It was early on the morning of June 2 that they stopped the first section of the westbound Fast Mail half a mile east of the Wilcox Creek bridge, compelled the engine driver to take the mail and express cars across the bridge, blew up the structure with dynamite, and then shattered the express car and safe with a charge of that explosive, only to find less than \$2000 dollars to reward them.

There were six men in the daring band. They stopped the train with red and white emergency signals, and cowed the conductor and train hands with pistols. After taking the money from the express company's safe they separated, three leaving no trace

riding directly over the tracks of their horses, the others spread out to prevent surprise.

Thus they led away for sixty miles, until in the heart of the mountains, near the head of Teapot Creek, they stopped for rest for themselves and horses. They had little time to sleep, however, for soon the trailing posse entered the narrow canyon. The leader was stopped with a shot that pierced the heart of his horse. Another horse was killed as a second pursuer rode up. Though half a mile away, the robber's aim was deadly. The posse fought the robbers Indian fashion for hours, driving them away from their horses and forcing them to take to the rocks. The task was costly, however, for while closing in on them the head of the posse, Sheriff Joseph Hazen, of Converse county, was killed by a bullet.

Crippled by their losses, the posse could not guard the outlaws, and that night they crept away, stole horses from a ranch near by and rode off

that the desperate little band had escaped again.

Bloodhounds took up the trail again, crossing west through the "Hole-in-the-Wall" valley and the Big Horn Mountains, then south-west toward the Shoshone Indian reservation, and finally into the heart of the Owl Creek Mountains, where they again took a stand. Persons who had met them in their flight said they had five fine horses, two carrying supplies and ammunition. They stole fresh animals from the Indian reservation in their flight, but no animal could stand such a chase against the fresh relays of the determined men behind.

In the Owl Creek Mountains it was three against four hundred—desperation matched against skill and a fortune for the man who might get them. With bloodhounds and Indian trailers about them, and keen eyes watching for any movement, they could do little else than try to sell life dearly, according to the laws of men of their stripe.

The three men are worthy of their calling. Cherokee blood runs in the veins of the Roberts brothers, and the mixture has made them hate white men. Currie was formerly a cowboy, but turned cattle thief four years ago, and he and the Roberts brothers by their fierceness and daring became leaders of the "Hole-in-the-Wall" band.

The end of this trio, however, does not mean the end of the band. There are still fearless desperadoes to be hunted out of the "Hole," "Buck" Cassidy, known from Canada to Mexico and "blood enemy" of Colonel Jay L. Torrey, of the Second Rough Riders, will be their leader.

The authorities of the West have declared war on these men. In three years they have robbed the post office at Powderville, Mont., and killed the postmaster; robbed the bank at Belle Fourche, S. D., and the one at Montpelier, Idaho, and robbed stores extending south to Fort Bridger, Utah, besides innumerable ranches and sheep camps. They have ambushed possums who have followed them and stopped pursuit. Now, however, it is declared they will be hunted out, even if bloodhounds and troops must be employed.

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HINTS FOR ENGAGED COUPLES.

It often happens that a girl thinks herself ill-used because her fiance refuses to devote as much time and attention to her as she thinks herself entitled to. He goes with his male friends on evenings when she thinks he ought to be with herself. And she is, perhaps, sometimes a good deal more hurt by the fact than she need be. On the other hand, his friends think it rather hard that because he has got a sweetheart they must needs be neglected. Now, which has the greater claim on him? Shall he neglect his sweetheart or his friends? As to claim, there can be little question about it. When he elected a girl into the position of his promised wife he gave her a claim beside which most others became exceedingly small. He has no right to let her feel herself neglected, and though no man worth calling a friend will willingly throw over old friendship, still he has taken a new relationship which comes first. But the girl is wrong and foolish if she wishes him to neglect his friends—foolish, because she should never put herself in rivalry with his other feelings of affection; and wrong, because she is doing an injustice both to herself and his friends. Let her consider that he can satisfy the claims of both, if they are reasonable, and that he will love her the more if she does not want to part him from his friends.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S DOILITY.

Queen Victoria, says the Philadelphia Medical Journal, has always enjoyed good health, a little rheumatism being almost her only pathologic foe; but her remarkable immunity from not only the grave infirmities, but the slight ailments so common to old age, must be attributed as much to her docility as to her splendid physical constitution. The routine of her life is largely suggested for her by her wise and faithful body physician, Sir James Reid, and his directions are most faithfully followed by his Imperial charge.



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of their movements, the other three striking for the refuge that had proved their salvation more than once.

They had camped nearby while awaiting the train, and fleet horses were ready for them when they had obtained their booty. Straight across the plain they rode, heading for the mouth of the Platte River, east of Casper. A posse taking the trail next morning felt that capture would be easy, for they knew the men could cross the swollen Platte River and reach the rugged mountains only over the bridge at Casper, seventy miles from the scene of the robbery, where railway men, United States marshals and deputy sheriffs were preparing for the hunt.

None of those who were in the chase could believe the bandits would dare enter this city, and the bridge was left unguarded. On the second day, however, the men, after stealing fresh horses at a ranch, turned abruptly to the west, and in the middle of the night rode through the city, crossed the bridge over the swollen river, obtained supplies from friends and were well on their way to the Big Horn Mountains when their pursuers followed their trail across the bridge.

Westward across the plain the chase led, the bandits, with horses tired from their long ride, the pursuers with fresh ones furnished in Casper. The bandits kept always to the high ridges, and armed with powerful field glasses, could see for ten miles behind the ten men on their trail—one

north-east across the hills, toward the "Hole-in-the-Wall." A herder at the K.T. ranch, near the entrance was met by them two days later, and he told them the posse had cut in ahead of them, and that the ranch and the "Hole" were guarded.

They dared not enter their old retreat, but friends gave them horses and food. Then, making a wide detour, they went down the Powder River and struck off across a trail that led around the great cliff wall.

They found time for rest and recuperation on the solitary E.K. Mountain, which raises its ragged sides above the "Hole in the Wall" valley. Bloodhounds trailed them there, and scores of men surrounded them, penning them in canyons time after time.

The news of the killing of Sheriff Hazen had spread throughout the State. The Governor had offered \$5,000 reward for each of them, and the railway and express companies had offered an equal amount.

Troopers had been sent from Fort McKimby to the north; picked militiamen had been equipped as cowboys, and the United States Marshal and the sheriffs had gathered the crack shots and fearless characters of the whole region to aid in the chase.

From rock to rock and gully to gully they fought against great odds for a week, the pursuers constantly closing in, avoiding a charge in their desire to take the men alive. Then one morning the posse closed in on the retreat from which they had fought the night before, only to find



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