

A Western New Woman.

How She Manages to Earn a Living for Her Father and Brother.

There are several illustrations of the new woman in Arizona Territory, for instance, women ranchers, vaqueros, bank cashiers, stable keepers and butchers; but the one whose occupation interests newcomers most is Miss Sarah M. Burks, who carries the United States mail over the star route from St. Johns to Jimtown twice a week. The distance from St. Johns to the end of the route is fifty-two miles, and it requires a good deal of courage and a liberal supply of self-confidence with a dash of love for adventure to make the trip.

The route leads through a wild, desolate region. What tiny streams are found there are poisoned with alkali. Navajo Indians and occasionally an Apache are somewhat plentiful, but white men seldom go there and then only to get the gold, silver and copper which have been liberally strewn throughout this region. Nothing in the way of vegetation can grow there. It is simply a region of rich minerals deposited by titanic volcanic action ages ago. A jagged, barren surface of volcanic rocky mountainous heaps of volcanic ashes, broad rivers of solidified lava, so rough of surface as to be impassable by man or beast, tell of the forces that once were exerted there. Along the western border of this desolate, uncanny wilderness Miss Burks rides twice a week. Generally she is alone, and, if she has a companion, he is likely to be a miner, a commercial traveller or, maybe, a territorial lawyer, who has rented a horse from Miss Burks's father, and she is to collect payment and to see to the care of the horse. Notwithstanding her uncommon occupation and the depressing loneliness of the long ride Miss Burks is always light hearted and, although she realizes that constant watchfulness and coolness are requisite in the performance of her duties, she is seldom nervous. She is simply a resolute girl, who knows that she has a duty to perform, however hazardous it may be, for the benefit of her invalid father and her little brothers and sisters. She is always armed with shooting irons, and when a child she was a crack shot of the mining camp at Harqua Hala.

In 1898 Joseph Burks and his family came from Keap street, near Division avenue, Brooklyn, to Flagstaff, Ariz. Mr. Burks engaged in wool growing just in time to lose every one of his \$21,000 in the industry when the Wilson Tariff law went into effect. The Burks family moved to St. Johns, in Apache county, and the father opened a little livery stable, while the family lived in a tent. Two years ago Mr. Burks took the mail contract over the star route from St. Johns to the copper and silver camp of Jimtown and on to Showlow, in Navajo county. In June, 1898, he became ill, and for a time his life was despaired of. The contract to carry the mail had to be filled. Without consideration, Miss Burks decided to be her father's substitute. She has done the work ever since.

She wears garments adapted to her work. Her hat is a wide straw. She wears short skirts of blue serge, a corduroy or canvas jacket, leathern leggings and heavy shoes. A belt and holster in which a fine pistol rests is always about her waist when she is on her horse. Then she has another revolver and a lot of cartridges in her saddle-bags. The mail pouch, a small one, is fastened on the rear of the saddle. When chaffed by a visitor about the probable uselessness of this martial display, she drew a gun as quickly and as deftly as a professional shooting man could do it, held it out with a firm hand and a steady arm and put all six bullets into a playing card posted thirty paces away.

"I've never had any occasion to use it in earnest," she said, as she carefully wiped out the barrel and refilled the chambers, "but I always feel safer with it. I'd as soon think of starting out without my mail bags as without my revolver. My father taught me to use it, and I practise with it constantly. Would I use it if I had to? Well, would I! I should say so. In the first place I've got to protect the property that is in my charge, and I'd do it with my last breath and my last cartridge. And, besides I might have to protect myself although I never feel any anxiety about that."

"Have you ever been frightened by any thing on one of these trips?"

"No, not really frightened, although I've been rather anxious sometimes. And once I would have been very much frightened if I hadn't had a companion, and if it hadn't been a Mormon. I see you don't understand," she went on, smiling at the look of surprise on her questioner's face; "but one Mormon is as much protection against a band of Navajo Indians as any

army regiment would be. You see there are lots and lots of Mormon ranches and settlements all through this part of Arizona and the Mormons have always been on good terms with the Indians. Most of the men speak the Navajo language and are so friendly with them that the Indians will not do anything a Mormon tells them not to do.

"Well, once last fall this man, a Mormon was riding on one of Father's horses with me. He was on his way to Showlow and we were about twenty miles southwest from St. Johns, near the old Sepulveda hacienda, when we saw a band of painted, screaming Indians. It is not usual for the Navajos to come so far south, although they range constantly over the lava plains farther north and kill people up there every year. But this time a band of five of them rode down to the very road from behind some heaps of lava rocks before we knew they were there. They called to us and the Mormon answered them, and then they jibbered together for a few minutes after which the Indians rode off to the north again. As the Mormon was with me I knew there wasn't a particle of danger, but if he hadn't been there I would be a badly scared girl, I tell you.

"I neither spoke nor stirred. I kept my gaze steadily on the Mexican. I saw a rifle lying close beside him, and I knew he was a good shot, as all Mexicans are in that region. Finally after what seemed an age, the fellow managed to speak to me. I then saw that he had been shot in the cheek so that his jaw was broken, and while he was semi-delirious with pains and loss of blood he could not control his mouth. He knew that I was frightened and he tried to tell me by his mumbled words and his feeble motions that he was unarmed and wanted my help in his distress. I dismounted and, going over to the boulder with my pistol still in hand I saw another Mexican stretched out there on his back with his eyes staring straight and his mouth wide open. Then Mexican who had called me there sank back up on the ground from sheer exhaustion when I came near to him. I gave him half of the water in the canteen on my horse and fixed up a contrivance with his blanket by which the hot sunshine was kept out of his eyes. It may seem very little to do for a person in that horrible condition, but it was all I could do. I sipped a corner of rag in a tin cup of water and washed as best I could the wound's about the man's face. That gave him some relief.

"He managed to tell me that he and his dead comrade had had a war of words on the trail across the mountains. They were evidently abandoned, half-civilized beings. The dead man attacked his comrade with a pistol, and the other could not reach for his own pistol quick enough to shoot back. Instead, the attacked Mexican drew his bowie knife, and the two men clinched in a mortal embrace. Each man held the other with a powerful grip, and neither gave nor asked quarter until death came to one of the Mexicans. While the attacking man pressed his pistol against his antagonist's body and discharged every cartridge in it into the man, the latter drove his bowie knife again and again into his antagonist. The knife did its mortal work quickest, but the seven pistol balls in the other man brought death a half hour after I reached there. The shooting had probably occurred five hours before I came riding along that way. When the Mexican—I have never heard his name—died, I mounted my horse and, hot as it was, went galloping over toward Jimtown, where I told of the scene I had come upon. A constable started back at once over the trail.

"The most memorable experience I ever had was last August, one day when the mercury must have been at about 115 in the shade, if indeed any shade could have been found in the region. I was jogging slowly over the spur of the Red Mountains and was passing through a shallow

guleh among boulders of lava and other forbidding things in this dreadful desert waste, when I heard a groan. Even my horse was startled at the sound and stood still. One goes for a whole day there without seeing a living creature, except an occasional bird, or hearing a sound of any kind. So the human groan was quite unnerving for a moment. I reached instinctively for my pistol at my side, when I heard another groan evidently made to attract my attention. I raised my pistol for immediate use and at the same time swept my eyes over the locality from which the groan came. A great, swart, bleeding hand appeared above a boulder about thirty feet from the trail, and then the form of a Mexican who seemed to be trying to get on his feet. I saw he had been lying or crouching behind the boulder and that he was trying to get up to see me, either to shoot at me or to try to get me to come to him. His face was bloody, and one eye was a mass of coagulated blood. I never saw a more horrible specimen of a human being and I never thought so fast and so much before. Every bandit story I had ever read, every story of Apache Kid and his murderous gang, went through my mind as I sat there with my cocked pistol aimed straight at the bloody repulsive wretch trying to get on his feet by holding on the boulder.

"Have I ever seen any bears on my mail route? Yes; often in the spring and fall months. Only last March I turned a bend in the road among the foothills of the Mogollon Mountains, and there not half a mile ahead, were two black bears and two cubs trudging slowly along. I looked to my shooting irons, but I knew enough about bears not to wound or harm one unless I knew I can certainly kill it at the next shot or I see positively where their is an avenue of escape open to me when hard pressed by Bruin. A bear, unless wounded or mad or crazy hungry, will get out of one's way on the least chance of escape. So I put my hands to my mouth and yelled and made hideous noises to inform the bear family of my approach. The beasts stopped a second, at my first shout, looked back and then made for the nearest hiding spot among the rocks. By the time I reached the place where the beasts had left the road I saw nothing of them but tracks. I see coyotes every week, but I have never seen a mountain lion, and that's what I should really like to watch some day. The mountain lion, so old-time hunters and trappers say, is the most wonderful acrobat in the world.

"I have no fear of bandits. The mail I carry never has anything valuable in it, and I let that fact be known everywhere. Besides, the country through which I travel is so utterly good-for-nothing that a jack rabbit would have a hard struggle for a living in it, and bandits would have hard picking off the few poor, tattered prospectors who go that way. If I should, however, be held up, I'd be sensible. As I have just said, I never carry valuables, and any bandit can look through the mail pouch to his hearts content before I'm going to be shot. I'd put my long practice at fire arms into good use, rather than let any one intention ally run over me on the route."

GAMBLING IN WASHINGTON.

Not Much High Play There now, Says an Old Gambler.

Jerry Jewel, Washington's oldest ex-gambler, is reported to be seriously ill at his home in this city. As a sporting man in his prime and day Jerry Jewel was known all over the United States. He came of a highly respectable family of colonial descent, and, as a lifelong friend of his puts it, "Jerry took to gambling as naturally as a duck takes to water." Coming to Washington early in the Buchanan Administration Jewel has resided here ever since. Talking on the old times to a few friends who recently visited him, Jerry eloquently pointed out the causes for the decadence of gambling. He said:

"One night while dealing for old Thad Stevens, then a national figure in Congress, a man for whom he had secured a position in one of the departments watched the game awhile, and finally made a suggestion as to the best play. Mr. Stevens merely raised his eyebrows and made no rejoinder. Finally the man said: 'Mr. Stevens, I will stake my reputation that the nine wins.' Still Mr. Stevens continued to play 'right and left,' as was his custom, without deigning to notice the remark. But when the nine lost, Mr. Stevens saw a chance to suppress his would-be coach, and, raising his head, he exclaimed: 'Pay the dealer 25 cents, sir.' 'But I haven't bet, Mr. Stevens,' answered the surprised and confused individual. 'You staked on the nine to win, sir, and you owe a quarter,' gruffly returned old Thad, and the titter of the other players around the board admonished the fellow that Mr. Stevens' very pointed estimate of his stake and reputation was concurred in. 'After he had left, Mr. Stevens cashed

in, and addressing me, he foretold the decadence of the exciting sport in the near future, so far as Washington was concerned. Said Mr. Stevens:

"Jewel, these department clerks and appointees are running us out, sir. That fellow who has just left I secured a position of \$1,500 per annum. He needs every cent of it to support those who are dependent on him, but he must needs gamble. How much longer do you suppose the class of men who have been your patrons will sit around the green cloth with clerks or appointees?"

I was struck with the force of Mr. Stevens' observation, and also noticed another element increasing daily, which equally helped to kill the game. This element was the cheap gambler who lived by his plays and loafed around the rooms where the games were in operation. I was dealing for the Jones brothers at this period, in the house where the Hotel Johnson now stands. I had been previously operating a strong game at the northwest corner of Sixth street and Pennsylvania avenue. Morrissey and Burns backed a big game when Mr. Morrissey was in Congress. The rooms were located where subsequently the defunct Washington Press Club had headquarters, near the corner of Fifteenth street and avenue. Here Senator Matt Carpenter and many other noted men wrestled with the tiger many times for twenty four hours at a sitting. A man named John Usher kept a restaurant in those days next door to where Shoemaker is now, and Senator Carpenter would come in there daily to eat corn beef and cabbage with the rest of us that fancied that dish. The boys all liked the Senator, as he was democratic in his intercourse with us, like Thompson, 'Prince' Pendleton, 'General' Wilkinson, Bob Steele, and more of our set who handled the 'boxes' at the various houses made Usher's a kind of meeting place to compare notes and exchange salutations.

Gen. Steadman of Ohio, whom his friends like to refer to as "the Rock of Chickamauga," I met for the first time when dealing for the Jones boys at Sixth street and the Avenue. He came in one night and threw his overcoat on the roulette table. I sized him up as a Western man. He approached the table where I was and said:

"Give me a hundred dollars worth of chips."

"The General, whom I learned to know and appreciate at his true worth, was a little gruff on first acquaintance, but he was a dead game man at the table or in the field, for that matter. He warned me one night that the old times were passing, and that a inferior and financially poorer class of men were becoming the patron of the game. He said:

"Jewel, the stock exchange and the bucket shop are going to supersede gambling among the legislators at the nation's capital. The returns are quicker and bigger, and gambling in stocks and margins can be done on the quiet without subjecting one's self to the exposure and gossip of Department clerks and Government employees. Now, mark what I tell you; When Congressmen and members of the 'third house' abandon the game, gambling will be suppressed by law, as you will no longer have any friend in either house to protect you."

"And sure enough, the General's prediction has come to pass. The 'third house' to which the General referred was composed of lobbyists and influential politicians and business men from all over the United States who visited this city during the sessions of Congress. The members of the 'third house' were our best patrons."

"Fifty or sixty thousand dollars is a respectable sum in any other business than the 'bank' of a gambling house. In the latter there is an uncertainty about the roll that lessens its value from the point of view of the gambler. In those days I have seen the 'bank' cleaned out more than once and in more than one house, but the game opened up the next night as if nothing had happened. We stood by each other then, after the manner in which the national banks and clearing houses help each other out now."

"My experience," concluded Mr. Jewel, "and I am in my sixty eighth year, of the men who try their luck at the faro table, outside of course the professional gambler, is this: That no business man or non-professional can indulge in the excitement and run his particular business or private affairs successfully very long. If he loses, which he invariably does in the long run, his capital is impaired. If he makes a big winning—the most fatal of all to an outsider—he becomes dissatisfied with the small or slow profits of his legitimate business, and he soon loses his trade by neglect or indifference, and in the end ruin and bankruptcy are the result."

Solomon Sloan's Advice.

Mr. Editor:—

If I were boss:—

There would be no more corporal punishment.

I do not believe in the old fashioned remedy of birch oil as a cure for all evils. For a full grown man or woman to strike

a child too weak to resist is an act of rank cowardice.

A blow never yet made a sinner a saint, nor did fear of punishment ever improve one's morals.

There are fine bred, delicately organized horses that have never known what it is to feel a blow. There are horses that a single blow would ruin.

The child does not live that is not far more delicately organized than the finest race horse.

Many children are whipped, but I do not believe that any child was ever whipped but that a sense of injustice remained and rankled.

Cruelly toward children makes the children cruel.

Moral suasion is better than beating. Rewards for good deeds are infinitely more powerful toward right than punishment for bad ones.

All too often it is only the bad deeds of the youngsters that are noticed. The good deeds pass unnoticed.

The same thing is true of men and women—their faults condemned, their good deeds uncommemorated, but by the time they are adult they have got used to it.

In childhood it is different. Life is then in the formative stage. A blow struck then or a cruel word spoken may make or mar a whole life.

Ideal childhood is where no blows are struck, where no harsh words are spoken, where good deeds are rewarded, where bad deeds are punished only by being unnoticed.

And that's the way it would be if I were boss.

SOLOMON SLOAN.

After Doctors Failed.

HOW PERLEY MISNER, OF WELLANDPORT, RECOVERED HEALTH.

He Suffered From Hip Joint Disease and Abscesses—His Friends Feared He Would Be a Permanent Invalid.

From The Journal, St. Catharines, Ont.

A reporter of the St. Catharines Journal visiting Wellandport not long ago, heard of one of those remarkable cures that have made Dr. Williams' Pink Pills famous as life savers the world over. The case is that of Perley Misner, son of Mr. Mathias Misner, who had suffered from hip joint disease and abscesses, and who had been under the care of four doctors without beneficial results. Mr. Misner gave the particulars of the case as follows:—"In the spring of 1893 my son, Perley, who was then in his thirteenth year, began to complain of an aching in his hips, and later my attention was directed to a peculiar shamble in his gait. As the trouble gradually grew upon him I took him to a physician in Dunnville, who examined him and said the trouble arose from a weakness of the nerves of the hip. This doctor treated Perley for weeks, during which time a large abscess formed on his leg, and he was obliged to get about on crutches. As he continued to decline, I resolved to try another doctor, who diagnosed the case as hip joint disease. He treated Perley for six months. The lad slightly improved at first, but later was taken worse again. He would startle in his sleep and was continually in distress as he could neither sit nor recline with ease, and was weak, faint and confused. During this time the abscess had broken and was discharging in three places, but would not heal. A third doctor advised me a surgical operation, which he objected to, and a fourth medical man then took the case in hand. This doctor confined Perley to the bed, and besides giving medicine, he ordered a mechanical appliance to which was attached a 15 pound weight, to be placed in a position by a pulley system so as to constantly draw downwards on the limb. This treatment was continued six weeks, causing much pain, but nothing in the way of benefit was noticed. The abscess was dressed twice and thrice a day for months, and frequently, despite the aid of crutches, it was necessary for me to carry him in my arms from the house to the vehicle when taking him out. In October of 1893, I decided other treatments having failed, to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I told the doctor of this decision, and he said that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills would quite likely be of much benefit. After using four boxes I could see some improvement. After this Perley continued the use of the pills for several months with constant improvement and new vigor, and after taking about 18 boxes the abscess was nicely healed, the crutches were dispensed with, and he was able to work and could walk for miles. I attribute the good health which my son enjoys to-day to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This medicine achieved such a marvellous success in my son's case as to set the whole community talking about it. I consider no pen expressive enough to do Dr. Williams' Pink Pills justice, as I believe my son would still be a hopeless invalid but for this medicine."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. If your dealer does not keep them, they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$3.00, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"Women haven't a grain of business sense."

"What makes you think so?"

"Why, I gave this business woman a fine luncheon, showed her all around town, and she got mad because I asked her to give our firm an order."