

Arizona's Lone Robber.

"I've had a heap of experience with bandits along the south west border," said Sheriff Dentley of Globe, Ariz. "and I say it deliberately, there never was, in Arizona at least, another such outlaw as Bill Brazleton. If ever an outlaw ran things his own way Brazleton did in Pima, Cochise and Pinal counties for a few years. The fact is, no one wanted to run up against so ruthless and formidable a man and sheriff and their posse managed to keep out of his way."

"A dozen bandits in the West have been credited with inventing the lone bandit style of holding up stage coaches, but Brazleton was the originator. He was a marvellous shot, and I have seen him perform feats with the revolver that are almost incredible. Once at Yuma I saw him throw a roll of yucca of the size and shape of a croquet ball into the air and then whirl completely about on his heel and put two bullets through it before it reached the ground. I saw him sight a six inch circle on a board ninety feet away, and then, when some one had suddenly blindfolded him, he raised his weapon and put a ball into the circular mark. He was the quickest eyed and steadiest handed shooter I ever came across. It seems that there was a long chapter in his career before he came to Arizona in 1877. He was known as Hunter at Abilene, Kan., from where he was driven away for murder by a vigilance committee. We have heard that a man of his description bearing the name of Henderson served a term at Fort Smith prison in Arkansas for the murder of a soldier. In May, 1877, he made his appearance in Arizona. This was when two unusually bold robberies of the Florence and Yuma stage were committed by a lone highwayman. Each time the booty amounted to more than \$1,000. In July, 1877, another stage was robbed by a lone highwayman near Deming, N. M., and two gold bricks were taken from the express company's treasure box. For two subsequent years this lone highwayman committed daring crimes with impunity."

"The lone highwayman, as he came to be called, was a magnificent specimen of manhood. He stood six feet in his stockings; was handsome; his black eyes were bright; his countenance open. The method pursued was always the same. He always carried a brace of revolvers and a rifle. Resting on his right hand, by the side of the trigger of his rifle, was placed one of the revolvers, so that in case the cartridges in the rifle became exhausted the revolver would be brought into play. He could fire with either hand or with both hands, and could hit a five-cent piece in the air with a revolver. As the stage advanced at full speed, the lone highwayman would jump from his hiding place, cover the driver and guard with his rifle, and order every man and woman to get out; then he would take the valuables, order all back into the coach, warn them that an outcry meant certain death, mount and ride away as rapidly as his splendid horse could carry him."

"There was a prosperous little gold camp known as Oro Fino in the southern part of Cochise county, close on the border between Sonora, Mexico, and Arizona. Some of the hardest characters among the Mexicans and half breeds were there. Every man in Oro Fino went armed, and there were many good shots there. Not one person in ten thousand would think of a hold-up of a gambling game in such a community. It seemed almost like inviting sure death. But Brazleton was never daunted by odds. Late one night, when the men in camp who drank hard were the worse for the evening's dissipation and the crowd had thinned out, suddenly the door of the Bella Union saloon swung open, and in walked Brazleton with a revolver in each hand. The men there told me afterward that he looked enormous as he strode into the saloon. He wore no mask, and he was dressed with uncommon care. His great mustache was waxed to fine points, and an immense sombrero was on his head, pushed back from his forehead. Several men who were gaming in the saloon when he entered have said that his consummate coolness, his extraordinary daring and his impressive mien all had powerful effect like hypnotism upon them, and while they would have instinctively reached for their weapons had any other outlaw come to rob them, they sat there and simply gaped at Bill while he picked up some \$700 in gold of the fare dealer's money."

"Hands up, boys," he called as he crossed the threshold. "Keep your mouths shut

and hands up, and you want go to hell to-night!"

"Brazleton stood a second at the door, to make sure that he 'took in the whole some and that no one was behind to shoot him. Then he strode forward to the fare table, while a masked confederate appeared from out of doors and stood upon the threshold to keep watch upon every one there while Bill Brazleton played the important role."

"The fare dealer made a faint at reaching down under the table for his pistol, but Bill called out: 'Hands up you dealer! One more move and I'll shoot you as full of holes as a sieve.' No one made an objection by word or act to Bill as, still keeping his black eyes upon the little assemblage and having his cocked pistol in his right hand, he calmly picked up, with his left hand, several six inch stacks of ten and twenty dollar gold pieces and dropped them into a hunting bag he carried at his side. Twice he stopped, and for a second or two with a pistol in each hand surveyed the crowd as if debating whether to shoot his victims to death then or wait."

"Now, gents, don't be foolish and coax your death. Mind what I say and you'll be glad. I'm Bill Brazleton and I never miss my shots. Keep your hands in sight," he said as he moved toward the open door, where his confederate held guard."

"At the door he stopped and gave another sweeping glance over the gambling room. Then, with his big weapon still up on the mute assemblage, he walked backward into the darkness and disappeared. Some confederate had held his horse ready for him. The whole robbery did not occupy more than two and a half minutes. A posse of men tried to follow and capture the bandit, but he disappeared in the Draagoon Mountains, and was next heard of 200 miles away months later."

"The most remorseless, cold blooded men I ever knew have had unusually tender spots in their hearts, which they tried to conceal as if it were a grievous fault. Once when a dance hall at Globe burned down and a baby was burned, Jack Her-ring, the meanest fellow in the whole camp, was affected to tears whenever the burning of that baby was mentioned for weeks after. Bill Brazleton was the same way. He held up the Benson and Deming stage in a narrow cut among the foot-

REDUCTION IN PRICE.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

The price of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder has been reduced by the manufacturer from sixty cents to fifty cents per bottle. This remedy, which has been recommended as no other one in existence, by members of Parliament, ministers and educational men, can now be had of any druggist at 50 cents a bottle. It relieves in ten minutes, headache and all pain caused by colds or catarrh. It is difficult to use. It cures completely. Sold by E. C. Brown.

hills once, and when he saw a woman whose new black gird showed she was a recent widow he said:

"Well, madam, who are you?"

"I am the widow of So-and-so."

"How long has he been dead?" asked the robber as he stood with a revolver in each hand.

"Three weeks," was the reply.

"Well, I need money mighty bad, but I'd die before I'd touch a widow's. Now, gents, you just chuck out to me what change you can spare, and I'll call it square. It's worth something to be held by Bill Brazleton. You'll have something to brag about the rest of your lives."

"With that there were some silver and gold pieces handed out of the stage window, and the robber told the driver to go ahead."

"In 1879 there occurred the most startling robbery that had yet taken place. It was committed at a point not far from Prescott. There was \$20,000 or \$30,000 in the possession of the guards, whose number has been increased. As the stage was being driven along it was noticed that a big brown horse was tied to a cactus tree at the roadside. A few yards further on a man with a gunny sack over his face sprang into the road. "Throw up your hands and throw out the box," was the order peremptorily given. "The first man who moves I'll kill him. I'm a dead shot." At the same time he covered the driver with two revolvers, one in each hand. Every one laid down his gun. Then he ordered all to stand back from their arms. Next he commanded the box to be broken open. His orders were obeyed, the money was taken and the lone highwayman rode away."

"Next there was a robbery committed on the stage between Silver City, N. M. and El Paso, Tex. Again it was done by the lone highwayman. Seven Mexicans followed him. The seven were subsequently found dead on the road. The way he killed them, he afterward explained, was this: He lay down on the desert to rest, when he discovered that his armed pursuers were close upon him. He jumped on his

horse and rode fast until he got them strung out. Then he shot the man one by one until five were killed. The other two fled. He followed and killed them also. No one was left to tell the tale, and for a long time it was thought the crime came to their death at the hands of Indians."

"The next robbery was that of a California stage, and this occurred just a few miles west of Tucson. The stage was being driven through a country comparatively free from crime. Among the passengers was John F. Olson, formerly engaged in the post office department at Washington, and John Miller, editor of a newspaper at Tombstone, Ariz. The driver was telling the story of the last robbery when the lone highwayman stopped forward with the words, 'Here I am again, boys. Who have you here?'"

"A peace officer and editor," replied the driver.

"Well, peace officer and editor, step out," said the lone highwayman, and both stepped out accordingly.

"Olson had \$250 and Miller had \$10, which they gave up."

"I want some money for breakfast," said Miller.

"What will half a year's subscription to your paper cost?" asked the highwayman.

"Five dollars."

"Here, take it."

"Where will I address it?" asked Miller.

"Address it to hell," said the highwayman. "Get in there now and keep your mouth shut."

"Ex-Gov. L. C. Hughes of Tucson was then United States District Attorney, and he discovered the first clue to the robber. A man named Davis Nimitz was found riding a horse corresponding in every point with that of the lone highwayman. The district attorney ordered the arrest of Nimitz, who was induced to confess. Then United States Marshal Tuttle of Tucson devised a scheme for capturing Brazleton. It was planned that Nimitz should break out of jail and escape to Brazleton's hiding place in the San Georgonia Mountains. This was done, and Brazleton arranged to have Nimitz meet him the next night. Nine of the nerviest men and best shots in Tucson were chosen to help the officers in getting Brazleton. One man who resembled Nimitz was chosen to personate him. The posse went stealthily up into the mountains, and took places behind rocks overlooking the scene of the proposed meeting between Brazleton and Nimitz. Every man was well armed. It was slightly moonlight."

"According to instructions the man who had been chosen to personate Nimitz coughed once at exactly 8 o'clock. Then Brazleton came crouching down the mountain side amid the boulders and granite

rocks. The man who personated Nimitz coughed twice, and then Brazleton coughed three times as he drew nearer. The other man was to have coughed again but he was too nervous. Brazleton seemed assured that it was all right, and he ran forward, with his rifle across his shoulder, to meet the supposed Nimitz."

"Come, let's go and pack up," he said. Just at that moment he saw that the man was not Nimitz. He whirled about to get his clutch in his rifle, while the man before him raised his pistol. Both men, however, were too slow. The eight concealed men among the rocks round about fired a volley and Brazleton sank on the earth. He gasped:

"Trapped! trapped! I trapped! and died choking with blood."

A WOMAN'S BURDEN.

THE STORY OF A WOMAN AD-DRESSED TO WOMEN.

It Tells How These Weak and Dependent Can Obtain New Health and Strength at a Small Expense—The Facts Fully Verified by Investigation.

From the Mail, Grandby, Ga.

The reading public have evidence put before them almost every day of the healing power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It is sometimes asked whether these cures are permanent, and in reply to this we would say that a case which recently came to the attention of the Mail indicates that the results following the use of this medicine are as lasting as they are beneficial. Some years ago Mrs. Robert Webster, who is well known in Grandby, passed through a very serious illness in which her condition very nearly bordered upon collapse. Her blood appeared to have almost turned to water. She was very weak, her appetite failed, and she suffered from severe headaches. Mrs. Webster had the benefit of excellent medical advice, but apparently without avail, as she seemed steadily growing worse. The least exertion would fatigue her, and finally she was for a time unable to do her household work, and was confined to bed. Her husband suggested the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and purchased a few boxes. Mrs. Webster had not been taking the pills long before she found herself growing stronger. Her headaches disappeared, her appetite improved, new blood appeared to be coursing through her veins, and her nerves again became strong and active. After using the pills for a couple of months she felt as well as ever she had done in her life, and could do her household work without feeling the fatigue that had formerly made her life so miserable. This, as already indicated, happened some years ago, and in the period that has elapsed Mrs. Webster has enjoyed the best of health. She says that if she feels at any time a little run down she takes a few doses of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and is soon all right, and she thinks there is no medicine to equal them. Mr. Webster, speaking of his wife's cure, says Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did her a thousand dollars worth of good, and friends who knew her condition before she began the pills and saw the effect upon her, say the same thing. There are a number of others in this vicinity who have used this great medicine, and so far as the Mail can learn the results have always been beneficial.

There are thousands of women throughout the country who suffer as Mrs. Webster did, who are pale, subject to headaches, heart palpitation and dizziness, who drag along frequently feeling that life is a burden. To all such we would say give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. These pills make rich, red blood, strengthen the nerves, bring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks, and make the feeble and dependent feel that life is once more worth living. The genuine are sold only in boxes, the wrapper bearing the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." May be had from all dealers or by mail at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"They say that in time the horse will become practically extinct," said the young woman.

"Well, then," said Broncho Bob "I'm glad to hear it. I'll save a powerful sight o' lynchin's."

Poor Poet—If ever I get famous I wonder what will be the first thing to happen.

Poor Poet's wife—I know; all the magazine editors that have abused you will hop up and claim that they discovered you.

Mr. Homewood—Are you doing any gardening this spring?

Mr. Wilkinsburg—I have made a beginning. I planted a cat under a peach tree yesterday evening.

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets—Medical science by accident discovered the potency of the pineapple as a panacea for stomach troubles. The immense percentage of vegetable pepsin contained in the fruit makes it an almost indispensable remedy in cases of Dyspepsia and Indigestion, and the whole train of ailments that follow. One tablet after each meal will aid digestion and cure most chronic cases. 50 in a box, 36 cents.

Smith—Every Englishman is willing to bear arms for his country.

Brown—Yes; and every Scotchman is willing to bare legs.

Riggs—I told my barber to order a new mug for me.

Jiggs—I don't blame you.



A PLEASANT CHAT.