

**"GENTLEMAN JOE."**

Joe Quinn was neither a terror nor a hero in the days before the two great railroads crossed the west. He was a gambler—a prospector—a miner—a man who could and did shoot when occasion required, but not one to be warned away by a vigilance committee because he was worse than the average. Joe went broke one day, got cheated out of a rich "find" of silver, and one day left Virginia City to pick up a new occupation. I had known him personally for two or three years, and from his conversation and general bearing I had no doubt that he was well educated and had been brought up as a gentleman. He left Virginia City to blossom out as a passenger agent, and he had no partner. I had the honor or misfortune to be a passenger in the first stage he tried his hand on. The spot was between Virginia City and Silver City, and the time 11 o'clock in the forenoon. There were seven men of us besides the driver, and while the four horses were being watered at a creek crossing the road Joe stepped out with a gun in either hand and called for the passengers to descend. I had a seat with the driver, and Joe called me by name as he called me down. It was the first hold-up for a year, and no one was prepared for it. As fast as we dropped to the road he looked to see that all weapons had been left behind, and as we "lined up" he took position between us and the vehicle. He had a clear, mellow voice, and there was no menace in his speech as he said:

"Gentlemen, I have failed at gambling, prospecting and digging. I am now going to try this profession for awhile. I want your money. I propose to rob you in a genteel way. Use me like a gentleman and I will respect your feelings in return. Mr. Blank here is my friend, but under the circumstances he will shell out with the rest of you. I will now ask him to introduce me to each one of you in rotation."

Joe took from me fourteen twenty-dollar gold pieces, and then I introduced him to Mr. Bascomb, who happened to stand next to him. They shook hands and they were pleased to see each other, and Mr. Bascomb handed out \$130 in gold. So it went clear down the line, the robber trusting to every man's integrity to hand over his entire boodle. In this instance I believe every one of us did, as he got about \$1,300 from the crowd. He did not ask for watches or jewelry, and when some one told him that he had forgotten the stage driver, who stood holding the leaders by the bits, he laughed and called out:

"How much cash have you got about you, Sam?"

"About \$30," replied the driver as he produced the coins.

"You are too small pickings, and I know you have a wife and child to support. Now, gentlemen, I don't want your firearms, and I don't believe any of you will be fool enough to fire on me when you see notes or them. Pile into the coach and drive ahead. Should you meet with another gentleman in the same profession I will console you to realize that you have no cash to be robbed of."

A week later, though there were fifty men out looking for him, "Gentleman Joe," as we had titled him from the first hold up, stopped another stage on that line.

After his second robbery he was so vigorously pursued that he had to abandon the Silver City route, but in the course of a couple of weeks he was heard of up in the Humboldt Valley. His advent was characterized by a feat which has no peer in stage-robbery. He caught the up-stage and the down-stage just as they were about to pass each other at 3 o'clock in the after-

noon. There were five men and a woman and the other four men, a woman and a boy. With the drivers there were eleven men and all well armed and yet he appeared so suddenly and moved about so swiftly that it was at first supposed there were four or five robbers in the attack. The drivers he paid no attention to, but he lined up the nine passengers, searched the first and made him go through the others. It was said that his haul amounted to \$5,000, and as it was all in gold coin he had it lying on a blanket in the road when the passengers re-embarked and the stage rolled away.

By never interfering with the mails or express matter Gentleman Joe escaped making official enemies. Neither Uncle Sam nor the express officials were much concerned about hunting down a man who did not interfere with their property, and such pursuit as was made by sheriffs ended in smoke. In one year the robber held up thirteen different stages and made a gross haul of at least \$25,000. He was never known to enter a town, and probably lived alone in the thickets and mountains. He had a good horse and two revolvers, and occasionally appeared at a mill or country store to make purchases of provisions. At the end of a year the rewards offered for him amounted to \$7,000. His last hold-up had been on the Yuba river, in California, and seven men set out to capture him. They hired a regular coach, dressed one of their number up as a driver and another in the boot, and all were of course armed to the teeth. It may be that Joe in some way got word of what was up, for he caught the coach in a rocky pass, shot the driver off his seat and wounded two men riding within before the crowd were really aware of his presence. When he commanded the reward-seekers to get down they lost no time in turning out. He sent the four wounded men back up the road, stripped of everything, spent half an hour in making the wounded comfortable as possible, and then drove the stage into the mountains and turned the horses loose.—Chicago Herald.

**Daughters Trained for Home Life.**

The greatest care and anxiety of the Hindoo mother is to bring up her daughter to home life and to make her a good housewife. When a girl is 7 years of age the mother teaches her to cook and to clean the pots. Hindoos have two kinds of washing; one is the daily washing of everyday apparel, for the clothes are changed every morning after bathing. Every Hindoo must bathe before he takes his meals. Religion requires that no food be cooked before the person who cooks it has bathed. Hence every woman must bathe before she cooks. The clothes are changed and washed every day.

**Wifely.**

Mrs. Quills (at one a.m.)—Where have you been until this hour?

Mr. Quills—At the office, balancing my books.

Mrs. Quills—Well, I hope they balance better than your feet!

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