

## Long Henry on Coyote Ed.

"Speakin' of the late Long Henry who wuz killed by 'Coyote Ed' Bhufeldt at Saco a while back," said the old cowpuncher as he stretched himself, "reminds me of a lickin' he got one time at Glasgow, that done him a lot of good, at least, fur a spell. Henry wuz in a saloon down there, an' while he wuz leanin' agin the bar with about enough 'barb wire' in him to make him purty much on the fight, a pale-faced young feller come in and said somethin' to the barkeep. Chances is, he wuz askin' about some rancher. The feller had a sort uv consumptive look, an' I guess he'd jest come to the kentry fur his health. Anyway they wuz sumthin' about his phiz that Henry didn't like. You know Henry wuzn't afraid uv nothin' an' he hed a notion that everybody wuz deathly afraid of him, an' fer the most part, they wuz. Without sayin' a word, Henry whipped out both guns an' with one in each hand he commenced to cuss the pilgrim. Boom! Boom! went both guns almost at onct. One bullet pecked a hole in the ceilin' an' the other went through the floor. Did you ever hear a '45 go off in a room? Well, it don't sound like a bird singin'. It made us all jump an' it shore scared the young tenderfoot. 'Dance, you spindie shanked dude,' he yelled, an' his face looked like a Kansas cyclone. 'Higher, you skim milk runt, er II' shoot them wind-splittin' pegs off'n ye!' Of course, the feller wuz doin' his best to obey orders, an' he wuz shorely a rediculous sight. Bang, bang, went Henry's six-shooters agin' an' higher went the feller's feet. In about a minute, though, he begin to cough an' purty soon he wuz coffin a whole lot more'n he wuz dancin'. A lot of the fellers thought that Henry hed carried the joke fer enough, but not havin' a telephone, they didn't exactly like to say so, 'an' we wuz all hopin' that Henry would let up, as the pore feller wuz high chokin'. Jack Teal was a sittin' over in the corner sayin' nothin', but doin' some thinkin', I guess. Now, Jack in a scrap is the best man in Montana, an' I shore think he kin whip Jeffries in a 'cat an' dog.' Fact is, he's big enough to whip anything, an' he's got sand enough to tackle a buzz saw. Well, Jack he shoves his cheer back an' goes over in front of Henry, who wuz a cussin' the feller that wuz dancin', an' Jack sez to Henry, 'Go an' sit down, you big overgrown kid' er somethin' like that, an' about that time we wuz expectin' a killin'. Henry wuz so mad that he couldn't breathe fur about a minute, an' then he laid his guns on the bar, an' turned on Jack. 'Mebbe you want some of this pie,' he sez. 'Never min' about any pie,' sez Jack. 'I want you to go an' chase yerself. We've had about enough of your funny work fer one evenin'.' Henry wuz a big strapper, too, you know, an' I never seen a feller look meaner, an' he give Jack one look from his feet to his face, an' then they went at it. That's all they wuz to it. In about a minute an' a half Jack hammered Henry's face till it looked like one uv Mary Fitzpatrick's beefsteaks. Then he lifted him up an' handed him his guns an' they shook hands an' Henry paid for drinks fer the house. 'What became of the young man?' I asked. 'Him? Well, great snakes, nobody never did see nothin' more of him. I think he took a hotfoot special out uv town that night, for he wuz shorely gone the next day.' 'Henry must have been fair in a fight,' I observed. 'Yaas,' he slowly assented, 'he wuz fair enough that way, he'd fight with anything from a Gatlin' gun to bare fists, so long as it wuz a fight, an' he allus let the other feller choose his own weepins'.

"Speakin' uv nerry men," he continued, "reminds me uv Dick Cunningham, who is the nerviest man an' the best bronco buster in the state. He ain't afraid uv nothin', an' the horse ain't been born that he can't ride without pullin' leather. Doggone it, I seen him ride a horse out to the bar M ranch that was an outlaw an' Dick hed his arm in a sling, right arm, too, an' it wuz only busted the day before. He saddled, roped an' rode that critter that had throwed everybody else off that ever tackled him, an' done it with one hand. I recollect one Fourth of July night at a dance in Benton a big black dog run into the hall an' commenced nippin' at everybody, an' everyone thought he wuz mad. The wimmen screamed an' the men got up on cheers. Dick in the calmest sort uv way walked up to the dog an' tried to grab him by the throat, but the dog wuz too quick fur him an' caught Dick's hand in his mouth. Dick took him by the throat with the other hand an' pulled his right

hand out of his mouth, an' all the while the ladies wuz a screamin' an' the dog a growlin', an' when Dick got his hand loose it was slit by the dog's teeth from one end to the other. Dick held the dog up by the throat with one hand an' showin' his bloody hand, he smiled as though his girl hed just accepted his invitation to dance, an' he walked downstairs with Mr. Dog. He took him over to the bridge an' holdin' him over the river, he shot him in the head an' let him fall to the water below. He used the six-shooter with his sore hand, too. Then he went to the doctor's—in fact the doctor hed follered him down to the bridge—an' the doc dressed the bite an' durned if Dick didn't go on an' finish the dance. Everybody in the house wuz plum scared but Dick, an' he never thought nothin' uv it. Dick is shore a fine feller an' it's worth any old price to see him ride a bad horse.

"He done a funny thing one summer out on the Marias round-up. They wuz an old nigger wench follerin' the camp-around with a tent saloon. She hed a little wall-tent an' she kept two er three kegs uv beer on tap. When the fellers'd come in from a long circle on a hot afternoon they used to go an' git a glass of warm beer, fer she didn't keep no ice. Well, it become annoyin' to the captain of the outfit, an' he wuz a studyin' how to git rid uv her. He couldn't fire her, fer the prairie wuz as much hern as him. Dick fixed it fer him, though, an' this is what he done. About a dozen fellers wuz in the tent drinkin' an' a-singin', an' Dick rode up to the shebang, an' throwin' his rope over the corner uv the ridgepole, he took a turn around the horn uv his saddle and spurred his horse onto a dead run. Uv course the tent left the fellers, beer, nigger an' all out on the prairie in the sun. Dick drug it fer a mile er two an' then come back to josh the fellers a little. They wuz one thing about the business, the nigger got mad an' took her tent an' silently stole away, as the pote sez."

"Good for Dick Cunningham," I said, "and may his tribe increase." "Same here an' plenty uv 'em," the cowboy soliloquized. "Speakin' uv saloons," he continued, "reminds me uv old Mose Solomon, the Jew thet used to run a saloon in the early days in Fort Benton. Mose wuz honest all right, an' everybody knew he wuz, an' all the fellers liked him, but bein' a Jew they shore did likt to string him. I fergit exactly how it wuz, but somehow er other he got mixed up in a horse trade, an' the horse wuz stolen property er suthin' uv the sort. Anyhow the command-in' officer throwed Mose in jail down at the stockade. Well, Mose wuz hotter'n-well, I won't mention the place, but he wuz hot all right. The fellers fixed it up to go down to see him one by one an' sort uv comfort him an' at the same time kid him a little. One feller goes down an' sez, 'Mose, what are you in here fer?' Mose would explain the whole business from first to last an' the feller would fix up a sad look and say, 'Well, Mose, they can't put you in jail for that.' An' Mose would say, 'Veil, das all ride, my fren, but, py chimney! I am here. Vat you tink?' 'Well,' the feller would say, 'they can't put you in jail fer that, an' durned if I would stan' fer it. As he would leave, Mose would mutter, 'Veil, Cherusulum! ain't I here? Ain't I here?' The boys kept this up till old Mose wouldn't speak to anybody, an' they had him high crazy."—H. E. Robbins, in Anaconda Standard.

### Roosevelt as Humorist

President Roosevelt possesses a characteristic sense of humor. It is vigorous, and sometimes almost grotesque. When he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy during the preparation for the Spanish war, the government was buying a number of yachts to be converted into torpedo boats, dispatch boats, scouts, etc. Considerable intimacy existed between the family of President Roosevelt and that of one of the officers of the navy in the department. The wife of this officer got a fancy she would like to have one of these beautiful little boats bear her name. There is a prejudice in the navy against giving a woman's name to a war vessel of any type. It is believed to be unlucky. But the officer, who found it easier to face official prejudice than to resist the importunities of his better half, made the request of Mr. Roosevelt.

The Assistant Secretary of the Navy hesitated. "It won't do," he said. "I would like to gratify your wife, but a wo-

man's name won't do."

Then a thought occurred to him and he relented. "I will fix it," he said. "Tell your wife it will be all right."

The next day the boat was named: "The Vixen."

"I am going to put you in command of her," said Mr. Roosevelt when he announced the name.

The sun was over the fo'yard and every old officer was licking his lips. The squadron had been out for two days at target practice, and on that day the chief officers of the several ships had been invited on board the flagship, where they were to be entertained by Theodore Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy. The guests and Mr. Roosevelt talked about the feats of gunnery and speculated how such a shot would have counted had the target been a Spanish ship. All save Mr. Roosevelt had begun to weary of this topic. They found it dry and conversation had begun to lag by the time luncheon was announced. Men who had been long on salt water were conscious of something lacking in the entertainment. For some time there had been a clearing of throats and significant glances. Mr. Roosevelt's eyes, following those of his guests, caught the angle of the sun to the fo'yard.

"Will you step into the cabin and have some tea?" he said with an expression which might be significant of most anything but which received but one interpretation by those who felt the salt spray in their throats. The movement toward the cabin was spontaneous. There, in the center of a great table, rested a punch bowl in magnificent proportions, filled nearly to the brim with a liquid a shade deeper than amber of the richest hue. In its center floated an island of ice—sprays of mint were scattered at its base and extended their slender leaves over its brim, while pieces of lemon and other fruit floated on the surface of the cool and tempting fluid. A generous ladle was dipped into its mysterious depths and glasses were marshalled around.

The old commodore, with the color of the sun upon his face and the dryness of the desert in his throat, turned eagerly toward this oasis. He stirred the ladle lovingly in the bowl while others gathered about him. He held his glass, filled to the brim, between his eye and the sunlight that came with a burning glow through

the cabin as each officer filled to the occasion. With an air of contentment and anticipated joy he brought the glass to his lips. Then, as all lifted their glasses to follow his example, a look of horror passed over his face, his hand trembled, and the glass almost fell to the floor.

"Be d— if it ain't tea!" he gasped.

Shortly after Mr. Roosevelt entered the White House a politician called upon him with reference to appointments. After the preliminary expressions of high esteem, unbounded admiration and eternal loyalty, the politician began to disclose his business.

"I want to speak to you about Mr. Blank, who holds a small office down in my district."

The politician didn't finish his sentence.

"What!" exclaimed Roosevelt, interrupting him. "Is that infernal scoundrel still in that place? I had some knowledge of him when I was Civil Service Commissioner."

The politician acknowledged that Mr. Blank was still there and then turned the subject.—Baltimore Sun.

### Wedding Ends Funeral.

Wyoming, W. Va., March 29.—At the close of the funeral services yesterday of Mrs. William Martell, the widow stepped to the pulpit and handed the officiating clergyman a marriage license. At the same time Miss Hardee Richards, twenty-two years old, and pretty, joined Martell, and before the mourners and friends of the deceased had dried their tears they were called upon to congratulate the newly wedded couple.

The marriage was the result of the dying wife's request. The parties are highly respected. Mrs. Martell left three daughters, the youngest an eleven-day-old babe.

### Dickinson's Job Gone.

Washington, March 29.—As one result of his activities in the Stone case, Mr. Dickinson has lost his position as diplomatic representative to Bulgaria. When he was in Sofia last fall he addressed very strong representations to the Bulgarian minister for foreign affairs, and apparently he has not been forgiven, for now information comes to hand that he is persona non grata. A minister or diplomatic agent cannot be retained at his place against the will of the country to which he is accredited,

and that is Mr. Dickinson's situation. It is very probable, however, that this government, as a manifestation of its displeasure, will refrain from sending another diplomatic agent to Sofia, though it will not be prevented from making any deals up on the Bulgarian government in the matter of the Stone case, which the inquiry now in progress may seem to justify. The Bulgarian government has no representative here. Dickinson is consul general to Antananarivo besides being diplomatic agent to Bulgaria, and receives an salary of \$5,000 per annum. It is not likely that he will suffer financially by this Bulgarian action.

### Royal Millers

Special to the Daily Nugget.

Montreal, April 28.—Manager Thompson, of the Ogilvy Milling Company, has announced that the company will construct tiny new elevators in the northwest bringing the total up to eighty. The company has received a royal warrant, appointing the company flourillers to His Royal Highness the prince of Wales.

### Business Secrs

Special to the Daily Nugget.

London, April 28.—In a house of commons today the present of the board of trade, Gerald Hous, replying to a question, said the board

had no power to require a disclosure of any agreements or transfers of British ships to foreign owners, nor to require the White Star line or other lines which had entered into the American corporation to disclose the terms of their agreements with the American syndicate or produce any documents showing the status of the persons who under the agreements acquire shares in the control of the ships concerned.

### Sir Mike Ridiculed

Special to the Daily Nugget.

London, April 28.—Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, chancellor of the exchequer, is the object of wholesale ridicule at the hands of both the government and opposition newspapers on account of his amended proposal to the check duty which he made in the house of commons yesterday, that drawers of checks under £3 may present the cancelled checks at the nearest postoffice and get a penny returned. This proposal is frankly described as childish and is likely to result in abandonment of the tax altogether.

### Seal Catch

Special to the Daily Nugget.

St. Johns, Nfld., April 28.—The sealing steamer Walrus has returned from the ice fields with 17,000 seals. The total catch of seals this year will reach 270,000, which is an average year.

## The Great Northern

## "FLYER"

LEAVES SEATTLE FOR ST. PAUL EVERY DAY  
AT 8:00 P. M.

A Solid Vestibule Train With All Modern Equipments.

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# LONE STAR STOCK

"There is no sillier babble in this world than the ever-wise advice so often given not to buy mining stock, not to buy mines. Such people have most likely been bitten by foolishly investing in something that they had no knowledge of and which had no value; the same calibre of people go into the mercantile business, pay three prices for their goods and fail; invest in a poor farm and starve. I speak advisedly and say what every man who has investigated this issue knows to be the truth, that less money is lost proportionately in mining than in any business in this world, and larger fortunes are made in mining and in the investment of mining stocks than in any business or any investment on earth. A good mining stock will pay the investor more easily twenty, thirty, forty, fifty and 100 per cent. annually than municipal bonds, railroad bonds and stock or government bonds can possibly pay five per cent. Money invested in a good mining stock is safer than in a bank; than in mortgages, railroad securities, municipal or government bonds.

"The security of a good mining stock is the raw material of money itself; it is what we call in Africa the 'stuff' itself; it is the 'stuff' at

whose feet governments, cities, banks, railroads, mortgages, landed corporations and all forms of business kneel.

"I speak only of gold and silver mines, from the metal of which blooms and blossoms the everlasting dollar; the crude metal in our gold and silver mines is the first and best security in all this world. This is what makes banks and banking a possibility; this is what gives legs to a municipality; spine to a government and creates the business of the world into a living, breathing, active creature of life.

"Buy a good mining stock, buy it low; when it has made an improvable advance, sell it; buy another good mining stock—pursue this policy, and before you dream of it you will find that your dollars have increased to thousands, your thousands into millions, and during all this time your dividends have been 100 per cent. higher than they would have been in any other investment you could have made."

A few years ago the great Homestead Mining Company's stock could have been bought for a few cents a share; now it is worth upward of \$50 a share. It has paid monthly 20 cents a share for years and years, and when it was selling for 50 cents a share, for \$1.00, for \$5.00 a share,

the buyers were few; when it reached \$30.00 and \$40.00 a share the public sought it.

Calumet and Hecla stock could have been purchased a few years ago for \$1.00 a share; the Tamarack for \$10.00 a share; the Boston and Montana for \$15.00 a share.

Calumet and Hecla today is worth over \$600.00 a share; Tamarack nearly \$300.00 a share; Boston and Montana nearly \$400.00 a share.

The Old Virginia Consolidated Comstock Mining Company's stock in its early days sold as low as 50 cents a share, hawked on the streets of San Francisco at 50 cents a share—but the security of this stock was a good proposition—the mines in a short time became developed, stock advanced; upon the merits of the property being better shown, to \$100 a share and \$1,000 a share, to thousands of dollars a share. Men who had invested a few hundred found themselves worth \$1,000,000; men who had invested a few thousands, multi-millionaires. Out of these great gold mines rose all the wealth of Flood, of O'Brien, Mackay, Ralston, Senator Sharon, Senator Fair and most of the other multi-millionaires of the Pacific coast. The same might be said of thousands of other mining companies, not on so great a scale, still on a large scale.

## Lone Star Mining and Milling Company

OFFICE, KING ST., OPP. N. C. CO.

LEW CRADEN,  
ACTING MGR.

## THE SOUTH FA

By the Aged  
Jeff D

Refused to Sell  
Yankees—Will  
Veterans of

Mrs. Jefferson Davis, 89, has agreed to sell her historic home and Southern people. It is a home for Confederate veterans.

For sentimental placed the price Northern syndicate Davis home for sale. After the offer of promptly refused by United Daughters of the purchase of the not only as a home veterans but as a dark days of 1861-65.

Mrs. Davis was notwithstanding the 000 worth of build property, she consented \$10,000, on the estate should be memorial of her late tained forever in his. The Mississippi se adopted a bill to purchase of the property has been expressed United Daughters of a Home Veterans at Beauvoir with a state pension for the same veteran Mrs. Davis is not for the purpose of the legislature regulate the property.

On the way to Jackson stopped at Birmingham public reception in Morris hotel.

Notwithstanding bore up well during ceremonies. She that the weight of her from standing at the compliments of men who fought and by whom she honored.

She was delighted sentiments expressed. She is living the direction of her she has a heart affection prove disastrous if main in the south.

The trip to her of fore one of consideration. In the reception hotel there were men who have known almost half a century veteran expressed it. "Yes, that is the woman we used to pray perhaps, a almost the same" aged since we saw comparatively young almost as she did it.

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