

The Tenderfoot Engineer

Ned Herries, or, as his card read, "Edward T. Herries, C.E.," stood in the doorway of the Rough Diamond and looked gloomily forth at the rain as it fell against the cactus growth and chapparal on the red soil of the mesa.

From the saloon within came the rattle of dice, the chink of murr, the rattle of coin, and the gurgling of deep, hoarse male voices. The Rough Diamond was a most lucrative and flourishing institution in the little railroad town of Picture Canyon, on the line of the Union Pacific.

It was one of those places which at that time sprang up in a night and are deserted in a day along the line of the great road. Indeed, they followed the track, and wherever track laying ended temporarily there a town was certain to spring up almost as if by magic.

Herries was attached to the engineer corps of the road and had been for some time stationed at Picture Canyon, a city of some 5,000 inhabitants, mostly males, and which was nearly a month old; so antique indeed that an election for mayor and common council was being agitated by the more enterprising members of the community.

Harvard bred, delicately nurtured, accustomed to all the refinements of life which wealth guided by correct taste may give in an old and settled community, the rude surroundings of his present life had at first disheartened Herries; but, being at bottom a man of good sense and pluck and possessing a splendid constitution, magnificent biceps, standing six feet and over in his boots, the man who had been Yale's especial terror at right tackle and who had filled the seat in the varsity eight would hardly flinch at hardships which other men bore without complaint, even at times his soul grew weary of oaths and liquor, maddened men and brawls and bacon and muddy coffee and hardtack. Indeed, he grew at last to like the wild freedom of his life, as all men will do in time, and he was fast taking on the exterior of a genuine frontiersman when he met Chiquita!

Chiquita was a sprite. She was the true daughter of rocky canyon and desert mesa—a genuine child of the Sierras and a woman withal. Her reputed father was an evil-eyed old Mexican named Ramon, ostensibly a herder of other men's sheep, really a gatherer of other men's coins. Chiquita kept house for him in a tumbled together shack on the outskirts of the town and here entertained her father's guests. She was brilliantly pretty, with the rich rose red flushing her olive cheeks, her white teeth flashing between ripe, dewy, crimson lips, with glorious brown eyes under heavy arching brows and shaded by such long, curling lashes as would make one's heart ache, especially the heart of a frontiersman, in whose life female beauty is a rich and rare event.

Many a dollar had Chiquita's eyes and lips brought to old Ramon's sheepskin pouch, and still he was athirst for more gold.

It was of this Herries was thinking, for he knew Chiquita, and it was this which, thinking of it, drove him out of the warm and cozy barroom (the only place where he could possibly stay, save in his cold and cheerless tent) and forced him to cool his heated brow in the cool, wet wind which blew from the mouth of Picture Canyon.

He was roused by a voice, a deep, slow, plainsman's voice, addressing him:

"Fardner, you are a good one for tenderfoot; leastways I've sorter tackled to you sence I see the way you whupped that 'ese cowboy chump an' belted him with his own gun. Some tenderfoots ain't got no sand, but you have, an' I'll not see you double teamed on ef I kin help it, sho's I'm 'um Texas, which I'm known as Black Waxy Jim."

"Why, what's the matter?" broke in Herries on Black Waxy's harangue as he turned and regarded closely the tall, athletic figure of the man beside him.

The Texan jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the barroom. "In thar," he said in a low tone, "I heern somethin'—about—about you—an'—"

"Chiquita?"

"That's it, pard. You've called the deal. It's jest about that 'ere little greaser gal, en you ain't the fust, nor you won't be the larst, I reckon, thar's got his hide bored long of her."

"What's up, then?"

"Keep your eye shined en don't go high old Ramon's shack. I've warned you. So long, pard."

And Black Waxy lounged away into the gathering gloom and mist.

"What do you call Herries, rakin' after him. Tell me at least who my enemy is."

Black Waxy turned and scanned the young engineer closely in the twilight.

"Pete—from Denver!" he jerked out and stride rapidly off.

Herries looked at the mention of that name. It was the synonym of all that was most fierce, bloodthirsty and wicked even in that wicked and bloodthirsty little community.

"Denver Pete!" he mused. "So he is going to do me up because I'm trying to win that poor child from her horrible life and save her for something better. I fear me, Edward, you're in no end of a bad scrape."

"I'll not be bullied," he added and frowned and shut close his mouth and clinched his hands.

Herries stalked back to the brilliantly lighted barroom. Among those present was the gambler against whom Herries had been warned—a handsome, pale-faced, tall, slender man, dressed with great neatness in black and without a single ornament visible—not even the belt, which nearly every man wore. He had a small, keen, hungry-looking, gray eye, and as he looked at Herries he met the latter's gloomy glance, smiled and turned to his friends with the remark:

"The kid seems worried about something. I wonder if by any chance he has overheard us?"

"Guess not; he jest come in a minute ago."

"Perhaps, perhaps," muttered Pete "but we will soon know."

Events moved quickly in frontier towns. As Herries went out, Pete arose from his seat.

His friends also sprang up, but he made a gesture of dissent.

"No, boys. Leave this to me. H I can't deal with one tenderfoot, I certainly won't call in aid."

"But he might get the drap on ye," persisted one.

Pete shrugged his shoulders and deigned no reply. He opened the door and was lost in the darkness of the night.

About two hours later the inmates of the Rough Diamond were startled by hearing shots, cries, oaths, the heavy thundering of a horse's hoofs on the rocky soil of the mesa and then a long, loud "Hurra-ah!"

Then all was silent.

As one man they sprang to their feet and rushed for the door, but ere the foremost man among them could reach it it was burst violently open, and old Ramon rushed in, followed by Pete from Denver, who, swaying and staggering like a drunken man, called for brandy and then came to the floor with a crash that shook the windows.

A babel of voices prevented an explanation for a long time, and when Pete had somewhat revived he told them what had happened.

"Where's Chiquita?" some one asked.

A spasm of wrath convulsed the features of the dying man.

"Gone," he gasped, "gone with that cursed tenderfoot."

"How did it all happen, Pete?"

"He was there when I got there. Chiquita was all dressed and ready to go off with him—womanlike, curse her! He saw me coming. His horse was there. He waited for me. Oh, the fellow was game enough. I said nothing, but opened on him. The girl being there must have made me nervous, for I missed my man for the first time."

"And then?"

"Why, he pumped me full of lead before I could pull the trigger. Hit me five times. Then he mounted and swung the girl up in front of him. Old Ramon came up and opened on him. I got up and followed suit. He got back at us once—his last cartridge—and caught Ramon, for I heard him groan. Then the tenderfoot yelled and rode off. Boys, give me a big drink. I'm done for."

And when they brought the drink a fast chilling corpse was all that was left of Pete from Denver to drink it.

And Chiquita?

Chiquita went to a convent in St. Louis, and left there four years later a cultured and magnificent beautiful woman.

She will be pleased to receive any of Mr. Herries' friends at her lovely home, and if you succeed in pleasing her she will tell you of that awful night at Picture Canyon when a tenderfoot showed how tenderfoot can fight when a sweetheart is at stake.

And old Ramon?

When they looked for him, he was gone. Nor was he or Edward Herries ever seen again in Picture Canyon.

The Nugget's facilities for turning out first-class job work cannot be overestimated. This class of San Francisco

Found in Cans

Chicago, July 2.—Bank notes amounting to \$8,500 have been found hidden in two tomato cans in the cellar in the residence of the late Mrs. E. Leonna Elmstedt, at Washington Heights.

The whereabouts of the greenbacks which belonged to the estate of John Elmstedt was a secret which the woman carried to her grave. She was under order of the probate court to produce the money there, but never complied with it. For her refusal to part with the notes Mrs. Elmstedt served nine months in jail for contempt of court.

For a long time the woman lived in destitute circumstances with the money buried beneath the surface of her cellar floor. She was removed to a hospital by the police to prevent her from starving, and she died in the Englewood Union hospital April 25, death being caused by complete physical collapse.

Want Equal Distribution

Chicago, July 2.—A suit to set aside the will of John M. Williams of Evanston, who died on March 9, 1901, at Mountain View, Cal., leaving \$2,000,000, has been begun in the circuit court by his widow, Annie D. Williams, and his son, Alan H. Williams, on the ground that John M. Williams, at the time of executing his will, was not of sound mind and memory.

The complainants seek to have the estate distributed among the heirs according to law. In his will, Mr. Williams left the bulk of his estate to his children, Lucian M. Williams, Mrs. Isabella Baney, Mrs. Helen Husser, Mrs. Jessie W. Simmons, Nathan W. Williams, Mrs. Edith W. Kirkwood and the children of his son, Walter S. Williams. Various sums were left by him to other relatives.

Examination Begins

New York, July 2.—The examination in the case of Louis A. Disbrow, who is accused of having murdered Sarah Lawrence and Clarence E. Foster on the morning of June 15 last, was formally begun by Justice of the Peace Edward H. Foster in Good Ground, L. I., today. The widow of Clarence Foster was present in court when the hearing was begun.

Meteor Again Beaten

Eckenforde, Prussia, July 2.—Emperor William's schooner yacht Meteor was beaten yesterday for the fourth time by the British schooner yacht Cicely in the long run from Kiel. The Clara was second and the Meteor third. The Imperial Chancellor, Count Von Buelow, was a guest of the Emperor on the Meteor.

Today the Meteor, Cicely and other large schooners are racing to Kiel. The Grand Duke Michael, heir presumptive to the throne of Russia, arrived here yesterday on the yacht Caritzia from London, accompanied by the Russian cruiser Svetlana.

Admiral Prince Henry of Prussia went on board the Caritzia and invited the Grand Duke in behalf of Emperor William to attend the "beer evening" of the Marie Louise Baden Yacht Club, which he did, sharing animatedly in the proceedings.

To Bring Germans Home

Berlin, July 2.—Baron von Richthofen, the secretary for foreign affairs, not having public funds with which to defray the expense of bringing home the Germans who were prisoners with the Boers in Ceylon and elsewhere, has invited the Boer aid societies to divert money which they may have in hand to pay for the prisoners' transportation. The secretary also asked the steamship companies to grant these men a reduced rate. There are about 400 Germans in the prisoners' camps at Ceylon, St. Helena and the Bermudas.

As a result of Baron von Richthofen's conferences with the British charge d'affaires here, G. Buchanan, the German prisoners will be released on their promise not to return to South Africa.

A Serious Encounter

Wilkesbarre, Pa., July 2.—There was a serious disturbance at the William A. Collier at Old Forge shortly after noon today, when a member of the barriering corps, coming out of the barricade, was stoned by about 500 foreigners. The surveyor pulled his revolver and fired in

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The name of the friend who smuggled the hose is kept in the background, but there are intimations that it is to be dragged under the limelight and placed beside those of Chicago millionaires who have paid "delayed" duties on necklaces and other expensive baubles.

Indian Suicide

Last week the village was much shocked at an early hour in the morning by William Larry, an Indian, committing suicide by shooting himself through the head. He was looked upon by all the Indians as a good man in his tribe, as he ranked next to his uncle, Chief Joe Lensey. He was a very intelligent Indian, could read and write and talk English well. He belonged to the Salvation Army here. But he made the mistake of his life, as a bad man have done, by marrying a bad kiootch, or, as she would be called by society, a "woman of the under world." The Cottage City came into Killisnoo the day before and as usual the Indians got whiskey. They both were drinking but his wife drank more than he and became very abusive with her tongue, and told him that his mother was a witch. Now it is a great disgrace to be called a witch, or have anyone belonging to you called one. He was so "ashamed," as the Indians called it, that he felt that he must take his life. He fired one shot through his arm and then put the muzzle to his mouth and shot, the bullet passing through his head. The tribe his wife belonged to had to give his tribe three hundred blankets and eighty dollars in cash, and I was told that that wasn't settle it, either. Next winter there will have to be three sorrow and peace dances and more blankets. Last Sunday they buried him.—Mrs. C. E. Van Huebner, in Douglas News.

To Break the Record

Pueblo, Col., July 2.—Twelve of the fastest homing pigeons in the country left Pueblo yesterday morning to make a long race against time. The race will be from Pueblo to Cleveland, O., a distance as the crow flies of 1,569 miles. The longest official distance heretofore made was by birds belonging to Fred Bowers, of Fall River, Mass., which covered 1,253 miles in thirteen days and five and one-half hours. The birds released here belong to Al. Fox, secretary of the Cleveland Homing Pigeon Association, and they were started by I. T. Wilson, sporting editor of the Star-Journal.

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"But I will outwit him and the boys," declares Mr. Lewis.

The name of the friend who smuggled the hose is kept in the background, but there are intimations that it is to be dragged under the limelight and placed beside those of Chicago millionaires who have paid "delayed" duties on necklaces and other expensive baubles.

Indian Suicide

Last week the village was much shocked at an early hour in the morning by William Larry, an Indian, committing suicide by shooting himself through the head. He was looked upon by all the Indians as a good man in his tribe, as he ranked next to his uncle, Chief Joe Lensey. He was a very intelligent Indian, could read and write and talk English well. He belonged to the Salvation Army here. But he made the mistake of his life, as a bad man have done, by marrying a bad kiootch, or, as she would be called by society, a "woman of the under world." The Cottage City came into Killisnoo the day before and as usual the Indians got whiskey. They both were drinking but his wife drank more than he and became very abusive with her tongue, and told him that his mother was a witch. Now it is a great disgrace to be called a witch, or have anyone belonging to you called one. He was so "ashamed," as the Indians called it, that he felt that he must take his life. He fired one shot through his arm and then put the muzzle to his mouth and shot, the bullet passing through his head. The tribe his wife belonged to had to give his tribe three hundred blankets and eighty dollars in cash, and I was told that that wasn't settle it, either. Next winter there will have to be three sorrow and peace dances and more blankets. Last Sunday they buried him.—Mrs. C. E. Van Huebner, in Douglas News.

To Break the Record

Pueblo, Col., July 2.—Twelve of the fastest homing pigeons in the country left Pueblo yesterday morning to make a long race against time. The race will be from Pueblo to Cleveland, O., a distance as the crow flies of 1,569 miles. The longest official distance heretofore made was by birds belonging to Fred Bowers, of Fall River, Mass., which covered 1,253 miles in thirteen days and five and one-half hours. The birds released here belong to Al. Fox, secretary of the Cleveland Homing Pigeon Association, and they were started by I. T. Wilson, sporting editor of the Star-Journal.

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THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1903

BASEBALL

TW

Bankers and on the Dia

Brilliant Plays and of Errors Chara Game.

The game of baseball's grounds last night and a team of Commerce was a t... errorless, full... a perfect sympo... the rosters. The... many it would be... them all. The... bright star that... exceptional brilliancy... of "Sammie"... the beginning of th... no one, and his decis... the statement so fear... it said to his credit... interference and v... Wals questioned one... a threat of a fine of \$... were repeated settle... disputes. Herb W... Cowan both had a de... mystifying curves co... times, but the batt... strong that the "in... and "corkscrews" w... difficulty and the... and up would ma... "Bell and"... and the bat too... came their way... was at a big disa... left handed and ha... hit on his righ... Eitbeck cover... for the lawyer's m... catch of a fly in the... for having executed... while on t... leather. "Daddy" V... thing but make run... escaped being barred... attempted brie... brazenly offered Dic... he would allow t...