

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1906.

Blazed Trail Stories
AND
Stories of the Wild Life

By Stewart Edward White.

BILLY'S TENDERFOOT.

During one spring of the early seventies Billy Knapp ran a speck of roadhouse and hotel at the crossing of the Deadwood and Big Horn trails through Ouster Valley. Travellers changing from one to the other frequently stopped there overnight. He sold accommodations for men and beast, the former comprising plenty of whiskey, the latter plenty of hay. That was the best anyone could say of it. The hotel was of logs, two-storied, with partitions of sheeting to insure a certain privacy of sight if not of sound; had three beds and a number of bunks; and housed a woman cook—one of the first in the Hills. Billy did not run it long. He was too restless. For the time being, however, he was interested and satisfied.

The tenderfoot was seated on a small trunk just outside the door. He held his hat in his hand, Billy could see his dome-like bald head. Beneath the dome was a little pink-and-white face, and below that, narrow, sloping shoulders, a flat chest, and bony legs. He wore a light check suit, and a flannel shirt whose collar was much too large for him. Billy took this all in while passing. As the driver climbed to the seat, the hotel-keeper commented: "Say, Hen," said he, "would you stuff it or put it under a glass case?" "No, I'll put it under a glass case," said the driver, "it's a lay fool, see?" "It's a lay fool, see?" replied the driver, "it's a lay fool, see?"

checked girl. The stranger kept his eyes on his hat while she was in the room. He perched on the edge of the bench with his feet tucked under him and resting on the toes. When she approached, the muscles of his shoulders and upper arms grew rigid with embarrassment, causing strange awkward movements of the hands. Billy ate expansively and earnestly. Toward the close of the meal Charley slipped into place beside him. Charley was out of humor, and found the most cold. "Damn your soul, Nell," he cried, "this year ain't taken for a hog to eat!" "I don't wonder you don't like it, then," said he, with a funny little glare of anger. "Meanin' what?" shouted Charley, threateningly. "You sure ain't speak to a lady that way," replied the stranger, firmly, in his little piping voice. Billy caught the point and exploded in a mighty puff. "Billy for you!" he cried, snapping his fingers. "I'm a right hand, Charley—right for shore that trip, Charley—" The girl, too, laughed, but quickly she was just a little touched, though only this winter she had left Bismarck because the place would have no more of her. In the face of Billy's approval, the patriarch fell silent.

THROWING LIGHT On the Subject of Home Dyeing.



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MONEY-HUNGER AND GRAFT WRECKED THIS BANK AND MADE CASHIER A SUICIDE

How State Politicians in Pennsylvania Gambled for the Control of a State With Public Funds for Chips—Ambition and Cupidity of Enterprise Bank Cashier Made Their Game Possible—Most Amazing Story of Graft in History of Pennsylvania.

(New York World.) PITTSBURGH, Pa., Oct. 27.—Men have gambled for kingdoms—empire—in books, but rarely in life. Here is the story of a real gamble for a State to be, big enough for a kingdom and rich enough naturally for an empire, and for a Legislature and a United States Senatorship in which the chips were a railroad and the resources of the treasury of Pennsylvania. Here is a story that starts with the lust of one man for power and place, and the hunger of another for wealth, and winds up with suicide, the wrecking of a bank and the distress of three thousand depositors. More—here is a story that uncovers the financial methods of the most powerful political organization of a great state, that tells of the use of public money for private ends, of the juggling of State funds, of enormous graft in the guise of loans, of political bosses—a story that has no parallel, save in this State of Pennsylvania, where the control of the treasury by the gang has time and again brought death as well as dishonor. And with it all, there is the slightest of revenge taken by a former member of the gang, who "sheds no tears" over the plight of his one-time hand-in-glove associates.

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Wreck of Enterprise Bank

Tucked away in lower Allegheny, several miles from the business centre of Pittsburgh, almost out of the country, the Enterprise National Bank did business, apparently for the many small tradesmen and workmen in that vicinity. It had a capital of \$200,000 and a surplus of the same amount and compared with some of the great banking institutions of Pittsburgh was most insignificant. The president was Fred. Gwinner, affable and amiable German, who made his money as a contractor, and was trusted and respected by everybody in the two cities. The cashier was T. Leo Clark, a native of the North Side, son of a miller, who began as a messenger in the bank and became its cashier. He was an elder in the Presbyterian church and a man of great energy and activity. He, too, was trusted by everybody. The Enterprise had 3,000 depositors, mostly men and women living on the North Side. The report made to the comptroller of the currency Aug. 25 last showed the deposits to be \$1,137,500, the reserve to be \$124,000.80, and its loans and discounts to be \$2,262,807.74. Its total resources were given as \$2,973,189.56.

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