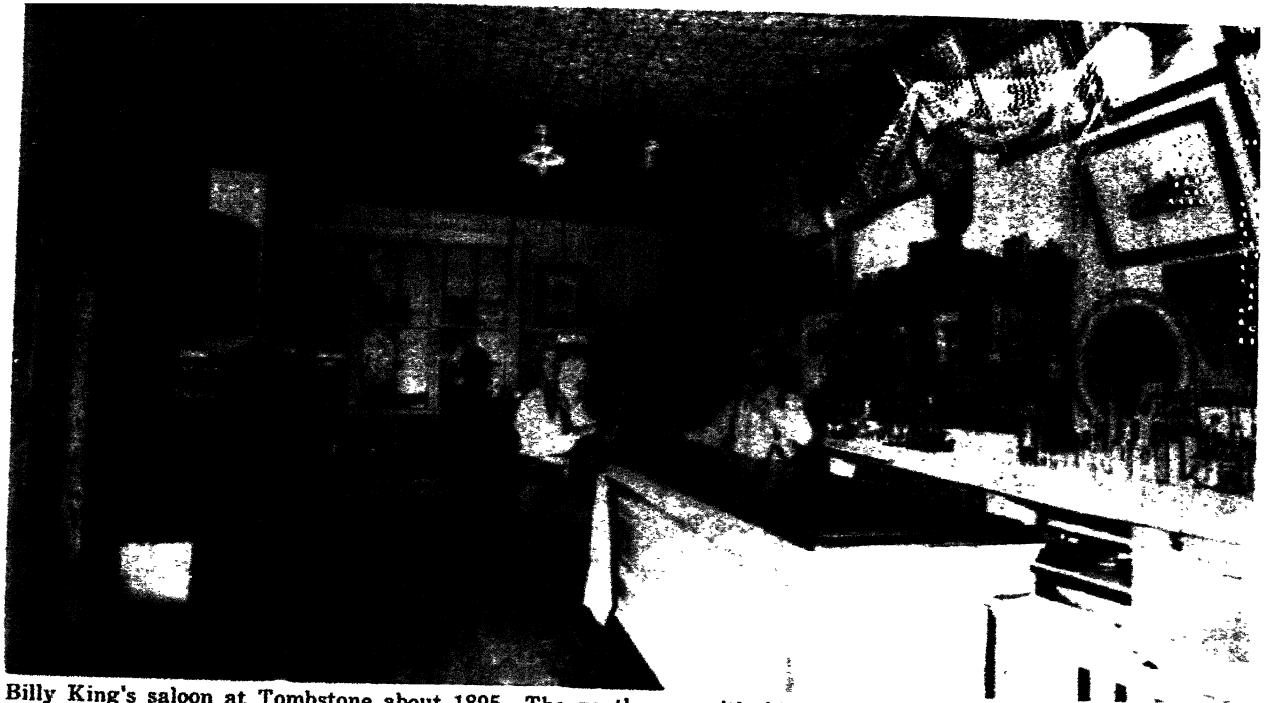
BILLY KING'S TOMBSTONE



Billy King's saloon at Tombstone about 1895. The gentleman with his foot on the rail is William Randolph Hearst. He paid Billy twenty dollars to close his saloon for ten minutes so he could have this picture taken. At the end of the bar is Martin Mullins, the Hearst valet. Swede Pete, who ordinarily occupied the position of body-guard, is outside holding the horses. Billy King is passing out the drinks.

Billy King's Tombstone

The Private Life of an Arizona Boom Town

By

C. L. SONNICHSEN

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TO THE MEMORY OF

LOUISA DARGENTCOURT KING

A Good Player Who Left the Game Too Soon

Light Down, Stranger

"LIGHT down, stranger," said Uncle Billy Plasters when a man rode up to the ranch house. "Rest your saddle and git you a fresh hoss."

The West hasn't changed so much since Uncle Billy left it. People are still friendly and generous or this book wouldn't have been written.

It began in Billy King's room in El Paso, Texas, when the talk wandered from nowadays to then. Billy was a cowboy, gambler, saloonkeeper, and peace officer in his younger days. He lived at Tombstone from 1882 to 1905 and saw the worst and the best of the wild old times. His reminiscences form the backbone of this book, though all additional sources including the Tombstone and Tucson papers and the memories of many an old-timer have been combed for verification and for additional facts.

Others who have provided a "fresh hoss" in one way or another include Mrs. Charles Heid, of El Paso; Miss Wilma L. Shelton, of New Mexico State University; Mrs. George F. Kitt, of the Arizona Pioneers' Historical Library; Mrs. Ethel Robinson Macia, of Tombstone; Mr. Clayton Smith, of the Tombstone *Epitaph;* Mr. George Phillips, of the Silver City *Enterprise;* Mr. Maury Kemp, of El Paso; Mr. W. W. Whitehill, of Deming; Judge Starr K. Williams, of Bisbee; Dr. Miley

B. Wesson, of San Francisco; Judge John Mason Ross, of Phoenix; Mr. Francis Hartman, of Tucson; Mrs. Edith Fish, of Oakland; and a good many others.

Much has been written about Tombstone since Alfred Henry Lewis pickled it in alcohol in his Wolfville stories forty years ago, but there are still some tales to tell—tales that only a man like Billy King could possibly know—tales of barrooms, honky-tonks, and the frontier underworld. It may be, as some old citizens and some writers insist, that nine tenths of Tombstone's early inhabitants were quiet and respectable homebodies, but Billy didn't know much about that kind of people. His friends came from the noisy minority which kept the double doors swinging all night, the glasses clinking, and the chips changing hands. That is why prostitutes, drunks, gamblers, train robbers, and violent death are so prominent in these pages and why the men and women described are so frequently drunk and disorderly.

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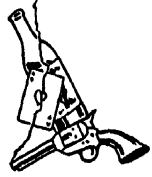

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BILLY KING'S TOMBSTONE

Tombstone—No Place for a Lady

THE man from Bisbee was large and heavily whiskered. He brought his boots down on the dusty surface of Tombstone's main street as if he were stomping the life out of something he loathed and despised. His gleaming eye was full of the scorn which all the citizens of Bisbee felt for Tombstone. Growling to himself, he kicked open the swinging door of the Crystal Palace and turned to jerk viciously at the leash which was wound around his hand. At the other end of the leash was a large, live, resentful wildcat.

Immediately following the wildcat's entrance there was a traffic problem at the back door of the saloon as the boys took out in a body.

The intruder laughed a loud, insulting laugh. "I thought you fellers was tough!" he roared. "All over the country I been hearing about how tough this place was. Hell!"—he spat out a wad of tobacco which sizzled when it hit the floor—"You ain't tough!"

There was a painful pause. At last a rugged Tombstoner who had not moved from the bar reached into his pocket, pulled out a live rattlesnake, and without a word threw it down on the floor within a convenient distance of the stranger.

The man from Bisbee landed outside in one magnificent leap, taking the door with him, and was never heard from again.

That, or something like it, was Tombstone in the eighties. The good people of the town didn't like their reputation then and they don't like it now, but the toughness of Tombstone, a humorous toughness flavored with guffaws and gore, is one of the Great American Legends.

The legend started with Ed Schieffelin's discovery of silver in 1877 on the spot where skeptics had predicted he would find nothing but his tombstone. The first crazy rush of silver-hungry men brought in dozens of hard characters—thieves, gamblers, pimps, claim jumpers, gunslingers—and their women. Tombstone went on from there. The wild bunch flourished without even having to hunt for cover. Rustling and stage robbing were favorite outdoor sports. Never was a cleanup more needed. But when the cleanup came, it put Tombstone in a worse light than ever.

It was customary in those times to fight fire with fire; and when conditions became scandal-

ous, the rulers of Tombstone invited the Earp boys in to take charge. There were five of them and they had proved themselves able to take on all comers while enforcing the law (as they understood it) in the Kansas cow towns. With them came their friend Doc Holliday, who was even tougher than the Earps. The new peace officers gave Tombstone much more action than had been bargained for. In October, 1881, their powder-burned career reached its climax in the famous battle at the O. K. Corral. Several young men named Clanton and McLowery (who may have been unarmed) got their heads shot off, and the Tombstone legend took another jump. Five months later Doc Holliday and the four Earps who were left rode away from Tombstone, pursued by a sheriff's posse, but the damage was done. From the President of the United States on down everybody believed that Tombstone was a terrible place which had at least one murder a day, supported a population composed of painted women, drunks, gamblers, Chinamen, and prospectors, and held to a set of customs which flew in the face of God and flouted the Constitution.

On May 3, 1882, President Arthur called on the "cowboys" to "disperse and retire peacefully to their respective abodes."

Acting Governor Gosper let off a blast in print, asserting that "the People of Tombstone

and Cochise County in their mad career after money, have grossly neglected local self government until the lazy and lawless element of society have undertaken to prey upon the more industrial and honorable classes for their subsistence and gains."

The citizens of Tombstone boiled. They called a mass meeting with a band and speeches to emphasize their sentiments. "Life and property," said Marcus Aurelius Smith (later a perennial Territorial Representative) "are as secure here as anywhere in the United States."

Marcus Aurelius Smith may have believed that, but nobody else in the United States did, and tales were told all over the country emphasizing the bizarre and bloodthirsty genius of Tombstone.

The Tombstone *Epitaph* in 1882 reprinted one such tale which had appeared in the *Missouri Republican.*

On the Fourth of July, 1879, said the *Republican,* a circus came to town, entering in pompous procession. The proprietor routed Mayor Carr out of bed at the ungodly hour of 8 A. M. in order to get permission to exhibit his stupendous attractions. Mayor Carr was in no good frame of mind at such a time and said it would cost the proprietor two hundred and fifty dollars to set up his tent. The proprietor practically exploded, but calmed himself with the thought that

the limits of Tombstone did not stretch into infinity. He went a couple of miles out of town and got ready to show.

All Tombstone turned out in high anticipation and met with deep disappointment. There were half a dozen scrawny and pessimistic animals in the menagerie and a few amateurish acts in the ring. Some of the boys could not control their impatience; they shot up the show. Afterward, when the circus personnel had departed in a fast-moving cloud of desert dust, they turned loose the two Mexican lions, the tiger, and the bear, and had a hunting party. The tiger unwisely stood his ground and got himself killed. The lions and the bear streaked for the Huachucas and escaped.

That left only the elephant. The boys put him at the head of a procession and made a grand entry into the village. Billy Blackburn, chief of the fire department, was appointed nursemaid to the beast, and afterward produced his charge on state occasions when a parade was called for, at which times the elephant would take his stately way up Allen Street while the gentlemen on his back shot out lights and windows with their six-shooters.

This weird tale was more than half true. A circus did come to Tombstone. It did attempt to do business outside the city limits and was discouraged by a disappointed audience. It did have some trouble about the elephant. What actually

happened was that a man named George Osborn stole the elephant out of the menagerie when the keeper's back was turned and gave the town a good laugh by leading his prize the length of Allen Street. As soon as the circus people detected the robbery, they took their elephant back again and moved on. The rest of the newspaper story was pure folklore—a part of the Tombstone legend.

Tombstone was aware of its own shortcomings and did not mind its lurid reputation. What it did object to was having its sins taken too seriously. It insisted that the wild tales should be told with a smile; and the attitude was reasonable, for when Tombstone dwelt on such matters itself, it smiled broadly.

For example, when a visitor asked the editor of the *Epitaph* to show him a typographical error, he merely pointed (at least he said he did) to a journeyman printer lying drunk under the composing stone. On another occasion he produced the following comment:

> There is such a thing as being too all-fired particular. For instance, a Tombstone man advertises for a blacksmith of good habits who can be contented with four or five drinks of whiskey a day and be satisfied with playing cards two or three hours in the evening.

Other samples from the *Epitaph* have the same flavor: Bud Marsh and Cheesy Charlie decided to fight a duel and chose a spot outside of town,

then went to have a friendly drink before the fight began. By the time they were through drinking, it was considered too late to engage, and they agreed solemnly that all duels should be fought in the cool of the morning—but not next morning. Another time a Cochise County cowboy charged with murder bribed an Irishman on the jury to hang out for a verdict of manslaughter. The Irishman was successful, and when the trial was over, the cowboy thanked him and asked if he had had a hard time of it. "Yis," said the Irishman, " a hell of a time. The balance all wanted to acquit you."

There were many good people and much striving for better things in spite of the frontier environment. The Reverend Endicott Peabody lectured on the life of St. Paul. The Tombstone Club subscribed for "more than seventy" periodicals. The young people put on a performance of *Pinafore*. Professor J. G. Lemon discovered a new variety of gentian in the Chiricahua Mountains. But the Reverend Peabody and Professor Lemon couldn't make a Philadelphia out of a boom town. Tombstone was still tough.

One symbolic fact has been noted about the geography of Tombstone which throws light on these matters. Almost all of the saloons and gambling houses were on the north side of Allen Street, the main thoroughfare. This side of the street was abuzz with life all day and all

night, for the saloons never closed. The other side was devoted to stores, restaurants, ladies, and other harmless side issues. Decent women preferred not to be seen on the north side of the street, nor would they turn the corner into Sixth Street where the tough women lived lest someone should mistake them for Dutch Annie, Crazy Horse Lil, or Little Gertie the Gold Dollar. The south side of Allen Street was just like any American town. The north side was Tombstone —bawdy, rowdy, humorous, tender, and tough. It was no place for a lady. It was drunk and disorderly. And it lives on in the American memory.

The following accounts of people and events spring from the north side of Allen Street.

Buckskin Frank Leslie

The Story of an Arizona Gunman

THEY were tearing the rocky ribs out of the Territory of Arizona when Frank Leslie rode into Tombstone. Day and night the miners went underground to gouge out ton after ton of silver ore which piled up sudden wealth for the owners. Day and night over the miners' heads the crazy life of the boom town swirled dizzily from the cribs on Sixth Street to the cemetery at the other end of town.

The time was 1880, three years after the big strike, and the boom was just getting its second wind. Nobody knew how big the town really was, as the miners and speculators and gamblers and housewives and mule skinners and bartenders poured in—hundreds, it seemed—every day. But size didn't really matter. It was the toughness of the town that made it a legend all over America and drew still greater numbers of the idle, the curious, the adventurous, and the

wicked to the rocky hills and desert air of Arizona. It was said and believed by practically everybody that Tombstone "had a man for breakfast every morning," meaning a dead man. Tombstone indignantly denied this and still denies it, but the saying was at least figuratively true. The wildest bunch of desperadoes ever concentrated in a similar space flourished in Cochise County in the eighties. The American "bad man" was never better exemplified than there, and a young fellow who had it in him to become a successful desperado on the American plan could not have found a better place to develop his talents.

Frank Leslie had it in him, and the story of his career, up to the present time undistorted by sensational writers and exponents of Western "color," illustrates perfectly what gifts, what episodes, and what outcome went into the recipe for that legendary figure, the old-time Western gunman.

His entrance on the scene of his future glories was quite undramatic. He drifted in on a tired pony, found a room in a boardinghouse, and thereby became a citizen. It is known that he was wearing a buckskin suit when he arrived and that he announced himself as an ex-government scout newly come from Texas, the Dakotas, and points between. Nobody ever found out anything more, and nobody was particularly curious. No-

body is particularly curious now. Where Frank Leslie was born, what crossroads school he attended, and why he left home are things which need not be known. They would interfere with the mood of the picture.

He got a job as extra bartender for Milt Joyce at the Oriental Saloon, and the gambling and sporting society of Tombstone began to take notice of him. For one thing, they observed that he wore a buckskin vest when he was on duty, though a white bar jacket was the customary attire. Billy King, when he began operating his own saloon in the nineties, had one with five-dollar gold pieces for buttons, which was considered in the best taste of the period. Of course any departure from the norm in a frontier town was likely to result in a nickname, and somehow the new bartender began to be known as Buckskin Frank Leslie.

The epithet could have been more appropriate, for Frank was no long-haired, greasy mountain man or buffalo hunter. He was, in fact, a complete Western dandy. His slender body was erect and shapely, and he loved to adorn it with shiny boots, checked pants, Prince Albert coat, and a stiff shirt with black pearl studs. He had a stovepipe hat for special occasions, too. He bathed frequently, kept his hands soft and white like a gambler's, and was very, very neat in all his personal habits. Add a good-looking, hard

young face preceded by the usual droopy mustache of the period and you have his picture.

Another point of interest about him was his armament, which was different from anything seen up to that time in Arizona. He hired a Tombstone silversmith named Ed Williams to fasten a silver plate with a slot in it to the right side of his belt. Then he had him weld a small but solid knob to a forty-five just behind the cylinder. The knob on the revolver fitted into the slot in the silver plate, attaching the weapon to the man by a sort of ball-and-socket joint. In the informal shooting matches which sometimes came off when the boys got together, Frank soon showed what he could do. He always shot from the hip and could hit a fly at thirty feet. Some of the observers were so impressed by his performance that they decided to adopt the ball-and-socket idea for themselves. Chief of Police George Bravin tried it and so did several others, but none of them could handle a gun the way Frank could. He was, in his way, a genius.

Still he didn't show many symptoms of the true killer temperament, though there were rumors about his having shot a man or two before he showed up in Arizona. He lived much like the rest of the small-time crooks in Tombstone—gambling a little on a sure thing, rolling an occasional drunk for a little extra cash, and carrying on with the fancy women. Naturally

he didn't take tea with the Reverend Endicott Peabody at the Episcopal rectory, but he was liked by the sporting brotherhood of both sexes. He had a vein of humor and could be jolly and entertaining when he was with a gay party. He spent money like a drunken sailor, when he had any, which always adds to a man's popularity. It was only when he was on a big drunk that he showed the vicious temper lurking behind the smile. He was a likable damn fellow when he was sober, people said, but when he was tanked up he turned as sour as a barrel of Dago red.

It took Mrs. Killeen to start him off on the road to notoriety. From all accounts she was a good-looking, buxom woman, not too old, who graced a small circle of jolly companions just on the outer fringe of Tombstone's best society. Somehow Buckskin met her, admired her, and went to work. He did everything he could think of to make himself agreeable, and poor Mrs. Killeen was convinced that happiness was within her reach. The only wasp in the honey was her husband. She had been estranged from him for some time, it is true, but he still took a husbandly interest in her affairs and kept a close check on her. When he found out about her affair with Leslie, he warned her gruffly to break it off. She laughed at him.

And so one pleasant June night when a soft

desert breeze was blowing and a moon as round and yellow as the face of China Mary was swinging up over the Dragoons, Mr. Killeen took his last walk on earth. He just stepped over to the hotel where his wife was staying to see what, if anything, she was up to. She was up—and gone. He went out on the second floor balcony to wait for her.

Some time later she came down the street with her Romeo, talking and laughing and having a good time. Mr. Killeen was hurt and offended at what he saw. He stepped to the balcony rail and dropped a few unkind words. Some say he drew his pistol and threw a little lead. Whichever he did, Leslie felt called upon to shoot him dead in his tracks.

It was the Balcony Scene done in Western style.

After a suitable interval Frank married the widow, and Tombstone figured he had played his hand about right. He enjoyed a small but solid reputation in barroom society.

But in barroom society there wasn't any such thing as killing one man. As soon as a hard character notched his gun once, he was apt to have to defend his young reputation against other bad men who wished to see if he really was as good as people said. So he either added to his laurels or lost them entirely. And that is why, after the killing of Killeen, Leslie began to be

involved in barroom brawls more and more often. Some of his scraps went on record. In March, 1882, the *Epitaph* announced that "the shooting reported as having taken place in the Oriental Saloon this morning was no shooting and in the second place it did not occur in the Oriental."

Leslie had some words with Floyd in the saloon and a tussle ensued, when Mr. Dean, who was on night watch, pitched them out into the street, where the row continued until Leslie drew his revolver and struck Floyd on the head, the revolver going off from the concussion.

It was the next fall, in November, that Billy Claiborne was killed. Billy was just a youngster, maybe twenty years old, with great ambitions and no sense. What his ambitions were may be deduced from his nickname—Billy the Kid. He was like so many of the youngsters of his place and time, terribly anxious to be somebody dangerous and wonderful. On the day of his death he had been drinking at the Oriental, where Leslie was tending bar, and somehow they got into a quarrel. Billy began to snort and paw, and finally left, threatening to get his gun.

"You can fill your hand or crawl," he stormed, "and I don't care which."

A little later he came back up the street with a Winchester as the loafers and bar flies had been hoping he would. Otto Johnson, a saloonkeeper

from Willcox, saw him coming and dashed panting inside to give the alarm.

"Which door is he headed for?" asked Leslie, wiping his hands calmly on a towel.

"The front door."

As if he were just stepping out for a breath of air, Buckskin Frank Leslie went to the side door, walked to the corner of the building, and came up on Claiborne from the rear.

Conflicting stories were given in evidence at the coroner's investigation, but everybody on the inside knew that Frank had put those five shots into Billy's back.

Of course the coroner's jury had to let him off since Claiborne was looking for him when the shooting happened, and that was all it took to finish what Mrs. Killeen had started. He began to fly high and talk loud.

Sooner or later, of course, he was bound to run up against a real desperado who would give him a run for his money, and the man who put him to the test was none other than the notorious Johnny Ringo. Johnny was really bad and is supposed to have done more killing and deviltry than any other man of his day in the Territory. He and his gang lived off in the mountains and rough country south of Tombstone along the border and spent their time rustling cattle and robbing anybody they could get their hands on. Johnny came to Tombstone whenever he felt like

it because nobody was man enough to stop him, and swaggered around with his head cocked over on one side and a grin on his big red face.

Not long after Billy Claiborne was buried, Johnny Ringo racked into town and put on the usual show. When he was feeling his liquor enough, he stood up to Frank Leslie and demanded to know if he had ever shot anybody in front.

"I take them as they come," replied Frank. "Would you like to do anything about it?" They bickered around for a while, but at last Johnny rode off without burning any powder.

Later that same day some cowboys at the Stockton Ranch out in the Dragoons noticed a riderless horse drifting up to the house with the bridle reins down and a Winchester on the saddle. They ran him into the corral and started to backtrack him. About sundown they found his owner dead in a little canyon in the foothills. It was Johnny Ringo. He was sitting in the crotch of a scrub-oak tree with one boot off as if he had been getting ready to take a nap. There was a bullet hole between his eyes.

About the time they found the body, Frank Leslie rode into the back gate of the O. K. Corral at Tombstone, his horse white with lather. He said he had been giving the critter a hard run to take some of the ginger out of him.

At the coroner's inquest the hands from the Stockton Ranch testified that there were no

tracks except Johnny's between the little scrub oak and the road. The verdict was suicide. But those same Stockton cowboys said they had seen hoof prints of a shod horse on the road not more than twenty feet from the body. Adding everything up, including the fact that Frank's horse was shod, everybody had a suspicion which he kept earnestly to himself. But it blew up Frank's reputation still more and brought him to the peak of his career.

At that moment he wouldn't have known how to ask for any more than life offered him. People whispered about him behind his back and pointed respectfully as he passed. He was discussed in every bar and poolroom in the West from Fort Worth to Sacramento. He could strut and swagger and drink and boast to the complete satisfaction of his ego. He was no longer the life of the party when good fellows got together, but he rather liked the way conversation died when he entered the circle and minor roughnecks suddenly deflated and piped down. He had plenty of time to enjoy his social position, for Milt Joyce of the Oriental and Johnny Speck of the Crystal Palace didn't offer him extra jobs tending bar as often as formerly. People were not so ready to cut loose when he was around. It was bad for business to use him.

He might have known it was too good to last, and perhaps he did, but he certainly was not

aware that he had reached the turning point the day he first said "Hello" to Molly Bradshaw.

Just where or when this historic event took place is now unknown, but it was somewhere on the north side of Allen Street, for Molly was One of Those Women. Probably he noticed her hair first. Molly and Little Gertie the Gold Dollar were Tombstone's two peroxide blondes in the days when it was just about as bad to have bleached hair as it was to hustle. It is not unlikely that they met at the Bird Cage Theater, where women like Molly drank champagne (or beer) in curtained boxes with men like Leslie. Molly was a well-known song-and-dance artist, and Billy Hutchinson, the manager of the Bird Cage, used to sing duets with her, creating a particularly favorable impression in "Golden Slippers."

However they met, they enjoyed each other's company enough to set up the casual domestic arrangements which were the rule on the north side of Allen Street. Molly occupied a crib in the red-light district, and Frank moved in with her.

This involved a minor tragedy, for when Frank moved in another man had to move out. His name was Bradshaw—Brad for short—and Molly had come in from Nevada with him a year or two before. She used his name for convenience, but if they were married (which is doubt-

ful) the connection meant little to either of them and amounted to a strictly business relation. She made the living for the two of them, and he spent his time gambling away the money she made and looking for prospects from whom she could extract more. A man like him was called a "mac," and when people wanted to be extra polite they said he was a blacksmith. "Brad was blacksmithing for Molly," they said, and their meaning was perfectly clear.

So when Frank Leslie came in at the door, Brad flew out of the window (perhaps literally), but no binding ties were broken. Brad took up with a piano player named Ollie Callister and soon after was found dead on the Vizina Mine dump with a bullet in his head. Peter the Brute (a big Greek) found the body and was suspected of the murder but proved his innocence. Then Frank's name was mentioned.

One man, in a courageous moment, pushed his derby onto the back of his head and asked Leslie if he did it. Frank just looked at his questioner for a few seconds out of his cold blue eyes. Then he said with great finality, "Aw, what the hell!" That gave him credit for his fourth known killing.

The person who really deserves a little sympathy in this carnival of lovemaking and pistol-toting is the ex-Mrs. Killeen. She and Frank had had their troubles like anybody else after the

honeymoon was over. Theirs, however, lasted longer and could be heard farther. There was a story around that he stood her up against the wall of their house one night and outlined her figure with accurately placed bullet holes in the plaster. It might be that she experienced a sense of relief when he began paying attention to somebody else. At any rate, she never raised any sand about it and soon went off to California, where she was last heard from.

It was now something like six or seven years since the great days of the boom and the beginning of Frank Leslie's career. Already Tombstone was on the down grade as a mining town. Water was flooding the lower levels of the mines. The big money was no longer rolling in to wash across the Tombstone bars and trickle into the banks back East. The colorful first days of the great discovery had subsided into something worse but far less exciting, and John Slaughter was methodically cleaning out the rustlers and road agents one by one. When Leslie accidentally became sober for a moment, he was haunted by a gnawing sense of futility and hopelessness. He quarreled with everybody and couldn't stay in one place for very long at a time. He was always going off to some ranch or other or to Tucson or Bisbee where he would drink and gamble with anyone interested until his restlessness drove him home. Finally he decided to do

a little ranching, and he and Molly moved out to the Seven-up Ranch thirty-two miles east of Tombstone between the Swisshelms and the Chiricahuas. It belonged to Milt Joyce of the Oriental, who still had some kindness for his ex-barkeeper and turned the place over to him.

The Seven-Up was the sort of layout an Arizona man would want to live and die on. It was refreshed by the only water in the neighborhood and was entered by a narrow pass where a gate and a few bars were all the fence needed. The house was only a two-room shack with a lean-to, and the range was scantily stocked, but it was a cattleman's paradise in a small way. The difficulty was that Frank Leslie was no cattleman—never had been and never would be. The fact that he tried ranching at all shows how restless and unhappy a state of mind he was in, haunted by his wild life, thirsty for the old swagger and excitement, conscious that every day took him farther into a new time in which there was no place for him.

He and Molly made no more than a pretense of attending to business. About all they did was to ride around over the country looking for a dogie or a stray horse which they could point for Horseshoe Valley and the branding iron. To do the actual work of keeping up the ranch they hired a dim-witted boy named Jim Neal. Jim was strong and dumb and very worshipful of

Frank Leslie, whom he wished earnestly to resemble. About all he could do was talk, but he spent so much time blowing about how fast he was with a gun and how many men he had killed or would kill that he earned the nickname of Six-Shooter Jim. Apparently he was just an ordinary little broken-down cowpuncher with sandy hair and whiskers, but Fate came with him when he entered the Leslie household.

The trouble was that he got home one afternoon in 1889 just after Frank had shot Molly and stretched her out dead on the unswept plank floor. The quarrel wasn't much worse than the run-of-the-mill variety they always indulged in when they were drunk. Frank had been visiting a smuggler's camp at Mud Spring, got full of mescal, and came home in a bad mood. There was a row which ended in sudden quiet and the smell of gunpowder.

Six-Shooter Jim came in unexpectedly just as Frank was straightening up and wondering what to do next. Through Leslie's sick brain ran the thought that this was a chance to dodge the consequences of the murder. A dead Six-Shooter Jim couldn't talk; a live Leslie could. So he pumped three bullets into the man—one in the leg and two in the body. Probably his aim was erratic because he was still drunk. Jim went down like a landslide and looked so thoroughly dead that Frank booted him out of the back door, not

wishing to sleep in the house with two corpses.

But Jim's corpse was still able to crawl. The fact is he should have been dead, but he was too scared to die. So he crawled. It took him all the first part of the night to inch over to Cy Bryant's ranch at Seep Springs. About midnight he started working on the front door of the ranch house with a rock and brought Cy out of bed with a gun in his hand and his hair on end.

Bryant was a famous frontier character in his own right and knew what to do in such situations. He got his rawboned body into his clothes, put Jim on some hay in the bottom of the wagon box, and in about fifteen minutes was on his way to Tombstone.

Seep Springs is north of the Seven-Up Ranch, and the road out of Horseshoe Valley runs through the pass just a few steps from the ranch house. Cy and Jim followed the road to within a mile of the place; then they swung off in a wide circle to the west. They expected every minute to see Frank step out on the porch and start shooting, but he never showed himself. Probably he was still in bed wearing off his hangover drunk.

Cy said to his friends afterward, "I'd have killed him if I'd seen him. I wasn't going to take no chances."

Excitement ran through Tombstone like a prairie fire when Bryant and Jim drove in. There

was plenty of life in the town even in the little hours before dawn, and the word went around fast. Somebody went for John Slaughter, the sheriff. Somebody else got Doc Goodfellow out of bed and he loped off before daylight to see if he could patch anybody up. A reporter on an early-morning prowl bustled over to the jail to interview Six-Shooter Jim for his paper.

While all this was going on, John Slaughter's tough little deputy, Billy King, was preparing to take a hand. He had been out in the Whetstones all day and most of the night after horse thieves. About four in the morning he came in with an Indian who was wanted. Slaughter, behind his desk in the sheriff's office, had just finished talking to Cy and Jim and had seen to Jim's wounds. Now he said to Billy, hesitating in his characteristic way, "I say, I say, Billy, you better take a nap. An hour or two will do you. I want you by daylight."

Billy lay down for a nap as instructed, snatched a bite of breakfast, and came back.

"I say," said John, "I want you to go out and get Frank Leslie." And he explained what had happened.

Billy says today it seemed as if the bottom had dropped out of his stomach. He said, "Hell, give me something easy."

"Go on," ordered the little sheriff. "Go and get him. Take what men you want."

He took Bloody Frankie Broad and Ben James. Frankie was a "Cousin Jack," a Cornishman, who handled the red-light district. He was a poor rider but dependable. Ben James was a good rider and a brave man. All three of them knew it might be their last ride. Not one was a match for Frank with a six-shooter, and he would be desperate besides. In a grim frame of mind they started to "knock the black out of the road," hurrying to get it over with.

By the time they got to the Four Bar Ranch their horses were pretty tired. They changed mounts at the corral without going up to the house and were just getting away again when Frankie Broad said, "Somebody riding this way. Looks like Frank."

"Damn if it don't," agreed Billy King, squinting into the sun.

When the man got a little closer they saw that it really was Frank.

"Boys," cautioned Billy, "you button up and let me do the talking. Stay behind me and keep your hands off your six-shooters. Now, Frankie, if you don't think you can make good, this is the time to crawl off in the grass."

"Yes," said Ben James, "you ain't pinching a sick tommy this time!"

Frankie got red and grunted something that sounded profane.

Leslie came on at a canter.

"You see those cliffs over there in the Dragoons," said Ben James to Frankie. "I've been told they look like the cliffs of Cornwall."

"That they do," agreed Frankie, relaxing.

"Well, ain't it sad that you'll never see the cliffs of Cornwall again! That is, unless you turn around and ride the other way." Ben finished him off with a grin.

Frankie was so stirred up he couldn't sit still in the saddle. "Damn me, old son," he growled in his Cousin Jack dialect, "I'll bloody well go where you go—to 'ell and back."

Leslie was busy looking them over then, and there was no more time for fooling. They all pulled up and Frank said, "Howdy boys! Where to?"

"Looking for a bunch of horse thieves in the Chiricahuas," answered Billy King, as innocent as a little girl going to a Sunday-school picnic. "Stole some stock from the C. C. C. Ranch."

"Well, you got a live one here. You'd better take me."

"Take you! For what?"

"Six-Shooter Jim killed Molly last night, and I had to kill him. I want to give myself up to John."

Billy registered astonished surprise.

"So Six-Shooter Jim killed your girl and you had to knock him off too?"

"That's it."

"All right, Frank. You'll spoil our business, but we'll go back if you want."

They turned around and trotted back toward Tombstone, stopping only to let Leslie water his horse at the Four Bar Corral. Frankie Broad and Ben James dropped back and Frank and Billy rode on together. Finally Billy said, "Well, if you're going to surrender, you might as well hand over your guns. You don't look much like a prisoner with all that hardware on you."

"Yes, I guess so." And he gave up his six-shooter.

"Better give up the rifle, too."

He said, "All right," and Billy motioned Ben James to ride up and take it. All of them felt a thousand years younger when that was over. It looked as if they might live after all.

They tied their horses in front of the sheriff's office and went inside. John Slaughter was waiting. Leslie was as confident as he had even been in his life, and he stepped up to John with his story all ready to come out. Then he glanced into the room at the side of the office, saw Jim lying on a cot, and realized he had been tricked. His face turned black and he jumped for Billy King. Billy threw down on him but didn't have to shoot. Bill Ritchie, another deputy, grabbed Leslie from behind and held him, but it took two or three more to wrestle him into a cell.

The reporters were there before he was half

way through the door, and one of them superfluously asked him how he was.

"I'm sick," he answered. "My head hurts and wants a rest."

He got the rest he needed. At the next session of court he was sent to Yuma for life. That was in 1890. He was pardoned in 1897. Even before he left the prison walls, however, the Great American Public, hungry as always for heroes, had begun twisting his career into legend. In May, 1897, the *Epitaph* printed an exchange from Stockton, California, describing Leslie's marriage to a certain Mrs. Belle Stowell from Warren County, Ill.

Three years ago, the "Chronicle" wrote up Leslie's exploits. In the course of the biography of the murderer they published a picture of him. Mrs. Belle Stowell, who then lived in San Francisco, and was the ex-wife of a man in the employ of the Southern Pacific Company, read the narrative of the scout's adventures and, it is said, fell in love with him.

She had just been divorced from her husband, and she began to correspond with the murderer. Flowers followed the letter, and then fruit was sent. The murderer reciprocated, and the only hindrance to the marriage was prison bars.

Mrs. Stowell obtained a railroad pass to Yuma, A. T. The prisoner was released, and he and his bride to be came to this city and the marriage took place.

During this time Mrs. Stowell has been and still is drawing $40 monthly alimony from her husband. The husband is now tired of paying her and has sent a detective here to obtain evidence which may release him from the burden.

Other stories with the flavor of folklore got afloat and are still believed by intelligent people. One tale is about a mysterious veiled woman who went to the governor and revealed secrets which caused his excellency to fling wide the prison gates. Another says that Frank's real name was not Leslie and that he was the son of parents so distinguished that their identity could not even be whispered. A third pictures him in San Francisco after his release enjoying the privileges of an exclusive club in the manner of one accustomed to luxury.

Nobody who knew Leslie ever paid much attention to these embroideries. They knew that this was the usual sort of story told about tough characters of more than ordinary color. There were some real gentlemen in Tombstone, and Frank wasn't one of them. Furthermore, the pardon was not corkscrewed out of the governor by any woman, veiled or unveiled. It was managed by the citizens of Tombstone themselves when Judge George Washington Swain got up a petition.

Frank appeared in Tombstone just once more a short time after his release. Billy King was running his own saloon by then and was surprised, not to say alarmed, to look up from the bar one morning to see Frank Leslie standing before him.

He looked gray and broken down.

"Have a drink," invited Billy. Frank had a couple.

"Well, I got a job," he said.

A party going down into Sonora to collect specimens of insect life had hired him as a guide.

"Fine," said Billy. "Have another."

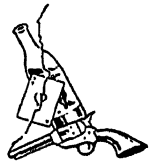
He had two or three more. Finally he looked up and said, "You know, I wish I'd known what you knew when you came after me that morning."

"Forget it, Frank. That was the best way out, the way it was. Some of us might have got you."

"I thought it was funny the way Frankie and Ben didn't have anything to say, and didn't crowd in on me when we were riding back to town. Well, I still wish I'd known Jim was alive when you took me in."

Then he rode off into Sonora and was seen in those parts no more. They say he died in Alaska in the gold rush but nobody knows much about it. The things people like to tell about, when Buckskin Frank Leslie's name is mentioned, are his genius with a six-shooter and his gay disposition —when he was sober.

High Rollers in Helldorado



IN THE West of fifty years ago gambling was a profession almost as good as banking or the law. It certainly took as much study and a good deal more natural aptitude. Any cowman could start a bank, and many of them unfortunately did at one time or another, but a big-time gambler was first of all an act of God and after that a product of much polish and toil.

A real high roller in the early days was often better liked than the doctor or the lawyer because he was a better spender and a more gracious personality. Maybe he did get drunk occasionally and maybe he had a girl at some second-rate boardinghouse, but so did the District Attorney and the Mayor. Aside from such common errors he had few flaws.

In appearance he was somewhere between Adonis and Beau Brummel with a dash of Captain Kidd thrown in for color. A long black coat reached nearly to the knees of his checked

trousers. His shoes were shiny, his linen was starched, and a plug hat often topped off the gorgeous whole. He was careful about his shaves and took pains to keep his hands soft and supple. In manner he was courteous and gentlemanly—he had to be to stay out of trouble. The stories told of gambling-hall brawls generally originate in the antics of tinhorns and rounders. A real big-timer knew how to avoid unpleasantness. He wasn't afraid to fight, but he would laugh a quarrel off if he could.

In those days faro bank was the gentleman's game among Westerners. For that reason the best gamblers were proud to be known as bank dealers. Wheel men ranked a poor second in the minds of most of them, and poker players and monte dealers were just a few jumps ahead of a horse thief.

Gamblers came from all sorts of places and all sorts of people. Sometimes a boy growing up in a frontier town, hanging around the doors of the gambling saloons and seeing the famous men pass in and out every day, would decide that to be a great gambler was the supreme human achievement and he was going to be one or know the reason why.

Such a one was Bones Brannon, and his story is the story of a hundred other youngsters who entered the service of Lady Luck in the days when the Law left off at the Pecos and God

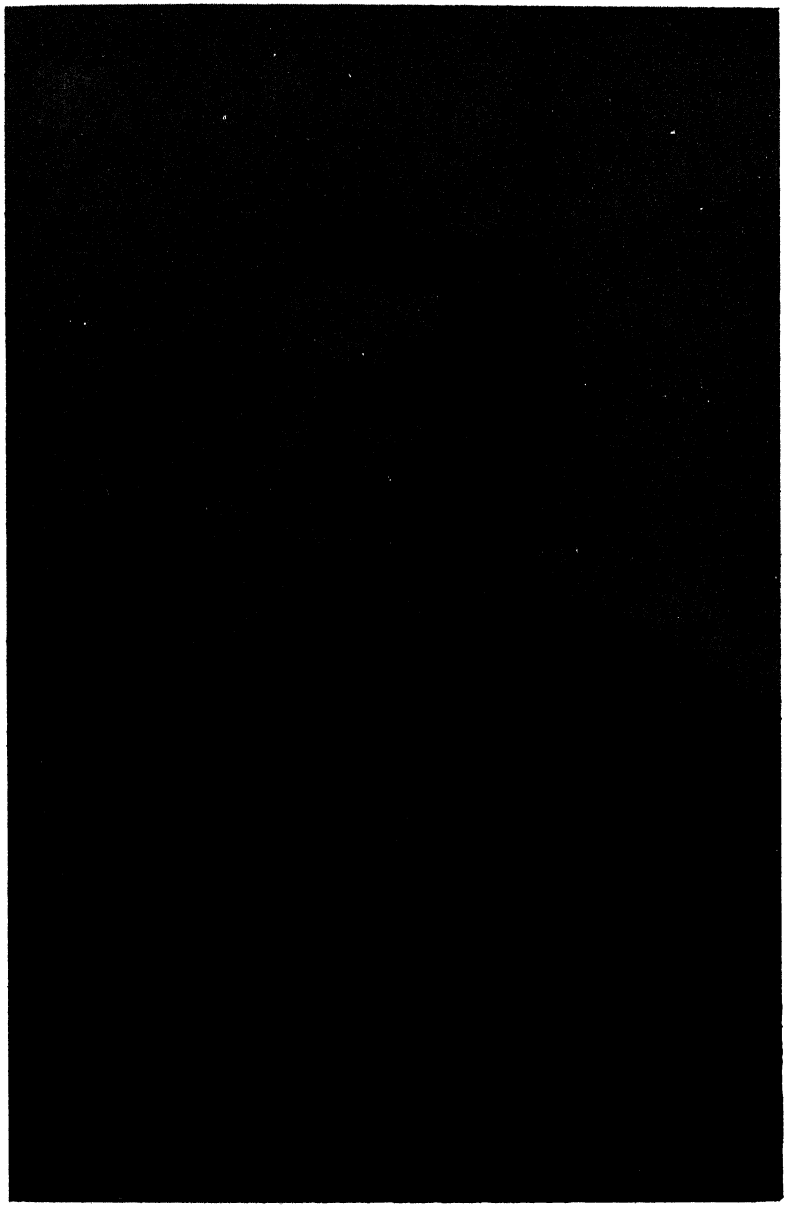
washed his hands of the country west of El Paso.

Anybody would have liked young Bones when he came to Tombstone. A short, plump, red-cheeked, cheerful boy, he sat on the high wagon seat beside his father and looked with amazement at the tumult and rush of the boom town. He remembered busy places in New Mexico and Colorado, but nothing like this. After camping out for weeks along the dangerous trail, afraid to eat and afraid to sleep, he imagined Tombstone to be even bigger and busier than it was.

The novelty of it all helped Bones to stay excited about his new life in spite of poverty. Brannon senior was a jerk-line driver who handled twenty-four-mule teams for Durkee's freight line and he didn't get rich at it. Yet his rough shack on Tough Nut Street near the Vizina Mine offices was a peaceful and contented place. Ordinarily mule-skinning brings out the worst in a man, but Mr. Brannon was different.

Bones was different too. He didn't grouch and grumble; he didn't grow hard and tough. People noticed right away that Bones was "awful good to his mother." Anybody who wants to is welcome to try to explain why the Gods of Dice and Cards should have picked a boy like that to become one of the finest professional bank dealers in the West.

He had to learn the hard way, the only point in his favor being his lack of education. He had



Bones Brannon, a big-time bank dealer who made his first faro box out of a cigar container while he was still in short pants.

From the Rose Collection.
A faro layout at the Orient Saloon, Bisbee, Arizona. The dealer is Harry Emerson. The lookout is George Oakes. The first man on the left is Tony Downs, part owner. Beyond the case keeper is a concert-hall singer named Doyle. Beyond Doyle is Jack Boston, a Bisbee saloon man. The man in the silk "tile" is Sleepy Tom Thomas.

a term or two with Professor Gaines at the public school, but he regretted the waste of time. As soon as he could manage it, he dropped out and went to work on his career. From the start he meant to deal "the bank."

His equipment had to be homemade—there was no money to buy anything. Out of an old cigar container he contrived a "box" with a slot at the side to slip the cards through and springs to hold the deck firmly against the top. On an old piece of green cloth he painted the "spread"—thirteen cards from Ace to King laid out in two parallel rows with the thirteenth card between the rows at one end. It was on these painted cards that the bets were placed. He even built a crude "case keeper," looking like a Chinese counting frame, to register the play as each card was slipped from the box. His cards were old and greasy, probably cast off by dealers in the Crystal Palace or the Alhambra, but he learned to "work on" them so that he could tell them by their backs and edges. That was just part of the game to a professional gambler.

The first sports to play at him were boys of his own age, and the stakes were highly miscellaneous. The picture is sad or inspiring according to the point of view—Bones Brannon, in a pair of old pants and wearing boots too big for him, off in an adobe storeroom somewhere, the light of a great ambition on his young Irish face.

He snaps two cards out of his homemade box, the first one the losing card, the second winning the pocketknife or the rattlesnake-skin belt or the 'dobe dollar. Whether you like what he does or not, you can't keep a boy like that down.

And so he grew up and all at once became a young man. Gambling was almost his whole existence, but some other things had to come too; so he learned to drink whiskey, talk the language of the barroom, and pay his respects to such feminine attractions as a mining town could offer. When the down was getting thick on his cheek and chin, he took up with a tommy named Della and went domestic.

She was a pretty little thing, and Bones was enormously fond of her, which was all right with Tombstone. Nobody saw much of anything wrong with the connection. Even Bones's mother raised no objections. Last names were not in fashion so Della became Della Bones, and she was as completely settled as if she had worn a ring on her finger and kept a marriage certificate in the bureau drawer.

Meanwhile, at the age of twenty-one or twenty-two, Bones was proving to be an expert bank dealer. He could throw the cards out of the box with lightning speed and take or pay with rapidity and accuracy. He was cool and deft, and his mind was always well ahead of his fingers. The intense concentration of the game was a

tonic to him. He was just about as good as they came.

Still he did not "graduate," meaning he was not accepted as a full-fledged professional by the masters of his craft. It took years of scrapping around in back-room games before a self-educated gambler learned all he needed to know. Besides, Bones had a few wrong ideas that stood in his way. He seemed to think every quarter he won was his own; and when he worked an extra shift for some gambler, he was inclined to hold a few dollars out of his winnings to get drunk on. This was very bad form. A real gambler had to be scrupulously honest with his employers and above such small-minded ideas about money.

He was still a youngster in appearance when at last Dick Clark let him open up for himself in the Alhambra. It was a great day for Bones, perhaps the greatest he ever knew, but he was too busy to think much about it. He got a big play and was taking and paying every minute of his shift. At first he wondered why he was so popular, but at last he began to suspect that his young and innocent face was causing many an old-time faro-bank fiend to play at him in hopes that the unseasoned dealer would be easy pickings.

Usually he wasn't, but once in a while when on one of his periodic drunks he lost plenty. As the losses mounted, he drank more; and as he

drank more, the losses mounted further. Usually Della or Mr. Brannon would take a hand about that time and have him locked up to keep worse things from happening. In the morning, bright and early, he would appear with the "chain gang," which suffered daily for its sins by working on the roads or cleaning up vacant lots.

Bones did not have to humble himself to this earthy toil. A dozen of his friends would have been glad to pay the twenty-five dollars required to release him, but Bones wouldn't let them.

"No," he would tell them, "I'll work it out."

Then he would go fiercely at it, muttering to himself as he swung his pick: "I'll teach the sonofabitch to get drunk and lose money! I'll teach him!"

The other gamblers, unable to buy him off, would often turn out to cheer him on. "You've got it coming," they would jibe at him. "Dig in there and pay up like a man."

Bones would straighten up his elegant figure in the seventy-five-dollar suit and dusty but expensive linen.

"All right, you fellows. You'll be in jail yourselves before long."

Fly the photographer took a picture of him once with a pick in one hand and a shovel in the other. He labeled it "Bones at Work" and passed out copies to the boys.

Applied in a less precarious profession,

Bones's conscientious attitude toward his business would have sent him scrambling up the ladder of promotion. But gamblers live under the axe. They and their money are here today and across the border tomorrow; and so it was with Bones Brannon.

After the Tombstone bubble was pricked in 1886 by strikes, flooded mines, and cheap silver, the Brannon family found the going tough. One by one their friends gave up and went away. Finally the Brannons too had to move or starve. Father and Mother Brannon left first—for Mexico. Bones took Della a little later and went to Bisbee, where he found work in Jim Letson's Turf Saloon. Della opened up in Brewery Gulch, but it wasn't like the old days.

As soon as the boom started in Nevada, their hopes revived and they marched off once more. When he was last heard of, Bones was dealing bank in Tex Rickard's place at Tonopah.

In complete contrast to Bones Brannon was another well-known Tombstone figure named "Sleepy Tom" Thomas. All that Bones wasn't Tom was. In the early eighties Tom was about fifty—gray, mustached, sedate. Occasionally he cracked a joke in his solemn fashion, but mostly he went his molasses-in-January way without words.

Some of the gamblers worked steadily at one

place or another, but Sleepy Tom was a sort of free lance, doing extra shifts and special calls for anyone who needed him. He was closest to Dick Clark, owner of the Alhambra Saloon and the biggest gambler in Tombstone. Tom could rely on Dick for a stake in slack times, and likewise Dick could rely on Tom to tip him off when there were any big games making in somebody's wine room or poker parlor.

Sleepy Tom was a good old fellow, and so, by the usual irony of human affairs, he had a wife who was the opposite. She was a big, buxom, good-looking woman who had studied art somewhere and did some sketching around Tombstone, probably just to kill time. In dress she lived up to her role, startling the natives with flowing robes and velvet caps with gold tassels. In one point she was strictly orthodox; she drank large quantities of whiskey, like everyone else. She and Tom lived out beyond the cribs in the east end of town. They had a Chinese cook and gardener who kept the place in fine condition, and Mrs. Sleepy had her own team and buggy in which she rode around at all hours of the day and night. It was a very high-class establishment.

Mr. and Mrs. Sleepy were seemingly the best of friends. She was even capable of worrying about him when he stayed out late. This was proved one time when she nearly disrupted the

town's business on his account. Sleepy got drunk one night and somehow developed an unusual longing to take a walk. Out under the stars he strode, his plug hat over one eye, the beauties of booze and nature flooding his soul. A mile and a half from the village he found himself under a tree in a pleasant nook which suggested sleep.

The next morning Mrs. Sleepy raised the alarm. She went to all the saloons and stores, at first making inquiry, later begging for help. Tom hadn't been home all night. Something must have happened to him. Somebody do something!

Several of the saloons closed. Parties of men struck off toward the Dragoons or up the Bisbee road. No sign of Tom until at last by chance a party found him, still dreaming beneath his tree in Walnut Gulch.

For the next two or three months Tom's salary was all consumed in buying drinks for various rescue parties.

That was only the beginning of bad luck for poor old Sleepy Tom. His wife found his society increasingly unnecessary and began to run around with other men. Tom never said anything to anyone about it—simply went on his placid way. Some of his friends went out for buggy rides with her. He never reproached them. He did not complain even when she left his bed and board and went to live with William "Corkscrew" Staehle, the District Attorney. He

simply packed his traps and, with his usual unobtrusive dignity, left town.

Later he had his revenge, though he may never have known it. Staehle already had a wife, a woman of few virtues whose name was Gussie. Gussie was out of town when Mrs. Sleepy yielded to her baser nature, but about the time her yielding was becoming a habit, Gussie came back. It would be interesting to know how the ladies settled their claims, but the record reveals only the fact that the ex-Mrs. Sleepy packed up in her turn and went to San Francisco, leaving Gussie in complete charge.

There were dozens of gamblers in and out of Tombstone in the eighties, big and little, honest and crooked. The real geniuses were apt to own a store or saloon as a sort of base of operations, but they usually left the merchandising to some meaner soul while they went after the big money. Adolph Cohn had the biggest poker hall behind his tobacco shop on Allen Street. Nappy Nick, so called from his place of origin in Napa, California, had the Pony Saloon, where big games often were played. Charley Overlock had the butcher shop. Lou Rickabaugh at the Orient, Johnny Speck at the Crystal Palace, and Dick Clark at the Alhambra were the kind who preferred games with a five-hundred or thousand-dollar change in—that is, games where every-

body had that much on the table before he took cards.

The professional gamblers who worked for these men were not much beneath them in importance. Sometimes a man like Dick Clark would train a boy for whom he had a regard and help him graduate. Billy King was one of Dick Clark's graduates. He acted as bodyguard and lieutenant to "the Boss," and in return Dick got Sleepy Tom to show him how to deal. When there was a big poker game on, Billy would drop in on it, with Dick's money, and if it looked promising, he would get his employer out of bed and into a ringside seat.

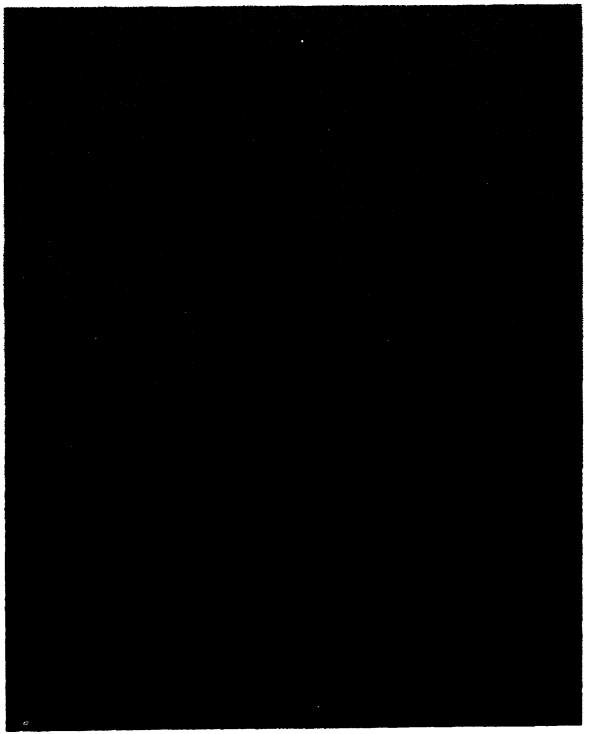
Another protégé of Dick Clark's was Johnny Bauer, the Dutch Kid. He was originally from Tucson, but his natural aptitude for gambling was without honor or encouragement in his home town, so along about 1880 he came to Tombstone and got Dick Clark to take him on. He was an apt and faithful disciple, staying with his boss until the latter died in 1893 and learning from him to play the big race meets and conventions all over the country.

He was a very smooth piece of gambling machinery, was the Dutch Kid. Without much education he looked and acted like a Princeton man, at least when on duty, and as a bank dealer he had few equals. He could pick up a pile of chips or coins and handle them so fast that the eye

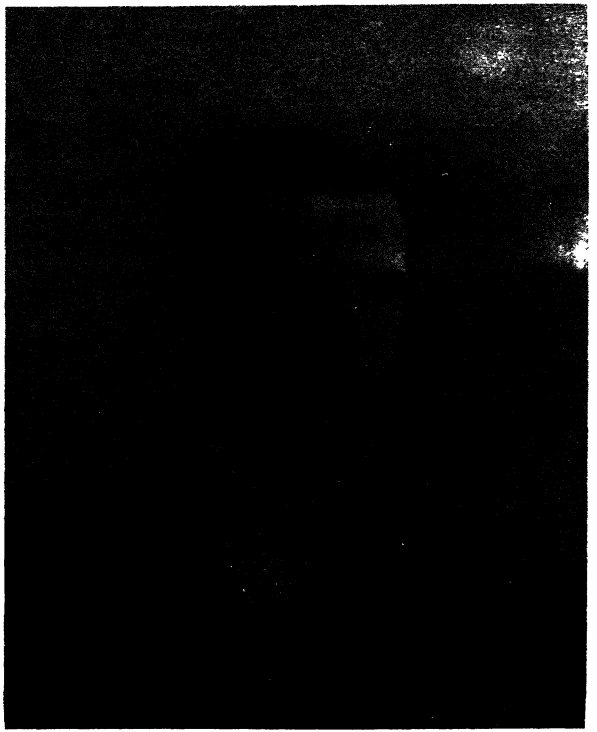
could hardly follow his fingers. Furthermore, he was one of the few gamblers who stayed away from booze. He had his weaknesses, however, in the form of a large collection of Mexican women with whom he lived around in various cribs. He said they were cheaper than American girls. His friends used to joke him unmercifully about his taste in women and would send messages to warn him to lock his girl (or girls) up whenever a company of negro troops came to town.

His weakness of heart where Mexican women were concerned was accompanied by a physical ailment of the same organ which finished him on the streets of Douglas, Arizona, about 1918. He was broke when he died, in spite of all the winnings he had raked in. As one of his friends puts it, "That kind of money never sticks."

Gamblers like the Dutch Kid were paid twenty-five dollars for a shift of about six hours. This was as long a period as they could put in efficiently even though they occasionally rested by changing places with the lookout, who sat behind and above the dealer where he could watch the cash box, the case keeper, and the cards. It was not advisable to make the shifts any longer than six hours because a tired man was apt to make a mistake and get his head shot off. In some of the smaller halls a man would occasionally



Johnny Bauer, the Dutch Kid, fastest dealer in the West, and not so bad to look at.



Billy Meredith. He wasn't much of a gambler, but he has an interesting face.

From the Rose Collection.

Fatty Ryan, once chief of police at Tombstone and a familiar figure at the gambling tables.

work overtime, for which service he received five dollars an hour. The high wages were well spent. They kept the dealers honest and made it possible for the employer to secure the best talent available.

It was a fascinating business for a man who had the nerve and the skill to stay with it. It developed his dexterity and intuition to an almost superhuman degree. It even developed his vocabulary, for hundreds of special terms budded, bloomed, and died around his equipment and methods. The Tombstone *Epitaph* printed an exhange in 1882 in which a clever journalist had employed a good deal of gambler's slang. Some of it is still in use:

"John Chubber, alias 'The Charmer,' charged with visiting a gambling house," read clerk Hughes in the Police Court.

"Why are you coming up at this late hour?" inquired the judge.

"I'll tell you how it comes, your Honor. I was taken in with the rest of the gang on the night of the raid, and have been playing in hard luck ever since. They 'shuffled me up' with drunks, and 'snowed me out' with the petty larcenies, and the result has been that I was overlooked and stayed in the 'box' until this morning when I was 'singled out' and demanded of the prison-keeper a 'square deal.' If the door-keeper had kept his 'cases educated,' I'd've 'won out' before this instead of being 'whip sawed.'"

"Do you play a system, Mr. Chubber?" queried the judge.

"Yes sir. I frequently play 'em to 'double out' but

I've been playing 'colors' lately, for they've had me locked up with a drunken coon, a Greaser horse-thief, and a Chinese pipe-hitter."

"It has been broadly hinted, Mr. Chubber, that you are a 'check guerrilla,' and that your system consists in taking 'sleepers.' That accounts for your not being taken out of 'hock' before. I think I will play you to 'go through' and make a turn of twenty days on you unless you 'change in' $40," and the crest-fallen sport was led below muttering something about a "rough deal" and the game being snaked from the outside.

Specimens like Mr. Chubber belonged to the lowest class of gamblers — small-timers who sometimes dealt and sometimes bucked a game, always for small stakes and with extreme caution. When they dealt, it was usually in "sure-shot" games with crooked boxes or with cards manipulated so that the dealer was sure to win. This was known as "dealing brace," or "the real thing." When they bucked a game, they were apt to have two dollars and a half which they would try to run up to ten dollars. If they got a little ahead, they always quit. The name for such small fry is still used—they were tinhorn gamblers.

It was apparently as easy to become a fiend for small stakes as for large ones. Witness the case of Maurice Foley who made faro his study day and night, eventually adopting a system which was called the "double out." Maurice played his system intensively and occasionally got fifty or

a hundred dollars ahead. In that case he had another system which he began working at once.

He would pocket his money, go out behind the gambling hall as if to the water closet, and find a boy to do an errand for him. This boy would go in haste to Mrs. Foley and inform her of the facts. She would immediately hot-foot it down to the game and burst in just about the time Maurice was returning from his expedition to the out-of-doors. Then she would begin in her good Irish brogue: "Maurice Foley, come out of that, or I'll break every window in the house. Come out of it, I tell you. Come along home with you now, and not a word out of you. What do you mean by——"

And so on, until Maurice went meekly out of the door—with his winnings.

In slack times these small-time gamblers would "open a snap." That meant they would open up in some bar, or even around in the cribs and hookshops, with a very small stake and a very crooked game. Fatty Ryan, later chief of police, had a piece of metal that looked and felt like nineteen twenty-dollar gold pieces in a stack. It was only high-quality lead, but he would lay one twenty-dollar gold piece on top of the chunk of lead and get a very realistic effect.

One time the play went against him and he decided to pay off. The last man to get his money was a Chinaman. Fatty counted out what he

had, then tossed his victim the leaden imitation, remarking, "Saw it off of that, you damn Chink. It's all I've got."

Everybody in Tombstone knew pretty well whether anybody else in Tombstone was a crook or not; but when strangers came to town and opened up, there was sometimes considerable doubt.

A pair of these birds of passage set up their equipment on one occasion in George McKenzie's Arcade Saloon and proceeded to clean up the town. They had a crooked box of the two-tell end-squeeze type. The two-tell feature made it possible for them to determine what card was next below the top card in the box. By squeezing the end of the box, they could push out either of the two cards, as they chose.

A small time gambler named Black George was getting "close to the blanket" at the time and decided to do something to beat the strangers' game. He approached a well-known Tombstone bar fly named Charlie Blair who had once been a very successful safe cracker.

"Well, what do you want?" inquired Charlie.

"I want you to crack the safe in George McKenzie's saloon," said Black George, scowling like a thundercloud as usual.

That night when even Tombstone was asleep, Charlie and Black George crept into the building. Charlie fumbled with the safe for a while, then

swung the door open and flashed his dark lantern inside.

"Here," he said, handing something up to Black George. "Here."

"What's that?"

"Here's the money."

Then Black George lost his temper.

"Put that back, you so-and-so! I want those fellows' cards; not their money. Do you think I'm a damn thief?"

The idea was that George was going to substitute decks of cards marked in his own way for the crooked decks in the safe. Even sealed decks were not always above reproach, for boys like Black George would steam off the seals, work on the cards, and then seal the packets up again.

Occasionally a tinhorn gambler would have a side line, though most of them preferred starving as gamblers to eating as anything else. Pete Spence, for instance, went in for stage robbery when his luck was bad. The payroll for the Bisbee mines came in from the railroad on the Benson stage, then was transferred to the Bisbee conveyance, a much less impressive affair with four horses instead of six. Pete used to hold up the Bisbee stage occasionally, and then go on a glorious gambling and drinking toot with the proceeds. When the law caught up with him, he spent a couple of years in Yuma supposedly repenting. Then the governor pardoned him, and

he came back to Tombstone for a while. His side line after that time was a highly specialized branch of the mining industry. He would prospect for valuable claims whose owners had neglected their "assessment work" and allowed their titles to lapse. When he found one, he would move in. This was known as claim jumping, and was not the most respected occupation a man could follow. There was money in it, however, and Pete kept at it until the Nevada gold strikes lured him away. He never came back, which was all right with Tombstone.

A real high roller was, of course, above any such pussyfooting as this. He was capable of throwing a thousand dollars away, but never of jumping sideways for a quarter. Dick Clark, for instance, was always sending fifty dollars to this or that crippled miner or a hundred dollars to his widow. Here is a typical story about him:

There was a would-be bad man around Tombstone, a cowpuncher named Andy Darnell, who worked for the Erie Cattle Company out in the Sulphur Springs valley. One day he came into the Alhambra and announced in a loud voice that he wanted to know the whereabouts of the "bull gambler," the best man in the house.

Nobody seemed to know just how to locate this person, but Dick Clark, standing by the bar, asked him to have a drink. As they were con-

suming their liquor, somebody came up and called Dick by name.

Andy at once addressed him by a familiar title drawn from the animal kingdom and asked him if he wasn't the gambler.

Dick admitted it.

"Yes, you are," puffed Andy, "and you're always on the lookout for big money, ain't you?"

"I like money."

"Well, I'm going to nail your hide to the wall." And the cowpuncher indicated that he was in the mood for heavy competition.

Dick was unwilling. He wasn't fond of gambling with amateurs, but finally he said, "All right, I don't care about it, but if you're so anxious, I'll play you once, any game you want for any money you want. Name your game."

Andy proposed that they shake dice. Dick agreed and said, "If you don't trust my dice, you can go up to Adolf Cohn's and borrow some of his."

Andy hastened out and came back with a box full of dice.

Dick spread them out on the bar and glanced at them. "They're all right," he remarked. "How much do you want to shake for? A thousand dollars?"

"Hell, no. I've only got a hundred."

"I won't fool with it."

Andy began to sweat. He fished a little deeper

and found about two hundred dollars. "Go on. Roll 'em," he quavered.

"After you," said Dick. But Andy insisted shakily that Dick begin, so he picked up one of the dice, put it into the box, and said, "Six high, ace low, high man takes the money."

"That goes."

Dick rolled a six and the cowboy turned as white as the bartender's apron. He then proceeded to roll a two.

There was a moment of silence. Billy King slipped closer to his chief in case of trouble.

"Well," said Andy, "I've got to go home. I'm broke."

"When you've had another drink," Dick told him. "Bartender——"

As soon as Andy had seen the bottom of his glass, Dick pushed his money over to him.

"Here, boy, take your money. Go on back to the ranch and buy some old cows. And you'd better not gamble any more."

That was a gesture in the manner of a real old-time gambler, but Dick Clark's kind soon vanished. From being a profession in the early eighties, gambling sank to the level of an abuse by 1900. The gamblers were no longer admired for their skill and generosity; they were no longer imitated by the small Bones Brannons of the mining camps. It was a strange and fearful Arizona in which they found themselves, full of

prohibitionists and women's clubs; and when open gambling was abolished in 1907, their day was done.

Even their games are being forgotten. Those who want to gamble play bridge for a fiftieth or buy a few dollars' worth of stocks on margin. No wonder the old-timers think the world has gone to pot.

Burt Alvord the Humorous Train Robber

On Sept. 11, 1899, about eleven-thirty at night, four men held up the west-bound passenger train at Cochise Station some ten miles west of Willcox, Arizona. They got away with thirty thousand dollars, rode toward Willcox, apparently vanished into thin air a half mile from town, and almost got away entirely. The whole scheme was one of the most brilliant pieces of planning in the history of American banditry—so clever that it almost deserved to succeed. It originated in the brain of Burt (or Albert) Alvord, a rough, good-humored Tombstone boy who had not been suspected of much genius for anything up to that time. This is the story of his Genesis—and of his Exodus—as a train robber.

I

AT the time of the Cochise robbery Burt Alvord was in his early thirties. He was a short, bald-headed fellow, almost as dark as a Mexican, who

dressed in cowboy clothes, seldom washed, and hung around the Tombstone dives with a great variety of sinful companions. His major concerns in life were guns, horses, pool halls, poker games, and practical jokes, to which he later added a professional interest in train robbery.

The rough life of the roaring Arizona mining camps had made him what he was. He had ridden into Tombstone on the tail of his father's wagon some time in the early eighties, and it was years before anyone noticed the grubby youth who ate and slept in the frame shack the Alvords called home away out at the end of Tough Nut Street.

His folks were not able to apply the correctives he needed. Mrs. Alvord was hacked to pieces by the asthma which had made living impossible for her in Nevada and California. The father, known as Judge Alvord because he was for a while a Justice of the Peace, was an agreeable old coot but took life pretty easy and seldom pushed his scrawny body and ragged gray beard any farther than the nearest saloon. And Burt's little sister May was just entering her teens and could hardly qualify as caretaker for a budding desperado. When Mrs. Alvord died, after a year or two of Tombstone, May had all she could do to run the family and keep her two men patched and fed without reforming either of them.

So Burt went unreformed.

Most of his time was spent either at the O. K.

Corral and Livery Stable or at the billiard parlor, where he picked up many a quarter by his skill with the cue. The arts and sciences which were useful to him later were acquired at these two places. The public schools contributed very little.

Shiftless and useless as he was, Burt still had many friends and even some admirers. For one thing he was a good fighter and earned a certain amount of respect that way. Some people have questioned his courage, but there is plenty of evidence to show he wasn't afraid of trouble. If he had been, John Slaughter, the famous sheriff, would have chosen another deputy when he went into office in 1886. Burt was about twenty years old then, hard as nails, and able to go indefinitely without eating or sleeping—a quality which Slaughter especially liked. Burt was frowzy; Burt was ignorant; Burt picked up with a different Mexican girl every time he got a little money; but out in the lava beds or the mountains Burt hit his stride.

"By God, I say Burt's there!" declared John Slaughter. "I say he's there." That was the highest possible praise in Tombstone.

Maybe the main reason people had a liking for Burt was his sense of humor. Many a Western bad man has been heard to laugh, but not many have had as much fun with their wickedness as Burt did. His idea of the comic was not re-

fined. In fact, it was pretty crude, usually expressing itself in belly laughs over the wrong kind of joke. But it was a sense of humor for all that. Burt's low, hoarse voice would often break into a chuckle, and whenever he sprung what he considered a good one, he would show his teeth in a horselaugh.

In the spring of 1890 he and a crony named Matt Burts went over to Bisbee on a pleasure trip, and when it was time to start for home, they telegraphed the editor of the Tombstone *Epitaph:*

> Bodies of Burts and Alvord will arrive this afternoon.

The news flew over town that they had been in a fight—had been shot—were dead. A delegation, including an *Epitaph* reporter, assembled at the O. K. Corral to see the stage come in that afternoon, expecting it to be accompanied by two wooden boxes in a wagon. Instead Alvord and Burts got off the stage in the flesh, grinning broadly.

"Sure our bodies arrived," they said. "We never go out without 'em."

Next day the *Epitaph* remarked acidly of the two jokers, "Probably when Gabriel blows his horn they will be old enough to quit acting like boys."

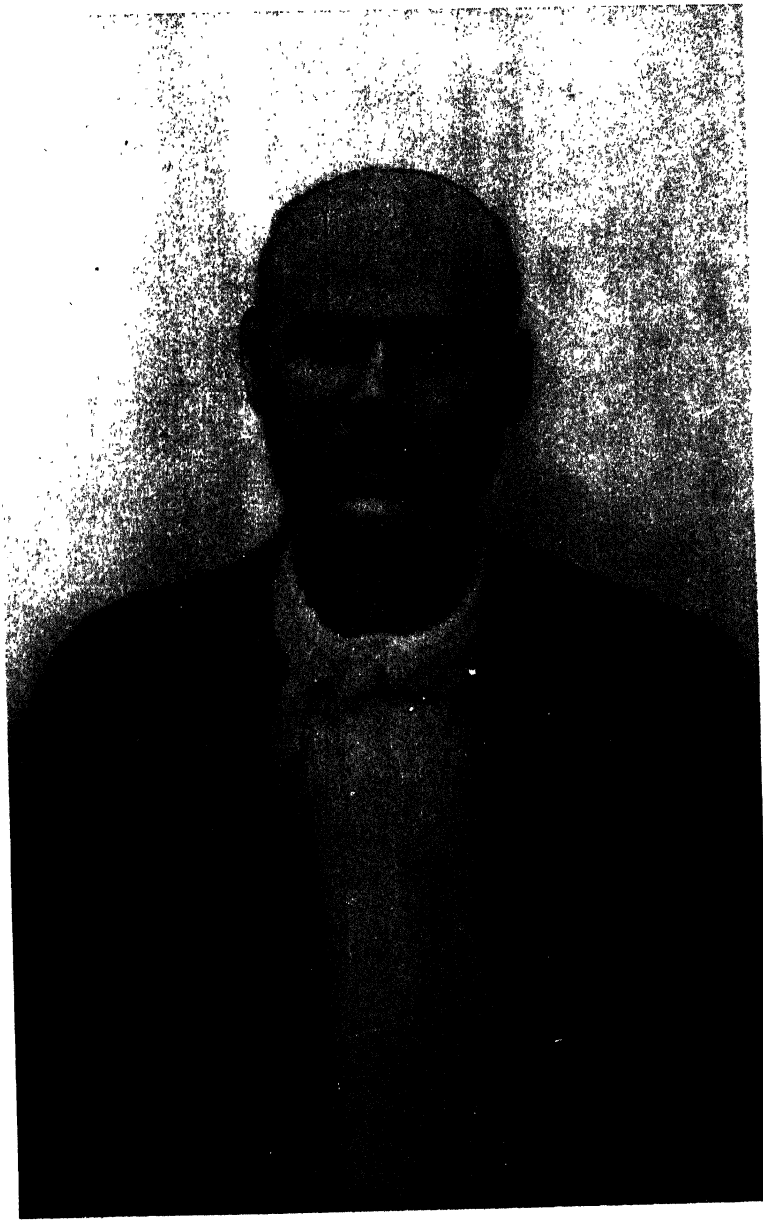
A few years later Burt's waggery threatened

to upset the town again. By this time John Slaughter was out of office and was no longer able to encourage and protect his deputy as of old. Burt had a job as day boss at the O. K. Corral where he was much in the company of a young tough named Biddy Doyle—ex-soldier, ex-boxer, ex-wrestler, and practical joker extraordinary.

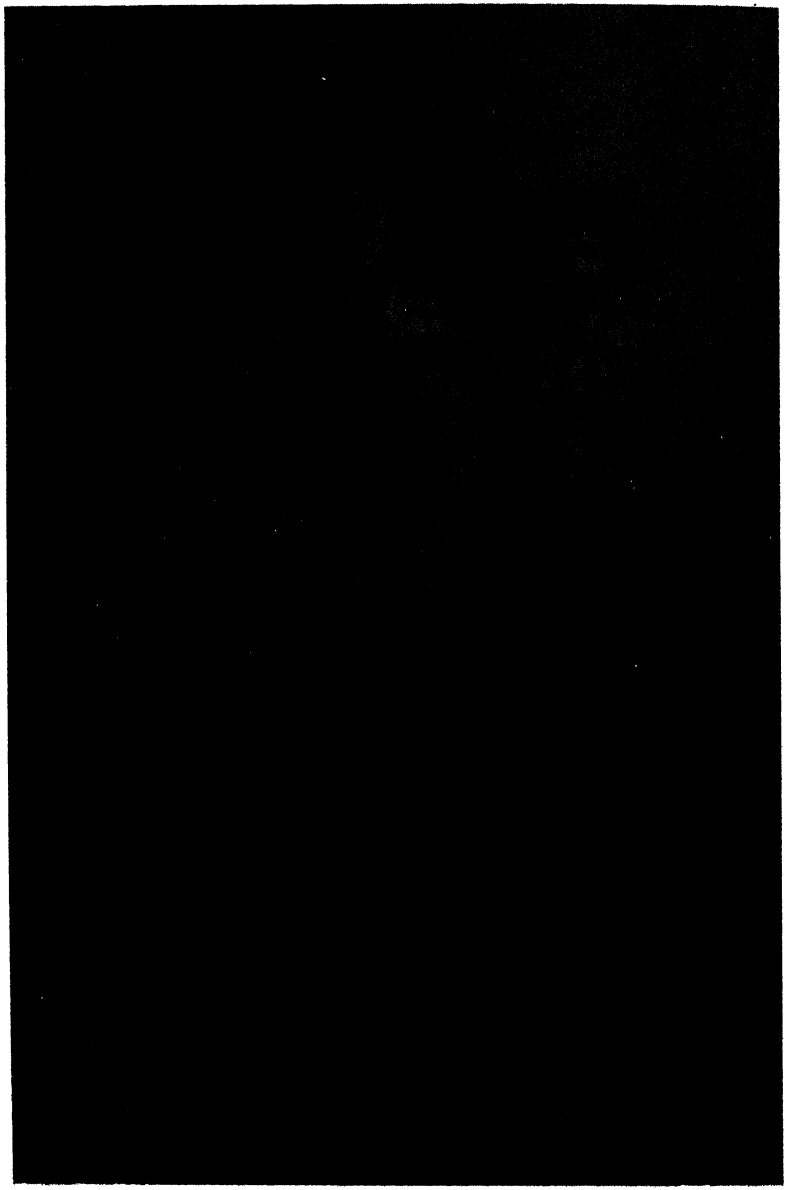
Biddy had lost his illusions a long way back and was out to get his any way he could. That was why he went down to Bisbee one morning and passed the word around in Brewery Gulch that he was looking for a wrestling match. He soon located a gentleman named Lew Vidal (later well known in the more colorful parts of El Paso) who acted as promoter. A "Cousin Jack," or Cornish, miner, was found who was willing to risk his ribs in the ring. Then all Biddy had to do was arrange a place and start the betting.

A suitable spot was located in Bisbee Canyon. It was on a manure pile belonging to the Phelps-Dodge Company. All the Bisbee boys foresaw a great many humorous possibilities when they heard where the match was to be held. The sports of Tombstone liked the idea, too. At the proper time they all moved over to Bisbee to see the fun, and the betting began.

When the odds were ten to one on the miner, Biddy and his friends (including Burt Alvord,



From the Rose Collection.
Burt Alvord, the humorous train robber.



Billy King, seated at the left, during his early years in Tombstone. Just behind him is the other Billy King (Cowboy Bill) who was killed by Burt Alvord behind Schweitzer's saloon at Willcox.

who was acting as trainer) bribed the man to throw the match; then they bet everything they had on Biddy.

It was not very well handled. The men wrestled each other around for a brief time, and finally Biddy poked his opponent's head down into the manure pile. The miner yelled that he was being smothered and gave up the match. His friends and supporters were stunned for a moment; then they smelled a rat and swarmed into the ring, yelling for revenge. Burt and Biddy barely made it to the edge of town where their horses were waiting, loaded themselves and their winnings aboard, and hot-footed it for Tombstone. They began to divide their loot (there were several hundred dollars) in the O. K. Corral and completed the transaction on Billy King's bar to the great scandal of the community. John Montgomery in particular was so severely shocked that he fired Burt on the spot.

By this time Burt was a rather notorious character; but there was enough humor in his escapades to take the edge off any serious condemnation that might have come his way. Furthermore, he had certain qualities which threatened to make him a useful citizen in spite of himself. These were his speed and accuracy with a pistol and his experience as a peace officer with John Slaughter.

Some twenty-four miles from Tombstone was

a gold camp named Pearce where the spirit of homicide was becoming domesticated. The citizens petitioned the Board of Supervisors to bring Burt Alvord over to clean the place up. Burt came; and in a very short time Pearce was as quiet as a cow pasture at midnight.

When this fact became known, another desperado-ridden community twenty miles away decided that what was sauce for Pearce might well be sauce for Willcox. So Burt moved over there.

He found the atmosphere much different, for Willcox was a cow town, and cowboys, compared to miners, are pure dynamite. Almost at once Burt ran into opposition which he handled in his own way. One of the hardest riding and most pugnacious of the near-by cow outfits belonged to the Bud Hood Ranch just across the line in Sonora, Mexico. The foreman was named Billy King, called Cowboy Bill to distinguish him from Billy King, the Tombstone saloon man.

Cowboy Bill was a famous gunman though not a killer. His skill was supposed to stand next to that of Buckskin Frank Leslie when the latter was at his best. He was proud of his reputation, too, and sometimes when payment for a round of drinks was in order he would flash his pistol and invite the bartender to "take it out of that." Behavior like this was not the best recipe for preserving a man to a ripe old age, and it was not surprising that one day in the autumn Cowboy

Bill came into Willcox with a shipment of cattle and never went home again.

In the Schweitzer Saloon that evening he met Burt Alvord, whom he had known for a long time and with whom everybody supposed he was on good terms. They shook hands, had a few drinks, and chatted casually. Finally Burt said, "Come on out, Bill. I want to talk to you about something."

They stepped into the alley. Two minutes later there was a shot. Burt came back in and announced that Cowboy Bill had pulled a gun on him and that he had shot in self-defense.

Judge Page was jerked out of bed to attend to the matter. He summoned a coroner's jury at once. Burt was the only witness. He said he knew Cowboy Bill's reputation and realized he had to shoot quick. The jury had him cleared before midnight.

The cowboys of the dead man's outfit were wild over the shooting. Burt found himself so unpopular that he had to get help. He hired a tough named Frank Aikens, a little fellow but a crack shot, to back him, and seemed to have the situation well in hand. Now, however, people began to wonder about him.

He fell into more bad company, too. Matt Burts, whose "body" had accompanied his own from Bisbee a few years before, was still his particular crony, but Matt was by no means an

innocent and was the cause of a good deal of worry to his brother Tom, a hard-working and respectable rancher near Willcox. Matt and Burt were seen often—too often—with a small, grubby, mean-tempered young man from up around Casa Grande named Billy Stiles, and with another ne'er-do-well with a residence at Willcox who went by the name of Bill Downing. Some people still believe that Downing's real name was Jackson and that he was once a member of the Sam Bass gang of train robbers back in Texas. This is probably not true. For one thing he was not old enough. By nature, however, he would have made good raw material for any gang of thieves and robbers. He was disagreeable and quarrelsome, fond of raw liquor and serious poker, and full of schemes for accumulating other people's property. He had already been mixed up in several scrapes involving the ownership of somebody's cows, and was bad medicine for a fellow like Burt.

Such signs as these showed that Burt was going from bad to worse, but nobody in Tombstone dreamed for a minute that he was dangerous until one of his best friends made the discovery. This was Billy King, the owner of King's Saloon and Gambling Hall. Billy had known the Alvord family for fifteen years. His wife had paid Burt the first quarter he ever earned—for splitting wood. If anybody thought

well of Burt Alvord it was this same Billy King. But Billy was due for a shock.

It was early in September of 1899. Court was in session, and that meant a townful of people. All the gamblers, fancy women, tent shows, and three-up rounders in Arizona seemed to put out for Tombstone when court time came around, and they certainly made the saloon business boom. By eleven o'clock that night the proprietor of King's place was feeling pretty damp and ragged, though he was sustained in spirit every time he opened the cash box and caught a glimpse of the contents. Finally there was a small trough in the tidal wave of business. He turned over the faro layout to Charley Recanzone and stepped out to the toilet in the rear. The minute the door closed behind him he heard footsteps on the hard-packed surface of the back yard. Stray words caught his attention:

"Gold shipment . . . horses . . . what time? . . . dynamite."

He knew who the men were. Burt Alvord's husky voice was audible (Burt had come over from Willcox to appear as a witness in a case called for next day). With him were Billy Stiles, Bill Downing, Matt Burts, and perhaps another one or two.

Billy gathered that Burt's job as an officer had given him information about a gold shipment due in a day or two and that plans were

afoot for taking that gold away from the Southern Pacific Railway Company. He did not need to be told that anybody who allowed himself to be caught overhearing the discussion would probably have listened his last on earth.

That was one time Billy King got along without much breathing for a while. Finally the men ironed the rough spots out of their scheme and went their separate ways into the night; and then Billy's mental troubles really began. Should he tell the sheriff? If he did, somebody would get killed, for Sheriff Del Lewis, a big hotheaded fellow from the Mormon settlements, was new in office and quick on the trigger. It was possible that the plan would fall through of itself. But even if it did, the boys would still be resentful if they heard later that Billy had mentioned their plans in the wrong place.

It was clearly a case for extreme caution, so Billy kept his mouth shut and wished he didn't know what he knew.

II

Cochise Station was, and still is, a lonely little speck of a place—a small telegraph office and hardly a thing besides, set down impertinently in the midst of the waste of desert and sky about ten miles west of Willcox, Arizona. From Willcox to Cochise the grade is heavy, and trains reach the top puffing and panting like a fat old

woman going up three flights of stairs. The telegraph operator never guessed that there could be any excitement at such a place, but even telegraph operators miss a guess sometimes.

The west-bound passenger train was heavily loaded and overdue on the evening of September 11, 1899. It should have passed Cochise at 11:10, but 11:15 came—then 11:20. The dispatcher stepped to the door and looked down the track. Yes, there she came, laboring heavily and going pretty slow. As the engine came abreast of him, he was surprised to notice two men on the platform. He was still more surprised to see two more swing up between the baggage car and the tender and clamber forward toward the engine. Four men in rough clothes—each one with something tied over his face and a six-shooter in his hand! The dispatcher went suddenly rigid. His entire vocabulary at that moment consisted of one word: "HOLDUP!"

Still thunderstruck, he watched the long train slide to a stop, the rear Pullmans just beyond the platform. Then he came to himself with a jerk and dashed for his telegraph key.

The four men seemed to have everything pretty well figured out. While the two on the engine forced the engineer to apply the brakes, the other pair uncoupled the train between the express car and the first coach.

Messenger Dare threw open the door of the ex-

press car to see what was wrong. He looked into the muzzle of a gun. A voice said: "Come out of there! Move!" Mr. Dare displayed great activity doing as he was ordered.

The conductor and two brakemen came up on the run.

"It's all right, boys," said one of the bandits humorously; "I think we can handle everything without your help."

They went back toward the rear of the train, not knowing what else to do.

Most of the passengers were asleep, but a few owl-eyed ones peered out of windows and even got off to see what was going on. The half dozen who came as far as the express car were nudged gently in the ribs with a gun barrel and lined up beside the train. The leader of the robbers spoke to them in a husky voice. "It's an honest-to-God holdup," he told them, "but it won't last long. It ain't cold, is it? What are your teeth chattering for?"

He seemed like a pleasant fellow. Some of the passengers commented later on the politeness with which they were treated.

Fifteen minutes after the train was halted, the four men got aboard the engine and forced the engineer to pull the baggage and mail cars away from the rest of the train.

As soon as they were safely out of sight, some of the passengers found their courage coming

back. One was an Englishman who felt that his country had somehow been put in a bad light by the occurrence, and he began telling the rest of the passengers how frightened he hadn't been.

"Then why don't you go after that engine and do something about it?" asked a fellow tourist.

So the Englishman walked a few hundred yards up the track, fired his pistol a couple of times, and came back feeling that his national honor had been cleared.

Meanwhile the two cars and the engine had stopped a mile beyond the station. One man held the engineer and fireman at the point of his gun. The rest trotted off into the sand hills. Three minutes later they were back with their hands full of dynamite.

They disappeared into the baggage car and went to work.

Boom!

There went the safe!

Before the last wisp of smoke had drifted through the car doors, the masked men were disappearing into the sand hills again. The guard left the engineer and fireman and followed on the run. There was a sound of horses' hoofs in quick motion.

They must have had horses and dynamite cached near the track.

By the time the engineer had recoupled his train and backed into Willcox, the telegrapher at

Cochise had broadcast the alarm and the whole town was terrifically excited.

Where were the police? Where was Burt Alvord?

Somebody had seen him starting a card game at Schweitzer's.

Sure enough, they found him there, obviously in the midst of a very tight poker game with several packs of cards and a great many empty glasses lying around in confusion. He broke up the session at once, much surprised and shocked by the news, and started for the scene of the holdup, accompanied by Messrs. Stiles and Burts, who had been playing cards with him and whom he deputized on the spot. A mile out of Cochise Station they cut the trail of the bandits and started in earnest pursuit. The tracks led toward Willcox, but half a mile outside the village all traces were destroyed by the hoofprints of a herd of horses staked out for the night. Much puzzled, Officer Alvord gave up and went home.

Everybody felt that there was something fishy about the whole affair, but Billy King, the only man who really could have cast some light on it, was still keeping his mouth shut.

III

Burt and his friends behaved with proper caution. They didn't spend much, in spite of the fact that they had raked in a large sum. Burt

afterward told Billy King that the amount was about thirty thousand dollars, though Wells, Fargo said it was three thousand dollars, and popular report went as high as three hundred thousand dollars. There were absolutely no clues. Sheriff Lewis and his deputies sniffed in vain for a scent of the robbers. The newspapers began to talk about listing the crime with "those that are never avenged by the hand of the law." Alvord must have begun to feel that he had engineered a perfect holdup and was absolutely safe.

The man who really hung to the trail until it began to warm up was a Territorial Ranger going by the name of Bert Grover. He pried and questioned and listened until he got pretty near the truth. Then he cornered the negro porter in Schweitzer's Saloon and by ways known to policemen he surprised, frightened, or pumped the facts out of him.

It was a weird tale he heard. The gang had arranged to start a card game in Schweitzer's wine room on the evening of the holdup. They "staked out" the negro a few days beforehand so he would know what to do. When the time came, they played a few hands of cards as scheduled; then they slipped through the wine-room window, got their guns and bridles from a prearranged hiding place, picked up horses from the collection staked out or hobbled near town

every night by nesters and freighters, and rode bareback to Cochise Station. There they carried out the robbery; and when they had the money, they rode the horses back and replaced the hobbles. While all the rest climbed back through the window and made things look natural, Bill Downing took the loot to his house, which was just across the tracks from the saloon.

The negro, according to instructions, had brought drinks into the room occasionally while the boys were gone, and every other soul in the saloon would have sworn that the four men had never left the place.

It was all carried out according to the plan Billy King had overheard out behind his saloon, but he never told what he knew, and nobody else to this day has ever been able to piece together the whole story.

Bert Grover now had his facts fairly straight, but he needed more evidence, especially after the negro became worried about his future in Arizona and decided to disappear. It took five months and a double charge of buckshot to give Grover the break he needed.

A few miles west of Tombstone is a little railroad town named Fairbank, and there the Alvord-Stiles gang decided to stage their next robbery. They were running over with confidence. Stiles was the only one to have any doubts, and he was worried only because a friend

of his named Jeff Milton (still a well-known Tombstone character) was working as express messenger on that run and might turn up in the line of fire.

Stiles figured out a way to get around the difficulty. He told Milton of a rich mining prospect across the border in Mexico. "Now when you come up, you telegraph me," he said. "I'll meet you at the train at Benson and we will go over together." Milton meant to do as Stiles wanted him to, but on the fatal day of February 17, 1900, one of the other messengers was taken sick and Milton rode in his place, going on through from Nogales to Benson. In the excitement he forgot to send the telegram. Consequently there were five men with pistols and grim faces waiting on the platform at Fairbank when the train pulled in.

It was almost dark. Jeff Milton was lounging in the door of the express car, shotgun in hand. The first warning he had that anything was up was a hoarse voice saying, "Get down out of the car!"

It never occurred to Jeff Milton to do what he was told. Instead he tried to close the door. It was not a very cautious move under the circumstances, and he was lucky that a bullet took him in the arm and not in a more vital spot. He still had enough control to aim his shotgun with one hand, fill the foremost robber full of

buckshot, and throw away the keys to the safe. Then he passed out.

The gang got thirty-four dollars for their efforts and rode off, holding the wounded man on his horse.

The next day, about one o'clock in the afternoon, the officers found this same wounded man lying beside the trail and recognized him as a small-time bad man named Dunlap, usually known as Three-Fingered Jack. He had been without water for fourteen hours out there in the lonesome desert, and his remarks about the four who had ridden off and left him to his fate were too hot to print. He lingered for six days, and just before he checked out he told the officers all they wanted to know.

It was what Bert Grover had been waiting for. He notified the Sheriff's Office immediately and told them to pick up Stiles, Alvord, Burts, and Downing. Burts had left town, but the other three were taken completely by surprise and didn't even put up an argument.

Alvord and Stiles seemed shocked and hurt at such treatment. Burt said the officers were crazy. The whole affair was out of his bailiwick, and he knew nothing of it. Stiles shook his head mournfully and said that they were persecuting him—hounding him—when he was trying to go straight. When Burts decided to come in, he remarked sadly that he had made one mistake

and it looked as if it were going to follow him the rest of his life.

Many people felt that it was ridiculous to accuse these men. Stiles and Alvord were peace officers and pretty well liked. Could it be that Three-Fingered Jack's confession would really implicate them? All doubts were settled in a dramatic and unexpected way when one of the gang decided he wanted to talk.

The Judas was Billy Stiles, of all people. Dirty, pugnacious little Billy Stiles, supposedly Burt's bosom friend! Five days after the arrest he turned state's evidence. Yes, he said, the gang had begun planning a year or so back on going into the train-robbing business. First they had considered a holdup at Benson but they had given that up after they looked the ground over.

Next they planned the Cochise robbery. Alvord was to provide the alibi. Downing was to find or furnish horses and hide the loot. They broke into a hardware store and stole the dynamite. Then they staged the holdup.

What about the robbery at Fairbank broken up by Jeff Milton's buckshot? Yes, Alvord and Stiles were in on that too. They had met the other thieves at a ranch somewhere and worked out a plan. They were to have a cut of the loot though they took no active part in the holdup.

On the strength of Three-Fingered Jack's confession and Stiles' evidence, Alvord and Downing

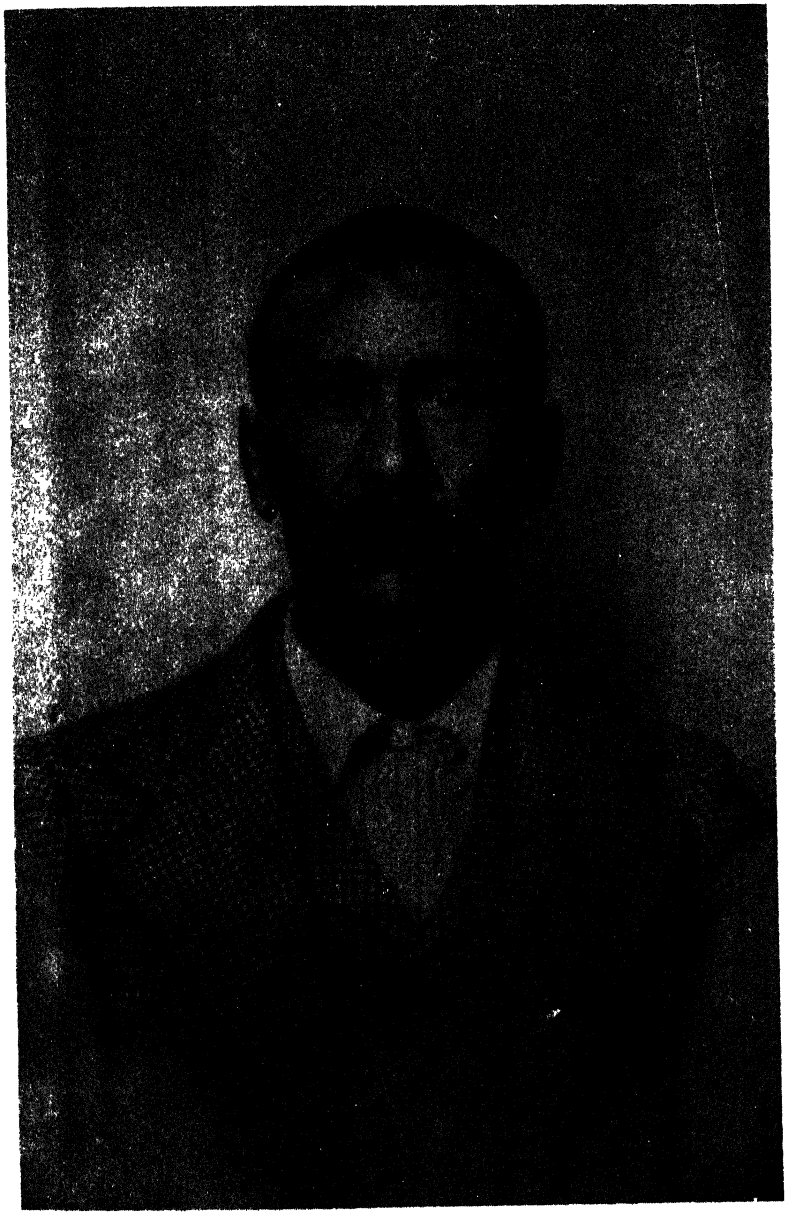
were held over for the Grand Jury. Stiles was treated with much leniency and went about pretty much as he pleased.

Gray beards still wag in Arizona over Billy Stiles's reason for turning against his friends. Maybe it was because he got only four hundred and thirty dollars as his share of the profits from the Cochise robbery. Maybe he was just yellow and trying to save his hide. It is barely possible that he thought it was no use fighting a hopeless case and he could do his friends more good from the outside.

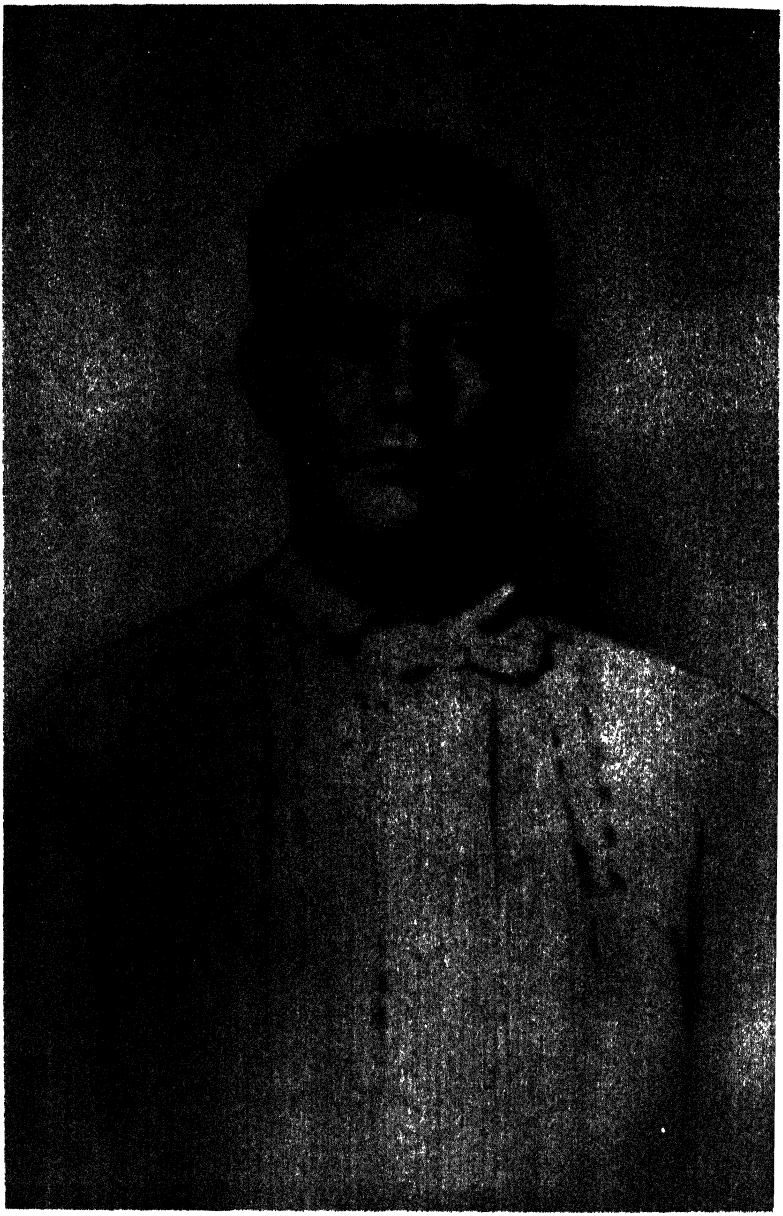
One thing seems fairly certain—the thieves were not getting along so well among themselves, the disagreement probably beginning when the stolen money was divided after the affair at Cochise. Downing had hidden the loot in his house until it was safe to make a division, and they all thought he had held out a good-sized portion. Downing's sullenness and Stiles's touchiness had widened the break. Matt Burts later admitted on the witness stand that he hated Downing worse than a rattlesnake.

IV

The last act opens in the Cochise County Courthouse at Tombstone, a two-story brick structure complete with cupola and jail in the best taste of the period. Tombstone is especially proud of the jail, which contains a block of steel cells with

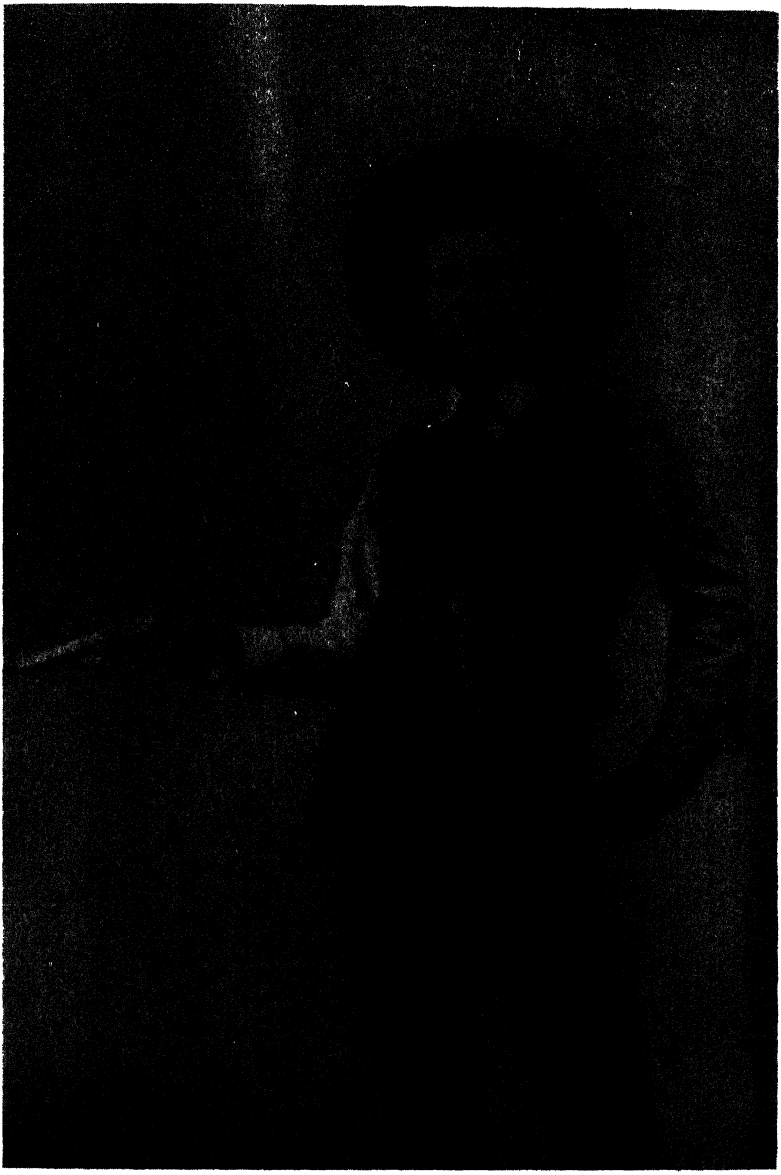


From the Rose Collection.
Bill Downing. He hid the loot after the Cochise robbery.



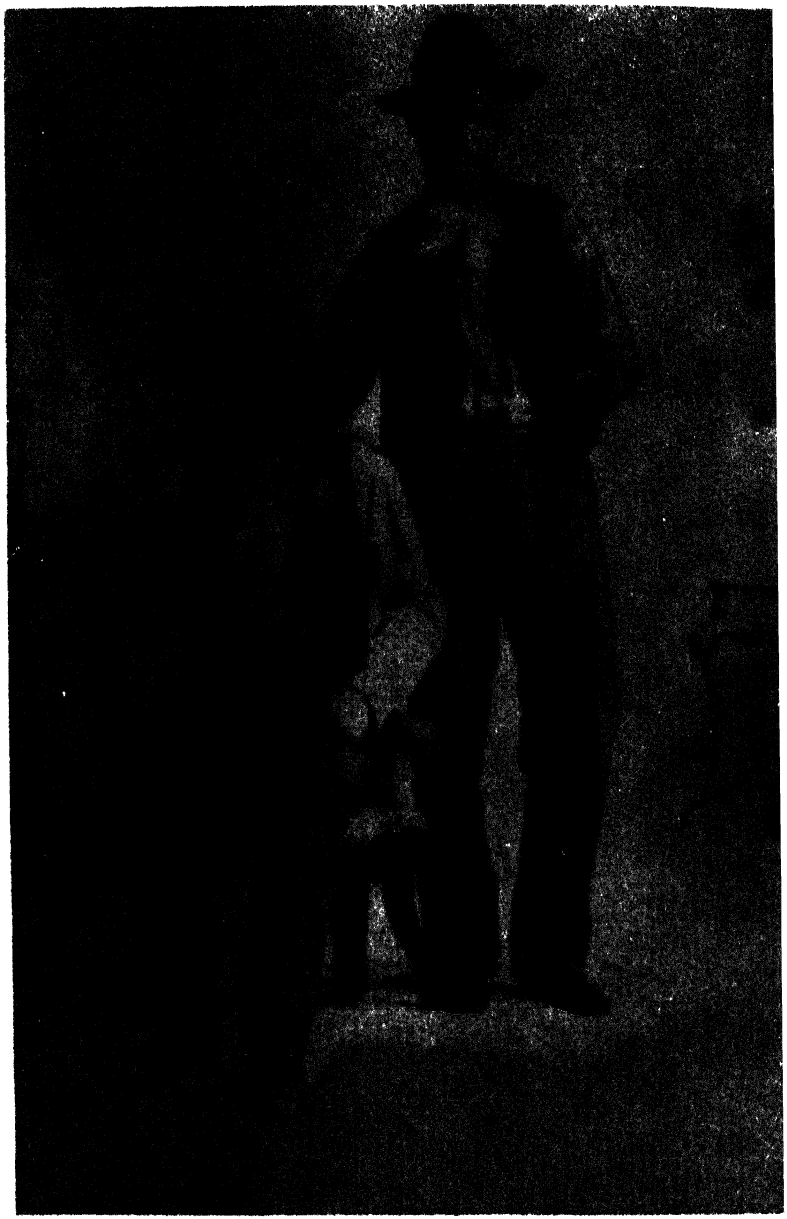
From the Rose Collection.

Matt Burts. He was in the robbery too.



From the Rose Collection.

This passes for a picture of Billy Stiles. Billy King doubts that it is genuine on account of the watch chain. He says Stiles never owned such a thing in his life.



From the Rose Collection.

Burt Alvord and Billy Hildreth, a law-abiding friend.

an open space around them that the prisoners use for exercise. It makes the respectable citizens feel easier to think that Burt Alvord, Bill Downing, and Bravo Juan Yoes (one of the gang) are confined in that stronghold. They'll be safe there.

But Burt doesn't seem to mind. He loafs around, joking and whittling (he is a famous whittler). Many friends from around town come to see him. It is surprising how many friends Burt has—particularly among the saloon men and gamblers.

There isn't much going on—at least on the surface. About the only happening of interest is the arrival of Matt Burts, last member of the gang. He hid out for six weeks or so at his brother Tom's ranch near Willcox—but at last decided to give himself up. He has been brought over from the Tucson jail for his preliminary trial. They don't put him in the jail with his friends, however, and he has two private and personal guards assigned to him.

The fact is, the authorities are very uneasy about the prisoners. Burt is too cheerful and has too many visitors. There is a rumor that he is planning a jail break. Well, it will take some doing.

Then comes the morning of April 8, 1900. Billy Stiles is at liberty, of course, though the officers expect him to stay around town. He

walks over to the jail about the middle of the morning. Some black looks are cast at him as he saunters down Allen Street, for nobody can think of any excuse for his cowardly betrayal of his friends. The dark looks, of course, are cast at his back, for Billy is a tough customer.

He reaches the jail and looks in. George Bravin, the deputy sheriff, is alone in the outer room of the place. Billy inquires casually where everybody is.

"Nobody here but me," says Bravin. "Had to send 'em all out this morning."

"In that case you can just give me your keys," says Billy, pulling out a man-sized pistol.

"Billy, you put that gun up," says Bravin. "I won't——"

Billy shoots him in the thigh.

Then he snatches the keys and opens the door leading to the cells. In another thirty seconds Alvord, Stiles, and Bravo Juan are in the jailer's office arming themselves with three Winchesters and a couple of six-shooters. In thirty seconds more they are heading out of town. Stiles starts to go back and kill Bravin, but the others hurry him off.

The next step is to get transportation, but Burt's friends have taken care of that, and three horses are tied behind the jail waiting for them.

By the time the alarm is given, there isn't even a puff of dust on the horizon to tell which

way they have gone. Nevertheless, several bodies of men start in pursuit of the fugitives and scour the country—lightly.

So Burt has his joke again. He rides away laughing his horsy chuckle at the neatness of the trick, his hat on one side of his bald head. He might be even more amused if he had Bill Downing out in the open with him, but Bill knows when he is well off. He is sitting quietly back in his cell thanking his stars that Burt's latest joke hasn't included him and that he has the jail all to himself.

V

It would take a book to tell the rest of the story, for Burt spent the next four years of his life dodging the officers. It would be an interesting book, too, for Burt was perfectly at home rustling for himself out in the desert and the mountains and he played some shrewd tricks on the men sent out after him. For a while he and Stiles were back in good standing with the state officials as a result of turning in a notorious Mexican killer named Chacon. The U. S. authorities took a hand, however, and the two of them went to the jug again. In December of 1903, after several months' confinement, they dug their way out of jail in a break even more sensational than the one in 1900. Three months later Burt was taken and sent to the peniten-

tiary. Stiles never was caught but was killed in Nevada a couple of years after Alvord was sent up. Billy King heard that he was shot in Tex Rickard's gambling establishment, but there are several stories about that.

When Burt got out he seems to have headed for Alberta, Canada. He sent a letter from there to his sister May at Los Angeles, and she forwarded it under cover to Billy King, for whom it was intended. Burt wished Billy well, thanked him for his kindness, admitted that he owed his friend money, and said he would pay it when he could. He was working on a cow ranch, he said, and was contented, only it was God-awful cold.

That was the last Billy heard of him, but apparently the cold bothered him so much he decided to get really warm again and with that in mind headed for Central America. There are stories of his having been seen in Venezuela and Panama; his surviving relatives say that he married and settled down in Honduras, dying about 1910. It would be interesting to know how his sense of humor held out in the tropics and how the natives reacted to it, but on those subjects there has been, up to the present time, no revelation.

Boom Town Belles

THE night life of Tombstone blossomed into full flower as soon as the first claim hunters pitched their tents. All sorts and conditions of men swarmed in the minute news of Ed Schieffelin's big strike leaked out. Every day brought more; and not the last to arrive were the ladies of joy. Some were small-timers. Some were high rollers. A few were entertainers of more or less respectability. A good many were human vultures. They came on horseback, in buckboards, on the stage, and on foot. And they played a large part in the scrambled social life of the boom town until long after it "went down" in the late eighties.

In those days the madams and the tommies were in their glory. In such raw mining camps as Tombstone their presence was not merely tolerated. It was welcomed. The gilt mirrors and pianos and evening gowns and self-conscious decorum of the parlor houses added a touch of refinement where it was badly needed. The girls

knew how to make men happy and keep them amused. Until the so-called "good women" invaded the town in force, the so-called "bad women"—at least the better class of "bad women"—offered a combination home, club, amusement center, and confessional for the lonely males of the place. Even people who wouldn't have been caught inside the sporting houses never raised an eyebrow against them. In the West the fine art of minding one's own business was highly developed.

So Rowdy Kate and Dutch Annie were on friendly terms with practically everyone. Blonde Mary and Crazy Horse Lil entertained unmolested in their boudoirs. Madame Moustache took her girls out in a carriage for an airing without the least scandal. In a way these women made history. At least they made over some of the men who made history. In a common justice they deserve a little attention from the chronicler while men are still alive to tell of their ways and while Mr. Fly's photographs of them still turn up.

The first madam to contribute to the unwritten history of Tombstone was known as Nosey Kate. A glance at her picture makes plain the reason for her nickname. If she had a last name, nobody ever heard it. In the early days of the strike she sailed into town, lolling magnificently in a corner of the stagecoach and adorned with gold and

jewels, some of them genuine. In the other corner of the stagecoach was her friend and henchwoman known as Rowdy Kate Lowe. Opposite them was a lanky ne'er-do-well named Joe Lowe who shared his bed, board, confidence, and surname with Rowdy Kate. A few weeks before, the three of them had been at home in Dodge City, Kansas, at the end of the last cattle trail. But Dodge City was at the moment very busy transferring its Earps, Mastersons, Shorts, Hollidays and other hard citizens to Arizona, where the cemeteries were just opening up for business, and Joe and the two Kates were caught in the undertow. Grim-faced and vulture-eyed, they bore down on Tombstone in 1878 or 1879 when there was hardly a wall in the town that wasn't made of canvas.

Nosey (she was the boss) wasted no regrets on the planks and shingles of Dodge City. She invested in a big tent of her own, took in a few girls, set up a bar, and opened her dance hall.

It was a rough-and-tumble place. Scruples of any kind had long since died out of the piece of granite which Nosey called her heart. Rowdy Kate was no better. Joe Lowe was reputed to be a very tough specimen too; and he probably needed to be, considering the company he was in. Nosey's joint was no place for a person who couldn't take care of himself, and few were the customers who got out of it with any cash left.

While things were getting organized in Tombstone, this sort of cutthroat procedure was hard to stop, and Nosey made much money. In a year or so she left her tent and moved into a good-sized frame shack a little outside the main business district. The new quarters made no difference in her methods. She passed out the worst rotgut whiskey in town and dispensed beer at two dollars a bottle to anybody too drunk or too innocent to know that he was being robbed.

She and her partners lasted for a couple of years after that. Then their sins found them out. One evening a large and expensive-looking gentleman drifted in. He bought drinks, laughed, boasted, flashed a wad of money, and revealed himself as a cattle buyer for the big Miller and Lux ranch outfit in California. Nosey Kate, standing behind her bar, cast her flinty eye over that roll of folding money and knew with a sure instinct that several thousand dollars were almost in her pocket.

She set up drinks and became companionable. The cattle buyer enjoyed himself tremendously —so tremendously that he was beyond knowing or caring when Nosey put the knockout drops in his whiskey. He noted curiously that the walls were in motion and that the floor came up and hit him in the back of the head. He wondered why he was being carried into a back room and hoped they'd let him sleep. Then he felt a hand

fumbling for his wallet. A voice in the far depths of his skull told him that he was being rolled, and he arose and fought.

This was more than Nosey had bargained for, but she was in it now and had to go on. She picked up a beer bottle and brought it down with all the force of her mighty arm on the top of the cattle buyer's head.

"Well," she said, "that does for him. Dump him out in the gulch, Joe; and if anybody asks you, he left here at ten o'clock."

"All right," said Joe. "Here's the money. You sure finished him off, Nosey. He's dead as a door nail."

But Nosey wasn't as strong as Joe thought. An hour later the cattle buyer with head bloody but unbowed staggered into the arms of a policeman and began to shout for justice. Before long a little group of officers was on its way to raid Nosey's place.

There was no sound or motion to answer their demands. Nosey's place was deserted. On investigation they found that the proprietors had been called away on important business. A well-known lady soak named Emmy Blair said she had been left in charge but seemed completely surprised and terribly shocked to hear why her friends had left.

It was conjectured that Joe Lowe had met the posse on its way down and found arguments to

delay it until the suspects were safely under cover. That, however, was pure surmise.

Nosey showed up once more when she was no longer in such demand. As soon as her affairs were straightened up, she dropped once more into the Great Unknown. From that time on Nosey's Place was known as Emmy Blair's Place, and that was all you could say for it.

By the time Nosey and Rowdy Kate made their abrupt exit, the sub-rosa life of Tombstone was pretty well organized. There were class distinctions and social levels even among those who were outside the pale of society; there were degrees of respectability among the nonrespectable.

At the top were the performers at the Bird Cage Theater who frequently grazed the edge of decency. Sometimes a road show stopped off to warble and wisecrack for a rowdy miner audience. Mostly Joe Bignon, the manager, organized his own acts from the talent which turned up by chance in his neighborhood. Few of his principal performers could remember back to the time when they were innocent children, but they liked to forget their real profession and pretend that their main business was the theater. They had their pictures taken in the flowing garments of Evangeline with eyes turned piously to heaven, or as Rosalind in *At You Like It*, or as themselves in tights. If they drank champagne (beer would do) with male patrons in the cur-

tained boxes of the Bird Cage, they at least kept out of the lowest dives like Pascual Negro's. They took a good deal of pride in their station.

The piano players also enjoyed a little professional prestige. They banged out the tunes of the day in the roughest gambling saloons and dance halls, but their meager portion of musical talent gave them little distinction which they made the most of.

The song and dance girls came next—performers who drifted in and drifted out with the ebb and flow of the town's business. Twice a year, when court was in session and the town was full of "live ones" with money, they came in like an invading army. They worked the dance halls where lonely men appreciated their companionship. Drinks were two bits apiece; and when a man ordered for two, the waiter handed the girl a white check which she cashed in for a "bit" after she had earned her night's repose and was ready to go home.

"Home" was often a crib in the restricted district over on Sixth Street, but the dance-hall girls or "saloon girls" were at least half a notch above the common hookers. They made good money, too. Though two whiskeys got them only a bit, they gained more if they could steam their male friends up to the point of buying champagne at ten dollars a quart. Many a fluffy blonde had sense enough to make it while she

could, sock it away, and find some sort of business for herself when she had enough. Most, however, were burdened with a male parasite called a "Mac" (for "Macaron") who casually took their earnings and squandered them on clothes, jewelry, and faro bank. There is no lower form of human life than these creatures.

The girls had to fight competition, too. Outsiders were always cutting into the business. One source of trouble was the carnival companies which stopped three or four times a year to present acrobatic, musical, magical, or aerial acts in a big tent. Some of the performers claimed records on the Orpheum Circuit in the dear dead days before their luck changed. All were out to make a dollar. When the last trapeze act was over and the soprano had sung "Put My Little Shoes Away" and the band had booped its last boop—then the partying commenced. The girls and their admirers invaded the bars and dance halls and guzzled the happy hours away. One or two of these girls were such distinguished tipplers as to leave a lasting memory in the minds of the townspeople. For instance, there was Lizette, the Flying Nymph. She never stayed around long enough for her history to become known, but everybody knew who she was. Her act consisted in floating about over the stage with no visible means of suspension, gracefully dipping and swooping. After the show she would

make the rounds of the saloons and dip and swoop some more.

Occasionally a carnival girl made up her mind to stop her rolling-stone way of life and settled down in Arizona. She might find a broad-minded Westerner who thought nothing of marrying her. Usually she kept on in business. A famous case in point was that of May Davenport. She cut loose from a carnival, stayed a brief time in Tombstone, and moved down to Cananea, a short distance south of the line in Old Mexico. A mining boom had started there, and a good parlor house seemed to be needed, so May started one. May's Place was well known all over the country and will be remembered by many a man who won't admit a thing.

Tombstone and towns like it, where vice was accepted as a necessary part of life, usually handled the thing smoothly. There were ordinances and officers even in the wide-open days. Sixth Street, at the east end of town, was the line, and the goats were not supposed to cross over and browse among the sheep. If one of the girls from the cribs strolled up toward the Crystal Palace and seemed to be meditating a business deal, Frankie Broad, the Cornish constable, hustled her back where she came from.

Public appearances by these ladies were tolerated under certain circumstances, however. They shopped; they ate at the Can Can; they rented

carriages at the O. K. Corral and took daily airings. On the whole they lived a gay and social life.

The business end of things seems to have been mostly in the hands of the French. Even before Nosey and Rowdy Kate had folded their tents, the French had landed. Their leader was a beautiful young woman known as Blonde Mary or Blonde Marie. Her pictures show a sensitive but alert and determined personality behind the wide eyes and full curves of the face. But even in the photographs there is a bit of mystery. The fact is, nobody ever knew Marie very well. She had dignity of a sort and a smooth shell of reserve which nobody even tried to break through. In a better business, with her looks and her talents, she might have done wonderful things. But she was just an unusually successful manager of a frontier dive.

Her place was a good-sized frame house on Sixth Street in the middle of the "district"—nothing much to look at. But, inside, things were managed with quiet efficiency. She had only French girls, and this made her place different. There was no bar either, so that drunks and brawls were rare. If anyone wanted a bottle, she would send out for it; but she kept sober herself and insisted on gentlemanly conduct from her patrons. As a result, she got the pick of the trade—big mining and cattle men.

The outside connections of places like Blonde Mary's would provide material for a very interesting investigation. There seems to have been a ring with headquarters in San Francisco and connections in Paris which supervised and managed the French houses. Girls were brought in quietly and moved out again after a rather brief stay. Of course all this was back-stage business in a back-stage profession, and little definite information is available now, but old-timers in Tombstone remember the periodic visits of a character known as the French Count who seemed to have things under his thumb. He was obviously French and obviously not a count, but beyond that no deductions were ever made. He was the boss where any of the French places were concerned. Blonde Mary did what he said.

He must have had underworld relationships in other parts of the globe, for a well-known Tombstone gambler named Johnny Parks looked him up in New York one time, when Arizona was temporarily unhealthful, and through his agency got a job working the transatlantic liners for sea-going suckers.

With the Count's assistance Blonde Mary did well. The roll of bills in her mattress grew thicker and thicker. She made enough to take trips to France, from which she always returned with a couple of new girls and some new clothes. The recruits never came in on the same stage

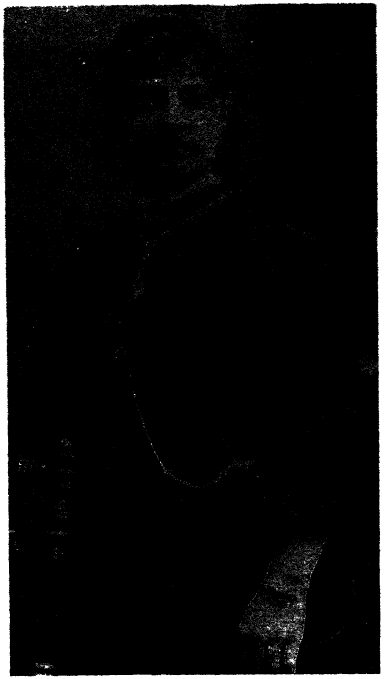
with her. She didn't wish to be seen with common prostitutes.

In the mid-nineties she counted her roll and decided she had worked and slaved long enough. No more miners and bawdy houses for her! She wound up her affairs, packed her clothes, put her jewels where they would be safe from the hand of man, and got quietly aboard the 6:30 A. M. stage.

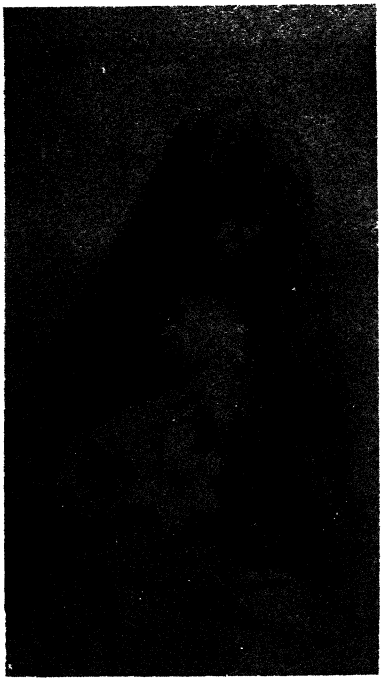
She unpacked in Paris. If she took as good care of her health as she did of her business, she is living there yet.

Blonde Mary's rival in the French colony was a go-getter known as Madame Moustache. Her place was smaller than Mary's and even more exclusive. That meant a division in the carriage trade, and Mary didn't like the idea any too well. There was trouble once or twice, but all quarrels were carried on in French, and Tombstone couldn't tell whether the argument was serious or what it was about.

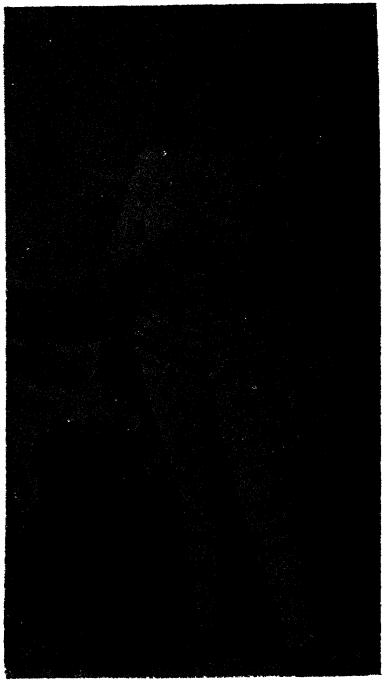
Madame Moustache's long suit was advertising. She was a rustler and a schemer. Her usual method was to bring some of her girls across the line about daylight, when the night's entertainment was slowing down and the porters were beginning to limber up their brooms and mops. With four or five of her crew she would enter a saloon. She would tell Lucette or Yvonne to order drinks, which she would pay for. Then



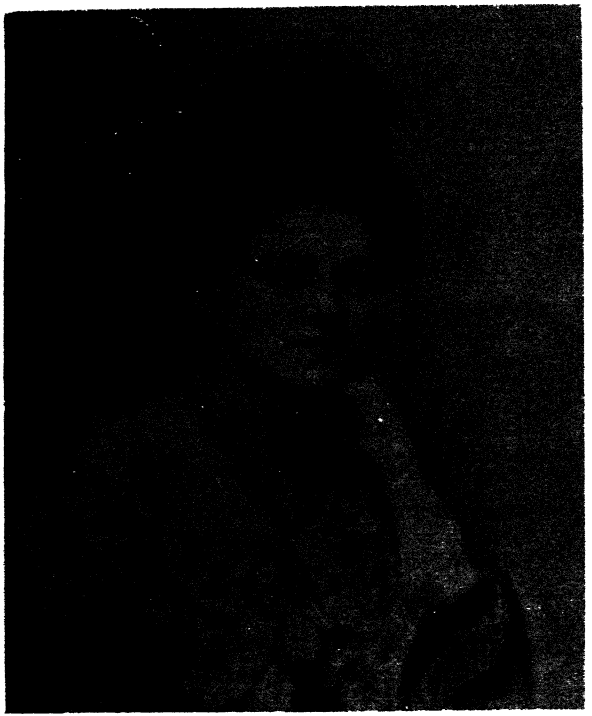
Crazy Horse Lil of Tombstone, Bisbee, and Lowell—a madam without fear but not without reproach.



Lizette, the Flying Nymph. She soared over the stage for the Monarch Carnival Company. The lily has no significance.

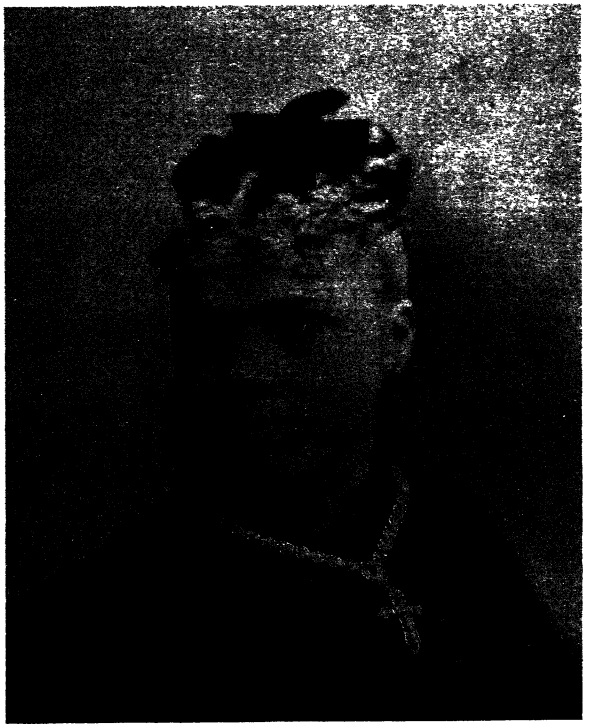


May Davenport, a carnival girl who rose to be a madam. She built up "May's Place" in Cananea, Old Mexico.

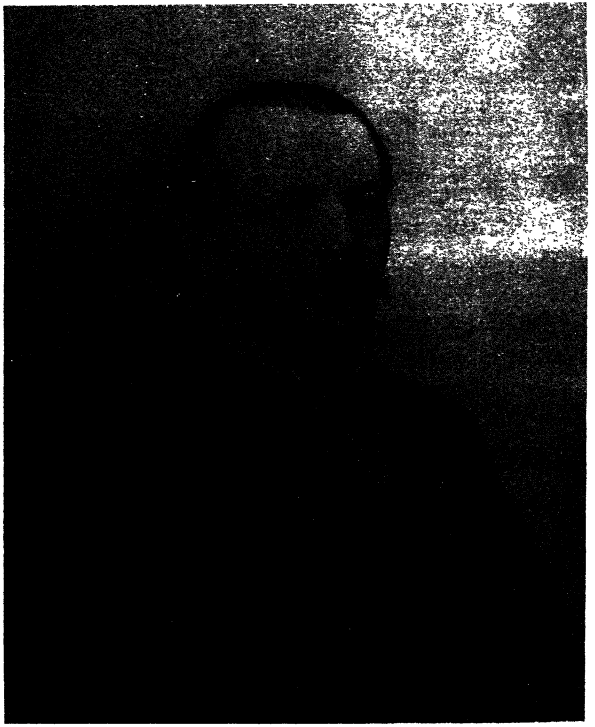


Madame Moustache, Blonde Mary's rival in the French colony. Thanks to the photographer the moustache doesn't show.

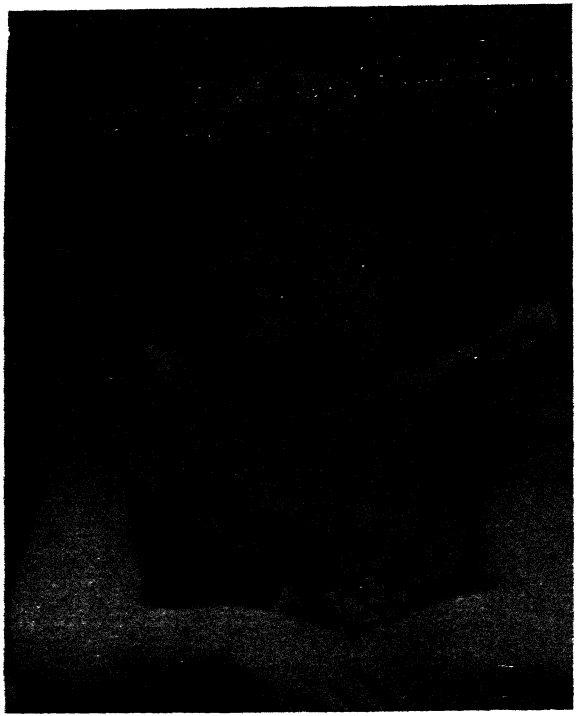
Nosey Kate, who established Tombstone's first dance hall in a tent.



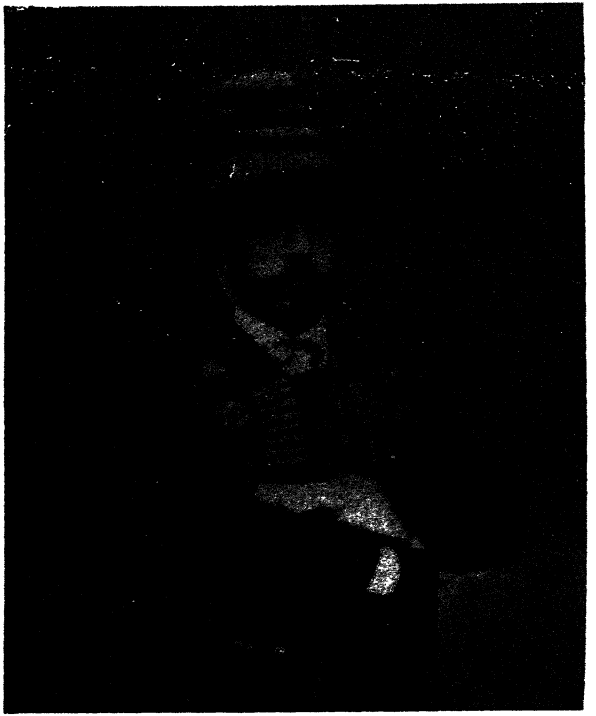
Blonde Mary, or Blonde Marie, the French madam who saved her money and went back to Paris.



"The French Count," procurer for Blonde Mary, Madame Moustache, and other French madams.



Big Minnie, the wife of Joe Bignon; two hundred and thirty pounds of entertainment, especially in tights.



Joe Bignon, owner and manager of the Bird Cage Theater, very much in costume.

she would pose and sip. Her girls would pose and sip. And the results were satisfactory.

When at last Tombstone began to go down, Madame Moustache was one of the first to feel the change coming. She got out in a hurry and went to San Francisco.

In complete contrast to the dignified, "strictly business" attitude of the French madams was that of a notorious woman known as Crazy Horse Lil.

Crazy Horse Lil was large and tough. She had very little brain to think with, and that small portion was undoubtedly perverted; but her flow of foul language was unrivaled in Arizona, and her temper was as vile as her tongue. Therefore, even without brains, she was a woman to be reckoned with.

Degraded as she was, Crazy Horse was still human and able to appreciate social pleasures of a sort. She liked to get drunk in company, and often did so. She also loved a good, loud, snoot-busting quarrel. The girls who worked at her place often got the rough edge of her tongue and sometimes of her hand, but she saved her best efforts for her man, a gambler named Con O'Shea. She would lock horns with anybody, but was loyal enough to prefer fighting with the man who had won her affections. Her pugilistics kept her in jail about a third of her time, but she must have felt that the price was not too high.

At least she kept on inviting arrest every minute she was at liberty.

Con O'Shea was not without a conscience, and he had some respectable relatives in Tombstone. Probably on account of the injury being done to the family name, he finally left town, taking Crazy Horse Lil with him. First they went to Bisbee, which was booming and where the miners were anxious to be led astray. After picking up a living for a while in Brewery Gulch (the sporting section of the town) they got enough ahead to set up in business on a large scale. A couple of miles down the canyon the town of Lowell was springing up around a new mine shaft. There they settled down and played out their last act.

Crazy Horse became the madam of a large parlor house and began to live in style. She bought jewelry, she bought clothes, she grew sleek and fat. She kept her taste for the simple pleasures of other days, however, and she and Con were drunk and fighting most of the time.

It was the kind of life Crazy Horse Lil loved. Her cup literally and figuratively ran over. But it was too good to last. Perhaps prosperity went to her head. Whatever the reason, she and Con evolved a scheme for making still more money. It worked out something like this: In slack times the saloonkeepers, gamblers, and businessmen around Lowell and Bisbee used to get up parties and throw special celebrations at

one or another of the local dives. Sometimes Crazy Horse Lil's place was selected.

One time a sizable group of sportive citizens were whooping it up at her bar. It was a notable occasion, for half a dozen prominent political and social figures had taken a chance and joined the party. Crazy Horse's girls were at their sparkling best. Crazy Horse's champagne was flowing freely. Crazy Horse's rugged features glowed with unusual good humor.

Suddenly there was a disturbance just outside, and before the petrified guests could dive for a door or window, three masked men with soft voices and big pistols were among them advising calm and a quick surrender of all money and jewelry.

In a few minutes they faded through the back door with a polite good night and several hundred dollars worth of plunder.

Yells of rage and threats of blood and death broke out at once until somebody remarked with great finality that the matter would have to be dropped.

"Why must it be dropped?"

"Because some of us can't stand that kind of advertising."

"You fellows can take it if you want to," foamed Con O'Shea, "but no three-up rounder is coming in here and hold me up in my own joint. If I'd just had a gun——"

"My diamonds! My diamonds!" moaned Crazy Horse. "All my beautiful diamonds!"

Nothing was done despite the suffering and despair of Con and Crazy Horse. Then a few months later the robbery was repeated. When the excitement had died away, it happened a third time. In each case Con O'Shea's voice was raised loudest in promises of revenge and Crazy Horse put on scenes of passionate grief over her losses. Nobody could possibly have suspected that they were getting fifty per cent of the take.

But in the course of the third robbery the thieves made a mistake. Two or three of the victims were not able to contribute a satisfactory sum and had to promise to leave a hundred dollars apiece in a certain lumberyard to keep their names from being mentioned. Instead of the money they left a constable who nabbed the man sent to pick up the cash. As soon as Con and Crazy Horse heard of the arrest, they faded into the Arizona atmosphere and were never heard of again in those parts. The businessmen of Lowell and Bisbee, it is said, felt much easier after their departure.

Not all the entertainers were Noseys or Rowdys or Crazy Horse Lils. There were always women who lived on the edge of the tenderloin but kept a moderately good character. One of these was Big Minnie.

This lady was six feet tall, weighed two hun-

dred and thirty pounds, and wore tights in her public appearances. Once seen, she was never forgotten. Her husband, Joe Bignon of the Bird Cage Theater, was a little man and made her seem even larger by contrast.

With all her destructive possibilities, Minnie seems to have been a simple, childlike soul. She enjoyed applause and laughter, sympathized with the down and out, and had pleasant heart throbs when she made somebody else happy. Still she could be firm when necessary.

The *Prospector* in 1889 recorded an episode in which a Mexican wood chopper laid a nickel on the Bird Cage bar and called for whiskey. The bartender expressed displeasure at this miscalculation; the Mexican took offense; and after a few minutes of fast action, the place was completely cleaned out.

As the angry wood chopper stood there, gun in hand, eyeing bartender Charley Keene, Big Minnie came in.

"Min," requested Charley, "stay here while I go get Bob Hatch to put this stick of dynamite out."

"What do you want to get Bob for? I'll put him out myself."

And out he went, waving his pistol and cursing, for Big Minnie never bared her mighty arm in vain.

That was one of the few times she got tough

with anyone. Mostly she went her placid way leaving the arguments and worries to Joe Bignon, her husband, who was well able to bear the load. By birth a Canadian, he had been an actor all through the northern and eastern parts of the States. In 1879, when he was only twenty-eight, he passed through Tombstone on his way to Tucson, San Francisco, and the mining towns in Nevada. A couple of years later he began to tire of wandering and, remembering Tombstone, back he came, bringing his wife Minnie along. Billy Hutchinson of the Bird Cage hired the two of them as entertainers. When Billy had to leave town, they borrowed enough money to take over the place.

This was early in 1886, the very year in which Tombstone began to slip, but the Bird Cage felt no depression for several years. Night after night the place was crowded. Usually there was a show, but the bar did a good business even when the stage was empty. Variety performances were the rule, but Joe occasionally put on boxing and wrestling matches as well. It was a roaring male audience which watched the voluptuous ladies in tights doing a turn on the stage and then slipping away to the curtained boxes where romance and money awaited. Joe and Big Minnie frequently presented an act themselves and got as much applause as any.

By 1890 all this was over. The boom was

played out, and the Bird Cage couldn't make money. Joe and Minnie sold out and, after trying their luck for a few months out of town, came back to buy an interest in the Crystal Palace, the most glittering of the Tombstone gin mills. They were good managers. They cut down the overhead, put on an occasional show themselves for their customers, and made the old white elephant pay.

Then, near the end of the nineties, gold was discovered at Pearce, Arizona, and every man in Tombstone commenced lying awake nights trying to think of an excuse for joining the exodus of gold-hungry miners. That sort of thing spreads like the measles, and soon Joe and Minnie were wondering if all their future happiness didn't depend on going to Pearce. Not that they wanted to do any prospecting—nothing like that! When they excavated a pocket, it was usually in the trousers of a successful miner. They wanted to start a dance hall in the new town.

Before long their minds were made up; they closed the Crystal Palace; their house was moved to the new location; they took on as partners a man known as Jack the Ripper and his girl Fern; and they assumed active management of a new honky-tonk called Joe Bignon's Palace. It was the biggest temple of pleasure in the whole booming mining town and was patronized by

many new friends, and many old ones; for a large share of Tombstone moved over to Pearce, bringing its houses and business establishments along. Blonde Mary's place, for instance, was picked up bodily and brought over, as was many another Tombstone landmark. A Tombstone resident had the honor of being the first man killed in the new town. It seemed as if Tombstone were being born again and the good old days were back.

For some months things went very well. Sounds of fruitful industry came forth at all hours from the Palace—the clink of glass, the laughter of the girls, the sweet symphonic voice of the cash register. Joe and Minnie ushered a high percentage of the population of Arizona through their doors and introduced them to the delights within. They must have laid up a pretty good-sized nest egg for themselves before the inevitable blow fell, but fall it did for a reason which nobody would have expected to encounter in that part of Arizona.

The strike at Pearce had been made by a father and son in whose honor the town was named. They sold out, however, to a German named John Brockman who did not share the broad-minded attitude of most of his neighbors about gambling, drinking, shooting, and carousing around. The fact is he wanted to clean up the town; and, wonderful to relate, he partially succeeded.

When his strange prejudice became known, the men in the mines were nervous about patronizing Joe and Minnie for fear of losing their jobs; and when they did visit the Palace, they couldn't get into the carefree mental condition necessary for complete enjoyment. They couldn't relax, and business began to suffer.

At last, what with one thing and another, the game seemed to be played out, and once more Big Minnie dusted off the old valise and packed her tights. It must have been a wrench this time, for Minnie was no longer a girl eager for adventure and travel. Her smile was as broad as ever, her songs as spirited, but the old days were about over, for Arizona and for Big Minnie. She and Joe pulled their freight.

They looked around halfheartedly for an opening in some other Western town. Then they moved to Canada. Friends in Tombstone had letters from them dated at Quebec and of cheerful tone. Things were so easy and so cheap at Quebec, they said, that they didn't have to work any more. Back in a congenial French atmosphere, they had put the Arizona nest egg to work and it hatched out well.

A bouquet almost as large as Big Minnie's should go to China Mary, who had her thumb planted firmly on Tombstone's Chinese district. In the town's best days there must have been four or five hundred Chinamen in residence, and

they were by no means the least useful part of the population since a good share of the cooking, washing, and housecleaning was in their hands. Mary handled all that. When anybody wanted a house boy, he went to her and she would fill his order. What is more she guaranteed her help.

"Him steal, me pay," she would say. "Him no steal."

And he very seldom stole.

If he did steal, however, or if he became offensive to an American for any other reason, the white man needed only to tell Mary to run him out.

"All right, him leave. Right away," Mary would reply with a sunny smile on her broad Chinese face.

Her business included more than the running of this Chinese employment agency. She had a shop where she sold cheese, Chinese delicacies, and interesting objects of various kinds and where, in a rear room, she kept Chinese gambling games going, mostly fan-tan. A few American toughs and roughnecks would buck the Chink games, but Mary had her own Chinese policeman and everything was kept quiet. She seemed to have a say-so in tong affairs; she controlled the various opium dens and supplied hop to the red-light girls who used it. In short, she was a big woman.

What gave her a place in the esteem of the

town, however, was her generosity. Many a man asked her for a loan and got it. Many a tommy down on her luck got a lift. She was particularly famous for taking care of the sick or injured. Once Andy Darnell, a tough cowpuncher, got his leg broken when his horse fell on him. He was being gathered up for transportation to the hospital when China Mary came along.

"Him no go hospital. Him go Mary Tack. Me pay," said she.

So Andy Darnell went to Mary Tack's rooming house instead of suffering in the cold and impersonal air of a public institution. And he was not the only one.

China Mary was no slip of a girl in those days, though she was robust and healthy and still enjoyed wearing rich silks and rare jewelry. By the time Tombstone began to slip, her hair was graying. It seemed best to her, when the moment came to push on, to move back to China.

To her friends she jokingly remarked that her parents had long before arranged a marriage for her with a man she had never seen. Now she was going back to find him and finish the job.

If she did marry on her return to the Orient, one Chinaman got a good manager.

The list could be extended for many pages. Some day someone may tell the story of Dutch Annie, or of Cora Allen, or of Little Gertie the Gold Dollar. Someone ought to tell about Irish

Mag, who staked a prospector, made six hundred thousand dollars, and went back to Belfast. Maybe the Belles of Boomtown weren't the stuff that Ladies' Aids are made of, but they did as much to make the West what it is as their male friends did. And no gentleman would rob them of their due.

Dick Clark—Big-Time Gambler

IT WAS half past ten o'clock in the morning, and the European Hotel at Albuquerque had relaxed into a Sunday morning calm. The big clock behind the desk ticked with obtrusive cheerfulness. The clerk picked his teeth thoughtfully and watched the fashions of 1893 pass the window on their way to church, fluttering in the chilly, late-October air.

You would never have thought from the looks of the lobby that anything out of the ordinary was happening—that somewhere in the silent hotel a symbol of the old days was passing.

A serious-looking man came in and inquired of the clerk, "How is he?"

"Worse. Can't last much longer."

They were speaking of Dick Clark, the great Tombstone gambler, who was lying in a coma in one of the upstairs bedrooms at that moment. With him were his young wife, his adopted daughter, and a doctor—all waiting for the last

breath which would put an end to his remarkable career.

He lay straight and still on the bed in the darkened room, only the big hands moving restlessly now and then. His long, pale face with the stringy black beard looked as if it belonged to a man of seventy, but Dick Clark was only fifty-five. Big-time gamblers spent their energy like their money—recklessly. Not many of them got beyond middle age.

The doctor got up and looked sharply at him, then said, "He's gone." He looked at his watch and noted that it was 10:35. The little girl cried softly.

Said the *Daily Times* on Monday:

Last Wednesday morning Richard B. S. Clark, with his wife and little daughter arrived in the city from Chicago and took rooms at the European, and Sunday morning the dead body of the husband was removed to Undertaker Montfort's.

The deceased was a great sufferer from heart trouble, and a short time ago passed through the city en-route from Tombstone, Arizona for Chicago to be treated for the trouble. After a stay of a few weeks in Chicago he received no encouragement and was on his way to his Arizona home when he was taken suddenly ill in passing over the Raton or Glorietta Mountains and stopped over here for treatment, but from the time he took to his bed he gradually grew worse, and at the hour mentioned, although he had the best medical attention and care from members of the local G. A. R., he yielded up his earthly life.

The deceased was a Grand Army veteran, and the members of G. K. Warren post, this city, were very attentive during the sickness of their comrade, and in death offered their condolence to the bereaved wife.

The body was properly embalmed and arranged by Undertaker Montfort, being placed in an elegant metallic casket and left this morning for Tombstone, accompanied by the sorrowing wife and daughter.

This was all the *Daily Times* felt it could decently say, but it might have said more—much more, for Dick Clark was a notorious character in the Southwest, a sort of embodiment of the bigness and littleness of the old-time Western professional gambler, the coolest, cleverest, wickedest, kindest, bravest, crookedest American who ever lived. The real high rollers in the raw days of the West were no ordinary breed of men, and a look at the career of one of them reveals much about how they got started, what they had to live through in order to become successful, and what they came to by the time they were ready to pass in their checks.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan Clark was born April 15, 1838, at Cayuga, New York, but soon migrated with his family to Saginaw, Michigan, where he learned about taking care of himself in a new country. Like most early-day Westerners, particularly professional gamblers, he was closemouthed about himself. The frontier always admired a man who asked no questions and gave out no information. So Dick Clark

never talked much about his boyhood and never told where he got his start. But he couldn't have been very old when he began to learn how to tell which card was going to come up next. Probably somebody who knew the ropes saw his promise and took him in hand. That was the way most gamblers made a beginning. Like magicians, card sharps guarded the secrets of their craft with religious care, and about the only way to find out how things were done was to become a disciple and wait for a gradual unfolding of the mystery.

Long before he was grown, Dick knew where his talents lay and realized that he would soon have to look for a place where they would have a better chance to develop. Michigan farmers and lumberjacks were all right for diversion, but not for serious business. Dick always despised playing for little stakes, and as he listened to tales of money-laden wagons from Santa Fe, fur traders with bulging pockets, and prospectors growing rich overnight, he had visions. He saw buckskin pouches fat with gold dust—new-made millionaires wild to bet—boom towns where a gambler wore broadcloth and had anything he wanted.

One morning he couldn't stand it any longer. He packed up what few traps he had, said good-by to a father and mother and some uncles and aunts (who were sad but not surprised at his

flight), and turned his face westward. A couple of weeks later he was in Denver looking for a poker game.

Not yet twenty-one when he arrived, he was already a veteran of thousands of hours of back-room study and practice. To be really good at anything, a man has to work more than eight hours a day, but a gambler never becomes a top-notcher without giving up body and soul to his job. For hours on end he played the game, and when he wasn't playing he practiced, practiced, and practiced some more. Every trick of cutting and shuffling and dealing had to be perfect. Every motion had to be as swift and sure as a rattlesnake striking. No scholar ever mastered his book more completely than a gambler mastered his cards. No musician ever practiced more relentlessly to perfect a technique. The gambler knew that other people could make mistakes, but he couldn't. One slip and he lost the pot or got a bullet in his liver.

Dick gave his profession everything he had because he knew he had to, but there were many hours in the twenty-four when he wasn't playing. This irritated him, and when the Civil War came along he thought he saw daylight ahead. All those soldiers with time on their hands! Some with money in their pockets! What a chance for a man in the poker business! He always said he joined the army not because he wished to fight

for his country but because he could get more gambling that way. On Sept. 1, 1861, he enrolled at Central City, Colorado, giving his age as twenty-three years. Two months later he was mustered in as a Corporal in Company H, First Colorado Infantry. The next four years he spent marching, fighting, complaining about the food, cursing the weight of his equipment—and gambling.

No comfortable chairs in whiskey-scented back rooms this time! Nothing but a blanket in the firelight and hard-faced opponents who might be suckers and might not. To Dick their skill didn't really matter. The better they were, the better he had to be to beat them and he wanted above all things to get better. If they were not so good, he won their money. He always said that a soldier didn't earn his pay anyway; so it was all right to take it away from him.

When the war ended he hadn't finished cleaning out the regiment and so, as soon as he was mustered out and honorably discharged early in 1865, he stepped up and re-enlisted as a Veteran Volunteer. Almost a year later, on October 28, 1865, he turned in his uniform and was discharged for the second and last time with the rank of Quartermaster Sergeant.

By now he had a right to consider himself an expert and could hold his own in any game. He could deal faro with the best and was a good

wheel man, but he reached his peak playing poker for high stakes with rich sports who would hang on as long as they could see. Of course he was an excellent shot with a pistol. He would need to be.

When he stepped out of the army, the West was balancing on the edge of boom times. Abilene, Kansas, the first cow town, was founded in 1867, and year by year other tin-and-tar-paper Babylons mushroomed up near by. The railroads built out farther and farther into the solitude of the grassy plains. Each new construction camp, each raw settlement, was a gambler's haven for a while, until the law moved in, and Dick Clark knew them all. He was at Abilene when it was only a collection of cowpens out on the naked prairie. He was a heavy winner at Dodge City until a committee of citizens came to call on him one morning. Fortunately he had passed the city limits a few minutes before.

With the last cattle town behind him he took to following the buffalo hunters. There were all kinds of men out to make a fortune in buffalo hides in those days, but the typical buffalo hunter was a cross between a red Indian and a stick of dynamite. He was dirty, profane, vigorous, and reckless. After a few weeks of superhuman labor skinning the hides off buffalo bulls, he was ready for superhuman debauchery to make it all seem worth while. Down through Kansas, the Indian

Territory, and off into the Panhandle of Texas the hunter pursued his prey, and right behind came other hunters who preyed on him.

Dick Clark followed the buffalo hunters as far south as Fort Mobeetie, where he enjoyed himself for some time. Old buffalo hunters used to laugh with him at barroom reunions about the time he shot up the place and had to leave in a hurry.

Then it was back to Colorado and the miners again. Once he got into a game with Senator Tabor and won everything he had in the bank.

"Well," said the Senator, "I've got a carload of ore on the tracks. I'll bet you that."

"You've made a bet," replied Dick, and won the carload of ore, which he immediately sold.

"It was the closest I ever came to owning a mine," he used to say. "It was a piece of a mine, anyway."

This life on the fringe of civilization made semi-savages out of most men who followed it very long, but it had the contrary effect on a born gambler like Dick Clark. He never liked to sweat and soil his hands under any circumstances, and even in a tent town he seemed to have a knack for elegant living. Greasy buckskin, long hair, and assorted smells might be all around him, but he was always clean and well turned out himself. As far as he was concerned the others could dress and smell as they pleased

so long as they had any money to lose. Dick was after the big money, and he well knew that his place was in the boom towns where life moved like a cloudburst roaring down a canyon and cash came in lumps.

It was a wild and strenuous existence. All night, and night after night, he estimated the value of poker hands and flicked an eye from time to time through the cigar smoke to see what he could learn from an opponent's face. His home was a hotel room with bare walls and a bowl and pitcher to represent the comforts he might have had. The only women in his life were dance-hall girls; the only pleasures he had were the rough and rugged joys of frontier trading posts and saloons; but Dick didn't ask for anything more than he possessed. The game was about all that counted. Sometimes he won a thousand dollars in half a dozen hands. Sometimes he lost a fortune in as brief a time. Mostly he won, and it was good to win; but if he lost, it didn't matter. There would be a change of luck sometime. He was probably pretty close to a genius in his line, and geniuses are always careless of everything except their specialty.

When the Tombstone silver strike was made, Dick heard of it and was on the ground early. By 1880 he was known as the master craftsman in southern Arizona, and had set up his own gambling saloon, which he called the Alhambra.

There are men still alive who remember him at this time when he was approaching his peak, and even now, as one of these old-timers sorts out his memories and brings back the long ago, a listener catches a faint echo of Dick Clark's immense personal force. The storyteller's voice drops respectfully. For a minute he seems like a small boy talking about a strict but well-loved schoolmaster. He hesitates when he comes to something that Dick might not like to have repeated as if the man himself were in the next room. Even now! And Dick Clark has been dead for almost fifty years.

Power like that can't be explained. It just happens sometimes. But in this case it wasn't power alone, for Dick looked and acted his part. He was over six feet tall, was straight as a wagon tongue, and carried himself like a soldier in spite of his two-hundred-odd pounds. When he spoke, he spoke with authority—profanely if necessary—and his long, pale, bearded face, diamond studs, and Prince Albert coat marked him as a professional man of high rank.

Perhaps his prime quality, as with most men in his business, was his perfect control. Apparently he never felt fear or got into a situation which flustered him. Always he was the master. Always it was the other man who flinched or looked away. His manner was hearty and generous, but far back behind the eyes there was some-

thing cold and unmoved which noted what the other fellow was doing wrong.

It might seem surprising that a man could develop such a dominant personality with so little formal education, for Dick had not had much schooling; but it would be wrong to say that just because he had read very few books he was uneducated. The fact is, he had survived a much stiffer discipline than any college graduate ever has to face. And it is possible that ignorance of the philosophers and poets was a positive benefit in the hard and callous gamblers' world. For one thing the time usually wasted on polite subjects could be used, in Dick's case, on the endless practice necessary for mastery of the technique of gambling—the training of the muscles, the cultivation of the gambler's controlled detachment. For another thing no scruples, learned from a righteous schoolmarm, ever told him that gambling was wicked. In those days no first-class gambler ever felt inferior because he dealt cards for a livelihood. On the contrary, he often considered himself a superior being, and sometimes he had reason to think so.

Billy King, who was Dick's disciple, friend, and successor, tells of the time he learned the truth of this matter. It was late in the nineties, and Dick was already in his grave, but he probably turned over when the thing happened.

It seems that the Reverend Mr. Benneck heard

of Tombstone and decided to leave his quiet parsonage in Maine for the purpose of planting a little garden of piety in the Arizona wilderness. He arose and journeyed and came at last to Fairbank, which was the railroad station nearest to Tombstone. There he stuck. The freighters wished to see the color of his money before they carried him and his goods to Tombstone, and he had no money to show them.

He therefore walked the nine miles to his future home and stopped at the heart of Tombstone affairs—King's Saloon. He asked for the proprietor and introduced himself.

"Hell, Reverend," exclaimed the hospitable owner, "have a drink."

"Oh, no, no; but I want to tell you my troubles."

He went on to explain that he had a house ready in Tombstone but couldn't get the freighters to move his goods over from Fairbank on credit.

"Is that all your troubles?"

"Well, just about all."

Billy turned to his bookkeeper, Charley Bowman.

"Here, Charley. Drew me up a petition. I want to help this preacher out."

He headed the subscription himself with five dollars and invited the town to do likewise. Of course everybody who signed bought a drink, so

the liquor business and the gospel business profited equally.

By evening of the next day the preacher was installed in his little frame parsonage. Came the Sabbath and all his flock assembled. He mounted the pulpit with great solemnity and preached his first sermon—demanding that the saloons should be closed on Sunday.

There wasn't a gambler or a saloon man in the country who would have done such an ungrateful trick as that, and naturally they all regarded their moral standards as superior to those of the Reverend Br. Benneck.

At the same time there was a great deal of flexibility in a gambler's notion of what he might decently do. Dick Clark was as straight as any gambler who ever lived but he didn't see anything wrong in using his skill to outwit his opponents in a card game. What he objected to was crudeness in the way the thing was done. He would have despised a man who put an ace up his sleeve, but he himself wore a huge diamond ring which he turned into the palm of his hand in a big game and used as a mirror when dealing. He had no trouble finding out by this means where every card in the deck went. The distinction may seem oversubtle to a nonprofessional, but this ring trick was not thought of by those who knew of it as anything like dropping an extra card onto the floor. It was just an aid to

business and a subject for chuckles when Dick mentioned the matter in private.

Anything depending on straight skill, like shuffling and dealing so as to control the game, was not merely all right in the eyes of a professional—it was highly proper and necessary. Marked cards and cold decks sometimes had to be used, but ordinarily they were left to the tinhorns and cheap swindlers. Crooked faro boxes and roulette wheels were also far beneath the dignity of a blue-blooded professional. But wherever skill of the mind or fingers could be employed to bring in the money, Dick Clark and his brethren used what gifts they had.

Their attitude, in sum, was that nobody played at a gambler unless he thought he was good enough to run the risk, and in that case his blood was on his own shirt front. A real high roller never wanted to take advantage of a greenhorn, and Dick Clark positively refused to. More than once he gave some rash youngster his money back and told him to stick to cowpunching or something else he understood.

When the amateurs and beginners were out of the way, and only the experts were left, the competition was bound to be pretty stiff. Anybody was likely to lose, and a first-class gambler made himself known by his losings as well as by his winnings. Dick Clark could pay as gracefully as he could take. When County Treasurer Andy

Ritter defaulted and left his bondsmen to settle the score, Dick was one of those caught. But Dick was different from the rest. He was a gambler and knew how to lose. All the other bondsmen managed to evade their responsibility, but Dick paid his five thousand dollars. "I just made a bad bet," he said, and laughed as if it didn't matter.

That laugh of his was one of his best weapons; it helped him out of trouble and it made things easier for others who got caught with their pants out of adjustment. One of the best stories told about him underlines this point.

He was sitting in a poker game in Nappy Nick's back room. Playing against him were Mark Smith, the lawyer, and Uncle Jim Cox, foreman of the Lang and Ryan outfit in the Sulphur Springs Valley. Uncle Jim earned a good salary and thought of himself respectfully as something of a cowboy gambler. The game at this particular time was for a hundred-dollar change-in, rather small pickings for Dick. He became impatient when the betting began to grow lackadaisical, and he cast about for some way to speed the game up.

Hanging around town at the time was an old, old bent-over prospector with a set of very red bristly whiskers who was known to the Tombstone youngsters as Soup Bone, and to their elders as The Senator. His family name was

Edmunds. This human relic had done some hard work once upon a time, according to report, but had long relied on a battered fiddle to keep him in beans and whiskey, hobnailed shoes, and overalls. When a group of cowpunchers were gathered in a barroom, he would appear and play old-timey tunes, with or without requests, as long as anybody showed the least willingness to reward his efforts. He really did a creditable, foot-patting job on such pieces as "Saddle Old Spike, I Tell You" or "Had a Piece of Pie, Had a Piece of Puddin'."

Dick looked up from his hand and perceived the Senator just outside the door, peering at the game from far back among his bristles.

"Come here!" Dick commanded. "Stand up here and play us some cow tunes."

The Senator did as he was told. Uncle Jim patted a foot, woke up a little, ordered drinks around, and began to perk up in his betting.

Dick slipped the Senator a five-dollar bill and told him to make it lively. The old man played as he had seldom played before and became abnormally alert and interested.

Came up a big pot. Uncle Jim was dealing. He dealt himself six cards and the top hand, dropping the sixth card in his lap.

"Give us another tune," ordered Dick.

"All right," agreed the Senator, "but Mr. Cox drapped a cyard thar."

Uncle Jim reached over, seized the fiddle, and broke it over the Senator's head.

Dick laughed until he cried and gave the old man another five dollars for adding to the gaiety of life, meanwhile raking in the pot without opposition, since the play had ended in a "foul hand" and the money was rightfully his.

"You old crook, you want to cheat somebody, do you?" was all he had to say to Uncle Jim, who mumbled that he'd be damned if he knew how it happened.

Maybe it was knowing when to laugh that made Dick one of the best-liked men in the Southwest. He had friends everywhere, and the Great Men of the Land used to make pilgrimages to Tombstone to gamble when the word went round that there would be a big game at the Alhambra the first of the month. It would be easy to name a dozen millionaires or near-millionaires (whose descendants would not be grateful for the publicity) who thought nothing of sitting down with Dick for a thirty-six-hour poker session with a five-hundred or thousand-dollar change-in.

These gentlemen were usually uncommunicative about their losings and winnings, but Dick's friends knew that he often rose up from the table six to ten thousand dollars richer than when he sat down.

Money like that is not easy to keep, and Dick got rid of it about as fast as it came in. He ob-

jected, however, to having it snatched away from him by force, and it took a good man to hold him up. One of the few to try it was a hard character named Fred Kolan, who dropped in at the Alhambra about four o'clock one morning.

Very few people were in the house. The porter and a bartender were cleaning up. All the gamblers on the wheel and poker layouts had checked in their stacks, taken a drink or two, and gone off to eat breakfast (or supper). Only the faro game was still open with Dick dealing, Billy King keeping cases, and Billy Nichols at lookout.

"Let's close," said Billy Nick, getting up from his chair.

"Sure," yawned Dick. "Me and Billy will close as soon as we can count the money."

Billy Nick went on out.

Just as Dick reached into the drawer and pulled out the big bills, Fred Kolan walked in; and Dick, being properly cautious with big bills, put the money back.

Fred walked up behind Billy King, still at the cases, and a forty-five flashed in his hand.

"Put your hands up, both of you," he ordered quietly.

They reached for the ceiling.

"Now give me the bank roll."

Dick grinned at him. "How in hell can I with my hands up?"

Fred puzzled over this for a moment.

"Well, put 'em down long enough to scrape up them bills."

Dick pulled out some bills of small denominations.

"Dig deeper."

Dick started to dig. Fred reached past Billy King's ear for the money on the table. With his right hand, already up in the air, Billy grabbed the man's gun arm and the bullet went through the layout between Dick's knees. A split second later Dick had bent the barrel of a six-shooter over Fred's head.

Bob Patch, the chief of police, was just outside and came in on the gallop when he heard shooting.

"It's all right," explained Dick easily. "I wanted to close the game and he wanted to keep on playing so we had an argument. Nobody hurt. Have a drink and advise this scrapper to leave town."

That was all there was to it. Dick had avoided trouble, sidestepped some bad publicity, and kept his money, which was how he usually managed things.

The money went in other ways, however, and that brings up the question of Dick's one weakness—he was a devoted admirer of anything in skirts. His assistants noted that when Dutch Annie or any other woman came in to buck a faro game, Dick always laid aside what he was

doing and dealt for her himself. He won her money, too. "But they always got it back," he would confess.

It was a wearing, sapping, draining business, and Dick didn't try to make it easy. Long hours and enormous stakes, nervous tension and no relaxation—after a while his flesh and blood began to rebel. Furthermore he was tubercular and grew less fit for strenuous exertion as the years piled up on him. He kept himself going, as so many gamblers did, with whiskey and sometimes even with morphine. If nature could not help him, whiskey and dope could.

When a big game was on and his physical reserves were running low, Dick would excuse himself.

"Boys, I'll have to drop out for an hour. You know I'm on a diet and have to go home and eat."

Billy King would be waiting outside with a horse and buggy, and Dick would go home, take his shot, lie down for half an hour, and then get back into the game.

A weakened body was not all he had to suffer with. In 1886 the mines began to fail. The country filled up with petty crooks on the one hand and with solid citizens on the other, and neither class did the gambling business any good. The wide-open days began to be spoken of in the past tense. Money was no longer an interesting plaything. Dick sold the Alhambra and bought

the Oriental Saloon, but still didn't get the play he was used to. Finally he decided that if business wouldn't come after him, he would go after business. This meant traveling around a good deal, and he became a familiar figure at stockmen's meetings and other conventions of various kinds. One fall he played the races at Saratoga and came back rich. Several times a year he would pack his bag, lock up his room at the Cosmopolitan Hotel, and disappear for a few weeks. Everybody knew he was off at a gathering of some kind where he might take an unobtrusive but profitable seat in a small game of chance.

Cattlemen's conventions were his specialty. He had a good-sized ranch of his own (the R. C.) in the San Pedro Valley, and was thus honestly entitled to call himself a cowman. This made things much easier when he needed an excuse to horn in on a cattlemen's meeting. He is said to have bought the ranch in the first place so he could go as a representative rancher from Arizona to the first national convention of cattlemen, which was held at St. Louis in 1884. Kansas City was a favorite hangout, but he went also to various towns in California, Texas, and Eastern states as opportunity tapped at his door. Usually he came back from these trips with money enough to last the rest of the year, if he had known how to use money.

This was one gift he did not have, however.

No man or woman with the real gambler's nature ever did. He was always giving it away, throwing it away, letting it slip through his careless fingers. If a miner got hurt, Dick sent him fifty dollars. If he got killed, Dick sent fifty dollars to his wife. Many a time his men would see him slip a bill into an envelope, give it to the porter, and say, "Take this over to Jim Shay's shack and bring a receipt back." Nothing more would ever be said about the matter. Dick did not wish for public recognition of his charities.

What he didn't give away he had stolen from him. His ranch was a liability from the start. Rustlers and horse thieves preyed on him; his own employees preyed on him too. He tried various ways of plugging the gap, but nothing seemed to do any good. In 1890, the year of the big drouth, Billy King rounded up the last of the cows, four hundred and twenty head, and sold them for four hundred and twenty dollars. That was all Dick got out of his ranch.

And so, little by little life slipped away from him. He knew it was going and he knew he had missed something. That was probably the reason he got married.

The girl was only seventeen years old. She was of a French-Canadian family and was named Louisa D'Argentcourt. An uncle of hers named Charley Le Brote lived in Tombstone, and that was how she happened along. Louisa was a

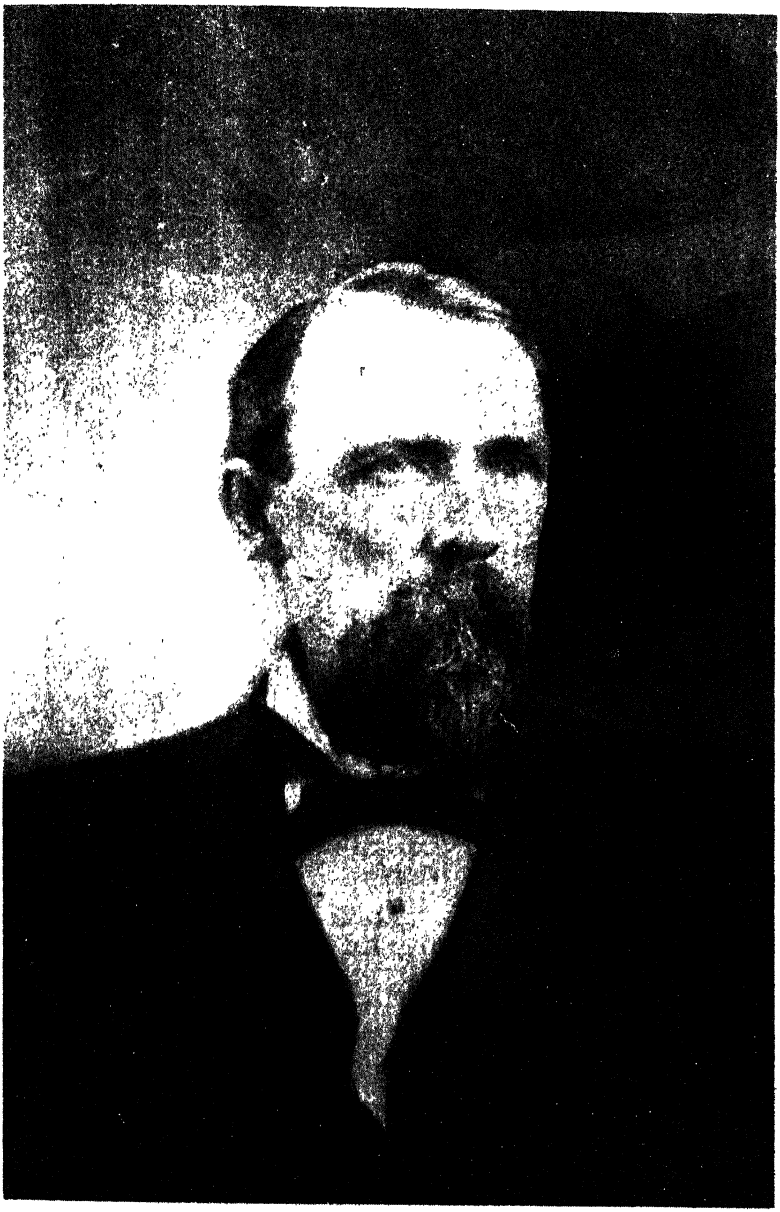
vigorous young woman, good looking and extremely lively. Dick thought longingly of her youth and energy and felt unusual movements in his battered old heart. She couldn't say no to him; nobody ever could. So they were married in 1888, adopted a little orphan girl two or three years old, and went to housekeeping in a fine place on the corner of First and Tough Nut Streets. The bridegroom did things up with his usual dash, bringing wagonloads of furniture over from Tucson and making the most of his new position as head of a family.

But it was all wasted effort. Dick had lived his life and was worn out. A few hours of fireside calm could not make up for all those years of overwork and overindulgence. Like one of the Norway pines back in his native Michigan, weakening before the axes of the lumbermen, Dick swayed and tottered to his fall. Dope and tuberculosis wore him down. The long, hollow-cheeked face grew thinner. Sometimes his speech became confused and for a few minutes he could hardly make himself understood. His judgment began to go with the rest. Once so calm and calculating, he now grew quarrelsome and pugnacious. He wanted to bet on everything—was crazy to gamble no matter what the odds were or what the wager was about. His friends watched him go down with a pity they could not express.

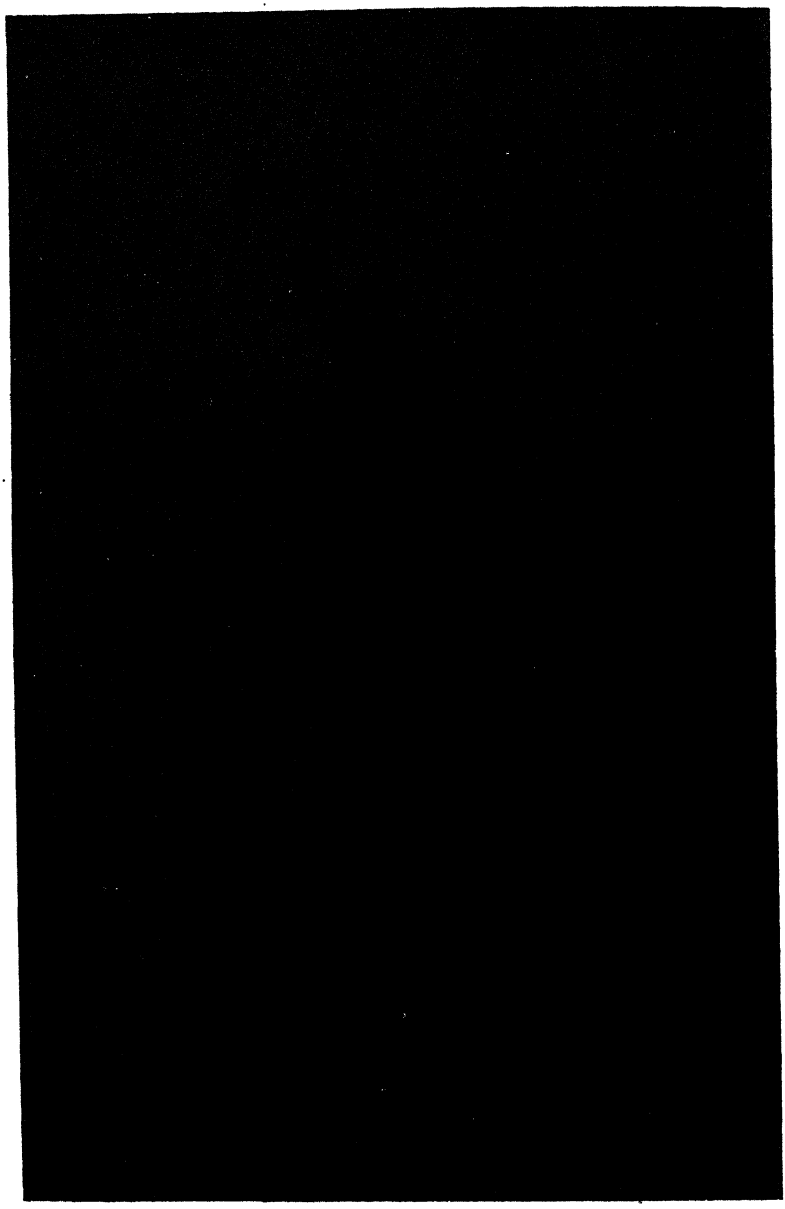
His lieutenant, Billy King, helped Louisa do everything that could be done for him, but Dick was done for, and they and everybody else knew it. Still they had to try. They went to see doctors about him; they tried this medicine and that. Finally they heard of a place in Chicago which was supposed to cure drug addicts, and Dick decided to look into it. The World's Fair was in full swing, so Louisa and little Lucy went along for a pleasure trip. It turned out to be anything but that. The doctors shook their heads and said it was a hopeless case. The Clark family started back. On the train Dick fell into his last sickness and was taken from the coach at Albuquerque, where he died.

Tombstone mourned sincerely. The members of the Grand Army post met the train at Fairbank with a hearse and carried their comrade to his home. On the day of his burial the stores and a number of the mines closed. All three of the fire companies turned out in uniform and marched down to the cemetery. Judge Jim Duncan, a Grand Army man, made the funeral address, and the pallbearers were all ex-soldiers.

He was buried in the wind-swept, rocky cemetery now known as Boot Hill. Billy King and Louisa Clark later put up an iron fence around the grave, the only one in the whole cemetery. Their fence is still standing, but the dust it encloses is completely forgotten. Southwestern



Dick Clark, the biggest gambler of his time in Arizona. The picture was taken about 1890.

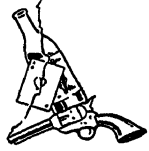


Billy King on his honeymoon. He married Dick Clark's widow.

newspapers have on several occasions published speculations about that iron fence. Who would have thought in Dick's own time that forty-five years after his death the residents of his home town would not even remember who was buried in his grave?

No better proof is needed that the Dick Clarks of pioneer America, like the times that made them, have gone like the dust cloud over the desert and will never come again.

The Great Velocipede Race



AT THE time he set his world's record Billy King was just another tough Arizona cowboy and never imagined that he had any unusual gifts. He had been a ranch foreman, gambler, and peace officer, and at the moment was working as a deputy out of Sheriff John Slaughter's office in Tombstone. He was a good shot and a crack rider. He could dunk his long black mustache in quarts of whiskey without seeming to be drunk. His leathery little body had weathered many a rough-and-tumble. He was a tough hombre; but he never suspected how great a man he was until the race was over.

It started something like this:

One bright May morning in 1888 Tommy Lyons stepped into the bar of the Timmer Hotel in the bustling little mining and cattle town of Silver City, New Mexico. He didn't know it, but he was about to make history.

He might not have been disturbed if he had

known it, for he had been making history in a small way ever since he could remember. He was a partner in the great Lyons and Campbell Cattle Company with headquarters at the palatial "White House" some sixty miles from Silver City, and his acres stretched from the mouth of Duck Creek to above Mule Springs on both banks of the Gila River. Every water hole and meadow within a day's ride of the ranch headquarters was in possession of a Lyons and Campbell henchman, and any nester who tried to horn in found the going very rocky.

His short, square-built figure, his stiff black hair and mustache just sprinkled with grey, his fiery temper and loud voice were as well known in his part of the Southwest as frijoles in Mexico. He could have posed for a portrait of the traditional old-time cowman—energetic, violent, and ruthless, and at the same time loyal, generous, and warm-hearted. If he liked you, you could have his shirt. If he didn't—look out!

The thing he liked best in the world was making money, and next to that he liked spending it. He was a big sport as well as a big cattleman, and if he didn't have two or three mountainous bets waiting to be decided, he felt that he was frittering away his precious time.

Consequently when he set foot within the Timmer Hotel bar, he sniffed briefly at the familiar aroma of stale beer and looked eagerly

around for someone to argue and possibly wager against. His eye brightened when he saw Jeff Clayton and Doc Bolton at the bar, nosing their way rapidly toward the bottom of their glasses and immersed in earnest debate.

They were a very lively pair, those two, and things usually began to happen when they turned up. Bolton was a nonpracticing physician, the black sheep of a good Texas family with representatives still living at Waco—a very smooth specimen, though surviving acquaintances describe him as "hare-brained." Dark, handsome, well-dressed, and flashing gold teeth when he smiled, he would never have been taken for the barroom character he was. Clayton was big and blond and talked with a cowboy drawl. He was a simpler soul than Bolton but acted as his partner in many ranching, drinking, gambling, and other enterprises.

Tommy joined them and also the argument.

"I say he can," declared Doc Bolton, holding back a hiccup.

"Can what?" inquired Tommy, scenting sport.

"Can beat any damn horse in the world."

"Who?"

"Ashenfelter."

"Who's Ashenfelter?"

"Mean to tell me you ain't heard of Ashenfelter, the velocipede speeder? Why he's world-famous—the best in the country."

"You mean you think he could outrun a horse on one of them high-wheeled contraptions?"

"I know damn well he can. He's done it two or three times. Don't you ever read the papers?"

"That's right, he has," put in Jeff Clayton. "He's run against two good horses and beat 'em both, and I think like Doc here, he'll beat any horse ever was foaled if he gets a fair chance."

"Damn if he will!" shouted Tommy Lyons. "I say he can't, and I got a horse and a man that'll beat him, only the man ain't here."

"You get your man here and I'll get Ashenfelter," roared Jeff Clayton. "I've got five thousand head of Mexican cattle that says you're wrong."

"You're on!" Lyons took fire at once. "I'll put two thousand head of my own stock up against your five thousand crowbaits in Sonora."

"The hell you will! I'll take thirty-five hundred!"

It took almost a full day of happy wrangling to get the details adjusted.

The five thousand head of Mex cattle were to be wagered against their equivalent in Lyons' more valuable stock, and there was a side bet of a thousand dollars just to sweeten the pot. The race was planned at first for the Fourth of July, but the days slipped by and the men finally agreed that it should be run early in September. It was to be from the Timmer Hotel in Silver

City to Harry Catlett's Cabinet Saloon in Deming, almost fifty miles away.

Some weeks later Billy King was going about his business in Tombstone when he was accosted at the door of the Oriental Saloon by a small and dusty cowboy with a big head, a long mustache, and a gamecock walk. Billy knew him at once. It was Betts Henderson, foreman of the Lyons and Campbell outfit at Silver City and three stiff days' ride from his headquarters. Six years before, on his way from Texas to Arizona, Billy had stopped off at the White House to take advantage of the well-known hospitality of Tommy Lyons and had thereby become acquainted with Betts's fighting disposition and barbed-wire tongue.

"How are you, old-timer?" inquired Betts affectionately.

Billy at once became suspicious, knowing well that Betts never acted human unless he wanted something.

"Middlin'," he said with proper caution. "How is everything with the Lyons and Campbell outfit and how come they turned you loose from the ranch?"

"Tommy sent me after you. He wants you for a horse race. Anyway half a horse race. The other half is a velocipede."

"A what?"

"A velocipede. You know. One big wheel in

front and one little wheel behind, and if you once get on, you can ride like hell."

"What's it got to do with me?"

"Tommy wants you to ride against the velocipede. He's got a big bet on with Jeff Clayton and Doc Bolton—five thousand head of cattle and a thousand-dollar side bet. Tommy says to tell you he'll pay you a hundred and fifty dollars a month and expenses. If you win he'll give you the thousand too."

Billy was naturally bewildered by this proposition, but he was tempted.

"What's he got for me to ride?"

"Old Figure Two—meanest damn horse you ever see, but the best horse you ever forked."

"You know I'm in the Sheriff's office?"

"Sure, but John'll let you off. Come on, we'll go see him."

Next morning Betts and Billy were headed east. Deputy King, according to Sheriff Slaughter, had gone out of town on business. By the time he reached Silver City three days later he had become another person entirely. His name was now Johnny Hall; he had no strings attached and could devote all his time to horse training. As soon as his mount was taken care of at the Elephant Corral, he went to his own quarters at the Timmer Hotel and found that the place was absolutely his; he didn't even have to buy chewing tobacco. When Tommy Lyons told

a man his expenses would be paid, he expected the expenses to amount to something.

The next day they brought Figure Two in from the ranch, and he and Billy looked each other over. There was no love lost on either side. Figure Two was a big cow pony, perhaps half standard bred, a shiny bay with a black mane and tail, a bundle of muscle and meanness without parallel in Billy's wide experience with horseflesh. He would kick a chew of tobacco out of your mouth when you were standing in front of him, said the Lyons and Campbell cowboys, and he would try to kill you every time you put the bridle on him. Billy knew at once that this was a horse in a million, but he was afraid it was going to take a man in a million to ride him.

Originally Figure Two had been known, with good reason, as Rattler, but in addition to the regular L. and C. brand on his hip, he had a figure 2 branded on his neck which accounted for his nickname. Betts Henderson had found him very useful for some time past. Whenever Betts developed a grudge against one of his hands, he would order the man to "catch out Figure Two." If the cowboy rode the horse, Betts might swallow his grudge and keep him on, but if the Rattler threw him, he rolled his dough, as the waddies said.

A horse like that is not to be relied on without severe training, and Billy started educating him

right away. Every morning at the crack of dawn he would slip out of town on Figure Two's unwilling back and head down the road to Deming, uphill and down, through sandy arroyos and over rocky ridges. He would first pass the mining camp seven miles out, then Apache Tejoe where the Head, Hearst, and Hagen Ranch had its headquarters, and so on to Hudson's Hot Springs, now Faywood, where Old Dick Hudson entertained health-seekers, gamblers, railroad surveyors, cowpunchers, and anyone else with a dime to spend. At Dick's saloon Billy would refresh himself and then start back. Sometimes at night he would take the horse over the same stretch again. The road between Silver and Hudson's Hot Springs was the worst part of the course, and at the end of the two-months' training period both horse and rider knew every pebble along the highway. Even so, Billy was none too confident of what Figure Two's behavior would be when the day of reckoning came.

As the weeks slipped by, the mental temperature of the male inhabitants of the region rose steadily. Everybody had a bet up; everybody was loud in his support of one side or the other. In general the nesters and small cattlemen were for the velocipede, mostly because they wanted to be on the opposite side of the betting from Tommy Lyons, whom they hated. Next to shooting his

eyes out, their greatest pleasure in life would have been to bankrupt him. The big gamblers and ranchers were mostly betting on the horse. Herman Oelrichs, a well-known New York sportsman, happened to come down with a party just before the race and stopped at the White House. He laid his money heavily on Billy and Figure Two.

When Ashenfelter, the velocipede "speeder," came in, he ran the fever up a few degrees farther. He was a dark-skinned, Hebraic-looking fellow, a wiry athlete with all muscles including those of the speech organs in perfect condition. He boasted of his record, flashed a row of medals, sneered at the simple cow cultivators who doubted his ability, and displayed himself on his velocipede morning and afternoon. Often he took the road to Hudson's Hot Springs, riding beside Billy for a mile or two and then sprinting ahead with an airy wave of the hand.

"See you at Harry Catlett's," he would shout.

He stayed at the Timmer Hotel also, and he and Billy sometimes mentioned the race, though they never allowed discussion to degenerate into agument.

"You're a nice fellow," confided Ashenfelter one evening over a lemonade which he was taking at the bar. "I hate to beat you, but you got as much chance against me as a snowball in July."

"If I was you," Billy advised him, "I'd wait

and see if I could make it stick before I talked too much."

Ashenfelter roared with laughter, and Billy went off to bed, a wicked gleam in his eye.

Meanwhile all precautions were being taken. Figure Two was kept in a box stall. A few feet from the stall a wooden fence was erected as additional assurance that the horse would not be tampered with. A stable boy slept inside the fence, and Billy was very particular about the identity of that stable boy. He fired the first one offered him because he was afraid the fellow could be fixed. Sometimes Billy himself slept beside the horse, and no hand but his ever touched the animal or offered him food. Figure Two got his rolled barley, his small portion of alfalfa, and his block of salt from Billy personally.

Of course there had to be a few diversions to break this monastic existence. Billy played monte most of the day and a couple of Silver City fillies a good share of the night, with indifferent success in each case. Tommy Lyons was with him most of the time for fear somebody might try to get at the rider as well as the horse.

July and August passed; September arrived. The day of the race was fixed for the fourteenth. Long before that date the news had spread far and wide and drawn in sporting enthusiasts from other towns. About the middle of August the Silver City *Enterprise* got wind of what was

going on and published such facts as it could secure or invent. A great deal of interest was at once aroused in the theory and practice of cycling. Said the *Enterprise* on Aug. 17, "J. W. Neill of El Paso, who rides a Star bicycle, and R. S. Dimmick, who rides an American Champion, will make a trip over the road today starting this morning on their toothless steeds."

Local horse owners were not behind the bicycle enthusiasts in displaying interest. Several men with good horses talked of putting a mount into the race to show up both Rattler and the velocipede. One man—some say he was a Mexican named Cipriano Baca; others that he was a Mormon—actually groomed a pinto pony and got him into the contest. There were no large bets on this horse. His owner just wanted to see what he could do.

Quietly and unobtrusively, as is sometimes the way with historic happenings, the day of the race arrived, a perfect morning for the purpose—a little cool but without a breath of wind and bright with autumn sun. Long before time to start the crowd began to arrive. Miners arrived in buckboards and spring wagons from Santa Rita, from Pinos Altos, from Hanover. Whole families hitched or saddled up and came in from outlying ranches. One party with more money than sense chartered a special train in order to follow the struggle, which would take place, for most of the

distance, within sight of the tracks. The town filled up, and spectators began to take positions along the road to Hudson's Hot Springs. By ten o'clock they were lined up for twelve or fifteen miles, and at Dick Hudson's place there were guests enough to fill to overflowing the broad *portales* around the adobe establishment. It was the same at Deming, the other end of the course. The whole Southwest was apparently in a state of ferment. Perhaps some had visions, if the velocipede won, of cowboys going about their business on bicycles. At any rate, they were all on hand to see the race.

The least excited man in the crowd was Johnny Hall, known to his friends as Billy King. He had talked his strategy over with Tommy Lyons time and again and he knew what he had to do. He thought he could win if old Figure Two would just live up to expectations. If he didn't—but there was no use worrying about that!

At daybreak Billy was up as usual and sneaked his horse out for a little limbering-up. At ten o'clock he was in front of the Timmer Hotel waiting for the signal. Ashenfelter appeared with his shiny velocipede. The crowd surged and cheered. Numerous peace officers including Harvey Whitehill, Silver City's perennial sheriff, were out to hold the spectators in check. Every cowpuncher of the Lyons and Campbell outfit was there too to see that the way was kept

open. A finishing touch was added when Mr. Hinman, a local merchant and amateur photographer, appeared with his apparatus and prepared to take a picture of the start.

"Are you ready?" chanted Jack Fleming, the mayor of Silver City.

"Ready," said Ashenfelter.

"Ready," said Billy.

Fleming raised his six-shooter and fired. Hinman snapped his shutter.

Immediately Billy King discovered a flaw in his calculations. He had conscientiously prepared his horse for all the emergencies he could think of, but he had forgotten about cameras and pistol shots. Figure Two was nervous when Mr. Hinman draped himself in black and began fussing with the interior of that peculiar-looking black box; then the pistol went off and he felt that it was time for him to let these people know how he felt. Down went his head and up came his back. Billy thoughtlessly touched him with a spur and he nearly pitched himself to death before his rider finally got that stubborn head up in the air again and straightened him out down the road. By that time Ashenfelter's smoothly pumping legs and confident back were growing small in the distance. Billy restrained himself, however, and didn't push Figure Two very hard.

The worst of the road came at the start. It was cut by arroyos and offered a choice only between

rocks on the one hand and sand on the other. Billy came up gradually and was close behind when they reached the mining camp seven miles out. The gulches were bad for about five miles more, and Billy proceeded to push Ashenfelter to the limit so that he would be winded when the good road opened up before them. Two or three times he urged Figure Two up alongside and each time Ashenfelter would grin broadly and sprint ahead. He was very confident and showed no sign of fatigue. How he could climb those hills on his velocipede was a mystery to Billy, but he went up them like a mountain goat.

Figure Two showed signs of irritation at the strange machine which he couldn't get around. When he got alongside, he would hitch a hind leg suggestively as if to say he knew one trick that would put the infernal contraption out of commission. But Billy held his horse in and let Ashenfelter stay just a little ahead.

He was still ahead when they passed the crowded balcony at Hudson's Hot Springs, but by that time Billy was about ready to put his strategy into effect. What he had in mind was not a very sporting trick, but he, like most of us, was willing to forego a little sportsmanship for a thousand dollars. The idea was to wait until Hot Springs and the last spectator were left behind. That would be at the beginning of the long smooth slope down to the Mimbres River

and the town of Deming—twenty-two miles of plain sailing with a firm, gravelly road under the horse's feet. By putting the quirt to the horse and urging him to high speed, he would be throwing enough sand when he cut in ahead of the velocipede to knock the rider off the road.

The only hitch was Figure Two. His feeling about quirts was unpredictable. Sometimes he shot ahead like a bat out of El Paso. Sometimes he pitched until his rider nearly rattled to pieces. At Tommy Lyons' suggestion, Billy had given him plenty of whip and spur practice, but the horse had remained his old impulsive self. What would he do at the supreme moment? Billy could only try and see. He hit Figure Two with his quirt.

There was a moment of uncertainty. Figure Two lowered his head and got ready to throw his rider over the moon, but Billy pulled his head up, slashed him again, and they went out in front.

Now a horse has four hoofs which act very nicely as shovels when he picks up speed, and at fourteen or fifteen miles an hour anyone to his rear is going to be well massaged with pebbles. Figure Two had full-sized hoofs and did a good imitation of a desert sandstorm as he went by the velocipede. Ashenfelter gasped, ducked his head, and increased his speed, but Figure Two had plenty of reserve and Billy kept him in front. In fact, he took extra pains to stay directly in

front so that Ashenfelter would have to drop back or take a beating.

An hour and a half later they came down the slope to the Mimbres River, which cuts the road a few miles out of Deming. The river bed was dry as a bone and knee-deep in sand. Billy slowed up for fear Figure Two might stumble as he hit the gravel; then as Ashenfelter came up rapidly he applied his spurs and peppered the unfortunate speeder again.

For a couple of miles the road ran more or less parallel with the river bed, crossing and recrossing. Billy ignored the highway and kept on throwing sand where the stream should have been running. Then the road swung up onto solid ground again, and a few minutes later he turned into the main street of Deming, the winner by two minutes and a half.

Ashenfelter began shouting as soon as he came in sight of town that he had been fouled—that Billy had deliberately stayed in front of him and peppered him with rocks as big as your fist. The crowd broke into an uproar. It was a foul! It wasn't a foul! You couldn't expect Billy to stay behind just to keep dust out of the man's eyes! The Clayton and Bolton supporters were pretty tough and yearned for satisfaction, but the Lyons and Campbell boys were tougher, and nobody started a fight.

The men picked Billy off his horse, half con-

scious, and set him on the bar inside. They proceeded to pour drinks down him, but he was so exhausted he almost immediately keeled over and had to be carried up to bed in the Buffalo Head Hotel. Next day he awoke, shaky and weak. He knew it would be impossible to avoid a week's drunk if he stayed around, so within thirty-six hours of his arrival he was on his way back to Silver City, riding the same horse.

He had done forty-eight and one-tenth miles in three hours thirty-six and one-half minutes—a world's record for one man and one horse over such a distance. Stories about the race appeared in several sporting papers—the *Clipper*, the *Police Gazette*, the Chicago *Sportsman and Breeder*. For a while Billy was a celebrity.

Unfortunately, he remained a poor celebrity, for Jeff Clayton, pleading that his man had been fouled, refused to deliver his Mexican cattle. Tommy Lyons took down the thousand dollars which had been posted at Silver City, but that was barely enough to pay expenses, and Billy had to be satisfied with his three hundred dollars for two months' work, the proceeds of a few small bets of his own, and his brief hour of glory.

At that, the brief hour lasted for some time. For weeks sporting gentlemen continued to talk the race over again and arrange others in imagination. Jaw exercise was all the action ever taken, but interest in Figure Two and his rider

was slow to die. For months cowpunchers riding into Arizona from New Mexico brought Billy news of "that there hoss you rid."

In 1890 people talked about the race again when Doc Bolton and Jeff Clayton, who were probably mixed up in some sort of plot against the Diaz régime in Mexico, killed a partner of theirs named Cavitt on a streetcar in Juarez, failed to escape, and were thrown into the Juarez jail. On Dec. 18, 1890, Bolton escaped in a Mexican army uniform with the connivance of friends in El Paso whose descendants still feel that the matter is too ticklish to discuss. He was later heard of in Colorado, while Clayton, who was not allowed to leave Mexico, settled in Chihuahua.

Again in 1917 the great race was brought to mind when Tommy Lyons was beaten to death and left in a bloody heap in the outskirts of El Paso after being lured away from home on a fake cattle deal.

In 1938, on the fiftieth anniversary of Billy King's feat, Southwestern papers reprinted the notice which originally appeared in the *Enterprise*. Not many people who saw that paragraph in the "Fifty Years Ago" column had ever heard of the episode which made such a stir in '88 or thought of it again after they laid the paper down. Why should they? In the day of the transcontinental airplane there is small need for

anyone to concern himself with velocipedes or the exploits of one man and one horse.

But it *was* a good race.

Rotten Row

ONE street in Tombstone was known as Rotten Row. The reason was that all the lawyers had their offices on it. To be precise, Rotten Row was the portion of Fourth Street which lay between Tough Nut and Allen Streets; no doubt it first attracted the learned and the eloquent because it was only was only two jumps from the courthouse and less than that from the nearest saloon. Most of them spent their time oscillating rapidly between these two points. If any street in Tombstone is haunted, it would be Rotten Row, for some of the most remarkable personalities did a good part of their living there.

The buildings in which the Tombstone bar did its scheming, studying, and sobering up are still to be seen—a long row of one-story adobes with peeling window and door frames and mud bricks showing through the cracked and broken plaster. It is quiet enough now, but fifty years ago, when Tombstone was a metropolis and the county seat,

it overflowed with whiskey and oratory, especially when court was in session.

It wouldn't be safe to say that all the early-day Tombstone lawyers were pickled in alcohol. Ben Goodrich wasn't. He stayed in his office, attended to business, and never amused the town with original antics when in his cups. But this respectable and orderly conduct was so remarkable, considering where and what he was, that Tombstone hardly knew what to make of him.

He did not drink, he did not gamble, he never turned up in the red-light district. He didn't even go to church. In fact, he had no small vices.

The community was tolerant, however. It was a place where everyone was expected to be himself as long as his strength held out, so Ben Goodrich was allowed his peculiarities along with the others.

The rest of the legal talent of Tombstone did what it could to live down Ben Goodrich's bad example, and his partner held a leading position in the campaign. This partner was the famous Marcus Aurelius Smith, whose name is still glorious in Arizona. "Mark," as he was called, was a large, handsome, luxuriantly mustached Kentuckian who took to the free-and-easy frontier life like a prohibitionist to water. Everybody knew him. Everybody liked him. Everybody called him by his first name. And everybody voted for him. For years he represented the

Territory of Arizona at Washington and sent back gossipy personalities to the boys at Tombstone—about visiting his old home at Cynthiana, Kentucky; about his misadventures in the Legislature. In 1887 the *Epitaph* got hold of this one from "Our Mark":

> Mark Smith writes from Washington that he never was considered good at draw, but his late luck beats all. In drawing for seats Mark's was next to the last name to come out. He was compelled to take a back seat on the Republican side.

It was one of the few occasions on which Mark is known to have taken a back seat.

Even in the East, Mark was recognized as a colorful personality; and when he had a chance he enjoyed playing his role of frontier legislator for the Eastern audience. Sometimes an echo of his fame was heard faintly in his home town, to the great delight of his friends. They rejoiced especially over a clipping from the New York *Graphic*, in July of 1888, describing Mark's effect on the New York eye:

> He is over six feet high and built in proportion. Hair a little unkempt, a moustache running down over his chin and collar, unique if not careless in his dress, and with the general appearance of a far Western rustler from away back. One funny thing about Marcus Aurelius is that he did not want to go to congress, but was elected almost in spite of himself.

The fact that Mark probably sent this story

back to the *Epitaph* himself didn't make it any the less pleasing.

Back in Arizona, after his trips East, Mark stayed in character. He was not too proud to drink or gamble with anybody, and that was sound morality in Tombstone.

His game was faro bank, and to it he gave an almost religious devotion. The best story ever told about him goes back to a time when he was in a high and alcoholic good humor and decided he wanted to buck a game of bank. He went to the Crystal Palace. Black jack and poker—nothing else. He stepped across to the Oriental. Two Jewish drummers playing Coeur d'Alene. He finally found what he wanted at the Pony Saloon, where a couple of transients had set up a table "dealing brace" with a crooked box.

Word went out at once that Mark was bucking a sure thing. The boys fidgeted and decided it was Mark's business and they had no call to interfere as long as their own money was safe.

At last the rumor reached King's Saloon, where Mark's best friends hung out.

"Hell, we can't stand by and see him robbed!" said Billy King, to Allen English, Mark's law partner (Ben Goodrich had gone to California by this time). "You're right, we can't," agreed English.

Billy sent Butch, his bouncer, to see what could be done; English went along.

"Come out of it," they advised Mark. "Don't you know they're dealing the best of it? You haven't got a chance to win."

"What of it?" he inquired with a contented hiccup. "It's the only game in town, ain't it?"

This story has been told of greater gamblers than he, but it was never more appropriately applied than to Marcus Aurelius Smith.

The whole town was sad when he moved to Tucson, and local sports used to quote with a regretful shake of the head the epitaph he devised for his tombstone (long before an epitaph was called for): "Here lies a good man—a lover of fast horses, pretty women, and good whiskey."

The memory of Mark Smith brings a happy quirk to the lips of all who knew him. The thought of a colleague of his named William C. Staehle brings tragic laughter.

Staehle was nicknamed "William Corkscrew" for obvious reasons and he was a man of great gifts. First of all, he had almost miraculous powers as an absorber of whiskey at a time when such a talent was appreciated and encouraged. He could drink any amount of any beverage.

In the second place, he was a bottle companion of a high order. People liked to be with him, to drink with him, to sleep it off with him, and to see him around after they woke up. Greater praise hath no man than that.

In the third place he was a music-lover and a

violinist of almost professional skill. His favorite composer was Mendelssohn.

Finally he was a lawyer, but nobody now remembers anything about his legal abilities. Probably he was passably good, but all stories about him which are still adrift emphasize his drunken buffoonery and ignore completely his kindly companionableness and his artistic soul. Life played him many a dirty trick, and death has done little to set matters right.

He was a big, hearty Teuton who loved to refer to himself as "The German Warrior." In his cups he boasted of German feats of arms, German culture, German music. The boys let him talk. They knew he was trying to think of something besides Gussie.

Gussie was his wife. She was a human female, but beyond that Tombstone (and her husband) did not pretend to understand her. Flighty she was and flighty she remained, and her husband never knew where (or with whom) she was going to land.

Eventually she went to San Francisco, leaving William Corkscrew to cherish his thirst and his violin alone. He braced up a little at this unexpected stroke of luck, and along toward the end of the nineties got himself elected district attorney. He lasted only one term, however, was drunk most of the time, and never pulled his weight as a county official.

As time went on he relied more and more on whiskey to take the sting out of life, and finally he found it necessary to look for something to take the sting out of whiskey. A bottle of some patent cure came to him through the mails. He took it to King's Saloon and asked the proprietor to put it on the back bar. Thereafter, whenever a glass of whiskey was set before him, he would point to the medicine and ask the bartender, "Will you reach me over that chaser?" Full and happy, he would get his violin and play Mendelssohn.

When it became obvious that neither his patent cure nor anything else could keep him out of the gutter, saloon men had to take measures of their own. One night William Corkscrew got on the prod in Billy King's place and wanted to fight. Butch the bouncer was out, so Billy himself urged the unwilling German Warrior toward the back door, easing him into the outdoors with a gentle boot in the seat of the pants. Staehle made the rounds of all the other bars, complaining to any who would listen that he was hurt and disgraced.

"I don't mind so much being kicked," he moaned, "but the dirty sonofagun kicked me with a pair of dollar-and-a-half shoes!"

Another time Staehle came in at the back door of the Crystal Palace and found himself in the midst of much excitement. A bunch of soldiers

from Fort Huachuca had just started a fight. Staehle held up his forefinger and shouted, "Count me in!" About that time somebody clipped him on the ear and knocked him into a corner. Before he hit the floor he raised the finger again and shouted, "Count me out!"

As the years slipped by, Staehle slipped with them. In the early 1900's he was almost down and out. He got a cheap room in Sam Barrow's old store building where he could attend to what little business turned up, sleep off his debauches, and drift away from the whole mess on the wings of Mendelssohn's music.

One evening he was sitting at his door playing softly and watching the world undulate around him in a pleasant haze of whiskey fumes. As he played, a human being even less fortunate than himself came tottering down the street. It was a notoriously drunken old woman named Mrs. Miller who did washing and scrubbing and spent the proceeds on whiskey. According to one version of the story she and Staehle had been drinking together for days, but Billy King (who ought to know) says it was mere chance which brought her to Staehle's door, and he was much surprised when she fell flat on her face in front of him and lay still.

The German Warrior was the soul of kindness. He picked the pitiful old woman up, carried her inside, and tucked her into his own bed.

"Sleep it off, girlie, sleep it off," he murmured like a father talking to his little girl, and went back to his bottle and his violin.

Some time later he grew sleepy and went to bed beside his guest. It was a peaceful and innocent sleep which he enjoyed, but it was about the last of its kind in his experience. In the morning he reached over to see how things went with his bedfellow. She was stone cold—dead.

It was a pretty kettle of fish for an ex-district attorney to find himself in, but Staehle's rum-soaked imagination made it worse than it actually was. He was nearly scared to death and had visions of prison cells and hangings. Poor and disreputable as he was, he felt that he would have no chance at all. Billy King was living at Lowell then, and in desperation Staehle sent for him.

"For God's sake help me out, Billy," he begged.

"All right, I'll try."

He gave the German Warrior some money and interviewed a man or two on the coroner's jury. The verdict returned did not even raise an eyebrow in Staehle's direction, and he nearly collapsed under the weight of his relief.

He did not last much longer and died in the county hospital.

The greatest lawyer Tombstone ever had—a man more humorous than Mark Smith and more tragic than William Corkscrew Staehle—was

Allen R. English. During his best years there was nobody in Arizona who could touch him as a persuader of juries. Even during his decline he was a man to be reckoned with. And from the time he first set foot on the hardpan roads of Cochise County, he was the focal point of a whirlwind of alcoholic humor which still goes spinning on. A full-length biography of him will have to be written before the annals of early-day Arizona are complete.

According to a sketch published at Tombstone during his lifetime and presumably with his approval, Allen R. English was born at Saginaw, Michigan, in 1860. His father was a shipbuilder of some means; his mother was a bud of the Fitzgerald family of Maryland.

Young Allen must have been precocious. By the time he was nineteen he had his law degree. Probably he got it from the University of Virginia, for he was always talking about his days in that state. The natural deduction is that he was sent back to his mother's Maryland relatives and spread out from that center in pursuit of education.

He came to Tombstone in 1880 when he was only twenty years old and started work as a miner. He loved to tell in later years how he used to "pack his nose bag" with a miner's lunch every day and go down into the earth to work with pick and shovel. In the chilly dawn young Eng-

lish pulled a miner's cap over his distinguished features and joined the straggling line of human badgers going to their burrows in the rocky hills. His cultured relatives would have been horrified to see it, but the boy knew what he wanted. First of all, he had to put some callouses on his hands in order to put food into his stomach. Sooner or later opportunity would knock for him, and he was pretty sure she wouldn't have to knock twice.

And so he made all the friends he could and prospected busily for the vein of luck which he was expecting to turn up. His prospecting took him into every place of public resort in Tombstone and introduced him to everybody who counted. At last he met Mark Smith. Mark liked him (as who didn't?) and was glad when they met again. In a very brief time Smith and Goodrich had arranged a partnership for him in the firm. Allen English had struck his vein.

From that time on he added steadily to Southwestern history. In 1887 he was elected District Attorney, an office which he held twice more and filled with distinction. Undoubtedly he could have had the place any time he wanted it from 1887 on, but he preferred usually to manage things from behind the scenes.

In 1903 he almost got elected in spite of himself. D. L. Cunningham, a well-known Tombstone lawyer, was English's candidate for the

District Attorneyship, but somehow a rumor got around that he was going to withdraw. Immediately an English boom started. Three petitions went round for about an hour, accumulating 150 signatures. Practically every businessman in Tombstone signed, and not because he had to.

English was in Bisbee at the time. Somebody telephoned him and told him what was being done. "Under no circumtances," he said, "will I accept the position, and I request that the petition be not filed."

That was enough. If Allen English wanted the job, he could have it. If he didn't, Tombstone was still behind him. The English supporters swung back to Cunningham again, well knowing that the English will would prevail no matter who was in the office.

His recipe for holding his power and popularity began with his appearance. From the first he looked the part he played. Six feet two and built on roomy lines, he seemed to have been created to fill the shoes of a general or a judge. Providence had blessed him with an abundance of hair, and he did not despise the gift. He allowed his thatch to grow luxuriantly over his ears and down his neck, and he cultivated a big mustache and a noble set of chin whiskers which he kept carefully trimmed to a point.

The second item in his recipe for success was a rich, sonorous voice, a fine platform manner, and

love for making speeches. To look at him was to be impressed indeed, but to hear him was to be carried away completely. As his power and importance grew, Allen English found his life turning into a prolonged public appearance, and nothing could have pleased him better. He cultivated the opportunities given him and became the wonder of every hardy Westerner who heard him.

His command of language of the florid type was, in fact, astonishing. It was no effort at all for him to soar for hours in those lofty regions at which old-time American oratory aimed. Greek and Latin quotations, references to the English poets, apostrophes to God in his heaven—they all came out so smoothly on a well-oiled track of double-jointed words that even the cultured and skeptical heard him with admiration. The ignorant couldn't keep their mouths closed when Allen English opened his.

As a lawyer he was one of the most successful of his time. "In his prime," says an Arizona judge who knew him, "he was a powerful figure in the trial of any lawsuit, being especially effective before a jury but outstanding before the court."

The last ingredient in his recipe for success was an unusual capacity for hard liquor. In the West in those days practically everybody drank too much, and anybody who didn't was just not

very sociable. Nobody ever accused English of unsociability. He drank with friend and he drank with foe and thereby kept his old friends and converted his enemies. It would be natural to suppose that this continued application to the bottle might have interferred with business, but it didn't seem to. He was a good lawyer drunk or sober, but possibly a shade better when drunk.

There was the time he was defending Wiley Morgan. Wiley had supposedly shot somebody, and the prosecution was impolitely calling it murder. Allen English was in there moving heaven and earth to get the jury to take a reasonable view of an impulsive shooting.

It was hard work, and he already had a hangover. When court adjourned from twelve to two his mind followed a well-worn groove. He needed a pickup, and that meant a jaunt over to King's saloon for a hair of the dog that bit him. His judgment of the quantity of hair proved excessive, however, and about the time he should have been preparing to resume his argument, he lay down on the floor and became unconscious.

"He's paralyzed," said Billy King in shocked surprise. "He's stinking drunk. What'll we do?"

Nobody offered a suggestion, so Billy sent over to the O. K. Corral for his horse and buggy. It was driven up behind the saloon, and with the help of some courthouse roustabouts Billy got

the lawyer in, drove over to the courthouse, and took him up the back stairs.

They straightened him up on his wobbling pins just as court opened. The trial was almost over. It was the time for the defendant's lawyer to make his final appeal to the jury.

English steadied himself; shook his head a few times; opened up. It was one of the best speeches he ever made, and it cleared his man. But at four o'clock, when all was over, he was still, as they used to say, "under the influence."

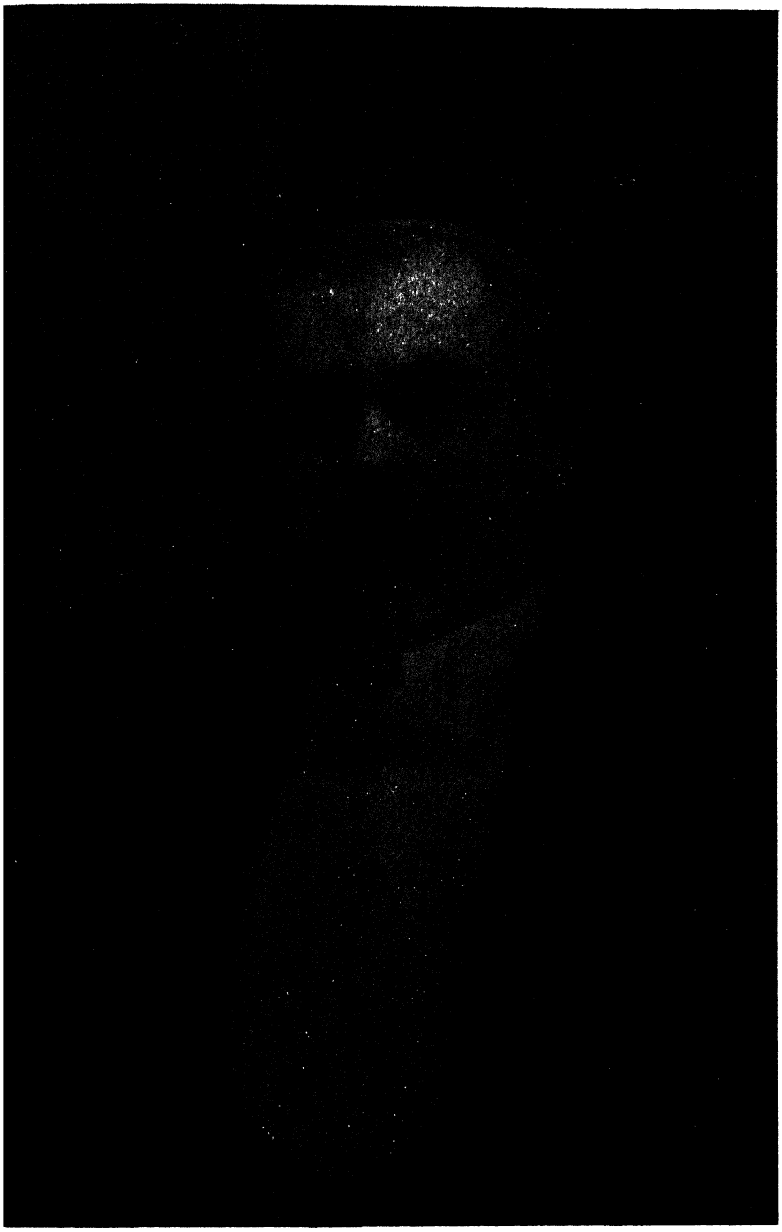
Many a desperado dodged the rope through his help; many more got off with light sentences. They always gave full credit to Allen R. English and his way with a jury. He could drip tears like a leaky faucet when he needed to. He would take his twelve good men and true back to his old home and tell them confidentially about the time his old daddy put his old hand on the son's head and said thus and so. When all else failed, he fell back on the mothers whom all the jurors were presumed to remember with tender affection. All this does not mean, either, that the sob was his only forensic weapon. He could be serious, sentimental, indignant, ironic, or poetic as occasion required and knew when a change of pace would be effective. In the midst of one of his flights he would stop suddenly, reach a hand over the rail of the jury box, and say in a conversational tone, "Give me a chew of tobacco, Jim." Everybody

who saw him in action knew that English was a master of his craft—an artist.

His artistry brought him amazing financial returns, particularly in the form of retainers and special fees from wealthy corporations and capitalists. He was attorney for the C. and A. people at the time they bought the Irish Mag Mine from Martin Costello, and it devolved upon him to examine the title to this piece of property. He did so, thoroughly and conscientiously, and in the same spirit sent in a bill for twenty-five thousand dollars. The company paid, but notified him that they were going to look for another lawyer. It was all right with English. He was already packing up for a trip East and was more interested at the moment in spending his twenty-five thousand than in making more. Francis Hartman, now of Tucson, met him and his wife in Boston a little later and they were doing the town in a large way.

His connection with various mining companies occasionally gave him financial opportunities beyond the mere collection of fees. He got in on the ground floor of several enterprises and profited exceedingly. When the Black Diamond copper mine near Pearce turned out to be a big producer, he sold his share to a California capitalist named Drake (who soon went broke) for eighty-four thousand dollars.

That was the signal for another spending



Allen R. English in his prime.

spree, one of the biggest in Tombstone's history. Attorney English packed his money and his traps and went East. All the details of his pilgrimage are not known, but he spent some time at the old haunts in Virginia and Maryland; then went on to New York. He sent back oriental rugs, oil paintings, and other expensive furnishings for his house. Finally, some six months after his departure, he came back himself.

Stepping from the stage, he strutted as a matter of course into King's Saloon to wash the dust out of his throat. As a matter of course also, he paid for throat-wash for all the other patrons of the saloon. Then he said to Billy,

"I owe you some money, don't I?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"How much?"

"I don't know. Ask Charley Bowman. He handles the books."

Charley looked it up and announced that the bill was seven hundred dollars.

English pulled a roll from his pocket and peeled off the money.

"Now I'm all square," said he, "but by God I'm broke."

He had about twenty dollars left out of his eighty-four thousand.

That was not the last time he made a big profit and cast it to the wolves. Tombstone took much pleasure in the example of such a man.

The only ones who expressed any distaste for him were his wives. He had three. The first one married him soon after he came to Tombstone. They had two boys and a home, a combination which should have helped English forget occasionally that there was a tavern in the town, but it seemed his memory was always awake on that subject. They disagreed on this and other counts, and Mrs. English got a divorce.

It was probably a great relief to both of them, but these things are never permanent, and before long he married Annie Walsh, one of the three daughters of the proprietor of the Can Can Restaurant. Annie was a pretty thing—slim and tall and dark—and English probably thought a good deal of her, but her patience wore out too. She bore him one son and then in her turn gave up the struggle. "Drunkenness," she said. "There is no use going on with it."

The third one should have been a prize and probably was. Tombstone never got to know her very well for she carried herself rather high during her brief stay and took few, if any, into her confidence. She was from New Orleans. She had money. She had married Allen R. English. And that was all. After a brief stay in her husband's big house she took her turn at the divorce mill.

That summarizes roughly the course of Allen R. English's professional and domestic life during his best days. Already the memory of this

side of him has commenced to fade, though he has been dead only a few years. The aspect of him which continues green and flourishing in the minds of men is his distinguished career as a toper and talker.

Even in his lifetime his sayings became by-words in his home town. Once he acted as attorney for the defense in a cattle-stealing case. The prosecutor was Jim Cooke, owner of the S. O. S. Ranch and a man who packed considerable weight in local affairs. English got his man off and stepped across to King's Saloon for a refresher. Jim Cooke and his boys were there too. One whiskey and one word led to another. In a short time Mr. Cooke was explaining to Mr. English how poisonous a person he was and why no decent citizen would be caught within a mile of him.

"Is that so!" English was in his element at this sort of thing. "Well, allow me to inform you, my fat-witted friend——" And so on.

The boiling point was suddenly reached.

"Nobody can say that to me without a fight."

"That suits me," bawls English. "That suits me fine. Come on, you—come out in the back yard where we'll have room."

"All right. Come on boys, we'll go outside and show this shyster."

Cooke throws off his coat.

English throws off his coat.

"I'm ready for you now," yells Cooke.

"Come on, Billy and Butch," says English (Butch was the bouncer), "come on and let's beat him up."

That naturally brought hostilities to a halt. It also gave Tombstone a catch phrase. Whenever anything was to be done it was always, "Come on, Billy and Butch."

The English legend is full of pungent yarns of which every citizen and ex-citizen of Tombstone seems to know at least one.

They tell of the time English stepped out of a saloon and observed the full moon rising majestically just at the east end of Allen Street.

"Oh, Moon, thou are full," he declaimed. Then he added, "But you ain't a damn bit ahead of me."

Then there is the story of his trip to Bisbee with William Corkscrew Staehle. They had made a good start and were bowling cheerfully along in the buckboard when they came to a wash roaring full of water from some downpour back in the mountains. They had to stop and wait for the water to go down, which meant camping for the night.

In the morning, after they were on the road again, Staehle remarked, "We ought to call that place English Wash."

"Why ought we to call it English Wash?" demanded English.

"Because it's so full at night and dry next morning."

Farther on they struck another flooded arroyo and camped once more. In the morning the water was still running, but they managed to get across.

Then English had his turn. "That ought to be called Staehle Wash," said he.

"Why?"

"Full all the time."

Billy King remembers a time when English was mellower than usual and decided he wanted to fight. His victim was to be Dago Jim, but Dago Jim was not in the mood and took out on the run. English pursued through the front door of King's Saloon, across Allen Street, and down the alley beside the Cochise Hardware and Trading Company. Now the hardware merchants had a light iron track running from their warehouse in the rear out to the street. Empty boxes and cartons were piled alongside this track, and when English caught his toe under a rail and fell down, he brought an avalanche of these containers down upon him.

He struggled vainly for a moment, then bellowed, "Take him off, boys; I'm too drunk to fight."

No doubt it was after some such experience as this that the episode of the crow occurred. George Bravin, the deputy sheriff, had some boys,

and the boys had a pet crow which used to hop along from sign to sign above Allen Street and occasionally fly down on somebody's shoulder. When this happened to English he started back in pretended horror and cried quaveringly, "Not yet! Not yet! I'm a sick man, but not yet!"

The best story of all (and Billy King swears it is true) originated some fifteen or twenty years after English had come to Tombstone. By this time he was famous—famous enough, he thought, to step up the ladder a little farther. He became a candidate for appointment as U. S. District Attorney for the Territory of Arizona.

This was about the turn of the century, when Tombstone was no longer the metropolis it had been in the eighties, but it still had a population which was to a man behind the candidacy of Allen R. English.

To a man, perhaps, but not to a woman.

It was about the first of June when English and a knot of cronies were refreshing themselves at Billy King's bar and taking stock of the universe. The talk turned to San Juan's Day, a great Mexican holiday usually devoted to more or less violent pleasure.

"Well," said one of them, "it always rains on San Juan's Day and spoils the fun."

"By God, this is one San Juan's Day it won't rain," declared English.

"Bet you the drinks it does."

"I'll take that bet, and if it rains, I'll strip off naked and stand under that water spout."

It was a bet with the true gamy Tombstone flavor.

Tombstone sports scanned the skies eagerly as the twenty-fourth of June drew closer. On the fatal morning the horizon was dark with clouds, and before long the rain came.

At the height of the downpour Mr. Allen R. English, leading lawyer and candidate for public office, stepped from the front door of King's Saloon entirely nude, walked gingerly to the corner of the building, and took his place under the waterspout.

No sooner was he in position than a flash of light came from the house across the way—Mrs. Warnekros' Arlington Rooming House.

No one paid any attention to this phenomenon until English lost the appointment to the bench. When the reason was inquired into, it developed that someone had taken a picture of the candidate as he stood in his shivering nakedness beneath the waterspout. The same someone then sent the picture to Washington with the inscription, "This is the man you are considering for U. S. District Attorney." The finger of conjecture pointed at Mrs. Warnekros, who was no friend to high livers and deep drinkers, but no one ever found out for certain if she had done it, and she made vigorous denial.

In view of his constant dissipation, it is remarkable how well English held to his health and faculties. He was never one to provide for the future, however, and he grew hard up and seedy as Tombstone decayed and he grew older. One story is told which shows him taking his farewell of the old life. It was at the funeral of Fatty Ryan, former chief of police. No minister stood beside the grave. Ministers were not much in demand at this type of funeral. Allen English was a very successful substitute, however, and as usual he held forth in sonorous phrases for some time. At last he came to his conclusion.

"Fatty, old boy," said he, "rest in peace. In these days the King is high and the Ace is low."

It was true. Kings of finance, of commerce, of politics, had moved in. A lone Ace like English was not much account.

When the courthouse was moved to Bisbee in 1931, English went with it. He was now an old man and showed some signs of feebleness, yet even in that state he was able to provide one more story. He consumed a little more than his usual quantity one evening and failed to muster enough energy or interest to get home. He lay down in a vacant lot and went to sleep. Some kind soul saw him, felt it would be wiser to let him sleep it off where he was, and covered him with an old quilt. The next morning the Tucson and Bisbee papers carried a story of the death of Allen R. English.

Someone had seen him lying there and sent in a premature report. About the time his friends were beginning to grieve, he arose and came among them.

He went in good earnest on Nov. 8, 1937, leaving a memory which will take some killing before it dies. The West will not see his like again.

Send for Doc Goodfellow!

THE body on the table in front of Dr. George Goodfellow had been John Heath an hour before. The doctor knew all about him—his part in the cold-blooded "Bisbee Murders," a holdup in which several Bisbee citizens lost their lives—his capture and confinement in the Tombstone jail—the gathering of angry men from both towns that morning—Heath's game death as they strung him up to a telegraph pole. Oh, yes, Doc Goodfellow knew all about it! In fact, he had probably seen the whole performance and recognized every man in the crowd, for no masks were worn. It was a highly popular act of justice with everyone, including the Doctor, but as coroner he had a duty to perform.

He twisted a finger in his luxuriant mustache while he thought it out. The jury waited with minds at ease. They knew Doc would handle it all right.

"Boys," he said finally, "I can't see but one

ruling possible here. It's my opinion that this man died from emphysema of the lungs, which might have been, and probably was, caused by strangulation, self inflicted or otherwise, as is in accordance with the medical evidence."

No wonder he was the most popular man in Tombstone and one of the most widely known and admired figures in the Southwest.

The hanging of John Heath (Tombstone's only real lynching) took place on the morning of February 22, 1884. It brought Doc Goodfellow to the notice of a few Arizonans who hadn't heard of him before, but it didn't raise his stock any in his home town, for there it was already as high as it could go and had been so since his arrival four years before.

He came of good Pennsylvania stock, but his father (who was a mining engineer) followed his business to the West and the boy was born in California in 1855. He got his early education here and there—at various schools in California; at Meadville, Pennsylvania, the old family home. In 1872 he was enrolled at Annapolis, where he soon became well known as a very fine boxer and something of a fire-eater. Annapolis saw the last of him when he got into a difficulty with a negro midshipman (the first one at the Academy) and knocked the Government's colored guest down a flight of stairs.

Disappointed in his ambition, he immediately

started in hot pursuit of another and began preparing himself to practice medicine. When his course was finished and he was out in the world again, he headed west, served as an Army surgeon for a couple of years, and finally, in 1880, made himself at home in the lusty town of Tombstone. It was only a matter of hours until he became the busiest man in the community.

Tombstone took to him at once, for he was a dead game sport in the real Western tradition, a "hell of a fine feller." In the best society he was an aristocrat, a fine-looking gentleman with perfect manners, his blue eyes genial, his mouth beneath the big roll of mustache smiling pleasantly. He was also a gentleman when he was not in the best society, but a gentleman of another kind—the sporting kind—at home in every bar and gambling hall and a friend of all the boys. Talkative, energetic, pugnacious, generous, he was in his element on the frontier and won the unqualified applause of all his frontier acquaintances from the mayor to the cheapest tinhorn gambler.

As a medical man also he was vigorous and important. Dr. Miley B. Wesson (who wrote a sketch of his life in 1933) lists thirteen medical and scientific papers which he published between 1879 and 1907—on prostatectomy, on gunshot wounds in the abdomen, on Gila monsters, on the impenetrability of silk to bullets. He quite properly regarded himself as a foremost authority on

gunshot wounds because of his daily and nightly opportunities for study and practice.

The plain truth is that a good many desperados would call on nobody else when they were in trouble.

Doc Goodfellow talked over that part of his practice one time with A. S. Reynolds, an old-time Arizona railroad man.

"Many a time," he said, "a man would ride up to my home at night, get me out of bed, and tell me one of the boys was hurt, that he was at Curly Bill's camp. I would go with him and find several holes in his hide made hypodermically with a gun that was loaded. I never asked how it happened. That didn't interest me. My object was to see if I could save him. Also I was interested in my fee. It was always a good one, and I always received it at the time, or maybe a day or two later. In case I had to wait, someone would call on me in a few days and say, 'Curly asked me to hand this money to you for your last visit. He told me to tell you to count it, and if it was not all right he would make it right the next time he saw you.' I will say that I never lost a cent by the men I attended for Curly Bill."

Better people than Curly Bill felt the same as he did, and a good many relied on Doc next to God Almighty. The Mexicans called him "El Doctor Santo"—the blessed doctor—after his work among them at the time of the Sonora

earthquake in 1887. He was summoned to attend cases many miles away and always responded no matter what the inconvenience.

The Tombstone papers speak matter-of-factly about some of these expeditions:

> Dr. Goodfellow returned at 10 o'clock last night from O'Donnel's camp on the New Mexico and Arizona railroad near the mouth of the Barbacomari, where he was called to attend upon a man who was blown up while tamping a blast with an iron bar. The poor fellow will lose both eyes and one hand as the result of his temerity in tamping powder with an iron bar.

> Dr. Goodfellow left for Sulphur Springs valley this afternoon to attend the wife of Mr. Shearer, who is quite ill. The doctor went prepared to make some good Indians in case he should be attacked.

In spite of these heavy drains on his time and energy, Doc Goodfellow had enough left to join in all the social and recreational pursuits of the town. He was a founder of the Tombstone Club and of the Tombstone Scientific Society. He was even a member of the Tombstone Stock Growers' Association. In fact, he was a moving spirit in all group activities except church bazaars and prayer meetings. He preferred the barroom to the bazaar any day, and barroom society repaid him by deferring to his judgment and following his leadership. The Crystal Palace was his favorite hangout, especially when Joe Bignon took it over after giving up the Bird Cage. Nobody ever though of looking for Doc at his office if the

Crystal Palace was open. When he could not be located at either his bar or his office, it was only necessary to find out where a bet or contest of some kind was being settled. If it was a boxing match, wrestling match, or horse race, Doc Goodfellow was there taking charge.

In case his craving for sport could not be satisfied normally, he arranged exhibitions all by himself. He would walk into a saloon or gambling house and post fifty dollars with the proprietor who would get busy and arrange something. There was much Cornish-style wrestling (in jackets) among the miners. A couple of them could always be found who would risk a broken neck for fifty dollars and feel that the promoter had done them a favor.

He was a good fighter himself, thanks to the practice he got at Annapolis, and would smack the miners around occasionally, sending a suit of clothes or something else of value to his victims if he thought they had anything coming.

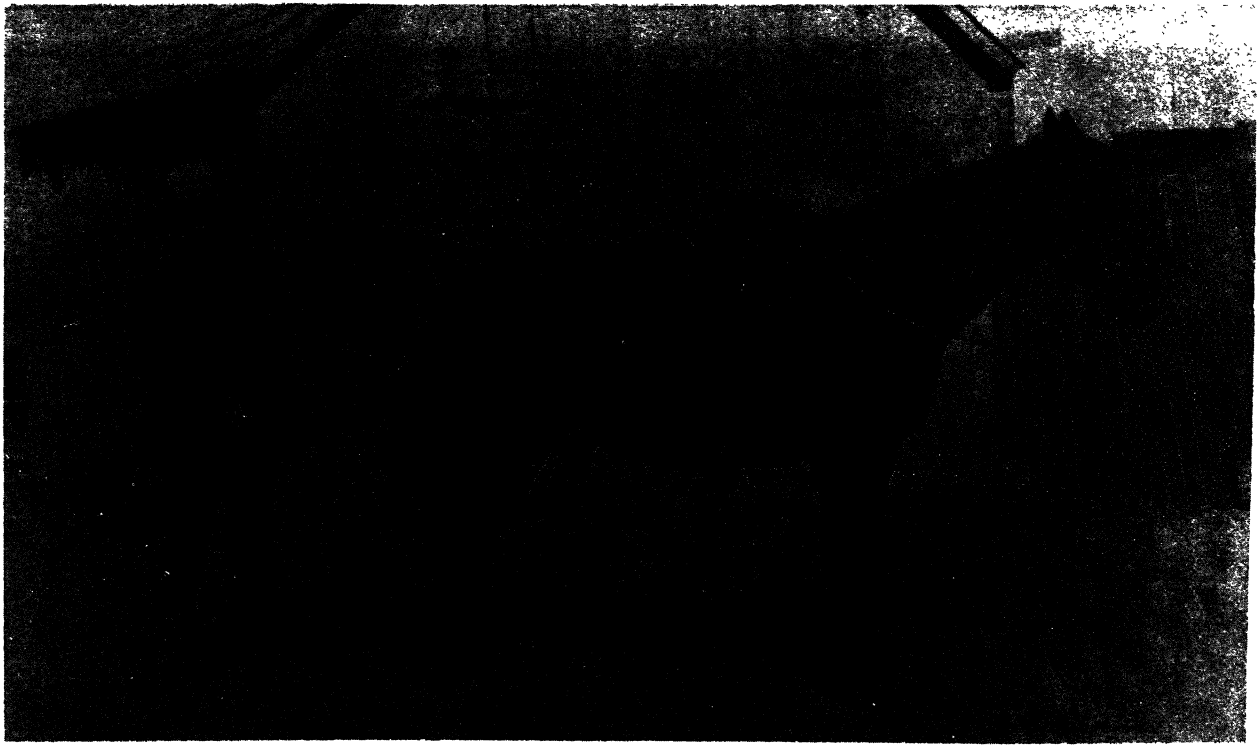
And so he came to be a sort of mining-camp oracle who presided over the rough-hewn proprieties of the world of cowboys, tinhorns, sports, gamblers, and bar flies—a sort of rough-and-tumble Emily Post—the kind of man who fires the pistol to start a race, says a few last words over a dead card sharp, or holds the stakes when there is heavy betting. Nothing happened in the sporting society of Tombstone that he wasn't in

on, and nine times out of ten he had a hand in starting it.

There are many men still alive who remember Dr. Goodfellow with kindness. Among them is his old ranch foreman, Billy King, who helped him out of a difficulty in 1882 by taking charge of the Snake Ranch and became his friend forever after.

Why in the world Doc had to have a ranch is still a mystery. Maybe it was the great American hunger for land. Maybe he won it on a bet. You never could tell about Doc. He was a very impulsive fellow and was always pulling some rabbit out of his hat. However he got the property, he soon wished he hadn't, and that went for his partner, too, the partner being Captain Leonard Wood, medical officer at Fort Huachuca, who later became the famous General Wood.

The Snake Ranch (officially the Huachuca Cattle Company) was losing money every day. It couldn't have been the management, for the man in charge was J. V. Vickers, a shrewd little Quaker with a long limp mustache and a genius for economy. He handled a great deal of the cattle, mining, and real-estate business of the region and should have been able to straighten things out, but he wasn't. Even a tight-fisted Quaker can't make cows have calves, and it looked as if some sort of race suicide might be in operation on the Snake Ranch. Only a few



Dr. Goodfellow at a moment when nobody happened to be sending for him.

hundred calves were being branded each year when there should have been thousands. Plenty of people were getting rich in the neighborhood, but not Goodfellow and Wood. Doc looked as serious as his good-humored features would allow and went off to play a little monte against a young fellow who had opened up in the Crystal Palace. He was a cowboy with a good outfit and a little money. The boys around town had a hunch they could beat him. Sometimes they did, too. Doc got into conversation with him.

"Where you from, Cowboy?"

"Most anywhere you care to mention. I was driving cows with the Webfeet last year. I took a herd from Oregon over into Montana."

"How did you come to settle in our little garden spot here?"

"Well, it's this way. I got so cold up there in Montana I came down here to thaw out."

"The boys here are liable to freeze you out worse than the weather in Montana unless you're better than most cowboy gamblers. Then what'll you do?"

"Go back to punching the old cows again. I'm a first-class cowpuncher, if I do say it."

"What's your name?"

"Billy King."

The result was a meeting in J. V. Vickers' office, with Goodfellow and Wood present, during which Billy King was told that they needed a

tough specimen to run the ranch and they thought he would do.

"I'll take it on one condition," said Billy. "I've got to have my own way about everything. I'll do the buying and the hiring and firing. And the first thing I'm going to do is fire every last man you've got out there at the ranch."

Doc looked at Captain Wood to see if he would agree. It was a ticklish point, for Captain Wood had made a place on the ranch for a number of his friends and favorites who had left the army. Captain Wood nodded.

"That goes," said Goodfellow. "Get in the buckboard and we'll go out."

The new deal began from that minute. Billy King new exactly what was the matter, and exactly how to stop it.

In the first place there was the matter of "slow brands." Practically every employee of the ranch had some sort of brand which he laid claim to and with which he felt at liberty to decorate the hides of all the orphan calves he could find. The secret of getting a start in the cattle business was to find enough motherless calves. This was arranged by earmarking calves and omitting to brand them. Anybody looking over a herd and seeing an earmarked calf following a cow would naturally suppose the calf had been branded. Then when the calf was weaned and separated from its mother, the slow brand would be burned

on its flank and the earmarks would be changed.

Billy King was well up on these tactics, having had a slow brand of his own back in Texas. He made it quite plain to all his new outfit that all calves following the Snake cows were Snake property.

The next step was to call on the neighbors, and this was really ticklish business. Those neighbors were as tough as they came in a very tough country. Billy rode around to each and dropped a gentle hint. He came for peace, he said, but if anybody in those parts wanted war, they would get more than they asked for. It would be healthy in future to lay off the Snake brand.

Finally he called on Uncle Billy Plasters, who had a ranch just across the line in Mexico. Uncle Billy was a famous Texas character, noted for hospitality, who always greeted a newcomer with fresh beef and an invitation to "light down and git you a fresh hoss."

"Let's put in together and do this right," King said. "We'll both make more." Uncle Billy and his son Major (Maje acted as his boss) were agreeable, and from then on they went out together on the roundups. Results began to show. The Snake cowboys had branded four hundred calves the year before. They branded fourteen hundred the first year the new foreman was in charge.

It took some doing, naturally. Billy King was

always first up in the morning rushing the cook and helping the horse wrangler. He was always first away from the table at dinner. George Spindles, who worked for Uncle Billy, used to complain about it, pushing his big hat over his eyes:

"God damn, I starve myself to death following that son-of-a-gun. He don't eat, he don't sleep, he don't even walk. When he gets off his horse he starts to run."

Naturally Doc was pleased with the new order of things and developed a friendly concern for the man who was responsible. He showed his feeling in a characteristic way a few months after Billy King took charge.

The ranch house was a long stone's throw from the Little Cienega, and the water supply for the outfit came from a well which was dug a short distance from the riverbank. It was boarded up a little to keep the frogs out, but seep water is seep water, and pretty soon Mr. William King, the foreman, was down with a case of chills and fever.

Out came Dr. Goodfellow in his dual role of proprietor and physician.

"Hell," said he, "we can't let that feller be sick. Where's your water?"

Shaking like a leaf, Billy showed him the can, fresh from the well. Dr. Goodfellow smelled of it and threw it out.

"Where's your well?" he demanded.

They told him.

"Fill it up and get some whiskey."

"I'll fill up the well, but where do I get the whiskey?"

"I'll send it out tonight."

He did, too, and everybody at the ranch took the cure as long as the ten-gallon keg held out.

A little later Billy shared another experience with him which shows what a frontier doctor was.

Goodfellow came by the ranch on his way to attend Señora Camou, who was expectant. The Camou family was a princely one, and the Camou ranch at the head of the San Pedro River was a large establishment. There was a custom-house and store besides the ranch house, and to add to his consequence the proprietor had banking interests at Guaymas and Hermosillo.

It was a twenty-six mile jaunt from the Snake Ranch to the Camou hacienda. Billy tied his horse behind Doc's buckboard and went along.

On arrival they found a *mozo* to put up their horses. Then Dr. Goodfellow went about his business while Billy went into Marmolejo's store to look into the possibility of a little monte.

He saw Doc at supper and asked him how it was going.

"All right. Soon be finished."

"Good. Call me when you're ready to go."

Billy lay down and slept on a Mexican rawhide cot. About daylight Goodfellow woke him.

"Come on. We're going. It's all over."

The buckboard was at the door, and the *mozos* were loading into it three boxes, each of which contained about a thousand pesos—fifteen hundred dollars in American money, all told.

They had to drive easy through the washes and arroyos so as not to break down the overloaded buckboard. When they reached the Snake Ranch, Doc persuaded Billy to come on into Tombstone with him lest he be robbed. Billy went, but it wouldn't have made much difference. That money went almost as fast as if there had been a holdup. Goodfellow must have spent two thousand pesos that night. He bought innumerable drinks, arranged wrestling matches, and gambled for big stakes. He stayed up all the next night throwing away his money with great applause and success.

The climax of Doc's career in Tombstone came in September, 1891, when a nasty scandal broke at Tucson. Dr. John C. Handy was the Southern Pacific surgeon at the time, and also Chancellor of the University of Arizona—a very important man. His importance, however, did not prevent his wife from suing him for a divorce. She engaged as her lawyer Francis J. Heney, who later made a great reputation for himself in San Francisco as an enemy of graft and vice. On Septem-

ber 24, Heney shot and mortally wounded Dr. Handy in a quarrel on the street.

When it became clear that his case was desperate, the wires began to hum with messages to Dr. Goodfellow. "Come at once. Hurry."

The doctor took to the railroads and made a run which is still remembered with amazement by Arizona trainmen. A. S. Reynolds, whose remarks have been quoted once before in these pages, has written down his recollections of the ride for Mrs. George F. Kitt of the Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society.

Reynolds, a brakeman, was sitting on a baggage truck in front of the depot at Willcox at five in the morning waiting for orders. The telegraph operator and several other men sat with him. All at once the telegraph began clicking and the operator said, "Keep still—a general call."

The instrument stopped, then started again. The operator read the message off:

"Doctor Handy shot by Frank Heney in Tucson."

The men started talking excitedly, but were again interrupted by the telegraph.

"Call for Willcox?" said the operator, and dashed into the station.

In a minute he dashed out again calling to Conductor Joe Scott, "Orders for you."

Conductor Scott went in and got his orders.

He handed a copy to the engineer who read the message aloud:

Conductor J. Scott run extra to Benson. Pick up Dr. Goodfellow. Other orders at Benson for you.

J. S. N.

They got aboard the engine and caboose waiting on the tracks and made speed to Benson. There the trainmaster handed them another message:

When Dr. Goodfellow arrives make best possible time to Tucson.

G. H.

As Conductor Scott was signing his orders a light engine arrived at the Benson yards. Dr. Goodfellow and his daughter Edith got off and ran past the caboose toward the engine of Scott's train. Reynolds was standing on the steps of the caboose.

"Get in," he said. "We're waiting for you."

"We're going to ride on the engine," Doc flung back over his shoulder.

As soon as the passengers were aboard, Conductor Scott gave the signal to pull out. He had a clear track and orders to "run wild."

"Going over Mescal grade," said Reynolds, "I was sitting in the cupola of the caboose. I saw the engineer change places with the doctor. The doctor then had the throttle of the engine and he pulled it wide open. We sure traveled going

up that grade to Mescal. Leaving Mescal, it is downgrade to Tucson. Also it is a very crooked piece of track down through the Cienega wash.

"We sure was obeying orders. Run wild as we passed through that wash of the Cienega.

"As we was passing through Pantano Station my conductor jumped to the opposite side of the cupola and set the hand brakes, saying to me, 'You damned fool, why don't you set that hand brake and hold the train down. We will sure go in the ditch at Cienega bridge.'

"I let that brake off right after he set it, telling him, 'You are sliding the wheels on the light caboose and we are more liable to be wiped off the track when wheels slide than we would be if the wheels rolled.'

"While I was talking to Conductor Scott we struck the east curve—at the approach of the Cienega bridge. Then the west curve at the west end.

"I was very busy hanging onto the grab iron on the side of the caboose cupola to keep from being thrown out of my seat.

"While we were traveling the edge of the Cienega some cattle ran across the track ahead of the engine. It looked very serious for a while. But we missed them and arrived at Vail's Station O. K. twenty miles from Tucson. From there to Tucson the track is straight and down hill. We sure was going some at that time. It was more

like being shot out of a large gun than running on wheels.

"Before I could realize it, Engineer Goodfellow blew the whistle for Tucson, turning the engine over to the regular engineer to handle the air brakes and stop the train at Tucson.

"At Tucson the yardmaster, Q. Smith, got on the engine as it passed him, telling the engineer to pull down to the Main Street crossing.

"At the crossing there was a hack waiting for Dr. Goodfellow. He and his daughter entered it and was driven to Dr. Handy's house."

The result of this wild ride was both good and bad. Dr. Goodfellow lost his patient, but was appointed to succeed him as Southern Pacific surgeon.

He moved to Tucson, later went to San Francisco, and later still to Guaymas, Mexico. He died in 1910 at Los Angeles.

While he was still at Tucson he kept regular days at Tombstone and served the community as before. After he moved away for good, his Tombstone friends often wondered if he could possibly be as happy in the big city as he had been in the frontier town with his fast mule team, his Cornish wrestlers, and his fifteen-hundred-dollar fees. The chances are he had his regrets. Dr. Goodfellow and Tombstone were a perfect match.

Men on Wheels

IT WAS just about daylight, and the weather was cold even for March, but Tombstone had not yet gone to bed. Everybody in town seemed to be shivering on the street corners or warming the inner and outer man in one of the saloons.

All of them seemed to be curious about something going on at the west end of Allen Street, and every now and then someone would step out into the middle of the sandy road to see if anything was happening yet. Finally, just as the first shell pink began to flush up over the Dragoons, a stir and a clatter commenced far down the road near the cemetery. A rattle of wheels and a jingle of trace chains grew louder. Twenty-four mules, just getting into the collar, trotted by with a blacksnake whip popping at their ears and four wagons in tandem trailing behind.

The ghost of a cheer went up from the crowd.

"Well, there goes the last button on Gabe's coat," remarked Fatty Ryan, the Chief of

Police, to Billy King as they stood in the doorway of Billy's saloon next to the O. K. Corral.

"Yes, we're going to hell now. The town'll never come back."

Another long team and string of wagons went by. Another and another. The crowd settled back into a numb silence and didn't cheer any more. The only sounds were the chuckling of wagon hubs, the creak of harness, and an occasional burst of red-hot cuss words from the asbestos thoat of a mule-skinner.

Wagon after wagon went by, and still they kept coming. The watchers counted seventy-five of them, some with two or three trailers hitched on behind.

Every man who watched them go had a long face and a feeling that the good old days had been loaded into those wagons and were being hauled away. But they all knew that it had to be. The year was 1893. The mines had almost stopped producing. Fortunes in silver belonged to the legendary past. The railroads were taking over more and more of the hauling business.

Several small freighting outfits had folded up, but nobody paid much attention until J. E. Durkee announced that he was checking out too. That really meant something, and the businessmen began to realize what was going on. The more they thought about it, the more they felt that some noble gesture should be made. After all, it

was a good deal like a funeral, and obsequies seemed to be called for. So they all kept open house and did their best to "tear the bone out."

All night long the swinging doors flapped in and out and the mourners surged through the streets. All night long the bartenders sweated and steamed as they opened up fresh supplies. For Durkee's men the drinks were on the house. Mule drivers, swampers, clerks, cooks, blacksmiths, wagonmakers, handy men — they all drank until their knees grew rubbery and their tongues grew thick. When there was no room in them for another drop, the saloonkeepers gave them quarts and gallons of drinkables to take along in case a vacancy should develop later.

As a parting gesture the teams and wagons swung down Allen Street in a sort of last review. By the time the sun was clear of the eastern hills, the last wagon was out of sight on its way to the Congress Mine eighty miles northeast of Phoenix.

Tombstone, like most of the boom settlements, was a horse-and-wagon town, and it stayed that way for twenty-five years—longer than most. The bullwackers, mule skinners, and stage drivers—the men on wheels—hauled everything that entered or left the place. Business would have frozen solid without them.

Besides being useful, the wagonmen were interesting. Tough, courageous, resourceful, they

brought their cargoes through under conditions which would have put gray hairs on the scalp of an old-time clipper captain. And yet you seldom heard one of them brag of his exploits or regret his hard life.

This was true even of the lowliest of them—the bullwhackers. In the days of the Santa Fe Trail a bullwhacker had considered himself as good as any mule skinner who ever was born—maybe better; but out here in Arizona the balance had been upset. The bull men were just human rubbish to the rest of the men on wheels. The dance-hall girls and tinhorns looked down on them. They had a hard life.

Probably their business brought out the worst in them. Mostly they hauled timber. There were trees in the Huachuca Mountains thirty miles west of Tombstone and better ones in Rucker Canyon, nearly fifty miles east, in the Chiricahuas. Even the shorter of these distances was a long jaunt for a bull. It took a week to get him out and back, and the men who drove him suffered worse than the bull himself.

When a bullwhacker got in from a trip, he put his beasts up at one of the numerous corrals scattered around the edge of town—maybe old Buckshot Garret's—and went looking for something to wash the alkali out of his throat. He usually made the rounds of a group of dives (on the edge of town like the bull corrals) which

were known as "The Doggeries." Included in the term were some low-class bawdy houses and the huts of Mexican mescal vendors. Mescal was a fiery Mexican potion which cost little and kicked like a mule. It was the bullwhackers' favorite drink.

A good deal more civilized than the bull beaters were the jerk-line drivers. They drove twenty-four-mule teams for a living, drank nothing but whiskey, played nothing but faro bank, and spent their money freely at the best saloons and parlor houses.

It may still be possible to see a man driving a twenty-four-mule team somewhere in the United States, but the sight is certainly not common, and even people who have seen it do not always appreciate its magnificence. A wagon train was not just some horses or mules hitched to a wagon—it was a community in which men and animals worked in harmony at highly specialized tasks.

The main or lead wagon was a monstrous thing which held hundreds of pounds of cargo. Following it came a smaller one called the swing wagon; behind that the trailer; and behind the trailer a fourth wagon called the junk box, in which bedding, grain, food, and other necessaries were carried.

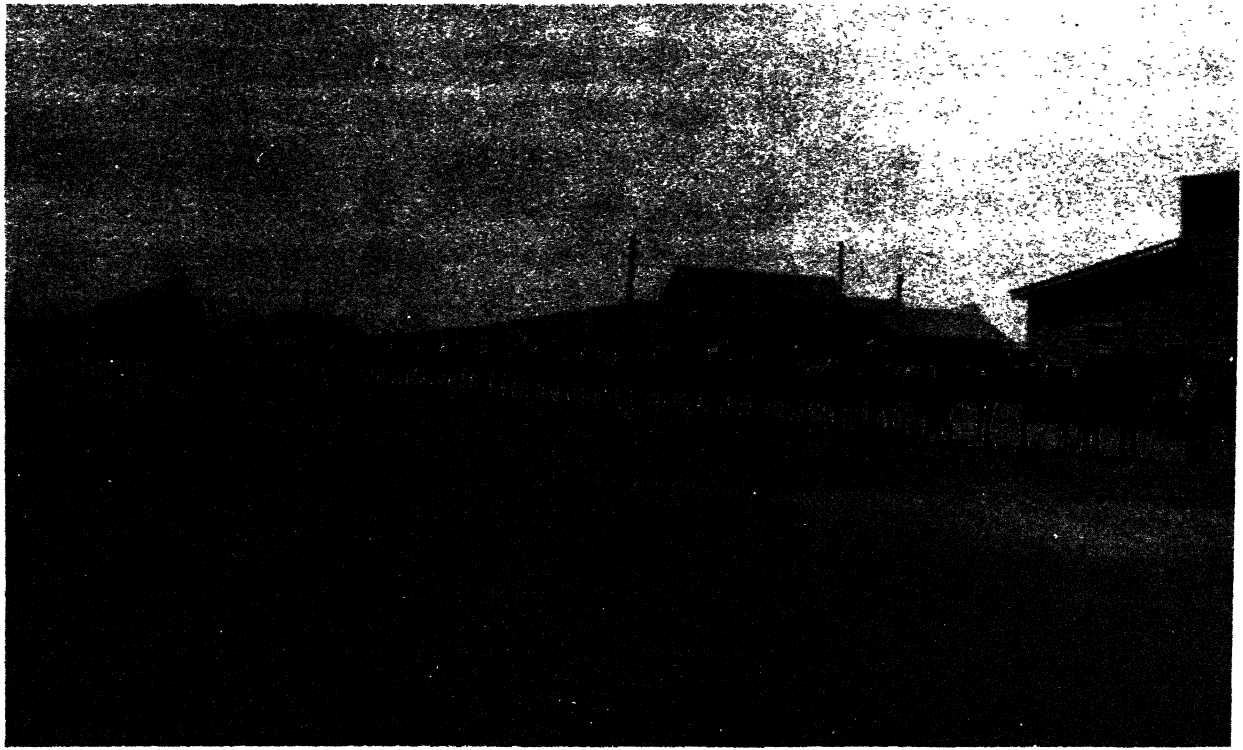
The powerhouse which kept this mountainous load moving was usually a twenty-four-mule team strung out in pairs, one mule on each side

of a long chain. Next the wagon were the wheelers; ahead of them were the pointers; then came the lead pointers. All the rest of the mules except the two leaders out in front were spoken of collectively as the swing.

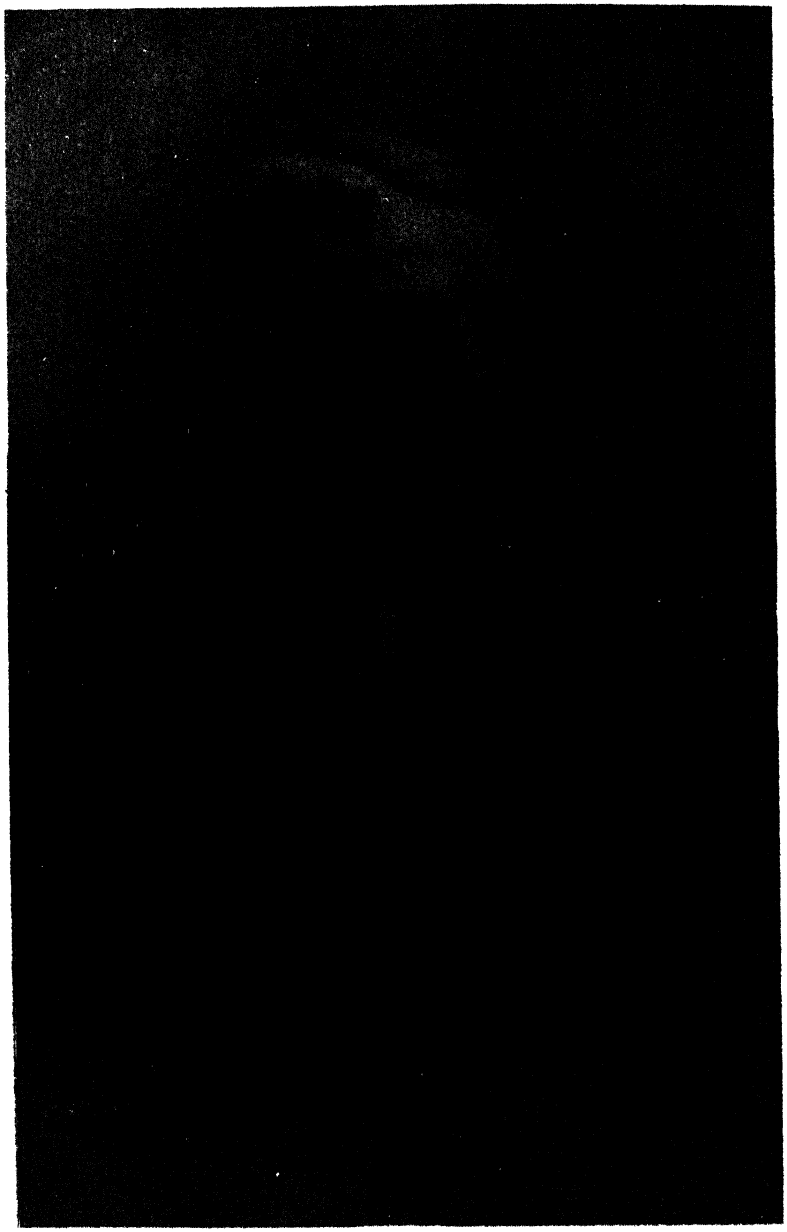
On the back of the nigh or left-hand wheeler rode the jerk-line driver. In his left hand he held the jerk line which ran through a ring in the hames of each mule on the nigh side all the way to the bridle of the nigh leader. In his right hand he carried the terrible blacksnake whip which he used with cold-blooded dexterity. Hitched to his saddle horn was a rope which sloped back and upward to the long brake lever on the left side of the wagon.

Handling one of these outfits was partly a matter of signals and partly a matter of mule psychology. The lead mule on the right or off side had attached to his bridle bit a jockey stick extending to the hames of the nigh leader. This stick automatically pushed or pulled him into the proper course. His team mate, the nigh leader, was the one who got the instructions over the jerk line from the driver. A steady pull threw the animal's head to the left and swung the team around. Repeated jerks meant a right turn, and no lead mule ever made a mistake about it.

The psychology came in when it was necessary to swing the wagons sharply. Here the wheelers and pointers took the play and would pull off to



Strung out and ready to go.



George Thompson, the worm who turned a shotgun on Angus Arbuckle.

left or right while the swing and the leaders came around in a wider circle.

The driver would yell, "Get over there, Nelly!" and Nelly would jump the chain, put her shoulders into it, and start the wagons swinging around. The pointers were the best-trained mules in the team, for much depended on their intuition. The wheelers and pointers were always the particular pets of the driver. He usually fed them himself, for he had to know them and they had to know him.

The jerk-line driver who handled one of these wagon outfits needed to be a man of unusual gifts. One mule is bad enough to drive, but twenty-four are two dozen times worse. Then there were the roads over which the wagon trains had to travel—ruts hub deep, heavy sand, steep grades, mud flats in the rainy season. Add to that mosquitoes, Apaches, and other pests and you have the jerk-line driver's daily life.

To cope with these difficulties the driver developed his own peculiar skills. He was completely self-reliant, being his own veterinarian, horse wrangler, military escort, cook, and housekeeper. His loneliness taught him also to be generous, and many a wanderer over the desert saw his twinkling campfire at night and came in to be welcomed to the driver's beans and blankets.

To help in the discharge of his duties he cultivated two talents: He was an expert with the

whip and he was a dramatic and inventive cusser. A good one could be heard for miles around when he raised his voice on a still day. He never left his mules in any doubt about anything, and they responded amazingly. He could swing his twenty-four animals and four wagons in a space where an ordinary driver would have trouble with four mules and a single wagon.

So important a person was the jerk-line driver that he had to have one or more flunkies, and their lot was not always happy.

Angus Arbuckle, one of the best of the drivers, was particularly rough on his "swampers." Once he was freighting some machinery for a stamp mill which was being built at Soldier Holes and had condescended to take with him as his swamper a harmless, roly-poly young man named George Thompson. George was better known in Tombstone as a gardener than as a horseman, but that two-fifty a day came in handy every now and then.

When the road was smooth enough to make the going easy, Angus got out of his saddle and climbed up on the wagon, taking his jerk-line and blacksnake with him. There he sat, spitting tobacco juice and taking his majestic ease. Thompson observed his behavior with interest, for he had been running up and down the line of mules all day and his tongue was practically hanging out. Shortly after Angus climbed up

on the front of the wagon, George climbed up on the back.

"George," said Angus for the fiftieth time that day, "get the shovel and beat up the off twenty-two."

Now the off twenty-two was next to the leaders, far, far away at the front of things.

George said nothing and made no move—just sat there with his shotgun in his lap as if looking for game along the road.

Angus unwrapped his blacksnake from around his neck, lashed out, and made George's gun barrel jump.

"Get, you son-of-a-gun! Get up there and beat up that off twenty-two!"

George turned the muzzle of his shotgun on a fellow human being for the first time in his inoffensive life.

"Get off and beat him up yourself, you big lazy loafer, or I'll blow you off."

And Angus got down and did as he was told.

Tombstone laughed heartily, but Angus didn't. "He'd of killed me if I hadn't," he declared.

King of the freighters was J. E. Durkee, a human dynamo with a fierce red mustache, a durable body, and a companionable disposition. Like so many of the firstcomers, he had made his last stop in Nevada and had caught the fever when everybody else headed for Tombstone. But he was no whiskery prospector scenting

silver from afar. He was a capitalist to start with, and had better ideas for getting money than digging it out of the ground with a pick.

Before his teamsters and equipment arrived, he was on the ground making friends, telling stories, and arranging for a place to set up his wagon yard. The spot he chose was out near the cemetery at the west end of Allen Street, which was Tombstone's Broadway. There he built his castle. It had no moated walls but it had a blacksmith shop and a mess shed and a business office and room enough to take care of most of the mule teams which did the work of Tombstone before the railroad arrived.

There was plenty of work to do. Every day the great, white-topped freight wagons lurched and jolted out on the road to Mexico, loaded with supplies for the isolated mining communities. They toiled up the canyons to camps in the foothills. They hauled the rich silver ore from the Tombstone mines out to the railroad and brought back the tools and food and whiskey which kept Tombstone going.

There were other freighters in town, but Durkee led them all, mostly because he could play two games at once. He looked, talked, and drank like a gentleman, and at the same time he was well liked by the sporting crowd. He hobnobbed with capitalists and political heavyweights (to his great profit) but he had just as good a time

swapping stories and haw-hawing with the loafers at the O. K. Corral. His wife was the bell cow of the social herd; his children threatened to become as useless and ornamental as if they had grown up on Long Island; Durkee himself knew what to do with a teacup. But the practical side of his life was just as well developed. He could handle horses and men and knew his business from the ground (or the hoof) up. He could drive past one of the toiling mule teams and tell at a glance if anything was wrong. That evening Joe McPherson, his general manager, would say to the teamster who had been under observation, "Your off pointer isn't working just right. Put him in another team." Of course Durkee never went over his manager's head to instruct the teamsters personally.

The men had forebodings whenever the boss came within eyeshot of one of the outfits. You would hear one say, "Durkee went by today. I suppose I'll lose another wheeler." And likely as not some such change would be made.

These tactics at least kept things from growing monotonous, and, besides, they were profitable. Durkee made his pile on every contract but he didn't keep it all. A good share was passed on in the form of high wages to his men. A jerk-line driver drew one hundred and fifty dollars a month and board—a noble sum. Even the swampers were better paid than most

flunkies, earning seventy-five dollars a month or thereabouts. A cook got seventy-five dollars. Blacksmiths and wagonmakers rated a little more. Most of them were the free-spending type which the West loved so well, but the jerk-line drivers threw their money around more freely than the others. It was a long and lonesome road they traveled when the spree was over, and they aimed to have a time that would last them a while whenever they got into town.

It was a blow to Tombstone when Durkee and his men pulled out, but by 1890 there wasn't anything else for them to do unless they wished to stay and starve to death. So they said an alcoholic farewell and went over the hill.

One type of teamster continued to flourish for some years after the jerk-line drivers were gone. This was the stage driver, who lasted until the railroad ran him out in 1903. About him there was and is a considerable halo of romance. He was the one who met the trains at Fairbank or Benson and brought in the curious visitors and the returning travelers. He was the one who came and went accompanied by the grim figure of the express messenger armed with the authority of Buckshot and the Law. He was the one who carried the bullion shipments and the payrolls and who survived (or didn't) the attacks of the ever-possible stage robber.

It was a pretty sight on a cold winter morning

to watch the fat, sleek horses doing impatient little waltz steps while the passengers got settled and the driver took his place. It was stirring to watch them surge into the collar when the driver shouted, "Let 'er go!" and the stable boys sprang away from their heads. There was something heroic about the way the driver climbed stiffly down after a winter run and got somebody to help him pry the six lines out of his numbed hands. You couldn't be sure that he was a church member, but you knew he was a man.

Wild horses and chilly weather were not the worst features of the stage driver's life, either. The winter wind is not so chilly as a bad man's heart, and the stage driver never knew when he might be shot off his perch so that someone might rifle the mail or express. There was usually a shotgun messenger provided by the Wells, Fargo people, but he wasn't always to be depended on in a tight place. And even when the express messenger was a good man, the stage driver was not out of danger. And that brings up the case of Bud Philpot, who came to an unexpected end in the spring of 1881.

This was only a couple of years after Tombstone began to boom and conditions were pretty bad. Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday and their clan were dispensing what passed for law and order, but still the lawlessness grew. Stage robbery was especially popular in spite of all the

precautions the transportation companies could think up.

The only man the bandits seemed to respect was an express messenger named Bob Paul, an ex-sailor and ex-sheriff whose record as a hunter of desperados made him a terror to the bad men. The sight of his dark, heavy face and thick figure on the box at the left of the driver always made the passengers feel better. It made the driver feel better too.

On the morning of his death Bud Philpot's good-humored face broke into a grin when Bob Paul climbed up beside him and stowed the double-barreled shotgun where it would be handy. It was just after daylight. The air was brisk and vigorous.

"Nice morning," said Bob. "Going to be hot later."

"Yes," agreed Bud Philpot, clenching his teeth and losing his grin as he took a fresh grip on the lines. "But it ain't a patch on how hot them mules will be inside of five miles. They're wild as deer."

"First time they've been driven?"

"Just about, I guess. My arms are beginning to ache already. All right, boys. Let 'er go."

The half-broken mules crouched for an instant and sprang like tigers for the corral gate.

Bud tussled with them for several miles. Then he began to feel the strain.

"Take the lines a while, will you?" he requested. "My arms are getting awful tired."

Bob Paul changed places with him, and as they topped a little rise a shotgun boomed from a clump of brush beside the road.

The whole top of Bud Philpot's head disappeared. A shocked and unbelieving look came over his face, and he slumped slowly down till he was a shapeless huddle against Bob Paul's legs.

Twice more the guns spoke. A passenger got one load of buckshot in his body and died a few hours later.

Bob Paul drove the mules on to Benson, and a posse rode out to the scene of the murder. They found nothing beyond a few tracks in the sand. It was a vicious crime and caused much resentment, but no one dared to say who did it. Three amateur desperados well known in Tombstone were frequently spoken of, under the breath, as being responsible, and some curbstone sleuths thought Doc Holliday and the Earps did it. No formal charges were ever made.

The important fact to be noted here is that the load of buckshot which lodged in Philpot's head was meant for Bob Paul, the fighting man who guarded the stage. If Bud had never changed places—but his conclusion makes it plain enough that a stage driver couldn't feel any too safe when he was on duty.

Most of them didn't care, for they were brave men and great exhibitionists, always happy to prove their skill and courage. Once in a long while, however, one of them tired of his job and took up a serener life. Two or three times in the history of Tombstone a stage driver climbed down over the wheel, pinned on a badge, and became a peace officer. In each case the consequences were sad and showed conclusively that you can make a policeman out of almost anything, but not out of a stage driver.

Hugh Pugh was one of the dissatisfied minority. He was a big, rawboned, black-headed fellow from Nevada. At the time of these happenings he was forty or forty-five, but a very husky customer. Fatty Ryan, the chief of police, wished to lay aside his responsibilities, and the rulers of Tombstone decided that Hugh could fill his shoes. Hugh was willing to try.

At first he was happy. He had always been a faro bank fiend (though an unsuccessful one) and now he could spend all the time he wanted at or near the game. The boys jollied him on. He felt popular and socially desirable as he went from bar to bar, gun on hip and star on breast.

One other feature of his office interested him. It seemed to be customary for all the bartenders to declare that drinks were on the house when the Law hove in sight. Some small note of covetousness was touched in Hugh's soul, and he began to

absorb conscientiously everything the bartenders would give him. He had never been the kind to get down and out before, but now he began to show signs of weakness. By nine o'clock in the morning he was happy. By twelve he was mellow. By three he was boisterous. By six he was hilarious. By nine he was doing handsprings among the clouds. Along about that time somebody would have to put him, whooping and singing, into his bed at Mary Tack's rooming house.

From being a half-heroic figure on the driver's seat of the stage, he sank to the level of a barroom joke. The boys would make fun of him, trip him up just to see him fall, steal his badge and six-shooter, and roar at his owlish face when he belched out ferocious demands for a return of his property.

Billy King used to try to put a stop to it. "Take him up to Nappy Nick's or some place," he would tell them. "Don't get me in bad." They wouldn't listen.

Then one day Hugh got even drunker than usual in Billy King's barroom. His knees gave up the struggle, and he relaxed comfortably on the floor. Billy was out for supper at the time so the gang took Hugh in hand.

They stripped him of gun and badge.

Then they stripped him of everything else.

Then they tied him around a whiskey barrel and covered him with axle grease.

An hour or two later he came to and realized fully, for the first time, how he had been shamed and abused. At first he didn't feel anything but a whirlwind of anger. He wanted to kill somebody.

"Let me loose from here," he roared. And when he was free, "If I ever get hold of the sonofabitch that did this to me I'll shoot him right in the belly. Now who was it?"

"Billy King did it," they told him.

"By God, I'll kill him!" And Hugh headed for the door on the run, shedding tears of hate and shame. Three steps and his knees gave up again! He had to go home to Mary Tack's and get himself together before he was fit to kill anyone.

Billy heard of it and sent Butch Mayfield, his bouncer, over to pay a social call. When Butch saw his chance, he got Hugh's gun out from under the pillow and hollered for his employer, who was waiting outside in the hall. Hugh finally listened to reason and agreed to forget his plans for murder, especially when Billy convinced him that somebody else was responsible for the whiskey-barrel-and-axle-grease idea (it was an extra bartender named George Lang). But Billy had to talk faster than he ever had before.

After that something changed in the soul of Hugh Pugh. He stopped collecting free drinks, playing faro, and carousing around. He grew reserved and cool toward his old friends. He at-

tended to his duties conscientiously and went to bed at night.

In this pious condition he served out his term. On the day his time in office was up, he gave the saloon men and storekeepers the shock of their lives—he went around and paid his debts. This was something no normal peace officer had ever been known to do, and many people felt that there must be something wrong somewhere. Billy King accepted the hundred dollars due him, not quite believing his own eyes.

"Well, good-by," said Hugh Pugh.

"Are you leaving?"

"Yes, pulling out this afternoon."

Somewhere in Nevada, far from Tombstone's whiskey barrels and axle grease, he picked up the reins of a six-mule team and started life over.

The last stage rolled into Tombstone in 1903, the year the railroad came. The whistle of the first train was the signal which sent the men on wheels to join the battle-ax, the buffalo, and the bustle in the land of Things-That-Were. They won't be back.

John Slaughter Gets His Last Man

TIMES have changed in Arizona since John Slaughter was sheriff of Cochise County. The rustlers and stage robbers are gone. Curly Bill and Johnny Ringo have long since passed in their checks. The gamblers and the dance-hall girls are forgotten. The honest ruthlessness of frontier times is only a legend. John Slaughter had a good deal to do with bringing about the change; but John himself, the quietest and deadliest of the great peace officers, never changed at all.

Billy King, once John Slaughter's deputy, tells a story to prove it:

I don't know of anything (he begins) that shows the difference between the old-style and new-style peace officer better than John's last killing—the time he finished Pegleg. It got in the papers a good deal when it happened, but only half a dozen of us knew the truth of it, and we kept buttoned up.

I might as well start with Pegleg. He was the

corpse, and it's only right to give him the lead. And, besides, there isn't very much to say about him so it'll save time. His name was Arthur Finney, and he was a native Californian. He drifted into Arizona maybe two years before his funeral, and nobody was glad to see him come or sorry to see him go, because he was about the most ornery, cross-grained critter I ever ran up against—always on the prod.

I guess it was because he was a cripple. Being different like that can make a man bètter than most or it can curdle his insides like sour milk. Now this Pegleg was all right to look at—about thirty-two or thirty-three years old—nice complexion—long black mustache. You'd have taken him for a clerk or salesman of some kind when he was dressed up. But he was all the time remembering that he'd lost his left leg just below the knee in an accident and had a wooden one in place of it. The peg didn't handicap him any, because he could get around on it as lively as a whole man, and I never saw him touch a stirrup getting into a saddle. But it worked on his mind to where he got to be the most disagreeable damn son-of-a-gun I ever did see.

Drink and play monte was all he knew, with a little cow stealing on the side. About half the time he was riding the chuck line from one ranch to another, dropping in to the bunkhouse about mealtime so's to get asked to set up and eat. I

guess there wasn't a town in those parts he hadn't been drunk or disorderly in, and he knew his way around in all the jails in Arizona.

Now when John Slaughter was making his record as the greatest sheriff Arizona ever had, back in 1886 and from then on, a rounder like Peg was just a small annoyance, and John or his deputies ran him out or buried him without raising any sand about it, like they was exterminating bugs or killing snakes.

As a machine for enforcing the law John was one of the best the West ever saw, and the citizens of Cochise County were glad to let him handle things his own way. I think every once in a while that what this country needs is a few John Slaughters turned loose with no strings on them and no questions asked. It sure would save a lot of the money we spend on jails.

I was John's deputy for four years and I could tell a hundred stories about him. For instance, how he got himself elected Sheriff because the Wild Bunch was running off his stock and he needed to clean them out and he thought it would be easier if he could deal his game according to law.

The day after the election he rode around to quite a number of people and declared himself. He looked at them with those black eyes of his that could make a man's back crawl, and said gentle and quiet, hesitating like he always did:

"I s-a-a-y, boys, I s-a-a-y, I want you to lay off."

The ones that knew John well enough laid off like he said. The rest got what happened to Cyclone Bill, who limped over from Clifton on his game leg (he had a bullet in his knee) and sat in on a faro session that Billy Nichols was dealing at the Pony Saloon. Billy was too much for him, and Cyclone shot a hole through the layout and hobbled out. Then he commenced going from saloon to saloon getting drunker and drunker and madder and madder, and more and more sure he was going to take the town apart. Practically everybody in town heard him, including John Slaughter. Finally John thought he better take a hand. Cyclone was bucking wide open when John stepped up and stuttered,

"You say, you say you're going to do all that?"

"And more too," says Cyclone.

"I say, I say you're a liar and if you're here in the morning you'll be dead."

Cyclone wasn't so much of a fool as to be there next day. He went back to Clifton, tended to his law business, got to be a justice of the peace, and tried to get himself called by his right name instead of Cyclone. (His name was William Beck.)

That was the way John cleaned them out. Sometimes he went after them with a couple of deputies. Mostly he rode alone. He was a match

for the toughest gunmen in Arizona, and they were all scared to death of him. He always took the play and never waited for the other fellow to move first, but he was cautious too—always had a good man near him when he was out in the daytime, and when he rode the sixty miles to the San Bernardino ranch, which was home, he went alone and at night. It was safer that way.

In 1890 he'd had two terms in office and had the country all washed and wrung and hung out to dry. So he went home. But even when he was home he kept a lot of his old habits. He hit the saddle at dawn every morning and was out inspecting things before the hands had got the sleep out of their eyes. He always rode with a Winchester in his scabbard, a Colt in his holster, and a shotgun across his saddle. Nobody was going to catch old John napping. Not old John.

Now you've got your rope on Peg and John. I'd better tell you how I got in on the deal. At that time I was living at La Morita customhouse right on the Mexican border and on the road from Bisbee to the mines at La Cananea in Mexico. I thought I was going to get rich selling my land to the railroad that was building in (I didn't, though) and while I was waiting, I ran the Adobe Saloon and Hotel and kept a corral with twenty-two good horses in it, branded so they could operate on both sides of the border.

I made money, but it was a tough spot—I

guess about the toughest I ever was in. Everybody on the dodge showed up at my place. Black Jack Ketchum got supplies there. So did Burt Alvord after he broke jail. And the place was half way between Bonita Canyon and the hideouts in the San Jose Mountains—robbers' roosts both of them. And when the boys went from one to the other to make medicine, they stopped at my place to rest and drink and fight. Gotch-ear Bill Brown killed Dave Malcolm right outside my door, and Andy Darnell shot Loco Pete Johnson in the same place.

A few miles south of the line was the Mexican town of La Morita that the customhouse was named after. You know what those Mexican towns are like—ten 'dobe houses, a dozen burros, five hundred kids, and a thousand dogs. Only time it came to life was when they had a fiesta like the one Pegleg got in on.

It was the Sixteenth of September celebration, and those Mexicans were putting on a real show. They had cockfights and fist fights and knife fights and gun fights. They had tequila and sotol and mescal and rotgut and rat poison and tarantula juice. They had monte and faro and roulette and crap games going, a lot of them right out in the open street with maybe a scrap of tin or canvas overhead to keep out the sun. They were getting the business, too, so when Pegleg heard about it he thought maybe this was the

opening he'd been looking for. He rented a double buggy from Fletcher and Woods Livery Stable at Bisbee and pranced down to La Morita. He went to the *baile*, played a little monte, and laid his plans. Oh, he was a fox, that feller.

He waited till they started sacking up the change and putting the covers on the roulette wheels. Then he got himself a gunny sack, pulled his gun, and started in cleaning those gamblers of everything but their shirts. He started at the north end of the main street and worked south, and he didn't leave enough behind him to buy a shoelace off a Jew peddler. He had about a thousand pesos when he got through.

Moving fast, he got on one of his horses (leaving one horse and the buggy) and headed south. Pretty soon the Mexican posse got organized and went tearing south after him. But long before they got started, Peg had doubled back and headed north for the border. About 2:30 A. M. he knocked on my door.

I'd just closed up after a busy day, got my nightshirt on, and gone to bed when that racket on the door started up. I went to the door, mad as could be, and asked who the hell it was.

"It's Peg," he said, "and I'm in a jam. I want some whiskey and some sandwiches so I can ride the balance of the night."

I knew he was a tough and on the dodge, but this looked worse than ordinary. I knew what

happens to people when they get caught aiding and abetting a criminal. So I said, "Oh, come on, Peg, everything's locked up, and I've gone to bed. Why don't you put your horse up and wait till morning?"

But, no, Peg wanted to get fixed up right now, so finally I told him to go over to the saloon and I'd come through the back. As I went down the hall past my bedroom my wife handed me my gun. Then I went out the rear door, came in the back of the saloon, lit the coal-oil lamp, and opened the front door.

Peg stepped inside and pushed his gun right into my teeth. "Bill," he said, down in his throat, "I ain't anxious to hurt you, but I got to have that stuff. Now you be quiet and give me that gun."

Well, sir, I never was so scared in my life. Me in my bare feet; nothing on but a cotton night-shirt; and that crazy fool bulldogging me with a gun. It sounds funny now but it wasn't funny then. I figured Mrs. King was going to be a widow any minute. I knew I'd better keep talking, though, so I joshed around the best I could about how I couldn't do much for him with a gun in my ribs. When he finally backed off a little I got out a quart of whiskey and hollered across to my wife to get the cook up to make the sandwiches.

It took just a few minutes but I felt like I'd put

in a week shivering around in that damn nightshirt.

Finally the cook brought the chuck in, and Peg handed me a bill. "Here's a twenty," he said.

"How much change?"

"Ten dollars."

"Take five."

"Gimme ten dollars."

I gave in. "All right," I said, and I raised the window to pass the bill across to my wife in the bedroom. She gave me the change.

"Here," says Pegleg, "give her this, too," and he made me pass my pistol over. I watched him back out, get on his horse, and start off. About that time in came my wife with my pistol. I grabbed it and threw down on him from the window, but she pulled my arm and hollered, "Don't kill him!"

"Then why in hell did you bring me the gun?" I snapped.

But when she showed me the bill she had changed, I wished worse than ever that I'd let him have it where it would have done him the most good. It was a twenty all right—a twenty-peso note worth about ten dollars. So Pegleg got his supplies for nothing, and I was sure fit to be tied about it all.

Peg must have struck east along the boundary and ridden hard, probably heading for the hideout in Bonita Canyon. But the Law was right

on his heels. About daybreak a bunch of Mexicans rode up and routed me out again.

"*Ha visto el rengo Peg?*" they asked.

"*Si,*" says I, and I told them just exactly what had happened.

They couldn't cross into Arizona, but there were other ways of handling things like that. Frank Hare telephoned Starr King Williams, the J.P. at Bisbee, and Starr went into action pronto.

First he telephoned John Slaughter to be on the watch. Then he rounded up Date Graham, Bert Grover, Gotch-Ear Bill Brown, and some more, and told them to get ready to ride.

It didn't take long to get them loaded into buckboards and headed for Slaughter's ranch, but before they were even started Pegleg was already dead. John Slaughter had killed him.

It was forty-five miles to the ranch and the officers made it about dusk. John took them out to see the body. Pegleg had been killed in a little canyon four or five miles from the house. He was lying on his back with a hole in the side of his head as big as your first. He had his Winchester laid out beside him with the barrel on his left shoulder, and his right arm was folded across his chest with a forty-five in his hand. You could see he had pulled off where he thought he was safe and planned to hole up for the day. Then when night came he figured to slip past the San Bernardino outfit and into the malpais. When

he got sleepy he fixed himself so he could wake up shooting if he had to.

Starr Williams held an inquest on the spot and exonerated John of all blame. There wasn't any more except for Pegleg's funeral and that took precious little time.

The next time Williams came by my place he asked me what I'd give to get my ten dollars back.

"If you've got anything of mine, you can give it to me now," I said.

Well, he turned over the very same bill Peg had got from me. John had sent it. John always took care of his friends.

I found out what happened the next time John rode over to see me. I was his deputy for so long he just figured me as one of the family and rode over often, usually at night. Then he would go back the next night.

I asked him about it. "How'd you get him, John?" I said. "Tell him to throw up his hands?"

"Well," John said, "I got up afore day as usual that morning and saddled up. Took me about an hour to find him. I saw him there and knew he meant to make a fight so I shot him in the head with my shotgun. You know I'm not as young or as fast as I was, and I didn't want to take any chances."

Back in '86 that wouldn't have been anything out of the ordinary, but this was a good many

years later and they didn't do things the old way. They brought them in alive, and the state paid for their board for a few years, provided the sheriff didn't absorb a little lead on the play. Knowing how things had changed, those of us who knew how John Slaughter finished Peg figured it wasn't necessary to talk about it. But that was a long time ago, and maybe it won't hurt to tell about it now.