

was to arrest him, I'd have to hold him in custody for two hours or more, till the express for Spakone is due.

"Do you suppose Leadtown would see that man in the charge of only one officer for two hours and respect the laws of their country? No, sir; they'd lynch him, that's what they'd do; and neither you nor me could stop them. They're a lawless lot, here in the West. I reckon Sheriff Potts knew his man when he appointed a fellow who was raised in the East for deputy."

"What's your plan?" asked Vanderwent.

He was interested in spite of himself in the Westerner's mastery of circumstances.

"My plan is this," said Simmons. "Thanks—I don't care if I do. Have a light? My plan is this. I know where my man is. I have him where I want him. I'll wait to make that arrest till nearly train time. Then I'll get my man."

"When I've once got him covered, he'll surrender all right. He knows better than to resist and advertise his presence in Leadtown. He's too well known."

"I'll take him by train to Spakone, and I bet he'll be as anxious to get out of Leadtown quietly as you and me to have him. I'll hold him at Spakone till I can send for a posse from Bronco City; and we'll have him back there on the next train."

"Clear as mud," said Vanderwent.

He puffed meditatively at his cigar.

"I see only one drawback. Suppose the arrest should take longer than you think? Suppose your man isn't easily brought to surrender? Or suppose it takes longer than you expect to put the situation to him, and the Spakone express comes and goes in the mean time? What then?"

Simmons' face fell.

"That's my risk," he said. "As you say, that's the one drawback." He looked thoughtful. "By Jinks," he said, "if we should miss that train, nothing could save the prisoner!"

Vanderwent knocked the ash off his cigar.

"What do you say to this? You secure your prisoner. You bring him down to the switch just south of the station. I take you

both on the White Flyer to Spakone, and get back before the Spakone express is due, or before the good people of Leadtown know that we're even gone."

"By gum," cried Simmons in delight, bringing his hand down on his knee, "that's the ticket. Western hustle is all right, but give me Eastern brains."

He reached out his rough paw and shook Vanderwent's hand enthusiastically.

The details were soon arranged. The White Flyer was sidetracked beyond the town, an eighth of a mile from the station.

Vanderwent was to see the station agent, make sure of a clear track—without, of course, taking the agent into his confidence—and then give orders to fire up at once, and hold the special train in readiness to move at immediate notice.

Simmons, meantime, was to arrest his man, march him to the station under penalty of a lynching if he resisted—and the plan would be successfully accomplished.

It was with some misgivings that Vanderwent awaited the arrival of the deputy sheriff and his prisoner.

To cope single-handed with a ruffian of such desperate reputation was a big undertaking. Vanderwent wished that he had insisted on giving his orders and then accompanying Simmons to the lair of the prisoner. It was fully half an hour before Vanderwent's eager eyes saw Simmons finally approaching, his prisoner ahead of him.

The man was not handcuffed for fear of attracting attention in case of a chance meeting; but Vanderwent saw that Simmons held a revolver cocked in either hand.

The prisoner was a desperate looking character. He had lowering brows, and his face was disfigured by a broad white scar across the cheek.

He was a sullen, piratical looking figure, a complete contrast to his frank and manly captor.

Simmons guarded him closely until he had reached the train. Indeed, the prisoner showed no desire to escape.

He had a hunted air, and his one aim

seemed to be to hide from the wrath of Leadtown.

The deputy sheriff snapped a pair of handcuffs on the prisoner's wrists, then sat down opposite him.

He never relinquished his watchfulness on the whole trip to Spakone. Vanderwent would have been glad to talk to Simmons and learn details of the capture; but the deputy sheriff seemed to have an exalted idea of the sacredness of his office and gave his full attention to the captive.

At Spakone the car waited while Vanderwent went out to hunt up a hack. The best conveyance he could find was a broken-down 'bus; but Simmons expressed himself as fully satisfied.

He unshackled his prisoner, marched him ahead to the 'bus, and waved a triumphant and almost gleeful farewell to Vanderwent. The Easterner saluted in return, half regretful that his strange adventure had ended so successfully and tamely.

Half an hour later the White Flyer glided past the station at Leadtown, made her switch, and halted on the side track. Vanderwent swung himself off the car and made his way to the station.

The regular train to Spakone was just puffing to a stop as he reached the platform. He speculated on the scene of blood which might have been enacted if Simmons had been dependent on this train to convey his prisoner.

As he stood idly watching the engine, a fierce-looking man with bushy whiskers dropped off the front platform and hailed the station agent.

"Any news of 'em?" he shouted.

"Nope," said the station agent. "I got your wire. What they done?"

"Murder and robbery," answered the whiskered man shortly.

Vanderwent drew near.

The station agent went through a form of introduction.

"Mr. Vanderwent of the White Flyer," he said, "Potts, the sheriff over at Bronco City."

"Mr. Potts!" exclaimed Vanderwent, all excitement. "How's your leg?"

"How's my leg?" retorted Mr. Potts. "My leg's all right—how's yours?"

"Your man's safe, I'm happy to tell you," continued Vanderwent in the same breath.

"Where?" asked the man of few words.

"In Spakone," said Vanderwent. "A dark, villainous looking fellow, isn't he, with a white scar on his cheek?"

"That's him," returned Potts. "That's one of 'em."

"Well, he's all right," said Vanderwent. "Your deputy arrested him, and I took them down to Spakone in my private car."

"Deputy?" said Potts. "I ain't got no deputy."

"A tall man," urged Vanderwent, "big shouldered—frank, cheery smile, and blue eyes—wears a broad-brimmed hat and has two pistols in his belt—isn't that your deputy sheriff, name of Simmons?"

"Simmons!" exploded the sheriff; and then the words which careful economy had accumulated through his past life burst forth in prodigality of invective. "That," cried the sheriff, amid a brilliant setting of expletives, "that's his pal, the man who did the murder!"—The Argosy.

POPULAR FICTION.

A dab or two of history,
 A fragile thread of plot,
 Great gobs of talk and love and gore—
 The rest, it matters not.

—Life.

GOOD THINGS ABOUT KANSAS.

BY D. O. McCRAY.

When we think of the birth of Kansas we think of the flag. Both were baptized in blood. Both are synonyms of liberty. The generation which laid the foundation of this commonwealth builded wisely and well. They have given to posterity a glorious record, for

"States are not great,
Except as men may make them;
Men are not great except they do and dare.
But States, like men,
Have destinies that take them—
That bear them on, not knowing why or where."

It is my purpose to here reproduce some of the many good things that have been said about Kansas. Kansas is an inspiration to all who have lived within her borders. It was Senator Ingalls who told the story of Kansas in one line:

"Kansas is the navel of the nation."

These are a few of the sentiments culled from a publication to which Senator Ingalls contributed in 1895:

"Kansas is the nucleus of our political system, around which its forces assemble, to which its energies converge, and from which its energies radiate to the remotest circumference."

"Kansas is the core and kernel of the country, continuing the germs of its growth, and the quickening ideas essential to its perpetuity."

"The history of Kansas is written in capitals. It is punctuated with exclamation points. Its verbs are imperative. Its adjectives are superlative. The commonplace and prosaic are not defined in its lexicon."

"The aspiration of Kansas is to reach the unattainable, its dream is the realization of the impossible. Having vanquished all competitors, Kansas smiles complacently as she surpasses from year to year her own triumphs in growth and glory."

"Other states could be spared without irreparable bereavement, but Kansas is indispensable to the joy, the inspiration, and the improvement of the world. The everyday

events of Kansas would be marvels elsewhere, our platitudes would be panegyrics, the trite and commonplace are unknown. There is no other state where the rewards of industry have been so ample, and the conditions of prosperity so abundant, so stable and so secure as in Kansas."

"And this is but the dawn. We stand in the vestibule of the temp'e. Science will hereafter reinforce the energies of nature, and the achievements of the past will pale into insignificance before the completed glory of the century to come."

With the sod cabin of the plains came the school house. This building is the pride of every town and community. In the early history of Kansas ex-Gov. Osborne said, in a message to the legislature:

"The schools of Kansas are as great an attraction to the immigrant and furnish as strong an inducement for him to settle here as the cheapness of our land, the fertility of the soil, and the salubrity of the climate. Our people take pleasure in placing upon their shoulders the burden of building good school houses and sustaining the best schools. It is the one tax which all Kansans pay without objection."

And this is the splendid record to-day:

8,927 districts; 9,406 buildings; 11,614 teachers; 508,854 school children.

\$7,021,958 in permanent school fund.

\$52,000 invested annually for public school libraries and apparatus.

\$5,377,000 received for school purposes.

Largest State Normal in the world. Largest State Agricultural College in the world. A State University with 80 professors and 1,200 students. Total valuation of all school property, \$20,386,158. \$10,000,000 expended annually for education.

The location of this great state—a commonwealth whose praises are sung wherever civilization has blazed its pathway—is fittingly described by Secretary Coburn of the Kansas Agricultural department:

"Located in the favored parallel—a dis-

trict that controls the destinies of the globe—a parallel that has been the thread upon which jewels of wealth, plenty, luxury and refinement have been hung from time immemorial. The 37th parallel is the girdle which the geni of civilization have spun around the sphere. Along it lie great cities. Kansas is right in the very path of this prosperity. With as fertile soil as lies out of doors, and with a salubrious climate, it is the fit abode of successful men. Such is Kansas. Such is the land we love and whose greeting we bring.”

This man, to whom Kansans are so greatly indebted, pays his tribute to the manhood and citizenship of this Imperial state:

“Kansas is the product of a courage and fortitude never surpassed by the founders of any commonwealth, the builders of any State, and from the beginning has been an object of controversy and an arena for the conflict of ideas, beliefs—convictions.”

Having located Kansas on the map of the world, Secretary Coburn graphically describes its metes and bounds and dwells upon its transformation from desert to garden in these lines:

“Four hundred miles long, two hundred and ten miles wide, four thousand miles deep and reaching to the stars; while every morning, during the corn-plowing season, the farmers go into a corn field as large as the whole State of New Jersey; every noon, during the harvest, the harvesters come to dinner from a wheat field of 200,000 acres more than all the state of Delaware and every night Mary calls the cattle home from a pasture larger than Pennsylvania. Once called a desert, the State is now a garden. The mustang is succeeded by the Percheron. The buffalo has abandoned the prairies to the Shorthorn and the Hereford. Corn tassels where the Sioux and the Shawnees danced. Wheat grows over the old prairie-dog village. The sun that crept over wigwam and cottonwood shines on orchard and meadow.”

Ex-Gov. Jno. A. Martin uttered one sentence that will live as long as time shall endure. It will live because it is true:

“Kansas is the electric light of the Union.”

Seventeen years ago at a banquet in Topeka he described present conditions when he said:

“Kansas is the state of great crops, great herds, great flocks, great railroads, great school houses, great development and great prosperity.”

No greater tribute was ever paid to the citizenship of Kansas than that uttered by Governor Martin at a meeting of the pioneers of southwestern Kansas, at Garden City, in 1886. He said:

“This is a great state. It is the heart of the American continent. Its history is a romance of the most thrilling interest. Its development has been without parallel in the record of American commonwealths. It has absorbed, in its population, the best blood and brain of all the civilized nations of the earth. During a campaign of 30 years, waged by the peaceful forces of civilization on the prairies of Kansas, 79,000 square miles of territory have been planted in crops. Six hundred cities and towns dot the map of the state; 6,000 miles of rail are kept bright by the constant friction of a mighty commerce, property worth fully \$600,000,000 has been accumulated; 7,000 school houses welcome throngs of eager children; crops valued at over \$100,000,000 are annually harvested, and fully a million and a half of intelligent, enterprising and prosperous people have homes within the borders of this state. The black banners of industry float from thousands of mills and factories. Fields and meadows are rich with herds and flocks. Everywhere is growth, improvement, increase; everywhere are the evidences of culture, thrift and enterprise; everywhere the promise of a larger, broader life, and a firmer, deeper faith in the greatness and glory of Kansas. We are just beginning to realize what a great people can accomplish, whom love of country moveth, example teacheth, company comforteth, emulation quickeneth, and glory exalteth.”

There is something in the Kansas air that invigorates and inspires. Kansas

greatest citizen, John J. Ingalls, once said that he could go out into his wooded pasture at Atchison and banish from his mind every recollection of disappointments by communing with Kansas' nature. He illustrated to the writer one day as he sat in his comfortable home at Atchison, how he would wander away into the forest and talk to the trees, and listen to the song of the birds and the rippling rill at his feet. He had represented Kansas in the United States senate 18 years, but the great senatorial pendulum swung over to the other side and left Ingalls a private citizen. Describing the day of his defeat, he said:

"I went over to my pasture and walked through the withered wood. There, in a little grassy glade, sheltered from the autumnal breeze, the sun shining coldly down, I opened the windows of my spirit and let that whole thing in on me, and commanded my fortitude. I sat there in that little dell until the struggle was over, until I was mas-

ter of myself, until I could talk of it with the same composure as of Napoleon's Waterloo."

This little incident is cited to show the great strength of character of Ingalls. He represented a great state and a great people.

The readers of this Magazine are requested to refer to the map of Kansas and note its central location between the Gulf and the Lakes, and the Atlantic and the Pacific. Here is the garden spot of the nation. Penetrating this rich empire from Monett, Mo., to Ellsworth, Kas., is an arm of the Frisco System tapping the very heart of the Sunflower state. The towns and cities along this line offer a welcome and prosperity to all who are looking for business locations and homes. The rich and productive lands are excelled by no region in the United States. Everything that conduces to man's comfort may here be found.

"WHOSOEVER WILL MAY COME."

MIKE FEARED A RELAPSE.

Joseph Jefferson once played an engagement in a Western town, appearing in Rip Van Winkle. In the hotel at which he stopped was an Irishman, who acted as porter and general assistant. Judged by the deep interest he took in the house, he might have been clerk, lessee and proprietor rolled into one.

At about six o'clock in the morning Mr. Jefferson was startled by a violent thumping on his door. When he struggled into consciousness and realized that he had left no "call" order at the office, he was indignant. But his sleep was spoiled for that morning, so he arose and soon after appeared before the clerk.

"See here," he demanded of that individual, "why was I called at this unearthly hour?"

"I don't know, sir," answered the clerk; "I'll ask Mike."

The Irishman was summoned. Said the clerk:

"Mike, there was no call for Mr. Jefferson. Why did you disturb him?"

Taking the clerk to one side, he said in a mysterious whisper:

"He was snoring like a horse, sor, and Oi'd heerd the b'ys saying as how he were onct affther slaping for twinty years, so Oises to mesilf, ses Oi, Mike, it's acoming onto him agin', and it's yer juty to git the crayther out o' yer house instantly!"—Current Literature.

"The sweet singer sneers at your coffee," said the comedian boarder, "but I will take up for it, madam."

"Oh, thank you," responded the landlady.

"Yes, I was always taught to take up for the weak."