

KEPT HIS WEAPONS.

HOW JIM ALLISON KILLED HIS MAN AND BLUFFED THE COURT.

Surprised That He Was Arrested For Shooting a Greaser, but Submitted to the Warrant Server—The Tenderfoot Judge Adjourned the Court Conditionally.

One of the most picturesque events in Jim Allison's life was his experience with a tenderfoot judge at Flagstaff, A. T., some 12 years ago.

At that time Durango, Colo., was as lively a town as any in the west. Gambling and saloon keeping comprised the only business done, and shootings were of nightly occurrence. Nobe Hyatt was the marshal, and he invited Jim Allison to help him keep order. Mexicans formed the larger part of the population, and their fights with knives created great havoc. If you in one of these stabbing affairs that Allison interfered, and, during the exchange of volleys, he found it necessary to kill two Mexican brothers. The men were leaders of the best Greaser circle of Durango and their death caused great excitement. Many threats were uttered against the assistant marshal. He had to choose between a knife in the back some dark night or departure from town. It was impossible to avoid the Mexicans, and though a brave man, Allison deemed discretion the better part of valor, and went.

Some three months afterward Allison was in Flagstaff, A. T. It was a typical frontier town at that time, built of pine boards and canvas, with a few adobe huts. It was a warm afternoon and Allison lounged in the dining room of the National hotel eating his dinner. Suddenly there was a slight commotion outside, and a big Mexican, resplendent with silver and braid and lace, stalked into the dining room. Allison apparently paid no attention to him as he walked to the table where the marshal was sitting and took the chair opposite.

"You killa my brothers, d—n you, but now I killa you," he called out, raising a big bore revolver above the table's edge.

A loud report followed these words, and a body sprawled on the floor. The Mexican was dead. Allison had shot under the table before his opponent could draw trigger. The body was removed, and Allison and the other guests resumed their dinner. It was only another Greaser killed, and a Greaser's life didn't count for much in the gamy days of Flagstaff. Allison had no thought of getting away. It was a fair and square killing, and the law had no business to interfere. However, court was in session not 80 yards from the hotel, and Judge Dunkins was new to the bench and to the social customs of the place. He heard of the shooting as court convened for the afternoon session and immediately issued a bench warrant for Allison on the charge of murder.

"How you feelin, Jim?" asked Ike Reeves, who had the warrant in his pocket, as he met Allison later in the day. "Is your temper good this afternoon?"

"Fair to middlin, I guess," replied Jim. "What's up?"

"Oh, nothin much," responded the sheriff. "Got a tenderfoot judge over hyah, and he's issued a warrant for you, and I didn't know just how to serve it."

"What's the warrant for?"

"Shooting the Greaser."

"Well, I'm surprised."

"I can't help it, Jim. Don't blame me for his d—d foolishness."

"You're all right, Ike. I ain't blamin no one. It's all right. If they want to pinch a man for killin a Greaser, I s'pose they've got the power, but all the same it's a mighty queer law. I'll go along with you, Ike."

"And you won't make any trouble?"

"Not a buck."

"All right, Jim. I'm much obliged. But you'll have to let me have your weapons."

Allison looked at his rifle, fondled the two big revolvers and the bowie knife in his belt, gazed at the courthouse and then drew the hammer of his rifle to a full cock.

"I can't do that, Ike," he replied. "If you want the guns, you've got to fight for 'em. I'll go along all right with my guns, but I ain't goin' to let no one else touch 'em."

The sheriff had no chance in a fight with Allison, and he knew it, so he walked the point and walked ahead with Jim close at his heels. The judge was on the bench as the twain entered the courtroom, but no case was on trial. Jim Allison marched through the crowd with his rifle under his arm, ready to present and fire at a moment's notice, and took his place before the judge.

"What's the meaning of this?" asked the judge sternly, eyeing Allison's arms.

"Yah's your prisoner, judge," said the sheriff. "It's the people ag'in Jim Allison."

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McKay Woolen Company,
The Big Store—Bargain Corner,

For killing an ornery, low down greaser."

"Disarm the prisoner!" shouted the judge.

Two bailiffs started toward Jim, who only shook his head.

"The prisoner refuses to give up his arms," said one of the bailiffs.

"The court orders that the prisoner be disarmed!" thundered the judge, accentuating his demand by thumping the table with a lawbook.

The bailiffs drew their revolvers, and the spectators began to edge toward the door.

"Don't come no closer, boys," Allison said quietly, cocking his rifle and loosening one of the revolvers in his belt.

The bailiffs halted and looked appealingly at the judge.

"Unless the prisoner is disarmed I will adjourn court until his weapons are taken from him!" cried the court.

Allison rose to his feet.

"I ain't meanin no disrespect to the court, your honor," he said, "for I've risked my life too many times to uphold the law, as any of these fellows can tell you," with a sweep of his hand. "But this ain't a fair game. I've done nothin but shoot a Greaser who was tryin his damndest to croak me, and I came here peaceable and willin. I haven't been in this town long and I don't know my friends. Every man in this here room may be ag'in me, and I'd be a fool to give up my guns. I don't mean any disrespect to your honor, but if any man gets my guns he's got a pretty fight on his hands. I may need them."

"Court's adjourned until the prisoner is disarmed," said the judge shortly.

"Well, judge, all I have to say is that you do beat n—l. I haven't time for such foolishness."

Rifle in one hand, revolver in the other, Jim Allison marched steadily toward the door. No one liked the look of his weapons or the flash in his eyes, and not a move was made.

With the rifle across the pommel of his saddle he rode out of town that afternoon, and the case of the "people ag'in" Jim Allison for murderin a Greaser was never called again in the courts.—New York Sun.

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SCHEME TO SWELL DIVIDENDS.

Device Employed by Some Gas Companies and How to Thwart It.

Having graduated from the Sheffield Scientific school, where he made a special study of the chemistry of illuminating gases, he quickly found a position with one of the older gas companies in a city which shall be nameless. He remained two years and then resigned. He had been reared in the Methodist faith, and he confided to a friend that he could not retain his position without doing violence to his protesting conscience.

"It is a good thing for corporations that they have no souls," he said when chatting about his experiences, "as they are relieved of all fear of future punishment. The eighth commandment is apparently unknown to the general manager of the company with which I was associated. Did you ever have gas bills rendered for amounts seemingly out of all proportion to the quantity of gas you thought you had burned?"

Every member of the group nodded a vigorous affirmative.

"Possibly your meters are defective," he observed, "but in the district served by my former employers there was always a 'kick' coming from the consumers, and yet the meters were absolutely accurate in their operation. Every month the company collected from 10 to 15 per cent more than it was honestly entitled to, which was a tidy little profit on the side. How was it managed? Easily enough. Every night shortly after midnight the pressure in the mains was raised enormously. Under this increased pressure the gas was forced through the meters and compressed in the various pipes in the building of the consumer. Naturally the meters accurately registered all the gas thus forced through them. Later the pressure was reduced below the normal, and there was a return flow through the pipes, but as the meters would not back register the gas flowed through them from the house to the mains without producing any alteration in the figures. Sticking to this system of pumping, the company succeeded in getting a showing at the end of the month that was largely in its favor."

"Was there no way in which the consumer could protect himself?" inquired one curious member of the circle of listeners.

"Certainly, but as he knew nothing of the method by which he was being swindled the simple checkmating scheme never occurred to him. The prudent man who carefully turned off his gas at the meter every night when he was through with it paid only for what he got. The 'milking' of the meters was then impossible."

And every one who heard how it was done made a mental resolution to use the meter shut off theobeforward, even while consoling himself that the Chicago companies are above resorting to any petty fraud of this character.—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Rothschild Business.

The Rothschilds have done a great deal for Frankfurt in the way of benevolence as well as business, and it is the custom of the family to distribute a large sum of money among the deserving poor of their sect annually upon the Jewish New Year. The most conspicuous of their benevolences is a public library, which occupies the former residence of Carl Mayer Rothschild and was founded by his daughter several years ago.

The banking business of the family is conducted in the same old fashioned building it has occupied ever since the firm was established in the early part of this century. It is situated where once stood the gate of the Judengasse, on the boundary line between the Jewish and the Christian cities. Everything about it is strikingly plain and old fashioned. There are no carpets on the floor, and the desks and furnishings are of pine instead of the mahogany that you find in the newer banking houses of the city. There is an air of severity and frugality about the place. The calculations of the clerks are made on the backs of old envelopes, and they still use lamps and candles instead of gas and electric light. Most of the employees are members of the family. The boys of the Paris and London branches come to Frankfurt to begin their business career and learn lessons in industry, accuracy and fidelity, and they generally serve a term in each branch of the firm in order that they may know the peculiar conditions and surroundings.

The business is conducted with great secrecy. Nobody knows anything about it, and therefore there is a great deal of conjecture and gossip. Some years ago one of the employees of the house who was not related to the family was a defaulter for a large sum of money. He was not punished and not even prosecuted because it was said the members of the firm feared they would be called upon to give evidence concerning their business relations if they took him into court, and it would cost them a great deal more money to have their transactions exposed than the defalcation amounted to.—Chicago Record.

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Land will be sold in acre lots. Terms made known at sale.

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