

FOUGHT LIKE FIENDS

Western Duel Which Must Stand Without an Equal.

HOW CUNIVUS WAS TAKEN.

He Shot Deputy Marshal Cumso's Clothes to Ribbons.

EXCHANGE EIGHTY BULLETS.

Frontier Episode Which Took Place in Early Days of Creede.

CASE WHERE NERVE HAD NO LIMIT

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 2.—Tom Wilkinson, who is now the manager of a pleasure resort a few miles from Washington, D. C., was for a while Sheriff of Creede when Creede was lively.

"And, talking about shooting, I never saw anything in that line in Creede or anywhere else—and in my time I've done a heap of dodging under tables and behind doors when the ping of the bullets became too frequent for comfort—to compare with a shooting game that a couple of associates of mine got mixed up in down in the Indian Territory back in '85. I was a United States Deputy Marshal at Fort Smith, Ark., at that time.

There was an utterly wicked devil named Cunivus rampaging around down in the Territory who was very badly wanted by the Federal government. He was a good deal of a trouble maker and a good deal of a trouble maker. For two years before he was finally cornered he had kept a large proportion of the red population of the Territory pretty drunk and he made a lot of money out of it. All attempts to round him up had fizzled out, for the Indians took care of him and hid him safely when they found out that the Texas or Arkansas Marshals were on his trail. After the general government put a heavy price on Cunivus' head, a Texas Marshal from the Pan-Handle district named Balfour went after the desperado single-handed. The Marshal was never seen again alive or dead. Before Cunivus was hanged at Fort Smith he confessed that he and a couple of Cherokees had shot Balfour to death from ambush.

On Gunning for Cunivus.

"After the disappearance of this Texas Marshal, we came to the conclusion at Fort Smith that Cunivus must be somewhere. Moreover, the government reward was worth reaching out for. There were six of us with United States Marshals' warrants at Fort Smith at that time, and we decided to draw straws as to which pair of us should go after Cunivus. I don't mind going on record with the statement that I was considerably relieved when I drew a short straw the first rattle out of the box, and was, therefore, let out of the hunt—for I hadn't lost any Cunivus that I wanted to look for on the reward didn't tempt me a little bit. The two men who drew the long straws happened to be just the pair who were the most eager to go after the outlaw. George Field, the most intrepid man I ever met anywhere, was the first.

The other long-straw man was, I believe, the very blackest man that ever threw an inky shadow in the sunshine. I think that a charcoal mark would have looked wan on his face. His name was Bessley Cummo and his African blood was as pure as that of the naked savages who live on the banks of the Amazon River. And every drop of it was fighting blood, too.

Start of the Expedition.

"Field and Cummo started out after Cunivus together. They went in a light prairie schooner, well stocked with provisions, for we expected to be gone for some time. But their hunt was a good deal shorter than they expected. They made directly for the Tahlequah country, for it was known that when Cunivus was not off on his whiskey-selling tours he made his headquarters with the remnants of the Tahlequah tribe.

Field, when he was brought back, dying, to Fort Smith, told us what happened. He and Cummo had made a permanent camp of their wagon about eighteen miles from the Tahlequah wigwags, in a little clearing surrounded by a thick growth of underbrush, and had gone for several nights on single-

handed scouting expeditions close to the camp of the Indians. The Tahlequah wigwags were all in a cleared valley between a couple of low hills, and each of the Marshals took one of these hills for observation purposes every night for a week. Although under the light of the moon, they could both easily make out from their hills everything that was going on in the valley, neither of them caught a glimpse of Cunivus, and they rightly concluded at the end of a discouraging week that the halfbreed was off on one of his whiskey-purveying trips.

"Field and Cummo returned to their wagon together one night, two weeks after they had made permanent camp, from their separate reconnaissance trips. The hills overlooking the valley. They were rather discouraged and grumpy over the situation, and started to turn in for the night without saying much. They had been standing watch and watch over the wagon during the night, but on this night, both being rather worn out, they concluded they would take a chance and sleep together. They were both crawling into the wagon together when, in the silence of the night, they heard a creaking and grinding as if wheels to the north of them. Their wagon, although perfectly hidden, was not more than a hundred feet from the trail. There was a brilliant moon right overhead. The two Marshals cocked up their ears, and the grinding and rumbling continued. Neither of them saying anything, but both grabbing their revolvers, they crept out of the wagon and crawled through the brush to the edge of the trail.

Surprise the Outlaw.

"They saw, about 100 yards away, a heavy prairie schooner, hauled by a pair of big mules, coming slowly down the trail in the direction of the wagon. The figure of the driver and the fire of the pipe he was smoking, but not his face. But they both felt that he was Cunivus, for settlers were not prowling untroubled about the Tahlequah country at that time. The wagon came down to within fifty feet of where the two Marshals lay crouched in the brush. Neither of them had ever seen Cunivus, but when they got a good look at the face of the driver they knew that he was their man. They recognized him by a rough, livid scar of wound made by a bowie knife that stretched from his right forehead to his chin down his smooth-shaven cheek. The Marshals had often been told of this scar.

"Now," whispered Field to Cummo, and both men rose noiselessly to their feet, with a gun in each hand.

"Cunivus," called out Field in a strong voice, "I've got a lead line on your pipe; make a move and—"

Field told us that he couldn't see that the outlaw was reaching for a gun, at all before he heard the report and felt the ball going through his right breast. He went down, but didn't lose consciousness, so that he saw the rest of it.

"When he fired his shot Cunivus dropped backward from the seat into his wagon like a man going off a precipice, and Cummo made a lightning drop into the brush. Then there was a lull for a moment. The quiet paled on Cummo first. He rose slowly to his feet, and, clapping his guns, walked straight to the middle of the trail and stood with his squared shoulders in the moonlight fifty feet from the desperado's wagon.

Issued an Open Challenge.

"Cunivus," he called out—and Field told us the black man's voice was like a trumpet—"I'm a nigger, and you've got laid in you. But I'll match my nigger agin' your high until hell freezes over solid. If I ain't a hotter nigger than you are an Injun, I'll eat your mules. I'm going to have a fight out in the open and fight like a man and like the Irish that's in you, you damned skulking squaw man, for I'm after you, you nigger!"

"Cunivus answered the challenge with a shot, and it was a shot from the open. He wasn't a coward by a whole houseful, and the black man's words had to have an effect. Cummo wanted them to have—er, Cunivus' Irish to boiling. Cummo hadn't finished speaking before the desperado jumped from behind his wagon, clutching his two guns, and made his first pop at the black marshal.

"Now you're talking!" shouted Cummo. The night was as clear as day, and the men were only fifty feet apart. They fired at each other with both hands without aim, advancing, and both men were expert marksmen. Field told us that as he lay beside the trail watching the fight, it set him crazy wondering why one or both of the men didn't go down. The balls in the four six-shooters were exhausted at the same instant. When his guns were both unloaded Cunivus disappeared behind his wagon and the click of his reloading could be heard. Cummo stood right in his tracks and did his reloading. Field said he never saw a man stuff a pair of guns so speedily in his life. The marshal had no sooner jammed the last cartridges into his second gun than Cunivus reappeared from behind his wagon, and the battle was on again without another word. When each man had shot away his last round, they both went going down. Field figured it out that he was either dreaming or that the black marshal and the desperado had somehow or another held their breath. When the night was gone through again, without either man going down, Field gave it up. But he noticed that at the finish of this third round Cummo had only six cartridges left in his belt, while

he jammed into his right-hand gun, throwing the other one into the brush. The black man appeared for the fourth whirl Field saw that he, too, had only one gun. It afterward came out by a coincidence each man had exactly thirty cartridges in his belt when the fight began, and this was to be the finish round, as far as the gun play went.

Fight Continues Even.

"Injun's shy a gun, too, I see," muttered the black man, and as they went again, both firing five shots almost simultaneously. When, after this, Field saw them standing in their tracks, he said to himself, "I'm in a pipe case," and shut his eyes. He didn't snap the trigger on his sixth and last shot in the gun, and it failed to go off. Cummo's quick eye caught this. He still had a ball left in his gun, and he was ready. He dropped his gun, and again and again Cunivus snapped the trigger on his bad cartridge. It was of no use. It would not go off. The negro grunted, and slowly and deliberately raised his gun on a direct line with the desperado's heart.

"That's your finish, Cunivus," said he. "Hands up."

"Cunivus saw the force of the remark, and his hands went up.

"Cummo walked over to where Field was lying and handed him the pistol.

"Keep a line on him until I get the nippers over his hands from behind," he said. While Field, weak from the loss of blood, kept the outlaw covered, Cummo walked around him and from his rear slipped a pair of handcuffs over Cunivus' arms.

"Keep him covered until I get the shackles," said Cummo to Field. "Don't move, Cunivus." The black man walked over the pile of brush in the brush clearing and hauled out the shackles, and in less than a minute the desperado was chained hand and foot.

As the two men who had been blazing away at each other stood together while this was going on, Field got a good look at them. Their clothes were in ribbons. Their hats, and even their bootlees, were like slices from the middle of the trail and stood with their squared shoulders in the moonlight fifty feet from the desperado's wagon.

Not Unreasonable.

"She—" Once you vowed that I was the sun of your life, now you stay out night after night. He—Er—why—I don't expect sunshine after dark. —Flore Freeman.

HER FORETHOUGHT.

Husband—"Now don't forget to write at once and let me know if you arrive safely." Wife—"I won't, dear. I have the letter already written."—Philadelphia North American.

Specific Gravity the Same.

In spite of the great weight of the machine its size has been so regulated that it corresponds in specific gravity with the body of a crow, in such case the weight for every cubic inch of displacement will be the same. The chief difference between the action of the machine and that of the bird after which it is designed will lie in the fact that the motion of flying, which the crow carries on intermittently, will be carried on continuously by the machine. And it is in this motion of flying that the secret lies which the machine will make its airship a success. He is convinced that he has found the true principle of the flight of birds, and

don't know how to get it out of the machine. Associated in the exploiting of the machine with Mr. Davidson, who is a member of the Junior Carlton club of London, are the Duke of Fife and Lord Winchester. Together they have interested a large number of wealthy men in the West End of London in the project, and from some of them have received promises of considerable financial help in the carrying out of their plans.

The machine as it has been designed is an immense affair, weighing more than ten tons, and resembling a great bird with widespread wings. The chief peculiarity of its construction is that it is to be built upon the same principle as the body of a bird—its size and the proportions of one bird—the crow.

"The crow," says Mr. Davidson, "is a steady flyer, without fancy motions and without eccentricities."

Chapter III.

Fred Grund, head blacksmith of Ringling Bros' show, stood in the office at the winter quarters for the last time. Since Ringling Bros' circus he had been his head blacksmith, but he was his head blacksmith no more. His belongings had been packed, he had said good-by to his friends, and he was ready to start upon a new venture in life. For his advertisement in the matrimonial paper had been answered.

From the Town of Alden, in the State of Iowa, had come such an answer as he had longed for, but had not dared to expect. It promised him a home, and the vision of the tea-pourer had become a prospect of reality. So, with his bag and baggage, Fred Grund was setting forth for the place where this reality lived.

Chapter IV.

There was a topic of interest among the people of Alden, Ia. The town had a blacksmith and his name was Fred Grund. He had bought a shop and established himself as though he meant to stay. He was a young man, but he had been much and could talk of his experiences. Moreover, to the feminine eye he was attractive. To the six young women who lived in the town, he was a great attraction. They had met their acquaintances and they liked him. But to the young woman who had answered the advertisement of the young blacksmith, steady and well able to support two, he was most interesting of all. The joke of the conspirators had developed queer possibilities.

Chapter V.

"From jest to earnest." It was a wedding day. Less than three-quarters of a year had passed since Fred Grund, head blacksmith of Ringling Bros' show, had sent his advertisement to the Chicago matrimonial paper, and now he was married. The date was Sept. 3, 1897—a date to be marked by a white stone, thought the young woman who had answered the advertisement. The joke of the conspirators had developed queer possibilities.

Chapter VI.

It was the day after the wedding. Early morn' east a dead gray light over the town of Alden. Fred Grund, the queer expression stronger on his face, dropped several letters in the post-office and passed on.

At home, the girl who had answered the "ad." busied herself with her morning duties. She was a wife, what mattered it that her original intention had been only to draw amusement from correspondence with the man she had married? It would have been a good joke if her affections had not interfered. As it was, it was a pleasant reality. And why should Fred Grund care, now that he had won his bride, that she had started out in the beginning merely to play a comic piece upon his heart?

There was a letter for her that morning. It had been mailed in Alden, and was from her husband. It told her that she need not expect him home to dinner, nor to any other dinner. He was gone for good, and it would be useless to search for him. He had cared when he had learned that his entrapment had been a joke of the conspirators, and this was his part of the joke.

Chapter the last.

This, the last chapter of the story, is like the chapter on "The Snakes of Ireland," which read: "There are no snakes in Ireland." But yet the story has no last chapter. The family of the young woman who answered the "ad." are still looking for Fred Grund.

FLY LIKE A BIRD.

Queer Airship Designed by George L. O. Davidson.

MODELED ON THE CROW.

Proportions of "Corvus" Followed in the Craft.

CLAIMS REMARKABLE SPEED

THE aim of the airship inventor is to fly like a bird—not figuratively but literally—by the application of the same principles which make birds fly.

While it is possible, George L. O. Davidson of London thinks he has solved the problem.

After many years of study and experiment, Mr. Davidson has planned a flying machine. So certain is he that it will do all he expects of it that he has made an appeal to the British government to enlist its assistance, with the view, he says, of monopolizing the air. And for the machine Mr. Davidson claims great things. The journey from London to Paris, he asserts, can be made in three hours. The record from Lon-

don to New York by sailing above not on the ocean can be cut to two days.

Associated in the exploiting of the machine with Mr. Davidson, who is a member of the Junior Carlton club of London, are the Duke of Fife and Lord Winchester. Together they have interested a large number of wealthy men in the West End of London in the project, and from some of them have received promises of considerable financial help in the carrying out of their plans.

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though it has taken him sixteen years of study and investigation to accomplish it.

"There is no forward push in any action of the bird," said Mr. Davidson. "Gravitation is the sole propelling force of flying creatures. All a bird does is to lift itself with its wings. If it were not for the wings gravitation would pull it straight down. But the wings support it in the air, and the bird, being heavier in front than behind, is pulled downward and forward at an angle. This resolution of the downward force into a forward and downward one is what makes the advance of the bird through the air possible. The flight of the bird is really in a zigzag motion, rising with each flap of the wings, while the tail, governing the angle of inclination, regulates the altitude of the bird."

Has Followed the Principle.

It is this principle which Mr. Davidson has endeavored to work out in his machine. The principle agrees closely with the accepted theory of bird flight. It is the weight of the bird, not its lightness, which makes flight possible. The wings do not propel, but merely raise the bird. Observation goes to prove that they are slightly in front of the body during the action, not behind it. They flap downward and forward, and it is the resistance of the air, resolving the force of gravity into an angular force, which gives the forward motion.

The air ship which Mr. Davidson has constructed has two great wings and a tall tail. The tail is to regulate the angle of inclination, not for steering. The steering apparatus is in a sort of rudder placed at the pointed bow of the craft. The wings are immovable and are valved in such a manner that they resemble a Venetian blind. The air, which corresponds to the body of the bird, furnishes the accommodations for passengers and cargo.

The weight of the machine is slightly forward, so that the front part of the car will

Diagram of the Crows Flight, the dotted line indicating how gravitation pulls the bird forward.

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On application to Tribune office or to your newsdealer. It will be mailed for a postage stamp. Get one for yourself and your friends.

This is an up-to-date Guide and contains all the facts known about the new gold fields at the present time. It is as complete as the most expensive Guide published so far as useful information is concerned, and every important bit of knowledge found in any publication is given therein.

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A large and choice assortment of our unparalleled and incomparable FUR GARMENTS, Including Jackets, Collarettes, etc., all of our own manufacture and in every conceivable fur, at MODERATE PRICES. No extra charge for goods to order, which we make a leading feature of our business.

FUR REPAIRS

At reasonable rates, and will store until wanted at no additional charge. . . . Make no mistake, but do your fur business with

A. BISHOP & CO., THE RELIABLE FURRIERS, 156 STATE STREET.

Artistic Wall Papers FOR HOME DECORATIONS.

Does it pay you to have your house papered with artistic wall papers when for the same money you can get stylish and harmonious colorings?

In connection with our more expensive papers we have added a POPULAR LINE OF WALL PAPERS for Parlors, Halls, Dining Rooms, Living Rooms and Bedrooms.

At 10 to 25c in artistic designs and colorings. No one should decide upon the papering or decorating of his home without first looking over our decorative wall papers.

W. P. NELSON CO., Decorators, 193 Wabash Ave.

Best Set of Teeth, \$4.

Teeth Extracted Without Pain By the use of our famous application to the gums. \$2.00 to \$4.00 teeth extracted daily.

For Other Want Advertisements See Monday's, Tuesday's, Wednesday's, Thursday's, Friday's, and Saturday's Tribune.

Our new and original xylotype plate is the lightest, most durable and the same in appearance as the original of teeth ever made. They are the especial delight of ladies who find in their attractiveness even more than nature provides.

Gold Crowns from \$2.00 Bridge work, per tooth \$2.50 Gold Fillings, 50c to \$1.00 Silver Fillings 25c up

Come and you will be pleased and bring your work to the best of the best. We do the finest gold work by the most experienced dentists in the city. ALL WORK GUARANTEED FOR 10 YEARS.

Credit System—Easy payments can be made on all work. National Dental Parlors, 148 State-st.

Dr. De Jones, the manager, and his skilled staff of operators are in constant attendance. Open daily 10 o'clock to 10 o'clock. Lady attendants.

"The No Laugh's Last Etc." THE TRUE STORY OF AN IOWA LOVE TRAGEDY

IN the things that have been the man of wisdom reads the things that may be and from them draws a warning. Let those who have thoughts of jesting with the tender affections of the human heart read and ponder. This is a true story of courtship and marriage among the summer scenes of Alden, Ia. This is the prologue.

Prologue.

Chicago was as busy and imperturbable as Chicago usually is. Long lines of vehicles filled the streets and blocked the crossings. Straggling crowds of pedestrians thronged the sidewalks and made trouble for the policemen on the crossings. Small boys, jostled and pushed, and otherwise joyously disposed of, were the passing show of the city's life unrolled itself before the eye of the observer.

None among the hurrying throngs, none among the lounging groups bore the look of one in the presence of an important event. No outward demonstration marked the presence of the unusual. Yet something had happened in Chicago. A new matrimonial agency had been established.

Chapter I.

It was the last month of the year 1896. Snow lay upon the ground and clung to the otherwise naked branches of the trees. Ringling Bros' circus was in winter quarters. The gayly-painted wagons had been at a standstill, the elephants and the graceful giraffes were enjoying the seclusion of their winter apartments, and all things denoted that, after months of wandering, men and animals had settled into the comparative quiet of a less nomadic life.

Fred Grund, head blacksmith of Ringling Bros' show, moving among evidences of his trade, was deep in thought. He had long been accustomed to the life he was leading; ever since Ringling Bros' circus had been a circus. Fred Grund had been his head blacksmith, but of late the life had grown distasteful to him. It was not that he did not like the work; it was merely that he felt in his life something was lacking.

As he swung his sledge or moved about the shop Fred Grund had visions. He saw a cottage with green vines half covering its front and there was a little yard before it. And in the cottage was Fred Grund. He was at breakfast, and across the table from him sat some one pouring tea. It was this some one pouring the tea that Fred Grund was continually thinking about.

Among Fred Grund's possessions was a paper, half filled with brief stories of love and marriage, half filled with interesting advertisements penned by those seeking helpmates in life's work. It was the journal of a Chicago matrimonial agency. He read again some of the "ads." which had most caught his attention. Young, steady, well able to support two, why should he not have as good a show of getting a wife as any of those who expressed their desire through the medium of the journal? He sat down and wrote a letter.

The letter was addressed to Chicago, and it contained an advertisement for the columns of the paper of the Chicago matrimonial agency.

Chapter II.

In the Town of Alden, in the State of Iowa, was a gathering of little groups of omnibuses. They were the conspirators. Alden's fairest daughters, and they were conspirators. The conspirators had a paper, half filled with brief stories of love and marriage, half filled with interesting advertisements penned by those seeking helpmates in life's work. The conspirators laughed over the "ads." Then the purpose of the conspiracy became apparent. It was formed for the perpetration of jokes—jokes on those who sought wedlock through the medium of a matrimonial agency.

Then the conspirators wrote a number of letters. They were addressed to Chicago, and they contained answers to the "ads." in the matrimonial paper. They were letters of alluring promise, for they were meant to bring forth replies. It was in this the joke was all a joke, a glad hearted, joyous joke.