

THE EVENING NEWS.

Saturday, February 10, 1872.

BLACK JACK.

"Now," said Jack, in the peculiar tone which admitted no doubt as to its earnestness, "my time has come. You or I die here to-night, or you and this woman git up and go with me. Mister, you ought to know her. If you want to shoot, you kin h'v a chance, but I'm apt to hit and I'll try, so help me Christ."

This fearful adjuration was uttered, not in the common profanity of an angry man, but in a tone and manner that gave it a fearful meaning. "Git up!" said he, as the gambler, with pallid face, seemed about to say something corroborative. He arose instantly. "Now" —for the first time addressing the woman—"git yer traps together. Quick! he thundered, as she heaved, "you're a lover, come by from this night to all eternity!" Though a scene in which the comic was not altogether wanting, there was still something terrible in it. The woman, her olive roses blashed with vague terror, moved nervously about, gathering her apparel into a bundle. The gambler glanced furtively at his own revolver lying on the table, and toward the door. But Jack's eye was upon him, and the impudent wench was now in his hand. Finally, he placed his hand in his bosom, and drew forth a plethoric belt, opened it, and poured some of the shining pieces in his hand. Frightened as she was, the old glister came into the woman's eyes as she saw it. There was no situation in life in which the clink of the doublets would not be music to her. But Jack's face only changed to a look of intense contempt, as his enemy pitifully offered him the invaluable, and then the belt. He was again taken in his net.

When the woman stood with her bundle in her hand, Jack pointed to the open door, and bade her and her paramour move out together. He caused the woman to mount the diminutive donkey, and the gambler walked behind.

Straight up toward the mountain they started, the impudent husband taking the gambler's wench from the tail of the animal. In the gloom the strange procession passed, and as the donkey picked his careful way among the stones, plodding safe and patiently after the manner of his kind, the last sounds the bystanders heard were the walling and sobbing of the woman, the stumbling footsteps of the gambler, and behind all, Jack's long and steady stride. And these died away in the distance, and in the silent gloom of the night the witnesses to the strange scene stood at a dozen of the deserted cabin, and looked in each other's faces, silent, and wondering.

A few days Jack returned empty-handed. He was questioned now, for human curiosity cannot be restrained forever. A grim humor was in his face, as he said, "I've purvived for 'em. They've meat enough for their bones." Adding, "Any woman as was fond of Nimbleding, like you, informed that he was well when I kin away, on'y rather know. But you won't see him ag'in soon. He ain't mountain man enough to find his way back here, and I reckon he'll ha' to fight now."

Jack therupon cleaned his pistols, got together such things as hunters carry, stated he was going "to California," and at sunrise started out toward the Northwest on a journey which, to this strange man, was only a question of time and life, and he has not been heard of to this day.

Months afterward, the Mexican guide of a scouting-party led the men, hungry, bewildered, and nearly dead with thirst, to where he said there was, ten years before, a spring among the rocks. They found it, and near it a deserted "dug-out." From this to the spring was a well-worn path. When he saw it, the eyes of the professionals had opened wide, but the man approached the hole, threw up his hand, exclaiming, "Madre de Dio,—it was a woman!"

Upon the floor still lay the sodden fragment of a Spanish woman's rebozo, and not far away the coyote-gnawed remains of a man's boot. What had become of the late residents, none could tell. But here at last was Jack's mystery; the house that he built, and in which Dolores and her last love, had met a fate which will never be known.

The same men very like Othello, outside of Shakespeare. But Dolores was not Desdemona.

—DEANE MONAHAN
—Kansas Magazine.

Crime and its Punishment.

Crime is everywhere on the increase. It is characterized by system, cunning and boldness. It is not confined to dark lanes and deep cellars; it dwells in the best mansions, on the most prominent streets —rides in coaches, is in ornate houses, may be seen at fashionable thoroughfares, often holds office, and controls public money. This state of affairs prevails now on the lower order of criminals. These are specialists upon whom society vents its indignation and hatred of vice and crime. Gilded villainy, falling into fashionable line, also demands that private interests shall be protected. On the part of the authors of such thievery, shop-lifters, and pickpockets, it will never do, say them to allow such to run, un molested, at large, and escape punishment—not only as a just reward to vice, but also as a terror to warn, frighten, and restrain others from criminal practices. If great rogues escape through the cunningly worked meshes of the law, because of the ability of the rich and powerful to employ talents to discover them, or of their criminal crew to be disguised and held with a firm grasp. Because nineteen hundred and sixteen thousand out of two thousand, in this city during the past twenty-two years have escaped justice, it became very important that a poor, unsocial Frenchman, a couple of neutralized nobodies, and Mrs. Fair, should be hung up, because of their friendless and helpless condition. If the great thieves, who rob the tens of millions of dollars, get off unconvicted, unashamed, and free, that is just the reason why every petty thief, who, in fact, mothers, penitentes, and friendless, steals a jack-knife or silver-plated spoon, a sack of potatoe or egg of mutton, should be snatched up and summarily dealt with to the extreme limit of the law.—S. P. Pioneer.

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