

duty it was to protect the life of a citizen and to kill or arrest (more often to kill) the buccaneer who dared show his face out of the mesquite. Then the service was organized and equipped as an army, and combined the functions of national defense with those of the posse comitatus.

Up to ten years ago the personnel of the service was conspicuous by its eminent gentility. The best blood of Texas volunteered through that spirit of adventure that led their fathers to the turbulent State, and it was considered a local distinction to be known as an "ex-Ranger." It was, in fact, in the great majority of cases, a passport to the highest social circles of the State. Another class of its membership were aspiring young men from the East who had taken Horace Greeley's advice and gone West, expecting soon to become the cattle kings that spring from the florid imagination of the novelist and dramatist, but who, in the majority of instances, soon learned that the life of a Ranger was more thrilling and active than that of a restaurant waiter. Some of the brightest newspaper men in the United States were college graduates who got a still better education in the Ranger service, and notably is this true of the members of the press of New York, New Orleans and Texas. Günter, the author of those two lurid attempts at novel-writing yclept "Mr. Potter of Texas" and "Mr. Barnes of New York," is said to have served an enlistment as a Ranger. Jennings of New York did the same thing. But perhaps the most famous of all the early or latter-day Rangers is Col. John S. Ford, now awaiting the last bugle call at San Antonio, almost in penury and want. He is known to fame as "Rip" Ford, and many is the story that the dime novelist has woven round his name. Col. Ford is past seventy years in age, but his frame is as erect and his gait as spry as the average man's of fifty. There is little exaggeration in the claim for him that he had been in more hot fights in the broad open prairies, on the burning sands and in the thorny chaparral; has had more hand to hand encounters with Indians, Mexicans and bandits; has made more hairbreadth escapes and has a greater number of notches in the handle of his trusty Colt's than any man in the west. And yet he is not a rough or uncouth character. On the contrary, he is a man of more than usual polish of manner and mental accomplishment. When he was not in the field he was at Austin, the capital, editing a paper that had an influence in its limited sphere equal to any of the monster metropolitan sheets of today. General Hamilton P. Bee, brother of that flaming genius of war who, with an audacity superb led the terribly destructive charge of the Confederates at Mansfield, and when expiring from a bullet wound on the field inspired his men to still more vicious battle by shouting "On, men! See Jackson standing like a stone wall!" is another of the old time Rangers, and who attained the rank of brigadier in the Confederate army by that same intrepid bravery that distinguished him when a young man in the Ranger service. Gen. Bee

is enjoying the mellow years yet remaining to his princely life at San Antonio, surrounded by few of the luxuries to which men of such note are usually accustomed, save the affection of his family and a large circle of friends.

The latter-day Ranger, as stated above, differs widely from his predecessor. The same high order of nerve and intrepidity is essential to him, but he has deteriorated in those other characteristics pointed out with the constantly diminishing strength and importance of the services. The adjutant-general of the State is still the commander of the force, but he has under him only three companies, officered with a captain, two lieutenants and one sergeant each, the entire number in active service being less than one hundred. The one battalion into which the three companies are combined is never mobilized, nor are the companies often kept together. They are divided into squads of from three to ten men, and are stationed in those sections of the State where lawlessness is most rampant or most liable to break out. It is marvelous how the bare presence of these Rangers, who are now little less than deputy sheriffs, quells disorder. Instances are known in the last few years where sheriffs with possses of fifty or a hundred deputies have been utterly powerless to quiet a mob and restore order until a squad of eight or ten Rangers, and sometimes even less, dashed into the towns on their wiry little ponies, and at once the mobs dispersed and the riot ended. So awc-inspiring are these men of the buckskin pants and Winchester holsters that oftentimes the mere threat of calling them out is sufficient to strike such terror to the lawbreakers as to cause them to immediately come around to the side of the peace conservators.

The chief duty of the Ranger in Texas at the present time is therefore to be ever ready to mount his horse and fly. He must be able to endure long marches in the saddle, and it is no uncommon thing for him to travel eighty miles between sun and sun—across bald prairie, over precipitous hills, through deep canyons, fording rivers, wading lakes and lagoons; mowing down a path through thick mesquite and cactus, leaping ditches, etc. But above all he must be quick on the trigger and sure of aim.

When he shoots he shoots to kill. He keenly realizes when entering the service that he is wearing his life on his sleeve, and that he has only the most desperate men to deal with. He knows, too, the dangers of ambush, and views every mott with suspicion lest it explode and kill him. He is as alert as a cat, and sits in his saddle with the grace of an Indian. His ambition is, if he be of the better class, to so impress his personality on the community where his presence may be needed as to stand in the line of promotion when the county sheriff is to be elected, and so it is that the majority of Western Texas sheriffs of today were but recently Rangers.

NEW YORK, March 29.—The Republicans carried the municipal elections at Utica and Little Falls today.

## THE AGLER BANQUET.

The banquet tendered General Alger, at the Templeton yesterday afternoon was a brilliant affair. It took place in the spacious and beautifully decorated dining room on one of the upper floors. General Alger sat at the head of the table. At his right was Judge Zane, while Governor Thomas sat on his left. John M. Zane was seated at the foot of the table, upon which there was a most magnificent spread of edibles and natural flowers. In addition to the gentlemen named there were present about fifty prominent Republicans, among whom were noticed the following: Marshal Parsons, Judge Miner, Assistant United States Prosecuting Attorney Stevens, Hon. James Sharp, W. H. Rowe, Heber M. Wells, Arthur Brown, S. J. Kenyon, Barlow Ferguson Arthur Pratt, Harmell Pratt, John Henry Smith, Attorney Harrington, President Donnellan, of the Chamber of Commerce, Judge Barch, Colonel Sells, J. J. Geoghegan, Ben Eldredge, Judge Bennett, J. C. Graham.

It was not until the last edition of the News had gone to press that the speaking commenced. Mr. Kenyon delivered the address of welcome. General Alger responded to it in a happy and pertinent manner. He referred to the wonderful resources of this most prosperous Territory, but thought that our citizens could not be really proud and happy until Utah was made a State; when it became a State it would be one of the brightest stars in the national galaxy, and he trusted it would be in accord with Republican principles.

Governor Thomas spoke interestingly in response to the toast of "Our Country."

In response to the toast "Our Territory," Heber M. Wells read an original and ingeniously written poem, and was loudly and warmly applauded.

With this the banquet ended, and the General was driven quickly to the office of the Utah Commission, and not to the Executive Mansion as stated in a morning contemporary.

In the meantime the ladies visited the Tabernacle, where they were subsequently joined by the General and his friends. The party here listened to a brief informal concert.

On the introduction of General Alger to the Grand Army Volunteers, at the rooms of the Utah Commission, Department Commander Frank Hoffman addressed him.

In so doing he opened the valves of his storehouse of hate and bitterness towards the "Mormon" people, declaring that they were disloyal to the flag, disobedient to the mandates of the government and disregardful of the duties and obligations of American citizens.

General Alger replied briefly and coldly and the unhappy affair came to an unpleasant and disgraceful termination.

At 6 p.m. the party left over the Rio Grande Western for their home in Detroit, Michigan.

## NOTES.

Charles Nystromer, a young civil engineer of Stockholm, has been appointed chief sanitary engineer at