

TOM KING.

Ever since Tom King escaped from a jail at El Reno, Okla., in broad day light last winter, the officers have been looking for her and caught her the other day in Kansas and she has been returned to the territory. It is not believed that Tom King is altogether a white woman. She was born and reared in the seclusion of the Ozark mountains in southwest Missouri, remote from civilization or the influence of society, schools or churches. Her parents were not considered lawless, although old Tom King, it is believed, operated a small still and peddled contraband whisky among the settlers who at an early day inhabited the Ozarks. Tom was a daring girl from early childhood, and would go on long hunting expeditions alone.

She was known for miles around. It is said that before she was 14 she eloped with a lover of doubtful reputation, and was afterward proved to be a notorious horse thief who had been wanted for years by the federal authorities in the Indian Territory. She followed her desperado lover in many of his

exploits, and one night, while camped in a grove of trees on the South Canadian and surrounded by a posse of deputy U. S. marshals, she stood by the side of her outlaw husband and handled a Winchester as dexterously as a brave trooper. When her husband fell, pierced by a bullet, she mounted her steed and escaped to the Wichita mountains. She is a woman of more than medium height, weighs perhaps 140 pounds, is of rather prepossessing appearance and when attired in the habiliments of her sex is an ordinarily good-looking woman and with the good clothes she has secreted in her rendezvous, she has been enabled to elude her pursuers on more than one occasion.

Fearless as a Comanche, a dead shot, a skilled rider, and with remarkable physical endurance, she was not constantly annoyed by deputies. The story is told of her that at Paul's Valley a year ago a ball was in progress at the hotel where she was stopping, and she was invited to dance by the gentleman who knows Fort Smith when he sees it. During his terpsichorean amusement he confided to his next partner that he was an officer in search of the notorious Tom King, who it was believed was in hiding in that section. She imparted the information to the sleuth hound that if he would meet her in the yard at 1 o'clock she would give him news of the great horse thief. At the appointed hour the deputy strolled out into the yard. There he met his partner of the ball room, mounted on his own horse and after politely requesting him to hand over his weapons, she galloped away.

At one time she was negotiating for a large livery and feed stable in Sapulpa, in the Cherokee Nation. She represented herself to be a wealthy ranchman from Texas and was rigged out in high heeled boots, ponderous spurs and the regulation sombrero. In the negotiation the owner revealed the fact that he had some very fine animals on a ranch not far away, attended by a Creek negro. That night she went to the ranch, stole the horses and ran them off. She returned to Sapulpa in a few days as a handsome woman, dressed flashily and solicited subscriptions for a book publishing house. In some way she put the officers on a false scent and the horses were never recaptured.