

## *Strange Stories*

### *Remarkable Narrative of Young Cyclone, the Detective, and Wild Frank*

When Chief of Police Hein received a letter day before yesterday signed by "Wild Frank, the Scout," and warning him that some woman was waiting for a chance to send him to his long rest, it was thought the epistle was from some crazy person who had been arrested at some time, but, in view of recent developments, it appears that the peculiar letter was written by some youngster, who has evidently been reading dime novels and wants to immortalize himself by trying his hand at story writing. The following second letter has been received from "Wild Frank," and is here with presented to an anxious public: a Mystery.

Maddam Reptah, the Belle of the ill fame, was arrested or captured not far from this City and taken away for reveng by two unknown Detictives last Saturday Night.

If she has any friends they will find her at 1221 vanderwater st. New York.

Young Cyclone the chain lightning Detictiv a lowed himself to be shot at as A target just to save the true carricter of lady of whom he cared more of then his own life. ah why should that save the carricter of her. there lies the mystery but he know, only a mans broken arm saved the life of him and her name, ah if that lady could read his thoughts what would she se. Snakes and Buffalo chips, it would be more than she could Stand She would se more pleasure in store for her than She ever saw in her life wild Frank the Prierie rattler writes this to Public to solve the mystery of the duel that was fought in private last Sunday morning just below the falls.

her name is saved was the last words, the Detective said as he walked away.

So says wild frank to the public.

The following letter, evidently written by the same hand that penned the one to Supt. of Police Hein. and the one above printed, has been received, and explains the "jule" mentioned in the first letter. The whole thing would seem to indicate that some school boy is having a great laugh to himself, or that some crazy man is roaming around loose. The police are unable to remember of any lady being spirited away by them in the night-time, nor can any of the "detecks" recall having had a duel at Minnehaha Falls with any one. Here is the letter, and au odd specimen it is:

Sunday, Dec. 4, 1887.— This morning as I was out hunting rabbits along the river bank. I very sudenly come upon A queer seen, below Minniehaha Falls saw two men dressed in mountaineir suits and was engaged in earnest conversation of wich I heard a part. standing with his back toward me was a big stout brownd face fellow, with a rather ugley countanance. in his bell he carred two revolvers and A durke.

The one facing him was A smaller man, with a sharp keen eye light complection with full beard, in his belt were two revolvers and two durkes, knives the party had apearently just met. the first words I heard the big fellow says to the smaller man. See you are on hand, are you? be you a lone? the other man answered I am if you are. hey there Mr. Detective what do you mean?

I mean that if you have any friends near by they will be caught at there own game but let us get to business. well says the big fellow I am ready. with a quick move to get his revolver but the keen ey of the other deticted it and leveled a pistol that slipt out of his sleeve, held the pistol strait at the big fellows hart, he said in a cool manner hold on there big fellow Ive got the drope on you. this must be fair play, but first why do you wish to reck the woman's carricter be cause the girl hates her. the other with a laugh said the girl is whare she wont bother any one now. but if you kill me, the game is yours but if I brake your arm or spoil it so you cant fight any more the case is mine and you will take the gal and leave these parts. well says the big fellow you are a cool one. may I ask what your name is? you may know me as Yonng Cyclone the Detective, now take your place and kill me if you can. the big fellow tired and the Detective fell but before rising fired and broke the big fellows rite arm. then jumped up saying you tikeled my scalp, but I have wone the ease now. you git. the big fellow run like as if he was a fraid. I made the Detectives acquaintance, drested the wound on the scalp and we parted.

my name is Fred Peck I am at present hunting below the falls.

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