THE GREAT K.&A. TRAIN ROBBERY

BY PAUL LEICESTER FORD, Author of "The Honorable Peter Stirling," Etc.

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CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

"If they were worth so much to you, I suppose they can't be worth any less to the G. S.," I replied.

"Fortunately, there is no way that he can learn where they are," said Mr. Cullen.

"Don't let's stand still," cried Miss Cullen. "Mr. Gordon, I'll run you a race to the end of the platform." She said this only after getting a big lead, and she got there about eight inches ahead of me, which pleased her mightily. "It takes men so long to get started," was the way she explained her victory. Then she walked me beyond the end of the boarding to explain the workings of a switch to her. That it was only a pretext she proved to me the moment I had relocked the bar, by saying:

"Mr. Gordon, may I ask you a question?"

"Certainly," I assented.

"It is one I should ask papa or Fred, but I am afraid they might not tell me the truth. You will, won't you?" she begged very earnestly.

"I will," I promised.

"Supposing," she continued, "that it became known that you have those letters? Would it do our side any harm?"

I thought for a moment, and then shook my head. "No new proxies could arrive here in time for the election," I said, "and the ones I have will not be voted."

She still looked doubtful, and asked, "Then why did papa say just now, 'Fortunately'?"

"He merely meant that it was safer they shouldn't know."

"Then it is better to keep it a secret?" she asked anxiously.

"I suppose so," I said, and then added, "Why should you be afraid of asking your father?"

"Because he might—well, if he knew, I'm sure he would sacrifice himself; and I couldn't run the risk."

"I am afraid I don't understand?" I questioned.

"I would rather not explain," she said, and of course that ended the subject.

Our exercise taken, we went back to the Cullens' car, and Madge left us to write some letters. A moment later Lord Ralles remembered he had not written home recently, and he too went forward to the dining-room. That made me call myself—something, for not having offered Miss Cullen the use of my desk in 97. Owing to this the two missed part of the big game we were playing; for barely were they gone when one of the servants brought a card to Mr. Cullen, who looked at it and exclaimed, "Mr. Camp!" Then, after a speaking pause, in which we all exchanged glances, he said, "Bring him in."

On Mr. Camp's entrance he looked as much surprised as we had all done a moment before. "I beg your pardon for intruding, Mr. Cullen," he said. "I was told that this was Mr. Gordon's car, and I wish to see him."

"I am Mr. Gordon."

"You are travelling with Mr. Cullen?" he inquired, with a touch of suspicion in his manner.

"No," I answered. "My special is

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the next car, and I was merely enjoying a cigar here."

"Ah!" said Mr. Camp. "Then I won't interrupt your smoke, and will only relieve you of those letters of mine."

I took a good pull at my cigar, and blew the smoke out in a cloud slowly to gain time. "I don't think I follow you," I said.

"I understand that you have in your possession three letters addressed to me."

"I have," I assented.

"Then I will ask you to deliver them to me."

"I can't do that."

"Why not?" he challenged. "They're my property."

I produced the Postmaster-General's telegram and read it to him.

"Why, this is infamous!" Mr. Camp cried. "What use will those letters be after the eighteenth? It's a conspiracy."

"I can only obey instructions," I said.

"It shall cost you your position if you do," Mr. Camp threatened.

As I've already said, I haven't a good temper, and when he told me that I couldn't help retorting:

"That's quite on a par with most G. S. methods."

"I'm not speaking for the G. S., young man," roared Mr. Camp. "I speak as a director of the Kansas & Arizona. What is more, I will have those letters inside of twenty-four hours."

He made an angry exit, and I said to Fred, "I wish you would stroll about and spy out the proceedings of the enemy's camp. He may telegraph to Washington, and if there's any chance of the Postmaster-General revoking his order I must go back to Flagstaff on No. 4 this afternoon."

"He shan't do anything that I don't know about till he goes to bed," Fred promised. "But how the deuce did he know that you had those letters?"

That was just what we were all puzzling over, for only the occupants of 218 and myself, so far as I knew, were in a position to let Mr. Camp hear of that fact.

As Fred made his exit he said, "Don't tell Madge that there is a new complication, for the dear girl has had worries enough already."

Miss Cullen not rejoining us, and Lord Ralles presently doing so, I went to my own car, for he and I were not good furniture for the same room. Before I had been there long, Fred came rushing in.

"Camp and Baldwin have been in consultation with a lawyer," he said, "and now the three have just boarded those cars," pointing out the window at the branch-line train that was to leave for Phoenix in two minutes.

"You must go with them," I urged, "and keep us informed as to what they do, for they evidently are going to set the law on us, and the G. S. has always owned the Territorial judges, so they'll stretch a point to oblige them."

"Have I time to fill a bag?"

"Plenty," I assured him, and, going out, I ordered the train held till I should give the word.

"What does it all mean?" asked Miss Cullen, joining me.

I laughed, and replied, "I'm doing a braver thing even than your party did; I'm holding up a train all by my lonesome."

"But my brother came dashing in just now and said he was starting for Phoenix."

"Let her go," I called to the conductor, as Fred jumped aboard; and the train pulled out.

"I hope there's nothing wrong?" Madge questioned, anxiously.

"Nothing to worry over," I laughed. "Only a little more fun for our money. By the way, Miss Cullen, I went on, to avoid her questions, "if you have your letters ready, and will let me have them at once, I can get them on No. 4, so that they'll go East to-night."

Miss Cullen blushed as if I had said something I ought not to have, and stammered, "I—I changed my mind, and—that is—I didn't write them, after all."

"I beg your pardon—I ought to have known; I mean, it's very natural," I faltered and stuttered, thinking what a dunce I had been not to understand that both hers and Lord Ralle's letters had been only a pretext to get away from the rest of us.

My blundering apology and evident embarrassment deepened Miss Cullen's blush rivefold, and she explained, hurriedly, "I found I was tired, and so, instead of writing, I went to my room and rested."

I suppose any girl would have invented the same yarn, yet it hurt me more than the bigger one she had told on Hance's trail. Small as the incident was, it made me very blue, and led me to shut myself up in my own car for the rest of that afternoon and evening. Indeed, I couldn't sleep, but sat up working, quite forgetful of the passing hours, till a glance at my watch startled me with the fact that it was a quarter of two.

The night agent was sitting in the station nodding, and after I had walked for an hour I went in to ask him if the train to Phœnix had arrived on time. Just as I opened the door, the telegraph instrument began clicking, and called Ash Forks. The man, with the curious ability that operators get of recognizing their own call, even in sleep, waked up instantly and responded, and, not wishing to interrupt him, I delayed asking my question till he should be free. I stood there thinking of Madge, and listening heedlessly as the instrument ticked off the cipher signature of the sending operator, and the "twenty-four paid." But as I heard the clicks ..... which meant ph, I suddenly became attentive, and when it completed "Phœnix" I concluded Fred was wiring me, and listened for what followed the date. This is what the instrument ticked:

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That may not look particularly intelligible, but if the Phœnix operator had been talking over the 'phone to me he couldn't have said any plainer;

"Sheriff yavapai county ash forks arizona be at rail road station three forty five today to meet train arriving from phœnix prepared to immediately serve peremptory mandamus issued to night by judge wilson sig theodore e camp."

My question being pretty thoroughly answered, I went back and continued my walk; but before five minutes had passed, the operator came out, and handed me a message. It was from Fred, and read thus:

"Camp, Baldwin, and lawyer went at once to house of Judge Wilson, where they stayed an hour. They then returned with judge to station, and after dispatching a telegram have taken seats in train for Ash Forks, leaving here at three twenty-five. I shall return with them."

A bigger idiot than I could have understood the move. I was to be hauled before Judge Wilson by means of mandamus proceedings, and, as he was notoriously a G. S. judge, and was coming to Ash Forks solely to oblige Mr. Camp, he would unquestionably declare the letters the property of Mr. Camp and order their delivery.

Apparently I had my choice of being a traitor to Madge, of going to

"Then I will relieve you of those letters of mine."

prison for contempt of court, or of running away, which was not far off from acknowledging that I had done something wrong. I didn't like any one of the options.

CHAPTER IX.

A Talk Before Breakfast.

Looking at my watch, I found it was a little after three, which meant six in Washington; allowing for transmission, a telegram would reach there in time to be on hand with the opening of the Departments. I therefore wired at once to the following effect:

"Postmaster-General, Washington, D. C. A peremptory mandamus has been issued by Territorial judge to compel me to deliver to addressee the three registered letters which by your directions, issued October sixteenth, I was to hold pending arrival of special agent Jackson. Service of writ will be made at three forty-five to-day unless prevented. Telegraph me instructions how to act."

That done I had a good tub, took a brisk walk down the track, and felt so freshened up as to be none the worse for my sleepless night. I returned to the station a little after six, and, to my surprise, found Miss Cullen walking up and down the platform.

"You are up early!" we both said together.

"Yes," she sighed. "I couldn't sleep last night."

"You're not unwell, I hope?"

"No—except mentally."

(To be continued.)

McCarren Enriched by Politics.

"Pat" McCarren, the Tammany man, is going to quit politics and devote himself to the turf. Two years ago he was ambitious to become the really great American plunger. Then his $15,000 bets were quite common. He had a hard luck streak and lost an immense sum of money. He was so hard hit that he was unable for a time to take up his "markers," but he made good all his obligations to the bookmakers, sold his race horses and retired from the race track for a time. This year he is on the turf, apparently as well fixed financially as he ever was. Some evil-minded persons say McCarren bets John D. Rockefeller's money. They do not mean Mr. Rockefeller has taken to gambling, but use this method of insinuating that the senator, as "legislative agent" of the Standard Oil gas trust, has been paid liberally by Mr. Rockefeller for his influence with the rural legislators.—Chicago Chronicle.

Where Her Thoughts Were.

Her husband had died very suddenly, and her friends were calling to comfort her. She listened very attentively and seemed to be more cheerful, but suddenly she cried out, "All you've told me is very true, but I'm sure I shall never love my second husband as much as I did the first."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Fingers in Wild Gyrations.

"Gee, are those fellows crazy?"

"What's wrong?"

"Look at their fingers gyrating. Gosh, they'll snop 'em off!"

"No; it's all right. They're a couple of deaf mute students giving their class yell."

The poorest education that teaches self-control is better than the best that neglects it.—Sterling.

DOWIE JEERED BY MOB AT DEPOT IN CHICAGO

Unfriendly Demonstration Almost Causes the "Prophet" to Collapse—Postponed Departure for Zion—Voliva Admits His Brother Was a Forger.

Chicago.—Following are the striking incidents that accompanied Dowie's return Tuesday:

Dowie's bodyguard, with blackjacks, repulsed an attack on the "prophet" as he entered Chicago.

The Zionites and Dowie followers mobbed a process server, who escaped only after being beaten and knocked down by Dowie's giant negro bodyguard.

Dowie retains Emil B. Wetten of the firm of Eddy, Haley & Wetten as his attorney.

General Overseer Voliva, at Zion City, called Dowie a coward, saying that he was afraid to enter Zion in the daytime and face humiliation in broad daylight.

Police of Melbourne, Australia, Dowie's former home, have been in communication with Zion City authorities for several days for an unknown reason.

Rumor spread that Dowie had sent for Voliva, and would seek a compromise for a cash consideration. Voliva denied that he had received word.

L. A. Gourdain, president of the Imperial Banking association, is revealed to have been the banker who offered to supply Dowie with "unlimited funds."

"Elijah III." was greeted by a crowd of 2,000 persons on his arrival at the Polk street station at 8:41 o'clock, and was driven to the Auditorium Annex. He appeared weak and ill.

"I am a man of peace," Dowie declared, affirming that he would not go to Zion City at once.

Deacon H. L. Burnett told Dowie's plans. He said that action would be brought against Voliva, Granger and their followers, in both criminal and civil courts, on conspiracy charges.

Mysterious and beautiful woman took flowers to Dowie.

Lawyers were summoned to the hotel to consult with Dowie and prepare for the legal battle for Zion.

Zion City, obeying Voliva's orders, prepared to give Dowie a cold reception on his arrival.

Unable to Reach Zion.

John Alexander Dowie, first apostle of Zion, who hurtled from far away Mexico to stamp out revolution in the "Holy City," all Tuesday night lay prone on his back at the Auditorium Annex in Chicago, surrounded by a little group of faithful adherents.

Rough handling accorded the prophet upon his arrival when he was all but mobbed, coupled with the physical exertion of his meteoric flight from the southland, seemed to leave the venerable founder of Zion almost helpless.

All in vain was a gorgeous special car prepared to whirl Dowie to Zion. After the coach had been attached to the train the prophet's lieutenants sorrowfully ordered it cut off because of the inability of their aged leader to make the trip.

Louis Gourdain Dowie's Backer.

On the verge of absolute collapse, Dowie lay stretched on a lounge in sumptuous quarters in the Auditorium Annex close to the suite of Louis A. Gourdain, lottery promoter and "banker."

The extent to which communication was carried on between Dowie and Gourdain Tuesday while supporters, opponents and representatives of the press besieged Dowie's quarters is not known.

Sufficient it is, however, that Gourdain is the "banker" who threw his all at Dowie's feet several days ago in a telegram that brought great comfort to the first apostle.

Gourdain is known to have sent emissaries to meet Dowie while the latter was speeding to Chicago, but they failed to make connections. He also hurried men to St. Louis for the same purpose, but was unsuccessful.

Voliva Admits Brother's Sin.

Overseer Voliva issued a statement at Zion City Tuesday regarding Dowie's reference to his brother, Arthur Voliva, who served a term in the penitentiary at Michigan City. Overseer Voliva said:

"My brother was a young lawyer who took first honors at his law school. Unpleasant marriage relations made him despondent and he fell into sin. Finally he forged his father's name to a check for $250. The family decided he should stand the consequences of his misdeed. He has been out of prison for several years, is leading a godly life, and has been entirely forgiven by his family."

The Volivas are Indiana people and Arthur Voliva was admitted to the bar at Indianapolis. He was sentenced to prison at Covington, Ky.

Dowie's Charge Astounds.

The greatest sensation of Dowie's trip from Mexico to Chicago was his declaration, made in St. Louis before his departure for Chicago, accusing his wife and his son Gladstone of bestial sin.

Think Dowie Is Insane.

To the crowd that listened to the charges of Dowie there was no other evidence needed to assure them that the charges made by Voliva and family are true—that the "first apostle" is mentally unbalanced and not in his right mind.

Not only in Zion and among the Zionists, but everywhere it is known that no sweeter, purer, or more womanly woman lives than the wife of Dowie—Overseer Jane Dowie.

May Mean New Sensation.

It is positively stated that the chief of police of Melbourne, Australia, has been in constant communication with two Zion City leaders since the Dowie charges were first brought to the notice of the public by Voliva.

Why the police of Australia should evince interest in the Dowie revelations is a matter for deep conjecture among those who know that dispatches were actually exchanged.

Threats to Kill "Prophet."

Threats were made to kill Dowie on his arrival at Zion, and it was necessary to call out the police to quell disturbances at the railroad depot, where a small but belligerent group gathered in anticipation of his coming.

JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE.

Ask Funds to Honor Harper.

Chicago.—In a letter sent out to former pupils of the late President William R. Harper of the University of Chicago, an appeal is made for $50 apiece from each of 500 former students to be made a contribution to the Harper memorial fund. A committee is in charge of the collections. Lincoln Hully, president of Stetson college; F. K. Sanders, of the Yale divinity college, Theodore D. Soares of the University of Chicago, and Rev. Ernest M. Stires are some of the signers of the letter.

Italian Consul Dead.

Chicago.—Claud Rozwadowski, Italian consul general in Chicago, died Tuesday morning of Angina pectoris. He was born in Turin, Italy, and had been consul general 12 years.

Woman Escapes Noose.

Charleston, W. Va.—Mrs. Sarah Ann Legg, of Clay county, who is under sentence to hang for the murder of her husband, was Tuesday granted a new trial by the supreme court.

VESUVIUS STARTS UP ANEW

STREAM OF LAVA HAS TURNED TOWARD POMPEII.

Two Hundred Persons at Naples Are Caught Beneath Falling Roof, Twelve Being Killed.

Naples.—The volcano is resuming activity, especially at Cercola. The stream of lava which started anew in the direction of Torre Annunziata reached the cemetery of that town and then turned in the direction of Pompeii.

The troops are conveying provisions, surgical accessories and material to be used for the relief of the injured in the vicinity of Ottajano. The work of rescue is being actively prosecuted. A violent storm of sulphuring rain occurred at San Giuseppe, Vesuviana and Saviano.

When morning broke Tuesday the outlook was promising for an amelioration of the conditions consequent upon the activity of Mount Vesuvius. The hopefulness of the populace, however, was short-lived, and the Neapolitans were plunged into a condition bordering on frenzy by the collapse of the Mount Olivoto market, which covered a plot of ground 600 feet square, the structure falling upon 200 or more persons, of whom 12 were killed, two mortally injured, 24 dangerously and 100 less seriously injured. Several of the dead were crushed and mangled beyond recognition. The scenes in the vicinity of the ruins were agonizing, relatives of the victims clamoring to be allowed to go to their dead or dying. Only by the firm intervention of the police and carbineers was it possible to keep back the crowd from overwhelming those who were engaged in the work of rescue.

While early in the day the volcanic activity of Mount Vesuvius appeared to have diminished, as night approached the prospect of immediate relief faded, and the fate of the villages and towns grouped around the volcano seemed more hopeless. Instead of decreasing, the fall of sand and ashes emitted from the crater increased.

The flow of lava from the volcano, which had almost ceased during the night, recommenced early Tuesday, and the fall of volcanic ejecta in the Vesuvian communes has been enormous. It is feared that the weight of ashes on roofs will cause the collapse of many more buildings both here and in the towns and villages nearer the volcano.

The number of dead taken from the church at San Guiseppe which collapsed Monday while a congregation of about 200 persons were attending mass, is 26. There were 79 severely injured.

MAXIM GORKY AT NEW YORK.

Noted Russian Political Exile Is Greeted at Dock by Large Delegation of Countrymen.

New York.—"I do not know how long or how short my stay in this country will be, but of this I am sure, that while here I will try to do something for my fatherland."

Surrounded by his friends, many of whom are political exiles themselves, Maxim Gorky, the Russian novelist, made this statement in his cabin on board the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, which arrived in port Tuesday evening after a rough passage.

Gorky was accompanied by his wife, and a secretary, Mr. Bousenine. He is a man of 38, about five feet six tall. His hair and his mustache are light, his eyes are blue and his nose sharp. He wore a long black overcoat over his Russian blouse, high around his neck.

The Kaiser Wilhelm was boarded at quarantine by a large deputation of Russians, representing many different political parties. Chief among these was Gorky's adopted son, who came to this country a year ago. Gorky received them on the upper deck, with his wife, and at the first moment seemed quite overcome by the meeting of so many old friends.

ILLINOIS SOLONS CONVENE.

Gov. Deneen's Message Deals Briefly with Causes Necessitating Assembling of Legislature.

Springfield, Ill.—The special session of the legislature called by Gov. Deneen to enact a new primary law was convened at noon Tuesday, with practically a full attendance. Of 151 representatives composing the lower house, 125 had arrived in Springfield for the extra session, and nearly all of the 51 senators were present. A canvass of the situation previous to the beginning of the session indicated that four-fifths of the house members are in favor of passing a law for direct primaries by the plan of nominating on the plurality basis.

Funds for Jap Sufferers.

Washington.—The state department has received through the Red Cross an additional sum of $5,000 for transmission to the Japanese famine sufferers.

Brigadier to Retire.

Washington.—Brig. Gen. James A. Buchanan, now in command of the department of the Visayas in the Philippines, has applied for retirement, and his request has been granted, to take effect May 31.

Death of Illinois Veteran.

Tacoma, Wash.—George W. Fogg, a prominent attorney here for 12 years, formerly of Quincy, Ill., is dead, aged 63 years. He was a major in the civil war and a member of the Loyal Legion.