

THE GREAT K&A TRAIN ROBBERY

BY PAUL LEXESTER FORD, Author of 'The Hen-Peter Striped Steer'

CHAPTER X—Continued.

"Oh, splendid!" cried Madge, clapping her hands.

"Mr. Camp will find that other people can give surprise parties as well as himself," I said cheerfully.

"You'll telegraph at once?" asked Mr. Cullen.

"Instantly," I said, rising, and added, "Don't you want to see what I say, Miss Cullen?"

"Of course I do," she cried, jumping up eagerly.

Lord Raltes scowled as he said, "Yes; let's see what Mr. Superintendent has to say."

"You needn't trouble yourself," I remarked, but he followed us into the station. "I was disgusted, but at the same time I was glad that he had come because he was jealous; and that wasn't an unpleasant thought. Whatever his motive, he was a third party in the writing of that telegram, and had to be dealt with by Miss Cullen and I discussed and draughted it. I didn't try to make it any too brief, not merely asking for a guarantee, but I might expect it, but giving as well a pretty full history of the case, which was hardly necessary."

"You'll bankrupt yourself," laughed Madge. "You mean to let us say, 'I'll let you pay, Miss Cullen, if you will,' I offered. 'How much is it, Welpey?' I asked, shoving the blanks into the operator."

"Nothing for a lady," said Welpey, grinning.

"There, Miss Cullen," I asked, "does the East come up to that in gallantry?"

"Do you really mean that there is no charge?" demanded Madge, incredulously, with her purse in her hand.

"That's the size of it," said the operator.

"I'm not going to believe that," cried Madge. "I know you are only deceiving me, and I really want to pay."

I laughed as I said, "Sometimes railroad superintendents can send messages free, Miss Cullen."

"How silly of me!" exclaimed Madge. Then she remarked, "How nice it is to be a railroad superintendent. Mr. Gordon! I should like to be one myself."

That speech really lifted me off my feet, but while I was thinking what response to make, I came down to earth with a bounce.

"Since the telegram's done," said Lord Raltes to Miss Cullen, in a cool, almost commanding tone, "suppose we take a walk."

"I don't think I care to this morning," answered Madge.

"I think you had better," insisted his lordship, with such a manner that I felt inclined to knock him down.

To my surprise Madge seemed to hesitate, and finally said, "I'll walk up and down the platform, if you wish."

Lord Raltes nodded, and they went out, leaving me in a state of mingled amazement and rage at the way he had cut me out. Try as I would, I wasn't able to fit upon any theory that supplied a solution to the conduct of either Lord Raltes or Miss Cullen, unless they were engaged and Miss Cullen displeased him by her behavior to me. But Madge seemed such an honest, frank girl that I'd have believed anything sooner than that she was only playing with me.

If I was perplexed, I wasn't going to give Lord Raltes the right of way, and as soon as I had made certain that the telegram was safely started, I joined the walkers. I don't think any of us enjoyed the hour that followed, but I didn't care how miserable I was myself, so long as I was

I moped around for an hour, too unsettled mentally to do anything but smoke, and only waiting for an invitation or for some excuse to go into 218. About eleven o'clock I obtained the letter in another telegram, and went into the station at once.

"Telegram received," I read triumphantly. "A detail of two companies of the Twelfth Cavalry, under the command of Capt. Singer, is ordered to Ash Forks, and will start within an hour, arriving at 6 o'clock. C. D. Olmstead, Adjutant."

"That won't do, Gordon," cried Mr. Cullen. "The mandamus will be here before that."

"Oh, don't say there is something more wrong!" sighed Madge.

"Why I should prefer to run while there is still time!" suggested Albert, anxiously.

"I was born lazy about running away," I said.

"Oh, but please, just for once," Madge begged. "We know already how brave you are."

I thought for a moment, not so much objecting, in truth, to the running away as to the running away from Madge.

"I'd do it for you," I said, looking at Miss Cullen so that she understood the situation. "Husband, I won't use any need of making myself uncomfortable, when I can make the other side so. Come along and see if my method isn't quite as good."

We went to the station, and I told the operator to call Rock Butte; then I dictated:

"Direct conductor of Phoenix No. 2 on an arrival at Rock Butte to look it there till further orders. Richard Gordon, Superintendent."

"That will save my running and their chasing," I laughed; "though I'm afraid a long wait in Rock Butte won't improve their tempers."

The next few hours were pretty exciting ones to all of us, as can well be imagined. Most of the time was spent, I have to confess, in manoeuvring myself between Lord Raltes and myself as to which should monopolize Madge, without either of us succeeding. I was so engaged with the contest that I forgot all about the passage of the train, and when the sheriff stroked up to the station did I realize that the climax was at hand. As a joke I introduced him to the Cullens, and we all stood chatting till far into the night to the south I saw a cloud of dust and quickly called Miss Cullen's attention to it. She and I went to 97 for my self, and the lawyer held a whispered consultation. My surprise can be imagined when, at its conclusion, Mr. Camp said:

"Your honor, I charge Richard Gordon with being concerned in the holding up of the Missouri Western Overland No. 2 on the night of Oct. 14, and ask that he be taken into custody on that charge."

(To be continued.)

CLEVER PLAN FAILED TO WORK.

Juror's Only Reward for Attempted Bribe Was Witty Speech.

Several years ago, while I was serving as a juror in a Suffolk county court, the following story was told: Mr. L., who was disappointed at one of the several panels on which he had been drawn, concluded a favor to the court clerk, the following story was told: He came into court one morning with a very large floral display, and gave the bouquet to the clerk of the court, who instructed the court officer to see that it was immediately placed upon the desk before the judge's seat.

Judge Edgar J. Sherman entered, the usual opening ceremony was gone through with, and his honor asked to whom the court might extend his thanks for so large a floral display. The clerk answered that it was one of the jurors. "Then he must be in the florist business," said the judge. "No, sir," answered the clerk. "He is an undertaker." His honor exclaimed: "That explains it. Some poor corpse was robbed."—Boston Herald.

Spread of Style in Arizona.

Every symptom points to a tendency to spread on style in Tombstone. Among other things in this direction the following instance is given: A pair of leather puttees and suspenders and presented them to the amiable dispenser who shoves the amber extract of cheerfulness over the mahogany of the Foster saloon. He promptly exclaimed the innovation, but claimed that he felt like he had a fence rail on each shoulder. Then when they became overburdened he would unbutton the suspenders and permit them to hang in front, but he finally got them down the fence enough to go to church in. Several old-timers, conspicuously court attendants from the other end of the county, have fallen into the habit of wearing bolted shirts, and it looks as if sky-blue overalls might be discarded as a full dress costume. Getting popular for the town nowadays—Tombstone Prospector.

As They Met.

Miss Sweetie: "Why don't you kiss me?" This is the first time I have seen you for six months.

Miss Tartan:—Because, dear, I have just been kissing a lot of girls to forget them. Give me a little time to forget them.

of a great cattle-ranch near Rock Butte. When the train had been held at the station for a few minutes, Camp went to the conductor, demanded the cause for the delay, and was shown my telegram. Seeing through the device, the party had at once gone to this ranch, where the owner, Baldwin, mounted them, and it was their dust-cloud we had seen as they rode up to Ash Forks. To make matters more serious, Baldwin had rounded up his cowboys and brought them along with him, in order to make any resistance impossible.

I made no objection to the sheriff serving the paper, though it nearly broke my heart to see Madge's face. To cheer her I said, suggestively, "They've got me, but they haven't got the letters, Miss Cullen. And remember, it's always darkest before the dawn, and the stars in their courses are against Siera."

With the sheriff and Mr. Camp I then walked over to the saloon, where Judge Wilson was waiting to dispose of my case. Mr. Cullen and Albert tried to come too, but all outsiders were excluded by order of the "court." I was told to show cause why I should not go with my papers, the letters, and answered that I asked an adjournment of the case so that I might be heard by counsel. It was denied, as was to have been expected.



Send them all sprawling on the floor.

CAN'T STRAIGHTEN UP.

Kidney Trouble Causes Weak Backs and a Multitude of Pains and Aches.

Col. R. S. Harrison, Deputy Marshal, 718 Common St., Lake Charles, La., says: "A kick from a horse first weakened my back and affected my kidneys. I became very bad, and had to go about on crutches. The doctors told me I had a case of chronic rheumatism, but I could not believe them and finally began using Doan's Kidney Pills for my kidneys. Five or six bottles of Doan's Kidney Pills came more freely, then the pain left my back. I went and got another box, and that completed a cure. I have been well for two years."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

HIS KIDNEY CAME IN BUNCHES.

Then Hubby Was Sorry He Had Taken Any Interest in Dreams.

Some time ago, in New York city, a man was wakened in the night to find his wife weeping, unaccountably, relate Harry's dream to her. "My darling," he said, in distress, "what is the matter?" "I have had such a horrible dream," she replied. "I have had such a horrible dream," she replied. "I have had such a horrible dream," she replied. "I have had such a horrible dream," she replied.

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