

# THE GREAT K&A TRAIN ROBBERY

BY PAUL LEXINGTON FORD, Author of "The New York Strain," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"Well," I said, as calmly as I could, "are you going to stand by the street, or will you go with me?"

"There was any good, but there ain't time to get a posse, and what's one Winchester against a mob of cowboys like them?"

"If you'll lend me your gun," I said, "I'll show just what it is worth, without troubling you."

"It'd be better than that," offered the sheriff, "and that's what I'm here for. Just sneak, while there's time."

"You mean—" I exclaimed.

"That's it. I'm goin' away, and I'll leave the door unlocked. If yer get clear, let me know yer address, and later, if I want yer, I'll send yer word." He took a grip on my fingers that numbed them as if they had been caught in an air-brake, and disappeared.

I slipped out after the sheriff without loss of time. That there wasn't much to spare was shown by a crowd with some torches down the street, collected from the crowd. They were making a good deal of noise, even for the West; evidently the flame was being fanned. Not wasting time, I struck for the railroad, because I knew the geography of that beat, but still more because I wanted to get to the station. It was a big risk to go there, but it was one I was willing to take for the object I had in view, and since I had to take it, it was safest to get through with the job before the discovery was made that I was no longer in jail.

It didn't take me three minutes to reach the station. The whole place was black as a coal-dumper, except for the slices of light which show through the cracks of the certain windows in the speckles, the dim light of the lamp in the station, and the glow of the row of saloons two hundred feet away. I was afraid, however, that there might be a spy lurking somewhere, for it was likely that Camp would keep a good eye on the letters by hoping to get some clue of the letters by watching on the station and the cars. Thinking boldness the safest course, I walked on to the platform without hesitation, and went into the station. The "night man" was sitting in his chair, nodding, but he waked up the moment I spoke.

"Don't speak my name," I said, warningly, as he struggled to his feet; and then in the fewest possible words I told him what I wanted of him—to find if the pony I had ridden (Camp's or Baldwin's) was in town and, if so, to learn where it was, and to get the letters on the quilt from under the saddle-pap. I chose this man, first, because I could trust him, and next, because I had only one of the Cullens as an alternative, and if any of them went sneaking round, it would be sure to attract attention. "The moment you have the letters, put them in the station safe," I ended, "and then get word to me."

"And where'll you be, Mr. Gordon?" asked the man.

"Is there any place about here that's a safe hiding spot for a few hours?" I asked. "I want to stay till I'm sure those letters are safe, and after that I'll steal on board the first train that comes along."

"Then you'll want to be near here," said the man, "I'll tell you. I've got just the place for you. It's a room boarded in all round, but I noticed one plank that's loose at one end, right at this high corner, and if you just pry it open enough to get your feet on the board in place, they'll never find you."

"That will do," I said; "and when the letters are safe, come out on the platform, walk up and down once, bang the door twice, and then say, 'That way freight is late.' And if you get a chance, tell one of the Cullens where I'm hidden."

I crossed the platform boldly, jumping down, and walked away. But after going fifty feet I dropped down on my hands and knees and crawled back. Inside of two minutes I was safely stowed away under the board, in about as neat a hiding-place as a man could ask. In fact, if I had only had my wits enough about me to borrow a revolver of the man, I could have made a pretty good defense, even if discovered.

Underneath the platform was loose gravel, and, as an additional precaution, I scooped out, close to the side,

boarding, a trough long enough for me to lie in. Then I got into the hole, covered the end with my legs, and applied the rest up in a heap close to me, so that by a few sweeps of my arm I could cover my whole body, leaving only my mouth and nose exposed, and that being allowed for, I must have felt pretty safe, for, even if the cowboys found the loose plank and crawled in, it would take uncommon good eyesight, in the darkness, to find me. I had belovved out my living grave to fit, and if I could have smoked, I should have been decidedly comfortable. Sleep I dared not indulge in, and the sequel showed that I was right in not allowing myself that luxury.

I hadn't much more than comfortably settled myself, and left thoughts of a cigar and a nap fit through my mind, when a row up the street showed that the jail-breaking had been discovered. Then followed shouts and confusion for a few moments, while a search was being organized. I heard some horsemen ride over the tracks, and also down the street, following the hurried footsteps of half a dozen men. Some banged at the doors of the speckles, while others knocked at the station door.

One of the Cullens' servants opened the door of 218, and I heard the sheriff's voice telling him he'd got to search the car. The darky protested, saying that the "gentman" was all right, and only de miss inated. The row brought Miss Cullen to the door, and I heard her ask what was the matter.

"Sorry to trouble yer, miss," said the sheriff, "but a prisoner has broken jail, and we've got to look for him."

"Escaped?" cried Madge, joyfully.

"How?"

"That's just what gets away with me," marvelled the sheriff. "My idea is—"

"Don't waste time on theories," said Camp's voice, angrily. "Search the car!"

"Sorry to discommode a lady," apologized the sheriff, gallantly, "but if we may just look around a little!"

"My father and brothers went out a few minutes ago," said Madge, hesitatingly. "I don't know if they would be willing."

Camp laughed angrily, and ordered, "Stand aside, there."

"Don't yer," said the sheriff. "If he's on the car, he can't get off. We'll send a feller up for Mr. Cullen, while we search Mr. Gordon's car and the station."

"They set about it at once, and used up ten minutes in the task. Then I heard Camp say:

"Come, we can't wait all night for permission to search this car. Go ahead."

"I hope you'll wait till my father comes," begged Madge.

"Now go slow, Mr. Camp," said the sheriff. "We musn't discomfot the lady if we can avoid it."

"I believe in waiting time in order to help him escape," snarled Camp.

"Nothin' of the kind," denied the sheriff.

"If you won't do your duty, I'll take the law into my own hands, and order the car searched," sputtered Camp, so angry as hardly to be able to articulate.

"Look a here," growled the sheriff, "who are yer sayin' all this to, anyway? If yer talkin' to me, say so right off."

"All right, sheriff," hastily said Camp, "is that it's your duty, in your honorable position, to search this car?"

"I don't need no instructin' in my dooty as sheriff," retorted the official. "That a bigger dooty is what ovvies to the feminine sex. When a female is in question, a gentleman, Mr. Camp—yes, sir, a gentleman—is in dooty bound to be pertite."

people jump on to the platform, and Albert Cullen's voice drawl, "Aw, by Jove, what's the row?" Camp not enlightening them, Lord Hales suggested that they get on the car to find out, and the three did so. A moment later the sheriff came to the door and told Camp that I was not to be found.

"I told yer this was the last place to look for the cuss," said Camp, he said, "We've just discomfoted the lady for nothin'."

"Then we must search elsewhere," spoke up Camp. "Come on, boys."

"The sheriff turned and made another elaborate apology for having had to trouble the lady.

I heard Madge tell him that he hadn't troubled her at all, and then, as the cowboys and Camp walked off, she added, "And Mr. Guntion, I want to thank you for reproving Mr. Camp's dreadful swearing."

"Thank yer, miss," said the sheriff. "We'll be a little rough at times, but — me if I don't know what's due to a lady."

"Papa," said Madge, as soon as he was out of hearing, "the sheriff is the most beautiful swearer I ever heard of."

"For a while there was silence round the station; I suppose the party in 218 were comparing notes, while the two cowboys and I had the best reasons for being quiet. Presently, however, the men came out of the car and jump-



A lesson in politeness. Madge evidently followed them to the door, for she called, "Please let me know the moment something happens or you learn anything."

The Bully's Share. Samuel Gompers, chief of the American Federation of Labor, said in a recent address:

"The rich and powerful man is too apt to tread the poor and helpless man as if the little boy treated the little boy."

"A little boy was peacefully making a snowman one winter morning when a tall, strong lad, a bully, rushed up, kicked down the snowman and gave the little fellow a thump on the head."

"A benevolent gentleman saw this outrageous bullying from a distance. He drew near, shook his fist at the big boy and gave the little one a dime to comfort him."

"There, there," he said. "Here is a dime for you. Now dry your eyes."

"But he was no sooner gone than the bully came up and demanded half the money."

"I'll be satisfied with half," he said virtuously. "But I ought to have all by rights, for if I hadn't walloped yer ye wouldn't have gotten a cent."

Giant Waves on Lake Superior. "I never before saw the waves running so high on Lake Superior as they were during the big storm of November," said Walter Peters, one of the keepers at the Passage Island light-house. Passage Island is located about four miles east of Isle Royale.

"The house is 60 feet above the level of the lake," continued Mr. Peters, "and the waves were so high that all the windows in the kitchen were broken and the house flooded. Our new pumping house was swept entirely away."

"When the storm had subsided we found some stones weighing as much as 100 pounds about in the vicinity of the house, washed there by the force of the waves."

"The wind was from the northeast, and our island, which is long and narrow, points in a northeasterly direction. It was a great sight to see the giant waves racing along."—Duluth Herald.

Maud Centented. An absent-minded clergyman tells how once he was unconsciously responsible for helping a bashful lover. His mind was filled with a subtle theological problem when a neighbor's daughter passed in company with a diffident youth. His thoughts were interrupted as she called out to him:

"Oh, doctor, we are just going for a ramble. Won't you join us?"

"With pleasure. Do you want the company in a church?"

"The bashful lover was suddenly fired with an enthusiasm that four years of gnawing at his heartstrings had failed to arouse, and he fairly shouted:

"Yes, yes, if Maud consents, the sooner the better."

A Minor Trouble. "Did yer' heah 'bout our bad luck? No? De ol' man was smokin' in bed an' he set things a-burnin' an' burst de halfboard an' de pilfer, an' de pashmen heah de water over de halfboard. I nesh did see no such a run o' bad luck!"

"An' what 'bout de ol' man?"

"De ol' man? Oh, he was daid!"

## TRADE AT HOME.

PROBLEM THAT IS BROUGHT HOME TO COMMUNITY.

Why Do Mail Order Concerns Thrive When Consumers Are Not Benefited?—The Home Advertisement.

The increasing volume of business which is being directed from local dealers to the big mail order houses is threatening the prosperity of thousands of country stores. The business of these big concerns is multiplying at an alarming rate, and if the ratio continues the ultimate demoralization of business in many rural towns is a foregone conclusion, says Edward K. Slater, food commissioner of Minnesota, in the Retailers' Journal, Chicago.

Who suffers the greatest financially? It is the business men of the community. Any disinterested person familiar with the ins and outs of the business will concede that the consumer is not profiting at the expense of the home merchant. There is one crucial question could not be blamed for taking the best end of the bargain. For the sake of the argument we will assume that the consumer is receiving just as good a price as he can get from his local order house as he does from his home merchant. The loss to the merchant must be somebody's gain. It follows, therefore, that the mail order house proprietor is the only one who is getting benefit there.

But the question naturally suggests itself, why does the business of the mail order house increase at such an alarming rate if the consumers are getting benefit there? This is one of the greatest arguments advanced by the advocates of the mail order business. The answer is found in the fact that the purchaser responds to advertising and getting benefit there.

One of the reasons why a country merchant who went to sleep soon after he opened up his business and hasn't waked up yet. That is the situation in a nutshell.

The mail order houses of the mail order houses has been built up on advertising, advertising, advertising!

My department has been giving considerable attention to groceries shipped into the state by mail order houses. We have been trying to place before the consumers the fact that many of these goods are illegal under our pure food laws, and that this department has no jurisdiction over such shipments. We cannot punish such violators and thus protect the consumers, as we are enabled to do when the goods are sold inside the state. It follows, as a matter of course, that this department is not in a position to see goods only purchased through mail order dealers, so that all consumers will receive the protection afforded by a strict enforcement of our pure food laws.

The country merchant must do his duty if he desires to compete with the catalogue house. He must beat him with his own weapon—advertising. He, too, must have special prices on certain articles if he wishes to hold the home trade. He must advertise, and advertise through the mail order houses who think they are so located that they cannot advertise successfully should study the subject of advertising.

There is probably no store, city or country, whose business could not be advertised successfully if the proprietor only knew how and has the nerve and patience to do it. There are a few country merchants in remote localities who have mastered advertising so successfully that their competition does not bother them. This idea that you have lived so long in a town that everybody knows you and you don't need to advertise is a mistake. This is a mistake in advertising, indifference to doing business the way business is done in this day and age, is what has enabled the mail order houses to grow from mere nothing so great a power as they are today.

The merchant who can convince the people of his section and keep them convinced that his store is the best place to buy this and that article will not lose trade to advertising. Of course, he cannot afford to get out a catalogue as thick as a Bible, but he can keep an advertisement in his local papers, and see that it is changed every week, thus keeping new bargains constantly before the public. He should also have a mailing list and send out a circular letter at least once a month.

Nothing is more discouraging than beginning an advertising campaign. It is almost certain to fail if you do not first. It takes pluck—you must keep at it and master it.

Don't look upon your country newspaper as an object of charity. There is not a single country newspaper in your state, with a general local circulation, which is not able to give full value for money received. The country papers can help you solve this question if you will give them the chance.

Quakes and the Panama Canal. The engineers who recommended a sea level isthmian canal did not lay particular stress upon the greater ability to resist an earthquake than a low level canal. It is almost certain that a quake shock, but this undeniable advantage assumes fresh importance in the light of the San Francisco calamity. One of the strongest arguments against the Nicaragua route was its admitted liability to earthquakes, and while the Panama route is not open to this objection it cannot be safely predicted that it will not be visited by shocks severe enough to damage a sea level canal and to wreck one with locks.—Canadian Plain Dealer.

Modern Definition. Professor—Suppose an irresistible force should meet an immovable body, what would be the result? Student—A merger.—Judge.

## TRUE SOUTHERN CHIVALRY

Kentucky Colonel Didn't Apologize, But He Came Very Near Doing It.

Many stories have been told of southern chivalry, but the palm appears to go to a former governor of Kentucky while visiting Philadelphia recently.

According to the narrator, a genuine Kentucky colonel boarded a street car, stepped on the feet of a very pretty woman. Of course, the woman expected to be apologized for, but she was everybody else who heard her.

And she looked as though she expected an apology, but the colonel, driving her thought, snuffed his hat and said: "You make a woman so beautiful and charming and so well, wonderfully small feet that a man had to tramp on them to find them, then I don't think that an apology is necessary."

The compliment was too grateful for the woman to resist, and all that followed was a smiling acknowledgment of the colonel's gallant speech.

The Favorite Route East. Passengers from Chicago, N. Wayne, Cleveland, Erie, Buffalo, New York City, Boston and all points east, will find it to their interest by selecting for their journey the NICKEL PLATE ROAD from Chicago with Pullman Sleeping Cars to New York City, also through trains over the Erie, the lowest and no excess fares are charged on any route.

The NICKEL PLATE ROAD Dining Service is right up-to-date. Individual Club Meals are served at prices ranging from 25 cents to \$1.00; also meals a la carte. All trains leave Chicago from La Salle St. Station. For further information address J. V. Calahan, General Agent, 113 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

Can't Hold On. "Are you fond of yachting, Miss Gray?" "Oh, yes. At the very thought of the inspiring breeze, the straining sail, the racing water, I can hardly contain myself."

"Yes—that's the way it affects me."—Cleveland Leader.

A personally conducted party in a special train of Pullman sleeping cars, N. Wayne, July 16th, for a tour of the East, covering Chicago, Cleveland, Erie, Buffalo, New York City, Boston, New Haven, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, New Orleans, New York City, and returning to Chicago via the Erie, the lowest and no excess fares are charged on any route.

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A good many modern novels would be of more lasting value if their authors only devoted more time to thinking what to say instead of how to say it.—Boston Globe.

Some men make such a big fuss about planning for big things that they overlook the necessity of attending to the little details.

You always get full value in Lewis' Single Binder straight S cigar. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Texas, Ill.

There is no more unimpeachable here than the man who has so much common sense that he has no imagination.—Judge.

Complexion bad? Tongue coated? Liver deranged? Take Grafton Tea.

Genius is seldom bothered with book-keeping.—Lodge.



FREE If You Are Sick

If you are ill and all out of sorts, run down, irritable, cross, nervous and despondent; if your stomach is out of order and your appetite gone, your liver inactive, and your digestion impaired and bowels irregular, if you feel just completely tired out, have headaches, rheumatism, backaches or catarrh,

**Zaegel's Swedish Essence** will increase your appetite, aids digestion and by so doing restores vitality and strength to both body and mind.

This medicine acts directly on the stomach and regulates the heart, bowels, liver and kidneys.

In the south it has been found to cure and prevent malaria and all kinds of fevers. It is not a secret remedy, but a combination of roots and herbs, the names of which are on every package.

Nature's remedy for constipation, rheumatism, backache and catarrh. If you doubt this, you can test its curative virtue for yourself at absolutely no expense.

Send your name and address, describing your ailment, and we will mail you, under plain wrapper, securely sealed, a trial bottle FREE. It is free now, so don't fail to write to-day to M. R. Zaegel & Co., 160 Main Street, Sheboygan, Wis.

## SURFACE CULTIVATION

is not an experiment. It is an assured success. THE GOHN SURFACE RIDER

one of the pioneers in this new system of surface cultivation, is a farmer throughout Illinois and Iowa. Easily covered the Shovel Cultivator at small cost.

Ask your nearest dealer about it or write us for full particulars.

Brown Manufacturing Company ZANESVILLE, OHIO

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE A Certain Cure for Itch, Hot, Aching Feet. DO NOT ACCEPT A SUBSTITUTE.

## CORDIAL INVITATION

ADDRESSED TO WORKING GIRLS

Miss Barrows Tells How Mrs. Pinkham's Advice Helped Working Girls.

Girls who work are particularly susceptible to female disorders, especially those who are obliged to stand on their feet from morning until night in a store or factory.

Day in and day out the girl toils, and she is often the bread-winner of the family. If there she is sick or well, whether it rains or shines, she must get to her place of employment, perform the duties exacted of her—

Among this class the symptoms of female diseases are early manifested by weak and aching backs, pain in the lower limbs and lower part of the stomach. In consequence of frequent wetting of the feet, periods become painful and irregular, and frequently there are faint and dizzy spells, with loss of appetite, and life is a burden. All these symptoms point to a derangement of the female organism which can be easily and promptly cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Miss Anna E. Barrows, Nelsminville, Athens Co., Ohio, tells what this great medicine did for her. She writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I feel it my duty to tell you the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier has done for me. I had headache, pain in back, and periods were very irregular. I had been to several doctors, and they did me no good.

"Your medicine has made me well and strong. I can do most any kind of work without complaint, and my periods are all right. I am in better health than I ever was, and I know it is due to your medicine, because I have been to several doctors, and they did me no good."

"I am in better health than I ever was, and I know it is due to your medicine, because I have been to several doctors, and they did me no good."

It is to such girls that Mrs. Pinkham holds out a helping hand and extends a cordial invitation to correspond with her. She is daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham of Boston. For twenty years has been advising sick women free of charge. Her long record of success in treating women's ills makes her letters a storehouse of untold value to every ailing working girl. Address, Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

A Positive CURE FOR CATARRH Ely's Cream Balm

It is quickly absorbed. Cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane. It cures Catarrh of the nose, throat, and lungs. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50 cts. at Druggists or by mail. Trial size 10 cts. at small cost. Ely Brothers, 66 Wall Street, New York.

FARMS FOR SALE—What have you to say to a fine farm? 100 acres, 5000 ft. above sea level. Address JAMES P. FLYNN, Bowling Green, Mo.

Thompson's Eye Water

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