The Great K. & A. Train Robbery

BY PAUL LEICESTER FORD

AUTHOR OF.....

"The Hon. Peter Stirling," &c.

Copyright, 1896, by J. B. Lippincott Company.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW DID THE SECRET LEAK OUT?

I made up for my three nights' lack of sleep by not waking the next morning till after ten o'clock. When I went to 218, I found only the chef, and he told me the party had gone for a ride. Since I could not talk to Madge, I went to work at my desk, for I had been rather neglecting my routine work. While I still wrote I heard horses' hoofs, and, looking up, saw the Cullens returning. I went out on the platform to wish them good morning, arriving just in time to see Lord Ralles help Miss Cullen out of her saddle, and the way he did it, and the way he continued to hold her hand after she was down, while he said something to her, made me grit my teeth and look the other way. None of the riders had seen me, so I slipped into my car and went back to work. Fred came in presently to see if I was up yet, and to ask me to lunch, but I felt so miserable and downhearted that I made an excuse of my late breakfast for not joining them.

After luncheon the party in the other special all came out and walked up and down the platform, the sound of their voices and laughter only making me feel the bluer. Before long I heard a rap on one of my windows, and there was Miss Cullen peering in at me. The moment I looked up she called:

"Won't you make one of us, Mr. Misanthrope?"

I called myself all sorts of a fool, but out I went as eagerly as if there had been some hope. Miss Cullen began to tease me over my sudden access of energy, declaring that she was sure it was a pose for their benefit, or else due to a guilty conscience over having slept so late.

"I hoped you would ride with us, though perhaps it wouldn't have paid you. Apparently there is nothing to see in Ash Forks."

"There is something that may interest you all," I said, pointing to a special that had been dropped off No. 2 that morning.

"What is it?" asked Madge.

"It's a G. S. special," I said, "and Mr. Camp and Mr. Baldwin, and two G. S. officials came in on it."

"What do you think he'd give for those letters?" laughed Fred.

"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," said I.

"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'm 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 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 20th? 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," said Mr. Camp. "I speak as a director of the Kansas and 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 No. 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 of the window at the branch line train that was to leave for Phenix 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 answered 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 holding up a train all by my lonesome."

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

"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."

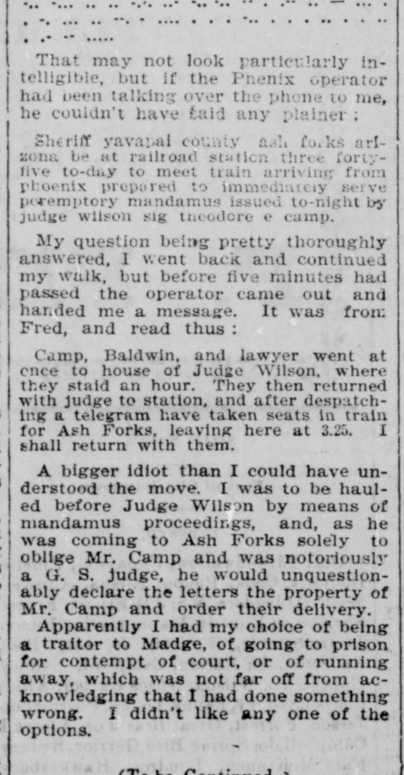
Miss Cullen blushed as if I had said something I ought not to have, and stammered, "I—I didn't write them, after all"

"I beg your pardon," I said, thinking what a dunce I had been not to understand that the letters of both herself and Lord Ralles had been only a pretext to get away from the rest of us.

My apology and evident embarrassment deepened Miss Cullen's blush five-fold, and she said, 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. Feeling like anything more than sleep, I went out on the platform, and, lighting a cigar, paced up and down, thinking of—well, thinking.

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 Phenix had arrived on time. 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 "24 paid." But as I heard the clicks.....which meant ph, I suddenly became attentive, and when it completed Phenix, I concluded Fred was wiring me, and listened for what followed the date. This is what the instrument ticked:—



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

Sheriff yavapai county ash forks arizona be at railroad station three forty-five to-day to meet train arriving from phoenix 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 staid an hour. They then returned with judge to station, and after despatching a telegram have taken seats in train for Ash Forks, leaving here at 3.25. 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 coming to Ash Forks solely to oblige Mr. Camp and was notoriously a G. S. judge, 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 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.

(To be Continued.)

Hood's Pills

Are much in little; always ready, efficient, satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. Price 25 cents. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

TEETH

Teeth Extracted Skillfully.

No Fictitious Method. No Indiscriminate use Cocaine. No Injurious After Effects.

DR. J. P MURRAY,
145 Queen Street.

Oysters Oysters Oysters.

JOY! JOY! JOY!

Victoria Cafe, Great George Street.

Oysters served in every style; Lunches and dinners with despatch. As usual, I am prepared to deliver Oysters in any quantity to customers to any part of the city.

Telephone Connection.

JOHN P. JOY
VICTORIA CAFE
Gt. George St.....

Evening - Classes

— AT THE —

P. E. I COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,

COMMENCE ON

Monday, 18th Oct. inst

At 7.30. Open to all. Individual instruction in all commercial subjects. No WASTE OF TIME HERE. Apply at once to

I. OXENHAM,
Principa

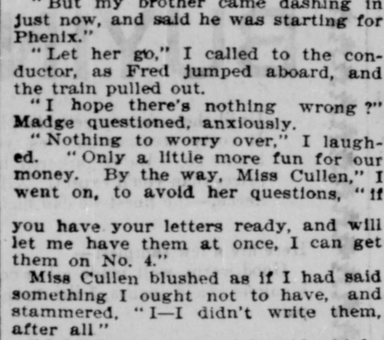
oct 0—tf

Offices to Let

The Suite of Offices in the Cameron Block, occupied by J. B. Hegan, Esq., Dominion Government Engineer. Apply to

HORACE HASZARD,
Charlottetown.

16 oct 6 eod



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution

the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,

Ask for Carter's,

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

GROWS RICH BY LOAFING.

He Gave Nature a Chance, and She Does the Producing.

If any one doubts seriously that nature does not oftentimes encourage laziness in her children, he should make a little journey into the oilfields of Bradford, Pa. There is a man down there whom nature in her most gracious mood simply has compelled to be lazy. All he does day in and day out the year round is to sit upon the bank of one of her little creeks and watch nature slave for him. If he were to raise his finger, he might undo all the skillful plotting that has been done by her in his behalf.

Long ago this favored child—he's an Irishman by birth and his name is Michael Grath—discovered the folly of toiling for his living. Before the discovery he owned a little tract of land that was as sterile and barren as a strip of the Jersey coast. He tilled and plowed until he was wrinkled and bent, and all he got was barely enough to keep body and soul together. But one day he found that that barren little strip of land was oozing with oil. He said nothing about it, but he redoubled his efforts, and after awhile he had enough money saved to put down a well. He struck oil the day the riggers threatened to quit unless they received their pay.

The well was not a gusher. It was what is known in the oil regions as a "small producer" and yielded on an average 12 barrels a day.

While Grath was looking about for some method to pipe his oil the rains came and swelled the tiny creek which passed through his farm until its course was changed and it flowed by his well. That was all the Irishman needed. At practically no expense beyond the cost of cutting a little timber from his land he rigged up a water wheel, and soon nature was merrily pumping her treasures into a neighboring tank owned by one of the big pipe lines, and Grath was charging her work up to the company at so much a barrel.

When she had slaved long enough for Grath to save some money, he put down another well, which, like the first, proved to be a small producer. The supply from this well was pumped by the same wheel into the same neighboring tank, and the only increase in the Irishman's labor was to charge double the sum for the work nature was doing.

It matters little to him what the price of oil may be. The cost of production worries him not at all. Even with it down to 50 cents a barrel he is sure of an income of $12 per day, and that is enough to meet all his needs. When there is dollar oil, the Irishman waxes rich fast, and his slave does the work for him at the same rates. For years he has watched her, and never once has she gone on strike or asked for shorter hours.—New York Press.

GLOVES GLOVES

We have just received one case Gentlemens gloves, in

Mocho, Im't Mocho, Napa. Heavy Kid, wool lined, Woolen Knit Gloves.

See our Men's Heavy Kid Gloves, wool lined for, 65c a pair,

Bargains in Underclothing.

The very lowest prices on Boots and Shoes.

J. B. Macdonld's Old Stand,

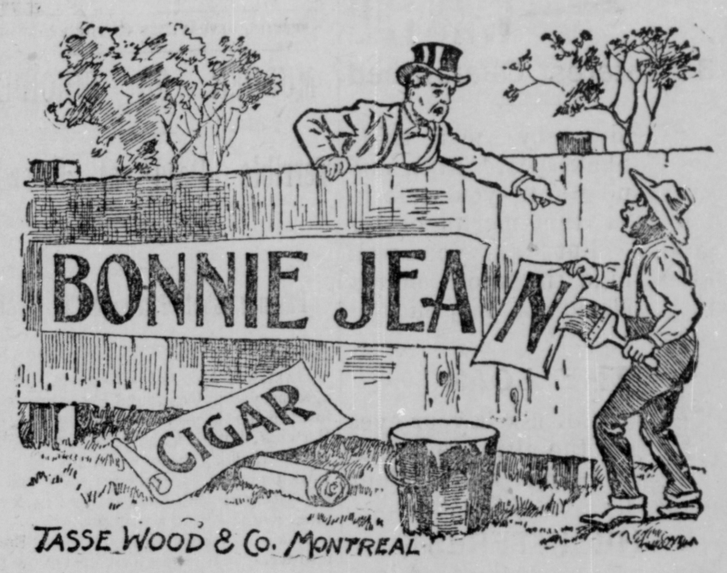
Opposite west end Market.

10,000

Housekeepers Say

Royal Oak Soap

is the best Soap in the world, for the Laundry. Clothes are made beautifully white and clean by using this great Soap. For sale everywhere.



BURGLAR WANTED.

To the Burglar who entered our office and broke the Handle of Safe we extend an invitation to call again, promising him a free entry into the safe, and thereby saving him the use of the Stillson wrench. We will not insure his easy exit, but will be on hand with an ambulance and undertaker.

At the same time we give the Dairymen a guarantee for one year with our twelve gang Cheese Presses. Nearly all that were imported here in the past required to be repaired within a year.

Our improved Cheese Vat is the most popular in the market.

Our Babcock Testers never break the bottles.

The press hoops are right for eighty lbs of curd.

And best of all the "ALPHA de LAVAL SEPARATOR" is one full th first wayahead of all others

Write for prices. Terms made to suit customers.

Our Pumps are winning a name for themselves at prices to beat any im

T. A. McLEAN

TIME! TIME

a Good Time to Buy Watches NOW.

In spite of the advance in price at the Factory, I have been able to buy, and will sell a nice lot of new Watches, at the old rate, the order having been given before the raise.

Call and see them; also our new Rings.

E. W. TAYLOR,

Cameron Block, City. OPTICIAN

Herring, Herring

Large, fat Herring in half barrels, barrels and quarter barrels, from Sydney, Cow Bay, Madalene and Arichat We will warrant every package we sell, or refund the money. For sale wholesale and retail by

GRANT & CO.,

Queen Street, Charlottetown

BIRD CAGES

IN

BRASS AND PINTED.

Extra bottle and springs. Wire rat traps, for another kind of bird.

SIMON W CRABBE

Walker's Corner 187 STOVES & HARDWARE

$22.50

We will give you a six hole Highland Range with all the cooking utensils and warranted.

We have the latest Range and best one on the market It is called the

FAVORITE

DODD & ROGERS

Wholesale & Retail