

The Great K. & A. Train Robbery

BY PAUL LEICESTER FORD
AUTHOR OF.....
"The Hon. Peter Stirling," &c.

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(Continued.)
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:
A peremptory mandamus has been issued by territorial judge to compel me to deliver to addressees the three registered letters which by your direction, issued Oct. 16, I was to hold pending arrival of Special Agent Jackson. Service of writ will be made at 3.45 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."

I looked a question, and she went on, "I have some worries, and then last night I saw you all keeping some bad news from me, and so I couldn't sleep."
"Then we did wrong to make a mystery of it, Miss Cullen," I said, "for it really isn't anything to trouble about. Mr. Camp is simply taking legal steps to try to force me to deliver those letters to him."

"And can he succeed?"
"No."
"How will you stop him?"
"I don't know yet just what we shall do, but if worse comes to worst, I will allow myself to be committed for some time to the asylum."
"What would they do with you?"
"Give me free board for a time."
"Not send you to prison?"
"Yes."

"Oh," she cried, "that mustn't be! You must not make such a sacrifice for us."
"I'd do more than that for you," I said. And I couldn't help putting a little emphasis on the last word, though I knew I had no right to do it.

She understood me and blushed rosily, even while she protested, "It is too much."
"There's really no likelihood," I interrupted, "of my being able to assume a martyr's crown, Miss Cullen, so don't begin to pity me till I'm behind the bars."

"But I can't bear to think—"
"Don't," I interrupted again, rejoicing all the time at her evident anxiety, and blessing my stars for the luck they had brought me. "Why, Miss Cullen," I went on, "I've become so interested in your success and the bickering of those fellows that I really think I'd stand about anything rather than that that they should win. Yesterday, when Mr. Camp threatened to—then I stopped, as it suddenly occurred to me that it was best not to tell Madge that I might lose my position, for it would look like a kind of bid for her favour, and, besides, would only add to her worries."


"Threatened what?" asked Miss Cullen.
"Threatened to lose his temper," I answered.
"You know that wasn't what you were going to say," Madge said, reproachfully.
"No, it wasn't," I laughed.
"Then what was it?"
"Nothing worth speaking about."
"But I want to know what he threatened."
"Really, Miss Cullen—I began, but she interrupted me by saying, anxiously:—

"He can't hurt papa, can he?"
"No," I replied.
"Or my brothers?"
"He can't touch any of them without my help. And he'll have work to get that I guarantee."

"Then why can't you tell me?" demanded Miss Cullen. "Your refusal makes me think you are keeping back some danger to them."
"Why, Miss Cullen," I said, "I didn't like to tell his threat because it seemed—well, I may be wrong, but I thought it might look like an attempt—an appeal—Oh, phaw!" I faltered, like a donkey. "I can't say it as I want to put it."
"Then tell me right out what he threatened," said Madge.
"He threatened to get me discharged," I said.
That made Madge look very sober, and for a moment, there was silence. Then she said:—
"I never thought of what you were risking to help us, Mr. Gordon. And I'm afraid it's too late to—"
"Don't worry about me," I hastened to interject. "I'm a long way from being discharged, and, even if I should

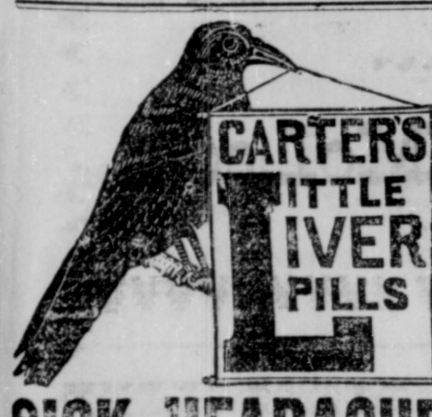
went on:—I suppose it is fairly so you. Probably so many men have been in love with you that it has come to mean very little in your eyes. But out here we don't make a joke of love, and when we care for a woman we care—well, it's not to be put in words, Miss Cullen."
"I really didn't mean to hurt your feelings, Mr. Gordon," said Madge, gently, and quite serious now. "I ought not to have tried to tease you."
"There!" I said, my irritation entirely gone. "I had no right to lose my temper, and I'm sorry I spoke so unkindly. The truth is, Miss Cullen, the girl I care for is in love with another man, and so I'm bitter and ill-natured in these days."
My companion stopped walking at the steps of 213 and said, "Has she told you so?"
"No," I answered. "But it's as plain as she's pretty."
Madge ran up the steps and opened the door of the car. As she turned to close it she looked down at me with the oddest of expressions and said:—
"How dreadfully ugly she must be!"

(To be Continued.)



"I'd do more than that for you."

be, Miss Cullen, I know my business, and it won't be long before I have another place."
"But it's terrible to think of the injury we may have caused you," said Madge, sadly. "It makes me hate the thought of money."
"That's a very poor thing to hate," I said, "except the lack of it."
"I felt you so anxious to get rich?" asked Madge, looking up at me quickly as we walked, for we had been packing up and down the platform during our chat.
"I haven't been till lately," I said.
"And what made you change?" she questioned.
"Well," I said, fishing round for some reason other than the true one, "perhaps I want to take a rest."
"You are the worst man for fibs I ever knew," she laughed.
"I felt myself getting red, while I exclaimed, 'Why, Miss Cullen, I don't think I'm a bit worse liar than—'
"Oh," she cried, interrupting me. "I didn't mean that way. I meant that when you try to fib you always do it so badly that one sees right through you. Now, acknowledge that you wouldn't stop work if you could."
"Well, no, I wouldn't," I owned up. "The truth is, Miss Cullen, that I'd like to be rich because—well, hang it, I don't care if I do say it—because I'm in love."
Madge laughed at my confusion, and said, "With money?"
"No," I said; "with just the nicest, sweetest, prettiest girl in the world."
Madge took a look at me out of the corner of her eye, and remarked, "It must be breakfast time."
Considering that it was about 6.30, I wanted to ask who was telling a faradiddle now, but I resisted the temptation, and said:—
"No, and I promise not to bother you about my private affairs any more."
Madge laughed again, merrily, saying:—"You are the most obvious man I ever met. Now why did you say that?"
"I thought you were making breakfast an excuse," I said, "because you didn't like the subject."
"Yes, I was," said Madge, frankly. "Tell me about the girl you are engaged to."
I was so taken aback that I stopped in my walk and merely looked at her. "For instance," she asked, coolly, when she saw that I was speechless, "what does she look like?"
"Like, like"—I stammered, still embarrassed by this bold carrying the war into my own camp—"like an angel."
"Oh," said Madge, eagerly. "I've always wanted to know what angels were like! Describe her to me."
"Well," I said, getting my second wind, so to speak, "she has the bluest eyes I've ever seen. Why, Miss Cullen, you said you'd never seen anything so blue as the sky yesterday, but even the atmosphere of 'rainless Arizona' has to take a back seat when her eyes are around. And they are just like the atmosphere out here. You can look into them for 100 miles, but you can't get to the bottom."
"The Arizona sky is wonderful," said Madge. "How do the scientists account for it?"
"I wasn't going to have my description of Miss Cullen side-tracked, for since she had given me the chance I wanted her to know just what I thought of her. I didn't follow lead on the Arizona skies, but went on:—
"And I really think her hair is just as beautiful as her eyes. It's light brown, very curly and—"
"Her complexion!" exclaimed Madge. "Is she a mulatto, and, if so, how can a complexion be curly?"
"Her complexion," I said, not a bit rattled, "is another great beauty of hers. She has one of those skins"—
"Furs are out of fashion at present," she interjected, laughing wickedly.
"Now, look here, Miss Cullen!" I cried, indignantly. "I'm not going to let ever you make fun of her."
"I can't help it," she laughed, "when you look so serious and intense."
"It's something I feel intense about, Miss Cullen," I said, not a little pained. I confess, at the way she was joking. I don't mind a bit being laughed at, but Miss Cullen knew about as well as I whom I was talking about, and it seemed to me she was laughing at my love for her. Under this impression I



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Some of the Things Which Every Good Housekeeper Should Know.

"Our grandmothers did without baking powder and were not sensible of any difficulty in preparing quick dough," writes Ella Morris Kretschmar in The Woman's Home Companion. "But one wonders if results were not oftentimes crude because of the nice care necessary in using soda. In fact, there are certain legends respecting greenish yellow or spotted biscuit at which the present generation of housekeepers smile, thanks to baking powder. Soda, an alkali very injurious to the stomach, should never be used without an acid to render it a neutral salt, as cream of tartar, muriatic acid or sour milk, and the proportion must be exact or the mixture will be either acid or alkaline.

"Pure baking powders are simply a mixture of bicarbonate of soda and cream of tartar in their proper proportions, with perhaps twice their combined weight of rice flour, cornstarch or plain flour to insure their keeping. If really pure, they cannot be called injurious, the danger lying in the use of powders having impure ingredients, of which quantities are doubtless sold daily. So sensible have housekeepers become of these adulterations that many are going back to the use of soda and cream of tartar, the use of which, as indicated, requires both intelligence and care. If one is dependent upon the average cook a standard baking powder is the safest reliance.

"In the making of quick doughs (by use either of baking powder or soda and cream of tartar) there are two points not given in any cookbook, so far as the writer knows, which add greatly to perfection in results. To make such dough proceed as follows:

"Into one quart of flour (measured before sifting) put a level teaspoonful of salt and 2 heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, or a level teaspoonful of soda and 2 rounding ones of cream of tartar, mix thoroughly with the hands and then sift twice. Next add a heaping tablespoonful of butter or butter and lard mixed, rub up lightly with the hands and again put through the sieve, pressing the last heavier part through with the fingers or hand. Now toss the mixture lightly about as when first putting in the baking powder, and it will be found that the shortening is distributed with perfect evenness through the flour. Have ready a scant pint of sweet milk in a mixing bowl and into this put half of the flour. Beat hard for a few minutes, when the mixture will be as smooth as satin. Add rapidly the rest of the flour, roll out quickly, cut (if for biscuit) and bake at once in a rather hot oven.

"Some flours require more wetting than others, but the rule for guidance is 'a dough as soft as can be handled.' A little flour more or less will not spoil the general result if other directions are carefully followed."

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