

# The Great K. & A. Train Robbery

BY PAUL LEICESTER FORD

AUTHOR OF.....

"The Hon. Peter Stirling," &c.

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

## CHAPTER II.

### THE HOLDING UP OF OVERLAND NO. 3.

On the third day a despatch came from Frederic Cullen telling his father he would join us at Lamy on No. 2 that evening. I at once ordered No. 2 and 218 on to the connecting train, and in an hour we were back on the main line. While waiting for the overland to arrive, Mr. Cullen asked me to do something which, as it later proved to have considerable bearing on the events of that night, is worth mentioning, trivial as it seems. When I had first joined the party, I had given orders for No. 2 to be kicked in between the main string and their special, so as not to deprive the occupants of 218 of the view from their observation saloon and balcony platform. Mr. Cullen came to me now and asked me to reverse the arrangement and make my car the tail end. I was giving orders for the splitting and kicking in when No. 3 arrived, and thus did not see the greeting of Frederic Cullen and his family. When I joined them, his father told me that the high attitude had knocked his son up, so that he had to be helped from the ordinary sleeper to the special, and had gone to bed immediately. But what we have to know something of medicine, and my car had its chest of drugs. So I took some tablets and went into the stateroom.

Frederic was like his brother in appearance, though not in manner, having a quick, alert way. He was breathing with such difficulty that I was almost tempted to give him nitroglycerine, instead of strychnine, but he said he would be all right as soon as he became accustomed to the rarefied air, quite poor-pooring my suggestion that he take No. 2 back to Trinidad. And while I was still urging the train started. Leaving him the vials of digitalis and strychnine, therefore, I went back and dined solus on my own car, indulging at the end in a cigar, the smoke of which would keep turning into pictures of Miss Cullen. I have thought about those pictures since then, and have concluded that when cigar smoke behaves like that a man might as well read his destiny in it, for it can mean only one thing.

After enjoying the combination, I went to No. 218, to have a look at the son, and found that the heart tonics had benefited him considerably. On leaving him I went to the dining-room, where the rest of the party were still at dinner, to ask that the invalid have a strong cup of coffee, and after delivering my request, Mr. Cullen asked me to join them in a cigar. This I did gladly, for a cigar and Miss Cullen's society were even pleasanter than a cigar and Miss Cullen's pictures, because the pictures never quite did her justice, and, besides, didn't talk.

Our smoke finished, we went back to the saloon, where the gentlemen sat down to poker, which Lord Ralies had just learned and liked. They did not ask me to take a hand, for which I was grateful, as the salary of a railroad superintendent would hardly span the game they probably played. And I had my compensation when Miss Cullen also was not asked to join them. She said she was going to watch the moonlight on the mountains from the platform, and opened the door to go out, finding for the first time that No. 97 was the "ender." In her disappointment she protested against this, and wanted to know the why and wherefore.

"We shall have far less motion," Madge, Mr. Cullen explained. "And then we shan't have the rear end man in our car at night."

"But I don't mind the motion," urged Miss Cullen, "and the flagman is there only after we are all in our rooms. Please leave us the view."

"I prefer the present arrangement," Madge, said Mr. Cullen, in a very positive voice.

I was so sorry for Miss Cullen's disappointment that, on impulse, I said, "The platform of 97 is entirely at your service, Miss Cullen." The moment it was out I realized that I ought not to have said it, and that I deserved a rebuke for supposing she would use my car.

Miss Cullen took it better than I hoped for, and was declining the offer as kindly as my intention had been in making it, when, much to my astonishment, her father said:

"By all means, Madge. That relieves us of the discomfort of being the last car, and yet lets you have the scenery and moonlight."

Miss Cullen looked at her father for a moment, as if not believing what she had heard. Lord Ralies scowled and opened his mouth to say something, but checked himself and only flung his discard down as if he hated the cards.

"Thank you, papa," said Miss Cullen. "But I think I will watch you play."

"Now, Madge, don't be foolish," said Mr. Cullen, irritably. "You might just as well have the pleasure, and you'll only disturb the game if you stay here."

Miss Cullen leaned over and whispered something, and her father answered her. Lord Ralies must have heard, for he muttered something which made Miss Cullen colour up, but which good it did him, for she turned to me and said, "Since my father doesn't approve, I will gladly accept your hospitality, Mr. Gordon." And after a glance at Lord Ralies that had a challenging "I'll do as I please" in it, she went to get her hat and coat.

The whole incident had not taken ten seconds, yet it puzzled me beyond measure, even while my heart beat with an unreasonable hope, for my better sense told me that it simply meant that Lord Ralies disapproved, and Miss Cullen, like any girl of spir-

it, was giving him notice that he was not yet privileged to control her actions. Whatever the scene meant, his lordship did not like it, for he swore at his luck the moment Miss Cullen had left the room.

When Miss Cullen returned, we went back to the rear platform of 97. I let down the traps, closed the gates, got a campstool for her to sit on, with a cushion to lean back on, and a footstool, and fixed her as comfortably as I could, even getting a travelling rug to cover her lap, for the plateau air was chilly. Then I hesitated a moment, for I had the feeling that she had not thoroughly approved of the thing, and therefore she might not like to have me stay. Yet she was so charming in the moonlight, and the little balcony the platform made was such a tempting spot to linger on, while she was there, that it wasn't easy to go. Finally I asked:

"You are quite comfortable, Miss Cullen?"

"Sinfully so," she laughed. "Then perhaps you would like to be left to enjoy the moonlight and your meditations by yourself?" I questioned. I knew I ought to have said more, but I simply couldn't when she looked so enticing.

"Do you want to go?" she asked. "No," I ejaculated, so forcibly, that she gave a little startled jump in her chair. "That is—I mean," I stammered, embarrassed by my own vehemence, "I rather thought you might not want me to stay."

"What made you think that?" she demanded.

I am not a good hand at inventing explanations. After a moment's seeking for some reason I plumped out, "Because I feared you might not think it proper to use my car, and I suppose it's my presence that made you think it."

She took my stupid fumble very nicely, laughing merrily, while saying, "If you like mountains and moonlight, Mr. Gordon, and don't mind the lack of a chaperon, get a stool for yourself, too." What was more, she offered me half of the lap robe when I was seated beside her.

I think she was pleased by my offer to go away, for she talked very pleasantly and far more intimately than she had ever done before, telling me facts about her family, her Chicago life, her travels and even her thoughts. From this I learned that her elder brother was an Oxford graduate, and that Lord Ralies and his brother were classmates, who were visiting him for the first time since he had graduated. She asked me some questions about my work, which led me to tell her pretty much everything about myself that I thought could be of the least interest, and it was a very pleasant surprise to me to find that she knew one of the old team and had even heard of me from him.

"Why," she exclaimed, "how absurd of me not to have thought of it before! But, you see, Mr. Colston always speaks of you by your first name. You ought to hear how he praises you."

"Trust Harry to praise any one," I said. "There were some pretty low fellows on the old team—men who could not keep their word or their tempers, and would slug every chance they got—but Harry used to insist there wasn't a bad egg among the lot."

"Don't you find it very lonely to live out here, away from all your old friends?" she asked.

I had to acknowledge that it was, and told her the worst part that was, absence of pleasant women. "Till you arrived, Miss Cullen," I said, "I hadn't seen a well-gowned woman in four years." I've always noticed that a woman would rather have a man notice and praise her frock than her beauty, and Miss Cullen was apparently no exception, for I could see the remark pleased her.

"Don't Western women ever get Eastern gowns?" she asked.

"Any quantity," I said. "But you know, Miss Cullen, that it isn't the gown, but the way it's worn, that gives the artistic touch." For a fellow who had devoted the last seven years of his life to grades and fuel and rebates and pay rolls I don't think that was bad. At least, it made Miss Cullen's mouth dimple at the corners.

The whole evening was so eminent-ly satisfactory that I almost believe I should be talking yet, if interruption had not come. The first premonition of it was Miss Cullen's giving a little shiver, which made me ask if she was cold.

"Not at all," she said. "I only—what place are we stopping at?"

I started to rise, but she checked the movement, and said: "Don't trouble yourself. I thought you would know without moving. I really don't care to know."

I took out my watch and was startled to find it was twenty minutes past twelve. I wasn't so green as to tell Miss Cullen so, and merely said, "By the time, this must be Sanders."

"Do we stop long?" she asked. "Only to take water," I told her, and then went on with what I had been speaking about when she shivered. But as I talked it slowly dawned on me that we had been standing still some time, and presently I stopped speaking and glanced off, expecting to

recognize something, only to see alkali plain on both sides. A little surprised, I looked down, to find no siding. Rising hastily, I looked out forward. I could see moving figures on each side of the train, but that meant nothing, as the train's crew—and, for that matter, passengers—are very apt to alight at every station. What did mean something was that there was no water tank, no station, or any other visible cause for a stop.

"Is anything the matter?" asked Miss Cullen.

"I think something's wrong with the engine or the roadbed, Miss Cullen," I said. "And if you'll excuse me I'll go forward and see."

I had barely spoken when "Bang, bang!" went two shots. That they were both fired from an English "express" my ears told me, for no other people in this world make a mountain howitzer and call it a rifle.

Hardly were the two shots fired when "Crack, crack, crack, crack!" went some Winchester.

"Oh, what is it?" cried Miss Cullen. "I think your wish has been granted," I said. "We are being help up, and Lord Ralies is showing us how to"—

My speech was interrupted. "Bang, bang!" challenged another "express," the shots so close together as to be almost simultaneous. "Crack, crack, crack!" retorted the Winchester, and from the fact that silence followed I drew a clear inference. I said to myself, "That is an end of poor John Bull."

(To be Continued.)

## Hood's Pills

Are gaining favor rapidly. Business men and travellers carry them in vest pockets, ladies carry them in purses, housekeepers keep them in medicine closets, friends recommend them to friends. Etc.

### Physical Culture & Dancing

#### MISS H. MACDONALD

Will re-open her Classes on Thursday October 7th.  
Private lessons at any hour.  
Adults at 8 p. m. Juveniles at 4 p. m.  
Fancy Dancing a specialty.  
Full particulars on application at her rooms in Masonic Building, or at the residence of John A. Macdonald, Esq., Pownall St. Oct 7-

### New Fall Boots

Opening to-day Goods right. Prices— Call and see them.

### R. K. Jost

### Italian Ware House

Cor. Crafon and Gt. Geo. Sts. North side Queen Square

Received to day a large shipment of imported wines for Medical and Domestic uses.

**PORT** Conzalez, Oporto.

**CLARET.** St. Julian Listrae, Cotes Midoe, Bordeaux.

**CHAMPAGNE.** Giesler & Co., Alfred Gratien, France,—Extra dry.

**JOY & DAVIES,** Wholesale Wine and Liquor Merchants.

### DOUBLE TENEMENT

By Auction.

To be sold by auction, on the premises King Street East, on Wednesday, the 13th day of Oct. inst; at 12 o'clock noon.

Double Tenement House and land 42x80, on north side King Street East, property of the late Wm. Ladner. Terms cash.

R. BEARISTO, Auctioneer.

oct 12

### Berry and Creamery.

Here is an attractive way to pack butter for market. Get a rectangular wooden box about twice as long as it is wide and of the same depth as width. Have it made of the size to hold an exact number of pounds, either one, two, three, four or five. Line the boxes with parchment paper, then pack them solid with butter. When putting them up for market, a certain number of these boxes may be shipped in a crate. One popular style is to have the box hold exactly five pounds of butter, and then pack ten of such boxes in a crate for shipping. Have the butter absolutely first class and then put your name and address or the name and address of the creamery on each box. The butter will slip out of the box beautifully. A market for such fancy butter may be always found among people who like a good thing and will pay for it. The famous Philadelphia prints that bring so good a price in the New York markets are simply excellent butter done up for market in a fancy manner.

Do not fail to plant some beets for your cows to eat next winter if you have no ensilage.

It is recommended to boil wooden bowls in water an hour and let the water cool on them to prevent them from cracking. But never be guilty of the atrocity of boiling wooden bowls in lard or painting them, as some recommend, to prevent cracking. A wooden bowl boiled in lard or painted even upon the outside would be a nice thing to scald, would it not, and a nice thing to put outside into after it had been scalded?

The old fashioned way of "gathering" butter is wrong. Draw off the buttermilk when the butter is in grains the size of a wheat. Then dash water upon it and give the churn a few turns. Draw off the water. Wash twice if the stream that runs out is not clear. Then sprinkle the salt upon the butter, still in the granular state, and mix salt and butter thoroughly by a few more turns of the churn. Let the butter stand till it is hard in a place where it will take no taint from the surrounding air, then work it into the shape desired. Put from half an ounce to an ounce of fine clean salt to a pound of butter, according to the taste of your customers. Many excellent butter makers now only put half an ounce.

### MESSAGE TO MEN

Proving that True Honesty and True Philanthropy still Exist

If any man who is weak, nervous and debilitated, or who is suffering from any of the various troubles resulting from youthful folly, excesses or overwork, will take heart and write to me, I will send him confidentially and free of charge the plan pursued by which I was completely restored to perfect health and manhood, after years of suffering from Nervous Debility, loss of Vigor and Organic Weakness.

I have nothing to sell, and therefore want no money, but as I know through my own experience how to sympathize with such sufferers, I am glad to be able to assist any fellow-beings to a cure. I am well aware of the prevalence of quackery, for I myself was deceived and imposed upon until I nearly lost faith in mankind but I rejoice to say that I am now perfectly well and happy once more and am desirous therefore to make this certain means of cure known to all. If you will write to me you can rely upon being cured and the proud satisfaction of having been of great service to one in need will be sufficient reward for my trouble. Absolute secrecy assured. Send 5c silver to cover postage and address Mr. G. Strong, North Rock and, Mich. 135 p.w.

### 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....

### McGill University, Montreal

SESSION 1897-98

The curriculum comprises course in Arts, (including the DONALD SPECIAL COURSE FOR WOMEN), APPLIED SCIENCE MEDICINE, LAW, and VETERINARY SCIENCE Matriculation, Examination and Scholarship Examination will be held—ARTS and MEDICINE, 15th SEPT.; APPLIED SCIENCE, 16th SEPT.; LAW, 7th SEPT. VETERINARY SCIENCE, 22nd SEPT.

Copies of the Calendar containing information, may be obtained on application to the Secretary.

# NEXT TO A PRETTY GIRL

To charm and delight you are our Cobber seat, and Rattan Rockers, and our new Mirrors, 8.50 to 11.50, will enable you to make yourselves admirable to both sexes.

Our new window blinds 25 to 45 will beautify your home all for a little money.

We furnish homes.

## JOHN NEWSON.

Newson Block, Victoria Row

IT'S NO "EARTHLY" USE

TRYING TO FIND A BETTER CIGAR THAN

# TOSCANA

TASSE WOOD & Co. MONTREAL

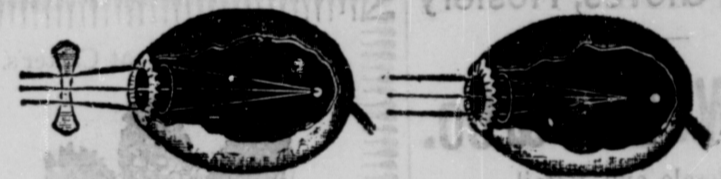
# English Manures

Landing to-day ex Steamer "Irene Morris," direct from Liverpool, Etc.

SUPERPHOSPHATES, NITRATE OF SODA, MURIATE OF POTASH, BONE MEAL, ETC.

All genuine, and of guaranteed analysis. The only reliable, best, and at least 20 per cent the cheapest fertilizer on the market.

## AULD BROS.



The above shows the Myopia, or near-sighted eye, with and without correcting lens. The eye-ball is too long, and this condition greatly interferes with distant vision, and if neglected, may produce serious results. When attending the exhibition, make it a point to have your eyes examined FREE by

G. F. HUTCHESON, Optician & Jeweler

ueen St., opp. J. D. McLeod

# BIRD CAGES

IN

## BRASS AND PAINTED.

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

## SIMON W CRABBE

Walker's Corner 187 STOVES & HARDWARE

# You Can Rely on Good Work

at our tailoring establishment. Not one stitch put in a garment by an apprentice, or an inexperienced hand. We employ none of that kind. We could easily boast of 50 workmen if we did. We are bound to hold the reputation we have made as high-class tailors.

## McKay Woolen Co.,

High Grade Tailors.