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### TRAPPED BY TELEGRAPH.

There have been a great many stories about attacks on lonely stations in the west. Here is another, which is perhaps one of the best on this well-worn subject.

While on a small town in Wyoming territory I learned that a lady living there had been the heroine of a thrilling adventure with train robbers, and curiosity and love for the brave induced me to call on her to tell me the story. When I went to her house I was welcomed by a handsome lady of about 30, and in response to my earnest request for this one chapter of her life, she related the following:

"In 1873, when but a girl of 18, I left my home in Omaha and came out to fill the lonesome position of night operator at a small station on the Pacific railway in this territory. It was a dreary, desolate spot in the midst of a desert. The only buildings at the station, aside from the depot, were the section house, occupied by a track foreman and a few Chinese laborers; a water tank, and a coal shed. The day operator and agent, a mere boy, slept at the section house, 200 yards distant, so that during the long dreary nights I was alone in the depot.

"No. 4 express train, bound east, was due at 2:15 in the morning, but it never stopped unless signaled, and as this was the only train during the latter portion of the night, you can imagine my lonely situation upon the desert wild. I had my books and guitar for companions, and passed much of the time reading, and when the doleful howling of the wolves were borne to my ears from the distant sand hills, I would pick up my guitar and endeavor to drown their cries with music and song.

"The superintendent of the division, a buoyant, light-spirited young gentleman, came over the road at frequent intervals and cheered me up with promises of a better position when a vacancy should occur. He often found me on the very brink of despair, almost on the point of resigning my position and returning to my humble home and the mother who depended on my salary for the necessities of life, but his promises, his genial conversation and words of encouragement drove away the gloom and I came to look for his visits with a sense of the keenest pleasure. I began to regard him with a sisterly affection, he was so kind and tender and so solicitous for my welfare and comfort.

"One night shortly after midnight, as I sat at my table reading a late novel, I thought I heard a shuffling footstep on the depot platform, but as it was not repeated I concluded it was a wolf more daring than his cowardly fellows and resumed my book. A few moments later I heard a low knocking at the door, which I always kept locked, and a strange feeling came over me. During my several weeks' stay at the station I had never had a visitor, and the sudden knock, so low, yet so startlingly clear in the stillness of the night caused my form to tremble and my cheek to blanch.

"My first thought was of Indians, and then I reasoned that it might be some tramp desiring shelter. While I sat there in affright the knock was repeated louder than before, and mustering all my courage I approached the door and asked:

"Who's there?"

A gruff voice replied:

"A traveller who desires to take the east-bound train."

"It was my plain, unmistakable duty to admit him, and with trembling fingers I drew the bolt.

"Instantly the door was pushed violently open, and I sprang back to the table and sank into my chair in terror when seven burly men wearing cloth masks at their faces and armed to the teeth entered the office. One of them, evidently the leader, walked up to me, and, pointing a large revolver at my head, said in a low, firm voice:

"Gal, we don't want to hurt you, but if you make a suspicious move or scream or give any alarm so that any of the men in the section house hear you I'll spite the looks of that party face with a bullet. Be quiet and sensible and behave yourself and yer shan't be hurt. What's yer red signal lamp?"

"What would you do?" I gasped.

"None of your business. We don't want to hear any unnecessary back talk nor no impertinent questions. What's the red lamp?"

"A kind of horror swept over me when the truth burst upon me that I was in the

hands of a band of desperate train robbers, whose evident intention was to signal the train and rob the express car at my station. What could I do? It was yet three hours until the train was due, but I could not elude my captors to rouse the section men, and I knew by the ugly gleam in the leader's eyes through the holes in his mask, that if I made the least outcry he would not hesitate to carry out his threat and murder me. I knew they could find the lamp easily by searching for it, and in a trembling voice I told them it was hanging just inside the door of the freight room. One of the men got it, and, after examining it to see that it was in order, the rough band took seats to await the incoming train.

"The leader lit his pipe and, looking at me steadily for a few moments, said:

"Young gal, when that ar train toots her whistle, we's got some work for you. An official duty, as you might call it. You must get out thar on the platform and signal the train to stop an' take on some first-class passengers. An', looker here, if you make a suspicious move, or don't swing the red lamp in the proper way, we'll just venturate that graceful body with bullets, and jump on our horses and git. Do you understand?"

"A desperate resolve had been taking shape in my bewildered brain. I replied that I fully understood him, and, with a piteous cry, 'Oh you will make a murderer of me!' I threw my arms and head down on the table and began to cry as if my heart was breaking. Had he seen my face he might have noticed a total absence of tears. I was crying for a purpose.

"When my arms dropped upon the table I allowed my head to fall upon the armature of the telegraph instrument, so that I could hold it to prevent it from ticking, while my right hand rested upon the key. Sobbing, so that any slight clicking the key might make would not reach the robbers, I opened it and slowly made the telegraphic characters:

H E L P

"These I repeated several times, hoping they might reach the ears of some operator on the line. I slowly and distinctly wrote these words, still sobbing violently:

"Who—hears—this—for—heaven's—sake—report—to—train—dispatcher—at—I—am—quick—that—I—am—in—the—hands—of—several—robbers—who—will—compel—me—to—flag—No.—4.—Send—help—quick."

"Then I signed name and office call.

"I released the armature, and the instrument clicked out:

"Brace—up—little—girl—I—hear—you.—H."

"H." was the train dispatcher's call.

With a fierce shout the leader sprang forward and rudely snatched me away from the table and asked:

"Gal, what's that?"

"Only a distant office asking for orders for a freight train," I responded.

"None o' yer lyin', yon little imp," he roared. "Yer up to some trick!"

"No," I replied, "I am not. If I was doing that my fingers would be on the instrument. Don't you see I am not touching it, and yet it works. It is only an order to a freight train away down at Medicine now."

"Keep away from that table," he said, savagely. "An' if I ketch you at any tricks, I'll choke the life out o' you."

"Oh, how eagerly my ears drank in every word the instrument clicked out:

I heard a telegram to the sheriff at Green River, twenty miles west, asking him to arm a posse of men at once and get on board a special train which would be ready for him. Then another to the young superintendent who was at Green River, telling how my slowly written words had been heard by the dispatcher, and asking him to supervise the preparations to fly to my relief. Then a third dispatch to the master mechanic, instructing him to fire up his fastest passenger engine and couple on to a carriage and await the superintendent's orders. My heart beat so violently that it almost took my breath away. It seemed an age ere I heard the Green River operator call the dispatcher and say:

"The superintendent, with sheriff and twenty armed men, are aboard, and train ready for orders."

"The order came flying. It told the engineer he had a clear track and to run at his very highest speed to within a half mile of my station, and with his party to alight. Then came the welcome report from the Green River Office:

"Special east departed 1:15."

"Oh, how my poor heart beat, and how my every nerve tingled with excitement. One fifteen. I mentally figured that the train on such a desperate errand should make nearly a mile a minute and reach the stopping point about 1:35.

"The robber chief gave his men their instructions. I was to be sent out alone to signal the train, and when it halted the band would make a rush and board it.

"Bill, you jump on the engine as soon as she stops, and hold the engineer and fireman under your gun. Jack, you pile into the mail car an' make the clerk give up his registered letters an' Yank an' Aleck 'll work the express car, while Tom an' Shorty hold the conductor and brakeman back. Do yer work quick an' hold, an' don't be afeared to burn powder if necessary. Thar's a big haul on that train and we've got to have it."

"How eagerly I watched the clock, and

how slowly, how very slowly the hands seemed to move. One twenty-one, one twenty-five and one thirty were ticked off. One thirty-five! Would they never come?

"The men sat on the bench along the west side of the room, facing the two windows on the east. I tried to figure how long it would require for the men to walk to the depot from the stopping place. Perhaps even then they were surrounding the station and I might hear a knock at the door any instant. Would there be a fight? Oh, horrible thought! In a few moments I might see men shot down before my face, and I might myself be killed. I almost fainted with fright. The blood seemed to freeze in my veins, and I grasped the chair or I would have fallen to the floor. One forty! There came a fearful crash of glass, and the black muzzles of a perfect cloud of rifles were thrust through the windows and pointed directly at the robbers. Then a voice cried out:

"Men, throw up your hands! I am the sheriff and in the name of the law demand your surrender. Make but a move and I'll order my men to fire!"

"Yer little cat!" hissed the leader, glaring at me savagely as the band suddenly held aloft their hands. Then the sheriff and three men entered and disarmed and handcuffed the robbers, and I saw the superintendent look at me and heard him say: "What a debt I owe you, my brave girl," and then I fell fainting into his arms.

"When I regained consciousness I was lying in my bed in my room at Green River, with several ladies around me, and was told that seven days had elapsed since the capture of the robbers. I was suffering from brain fever brought on by the terrible strain I had passed through, and had been unconscious for that long period. For many days thereafter I hovered on the borders between life and death, and the superintendent was at my bedside several times every day, cheering me up with words of encouragement and doing all in his power to alleviate my suffering.

"I finally recovered and when called into court to testify against the desperate gang I will never forget their fierce glances toward me as I told how I had entrapped them, or how, in spite of the efforts of the judge and court officers to suppress it, the crowd cheered me as I left the stand. The men were sent for long terms to an eastern prison, and I have never heard of them since."

"And did the company reward you for saving the train?" I asked.

"Well, only slightly. Corporations have no souls, you know. But I revenged myself on the superintendent in a manner."

"In what way?"

"I married him," she replied, with a cunning smile.

**HIS SHOP OPENED UP.**

**Closed for Two Months in the Expectation of Death.**

A Richmond, Ont., Harness Maker Unexpectedly Turns Up and Resumes Business at His Old Stand After Being Cured of Bright's Disease with Dodd's Kidney Pills.

RICHMOND, ONT., Nov. 14.—This not very distant suburb of the Canadian capital has been highly wrought up during the past few days over the recovery of a well-known business man here, Mr. J. McCarthy, who being declared to be in an advanced stage of Bright's disease of the kidneys, had been given up to die.

Curious to know the particulars of a case creating so much local interest your correspondent made haste to call and introduce himself to Mr. McCarthy, and found him in his shop and willing to talk of his case.

"I have called to see Mr. McCarthy; are you that gentleman?"

"Yes, sir," said he, "what can I do for you?"

"Hearing that there was something very unusual about your recovery from a seemingly fatal illness I have called to learn the facts," said I.

"Well, sir," replied he, "I am never too busy to talk about my doctor, I mean Dodd's Kidney Pills, for, with the blessing of God, they have saved my life."

"Is it true that you had been given up to die, and that your doctors both named your trouble Bright's disease?" asked I.

"Yes, sir," he answered, "although ailing for some time it was only about seven months ago that my case became serious. After doctoring here and in Ottawa about four months I had to close my shop fearing that I must die of Bright's disease."

"About ten weeks ago Mr. McCord, a farmer living out near here, advised me to use Dodd's Kidney Pills as they had cured him of diabetes, and so I commenced. After using two boxes all distress left me. I have used twelve boxes in all; have just re-opened my shop and expect to do business at the old stand for some years yet, as I am just coming 50 years of age. There is no use trying to describe my sufferings. You can understand when I tell you that my weight ran down from 165 to 125 pounds. I am nearly up to my old weight, but feel as well as ever in my life, and I am perfectly cured."

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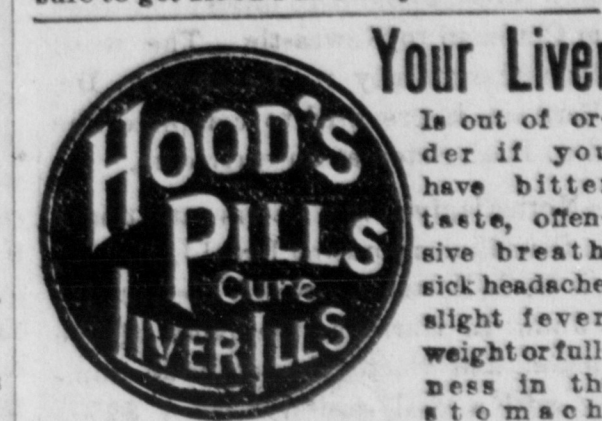
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The undermentioned non-residents of District No. 1 in the Parish of Richibucto, in the County of Kent, are hereby requested to pay to the undermentioned Collector the amounts of County, and Road Tax, as set opposite their names, together with the cost of this advertisement, (\$1.00 each) within sixty days from date, 3rd October, 1895, otherwise legal proceedings will be taken to recover the same.

Names. County Tax. Road Tax.

McLeod, Geo. K., \$21.15 \$1.25

Bell, John T. (Estate) 2.23 50

Black, Geo. 5.64 50

Gesner, John, 2.21

ROBERT COCHRANE, Collector

Richibucto, Kent Co., 3rd Oct. 1895.

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