

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1898.

TIRED OF HOLD-UP YARNS

ROBBERIES OVERWHELMED BY SOCIAL FUNCTIONS.

A Citizen of the Metropolis-by-the-Kaw Gives Reminiscences of What Formerly Constituted the Event of the Day—a Novelty Required.

"You people in the East hear more about train robberies in the West than we do," said a Kansas City man who had been asked by a New Yorker why Missouri did not do something to stop a crime that has had a long run in that State.

"Do you mean to say these robberies do not occur as frequently as reported?" asked the New Yorker.

"Not exactly," was the answer. "And, then, we are accustomed to them. They are too common to cause excitement. Not that they occur daily or nightly. I should say, but because of the sameness with which they are done. Singular isn't it, that most of the train robberies in Missouri occur in the same place and in the same manner? I have sometimes wondered if there is only one way to rob a train. I went to a theatre one night in Philadelphia where a train robbery was the hair-raising situation of the show. You wouldn't think a show of that sort would be in Philadelphia. I didn't, and that is why I went to see it. I thought I might see a novelty. I really think if I should discover something new in the train robbery line I would buy it and try it on. The Philadelphia show was not even up to the mark.

"The first train robbery was not a train robbery, but a stage robbery. It was when the Overland Mail was one of the picturesque things of the West. Of course, there had been stage robberies in the old world and in California, but the business, as a business, was introduced in the United States during the first years of the Overland Man. And then it moved back into Missouri. For a long time after the war the James boys held up the trains and robbed them and rode away unmolested. At least that was the impression. I reckon they didn't do it all.

"One night, it was in 1876, I was sitting in the private room of Dr. Munford, editor of the Kansas City Times. His room was on the ground floor and the windows opened on the alley. While we were talking two men rode up to the window and their horses poked their noses inside. Munford went to the window and talked to the riders for a half hour and they galloped away. When Munford returned he said to one of his visitors, who was elected to Congress that year from that district:

"If any trains are held up to-night the James boys won't be guilty. I have just seen them and talked with them."

"I was standing on a street corner with a friend one night. The solitary horseman of which I had read so often galloped along the street, which was practically deserted at that hour. He wheeled his horse toward us asked where Walnut street was and rode away with the information.

"But there's been a train robbery," said my friend.

"We walked back to the Times building. The city editor was by the open window at his desk.

"Heard of any train robberies to-night?" I asked.

"Not to-night, he replied mechanically.

"The next day a woman offered a gold bracelet for sale in a jewelry store. The man recognized it as one he had sent, with other purchases, to Lawrence the day before. The woman said she bought it from a man who was at the house where she boarded. She was detained and the Chief of Police, Tom Spears, went to the store, looked at the woman and said to the proprietor of the store: "There has been a train robbery, I reckon." He went to the office of an express company and asked what time that train was held up. The agent replied that it was about 9 o'clock the night before, on the Junction City branch of the Union Pacific. The solitary horseman was taken in. His pockets were full of jewelry. He confessed and was sent to the pen. The James boys were not in it that time.

"The Blue Cut, as it is called, in Jackson county, on the line of the Chicago and Alton railroad, was a favorite place for holding up trains. Occasionally somebody would be killed, and then the newspapers would have a long story about the crime. Nearly every occurrence was credited to the James boys, but I know people in Kansas City who say that no case of train robbery was ever proved upon either of them. As

to banks—well, that was more in their line.

"I was on a train once that was held up. It was in Missouri. I was the mail agent on that line. Before I realized what was up two men were in the car, but they did not touch the mail. They only kept us quiet, as they said, while their pals went through the express car. I have often heard men say what they would do if they were held up. Until a man has had the experience, he ought to say nothing. There was a revolver and a shotgun in that mail car, and both were handy, and nearer to me and my friend than to the masked callers, but the callers walked over deliberately and appropriated the weapons. By that time the other fellows had finished their work in the express car and the entire party was off.

"My friend, the mail agent, said to me: "Well, I'll be damned if I don't resign when I get to St. Louis. I'm getting tired of this job. A month ago the train ran into a cornfield and bruised me up so that I was laid out for nearly three weeks. Now it's a train robbery. If those robbers had rifled this mail the government would have accused me of being in the game. I don't want a job where I feel as if I had one foot in the grave and the other in the penitentiary." And he did resign as soon as he got to St. Louis.

"A few days before I left home I was in one of the newspaper offices when the boy at the phone said to the city editor:

"Police reporter wants to know if you have train robbery on the Fort Scott road.

"Tell him we don't want it," said the city editor.

"As old as I was in hearing of train robberies the Klondike manner of the city editor made me shiver, and I asked him if the Kansas City newspapers had quit printing train robbery yarns. He said yes, they were rather stale, and it was uncertain about getting them printed unless they came in very early, and other news was dull. Then he told me about the last train hold-up in the Blue Cut. He said it came late and he had to send a reporter in a hack out to see the superintendent of the company, and when the story was in type the managing editor came in with the society editor from a wedding, and that the train robbery had to be boiled down to ten lines while the wedding made a column and a half with a lot of names added. He said it took the tucking out of him about playing up train robberies. Besides, his office kicked about the hack bill. No, train robberies in Missouri don't make

any more of a breeze in Kansas City than a grasshopper story across the border or the presence in town of Jerry Simpson."

£100,000,000 GOING A BEGGING.

An Eldorado Richer Than Any in History or Fiction.

The most imaginative writer of fiction seems unable to conjure up any vision of wealth, however dazzling, which is not excelled by fact; and if any daring novelist were to weave into a story the facts which have just come to our knowledge says Tit-Bits, from an unimpeachable source, he would be scouted as a dreamer of impossible dreams.

But let us tell the story in the words of a Californian correspondent:—

A miner of the name of William Rogers who had just died here, claimed before his death to have discovered an Eldorado richer than any in history or fiction, and his story is supported by a sackful of gold nuggets which the man had dragged for hundreds of weary miles.

This is the story, as I heard it from his lips. In 1890 Rogers formed one of a party of four who went prospecting for gold in the North-West—some years before the Klondike disclosed its treasures.

They took with them a wagon drawn by mules with a full equipment of tools, guns, ammunition, and provisions, and set out on their long journey. For three months they had no luck whatever, and had begun to despair of success, when they came across gold-bearing, which was too poor, however, to work. From this period they began to experience such a mixture of good and bad fortune as has rarely, if ever fallen to the lot of men. Their mules died, and the miners had to abandon their wagon and the bulk of their tools and provisions. Laden with as much as they could carry, they prosecuted their search on foot, over high mountains, through deep ravines, and across treacherous marshes. When their supply of food was exhausted and they were almost dead from constant fatigue and exposure, they struck the Inana River, and with it the gold they had sought so long. Here they camped, and while one member of the party hunted moose and caribou to keep body and soul together, the remaining three panned out gold nuggets with such effect that within three weeks, to use Roger's words, they had got enough gold "to fill a full-sized whisky barrel"—much more, in fact, than their combined strength could move.

But meanwhile, though they had in three weeks won sufficient gold to make them

all rich men for life they were starving; so they buried their gold and wandered on in search of food. Within a few days they reached such a treasure house of gold as man's eye had probably never seen. The gold was lying in huge nuggets heavier than any one of them could lift. Many of the nuggets weighed 200lb, and each of them, as it was of almost pure gold, represented a value of at least £10,000. But the men were dying of starvation, and a hundred such nuggets could not procure them a loaf of bread. Louis Cavanaugh was the first to fall and die. They nursed him for a few days, and when he died he was buried under a pile of 'rocks of gold,' the most costly tomb that ever covered a man's remains.

"To carry away the gold that was simply lying exposed on the surface at that one spot, the edge of a creek, would take fifty waggons and hundreds of horses," Rogers declared, as he lay on his death-bed.

The three survivors wandered hundreds of miles in the hope of meeting some Alaskan Indians who would help them to transport the gold, or, at any rate give them food; for game was so scarce that it was hopeless to remain long in the district. It was Campbell who died next of malarial fever; and his death struck the remaining two men with panic. Though they had followed the gold for thirty miles without coming to the end of it, and though they were lords of scores of millions of pounds, they fled from it all.

Then came a terrible journey back to civilization—and bread. The horrors of that journey haunted Rogers like a nightmare to the last, and killed Stokes before a quarter of the tale was told. After a month of terrible privations and fatigues, stumbling blindly along day after day and hugging his sack of nuggets, Rogers, the pitiable survivor of the party, met a friendly tribe of Indians, who gave him food and nursed him back to health again. He never fully recovered, however, and died within a short time of reaching his home. He left behind him a full account of his journey and a rough map of the region where his millions are lying.

Here, then, is a treasure which will make its finder richer probably than all the world's millionaires put together. Who will find it?

The Long Coast of Chile.

My voyage down the coast of Chile gave me some idea of the enormous length of that country. I spent five days in coming by steamer from the nitrate fields to Valparaiso, and the German ship on which I shall sail within a few weeks for Terra del Fuego will require nine days to reach Punta Arenas, on the Straits of Magellan. Chile is more like a long drawn-out sausage

or a worm than any other country of the world. The only land that compares with it is Egypt, which drags its weary length for more than a thousand miles between deserts along the valley of the Nile. Chili begins in a desert and continues in it for more than a thousand miles. Later on it bursts out into a green valley between high mountains and ends the grassy islands of the southernmost part of this hemisphere. It is nowhere over 200 miles wide, and in some places it is not more than fifty, but it is so long that it were laid upon the face of the United States, beginning at New York, it would make a wide track across it to far beyond Salt Lake, and it it could be stretched from south to north with Tierra del Fuego at the lowermost edge of Florida, its upper provinces would be found in Hudson Bay almost even with the top of Labrador. Chile is 2,600 miles long. In embraces all of the land between the tops of Andes and the Pacific ocean south of the river Sama, which divides it from Peru, and it has, in addition, most of the islands of the Magellan—Frank G. Carpenter in Atlanta Constitution.

Flucky Bicycleer.

No man knows when he will have opportunity to show himself a hero. It may come on the battle-field, on the deck of a war-ship, or in the street of a quiet city. A citizen of Indianapolis sends to the sentinel an account of a brave act witnessed by him the evening before in that city. A wheel man himself, he was riding along one of the streets of Indianapolis when he saw a runaway horse coming at breakneck speed. In the carriage was a young lady, clinging to the seat with a look of terror on her face. The carriage swung from one side of the street to the other as the horse ran. Just then the correspondent of the sentinel noticed a young man on a bicycle dart into the middle of the street in hot chase after the runaway. As he neared the horse's head he reached out with his left hand and seized the bridle. Guiding his wheel with his right hand, he kept alongside of the horse pulling upon his bridle till the horse's speed began to slacken. Then of a sudden the man slipped upon his wheel and hung with all his might upon the horse's head, till presently the frightened creature was brought to a standstill. The young woman as soon as she was able to speak, thanked her deliverer who declined to give his name, but lifted his hat, remounted his wheel, which had escaped injury, and rode away.

Defied the Contagion.

"Do what I would, I could n't get him to propose." "He must be one of those immunes we read about."

The Dominion Official Analyst's Statement with Regard to the Value of Abbey's Effervescent Salt.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt has received the highest endorsements from the Medical Journals and from the Physicians of Canada since its introduction here. It has sustained its European reputation.

It is a highly palatable and efficacious tonic. As a refreshing and invigorating beverage it is unequalled. Its use has prevented and cured innumerable cases of Sick Headache, Indigestion, Biliousness, Constipation, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, Loss of Appetite, Flatulency, Gout, Rheumatism, Fever, and all Febrile states of the system. In Spleen Affections and as a regulator of the Liver and Kidneys, its value is unquestioned. Its use purifies the blood in a natural manner, leading to good health and a clear, bright complexion.

LABORATORY OF INLAND REVENUE,

Office of Official Analyst,

Montreal, July 28, 1898.

I, JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, do hereby certify that I have duly analyzed and tested several samples of "Abbey's Effervescent Salt," some being furnished by the manufacturers in Montreal and others purchased from retail druggists in this city. I find these to be of very uniform character and composition, and sold in packages well adapted to the preservation of the Salt. This compound contains saline bases which form "Fruit Salts" when water is added—and is then a very delightful aperient beverage, highly palatable and effective.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt contains no ingredient of an injurious or unwholesome character, and may be taken freely as a beverage.

(Signed,) JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, Ph.D., D.C.L., F.C.S.,

Emeritus Professor Chemistry, University Bishop's College, and Dominion Official Analyst, Montreal.

A Teaspoonful of Abbey's Effervescent Salt, taken every morning before Breakfast, will keep you in good health.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT 60 CENTS A LARGE BOTTLE. TRIAL SIZE, 25 CENTS.