

ORDER OF "HANDS UP!"

SENSATIONS THAT ACCOMPANY A
HOLDUP IN THE WEST.

Curious Phenomena That Cause Each Man of a Roomful to Believe That a Revolver is Pointed Straight at Him—Why bad Men are Passive Under the Circumstances.

'If you will take my word for a little experience I had recently perhaps I can make clear to you how it is possible for three bad men to hold up a room full of fairly brave men and get away safely with their money,' said a merchant. 'I was in such a hold-up not long ago, and I have ceased jarring at fellows who have been through similar experiences. I was one of seventy men who were held up in a big gambling hall, and as I am not a regular patron of such places I kept quiet about it at home. The gambling house is one of the best known in the West, and on the night of the hold-up it was filled with a representative crowd. A search would have disclosed the fact, undoubtedly, that many of the men present were armed. No trouble in recent years had occurred in this place and there was no reason to anticipate any. It was nearly midnight when the door opened and three men, masked, and each holding two revolvers entered the room.

'Hands up quick,' shouted the foremost man.

'I was sitting at a faro table when I heard this command, and as I looked up, I found a revolver pointing straight at my head. When I compared notes with the other seventy odd men later I found that each one had the same experience. There were only six revolvers, and yet each man in the room was willing to swear that one of them was pointed at his head all the time. The crowd was simply paralyzed with fright. For two or three seconds not a man moved. Then over in one corner a Leadville sport brought his hand around to reach his hip pocket.

'Stop that or I'll shoot,' said one of the masked men, covering him with his revolver. 'Hands up, now, quick! We mean business.'

'Every man in the room did hold his hands up. There was no hesitation then. It was my first experience in that kind of game, but it was not until I was able to take my hands down that I realized how tiresome the operation was. There we stood, each man with his hands stretched high above his head, held up in a room on a busy street when an outcry would bring help at once. It was a pretty sure thing, however, that no one would make the outcry. The three masked men had eyes for every move, and their revolvers pointed all ways at once. It is easy for a man who has not been through such an experience to suggest that if several men had only made a break these fellows would have run. I can honestly say that the barrel of the revolver into which I looked seemed to me to be as large as a sewer pipe. I thought that I could see the end of the bullet, and I was awfully afraid that the man who held the revolver might get nervous and shoot me by accident. All this had taken perhaps a minute and a half when the spokesman shouted to us.

'Line up against that wall with your backs to me and the man who takes his hands down will get shot. Quick now, gentlemen, if you please. Obey orders and you won't get hurt.'

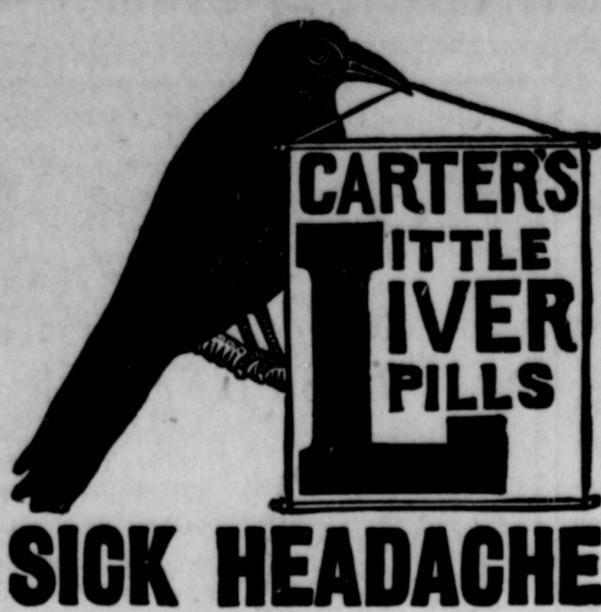
'We lined up as directed like a lot of school boys.

'Now then, my friend here will relieve you of your valuables without your assistance said the spokesman. 'Don't move, because there are two dead shots behind you. Keep quiet and it will soon be over.'

'It was a very cool piece of work, I can assure you. One of the three went right straight down the row, taking each man's watch and money. He did get as much as he expected and as near as we could estimate later, the total haul was under \$5,000. There was over \$100,000 in the safe which the robbers overlooked. When we had been cleaned out the spokesman said:

'Now gentlemen, we are sorry to inconvenience you further, but we shall have to request you to stand just as you are for five minutes more. Don't cut the time short or you will get hurt.'

'The side door opened at this instant and we heard the order 'Hands up Chink, or you are a dead man.' It was one of our Chinese servants who was returning with a tray filled with drinks. He promptly dropped his tray, smashing all the glasses and threw up his hands. We heard no other sound for five minutes. Each man counted the seconds to make sure that he shouldn't take down his hands ahead of time. The proprietor was the first man to move. As soon as he felt that it was safe he turned and found the robbers gone. He picked up a heavy chair and threw it through the window. It carried the sash with it and the crash that followed attracted general attention in the street



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Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,
Ask for Carter's,
Insist and demand
Carter's Little Liver Pills.

below. The proprietor stuck his head out of the window and profanely abused such details of the hold up as might put the people in the street on the track of the robbers. It was useless, however. The fellows walked out quietly, took off their masks and disappeared without leaving any clue. We all piled out of the place to aid the search. When we found out that a chase was hopeless most of us came back to the gambling room to talk it over. When we entered the place we found the Chink standing in the ruins of his glasses with his hands still above his head. The proprietor told him to take his hands down. The Chink wouldn't do it and two men who pulled his arms to his side had all they could do to hold him. He had looked in the big barrel of one those small revolvers and he hadn't forgotten it.

'Now this was an actual experience and some of your New York papers had account of it. If I were mixed up in an affair of that sort again, I would raise my arms just as quickly. It was expediency and not a yellow streak that made that crowd act as it did.'

THE STRUGGLING YOUNG AUTHOR.
Making a Little Money now out of a Small Enterprise on the Side.

'Good fortune,' said the struggling young author, 'sometimes comes to us from the most unexpected sources; as witness this illustration out of my own experience.

'I had observed that while the manuscripts I sent out to publishing houses I got them in a day or two and from some they didn't come for a week or two. Now it seemed to me that the delay in these last mentioned cases might be due to the difficulty of keeping up with the matter sent in; they receive thousands of manuscripts, and merely to take them out of the envelopes in which they are sent and put them into the stamped and addressed envelopes enclosed for their return it not used involves time and labor, and costs something too; and it seemed to me that if I could invent a practical machine that would do all this work in less time and at less expense I should be producing something that would be not only a boon to the publisher, but also a sort of profit to myself. So I set about the construction of a machine to open letters, extract the manuscript and the return envelope, insert the manuscript in the envelope, and seal it ready for sending it to the Post office. In the course of time I got such a machine into practicable shape and induced a publisher to try it. I knew perfectly that if I ever got him to try it the machine would commend itself thereafter; and it did.

'In a general way it looked as much like a grist mill as anything else. It had a hopper on top, into which the letters were shovelled, and without undertaking to describe the machine in detail, which would necessarily make the description more or less complicated, and perhaps too technical for the popular reader. I should say that in this hopper the letters were separately sifted down to fall through an opening into the interior of the machine where one appliance slit the envelope open, another extracted the manuscript contained therein and likewise the envelope, while still another opened this envelope and inserted the manuscript into it and passed it within reach of another appliance that sealed it and shot it out through a delivery spout.

'And it worked beautiful. With two men—one to shovel in and the other to take away—it would do the work that before had called for the services of ten men and so it was, of course, a great economy; and I sold them, or rather a right to use them, to a number of publishing houses receiving enormous numbers of manuscripts.

Going through one of these establishments one day simply as one of the visiting public, and being personally no more taken for an author than, thus far, my manuscripts have been taken for the work of one, I saw in use one of my remaining machines, and heard it warmly commended. On this occasion, as with mixed emotions I viewed this machine at work. I thought out a simple but valuable improvement, which I wondered I hadn't thought of before, but which I applied to all machines made after that.

'This improvement consisted simply in setting up pulleys and a belt so arranged as to carry the letters from the spout of the remailer to a spout leading into a mail chute. By the old way it took a man all the time picking up the letters and bagging them; with the new attachment the letters simply fall on the belt and are carried on this to the other spout, which has a thin projecting lip, lying across the belt. This lip lifts the edge of the letter, and the continued motion of the belt carries the letter forward sufficiently to push over it the lip to fall inside of it into the spout, down which it slides into the mail chute, and so on down into the box from which the mail is taken by the collectors. With this improvement one man could attend to the machine easily, and this was its crowning economy.

'Out of this small enterprise on the side, something purely incidental and foreign to my real desire, I am now making something—enough, in fact, to pay for the stamps I use in sending out my manuscripts to publishers, and something over. From this you will understand that I am really making considerable; in fact, doing rather well at it. You will, of course, understand also from the use I am making of some of my money, that is, for postage on manuscripts that I am still sending things to the publishers myself. I am, indeed, I am plugging away at it just as hopefully as ever, never doubting the final result, sending out manuscripts just the same, except that I do not now send to houses in which, in my capacity of inventor, I have installed Struggling's Automatic Rotating Remailer.'

TAKE NO FALSE STEP.

Life and Health are
At Stake.

YOUR CASE CALLS FOR
THE USE OF

Paine's Celery Compound.

Physicians and Druggists
Recommend It.

One false step taken at this time when you are weak, nervous, sleepless, despondent, or suffering from the agonies of rheumatism and neuralgia may prove fatal.

Thousands are now hovering near the grave who can be brought back to their former health and strength by Paine's Celery Compound be faithfully used for a time. This wonderful medical discovery is acknowledged by physicians to be the greatest boon ever placed before suffering and half-dead men and women.

Paine's Celery Compound is at the present time doing a marvellous work all over this Canadian Dominion. The sick are throwing aside medicines and remedies used for weeks and months without good results, and now have their confidence firmly established in Paine's Celery Compound, the medicine that truly bestows new life.

This statement is made on the strength of letters received from the sick and suffering and their friends. Cures are effected for thousands whose lives had been despaired of—cases that baffled the skill of able physicians.

If your life is made miserable by nervousness, sleeplessness, heart trouble, stomach derangements, dyspepsia, rheumatism, neuralgia, liver or kidney troubles, try the magical effects of one bottle of Paine's Celery Compound, and you will joyfully go on until you stand on the solid rock of health.

Practical Knowledge.
One never knows where a piece of practical information will come into play. The safe rule is never to neglect an opportunity to learn an art or a science, lest at some time or other we should find our ourselves greatly in need of it. An interesting story from Good Cheer emphasizes this lesson.

At Cornell University all the students of mechanical engineering are obliged to learn seven trades. One of these, that of the blacksmith, is very distasteful to some young men, but it has to be learned, nevertheless. One young fellow, who was averse to soiling his hands, begged to be exempted from wearing the leather apron but the professor took special care that nothing was lacking in the thoroughness of his training at the forge.

Last fall that student went to the pro-

TOBACCO HEART.



Have you been smoking a good deal lately and feel an occasional twinge of pain round your heart. Are you short of breath, nerves unhooked, sensation of pins and needles going through your arms and fingers? Better take a box or two of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and get cured before things become too serious.

Here's what Mr. John James, of Caledonia, Ont., has to say about them: "I have had serious heart trouble for four years, caused by excessive use of tobacco. At times my heart would beat very rapidly and then seemed to stop beating only to commence again with unnatural rapidity.

"This unhealthy action of my heart caused shortness of breath, weakness and debility. I tried many medicines and spent a great deal of money but could not get any help. Last November, however, I read of a man, afflicted like myself, being cured by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I went to Roper's drug store and bought a box. When I had finished taking it I was so much better I bought another box and this completed the cure. My heart has not bothered me since, and I strongly recommend all sufferers from heart and nerve trouble, caused by excessive use of tobacco, to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a fair and faithful trial."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto.

fessor and thanked him for compelling him to learn the blacksmith's trade.

'You see,' he said, 'I am now superintendent of a mine way back in Colorado. Last summer our main shaft broke, and there was no one in the mine except myself who could weld it.

'I didn't like the job, but I took off my coat and welded that shaft. It wasn't a pretty job, but she's running now. If I couldn't have done it, I should have been obliged to pack that shaft over the mountains, and the mine would have had to shut down till it got back. My ability to mend that shaft raised me in the eyes of every man in the mine, and the manager raised my salary.'

A DAY IN A POST-HOLE.

The Architect Held the Fort and Prevented the Pole Raising.

Grave questions of law and authority sometimes arise between corporations and men exercising public functions. In such cases, pending the judgment of the law, individuals often have to act decisively and on their own judgment. A question of this sort arising in Camden, N. J., not long since, led to a very curious incident, which the Philadelphia journals record at length.

In Camden there is in course of construction a new post-office building. The Camden Lighting & Heating Company wished to put up an electric-light pole on the edge of the sidewalk in front of this building. The United States government officials in charge of the building refused their permission.

The lighting company obtained a permit from the city authorities to plant a pole at the spot in question, and sent a gang of men to erect it. These men made the pole ready, and dug a hole six feet deep in the place where they wanted to plant it.

Here the watchman of the public building intervened to prevent the further progress of the work, and put himself into the hole. The employees of the lighting company attempted to pull him out, but when they handled him roughly in the attempt, the city police arrested them.

Then the lighting company's men showed the captain of police the special permit to erect the pole exactly in that spot. He was puzzled; he could not prevent the erection of the pole, but it was his duty to prevent acts of personal violence on the part of citizens against another citizen.

While the dispute was going on, the supervising architect in charge of the work on the post-office building, Mr. Simonson, arrived on the scene. He knew that the government had authority to prevent the erection of the pole, which would render the new building unsightly. He saw that his duty was to prevent the setting up of the pole, at any cost. So he quietly procured a small chair, dropped it into the hole, jumped in himself, sat in the chair, and lighted a cigar.

The superintendent of the lighting company now came and said to him, 'If you don't get out of that hole, we shall pull you out.'

The architect made no reply, but continued to smoke. He knew that the city authorities would be careful about laying hands on him.

The superintendent appealed to the captain of police to arrest Simonson.

The captain was in doubt. Finally he agreed not to molest Simonson until after he had communicated by telegraph with the government at Washington, but he had no authority to prevent the erection of the pole, provided the hole was clear.'

The superintendent saw that he was beaten unless he could act soon, and he instructed his men to pull Simonson out of the hole. Two big men reached down and seized him by the neck. As soon as they had made an attempt constituting personal violence, the policemen arrested them and carried them to the police station.

Then the watch at the edge of the post-hole was resumed. An immense crowd assembled. Every body seemed to sympathize with the brave gentleman in the hole. Pieces of felt were brought and stood up around him, against the sides of the hole, so that he would not take cold. The restaurant man on the corner brought him a hot meal.

The postmaster came to assert the government's claim that the spot was on government property, and that the United States alone had jurisdiction over it.

The lightning company's men relaxed their watch. After some hours spent in the hole, Mr. Simonson had himself pulled out, and some of his own men then filled the hole and packed down the earth.

Victory thus perched, for a time at least on the federal banner, but a careful watch had to be posted to prevent the lightning company's men from coming and reopening the hole—and the controversy.

BEYOND COMPARISON

There is Nothing in the World to
Compare in Curative Value
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apple Tablets for Dyspepsia.

Vegetable pepsin is the most valuable constituent in the pineapple. Barring the digestive juices of the human system, no other article or product has the power to digest all kinds of food, except vegetable pepsin. One's general health would be amazingly improved if he could eat a pineapple a day, but hardly one person in a thousand could do so because of the trouble and expense of getting them when out of season.

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets have all the virtues of the ripe fruit—they are largely made up of the precious pineapple acid. They cure dyspepsia and all stomach troubles. Box of 60 Tablets 35 cents. Sold by E. C. Brown.

A Jocular Parson.

Eccentricity has its victims in all classes of society. Even the clergy do not escape while their prominent position in the community renders their idiosyncracies doubly noticeable. Among the clerical peculiarities which have gone down in history, those of the Rev. Matthew Byles of Boston are entitled to high rank.

One Fast day Doctor Byles was to exchange pulpits with a country clergyman, and on the appointed morning both ministers set out on horseback for their respective destinations. As the two horsemen neared the half-way point, Doctor Byles spied his brother minister, and instantly by whip and spur drove his horse into a wild gallop.

'What's the matter?' shouted the other, raising his hands in astonishment as the doctor dashed past him, his canonicals flying in the wind. 'Why so fast, Brother Byles?'

And Byles, without slackening his speed shouted over his shoulder. 'It's a Fast day.'

One day in winter the eccentric doctor was busily nailing cotton batting on his windows to exclude the cold, when a passing parishioner observed:

'The wind bloweth wheresoever it listeth Doctor Byles.'

'Yes, sir,' replied the parson, 'and man listeth wheresoever it bloweth.'

Throughout the struggle for American independence Doctor Byles' sympathies lay with the Tories, and his hold upon his Boston congregation naturally grew very slight. Finally he was arrested and confined in his own house under guard.

The captors probably did not consider their jocular prisoner of prime importance, for the sentinel at his door was removed, replaced and again removed. The doctor seemed to feel that such slackness bordered upon contempt for a prisoner, and remarked to passers-by that he had been guarded and disregarded. His sentinel he called 'an old observatory (observe a Tory).'

CHOCOLATE IN THE ARMY.

It may surprise some people to know that chocolate is so nourishing that every regiment now on active service in South Africa is served with a regular ration of it, so that every man may carry about two ounces with him. With this in his pocket he is safe from the immediate danger of starvation. Chocolate-Menier, the best and purest form of Chocolate, has wonderful strengthening properties, so much so that in the north of Spain and a part of Province, a breakfast usually consists of bread and a stick of Chocolate-Menier.

The Canadian contingent are supplied with it.