

HIS LITTLE BOX FROM HOME.

Was a Shipment of \$80,000 of Stolen Money—How a Train Robber Sent His Booty From St. Louis to Texas.

"There was probably never such another lot of cutthroats and desperadoes gathered together in one bunch in any part of the world as those who followed the building of the Southern Pacific railroad westward through Texas," remarked Jesse Fry, travelling freight agent of the Iron Mountain, a few days ago to a Kansas City Star reporter. Mr. Fry was with the passenger department of the old Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio railroad, now a part of the Southern Pacific, in those days and to him fell the duty of opening up the new stations at the end of the line as construction progressed.

"I have read of the poker games and gun plays that used to occur in Dodge and Abilene and other frontier towns, but none of them was a patching to incidents that were of almost nightly occurrence in the construction camps at the end of the line," he continued. "You see the rift-rail of Mexico and the United States was gathered along the Rio Grande border in those days. The officers of the law made slight pretense of regulating affairs."

"The hunted outlaws who had fled to the remote canons bordering the Rio Grande came out of their hiding and ran things with a high hand in the railroad camps. None of the railroad employees expected to do any better than make both ends meet from month to month and from day to day. I know that in my own case I would not sooner get my monthly pay than I would sit in a poker game with some of the cutthroats. It made little matter whether I won or lost money. If I got up from the game with money in my pocket it would be gone before morning. The thieves were so bold about it that they would rob you no matter what precaution you took. It was a motley crowd."

"I had a remarkable experience at Dryden, a new station at the end of the line," which I had just opened up one morning a handsomely dressed fellow entered the little shack in which I was using for telegraph office and station. He introduced himself to me by some name which I do not now remember, and told me that he was going over into Mexico on a mining prospecting trip but that he would have to wait at Dryden until a box of some kind of supplies which he needed showed up."

"He was well educated, quiet and reserved sort of fellow and seemed quite out of place in that rough community. I took quite a fancy to him, and there being no such thing as hotel accommodations at the front I invited the stranger to share my bunk in the little station building. He spent much time with me during the first few days and we got along famously together. It did not take long for me to discover, however, that he was not the tenderfoot that I took him to be. We ran up against some of the tough men of the camp in the course of our nightly prowls, and he held his own with the best of them when they undertook to 'dress him down' in games of poker."

"He had been at Dryden about a week, and seemed to be getting anxious about getting off on his prospecting trip. He said his health was not the best, and he thought that a year or so of roughing it in the mountains of Mexico would do him good. He made a few casual inquiries from day to day as to the arrival of the box for which he was waiting. The long expected box came out on the mixed passenger train from San Antonio one evening. It was dumped off with a lot of other express matter, and it almost escaped my eye until I saw the name of the stranger written across it. I took it into the office and pitched it over on a lot of other goods."

"That box came for you this evening," I said to the stranger when he came in after supper.

"That so?" he said, without much show of interest.

"Do you want to sign for it now, or will you wait until morning?" I asked.

"Oh, tomorrow will be the time enough," he answered. "Just let it stay where it is until I get ready to go."

"He sat up late with me that night, and we talked of different things. 'I will hate to leave you,' he said when we turned in and were lying together on the wide bunk, 'but I must

be getting away from here tomorrow. This is too tough a place for me. I want to get out into the solitudes of the mountains.' Next morning the stranger got up early, and the sun was still low in the east when he rode up on a good horse. To the saddle was strapped a big supply of provisions and a blanket. He left the horse standing at the door of the station while he came in and told me that he was now ready for the box that had come the evening before. He signed for the box and when I handed it to him I observed the light that kindled in his eyes as he gave it quick inspection."

"It is just a few things from back home," he explained. "It does a fellow good to get something from home when he is way out in this God-forsaken country."

"He strapped the box to the saddle and gave me a warm goodbye, not forgetting to thank me for the kindness that I had shown him."

"Dryden is within a hundred yards or so of the Rio Grande, which was easily fordable at that point at that time of the year. The last I saw of my visitor was when his horse was climbing the bank of the Mexican side of the river and turned into a canon that led down on that side of the stream. The fellow turned in his saddle and waved me a farewell with his big sombrero."

"I was sitting at my telegraph instrument the next evening when I received the following telegram from St. Louis, Mo."

"Hold box shipped by express, covered by way bill No. three hundred and forty-seven."

"That was the identical box which had come addressed to the stranger and which he had taken with him into Mexico. I wired a reply that the box had already been signed for and taken out of the office. Three days later a man got off the train at Dryden and introduced himself to me as the chief of detectives for the express company which operated on one of the roads running out of St. Louis. He informed me that the box, which had come to the stranger and which had been carried off by him contained eighty thousand dollars. This money had been stolen from the express company a few miles out of St. Louis and was shipped by the robber to his confederate who was waiting at Dryden to make off with it."

"The robbery, which many people will recall was boldly done. It was in 1883 that it occurred. A young man boarded an express car in St. Louis and handed the messenger a note, purporting to be signed by the superintendent, stating that the bearer thereof was to be instructed in the duties of route agent and was to accompany him on his run. The messenger accepted the note as genuine and gave the stranger the best treatment he had in the shop. A few miles out of St. Louis while the messenger was showing the stranger how the money was carried and had his back turned to him he was struck a blow over the head with some heavy instrument and knocked into unconsciousness. The pseudo route agent helped himself to the contents of the safe and quietly dropped off the car at the next stop. He made off before the robbery was discovered."

"The robber went back to St. Louis, where he exchanged the money for larger bills, and placing the wealth in a box, he shipped it all to his confederate in the remote Texas town. Detectives discovered that the money had been shipped to Dryden, but they were a day too late to catch my erstwhile guest. Neither robber was ever captured. It is supposed that the man who actually committed the crime joined his confederate in Mexico. Officers went on the trail of the man who left Dryden with the box of money, and for several weeks hunted for him through the mountains of northern Mexico, but they never got the slightest trace of him."

"You see, the Santa Rosa Mountains are situated close to the border and the stranger had but a short distance to travel before reaching their almost impenetrable canons and caves. You may guess that there was excitement among the outlaw element 'at the end of the line' when they discovered that a package of eighty thousand dollars in money had been in their midst without their getting a chance to lay their hands on it."

WIFE HEARD PISTOL SHOT.

Sound of Suicide Came Through Speaking Tube.

Husband Pleaded With Estranged Wife to Return to Him, and on Her Refusal Killed Himself.

New York, Sept. 28.—Assenting to listen to one last word from her husband, from whom she was estranged, Mrs. Henry Koch pressed her eye to the speaking tube leading from the vestibule of an apartment house in East New York to her apartment yesterday. A moment later she had sprung back with a cry of fear. Up the tube there had come the muffled report of a revolver. Ten minutes

entire-year-old daughter Mamie, and his wife taking up her residence in later Dr. Whiton pronounced Koch dead. The man had called his wife to the speaking tube to hear him shoot himself.

Koch was a well to do tailor, living in Williamsburg. He and his wife had separated several years ago, the husband retaining the old home, which was presided over by their sev-

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Each Pill Contains
all the medicinal qualities of one and one-half ounces of the best Holland Gin. As a positive cure for all kinds of Kidney trouble.

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THE BOLE DRUG CO. - Winnipeg, Man.
Trial box free if you mention this paper.

East New York with three younger children. The wife told the police that it was impossible for her to live happily with her husband. In a letter found after his death Koch declared that the woman had forsaken him. Koch not only besought friends to bring about a reconciliation, but called himself frequently in East New York to plead with his wife to return to him. Of late she refused to admit him. He appeared at the house early yesterday, and, after ringing the bell, was accosted through the speaking tube. He asked his wife to receive him, which she refused to do. He pleaded with her to come down to the door, which was likewise refused. Then Koch begged her to listen a little longer.

"Listen, won't you?" he pleaded. "I promise you that I will never ask you to listen again to me."

"Well, what is it that you want to say?"

"I don't want to say anything," was the reply, "only listen closely." His voice was lost in the report of the pistol. The letter showed that Koch had planned his suicide.

HOW CONSUMPTION STARTS.

Tired When You Waken—Languid All Day.
Nerves Worn Out—Snap All Gone.

Your limbs feel "draggy" and excessively weak. A night's sleep seldom brings satisfying rest. Continuous headaches, and nervous sensations destroy your health. Soon every spark of vitality is used up. Then you catch tuberculosis.

Start today. Build up, get new nerve force, and overcome the process of decay. Use Ferrozone, which physicians consider the most vitalizing, uplifting tonic ever made.

Ferrozone cures because it can furnish the body with sufficient nutriment and building material. Think of the instant effect—at once the appetite increases, delightful color in the cheeks proves that rich red blood is being circulated. Tired muscles are invigorated, flesh and weight are added. Nerve force develops, and bounding, joyous health is firmly established.

This is certain—Ferrozone restores failing health from any cause. The experience of Mrs. Thos. Dowd, of Schrieber, Ont., proves this:

"Household worries and cares had almost exhausted my strength. I was weak and miserable. My checks lacked the color of health. Occasionally I had spells of rheumatism. Then my appetite fell off, and nothing could tempt me to eat. Worn-out feelings, chills and despondency filled my very being. I became anemic, and dwindled down to a shadow. Consumption was very near. Ferrozone put strength in my body with a rush. It built me up, strong, virile and happy. I have been well ever since."

Ferrozone cures sickness by curing the real cause—lack of blood and nerve tone. It keeps people at their best—fit, ready and anxious for work. In 50c. boxes only, six for \$2.50, at all dealers, or N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S.

THIEF STOLE A SUMMER VILLA.

Granite Blocks From Street and Emptied Lake of Fish.

Vienna, Sept. 28.—Some particularly daring and ingenious thefts have recently been carried out in Budapest under the very noses of the police, who are now, when it is too late, searching in vain for the perpetrator.

His first exploit was to carry off all the granite blocks with which a side street in Budapest was paved.

He appeared one day with some carts and a number of workmen, told the policeman on duty that he was a municipal contractor who had the order to repave the street, and requested him to keep a sharp eye on the workmen to see that they did not appropriate any of the stones for themselves.

The imposition was only discovered when the street had been unpaved for some days.

Another time this hero netted all the fish in the lake in the Stadwaldchen Park, also with police assistance. He gave himself out as the new lessee of the fishing.

His latest exploit was the most daring of all. He stole a summer villa from the wooded hills near Budapest. He informed the people of the district that the owner of the villa had decided to have it removed, and then packed up and carted away not only the furniture, but the whole of the villa, which was built of wood. The authorities have no clue to the thief.

1,000 REWARD.

For A Case Of Incurable Constipation.

To a person who can't be cured of constipation by Dr. Hamilton's Pills, the above reward will be paid. No cathartic medicine gives such lasting relief or effects such marvellous cures as Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Relief immediately follows for headache, biliousness and stomach disorders. No griping pains, no burning sensations, nothing but the most pleasant relief attends the use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills—others not so good. Price 25c. a box, at all dealers.

When a man is in love he is either so happy or so miserable that he does not notice how the world wags,

It is all very well to speak softly, but sometimes a hard, firm tone works as well as the big stick.

In washing woollens and flannels, Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) will be found very satisfactory.

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We have now in stock one carload of above Coal, which is a superior Blacksmith Coal at a moderate price.

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In Effect, June 4th, 1905

Atlantic Time. Trains daily except Sunday unless otherwise stated.

LEAVE FREDERICTON

6.25 a. m.—Express from St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points north; Edmundston, Riviere du Loup and Quebec, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. Pullman Parlor Car, Fredericton Jet, to Boston.

7.20 a. m.—Mixed, via Gibson Branch, for Woodstock, Presque Isle, Edmundston, Riviere du Loup and Quebec. Leaves St. Mary's 8.15 a. m.

9.20 a. m.—Express for Fredericton Junction, connecting with Atlantic Express for St. John and points East. Atlantic Express will not stop between Fredericton Junction and Fairville.

5.30 p. m.—Mixed for Fredericton Jet, connecting with Short Line Express for Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and with Imperial Limited and Pacific Express from Montreal for the West, Northwest and Pacific Coast. Also connects for Val-de-Bellevue, Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc. (St. Andrews after July 1st), Houlton and Woodstock.

Palace Sleeper Fredericton Jet, to Montreal, St. Andrews after July 1st, Pullman Sleeper Fredericton Jet, to Boston, C. P. R. Dining Car, Fredericton Jet, to Mattawamkeag.

9.00 p. m.—For St. John and East.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON

9.00 a. m.—From St. John and points east.
11.20 a. m.—From Boston, Montreal, St. Stephen, St. Andrews after July 1st, Woodstock and Houlton.

8.35 p. m.—From St. John and east.

9.05 p. m.—From Woodstock and all points north via Gibson Branch. Arrives at St. Mary's 8.27 p. m.

10.40 p. m.—From Boston, Portland, Bangor, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock and Houlton.

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Have since May last given away fifteen dozen Watches. No other firm in the province has dealt so generously with their customers. This is why the corner is the busiest place in the city. They have lately received of those celebrated

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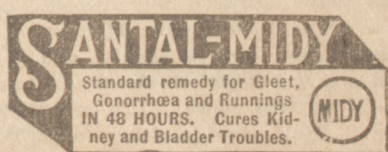
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