

CAMP TREK STORIES

IN GUERRILLA DAYS.

The Express Messenger Tells How He saved the Money on the Train.

"I ran through Kentucky in 1864 and '65, on the Kentucky Central, and had to make some 'short turns' in order to keep company money out of the hands of the guerrillas."

Thus spoke James G. Newland, one of the oldest expressmen in the country. He now runs between Cincinnati and Pittsburg, over the Little Miami and Panhandle railroads, handling as much cash business, I dare say, as any through messenger in the service.

Mr. Newland was en route to Chicago, renewing acquaintances, and, it was while he was stopping at the Tremont house, Wabash, Ind., that the correspondent of the Chicago Inter Ocean was introduced to the old gentleman, who, a little later, warming up to the subject of his experiences on the railroad as expressman, continued:

"At one time I lay in my car a whole day at North Benson, Ky., while the guerrillas on the other side of the town and the garrison in a federal fort on the other side of the river shot, shells and bullets for the possession of the passenger train. The fort saved us, and that night I packed up all the money and got away over ten miles on foot—several burned bridges preventing the train's escape—and took a hand-car for Louisville, Ky., at the first unbroken piece of track."

"Another time, I remember, we left Covington for Lexington, having ex-Postmaster General Blair among the passengers. Old Pete Everett's guerrillas opened on the train from a small dry creek bed at Lairdsburg station, 60 miles out, and the regular train guard—they were on every train in those days, as you're doubtless aware—had a rattling fight with them before the guerrillas left. When the show was over ex-Postmaster General Blair picked up a baby belonging to a young woman who got off there, and went away, unsuspected, with the mother, and thus undoubtedly pre-

vented his own capture, and the train backed to Covington for a fresh start.

"These guerrillas were undoubtedly a 'tough proposition.' If I do say it myself, and, speaking of train robbers, while I was on the Galveston & San Antonio railroad we were stopped one night some miles out of El Paso, Tex. Two men wearing masks crawled over the tender, revolvers in hands, and ordered the engineer and fireman to lead the way to the express car. They did so.

"Reaching the express car, one of the robbers threw some dynamite against the car door, the explosion of which knocked a hole in the car and broke all the glass in the other doors. The robbers called upon me and my companion to come out. We did so, but before obeying I put my revolver just inside the car door.

"They searched us and ordered us back into the car. We again obeyed, but as one of the robbers attempted to follow me into the car I caught up my pistol and placing it against the robber's breast, fired, and shot him through the heart. The robber, while lying writhing upon the ground, fired twice upon me and then expired.

"The second robber and I then exchanged shots as he attempted to drag his comrade's body to the engine, intending to uncoil it from the train and thus get away.

"While the robber was lifting the body upon the engine I secured a double-barreled shotgun and quickly fired at the surviving train robber. He sank to the ground and then suddenly sprang up and ran away. On the following day his body was found in a bush about 50 yards from the scene of the attempted robbery. Only one buckshot had struck the fellow, but it had cut the artery over the heart.

"However, the toughest time I ever had was the express car fight in Montello, Nev., in 1882. I had carried a shotgun as express messenger on most of the lines in Nevada, Arizona and Idaho and other states, but, after a pause, 'I never had as close a call as that.

"The train got into Montello about one o'clock, a bright moonlight night. The engineer stopped at a switch to allow a freight train to go by, and while the train was standing still the robbers, seven in all, appeared, ordered the engineer, fireman, and conductor with revolvers, and took possession of the train.

"After the freight train pulled out the robbers entered the engine and pulled the train down the track, and then began their attack on the express car.

"They ordered me out of the car; I refused, and during the night never spoke to them again.

"While they were consulting as to the best mode of attack I barricaded the doors with the seats, boxes, etc., and was prepared for them. They sur-

rounded the car and seven bullets crashed through the solid sides and doors. I knew, of course, that my life was at the mercy of luck or fate, but never weakened. I took up a position at the side of the car, and returned each round of shots during all that night. At one stage of the proceedings the robbers swung my car loose from the remainder of the train and pushed it along the track 60 yards. They would then shoot for a time and retire to consult, and then renew the attack.

"Finally they determined to carry wood and set fire to the car, and would doubtless have done so had not the process exposed them too much to my fire. At about three o'clock the passenger train from the opposite direction arrived upon the scene. Some of the attacking party immediately ordered them to move on as rapidly as possible. Deeming prudence the better part of valor, they at once did so, running to the next station, where they secured help and then returned, arriving at Montello soon after daylight. Of course it must be remembered that in the meantime the attack on me was continued.

"During the night I was three times shot at, one bullet striking me in the left hand, badly damaging it; one in the thigh, a flesh wound, and the last one grazing my abdomen. I was, of course, pretty sore from the hurts for some time afterward; nevertheless, I was glad to escape with my life.

"One of the robbers was so badly wounded that he died an hour after arrival and was buried a mile or two from the station by his companions before they attempted to make good their escape.

"Shortly after daylight came they gave up their attempt to rob the car, mounted their horses, and left, taking their wounded companion with them.

"I was taken to San Francisco to rest and recuperate, while 18 men in all pursued the highwaymen.

"The express company offered a reward of \$1,000 each for them, and five of them were captured, namely: Brown, Kelly, Walker, Delano and Murry, and sent to prison in the city of Carson, Nev., for a long term. Three of them, however, have since been pardoned by an ex-governor on account of 'extenuating circumstances.'"

LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION.

The Long Night of "Black Friday" in the War Telegraph Offices.

I remember the long night of Friday, April 14, that black day in our country's history, when the hate and cruelty embodied in four years of bloody war culminated in one stroke of madness, aimed at the life of one who himself had only "charity for all," with "malice toward none," writes David Homer Bates, in Century. Although I was on duty in the cipher room that evening, I have no distinct remembrance of anything that occurred prior to the moment when some one rushed into the office with blanched face, saying: "There is a rumor below that President Lincoln has been shot in Ford's theater." Before we could fully take in the awful import, other rumors reached us, horror following fast upon horror; the savage attack upon Secretary Seward, and the frustrated efforts to reach and kill Vice President Johnson, Secretary Stanton and other members of the government. As the successive accounts crystallized, a fearful dread filled our hearts, lest it should be found that the entire cabinet had been murdered. An hour of this awful suspense, and then we received word from Maj. Eckert, who had gone quickly to Secretary Stanton's house on K street, and from there with the secretary to the house on Tenth street, opposite the theater, to which the president had been carried after having been shot by John Wilkes Booth. This message merely assured us of the present safety of Stanton, while confirming our worst fears concerning the president.

A relay of mounted messengers was at once established by Maj. Eckert, and all night long they carried bulletins in the handwriting of Secretary Stanton addressed to Gen. Dix, New York city, which were at once given to the press and sent over the wires throughout the country. As these bulletins were spelled out in the Morse telegraph characters, our hearts were stunned and yet seemed to be on fire. The awfulness of the tragedy hushed us into silence. As the hours slowly passed hope revived fitfully as some sentence offered faint encouragement that the precious life might perhaps be spared to complete its chosen work; but at last about 7:30 a. m. April 15, the tension gave away and we knew that our beloved president was gone from us forever.

Of Good Fighting Stuff.

The One Hundred and Twenty-fifth regiment of New York was recruited at the darkest time in the history of the civil war, when men of business interests and family connections realized that the conflict was a struggle to the death, and that they must make sacrifices if American institutions were to be preserved. This meant that the personnel of the regiment was of a high class. Such men, fighting with all the strength of body and of heart in the "bloody angle," says the Troy Times, won the field of Gettysburg. Such men loyal to their enlistment until the surrender at Appomattox, decided the issue of '61-65. Such men deserve the gratitude of a country which has entered into the reward of the brave labors of veterans many of whose comrades sleep in soldiers' graves or bear on their bodies the disabling scars of the enemy's shot and shell.

His Masterpiece.

Francis Miles Finch, who died recently at the age of 80 years, achieved in one poem, "The Blue and the Gray," a more certain immortality than many poets of many volumes. The poem appeared two years after the close of the civil war, and appealed at once to the national heart. It comes nearer than any other thing in American literature, except some great prose utterances of Lincoln, to putting into words the best that men were thinking in a time of sorrow and hope.

SAID TO BE SIMPLE

EASILY MIXED RECIPE FOR KIDNEYS AND BLADDER.

Tells Readers How to Prepare This Home-Made Mixture to Cure the Kidneys and Bladder and Rheumatism.

Get from any prescription pharmacist the following:
Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces.

Shake well in a bottle and take a teaspoonful dose after each meal and at bedtime.

The above is considered by an eminent authority, who writes in a New York daily paper, as the finest prescription ever written to relieve Backache, Kidney Trouble, Weak Bladder and all forms of Urinary Difficulties. This mixture acts promptly on the eliminative tissues of the Kidneys, enabling them to filter and strain the uric acid and other waste matter from the blood which causes Rheumatism.

Some persons who suffer with the afflictions may not feel inclined to place much confidence in this simple mixture, yet those who have tried it say the results are simply surprising, the relief being effected without the slightest injury to the stomach or other organs.

Mix some and give it a trial. It certainly comes highly recommended. It is the prescription of an eminent authority, whose entire reputation, it is said, was established by it.

COINED A BIG WORD.

Little One Wanted to Pick the "Underchildrenable" Flowers.

When the first little granddaughter was big enough to want to pick the garden flowers, the grandparents tried every guileful means to save their pet posies from devastation. A truce was reached when it was agreed that Harriet should let the garden plants alone and pick only "children's flowers," a descriptive name bestowed at once alike on dandelions, buttercups, daisies and clovers. After this there was peace in the family. One day Katherine, the newest granddaughter, was contentedly pulling grasses while grandmother snipped off blossoms from the forget-me-nots. Katherine remembered that fresh flowers had not been gathered for the dinner table. She ran over to grandmother and promptly coined one of the longest words a four-year-old ever used. "Grandmother," she begged, "can't I pick the underchildrenable flowers for dinner?"

Known by His Friends.

A forlorn looking man was brought before a magistrate for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. When asked what he had to say for himself, he gazed pensively at the judge, smoothed down a remnant of gray hair, and said:

"Your honor, 'Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn.' I'm not as debased as Swift, as profligate as Byron, as dissipated as Poe, or as debauched as—"

"That will do," thundered the magistrate. "Thirty days! And, officer, take a list of those names and run 'em in. They're as bad a lot as he is."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Grammar and Grippe.

A professor at the University of Virginia was endeavoring to impress upon the youths of his class the monstrous crime of using the adverb "badly" where the adjective "bad" should be used.

"Now," he said, after an exhaustive explanation, "if a man should say to you 'I feel badly,' what would you think?"

"I'd think he had the grippe, sir," responded the wag of the class.

The Necessary Evil.

"I have a friend who says he doesn't eat much through the day," remarked the woman, "but every now and then he takes a little nip to comfort himself, I suppose, for not eating. He says it's very good for a man who is on the shady side of 50 to take little nips of something strengthening through the day."

"You tell him from me," said the Kentucky colonel, "that when he gets to be on the shady side of the sixties, it'll be on only good fuh him, but it will be absolutely necessary to his existence."

Yes, Why Not?

Dr. Frank C. Bogwicz, official dentist to the sultan of Morocco, has been spending his vacation in Plainfield, N. J., and at a recent dinner he said, apropos of a bad child:

"It is wise to punish children, but not corporally. I know a dentist in Gibraltar who got out a birch rod to punish his little son with one day. The boy, looking at the rod, said pitifully:

"'Papa, would you mind giving me gas first?'"

TRANSFORMATIONS.

Curious Results When Coffee Drinking is Abandoned.

It is almost as hard for an old coffee toper to quit the use of coffee as it is for a whisky or tobacco fiend to break off, except that the coffee user can quit coffee and take up Postum without any feeling of a loss of the morning beverage, for when Postum is well boiled and served with cream, it is really better in point of flavor than most of the coffee served nowadays, and to the taste of the connoisseur it is like the flavor of fine, mild Java.

A great transformation takes place in the body within ten days or two weeks after coffee is left off and Postum used, for the reason that the poison to the nerves—caffeine—has been discontinued, and in its place is taken a liquid food that contains the most powerful elements of nourishment.

It is easy to make this test and prove these statements by changing from coffee to Postum. Read "The Road to Wellville," in page "There's a Reason."

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

How a Veteran Has Saved the Amputation of a Limb.

B. Frank Doremus, veteran, of Roosevelt avenue, Indianapolis, Ind., says: "I had been showing symptoms of kidney trouble from the time I was mustered out of the army, but in all my life I never suffered as in 1897. Headaches, dizziness, first, and then dropsy. I was weak and helpless, having run down from 180 to 125 pounds. I was having terrible pain in the kidneys, and the secretions passed almost involuntarily. My left leg swelled until it was 34 inches around, and the doctor tapped it night and morning until I could no longer stand it, and then he advised amputation. I refused, and began using Doan's Kidney Pills. The swelling subsided gradually, the urine became natural, and all my pains and aches disappeared. I have been well now for nine years since using Doan's Kidney Pills."

For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

SURELY HAD PRIZE FLY.

Money Invested in Incubator Was Not All Lost.

Poultny Bigelow, the brilliant author and journalist, said the other day of the chicken farm that he is about to set up at Malden:

"I hope to succeed with this farm. I hope our experiences won't too closely resemble that of my old friend Horatio Rogers. Rash Rogers lived in the suburbs. On the suburban train one morning he said to me with a sour laugh:

"I've got something nobody else has got, Mr. Bigelow."

"Have you, Rash?" said I. "What is it?"

"Well," said Rogers, "I bought a \$50 incubator last month, put \$15 worth of eggs in it, and hatched out a blubottle fly."

"He frowned, then sighed.

"Yes," he said, "I've got the only \$65 blubottle fly in the world."

SLEEP BROKEN BY ITCHING.

Eczema-Covered Whole Body for a Year—No Relief Until Cuticura Remedies Prove a Success.

"For a year I have had what they call eczema. I had an itching all over my body, and when I would retire for the night it would keep me awake half the night, and the more I would scratch, the more it would itch. I tried all kinds of remedies, but could get no relief.

"I used one cake of Cuticura Soap, one box of Cuticura, and two vials of Cuticura Resolvent Pills, which cost me a dollar and twenty-five cents in all, and am very glad I tried them, for I was completely cured. Walter W. Pagnusch, 207 N. Robey St., Chicago, Ill., Oct. 8 and 16, 1906."

Mary's Important Testimony.

Justice Brewer, of the United States supreme court is said to be the author of this story: A witness testified in a certain case that a person named Mary was present when a particular conversation took place and the question was asked: "What did Mary say?" This was objected to and after some discussion the judge ruled out the question. An exception to this decision was immediately taken and on appeal the higher court reversed the verdict and ordered a new trial on the ground that the question should have been answered.

At the second trial the same inquiry was propounded and elicited the information that "Mary said nothing."

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. WALTERS, KIRK & MARTIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Cure for constipation.

Sea Trout Fattened.

A sea trout was caught at Aberdeen recently, which swam 120 miles in 49 days, and doubled its weight on the way. It was marked and put into the Coquet in Northumberland, and when recaptured at Aberdeen, its length was not increased, its rapid gain in weight being due to corpulence.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Wm. L. Douglas*.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Catch of Japanese Fishermen. Consul C. H. Seidmore, of Nagaaki, reports the estimated value of the catch of the Japanese deep-sea fishermen in 1906 as \$57,085. They also captured fish to the value of \$140,415 along the Korean coasts, including whales, worth \$68,000.

Gathering Ostrich Feathers.

Ostrich feathers can be taken every eight months. The plumes are not, as some suppose, pulled, but are cut with a sharp knife. The stamps wither and fall out.

HIS MEMORY WAS GOOD.

Commodore Vanderbilt Had Not Forgotten Old Days.

The coming of age of Miss Gladys Vanderbilt and the payment to her of some twelve millions of dollars inheritance has brought out a new crop of anecdotes about the Vanderbilt fortune. One of the latest illustrates the democratic spirit of the old commodore.

Sitting on the porch of a fashionable hotel at a fashionable resort on one occasion, it is related, the commodore saw a lady approaching with whom he was acquainted. His wife and daughter, who recognized her, could scarcely contain their anger when he arose and politely addressed her.

"Don't you know," said the daughter after she had gone, "that horrid woman used to sell poultry to us?"

"Yes," responded the old millionaire, "and I remember when your mother sold root beer and I peddled oysters in New Jersey."

Remarkable Photography.

Photography has caught the fastest express train in motion by means of the cinematograph, and it also shows the growth of a flower. A bud which bursts into bloom in, say, 16 days, is exposed to a camera every 15 minutes during the 16 days, and when the pictures developed from the films are assembled in order in the moving picture machine, the observer may see, to his delight, all in a minute or two, the gradual breaking of the bud—the blossoms open, close by night and reopen in the morning, the leaves grow under the eye, the stems peep from cover, and, finally, the full-blown flower.

Insight Not Appreciated.

It's so strange that a man never appreciates the wonderful insight of a woman's mind when she refuses to believe that the street cars were blocked.