

A KING OF OUTLAWS.

Orlison Career of "Red Rube"
Burrows, the Train Robber."Tis as easy to hold up a train as to
rob a hen's nest."—A Fortune
Stolen from Railroad and
Express Companies."Tis as easy to hold up a train as to
rob a hen's nest!"

That was the theory of "Red Rube" Burrows, the "king" of train robbers, who was shot dead last Tuesday morning by a deputy sheriff in the little town of London, Ala., while endeavoring to make his escape from the officers of the law. It was an original discovery on his part in the wilds of Texas and Alabama, for in all probability he had never heard that certain gentlemen living in the great centers of civilization had found out more than two-thirds of a generation ago that the feat of "holding up" not a single train but a whole railroad company had been discovered to be quite as easy and far more safe.

"Red Rube" robbed more trains than any man living or dead. He began his career with a resolute determination to stand at the head of the profession. The stories of the achievements of Jesse James and of Redmond had filled him with the ambition to write his name in the annals of criminal daring high above these desperadoes and he succeeded. He has gone out of the world, and more men killed and trains plundered stand to his credit than to that of any other outlaw in all our history. At one period in his criminal career the Governors of three States vainly exerted every stratagem to capture him, and railroads and express companies have sent on his track the best trained and most fearless detectives they could employ. He successfully defied them all until he was entrapped a few days ago in a house where he had sought shelter from a storm. He was as cold-blooded a scoundrel as ever lived and richly deserved the fate that overtook him.

His last battle with the officers of the law gives a good idea of the audacity and fiendish ingenuity of the man. At four o'clock in the morning he awoke from a real or pretended sleep and demanded something to eat from the two guards who watched him. Being told there was nothing he asked them to fetch from a corner in the room his small satchel, which they had neglected to search. Pulling back the spring he plunged his handcuffed hands into the bag and drew forth some crackers. His guards, one of whom was a negro, accepted his hospitality and all began to eat. Down into the bag went the steeled hands again and up came in them,



RUBE BURROWS.

not crackers, but two glittering pistols pointed at the heads of his guards. To the negro he gave the command:

"Untie me, and be quick about it."

He was untied.

"Now unlock the handcuffs on my wrists."

They were unlocked.

"Put them on that man."

In an instant they snapped on the wrists of the white deputy sheriff. The scene is without a parallel, even in the pages of criminal fiction. The next command to "open the door" was obeyed with equal alacrity. Burrows took the key, ordered the negro out at the point of a pistol and locked the door on the outside, leaving the other helpless prisoner within. His other two custodians were asleep in the village, and one of them, Carter, had one hundred and seventy dollars of Burrows' money. The negro, under threat of death, led the way to his room and Burrows knocked loudly at the door.

"Who is that?" asked Carter. Burrows, in a whisper, directed the negro to answer.

"Tell him to get up quick, that McDuffy wants him at the jail," Burrows commanded under his breath.

Recognizing the voice of the negro, Carter opened the door.

"Where is my money? Give it to me at once!" said Burrows, as he placed a pistol at the heart of Carter. Springing back to the bed for his revolver, Carter and Burrows fired at one another the same instant. The ball from Burrows' pistol struck Carter in the left breast. Burrows was shot in the bowels. The outlaw found his way to the street, shooting the negro through the shoulder as he passed him. Carter pursued Burrows and the two men fired at each other until their revolvers were empty. The whole village was aroused, and Burrows was found dead in the street and Carter and the negro dangerously wounded.

"This robber and assassin, whose name has been a terror to thousands of people in Northern and Western Alabama for years, was only thirty-five years old. He was born in Lamar County, Ala., in 1855, where his father still lives.

"Rube was as good a boy as any man ever raised," said the elder Burrows to a reporter a year ago. And then the old man broke down and cried. "He was," continued the father, "a good worker. He plowed and split rails and gave me little trouble. He never disobeyed a command in his life. He went to school

at times and learned how to read and write, and was tolerable at figures."

"When a boy of sixteen," said the outlaw to another reporter about the same time, "I went to Wise County, Tex., with an uncle. I went to farming, and in a few years married. My father-in-law gave me some land, and on this I farmed until 1880 without any unusual occurrence. When a boy I had read the life of Jesse James, and I always had an ambition to equal him in daring deeds. But when I married I settled down to quiet farming." "He talked," says the reporter, "as smoothly as a scholar." "My wife died," Burrows went on to say, "and I got in with a crowd of fellows in Texas who had robbed trains. They invited me to join them, and I did not hesitate to do so, and I ain't sorry for it. The first trip I took with the boys was up into the Indian Territory. We went there to rob an Indian woman of a wad of money we knew she had, but we didn't get it. Coming back in the Panhandle we struck a Texas Pacific train taking water. We got on it and went through the passengers. There were four soldiers in the car, but they were worse scared than any body else. We didn't get much, though—not quite \$300."

Burrows described in a cool, matter-of-fact way how a little later on they held up another train on the same road at Bend Brook and took \$4,000 from the express car. The following week they worked the same road a third time, but got only \$100. Burrows seems to have thought of retiring then, for he went home and married a second time. He did not, however, lead the life of a reformed train robber very long, and, to use his own expression, he "soon wanted to get out again." This is Burrows' picturesque description of what followed:

"We got the boys together, took our Colt's shooting-irons and went for the same road again at Gordon. Bromley covered the engineer, while Nip, Jim and myself lifted the cash from the express and mail cars and got off without a hand being lifted against us. When Bromley got on the engine and covered the engineer, it happened that he was the same fellow he had struck before, and, though he was mad, he did as Bromley told him."

The law officers and detectives were now hot and eager in his pursuit. Towards the latter end of October, 1889, the sheriff of Blount County, Ala., heard that "Red Rube" and Jackson were at a farm near Brookville. With two men of the highest courage he rode within one hundred yards of the house and shouted "Hello!" The two outlaws immediately appeared in the doorway, but sprang back when they saw the guns leveled towards them. Burrows and Jackson reappeared in a moment with their rifles. Rube held one of the women of the house in front of him, and from behind her back took aim at the sheriff, whom he warned not to approach. The officer and his aids hesitated, and "Rube" and Jackson began to retire towards the woods. At a distance of six hundred yards the woman was released and Burrows opened fire on the sheriff, and finally disappeared in the trees.

The sheriff next went to Birmingham for a supply of Winchester rifles and returned to the field with one hundred and fifty men and a couple of bloodhounds. Arrived on the ground of the late conflict, the dogs soon struck the trail and the small army of deputy sheriffs were shortly in full gallop behind them. Suddenly a shot rang out and a dog came yelping back wounded. "That's them. We can get 'em now. Close in carefully, boys," cried the sheriff.

"Come on, I'm ready for you," was the defiant cry of Burrows as he appeared in full view.

One hundred and fifty men hid in a second behind as many trees.

"Rube" began firing. The bullet struck the tree behind which one of the deputies stood. Jackson fired and a tree saved another life. The posse fired, but no one was hurt.

"You fellows go and learn to shoot," Burrows tauntingly shouted, as he and his companion started to walk away. As he disappeared in the trees he cried out: "Good-bye, boys; come and see me again."

The chase was abandoned for the day, and in the meantime Superintendents Ager and Fisher, of the Southern Express Company, arrived with nearly forty picked men, half a dozen detectives and three bloodhounds. The pursuit was resumed, but the force were thrown off the trail by the plausible story of a mountaineer and Burrows had vanished.

Burrows' narrow escapes from capture were almost innumerable. While on a train going to Montgomery the suspicious actions of himself and his brother attracted the attention of the conductor, who telegraphed ahead to the police. Half a dozen officers disguised asked them when the train arrived at the station where they were going. Burrows, who saw through the disguise, replied that "they were looking for a cheap boarding-house."

"All right, I'll show you one," said one of the policemen, and the start was made for the station-house. When within a short distance of it "Rube" gave a signal, and he and his brother started to run. The policeman fired and the brother fell wounded. A man who tried to stop "Rube" was shot through the chest. Burrows sought refuge in a negro's house that night in the outskirts of the city. The place was surrounded by officers next day. Leveling their revolvers at "Rube," they called on him to surrender.

"Not to-day," he replied, as he started for a swamp to the accompaniment of whistling bullets. He was untouched. Burrows differed from all other train bandits in the fact that he had no "gang." He did his work generally with the aid of one or two men. He is said to have been a splendid specimen of physical manhood, over six feet in height and weighing 175 pounds. Few men could outrun him and his marksmanship was superb.—N. Y. Sun.

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Customer.—No, I guess not; if I have you can send it on by express.

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The Roanoke Savings Bank was organized, September 1st, with a capital of \$100,000.

The officers are, J. D. Smith, president, John Chalmers, vice-president, and C. R. Evans, cashier.

The following board of directors embrace many of Roanoke's successful business men:

J. D. Smith, capitalist; Jno. Chalmers, C. R. Evans, of Evans & Chalmers; Jos. C. Moomaw, capitalist; Josiah Friend, capitalist; W. M. Yager, real estate agent; Judge A. E. King, attorney-at-law; Jno. F. Pfeiffer, foreman R. M. Works; W. F. Baker, real estate agent.

The bank has well fitted up quarters on Commerce street, near the Ponce de Leon Hotel, and is doing a satisfactory business that is growing rapidly.

The State Savings Bank of Roanoke began business October 10 with a paid-up capital of \$50,000 and a charter authorizing an increase to \$100,000.

The bank has a convenient and well-furnished office on Jefferson street, and, though young, is already doing a good business.

Mr. T. A. Burns, the president, was cashier of the Bank of Waynesville, N. C., for a number of years, and Mr. H. G. Cole, the cashier, was cashier of the National Bank of Marietta, Ga., for some time. Mr. C. O'Leary is vice-president.

The directors are C. A. Hoffman, Geo. H. Cole, F. A. Burns, C. O'Leary, J. F. St. John, J. A. McConnell and F. Barbour.

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Wm. Timmons, Postmaster of Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined, for that bad feeling arising from Kidney and Liver trouble." John Leslie, farmer and stockman, of same place, says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine, made me feel like a new man." J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant, same town, says: "Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite and felt just like he had a new lease on life." Only 50c. a bottle, at Budwell, Christian & Barbee's drug store.

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But we will cure you if you will pay us. Nervous and Debilitated, suffering from Nervous Debility, Seminal Weakness, and all the effects of early evil habits, or later indiscretions, which lead to Premature Decay, Consumption or Insanity, should send for and read the "Book of Life," giving particulars of a home cure. Sent (sealed) by addressing Dr. Parker's Medical and Surgical Institute, 151 North Spruce street, Nashville, Tenn. They guarantee a cure or no pay.—The Sunday Morning.

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TRUSTEE'S SALE.

BY virtue of a deed of trust dated the 22nd of February, 1890, made by Thomas A. Mabry, and recorded in the clerk's office of the Hustings Court for the city of Roanoke, Va., in deed book 30, page 132, in which is conveyed to the undersigned certain real estate in the city of Roanoke, Virginia, in trust to secure the North Side Land Company the sum of \$225, with interest, evidenced by certain negotiable notes therein set out; and whereas, default having been made in the payment of a part of said notes, at the request of the holder of said notes I shall, as trustee in said deed, offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, on MONDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1890, at 4 o'clock p. m., on the premises, all the property conveyed in said deed, to-wit: A certain lot of land in the city of Roanoke, Va., beginning on the south side of Magnolia street, 193.4 feet west of Park street, and running back between parallel lines 100 feet to an alley, and being lot No. 6, section 19, as shown on map of the North Side Addition to the city of Roanoke, Va. Terms: Cash, as to the sum of \$100, and the sum of \$130 in equal monthly payments of \$10 each, with interest on each payment from the 2nd of February 1890, and one payment of \$5, with interest from same date, said payments beginning to fall due on November 22, 1890, and continuing monthly thereafter for fourteen months, and the balance on such terms as may be made known on day of sale.

H. S. TROUT, Trustee.

Oct 19-law3wks

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