

Still Talking.

Owosso Interested—Mrs. Fred Townsend, of 919 S. Shawanee Street, Adds Her Testimony.

Our representative investigated another case, and it adds another link to the long chain of evidence that has set Owosso talking. Mrs. Fred Townsend is the lady who speaks here. Our representative found her at her place of residence, No. 919 S. Shawanee Street, and she said:

"Doan's Kidney Pills have taken all the pain out of an aching back for me. I was greatly troubled with a pain and distress across and low down in my back. It was weak and ached constantly, any exertion or work rendering it worse. I would be forced to lie down, and then could find ease only in one position. I had read about Doan's Kidney Pills, and got a box at Johnson & Henderson's drug store. They worked exactly as I had been told they would. I have not suffered from a lame back since, and have recently done things I could not do before without bringing on severe trouble. I can now take long walks without any bad effect to my back. I know what to take now if backache should return at any time. You are welcome to use my statement in any way you wish."

In these times when backs are lame, when almost every other one we meet has now and then or all the time a back that aches or pains—"a weak back," "a bad back," "a back that makes their life a misery to bear"—and still they go on day by day in pain and suffering. Now, this is the easiest thing in the world to give this played-out back "a blow" that will settle it and put in its place a new one equal to any. It's just like this: Hit at the cause; most backaches come from kidney disorders. Reach the kidneys, start their clogged-up fibers in operation; when this is done you can say good-bye to backache. There are many grateful people in Owosso who can tell you how simple a trick it is. Read the newspapers.

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers—price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no other.

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CHAPTER I. THE PARTY ON SPECIAL NO. 218.

Any one who hopes to find in what is here written a work of literature had better lay it aside unread. At Yale I should have got the sack in rhetoric and English composition, but alone other studies, had it not been for the fact that I played half back on the team and so the professors marked me away up above where I ought to have ranked. That was 12 years ago, but my life since I received my parchment has hardly been of a kind to improve me in either style or grammar. It is true that one woman tells me I write well and my directors never find fault with my compositions, but I know that she likes my letters because, whatever else they may say to her, they always say in some form, "I love you," while my board approves my annual reports because thus far I have been able to end each with "I recommend the declaration of a dividend of — per cent from the earnings of the current year." I should therefore prefer to reserve my writings for such friendly critics if it did not seem necessary to make public a plain statement concerning an affair over which there appears to be much confusion. I have heard in the last five years not less than 20 renderings of what is commonly called "the great K. and A. train robbery," some so twisted and distorted that but for the intermediate versions I should never have recognized them as attempts to narrate the series of events in which I played a somewhat prominent part.

I have read or been told that, unassisted, the pseudo hero captured a dozen desperadoes; that he was one of the road agents himself; that he was saved from lynching only by the timely arrival of cavalry; that the action of the United States government in rescuing him from the civil authorities was a most high handed interference with state rights; that he received his reward from a grateful railroad by being promoted; that a lovely woman as recompense for his villainy—but, bother; it's my business to tell what really occurred, and not what the world chooses to invent. And if any man thinks he would have done otherwise in my position I can only say that he is a better or a worse man than Dick Gordon.

Primarily, it was football which shaped my end. Owing to my skill in the game, I took a postgraduate at the Sheffield Scientific school, that the team might have my services for an extra two years. That led to my knowing a little about mechanical engineering, and when I left the "quad" for good I went into the Alton railroad shops. It wasn't long before I was foreman of a section; next I became a division superintendent, and after I had stuck to that for a time I was appointed superintendent of the Kansas and Arizona railroad, a line extending from Trinidad in Kansas to The Needles in Arizona, tapping the Missouri Western system at the first place and the Great Southern at the other. With both lines we had important traffic agreements, as well as the closest relations, which sometimes were a little difficult, as the two roads were anything but friendly. And we had directors of each on the K. and A. board, in which they fought like cats. Indeed it could only be a question of time when one would oust the other and then absorb my road. My headquarters were at Albuquerque, in New Mexico, and it was there, in October, 1890, that I received the communication which was the beginning of all that followed.

This initial factor was a letter from the president of the Missouri Western, telling me that their first vice president, Mr. Cullen (who was also a director of my road), was coming out to attend the annual election of the K. and A., which under our charter had to be held in Ash Forks, A. T. A second paragraph told me that Mr. Cullen's family accompanied him, and that they all wished to visit the Grand canyon of the Colorado on their way. Finally the president wrote that the party traveled in his own private car and asked me to make myself generally useful to them. Having become quite hardened to just such demands, at the proper date I ordered my superintendent's car, op. to No. 2, and

any better than I did, for she said: "Can't you take Lord Ralles and Captain Ackland into the service of the K. and A., Mr. Gordon, as a special guard?" "The K. and A. has never had a robbery yet, Miss Cullen," I replied, "and I don't think that it ever will have." "Why not?" she asked. I explained to her how the canyon of the Colorado to the north and the distance of the Mexican border to the south made escape so almost desperate that the road agents preferred to devote their attentions to other routes. "If we were boarded, Miss Cullen," I said, "your jewelry would be as safe as it is in Chicago, for the robbers would only clean out the express and mail cars. But if they should so far forget their manners as to take your trinkets I'd agree to return them to you inside of one week." "That makes it all the jollier," she cried eagerly. "We could have the fun of the adventure and yet not lose anything. Can't you arrange for it, Mr. Gordon?"

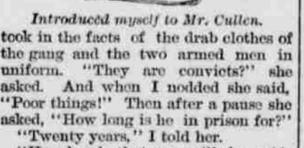
"I'd like to please you, Miss Cullen," I said, "and I'd like to give Lord Ralles a chance to show us how to handle those gentry, but it's not to be done." I really should have been glad to have the road agents pay us a call.

We spent that day pulling up the Raton pass, and so on over the Glorietta pass down to Lamy, where, as the party wanted to see Santa Fe, I had our two cars dropped off the overland, and we ran up the branch line to the old Mexican city. It was well worn ground to me, but I enjoyed showing the sights to Miss Cullen, for by that time I had come to the conclusion that I had never met a sweeter or jollier girl. Her beauty, too, was of a kind that kept growing on one, and before I had known her 24 hours, without quite being in love with her, I was beginning to hate Lord Ralles, which was about the same thing, I suppose. Every hour convinced me that the two understood each other, not merely from the little asides and confidences they kept exchanging, but even more so from the way Miss Cullen would take his lordship down occasionally. Yet, like a fool, the more I saw to confirm my first diagnosis the more I found myself dwelling on the dimples at the corners of Miss Cullen's mouth, the bewitching uplift of her upper lip, the runaway curls about her neck and the curves and color of her cheeks.

Half a day served to see everything in Santa Fe worth looking at, but Mr. Cullen decided to spend there the time they had to wait for his other son to join the party. To pass the hours I hunted up some ponies, and we spent three days in long rides up the old Santa Fe trail and to the outlying mountains. Only one incident was other than pleasant, and that was my fault. As we were riding back to our cars on the second afternoon we had to cross the branch roadbed, where a gang happened to be at work tamping the ties.

"Since you're interested in road agents, Miss Cullen," I said, "you may like to see one. That fellow standing in the ditch is Jack Drute, who was concerned in the D. and R. G. hold up three years ago."

Miss Cullen looked where I pointed, and, seeing a man with a gun, gave a startled jump and pulled up her pony, evidently supposing that we were about to be attacked. "Shan't we run?" she began, but then checked herself as she



Introduced myself to Mr. Cullen.

took in the facts of the drab clothes of the gang and the two armed men in uniform. "They are convicts?" she asked. And when I nodded she said, "Poor things!" Then after a pause she asked, "How long is he in prison for?" "Twenty years," I told her. "How harsh that seems!" she said. "How cruel we are to people for a few moments' wrongdoing, which the circumstances may almost have justified!" She checked her pony as we came opposite Drute and said, "Can you use money?" "Can I, Jyedy?" said the fellow, leering in an attempt to look amiable. "Wish I had the chance to try." The guard interrupted by telling her it wasn't permitted to speak to the convicts while out of bounds, and so we had to ride on. All Miss Cullen was able to do was to throw him a little bunch of flowers she had gathered in the mountains. It was literally casting pearls before swine, for the fellow did not seem particularly pleased, and when, late that night, I walked down there with a lantern I found the flowers lying in the ditch. The experience seemed to sadden and distress Miss Cullen very much for the rest of the afternoon, and I kicked myself for having called her attention to the brute and could have knocked him down for the way he had looked at her. It is curious that I felt thankful at the time that Drute was not holding up a train Miss Cullen was on. It is always the unexpected that happens. If I could have looked into the future, what a strange variation on this thought I should have seen!

The three days went all too quickly, thanks to Miss Cullen, and by the end of that time I began to understand what love really meant to a chap and how men could come to kill each other for it. For a fairly sensible, hard-headed

The near future is big with history. He who would keep posted Eagerly peruses the daily newspaper. Every family should take the Very best in connection with their Ever needful local paper. The News—THE DETROIT EVENING NEWS—Is an indefatigable newsgatherer. Now is the accepted time. Give us your subscription. Nothing gained by waiting. The Evening News—10 cents a week. If you Want further information, Seek it of our agent in your own town.

fellow was "pretty quick work," I acknowledge, but let any man have seven years of western life without seeing a woman worth speaking of and then meet Miss Cullen, and if he didn't do as I did I wouldn't trust him on the tail-board of a locomotive, for I should put him down as defective both in eyesight and in intellect.

CHAPTER II. THE HOLDING UP OF OVERLAND NO. 3.

On the third day a dispatch came from Frederic Cullen telling his father he would join us at Lamy on No. 3 that evening. I at once ordered 97 and 218 on to the connecting train, and in an hour we were back on the main line. While waiting for the overland to arrive, Mr. Cullen asked me to do something which, as it later proved to have considerable bearing on the events of that night, is worth mentioning, trivial as it seems. When I had first joined the party, I had given orders for 97 to be kicked in between the main string and their special, so as not to deprive the occupants of 218 of the view from their observation saloon and balcony platform. Mr. Cullen came to me now and asked me to reverse the arrangement and make my car the tail end. I was giving orders for the splitting and kicking in when No. 3 arrived, and thus did not see the greeting of Frederic Cullen and his family. When I joined them, his father told me that the high altitude had knocked his son up, so that he had had to be helped from the ordinary sleeper to the special and had gone to bed immediately. Out west we have to know something of medicine, and my car had its chest of drugs. So I took some tablets and went into his stateroom.

Frederic was like his brother in appearance, though not in manner, having a quick, alert way. He was breathing with such difficulty that I was almost tempted to give him nitroglycerin, instead of strychnine, but he said he would be all right as soon as he became accustomed to the rarefied air, quite poochpooching my suggestion that he take No. 2 back to Trinidad. And while I was still urging the train started. Leaving him the vials of digitalis and strychnine, therefore, I went back and dined solus on my own car, indulging at the end in a cigar the smoke of which would keep turning into pictures of Miss Cullen. I have thought about those pictures since then and have concluded that when cigar smoke behaves like that a man might as well read his destiny in it, for it can mean only one thing.

After enjoying the combination I went to No. 218 to have a look at the son and found that the heart tonics had benefited him considerably. On leaving him I went to the dining room, where the rest of the party were still at dinner, to ask that the invalid have a strong cup of coffee, and after delivering my request Mr. Cullen asked me to join them in a cigar. This I did gladly, for a cigar and Miss Cullen's society were even pleasanter than a cigar and Miss Cullen's pictures, because the pictures never quite did her justice, and, besides, didn't talk.

Our smoke finished, we went back to the saloon, where the gentlemen sat down to poker, which Lord Ralles had just learned and liked. They did not ask me to take a hand, for which I was grateful, as the salary of a railroad superintendent would hardly stand the game they probably played. And I had my compensation, y'know, Miss Cullen.

"You are quite comfortable, Miss Cullen?"

"Sinfully so," she laughed. "Then perhaps you would like to be left to enjoy the moonlight and your meditations by yourself?" I questioned. I knew I ought to have said more, but I simply couldn't when she looked so enticing.

"Do you want to go?" she asked. "No," I ejaculated, so forcibly that she gave a little startled jump in her chair. "That is—I mean," I stammered, embarrassed by my own vehemence, "I rather thought you might not want me to stay."

"What made you think that?" she demanded. I am not a good hand at inventing explanations. After a moment's seeking for some reason I plumped out, "Because I feared you might not think it proper to use my car, and I suppose it's my presence that made you think it."

She took my stupid fumble very nicely, laughing merrily while saying, "If you like mountains and moonlight, Mr. Gordon, and don't mind the lack of a chaperon, get a stool for yourself, too." What was more, she offered me half of the lap robe when I was seated beside her.

I think she was pleased by my offer to go away, for she talked very pleasantly and far more intimately than she had ever done before, telling me facts about her family, her Chicago life, her travels and even her thoughts. From this I learned that her elder brother was an Oxford graduate, and that Lord Ralles and his brother were classmates.