

# LANSING AMAZED

At the Case of Mr. and Mrs. Horton— Their Friends Lost in Wonderment.

Our representative called on Mr. A. Horton, or Andy Horton as he is familiarly called, at No. 1 Engine House, and the story he gives of the experience of his wife and himself is one of intense interest. Many a fellow-citizen of Lansing is congratulating both Mr. Horton and his wife. He told the circumstances as follows:

"I feel that anything I could do in the interest of Doan's Kidney Pills would be little indeed in comparison with what they have done for me. My wife had as a result of a severe attack of the grip what the physicians who attended her pronounced Rheumatism of the Heart, and during the last two years she has been almost totally helpless. No less than seven different doctors have treated her without doing her any apparent good whatever. Some of them gave her up to die, and a few months ago I just about gave her up myself. To tell what she has taken would hardly be believed, and nothing seemed to stay the disease. She got so weak I had to lift her up in the bed and she could not speak above a whisper. I read about Doan's Kidney Pills and got a box at the drug store of Gardner & Robertson. She took the box and said she must have more, as the urine did not scald as before, and the pain in the back and joints was gone, so I got them and she has now taken six boxes, and the result of their use has filled us all with joy. In two weeks from the first dose she was up and around. I could hardly believe my eyes. Her spirits have returned and she is actually doing her own house-work, which she has been unable to do for a year and a half. But our experience does not stop here. I must tell you about myself. About a year and a half ago I strained myself from heavy lifting and I have since been troubled with kidney disorders. My symptoms were those of diabetes. I was compelled to pass urine from sixteen to twenty times a day, and it caused me to lose my rest at night as well. I suffered very much from a pain across my back, which affected me when sitting or standing. I did not improve, although I tried everything. When my wife began with Doan's Kidney Pills, I also started taking them. I have used five boxes and I am also entirely cured; urination is natural, back all right, and I am once more as spry as a boy. Do what you like with my statement, for the good news about Doan's Kidney Pills cannot be spread any too far or any too quickly in the interest of suffering humanity. Credit should be placed where it is justly due. Since being cured by the pills I have undergone a medical and physical examination and have been pronounced sound. I owe it to Doan's Kidney Pills."

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

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**DR. ANNIS S. H. GOODING,** Homeopathic Residence and Office, Williams St., (Com stock Block), Owasso, Mich. Office hours—8 to 4 p. m. and to 8 p. m. Calls promptly responded to. Special attention given to Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.

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# THE GREAT K. AND A. TRAIN ROBBERY.

By PAUL LEICESTER FORD.

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## CHAPTER XI. THE LETTERS CHANGE HANDS AGAIN.

What seemed at the moment an incomprehensible puzzle had, as we afterward learned, a very simple explanation. One of the G. S. directors, Mr. Baldwin, who had come in on Mr. Camp's car, was the owner of a great cattle ranch near Rock Butte. When the train had been held at that station for a few minutes, Camp went to the conductor, demanded the cause for the delay and was shown my telegram. Seeing through the device, the party had at once gone to this ranch, where the owner, Baldwin, mounted them, and it was their dust cloud we had seen as they rode up to Ash Forks. To make matters more serious, Baldwin had rounded up his cowboys and brought them along with him in order to make any resistance impossible.

I made no objection to the sheriff serving the paper, though it nearly broke my heart to see Madge's face. To cheer her I said suggestively: "They've got me, but they haven't got the letters, Miss Cullen. And, remember, it's always darkest before the dawn, and the stars in their courses are against Caesar."

With the sheriff and Mr. Camp I then walked over to the saloon, where Judge Wilson was waiting to dispose of my case. Mr. Cullen and Albert tried to come, too, but all outsiders were excluded by order of the "court." I was told to show cause why I should not forthwith produce the letters, and answered that I asked an adjournment of the case so that I might be heard by counsel. It was denied, as was to have been expected. Indeed, why they took the trouble to go through the forms was beyond me. I told Wilson I should not produce the letters, and he asked if I knew what that meant. I couldn't help laughing and retorting:

"It very appropriately means 'contempt of the court,' your honor."  
"I'll give you a stiff term, young man," he said.

"It will take just one day to have habeas corpus proceedings in a United States court and one more to get the papers here," I rejoined pleasantly.

Seeing that I understood the moves too well to be bluffed, the judge, Mr. Camp and the lawyer held a whispered consultation. My surprise can be imagined when, at its conclusion, Mr. Camp said:

"Your honor, I charge Richard Gordon with being concerned in the holding up of the Missouri Western overland, No. 3, on the night of Oct. 14 and ask that he be taken into custody on that charge."

"I couldn't make out this new move and puzzled over it, while Judge Wilson ordered my commitment. But the next step revealed the object, for the lawyer then asked for a search warrant to look for stolen property. The judge was equally obliging and began to fill one out on the instant.

This made me feel pretty serious, for the letters were in my breast pocket, and I swore at my own stupidity in not having put them in the station safe when I had first arrived at Ash Forks. There weren't many moments in which to think while the infernal scribbled away at the warrant, but in what time there was I did a lot of head work, without, however, finding more than one way out of the snarl, and when I saw the judge finish off his signature with a flourish I played a pretty desperate card.

"You're just too late, gentlemen," I said, pointing out the side window of the saloon. "There comes the cavalry."

The three conspirators jumped to their feet and bolted for the window. Even the sheriff turned to look. As he did so I gave him a shove toward the three, which sent them all sprawling on the floor in a pretty badly mixed up condition. I made a dash for the door, and as I went through it I grabbed the key and locked them in. As I turned to do so I saw the lot struggling up from the floor, and knowing that it wouldn't take them many seconds to find their way out through the window, I didn't waste much time in watching them.

Camp, Baldwin and the judge had left their horses just outside the saloon, and there they were still patiently standing, with their bridles thrown over their heads, as only western horses will stand. It didn't take me long to have those bridles back in place, and as I tossed each over the peak of the Mexican saddle I gave two of the ponies slaps which started them off at alope across the railroad tracks. I swung myself into the saddle of the third and flicked him with the loose ends of the bridle in a way which made him understand that I meant business.

Baldwin's cowboys had most of them scattered to the various saloons of the place, but two of them were standing in the doorway of a store. I acted so quickly, however, that they didn't seem to take in what I was about till I was well mounted. Then I heard a yell, and, fearing that they might shoot—for the cowboy does love to use his gun—I turned sharp at the saloon corner and rode up the side street, just in time to see Camp climbing through the window, with Baldwin's head in view behind him.

Before I had ridden 100 feet I realized that I had a done up horse under me, and, considering that he had covered over 40 miles that afternoon in pretty quick time, it was not surprising that there wasn't very much go left in him. I knew that Baldwin's cowboys would get new mounts in plenty without wasting many minutes and that then they would overhaul me in very short order. Clearly there was no use in my attempting to escape by running. And, as I wasn't armed, my only hope was to beat them by some finesse.

Ash Forks, like all western railroad towns, is one long line of buildings running parallel with the railway tracks. Two hundred feet, therefore, brought me to the edge of the town, and I wheeled my pony and rode down behind the rear of the buildings. In turning I looked back and saw half a dozen mounted men already in pursuit, but I lost sight of them the next moment. As soon as I reached a street leading back to the railroad I turned again and rode toward it, my one thought being to get back, if possible, to the station and put the letters into the railroad agent's safe.

When I reached the main street, I saw that my hope was futile, for another batch of cowboys were coming in full gallop toward me, very thoroughly heading me off in that direction. To escape them I headed up the street away from the station, with the pack in close pursuit. They yelled at me to hold up, and I expected every moment to hear the crack of revolvers, for the poorest shot among them would have found no difficulty in dropping my horse at that distance if they had wanted to stop me. It isn't a very nice sensation to keep your ears pricked up in expectation of hearing the shooting begin and to know that any moment may be your last. I don't suppose I was on the ragged edge more than 30 seconds, but they were enough to prove to me that to keep one's back turned to an enemy as one runs away takes a deal more pluck than to stand up and face his gun. Fortunately for me, my pursuers felt so sure of my capture that not one of them drew a bead on me.

The moment I saw that there was no escape I put my hand in my breast pocket and took out the letters, intending to tear them into 100 pieces. But as I did so I realized that to destroy United States mail not merely entailed criminal liability, but was off color morally. I faltered, balancing the outwitting of Camp against state prison, the doing my best for Madge against the wrong of it. I think I'm as honest a fellow as the average, but I have to confess that I couldn't decide to do right till I thought that Madge wouldn't want me to be dishonest, even for her.

I turned across the railroad track and cut in behind some freight cars that were standing on a siding. This put me out of view of my pursuers for a moment, and in that instant I stood up in my stirrups, lifted the broad leather flap of the saddle and tucked the letters underneath it, as far in as I could force them. It was a desperate place in which to hide them, but the game was a desperate one at best, and the very boldness of the idea might be its best chance of success.

I was now heading for the station over the ties and was surprised to see Fred Cullen with Lord Ralles on the tracks up by the special, for my mind had been so busy in the last hour that I had forgotten that Fred was due. The moment I saw him I rode toward him, pressing my pony for all he was worth. My hope was that I might get time to give Fred the tip as to where the letters were, but before I was within speaking distance Baldwin came running out from behind the station, and, seeing me, turned, called back and gesticulated, evidently to summon some cowboys to head me off. Afraid to shoot anything which should convey the slightest clue as to the whereabouts of the letters, as the next best thing I pulled a couple of old section reports from my pocket, intending to ride up and run into my car, for I knew that the papers in my hand would be taken to be the wanted letters and that if I could only get inside the car even for a moment the suspicion would be that I had been able to hide them. Unfortunately the plan was no sooner thought of than I heard the whistle of a lariat, and before I could grab myself the noose settled over my head. I threw the papers toward Fred and Lord Ralles, shouting, "Hide them!" Fred was quick as a flash, and, grabbing them off the ground, sprang up the steps of my car and ran inside, just escaping a bullet from my pursuers. I tried to pull up my pony, for I did not want to be jerked off, but I was too late, and the next moment I was lying on the ground in a pretty well shaken and jarred condition, surrounded by a lot of men.

CHAPTER XII.  
AN EVENING IN JAIL.

Before my ideas had had time to straighten themselves out I was lifted to my feet and half pushed, half lifted, to the station platform. Camp was already there, and as I took this fact in I saw Frederic and his lordship pulled through the doorway of my car by the cowboys and dragged out on the platform beside me. The reports were now in Lord Ralles' hands.

"That's what we want, boys," cried Camp, "those letters."  
"Take your hands off me," said Lord Ralles coolly, "and I'll give them to you."

The men who had hold of his arms let go of him, and quick as a flash Ralles tore the papers in two. He tried to tear them once more, but before he could do so half a dozen men were holding him and the papers were forced out of his hands. Albert Cullen—for all of them were on the platform of 218 by this time—shouted, "Well done, Ralles!" quite forgetting in the excitement of the moment his English accent and drawl. Apparently Camp didn't agree with him, for he ripped out a string of oaths which he impartially divided among Ralles, the cowboys and myself. I was decidedly sorry that I hadn't given the real letters, for his lordship apparently had no scruple about destroying them, and I knew few men whom I would have seen behind prison bars with as little personal regret. However, no one had apparently paid the slightest attention to the pony, and the probabilities were that he was already headed for Baldwin's ranch, with no likelihood of his stopping till he reached home. At least that was what I hoped, but there were a lot of ponies standing about, and not knowing the markings of the one I had ridden, I wasn't able to tell whether he might not be among them.

Just as the fragments of the papers were passed over to Mr. Camp he was joined by Baldwin and the judge, and Camp held the torn pieces up to them, saying:

"They've torn the proxies in two."  
"Don't let that trouble you," said the judge. "Make an affidavit before me, reciting the manner in which they were destroyed, and I'll grant you a mandamus compelling the directors to accept them as bona fide proxies. Let me see how much injured they are."

Camp unfolded the papers and I chuckled to myself at the look of surprise that overspread his face as he took in the fact that they were nothing but section reports. And, though I don't like cuss words, I have to acknowledge that I enjoyed the two or three that he promptly ejaculated.

When the first surprise of the trio was over, they called on the sheriff, who arrived opportunely, to take us into 97 and search the three of us, a proceeding that puzzled Fred and his lordship not a little, for they weren't on to the fact that the letters hadn't been recovered. I presume the latter will some day write a book dwelling on the favorite theme of the foreigner—that there is no personal privacy in America. The running remarks as the search was made seemed to open Fred's eyes, for he looked at me with a puzzled air, but I winked and frowned at him, and he put his face in order.

When the papers were not found on any of us, Camp and Baldwin both nearly went demented. Baldwin suggested that I had never had the papers, but Camp argued that Fred or Lord Ralles must have hidden them in the car in spite of the fact that the cowboys who had caught them insisted that they couldn't have had time to hide the papers. Anyway they spent an hour in ferreting about in my car, and even searched my two darkies, on the possibility that the true letters had been passed on to them.

While they were engaged in this I was trying to think out some way of letting Mr. Cullen and Albert know where the letters were. The problem was to suggest the saddle to them without letting the cowboys understand, and by good luck I thought I had the means. Albert had complained to me the day we had ridden out to the Indian dwellings at Flagstaff that his saddle fretted some galled spots which he had chafed on his trip to Moran's Point. Hoping he would "catch on," I shouted to him:

"How are your sore spots, Albert?"  
He looked at me in a puzzled way and called, "Aw—I don't understand you!"  
"Those sore spots you complained about to me the day before yesterday," I explained.

He didn't seem any the less befogged as he replied, "I had forgotten all about them."  
"I've got a touch of the same trouble," I went on, "and if I were you I'd look into the cause."

Albert only looked very much mystified, and I didn't dare say more, for at this point the trio, with the sheriff, came out of my car. "If I hadn't known that the letters were safe, I could have read the story in their faces, for more disgusted and angry looking men I have rarely seen.

They had a talk with the sheriff, and then Fred, Lord Ralles and I were marched off by the official, his lordship demanding sight of a warrant and protesting against the illegality of his arrest, varied at moments by threats to appeal to the British consul, minister plenipotentiary, her majesty's foreign office, etc., all of which had about as much influence on the sheriff and his cowboy assistants as a Moqui Indian snake dance would have in stopping a runaway engine. I confess to feeling a certain grim satisfaction in the fact that if I was to be shut off from seeing Madge the Britisher was in the same box with me.

Ash Forks, though only 6 years old, had advanced far enough toward civilization to have a small jail, and into that we were shoved. Night was coming by the time we were lodged there, and, being in pretty good appetite, I struck the sheriff for some grub.

"I'll git you somethin'," he said good naturedly, "but next time you shove people, Mr. Gordon, just quit shovin your friends. My shoulder feels like"—Perhaps it's just as well not to say what his shoulder felt like. The western vocabulary is expressive, but at times not quite fit for publication.

The moment the sheriff was gone Fred wanted the mystery of the letters explained, and I told him all there was to tell, including as good a description of the pony as I could give him. We tried to hit on some plan to get word to those outside, but it wasn't to be done. At least it was a point gained that some one of our party besides myself knew where the letters were.

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The sheriff returned presently with a

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## The Evening News, Detroit.

toat or canned bread and a tin of oysters. If I had been alone, I should have kicked at the food and got permission for my boys to send me up something from 97, but I thought I'd see how Lord Ralles would like genuine western fare, so I said nothing. That, I have to state, is more—or rather less—than the Britisher did after he had sampled the stuff, and really I don't blame him, much as I enjoyed his rage and disgust.

It didn't take long to finish our supper, and then Fred, who hadn't slept much the night before, stretched out on the floor and went to sleep. Lord Ralles and I sat on boxes—the only furniture the room contained—about as far apart as we could get, he in the sulks and I whistling cheerfully. I should have liked to be with Madge, but he wasn't, so there was some compensation, and I knew that time was playing the cards in our favor. So long as they hadn't found the letters we had only to sit still to win.

About an hour after supper the sheriff came back and told me Camp and Baldwin

"Yes," cried Camp, "those letters are worth money, whether he's offered it or not."  
"Mr. Cullen never so much as hinted paying me," said I.

"Well, Mr. Gordon," said Baldwin suavely, "we'll show you that we can be liberal. Though the letters rightfully belong to Mr. Camp, if you'll deliver them to us we'll see that you don't lose your place, and we'll give you \$5,000."  
I glanced at Fred, whom I found looking at me anxiously, and asked him:

"Can't you do better than that?"  
"We could with any one but you," said Fred.

I should have liked to shake hands over this compliment, but I only nodded, and, turning to Mr. Camp, said:

"You see how mean they are."  
"You'll find we are not built that way," said Baldwin. "Five thousand isn't a bad day's work, eh?"  
"No," I said, laughing, "but you just told me I ought to get \$10,000 if I got a cent."

"It's worth \$10,000 to Mr. Cullen, but—"  
I interrupted by saying, "If it's worth \$10,000 to him, it's worth \$100,000 to me."  
That was too much for Camp. First he said something best omitted, and then went on, "I told you it was waste time trying to win him over."

The three stood apart for a moment whispering, and then Judge Wilson called the sheriff over and they all went out together. The moment we were alone Frederic held out his hand and said:

"Gordon, it's no use saying anything, but if we can ever do"—  
I merely shook hands, but I wanted the worst way to say:

"Tell Madge."  
[CONTINUED.]

# Liver Ills

Like biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, indigestion are promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work easily and thoroughly. Best after dinner pills. 25 cents. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

# Hood's Pills

An Old Fashioned Journalist.

Harmon D. Wilson, who learned his letters from the Troy Chief, has written a two column article on Sol Miller for the Aftonian Globe, in which he relates many interesting little reminiscences of the old fellow. Sol would never trust anyone else to make up the forms of his paper, and he never permitted anybody under any circumstances to touch the forms which contained the mailing list. For 40 years he put on an old apron each week and worked over the imposing stones on issue day.

"When The Chief went to press," says Mr. Wilson, "the whistle was blown. That was the signal for all who wished to come and get their papers. Most of those in hearing came. As they took their papers from a folded pile which always stood in a certain place, they wrote their names on a sheet hung there for that purpose."—Kansas City Journal.

English Spavin Liniment removes all Hard, Soft or Caloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavins, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney, King-bone, Stiffes, Sprains all Swollen Throats, Coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the best wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Sold by Johnson & Henderson, druggists, Owasso, Mich. 6-12-91

Cost of House Building.

There is a mistaken idea very prevalent that a small house that shall be attractive enough for a man of taste cannot be built for less than \$2,000 or \$3,000. Less than half that sum is sufficient if it is judiciously expended. Any amount of money can be squandered in necessities and in decorations that are as useless as inartistic. In the main one only requires from a house, as from a man, that it perform its duty well, and do the things it was intended to do in the best way and be pleasing and graceful in doing it. A model home, if it be skillfully planned, can be erected for a surprisingly small sum in these days.—Chicago Record.

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