

The Clew of the Liquor Bottles

Edited by William J. Bacon

A True Story of the Secret Service, as Told by Capt. Dickson

SOME years ago, before I became connected with the United States secret service in the east, I was engaged by a member of the western express companies to do some special work for them," began Capt. Dickson. "My headquarters were in Denver and my work, on the whole, was decidedly interesting. One adventure in particular made me proud of my service for our company, although it was largely a matter of luck that brought about my success in that instance. I am a firm believer in luck, for it plays an important part in every man's life, and I have figured to a large extent in my own affairs, I am free to confess.

"A daring express robbery had been committed in the western part of the state, near the Utah line, by three men. The messenger had been murdered and the passengers throughout the train robbed of all their money. The hold-up men secured something more than \$15,000 from the express company's safe and fully \$5,000 from the passengers. They took nothing but money, however, leaving valuable jewelry, diamonds and watches with their owners, and ignoring the parcels in the express car. This circumstance showed that the gang was composed of experienced thieves, for money is the hardest thing in the world to trace.

"I was notified of the robbery on the afternoon of the second day after it occurred, and although I hastened to the spot with all dispatch and made my arrangement by wire, it was noon of the third day before I alighted at the nearest station. Here I had arranged for two horses and a prospector's outfit, deeming it best to follow the bandits in the disguise of a miner, as the robbery had been made at a point near the mining region of southwestern Colorado, and I expected to find the criminals at some of the numerous mining camps.

"I have never been a believer in disguises except as to clothing. All efforts to change the face with grease paints and wigs and the like only tend to attract attention and direct suspicion to the man thus togged out. The casual observer might not notice the deception, but the criminal, and especially the hunted criminal, is no casual observer. He has formed the habit of noticing everything, and he will detect the least false point in a man's appearance and shun him as if he were afflicted with the plague.

"A change of dress will work wonders in a man's appearance. If a man can wear other clothes than those he is accustomed to, and wear them easily and naturally, he can more effectively disguise himself by this means than he can with all the wigs and paints and whiskers in existence.

"Coming across the continental divide, I had suffered a slight attack of indigestion. I sent the porter after a flask of whisky, asking for a certain brand. He returned in a few minutes with one of the diminutive little bottles customarily sold on sleeping cars at a quarter a bottle. It was not the kind I had ordered, but the porter explained that this was the only brand of liquor the company sold, and I had to be content with it. The label of the bottle stated that it was put up expressly for the company.

"On reaching my destination, I immediately assumed the character of a miner and set about my inquiry. There was little information to be gathered beyond what was contained in the express company's report of the robbery, of which I had a carbon-copy. Satisfied that time spent here would be wasted, I set out for the scene of the robbery, riding a wiry little pony and leading another on which was packed my outfit of grub and cooking implements and miner's tools.

"The place was a desolate spot. The road ran through a broad alkali valley which had not, at that time, been brought under cultivation by irrigation. It was easy to pick up the trail of bandits and follow it across the valley in a southwesterly direction to the foot-hills of the Rockies, where the trail disappeared, the rocky ground leaving no trace of hoof-prints.

"From this point on it was to be a matter of luck and guesswork. I believed my men had made for Telluride, Ouray, Silverton or some other mining camp, but I was not rash enough to venture a guess as to which it might be at that stage of the game. These camps, with their rough, shifting population, offered capital retreats for criminals, and from past experiences I knew that my three rogues would, in all probability, remain in one of these camps until the excitement from the robbery had subsided, and then make for civilization to spend their money.

"For three days I drifted at random through the mountains, following trails and paths, for there were no roads, endeavoring to pick up some clew or find the place where my party had spent the first night after the robbery. The hold-up had occurred about noon, and, by hard riding, the three highwaymen could penetrate some ten or twenty miles into the fastness of the mountains before it became too dark to travel further. It was out of the question for any one to advance through that region after dark. I hoped to find the place of their camp, and felt sure I would do so by persevering.

"Late the third afternoon I stumbled on the ashes of a campfire, and close beside it, among the firs and cedars, I found where horses had been tied. This was what I had searched for, and I felt sure that I would here find something of value. I camped a short distance from the place so I would not disturb it, leaving my examination until the next morning, when I would have a good light, it then being too dark to attempt such a thing.

"That night, by the light of my campfire, I read again the report of the robbery as given by the train hands. Near the last of it was the account of the sleeping car porter who related, with evident grief, that he had been relieved of \$6.15 in silver, and that the bandits had rifled the liquor cabinet of the buffet, taking with them all of the whisky and a few bottles of the rarer and stronger wines.

"Early next morning I examined the deserted camp of the highwaymen. There was nothing but a burned-out pile of ashes and charred sticks and a few empty bottles. The bottles gave the clew for which I searched. The highwaymen had certainly made their

men. They had not stopped there certainly, so I took the trail to Telluride, a mining camp farther on in the mountains. Telluride was then a camp of 500 or 1,000 souls, and there was a bit of a mining boom on which daily brought new prospectors to swell its citizenship, fatuous souls brought there by the greed of gold—a lure that never fails to attract victims in swarms. For three days I searched in vain through the saloons and dance halls and other places where the rough miners congregated without finding a trace of my three rogues. That infallible sixth sense of mine was doing its best to keep me longer in Telluride, although my judgment told me to move on to Silverton; but in the end my intuition won the fight and I remained.

"One evening I was drinking with a raw-boned miner. The whisky was abominable. The distillery where it was made would never have recognized its product in its present form. I complained of the poor quality of whisky and asked my acquaintance if there were no some better stuff to be found in the camp. He said there was not, at any of the bars, but that he had been given an amazingly good drink by a miner, whose name he mentioned. He said it had been in a little bottle which held just enough to tease one, but it was the best liquor he had drunk since he left Kentucky many years before. He licked his lips in pleasant memory of the drink.

"I almost gave myself away, so keen was my pleasure at this chance remark. I inquired about the gen-

"It would have been the rankest folly to have attempted their arrest without assistance—although I did tackle such a job once in my salad days, as this scar will testify," and he pointed to an ugly scar at the back of his neck, partially covered by his flowing gray locks. "But that is another story. I decided to call on the United States deputy marshal, a man of tigerish bravery, for assistance. There was no chink or crack in the door through which I could gain a peek at the interior of the cabin, so I dropped down on my hands and knees and crawled around to the back of the cabin where I thought there might be a window. There was a window, but it was closed with a heavy shutter, and I could not find any point to peep through; but I did find something on the way around. My hand touched something round and smooth, and I clutched it involuntarily. It was one of the little whisky flasks. After I had left the cabin I struck a match and examined it. The label of the car company was still on it.

"The deputy marshal was found at one of the dance halls and he soon summoned a reliable posse. We surrounded the cabin, from which still issued the sounds of revelry. The men were stationed at every point about it. Then the marshal and I rapped on the door. In response to our summons one of the miners staggered across the floor and threw the door wide open. We tripped him up and rushed over him into the cabin. The men were too drunk to make any resistance, and we captured them without



camp here. Each bottle bore the label of the sleeping car company, and some of them were the diminutive flasks of which I had drunk one on the trip from Denver. There was not a scrap of paper anywhere else to be found.

"Elated with my success, I made a survey of the country and discovered a half-obscure trail leading farther into the mountains. I took up this trail and followed it as best I could until nightfall. Often I lost it, and sometimes I spent an hour or more casting about to pick it up again, as I have seen hounds baffled on the trail of a fox. About three o'clock that afternoon I found something that made my eyes sparkle. Shattered into a thousand pieces was the remains of one of the small whisky bottles on a large flat rock beside the trail where it had doubtless been cast in a playful mood induced by its contents. Among the fragments I found the label of the car company.

"It was the dry season, and this was in my favor, for no rains came to obliterate the trail. For five days I followed the bandits across the hills and through the valleys, verifying my route from time to time by fragments of broken whisky bottles along the way, and at the places where they had camped for a night. The buffet-car must have been well stocked, for I found many bottles in this journey.

"The trail eventually came to a well beaten road, which, from my map, I learned was the stage and mail route from Montrose, the nearest railroad point to Ouray, then a rather insignificant mining settlement. I lost no time in getting to Ouray, for it was impossible to trail my men along this road and I was sure they had headed for the mining camp.

erous owner of the good liquor, with a show of indifference I was far from feeling. He was a late arrival, it seemed, and lived in a shanty far up on the mountain-side with two companions. The three were making a rather poor attempt to work a claim they had preempted.

"Getting away from my loquacious miner-friend, I climbed the steep trail to the cabin and set about an investigation of it with great caution. The men were at home, and from the sounds issuing from its closed doors I guessed they were having a rare old time that evening. I approached to the very door and listened with my ear to the planks to sounds of revelry within. The men were gambling and drinking, and I could hear the clink of coins and the rattle of bottles and the ribald jests with which they made their bets and gloated over their winnings and cursed their luck when they lost. I heard sufficient to make me sure that my much-sought bandits were in the cabin, although there was no direct mention of the express robbery.

Pittsburg Man Is "Loaded"

Perfect Fiend to Quote Statistics, According to Writer in Harper's.

The Pittsburg man can carry more figures of large denomination on his person without your suspecting their existence than any other citizen of the United States. He is a reservoir of decimals and statistics. He must have ample justification, however, before he turns the spigot, but when he does there is a torrent no man can stem.

If provoked and inclined to extend himself, in a five-minute talk he can fill you so full of miscellaneous indus-

a shot being fired. They were having a big stud-poker game, played with gold pieces and currency instead of chips. There was some \$8,000 or \$10,000 upon the table. Strewn about the floor were many whisky and wine bottles. In a box beneath one of the bunks was a solitary pint bottle of whisky, the last remnant of the contents of the buffet car's liquor store. It was, as I said, a clean case of luck.

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Played on Ancient Instruments.

At a concert which took place in the large hall of the Royal museum at Stuttgart, recently, at which the king and queen of Wurtemberg were present, no instruments were used save spinets, clavichordas and pianos of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The most interesting of these were the one which was once owned by Johann Sebastian Bach, and another on which Queen Louise of Prussia learned to play.

tries—natural gas, steel rails, tinplate, petroleum, steel pipes and sheet metal, fire bricks, tumblers, tableware, coke, pickles, and all that sort of thing—that you will begin to feel like a combination delicatessen and hardware store.

I have not begun to enumerate the different data I have collected on this subject, as I have no desire to make the reader feel small or to lose confidence in himself. As I have pointed out before, the Pittsburg, or the man who is under the influence of Pittsburg, must be provoked before he un-

The KITCHEN CABINET

THE USELESS SURPLUS.



ESS cash than we want,
Less time than we need,
Less drink than we like,
And a trifle less feed.

For mankind never knows
When it has quite enough,
And the easier road,
Often proves very rough.

If, of good things we've plenty,
We waste them, you see;
So the best way to do,
As I'm sure you'll agree,

Is to have less of money,
Of time, drink and feed
Than we want! Then we'll hustle
And earn what we need.

Helpful Children.

When children are not helpful; when the little feet do not run errands, when the little hands do not save mother small duties it is usually the mother's fault. Where the younger members of the home are no factor in its domestic machinery except as clogs to the wheels, there is something wrong with the mother's management.

She is one of two kinds of mothers; she says: "Oh, I can do it myself while I'm showing them how," or it is her glory to save them responsibility, saying that "worldly cares will come soon enough."

Now to this first mother we have nothing to say; she who is so blind to the child's interest, she who is too selfish to teach them how to be helpful is beyond the pale.

But the other mother—she who thinks an early sense of responsibility will blight the young life, she it is whose mistaken sense of kindness is at the same time difficult, yet worthy of attention. "Familiarity breeds contempt"—for responsibility as for other things, and the young one who has had a taste of it, according to its strength, all its life, will take it easily, with the contempt for worrying about it which familiarity breeds.

It goes without saying that the strength must not be overtaxed, but small labors, small responsibilities, train the mind and muscles for the big things of life. The little boy who is entrusted with money to pay bills, or who keeps a latch-key, and must see that his little sister is brought in the house immediately after school, or the little girl who must water the flowers or wash the dishes, these are the shoulders on whom life's burdens most lightly sit.

THE "SIMPLE LIFE."

HEY talk about the sweetness,
And the joy of "Simple Life."
But on the subject's latest phase,
We've had much talk and strife.
What, after all, is "Simple Life?"
On this no two agree:
My husband's an idealist,
He calls it "poetry."

And yet, I notice how distraught,
How nervous Henry feels,
Whenever I hint that "Simple Life,"
Means less than three square meals.
And when my mother hints it means
Just water clear, to drink,
I notice how my husband from
The argument will shrink.

Jim's hobby is for uncooked food,
And lots of sleep—but that
Does not fit in with Jane's idea.
She thinks 'twould make her fat.
So, while they argue pros and cons,
As has been done of yore,
I go along and run the house,
Just as I did before.

Bridget's Beatitudes.

Blessed is the whipped cream added to the mayonnaise at the moment of serving.

Blessed is the orange, or other fruit salad served with roast duck or fowl of any kind. It adds a tang to the greasy, rich meal, and is an aid to digestion.

Blessed is the saucer of melted butter, mixed with hot water kept hot on the stove for basting purposes.

Blessed is the hot or warm water used for dampening clothes for ironing. Cold water has a bad effect on the starch.

Blessed is the custard when the eggs are beaten into the milk and the whole beaten with a rotary egg beater. Do not add the milk to the eggs (however much you are tempted to say it is a distinction without a difference).

Rules for Baking Meats.

Beef, rare, eight minutes to the pound. Twelve, well done. This applies to the choice sirloin cuts; the cheaper, rolled, rib or rump take 15 minutes per pound.

Pork (which should always be well done), 20 minutes.
Lamb, rare, ten minutes; well done (which is more digestible), 15 minutes.

Chickens (four pounds in weight), one and a half hours.
Halibut, 15 minutes, or more, to the pound. Other fish, not so long.

Beef Dripping.

Beef dripping, if properly clarified, can be used whenever butter is recommended for cooking. Some French cooks use it even for puff pastry. For pastry use it in proportion of one pound of flour to four ounces of clarified dripping.

It is especially good for frying purposes.

Olivia Barton Christine.

BOY'S GRATITUDE WAS REAL.

Has Long Cared for Grave of Man Who Had Been Kind to Him Many Years Ago.

Rev. John Henri Sattig, pastor of St. Philip's church, Dyker Heights, Brooklyn, tells this beautiful story:

"In Milford, Pa., there is an old graveyard, neglected, weed-grown and unkempt. Of all the mounds in that village of the dead only one is cared for. On that the grass is neatly trimmed, flowers bloom and never a weed appears. The visitor who looks upon this evidence of love and devotion amid so many examples of forgetfulness usually asks whose grave it is, and the sexton answers: 'The man whose body rests there had neither chick nor child. Nearly every day for the six years since the man died a boy comes here to tend to the grave. Winter and summer he comes. The lad is the butcher boy. The man was the only human being who ever was kind to the boy.'"

BEYOND DOUBT.



"I suppose you mistake me for a fool?"

"Mistake you? My dear boy, I know you too well!"

For Headache Try Hicks' Capudine. Whether from Colds, Heat, Stomach or Nervous troubles, the remedy is speedily relieved by Capudine. It's Liquid—pleasant to take—Effects immediately. 10, 25 and 50c at Drug Stores.

It takes a hustler to distinguish the difference between an obstacle and a hindrance in his path.

MOTHERS WHO HAVE DAUGHTERS

Find Help in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Winchester, Ind. — "Four doctors told me that they could never make me regular, and that I would eventually have dropsy. I would bloat, and suffer from bearing-down pains, cramps and chills, and I could not sleep nights. My mother wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for advice, and I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking one and one-half bottles of the Compound, I am all right again, and I recommend it to every suffering woman." — Mrs. MAY DEAL, Winchester, Ind.

Hundreds of such letters from girls and mothers expressing their gratitude for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished for them have been received by The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

Girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should take immediate action to ward off the serious consequences and be restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands have been restored to health by its use.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

Your Blood

HAVE YOU Blood Poison, BONE PAINS, CANCER, SCALY SKIN, PIMPLES, Rheumatism, Eczema?

Have you aches and pains in Bones, Back, Joints, Sore Throat, Mouth, Sore Throat, Boils, Copper-Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, open sores, itching, little Blood Poison, Swollen glands, a syphilis? Have you Watery Blisters, Open, Itching Sores, with oozing matter, skin cracks and bleeds, Itchings and bumps, Eczema? If you have any of the above symptoms of blood disease don't fail to take B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm), the famous blood purifier which has made, in the past 27 years, so many marvelous cures of blood and skin diseases. Cures where all else fails. B. B. B. kills the poison, makes the blood pure and rich, completely changing the entire body into a clean, healthy condition, healing every sore or pimple and stopping all aches, pains and itching, curing the worst case of Blood Poison, Rheumatism or Eczema. BOTTLE OF B. B. B. (B. B. B.) is pleasant and safe to take, cures every blood and skin disease. It purifies and enriches the blood. B. B. B. strengthens the nerves and builds up the broken down system. DRUGGISTS, ALL FINE LADIES BOTTLE, with directions for home cure. SAMPLE SENT FREE by writing to BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga. When writing for sample give name of your trouble, if you know.

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Positively cured by these Little Pills.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Bowel Complaints. Eating a Perfect Remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.