A THIEF WHO HID $47,000 AND FORGOT THE HIDING PLACE

VANDERBILT, Tex. — Charles Beeler, who robbed the Wells-Fargo Express of $50,000 eleven years ago, is running an engine on the St. Louis, Brownsville & Mexico Railroad. He is apparently suffering no pangs of conscience over his crime. The penalty which he paid for taking the money was five years in the penitentiary, the court giving him that sentence on a plea of guilty.

What became of the $50,000 is a mystery to the Wells-Fargo people and the detectives who have been searching for it ever since, says the New York Press. It is known that Beeler never has reaped any benefit from the stolen money. From the time he left the doors of the penitentiary until a short time ago there was not a day that he was not shadowed by detectives. At last the express company is said to be convinced that the man lost or misplaced the money. Now the company has given up all hope of ever obtaining possession of it.

The story of this robbery and the events relating to it form one of the most remarkable in the criminal annals of the country. Beeler was a driver of a Wells-Fargo & Co. wagon in San Antonio and had been in the employ of the company several years. One dismal evening in the winter of 1899 packages of currency and bags of gold amounting to $50,000 were counted out to Beeler by the local cashier in the San Antonio office of the express company, with instructions to haul the money in his wagon safe to the Southern Pacific Railroad station and deliver it to the pay car of that road. Local money deliveries of this kind had been made many times, but the express agent always accompanied the driver. It happened on this particular day that the local agent was not in the office, and Beeler drove off alone with the money.

Succumbed to Temptation.

He says he had no sooner left the office than the thought flashed through his mind that here was his chance to get a fortune. He did some rapid thinking while his horse was traveling toward the railroad station, and he decided to make way with the money. It was a stake worth playing for, even should he be captured and made to serve a prison sentence. He turned the horses' heads in an opposite direction from the station and drove through the alleys and quiet streets until he reached the outskirts of the city. Darkness had settled down and he drove the horses and wagon out into the country for a mile and entered a mesquite-covered thicket. Tying the horses to a tree, he soon had the safe open and the $50,000 in his possession. It was a comparatively easy matter to carry the currency, but the gold coins made a weighty bundle. In order to prevent his trail being followed Beeler started away from the wagon on foot. He headed south, Mexico being his objective point. He claims that when he reached a ranch a few miles below San Antonio he buried all of the money except $3,000 in bills. He says that he placed the gold in tin cans and carefully marked the spot where he hid it. It was his plan to use the $3,000 to make his escape into Mexico and to live there for a time until the excitement over the robbery had subsided, when he would secretly make his way back to the ranch and dig up the money.

Officers Soon on Trail.

Having relieved himself of the gold, Beeler purchased a horse at the ranch and started off on a wild ride to gain the other side of the Rio Grande and the mountains of Mexico. Within an hour after Beeler left the office with the money the express company had spread the alarm, but it was not until along toward noon next day that the abandoned horses and wagon were found in the brush. Meanwhile a dozen detectives were busy, and the peace officers along the border were notified by wire to keep a lookout for the fugitive. The trail of Beeler was picked up at the ranch south of San Antonio, where he claims to have buried most of the money. G. A. Taft of Houston, state superintendent of the Wells-Fargo, and one of the company's best detectives, Eugene Yglasias of Laredo, were in hot pursuit. Between the ranch and the Rio Grande crossing Beeler wore out three horses. The Mexican officials on the border kept a sharp lookout. Beeler says he thought it was all up with him when one of these officers suddenly came upon him and, drawing down on him with a gun, ordered him to surrender. Beeler bribed the officer with $100 and not only was released, but was directed to the shortest cut into the distant mountains.

Captured by Brigands.

In the vicinity of Lampazos, Mexico, Beeler fell into the hands of a band of brigands who made their rendezvous in caves in the mountains near Bustamantte, about 175 miles south of the point where he had crossed the Rio Grande. They robbed him of all his money, except a few cents. Circulars, printed in Spanish, describing the fugitive, had been widely circulated over northern Mexico. Through this means the bandit chief learned that their American captive was wanted for stealing $50,000. The brigands made a demand upon Beeler for the money, threatening to kill him if he did not turn it over to them. In order to save his life, he told them he had buried all of it except that which they had found upon his person and taken away from him. When their threats became pronounced he agreed to escort the robbers to the spot where he had hidden the money. A start on the return journey of more than 300 miles was made and the little party had reached the Texas side of the Rio Grande when they learned that posses of officers were out all over the border country searching for Beeler. They escorted their prisoner back to their mountain caves to await a more favorable opportunity for hunting for the buried treasure.

Apprehension in Mexico.

Meanwhile, Mr. Taft and Mr. Yglasias had traced Beeler. Going to Gen. Bernardo Reyes, governor of the state of Nueve Leon, Mr. Taft asked his assistance in capturing the fugitive. Governor Reyes sent for the alcalde of the Bustamante district and told him that unless he caught the missing American robber within 36 hours his office would be declared vacant. The alcalde sent out men to scour every part of his district, and Beeler was captured in the camp of the brigands.

Waiving extradition, Beeler was hurried across the border. He made what purported to be a confession to Mr. Taft and Mr. Yglasias and agreed to go to the spot where he had buried the plunder and turn the money over to the express company's representatives. The night following their arrival in San Antonio with the prisoner they took him secretly from jail and drove to the ranch. Beeler searched around for the gold, but no trace of it could be found. The disgusted officers took him back to jail, where he remained until his trial and sentence to prison for five years.

Unable to Locate Money.

Wells Fargo & Co. sued him and obtained judgment for the amount of the stolen money. During the time that he was in the penitentiary detectives kept a constant watch on Beeler's wife, thinking he might have turned the stolen money over to her. When he stepped out of prison two detectives met him and accompanied him to San Antonio. Beeler worked at odd jobs for a time, and then obtained a place as fireman on a locomotive on the Trinity & Brazos railroad. A detective rode on every train that his engine pulled. Beeler was watched day and night. He went to the St. Louis, Brownsville & Mexico railroad from the Trinity & Brazos Valley, but they followed him. It is now six years since he left the penitentiary, and until a few weeks ago there never was a moment in all that period that he was not being spied upon by detectives. It is said the express company is at last convinced that Beeler's story of some one finding the buried money and getting away with it is true. As a locomotive engineer this former express robber is performing good and faithful service.

WANT ORLEANS TO BE KING

Camelots Du Roi Are a Riotous Crowd of Royalists and Frequently Create Excitement in Paris.

The offshoot of the Orleanist party, calling themselves the "Camelots du Roi," which every now and then get up a little excitement in Paris by assaulting ministers, would seem to be the French equivalent of our suffragettes, says an English paper.

They are supposed to be agitating for the overthrow of the French republic and the return of the Duc d'Orleans as king, but it is very doubtful indeed whether this sort of thing is likely to help the duke up the steps of a throne.

The society is composed of all sorts and conditions of men and women, from members of the old French nobility down to waiters and artisans. The Marquise de Vasselot de Regue is a prominent member, and so is Count Bonin de Castellane.

The marquise is one of the "martyrs" of the cause. A few months ago she was awarded five days' imprisonment for "the use of insulting terms" and for riotous behavior at a royalist demonstration.

Nobody was more pleased than the marquise herself at the sentence. She was sentenced during her absence from Paris, but she promptly returned and was presented with sheaves of flowers by admiring royalists as she entered the prison.

The "hawkers" generally confine themselves to "riotous behavior," occasionally indulging in special little excitement, like the attempt of Mattis, a waiter, to pull M. Fallieres' beard, "because he would make him look so ridiculous."

Another of their little attempts to reinstate the Duc d'Orleans on the throne of France was perpetrated one dark night, when the conspirators sallied forth with pots of paint, and Paris woke up next morning, to find that a number of statues, erected to the memory of senators and other harmless folk, had been daubed with brilliant coats of red paint.

Such performances have, in fact, made the duke appear not a little ridiculous at times, and a few months ago he was moved to declare in an interview that "these tactics do more harm than good."

Accuracy of Unaimed Bullets.

Unless you have considerable experience with firearms you may discharge a small caliber rifle a hundred times at a target and never put a mark on it. You may fire one of the trifling little 22s direct into a fleeing rabbit's carcass and he'll run away with the bullet and waggle his ears at you derisively. But let a living man come anywhere near you when you're playing with the otherwise harmless gun, and you'll not only hit him every time but you'll inevitably find a vital spot and lay him low the very first shot.

If some wise student of trajectories and ballistics and other mysteries of gunnery could puzzle out the principle that underlies this phenomena he would add something to the world's knowledge that would preserve his name for the admiration of generations to come.

The Unhappy Drama.

"How did Billings save that high class comedy of his?"

"By changing the scene of the third act to a chiropodist's studio."

BIRMINGHAM CITIZEN SWEARS TO REMARKABLE STATEMENT

I want to tell you what Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root did for my wife. She was troubled with terrible pains in her back and she were such that it deprived her of more night's sleep. There was a thick red sediment in her urine like brick dust. The passage of the urine was very annoying, being of a burning sensation and the complaint was making her very thin and weak. The medicine which the doctor gave her did not seem to help her and she was finally persuaded to try Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. I purchased one bottle of the large size for her and it helped her greatly. After she had taken three bottles she did not have any more trouble with her kidneys. It has been seven years since she took Swamp-Root and she is now well and healthy. At the time of her kidney trouble, she weighed 120 pounds, and she now weighs 185. My wife is 32 years of age and cheerfully recommends Dr Kilmer's Swamp-Root to her friends and feels very thankful that she found a remedy, with such wonderful merits.

We give you absolute permission to publish this in any way you wish.

Yours very truly,
D. R. RIDENHOUR,
Cor. 4th Ave. and 20th St.
Birmingham, Ala.

State of Alabama }
Jefferson County }

I, E. G. Stevens, a Notary Public in and for said State and County, certify that D. R. Ridenhour, known to me as such, personally appeared before me this 31st day of July, 1909, and made oath that the above statement was true in substance and fact.

E. G. STEVENS,
Notary Public.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. For sale at all drug stores. Price fifty-cents and one-dollar.

IDENTIFIED.

Stranger—My lad, I'm looking for a Mr. John Smith—"

Kid—I'm Mr. John Smith.

BABY'S HAIR ALL CAME OUT

"When my first baby was six months old he broke out on his head with little bumps. They would dry up and leave a scale. Then it would break out again and it spread all over his head. All the hair came out and his head was scaly all over. Then his face broke out all over in red bumps and it kept spreading until it was on his hands and arms. I bought several boxes of ointment, gave him blood medicine, and had two doctors to treat him, but he got worse all the time. He had it about six months when a friend told me about Cuticura. I sent and got a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment. In three days after using them he began to improve. He began to take long naps and to stop scratching his head. After taking two bottles of Resolvent, two boxes of Ointment and three cakes of Soap he was sound and well, and never had any breaking out of any kind. His hair came out in little curls all over his head. I don't think anything else would have cured him except Cuticura.

"I have bought Cuticura Ointment and Soap several times since to use for cuts and sores and have never known them to fail to cure what I put them on. I think Cuticura is a great remedy and would advise any one to use it. Cuticura Soap is the best that I have ever used for toilet purposes." (Signed) Mrs. F. E. Harmon, R. F. D. 2, Atoka, Tenn., Sept. 10, 1910.

Left Both Satisfied.

It all happened on one of those few surviving pay-after-you-enter cars.

"Oh, I insist on paying, Gladys," said the brunette. "You paid coming down."

"No, I shall pay," declared Gladys with equal firmness. "What if I did pay coming down—didn't you buy that last package of gum?"

"Let me settle the quarrel, ladies," suggested the diplomatic conductor. "Why not use the denatured form of Dutch treat?"

"What's that?"

"Well, you each pay the other's fare."

And that was the way they solved it."—Cleveland Leader.

A Young Philosopher.

Time is a relative quantity. Some minutes seem like hours and some hours seem like minutes. How to control this flight is beyond any person, but the little boy mentioned below seems to have progressed pretty well for a youngster.

The teacher was surprised to see that he remained perfectly idle all through recess, and accordingly asked him why he did not play.

"'Cause," he said, slowly, "it makes recess too quick if I play, and I want it to la-a-ast!"—Youth's Companion

Quick as Wink.

If your eyes ache with a smarting, burning sensation use PETTIT'S EYE SALVE. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N.Y.

It would be easier to see good in others if we didn't have so many faults of our own.

$3.50 RECIPE CURES WEAK KIDNEYS, FREE

RELIEVES URINARY AND KIDNEY TROUBLES, BACKACHE, STRAINING, SWELLING, ETC.

Stops Pain in the Bladder, Kidneys and Back.

Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say goodbye forever to the scalding, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and the back-of-the-head aches; the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyes or ankles, leg cramps; unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and the despondency?

I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a QUICK RECOVERY, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you $3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, K-260 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

Ended the Controversy.

On the steeple of an old Universalist church in Bath, Me., there is a wooden figure of an angel. It is not a remarkably fine specimen of art, and has always been somewhat laughed about, especially because of its high-heeled shoes. The Bath Enquirer recalls the story that a former pastor of the North Congregational church once accosted a devoted Universalist with the question: "Mr. Raymond, did you ever see an angel with high-heeled shoes on its feet?" "Why, no," answered Mr. Raymond, "I can't say that I ever did; but did you ever see one without them?"

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The favorite family laxative.

It takes more than a stinging vocabulary to make a prophet.

Had Been in a Worse Scrape.

Damocles saw the suspended sword.

"That's nothing," he cried, "I've sat between two women with hatpins!"

Thus they saw he could not be scared.

A Sounding Name.

"Who is that girl in furs who seems to be the big scream?"

"She? Oh, she's our sleigh belle."

Some people would drown with a life preserver at hand. They are the kind that suffer from Rheumatism and Neuralgia when they can get Hamlins Wizard Oil, the best of all pain remedies.

The whirlwind of passion scatters many of the seeds of sin.

CLEARED THE CLOUDED MIND

Hypnotism Cleverly Used to Banish Hallucination That Was of Long Standing.

In the course of his article in the American Magazine, in which he deals with cures by four great medical experts through the means of hypnotism, Mr. H. Addington Bruce describes some of the interesting cases that have come before their attention, notably the following, which was successfully treated by Dr. Pierre Janet, the noted Parisian specialist:

"In another case that gave him far more trouble, the patient suffered from a persistent hallucination of seeing a man in the room with her. Her relatives believed that she was insane, and occasionally manifested suicidal tendencies. But Dr. Janet diagnosed her case as one of hysteria, and with the aid of hypnotism made the interesting discovery that the hallucinatory image which she thought she saw was the figure of a lover who had deserted her several years before. It appeared that every night she thought of her faithless sweetheart, his image rose before her.

"To Janet it seemed a perfectly simple matter to 'suggest' away the hallucination, by impressing upon her, during hypnosis, the idea that when she awoke she would no longer see the imaginary form. But he found that for some reason the suggestion would not 'take.' Day after day he patiently hypnotized her, always without success.

"Finally, he began to suspect that at bottom she did not want to be cured, and that the passionate desire to see her lover if only as a phantasm constituted too strong a 'self-suggestion' to overcome by direct attack. Another method would have to be tried.

"'Very well,' he one day said to her, while she was hypnotized, 'if you want to continue seeing your lover, you shall see him. But, remember, you will always see him with the head and face of a pig.'

"He then brought her out of the hypnotic sleep into her natural state. Five minutes later she uttered a cry, and covered her eyes with her hands.

"'What is the matter?' inquired Janet calmly.

"'It is terrible! Terrible!' she exclaimed. 'I see a man standing in the corner of the room, and his face is like a pig's!'

"'How absurd!' said Janet.

"After this he left her to her own devices, no longer hypnotizing her. For a few days she saw the man with the face of a pig. Gradually the hallucinatory image faded, and at length entirely disappeared, leaving her restored to perfect health. As Dr. Janet afterward explained, the grotesque hallucination which he had succeeded in impressing upon her had brought about a profound revulsion of feeling. Manifestly, she could not love a man with a pig's head. She no longer wanted to see her sweetheart, or to think of him, and in proportion as she ceased to think of him the hallucination disappeared."

No Wonder.

Gyer—I know a man who actually lives on shavings.

Myer—Get out!"

Gyer—Fact. He's a barber.

Love is the only thing that never fails.

To add a library to a house is to give that house a soul.—Cicero.