

AN EXPRESS AGENT'S LIFE.

Multifarious Dangers to Which He Is Constantly Exposed.

Stories of Messengers Who Have Perished or Been Badly Injured in the Performance of Their Duty—Honesty and Bravery of the Men as a Class.

It can be no pleasant experience to hear the battering of gun butts against a car door, and know that if it is not opened upon the instant the yelling, shooting devils outside will blow it to splinters with dynamite. And to have a pistol jammed suddenly behind one's ear, with the peremptory command to hand over every bit of money and treasure in a rich express car, is disconcerting, to say the least. Add to these possible harassments the knowledge that railroad officials and detective agencies are forever watching the man in charge of the safe, always ready to suspect collusion and dishonesty, and it is easy to believe that an express messenger's life is not the most placid imaginable.

The express messenger must be honest, active, intelligent, resourceful when danger threatens, and ready to guard his trust with bravery and discretion. In the continuous transferring of money from city to city, from sub-treasury vaults to banks, in the shifting of great deposits, he is the man who at last stands between the owner and loss. Only he knows the extent of the temptation that besets him.

The railroads have wisely adopted the policy of concealing from the public the amount of their losses through robbery. These facts when known are published far and wide, and excite the curiosity of criminals, who keep a surprisingly complete record of such matters. A successful robbery on one road is likely to be followed in a short time by another attempt. Thus, the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Road in 1902 suffered three hold-ups in five months. The first of these occurred near Joliet, Ill., on the night of July 3, and in the fight in the express car, after the door was opened under threat of dynamiting, Messenger Kane was shot in the groin. The second robbery was successfully carried through five miles out of Lincoln, Neb., and the third through safe on the Pacific express car was blown open and rifled. On November 21 the through messenger train from Chicago to Fort Worth, Texas, was robbed near Davenport, Iowa, and the estimate of the plunder secured varied from \$1,500 to \$70,000. This last outrage stirred up the railroad officials to unwonted activity, and the general manager of one of the trunk lines promulgated an order offering \$1,000 to any employee of the road who killed a train robber. All of the trammels—conductors, brakemen, engineers and express messengers—have been armed, and encouraged to learn to shoot, stab, and kill.

THE LONG FIGHT AGAINST BANDITS.

All of this brings to mind the long fight that the railroads have waged against bandits ever since they have penetrated to the west. It has been a very strenuous, picturesque struggle, which is by no means ended yet. And in that battle, where hundreds of lives have been taken and unknown thousands of dollars lost, the messenger's part has been an exceedingly important and honorable one.

In an interesting compilation published by a Chicago newspaper in 1895, appears brief histories of 105 hold-ups covering a period of five years, from 1890 to 1895. It would be

CANCER CURED

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neither profitable nor interesting to reproduce the record in every case where one messenger had played a stirring part, either in frustrating the attempts of the robbers or in bravely resisting them, but a few such instances should be cited.

On June 7, 1890, a Northern Pacific train was held up at Salem, North Dakota, by four masked men. The quick-witted messenger, immediately upon hearing the shots that are preliminary to every robbery by a gang, locked everything of value in the safe, put out the lights, and left the car. Finding the express car deserted and failing to discover the messenger, the bandits left it and turned their attention to the mail car. No wiser course could have been followed by the messenger solicitors for the safety of the money in his charge.

Two robberies that resulted in the death of the men in charge of the express cars were that of a New York Central train near Rochester, February 21, 1892, by a lone highwayman, who broke into the car unaided, grabbed what plunder he could reach, then killed the messenger; and that at Lonely Hammock, Florida, on May 21, when four men held up a Jacksonville, Tampa and Key West train, murdered the messenger, wounded his assistant and plundered the car. The resourcefulness of the messenger on a St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha train which was robbed near Keosauqua Junction, Minnesota, on July 1, 1892, saved his company a large amount. Before the robbers broke into his car he gave the most valuable of the money packages to a friend who was riding with him, and asked him to sit on them.

In the list of thirty-three robberies committed in 1893 are recorded some significant acts of messengers. On Jan. 8 a Mobile and Ohio train was stopped by a gang of six masked men at Forest Lawn, Ill. The express car was broken into with sledge hammers, the messenger was knocked senseless, and the car plundered. At Channahon, Kansas, two days later, the Santa Fe express was robbed, the car dynamited, the messenger shot and the safe cleaned out. The messenger on a Rock Island train, near Virginia, Neb., was bound hand and foot by robbers on June 23, before the car was looted. Another messenger on the Santa Fe and San Francisco road was killed at Round City, Kan., while defending his treasure. Near Lincoln, Ill., on November 13, robbers attacked a Pacific, Des Moines and Evansville train, and the messenger was shot before they were driven off.

A MYSTERIOUS CASE.

A case that was never satisfactorily explained was that of the killing of a messenger on a Southern Pacific train on December 18, 1893, somewhere on the run through Texas. When the car was opened at Liberty, the messenger was found dead, and there was no clue to the identity of the murderer. One safe containing a considerable amount of money was unlocked, and the money was untouched. But another smaller safe had been forced open and looted.

The inevitable question that a railroad detective asks, when a robbery has been carried through successfully, is: "Has the messenger cleared himself?" The opportunity for collusion with robbers is so great that the common axiom is reversed to read: "Every messenger is presumed to be dishonest until he proves his innocence." The railroad officials impress upon these men the importance of guarding their trust to the utmost of their ability. They do not demand the sacrifice of life, but they are quick to commend a man who puts all thought of his own safety aside and fights as if for life itself. If he yields without a struggle, even though the odds against him render resistance useless, he is likely to be dismissed from the service with the taint of cowardice on his character.

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While the detectives in their wide experience are perfectly justified in taking a somewhat cynical and skeptical view of the probability of messengers' honesty now and then that they are entirely mistaken in their suspicions. A case like that of Ben Shipley's arises at intervals to illustrate the fallibility of trained thief hunters. Shipley was a messenger on the Atchafalaya and Nebraska Railway early in the seventies, with a run from Atchafalaya, Kan., to Lincoln, Neb. On his arrival at Lincoln one day it was found that \$1,200 was missing from the safe. In the Atchafalaya office the records were perfectly straight, there was no suspicion of the same way that the first had. A drag-net was put out this time by the officials and detectives, and in it was caught the company's agent at Falls City, Neb. When he was arraigned for the second robbery he confessed to having committed the first.

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Now, the idea that Ivers could sleep through the robbery of his car seemed altogether preposterous to the express officials, and they set out to find the thief. A drag-net was put out from St. Louis to take him in charge, pending investigation. But that programme did not please Ivers, for he was as anxious as the company to find the clever robbers. He suspected that two men from Pleasant Hill were the thieves; and when the St. Louis detective arrived to take him in charge, he reversed the order, taking the detective into camp and taking him to investigate the men whom Ivers suspected. After a chase of two weeks and more, meanwhile eluding and defying the officers sent out by the railroad officials, the messenger found the men he hunted, forced a confession from them, and handed them over to the law for punishment.

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UNJUST SUSPICIONS FROM WHICH MESSENGERS SUFFER.

Made in Canada 50 Years

Ready to Cook, Served Hot.

Build Strongly.

Your canny man uses sound materials to build with.

Also, he builds his body with wholesome food.

He uses no shoddy fads—he eats what he knows, he has no use for quack "foods," he wants a hot breakfast, not a cold-served fad.

And Tillson's Oats is the soundest, most wholesome food he can eat—being **Pan-Dried** it is neither "smoky" nor "mushy"—it cooks finely and deliciously.

It is a tried-by-centuries food, not a vagary of a modern food-faddist's brain.

Packages only. All Grocers.

Tillson's Oats

Pan-Dried. A Food, not a Fad

to find employment, but the doors of every office were closed against him. At last he became a common laborer in a railway grading gang, and all of the exacting and exacting work of the gang was his. For four years he was followed, branded publicly as a thief, but with no particle of evidence against him.

At the end of that time a second robbery occurred on Shipley's old run, exactly the same way that the first had. A drag-net was put out this time by the officials and detectives, and in it was caught the company's agent at Falls City, Neb. When he was arraigned for the second robbery he confessed to having committed the first.

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rapidly perfecting to minimize their importance, that they have played their part in the romantic drama of the west in a wholly admirable way.

JOHN M. OSKISON.

THE LITTLE ATTIC ROOM

In the cottage of my father was a little attic room. Where the unloved spider wove his web, and the lone bird sang its song. For the flies that sought the sunlight by the single window pane, And buzzed a lazy, dazy, day's-enough-for-me refrain.

And I used to seek that attic, of its shadows unafraid, And view the cluttered gloom that there was everywhere displayed: The broken fragments of the past, stray bits of light or gleam, That were wont to haunt and hold me in that little attic room.

The sword my grandfathers carried on the fields of Mexico; An epaulet, unadorned, making still a tin-plate soldier; An ancient trunk, fire-covered, as a tree is clad in bark, And I had a notion Noddy bore it in his ark.

The corn that hung in strange festoons from the rafters above and here, The years might come, the years might go, That corn was always there; A fine old Uncle Sammy wore I never saw his face— These, and a thousand things beside, were in that attic place.

I can't explain the charm it bore, that lonely room, for me. Although, perhaps, 'twas somewhat like a living memory. But often, when my mother thought that I was with my studies played, I dreamed among its shadows, by their phantoms undisturbed: And I seemed to hear the patter of ghostly feet that pressed The floor of the garret where their treasures lay at rest.

The room that they cherished while their lives were still in bloom, Ere they sought the dust and cobwebs of the little attic room. Somewhere, within the heart of man, In sunlight or in gloom, I fancy there is ever found a little attic room.

Where he keeps the broken treasures of an unforgetting past— A tiny shoe, a fractured doll, a ship with sails of silk, a broken clock, Half hid by cobwebs of the years, they all are waiting there, with a dreamy smile, And he who comes to see, with a prayer, As the olden faces greet him with their never-fading light.

While he sits among the shadows of his little attic room. —Alfred J. Waterhouse.

Opinions often differ as to the digestive qualities of bananas, especially for children. The banana is highly nutritious, and satisfies the craving for starchy food which most children feel. The trouble is that the fruit is usually eaten without being chewed, and the stomach has hard work to digest the solid lumps. A good way to serve bananas at the nursery is to cut them in small cubes, thereby preserving the taste, which seems to be lost when they are sliced thinly. Break up fresh lady fingers with them and serve with plenty of sweet cream.

True lovers of tea contend that the fragrant brew is ruined by the addition of sugar and cream. What they think of recent fashionable additions is not recorded. Sugar and a dash of lemon juice are the only known combinations. It is now the custom to include in the tea tray paraffin small dishes to hold candied cherries, cloves and dried orange peel, all of which are used to "improve" the tea.

What is the use of telling us that keeping the hair cut short will preserve it, when everybody knows that bald-headed men are common, while women who wear their hair long, are never bald?

"How did you come here?" asked the kind old lady with the tract. "Following

SINFUL HABITS IN YOUTH

MAKE NERVOUS, WEAK, DISEASED MEN.

THE RESULT of ignorance and folly in youth, overaction of mind and body, and future happiness of thousands of promising young men. Some fade and wither at an early age, at the blossom of manhood, while others are forced to drag on a weary, fruitless and melancholy existence. Others reach maturity but find no solace or comfort there. The victims are found in all stations of life—the farm, the office, the workshop, the pulpit, the trades and the professions. Nervous Debility and Seminal Weakness are guaranteed cured by our New Method Treatment or No Pay. You run no risk. 25 years in Detroit.

CURED WHEN ALL ELSE FAILED. No names used without written consent.

"I am 33 years of age and married. When young I led a gay life. Early indiscretions and later excesses made trouble for me. I became weak and nervous. My kidneys became affected and I feared Bright's Disease. Married life was unsatisfactory and my home life a failure. I tried everything—all failed till I took treatment from Drs. Kennedy & Kergan. Their New Method built me up mentally, physically and sexually. I feel and act like a man in every respect. They treated me six years ago. Their cure can be cured by reliable doctors."—W. A. Belton.

CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY. Consultation Free—Books Free—Question Blank Free for Home Treatment.

Drs. Kennedy & Kergan, 148 Shelby Street, Detroit, Mich.

PRIVATE SAFES FOR THE HOME.

Methods by Which They Are Cunningly Hidden, Even From Servants' Eyes.

The clumsy safe which formerly held the precious stones and documents of the wealthy has practically been abolished in the homes of those who can afford to keep abreast of the times in such matters, and in its place have been introduced curiously wrought places of concealment which the professional burglar would have great difficulty in finding. Modern explosives and electric burglary tools have made it almost impossible for safe manufacturers to produce steel boxes that cannot be broken into, and while they assure protection against professional safe-breakers in bank vaults by the help of electric alarms and other devices, they no longer trust entirely to steel boxes in private houses to keep out thieves. A little secrecy has been found to be worth more than a foot of chilled steel. The old-fashioned home or office safe in a direct invitation to a burglar. He knows that the diamonds, jewellery and spare cash and valuable documents are kept there. Otherwise, why have a safe in the home? There is hardly a man who does not at some time have considerable valuables in his home which he must intrust to his private safe.

The most ingenious method of modern safe builders is to construct a receptacle for valuables in the walls, floor or ceilings of the house. The work is as ingenious as it is effective. An expert examines the different parts of a room selected for the purpose, and finally hits upon a place where concealment can be made the most effective. A square of a couple of feet or more is taken out of the plaster, and a chilled steel safe is made to fit in the hole thus made. The inside of the safe is lined with plush for holding diamonds and precious jewels, and

there are compartments for bills and valuable documents. When fitted in its niche in the wall, ceiling or floor, the most ingenious part of the contrivance is then made by an expert. The opening of the safe door is made so carefully that it appears as if the side of the wall moves outward as if by magic. The spring which controls this mechanism is often concealed in the picture molding or cornice some distance from the safe itself.

To make it doubly secure, so that no one would accidentally touch the spring and reveal the hidden safe with its treasures, there is usually a second spring. The first one consists chiefly in removing a small piece of the molding or wooden base of the trim, and this discloses nothing but a bare surface of wood. A little examination will show, however, that this wooden surface is divided into little square lines. One of these squares holds the second hidden spring. By pressing it in a certain way it will spring open the door of the safe located probably half a dozen feet away. Consequently, if workmen or servants should accidentally knock off the pieces of molding or wooden base which reveals the second spring, the secret would still be intact.

Attendant (at insane asylum)—"This man seems to be insanely cruel. For a time he thought he was Nero. Visitor—"What is he now?" "Oh, now he thinks he's the band on an excursion steamboat."

Principal—"Well, did you get that money owing by Smith?" Collector—"I'm sorry to say I did not. There were a number of Smiths at that address, all of whom denied being your debtor. One even threw me out." Principal—"That's the one. Call on him again."

"Is your son gifted in any way?" asked the visitor. "I should say he is," answered Mrs. Cornstossel. "About everything he has was given him by us."

Denmark has the largest army in proportion to her size. She has 18,000 soldiers to every ten thousand of her population.

"Bragg—I was knocked senseless by a cricket ball two years ago." The Boy in the Corner—"When does yer expect ter get over it?"

VIGORAL

A Good Night Cup.

Just drink it to finish up the day with; it tones up the stomach, soothes the nerves and refreshes the inner man. It is a deliciously seasoned beef drink; no trouble to prepare.

Served at all Clubs, Cafes, Soda Fountains and drinking places generally.

Armour & Company, Chicago.

Dropsical Swellings

Backache, deposits in the urine, pain, smarting and scalding when urinating, loss of flesh, rheumatic pains and headache are symptoms of

Kidney Disease

When the swelling takes place about the heart death usually comes suddenly and unexpectedly in the form of

Heart Failure or Apoplexy.

The kidneys when in health filter from the blood the urea, which is in reality poisonous waste matter.

When the kidneys are weak and deranged the urea remains in the blood and causes it to become watery and deficient in nutritive quality.

Dropsical swellings are the result. At times the ill-effects are felt about the heart and death comes suddenly in the form of heart disease or apoplexy. With others the legs swell until they become unwieldy proportions and require to be bandaged.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills prevent and cure dropsical swellings and all the dreadful symptoms of kidney disease. They cure thoroughly by striking directly at the root of the trouble and setting the kidneys right.

Mr. James Treneman, 536 Adelaide Street, London, Ont., states:— "Two years ago I was laid up with kidney disease and urinary troubles. Besides the pain and inconvenience caused by these troubles, I became dropsical, and my legs would swell up so that I could scarcely go around at all. Hearing of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills