

A NEWSPAPER HOLD-UP.

The means by which Schneider and young Tad Curtis obtained the famous Delwater story was hardly legitimate even in those days when one paper in Chicago proudly published a diagram of the airshaft down which its enterprising reporters were suspended that they might listen to the deliberations of a jury and write them up for the public—a public which is scandalized, but gladly pays to hear. As every one will remember, the Mid West was the first paper that published anything like the true inwardness of the Delwater affair; and for several days after its publication—indeed until the Marquis of Delwater left the country in such haste—the story was received with the jeers with which newspapers always treat the beats of their rivals so long as there is a chance of those beats not being true.

Curtis tried to see the noble Marquis first at the Auditorium hotel (Curtis was covering hotels at the time), but Delwater was more than a match for the reporters who did the hotels, and insulted them right and left when they managed to speak to him, and at other times refused outright to see them. It may not generally be known that reporters are long-suffering and forgiving, and only color the news with their personal feelings as much as the city editor approves of, in the majority of cases. What paragraphs appeared about Delwater, however, showed animus; for he was one that would have tried more than human forbearance. For example, when Schneider was put on the story, and went up to him in the lobby of the auditorium with his "politest manner—he could be very ingratiating when he chose—and asked him a question that to a man as much a public character as he, could not in the least be considered an intrusion into his private affairs, Delwater looked over his head, and said to his secretary: "Curious they allow these vermin in the hotels."

Curtis happened to be standing a few feet away, and marveled at Schneider, not knowing the self-control a first-class reporter acquires. Schneider said nothing. He turned very pale, and walked out of the hotel. Curtis followed him, not speaking for a few minutes; words were inadequate to the situation. When they came opposite the C. A. clubhouse Schneider stopped to light a cigar. He took a few puffs at it with his head thrown a little back to keep the smoke out of his eyes, and then said in quite an ordinary tone of voice:

"Tough customer, Tad."

"Why didn't you give him a swift punch? The paper'd have paid your fine, wouldn't it?"

"I'd miss the story—I've got to get that first."

They separated at the Palmer House, and Curtis did not see Schneider again for a week. Then he came to the city editor's office and heard him say in rather a sneering tone to Schneider: "You seem to be spending a very enjoyable week, loafing over that Delwater story."

"Nobody else has got ahead of me, has he?" Schneider answered quickly. "No; and I can't see that you, with your keen centred nose for news, have got ahead of anybody else, either." Brainard said.

Schneider only smiled in a sickly way, and went out into the general office. Tad could sympathize with him; he had felt the encouragement of Brainard's tongue himself pretty often in the few months he had been on the Mid West.

The next day was Tad's day off, and he slept late in the morning, preliminary to enjoying the rest of the day. About noon he was dressing leisurely, when Schneider came into the room carrying a little hand-bag.

"Say, Tad, how are you going to spend the day?" he asked.

"Well, I think I shall play some tennis on the Wyandotte courts, and then make a call, if I have time; and this evening—"

"This evening you're going with me, to help me out of a hole."

"And these?" Tad fished about in the pockets of his coat, hanging over the back of a chair, and found a couple of theatre tickets. "I wormed 'em out of the dramatic editor with infinite pains," he explained.

"Those you may send to the lady who was going to enjoy them with you, and let her choose her own escort. She'll be the more grateful to you," Schneider grinned.

"And what shall I get for helping you out of a hole—in which doubtless the fates have put you for your own deserts?"

"I shall get great glory, and you will win my everlasting gratitude."

"H'm! What's your plan?" Curtis had an immense admiration for Schneider, and not for all the girls in Chicago would he have missed the chance of engaging in a promising enterprise with him. He was grumbling to hide his pleasure.

"I'm going to abstract from the gentlemanly Marquis of Delwater the true inwardness of his casting off of his daughter, if I have to use a cork-screw."

"Can't you get him drunk without me?"

"You are too literal, Tad. We are going to become strong-arm men from the levee, and he is going to learn of what account his hauteur is against these."

Schneider opened his little bag and emptied upon the bed two 8-caliber Colts and two flexible leather billies. "You can have a mask, too, if you are afraid of injuring your complexion," he said. "Personally I want to see what I'm doing."

"I hope you have a good, strong pull with the police," Curtis said. "It would make a fine scare head for our hated rivals, if anything went wrong." Newspaper Men Lead a Double Life—Reporters of the Mid West by Day, Thugs by Night—Supposed to Be Leaders of the Band of Hold-Up Men Who Have Made Chicago Notorious—Police Consider the Arrest of the Marquis of Delwater's Assassinate of the Utmost Importance—One of Them a Gentleman by Birth—that's me," he explained.

"It would sound queer," Schneider admitted, "and I'm not counting on any pull to keep from getting caught. If you don't mind I'll leave these things here for you to bring along, and also will come back here after the deed is done. I don't mind telling you that there is a certain risk in this thing, particularly for me, and I want to shove as much of it on you as I can. I have managed to become unofficially acquainted with Delwater the last week—he's not so nice in his choice of associates as you might have deduced from his speech to me in the auditorium—and he may recognize me. In fact, he probably will, for we've been drunk together, and down the line together, and one night we landed in the Harrison street police station together, where, fortunately, Sergeant Brindle was at the desk, so we got off with a reprimand to the policeman for lacking discrimination."

"And you couldn't worm the story out of him in all this?"

"I couldn't, but he had a vestige of sobriety left and the only time he was entirely boozed I was the same, and I can't remember whether he told me anything or not. I think he did; for I remember weeping over something with him."

"Well, good-by, theatre!" Tad threw a kiss at the tickets. "Good-by, lady-friend!" he waffled another toward the north wall of his room. "Now what is the scheme?"

"We shall, if all goes well, hold him up tonight, when he's coming home from some dive, and get that story out of him. He has a great idea of the importance of America; and I don't think much of his pluck. He won't go on the streets alone after dark, and that's how I happened to get in with him. Billy Barnes and I usually act as his bodyguard."

Curtis laughed; Billy Barnes was notorious.

"Yes, I never expected to consort with a tin-horn sport like him," Schneider went on apologetically. "But we can manage the two of them, I guess."

After Schneider had gone, Curtis dressed himself and went over to the Wyandotte Club for a couple of sets of tennis, stopping at the second set he hired himself. Then he remembered that he had not sent off the theatre tickets, and went back to his room for the purpose. After that was accomplished there was nothing in particular for him to do, and gradually the same nervousness and tendency to yawn crept over him that used to, at college, be a race.

"This turning highway robber," he said to himself, "is almost as distressing as the Mott Haven games."

Taking counsel with himself, he decided that 5 o'clock tea with a soothing thing he could do, and he took the Clark street car up to where the conductor announced Go-eth street. Here he jumped off and walked briskly over to Miss Hanley's on Dearborn avenue.

The atmosphere of the drawing-room, and of the little pink shades on the walls, when the tea was brought in, was having the desired effect on the visitor, when it was dispelled by the very one on whom he had counted.

"Wa'n't it awful!" Miss Hanley cried, as she handed him his second cup, "about poor Mark Milton?"

"What, awful?" he asked.

"Why, didn't you see in the papers this morning about his being held up and murdered?"

"Who murdered him?" Tad asked with sudden irritation.

"Nobody knows. His body was found in the river, and they think some of those terrible hold-up men killed him because he wouldn't give them his money, and then threw him off one of the bridges."

This was encouraging. Milton, the banker, was of an importance to stir up the police to unusual endeavor for a few days. The savor of the tea in his cup was suddenly lost to Curtis, and the pretty room had a garish look, as if it were staged on a second-class theatre.

"This thing is getting on my nerve," he muttered.

"What did you say?" Miss Hanley asked sweetly. Without waiting for an answer, she continued: "I have been reading 'The New Arabian Nights' again, and it does make me feel creepy to have a man one has met, like Mr. Milton, be murdered before one's face, almost. Stevenson makes it seem so delivered here by a mysterious assassin, I should be afraid to open it for fear I should find one of my friends doubled up inside."

"H'm! Tad laughed mirthlessly. "It may be a highwayman myself for all you know."

He ended his call soon afterward and wandered down to the Boston restaurant for supper. The time, he noticed, dragged along almost interminably, and yet flew by. "I suppose a man looking forward to being executed in the evening would have somewhat the same sensations I have—looking forward to going to Joliet," he added, with a grim smile.

After supper he walked back to his room on Superior street and loitered about, delaying getting ready that he might not have so much time to wait. Then he suddenly found there was danger of being late, and came away in such a hurry that he almost forgot the weapons entrusted to his care. He was at the appointed spot on the minute, and waited there for three-quarters of being late, and came away from the opposite corner, and Curtis was sure, looked at him with suspicion. He snarled across and Curtis bade him good evening. He responded politely, but Curtis felt convinced that he had come to get a nearer view, so that he would know him again.

Fifteen minutes later Schneider and Curtis were crouching in a dark alley, waiting for the noble Marquis of Delwater to emerge from the very questionable house which Schneider had told him came fast; at the run which took like a walk and is more trying than either. Tad was out of breath, and he knew Schneider was more so, for Schneider's wit was no longer than the beer hall allows.

"I thought you were never coming," Tad gasped, handing him a revolver and a Billy.

Schneider answered nothing, trying only to keep his head from breaking from being too audible, though there seemed rather small danger of attracting attention in this lone place. They had turned off Clark street near Polk, had dashed down one narrow, noisome street and up another, and the younger man completely lost his bearings.

"Couldn't break away sooner," Schneider said, when breath was returned to him; "but we're in time and only Billy Barnes to hinder us."

When they interviewed him. He's in the third house from us on this side."

"That is what you might call strenuous interviewing," Tad laughed nervously, looking down at the revolver.

"He didn't harken to my voice when its tones were dulcet now," Schneider broke off as two men came down the steps of the house they were watching, and walked away in the other direction. "Come on!" Schneider whispered.

"Careful! Don't let 'em suspect anything till we are right behind 'em." The two walked as swiftly after the men as they could without attracting attention. When they passed under the street lamp at the next corner, however, Schneider laid his hand on Curtis' arm. "It isn't Delwater," he said, and they walked rapidly back to their post in the alley.

Waiting there inactively, minute after minute, Tad's imagination played full havoc with his comfort. If they should be caught, it argued, there would be no doubt about their going to Joliet. The police had railroaded innocent men to the penitentiary often enough, to "save their face," when there was too much clamor at their inefficiency; and a gangster like Schneider, with a well-known figure like Schneider as chief actor, would be a monstrous big feather in their caps, particularly just after Milton's murder. The night even he accused of that, and hanged on drum-stantal cooked-up evidence—though Tad reflected hopefully, he, as young and unhardened, might be let off with a life sentence. He had had his first hanging assignment the week before, and the yell of the convicts resounding through the gloomy jail as the trap fell—the yell they always gave at a hanging, an older reporter told him—rang in his ears at the remembrance.

At last, after several false alarms, Delwater came out of the house. He stood on the stoop talking to someone inside, and presently called impatiently, "Billy, I say!"

Billy came, and the two walked leisurely down the steps and towards the reporters, not with the caution of experienced, night-walking Chicagoans, keeping out by the curb, but carelessly, on the inside of the sidewalk. When they were just opposite the alley, Schneider thrust his revolver under Delwater's ear.

"Hold on there!" he said quietly, as the Marquis turned his head, startled. Billy Barnes gave one glance around and started up the street on the dead run.

"Quick! Knock him down—don't shoot him!"

Curtis was in such a tense state that he didn't need the tone of Schneider's voice to impress him with the impor-

ance of stopping Billy from getting away. He dropped his revolver with a clang that sounded loud as a fire engine to him, and jumped after Billy. He had got about ten yards start, and for one dreadful instant Curtis thought Billy was out-sprinting him. But Billy led too rapid a life to be overcast of foot, even with the fear of death behind him; while Curtis was not very long from the Mott Haven team and his 101-5 for the hundred. In the middle of the next block he was running at Billy's elbow and holding him easily. He shifted the Billy from his left to his right hand, raised it and brought it down on Billy Barnes' head.

Billy fell in a heap and Curtis stumbled over him to the ground. Scrambling to his knees, he hit him twice more in the face—he was pretty excited—before he had sense enough to see that he should kill him if he kept on. A Billy is a deceptive weapon.

Delwater was offering Schneider all his money, his watch when Curtis got back to the pair, and pleading in tearful obscene language to be allowed to depart. Incidentally he expressed his opinion of his late ally, Billy Barnes, and it was not high.

"Who the — are you, anyway?" he broke out, when Schneider refused his money.

"We're vermin," Schneider replied grimly; "and we want to ask you a few questions."

"If you're from the Fanchon woman —" Apparently Delwater had more than one skeleton of a vengeful disposition in his closet.

"We're not," Schneider interrupted; "but before we get through with you, you may wish we were."

Schneider and Tad grabbed Delwater, an arm apiece, and backed him up against a telegraph pole. Schneider struck him savagely in the mouth. "You!" he said from beneath his clenched teeth, "tell me what I ask you or I'll blow the top of your head off."

Delwater was a big man, but he was "yellow" clear through. Also—in justice to him—he was in a very unpleasant situation, and the thought of Mark Milton's body in the river may have come to his mind. After Schneider struck him he blurted out the whole affair, and then the two reporters did not wonder that he had refused to say a word about it before.

Delwater must have been scared nearly senseless; had he retained a vestige of sense, he would have known that two genuine footpads could have no interest in his treatment of his daughter; while had he suspected them of being reporters, he would have known they would never carry out the threat of Schneider's—although, to be sure, he was an Englishman, and they have wonderful and fearful ideas of what may happen in America. Anyhow, he was too frightened to prepare, for not one detail of the story as he gave it that night had proved false, although Delwater could hardly have distorted the facts in any manner that would not have made him appear to better advantage.

When they got through with him Schneider said: "Now I'll give you till I count twenty-five to run down that alley. If you're not out of sight by then I'll send a bullet after you."

Tad stooped for his fallen revolver as Delwater ran. When he was lost in the gloom of the alley, the two walked to the next street.

"That a blind alley, Tad," Schneider said with a chuckle, "and he probably won't venture out till daylight."

The two reporters started for the office. At the first street lamp Schneider looked at his watch. "We've got to get a gate on to catch the city edition," he said, as they hurried on. "I wish I had my legs."

He looked down at his watch. "You made a neat job of it, Billy Barnes. I thought a sprinter might come in handy."

The night editor was calmly smoking with his feet on his desk.

"Are those extra composers I spoke to you about, still here?" Schneider asked anxiously.

The night editor nodded and pointed to the typewriters.

"I'll take from where Delwater set that bear trap to catch his daughter's lover," Schneider said. "You tell how the trouble started."

The night editor took each sheet as they wrote it and read it swiftly.

"This sounds like a pipe dream—I suppose it's straight," he said.

"Straight as a string," Schneider answered.

"Well, you two are wizards," the night editor commented again, at the end of fifteen minutes.

Two men working at white heat, and leaving paragraphing, punctuation and capitals to the copy-readers, can write a good deal in three-quarters of an hour. Triple leaded the story covered half the front page of the city edition, with a scare-head larger than the paper had sported since the last presidential election.

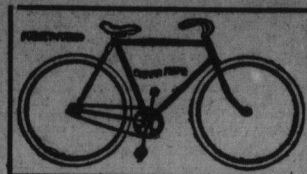
They waited until they saw the first copy from the press. Then Schneider said to the night editor, as they prepared to go:

"We are wizards, as you said, and this is our time for disappearing. Explain matters to Mr. Brainard if we don't show up for a few days."

"How did you tell that story?" the night editor asked.

"We'll tell you some time. Just now

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You'd better not know too much. "Now," he turned to Curtis, "if you know any good, retired spot, you'd better hibernate for a while."

"Sam Fuller's been after me all summer to visit him at Lake Forest and play golf," Curtis suggested.

"Just the things. They'll look for a bloodthirsty thug most everywhere before they will at Onwardville. So long."

Delwater made a great hue and cry over the matter. First, he had been robbed. Then he had been brutally assaulted by agents of his daughter.

Then a band of reporters had tortured the story out of him. Then the whole account was a pure fabrication from beginning to end. Then he said he was going to offer a reward for his assailants' arrest, "dead or alive." And he actually did begin suit against the paper for \$1,000,000 damages. Although he gave himself away so badly that the public became convinced of the authenticity of the story. If he had simply denied it the chances are he would have been believed; for, of all the queer truths ever reported, the Delwater affair sounded the most like a dime-novel invention.

Every one remembers the howl of execration that went up all over the country after this, and the special train that Delwater hired a few days later to carry him to New York that he might catch the earliest steamer away. The day he left Chicago Curtis came back from Lake Forest.

"Well, you and Schneider are a nice couple," the city editor sang out as Ted came into the Mid West office at the regular hour. "Getting us sued for more money than the old sweepers' worth!" He was in high good humor. "Hope you haven't forgotten how to work while you've been loafing. Here are a couple of tickets to a fair over on South Halstead street for the benefit of fraternal and indigent street sweepers. Give 'em a stick and a half; there's good people, the street sweepers."

TOLD BY THE OLD CIRCUS MAN.

One Shrewd Observer's Trick to Win the Favor of the Great Giant.

"There's more than one way to kill a cat," said the old circus man.

"The greatest of all giants was very fond of sardines. Give him two or three loaves of dry bread, not dry enough to be crumbled, but just a little dry, and plenty of sardines and you give him a lunch that suited him just a little bit better than most anything else he ever had; the only trouble about it being in the size of the sardines."

"Of course we could give him plenty of them, and commonly he would eat ten or twelve boxes; but, as compared with himself, the sardines always looked ridiculously small. That sort of disturbed him, and then he always used to say that the little fishes wasn't big enough to taste."

"In winter quarters every year, after the season's hard work on the road, the great giant used to put in about four months of solid comfort. For the first winter or two we did try showing him a little in halls in cities, but we had so much trouble finding comfortable quarters for him in the cities we visited that we gave that up. But showmen used to come to us, just the same, and try to get the giant; and there was so much money in him, if they could get him, that they used to try very hard."

"One of the people that came to us in that way one winter was a man named Jonas Philgrin, an am I knew very well, myself, who owned a hall in a town about forty miles from here."

Philgrin came in a number of times that winter and tried every way he knew to get the giant to put in a few days in that place, but he couldn't start him at all.

"But one day when he was there and saw the giant taking a lunch of sardines, and saw how fond the giant was of sardines, and how out of proportion the little minnows was to the great giant, and how they seemed to detract from the giant's enjoyment in eating 'em, Philgrin had an idea which he communicated later to me, and I saw no objection to it."

"About three weeks after that one day when the giant thought he'd like to have a lunch of bread and sardines, we set out for him the customary quantity of bread and a box of sardines that was something like. This box was three-quarters the size of a soap box in its general dimensions, but it was a regular sardine box, perfectly proportioned in every way and with all the marks. It had the regular rounded corners, and all that sort of thing, and the regulation thin brass label on the front, with 'sardines d'hulle' on it, or whatever it is in French, and a lot more stuff under that and stamps of the World's Fair medals that this brand of sardines had taken appearing at the ends; it was complete."

"It must have cost something to get it up. I'll bet the die for that label alone cost Philgrin a hundred dollars. The box had to be made of pretty heavy tin on account of its size, and we laid on top of it for a can-opener, a good stout pair of prunin' shears and let

the giant have the pleasure of opening it himself.

"He didn't make any great show over it, but you could see it tickled him immensely; there was a box of sardines that he could look at without feeling foolish, and when he had opened up the box and bent the top back he was more pleased still."

"There they were, handsome sardines, handsomely packed, and they were suited to his size. He didn't know it, not then, anyhow, but they were fine selected Spanish mackerel that Philgrin had had carefully cooked and carefully boned and sardine-packed in oil."

"When the giant had eaten the last sardine he sopped the last slice of bread in the oil and then filled his big pipe, the one that had a larger beer keg for a bowl and a short section of a pump log for a stem, and settled back in his big chair and smoked for a time with great contentment; and then pooley soon he says to me:

"Where'd you get them sardines?"

"And I told him they was some that was sent to him by Jonas Philgrin."

"H'mph!" says the giant.

"And just then, by them ost remarkable coincidence, somebody knocked on the door and in came Jonas Philgrin himself. And Jonas had another talk with the giant, and this time he got him to go up to his town and show in his hall for a week."

"I tell you, my son," the old circus man concluded, "there's more than one way to kill a cat."

BURIAL ALIVE.

New Sect in Russia Believing Man Becomes Burden at Thirty.

ST. PETERSBURG, May 7.—Another religious sect, having self-immolation as the cardinal article of its creed has been discovered in Russia. The members contend that any man living longer than thirty years does so at the expense of other individuals, and they accordingly pledge themselves to die at that age. Like some other Russian suicidal societies, which have been discovered in recent years, the manner of death is burial alive, the devotees being voluntarily immured in vaults with solemn ceremony.

The discovery resulted from the police surprising members performing their rites on one of their number. Numbers of the adherents of the sect, which is said to have branches at Kioff and Odessa, have been buried alive.

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