

lows, you see I always carry the clipping in my pocketbook as a keepsake:  
ATTEMPT TO ROB MAILS.

*Milligan, the Notorious Train Robber and Outlaw, at Last in the Toils. Career of the Desperado who for over a Year Evaded the Arm of the Law.*

While returning to the X.Y.Z. depot, about dusk yesterday evening, Mr. Mills, station agent at this point, noticed two men dragging a rough box, such as would enclose a coffin, into the shadow. Mr. Mills concluded that the remains of a miner, who had been accidentally killed that morning, were to be shipped. The agent was about to hurry forward when, to his astonishment, one man deliberately reclined in the rough box, while his companion carefully replaced the lid.

Mr. Mills' suspicions were now fully aroused. Fortunately he felt pretty certain he had not been observed, owing to the dusk and a pile of lumber. Mr. Mills rushed back to the village and in a few minutes had mustered a posse of armed men, comprising nearly all the prominent citizens of the burg. Milligan was captured in the very act of conversing with the occupant of the rough box. He offered a desperate resistance and it was with difficulty he was prevented from escaping. Not until severely wounded was he finally overpowered.

The rough box contained "Jay," Milligan's accomplice, who was arrested without serious trouble and is now safe in Brisban county jail.

"Jay" was armed to the teeth and a 32-cal. revolver was found on Milligan's person.

It is significant that the express car carried \$30,000 in greenbacks yesterday evening.

Until officially confirmed, the general public gave little credence to the report that Milligan was captured, so unexpected was the news. Fortunately several responsible citizens are in a position to state positively that the prisoner is no other than the desperate train and mail robber who for the past year has been a fugitive from justice.

It is intimated that Milligan will be severely dealt with when his trial comes off, and his old companion, "Jay," will undoubtedly be made an example of also. It is reported that they have been connected with all the recent sensational hold-ups which have rendered travel so hazardous during the past year.

Milligan's capture reflects great credit upon Mr. Mills, whose prompt and decisive action make him eligible for the \$1,000 reward offered for the arrest of this desperate criminal.

For the benefit of those of our readers who are not familiar with methods adopted by professional train robbers, we might explain that the foregoing attempt to rob the mail illustrates one of the commonest ways in which an entrance to the mail car is effected.

A rough box, supposed to contain a corpse and coffin, is put on board. In reality an armed man occupies the box. The lid is, of course, secured from inside and when the train is well under way the lid is carefully removed and the first time the expressman raises his head, he looks into the wrong end of a six shooter.

At this point in the narrative I fainted and was in a high fever the remainder of the day. How such a tissue of falsehood ever came to appear in the press was beyond my comprehension. It was all a terrible mistake.

I had been captured instead of Milligan, who probably was in hiding near by all the time. Being a train robber, not the slightest sympathy was shown me. This circumstance, together with the pain in my shoulder, made the time pass very slowly. Moreover I had the aggravation of knowing that Milligan, the real criminal was making good his escape.

Next day the press had additional evidence against me. It read like this: "In response to a telegram, Mr. A. C. Calton, a Chicago business man, arrived in Brisban to-day, intending to convey the remains of his son, whom he had believed to have been accidentally killed, back home. On stepping off

the train, the first person the sorrowing father met was his son. This singular mistake is closely connected with Milligan's attempt to rob Thursday's express. The telegram received by Mr. A. C. Calton, in Chicago, last Thursday, was headed Brisban and signed E. Middleton, a friend of Calton's. Of course the telegram is a bogus one. If Mr. Middleton would wire Mr. Calton it would have been from his own home at Elmford. It is intimated that Mr. Middleton has never been west as far as Brisban.

"The inference is obvious. Seizing the opportunity this unknown miner's death afforded him, Milligan, knowing the intimacy existing between Mr. Middleton and the Calton family, pretended to be Mr. Middleton and identified the miner's body as that of his friend Robert Calton, and then sent the message the better to carry out his pretence of being Mr. Middleton. Mr. Calton returned to Chicago to-day. His son Robert, on learning of the needless sorrow he was causing at home, accompanied his father east on a brief holiday trip."

Although overjoyed to learn that Robert was alive and well and that I had made an absurd mistake in sup-

posing him dead, I was alarmed to note that the Caltons had left. This was serious. I was an absolute stranger here in the west. Although I anticipated no serious trouble in proving my identity when I would regain sufficient strength to speak for any length of time, still my position was far from being enviable, sick, unknown and alone as I was.

The next few days were the most miserable of my life. Racked in mind and body, I filled my brain with needless apprehensions. I at length became so delirious that I was removed to an isolated cell. Thus several days passed.

One morning, while restlessly dozing on my pallet of straw, I was aroused by an uproar outside on the street. Twice a mob had attempted to forcibly take possession of the jail, with the intention of lynching me, but fortunately both attacks had been unsuccessful. I was fearful of another disturbance, and shortly afterwards the jail door slammed open and I could hear the sound of a great commotion, succeeded by the closing of the door again, as the iron bolts were shot into place.

What could it mean? I was not long in suspense. A few moments later a dark sullen man, with tattered cloth-

ing, bloodshot eyes, and dishevelled hair was escorted into my cell and the handcuffs removed from his wrists. Milligan had been captured!

A detective, not so easily deceived as the public, had guessed the situation and hunted out Milligan, despite all that wary sharper's stratagems, with the foregoing result, most gratifying to me, I assure you. Of course I was removed to a hospital.

In half an hour I was cleared of all the charges brought against me and was something of a hero.

All those who had assisted in my capture were now profuse in their apologies for the rough treatment I had received at their hands, and were too ready to make almost any compensation for the indignity I had been subjected to. When the Calton family were apprised of my critical condition, both Robert and his father came from Chicago to nurse me.

However, it was long before I was strong and well again, for, coupled with the effect of the wound in my shoulder, was the shock my nervous system sustained.

During my convalescence I had an opportunity of connecting the chain of events which resulted in my arrest.



MINNEHAHA AND HIAWATHA.

From the wigwag he departed,  
Leading with him Laughing Water;  
Hand in hand they went together,  
Through the woods and the meadow."

When Writing Advertisers Kindly Mention The Western Home Monthly.

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