



## A ROMANCE OF THE RAIL

BY FREDERIC REDDALL

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"I ask for no thanks," was the frank reply. "It has been a pleasure for me to work and plan for you while I have watched you bud and blossom from infancy to childhood and from girlhood to womanhood."

"You have always been good to me," she said simply. "How can I ever repay the debt?"

"Perhaps I will tell you some day, if I may, not now," was the deep-toned answer, for at that moment Reuben K. made his appearance.

"I am just in time," thought the marplot. "Another moment and the old fool would have been down on his knees to her."

Advancing into the car, Filley took up a magazine and dug himself into a chair. No one spoke to him, yet both couples widened the distance between them. In the slight bustle and movement thus occasioned Mrs. Hurst awoke and in that semisurprised and half injured tone which all good people affect when they are caught dozing in public affirmed that she had not slept a wink.

"I heard every word you said, my dears," averred the good lady, at which announcement Chester muttered, "Good Lord, I hope not!" in mock horror just loud enough for Madge to hear, which sent that young lady into convulsions of suppressed laughter.

Being awake and refreshed, it behooved Mrs. Hurst to do something for the general good. So a game of innocuous and rather tame six handed euchre was proposed and agreed to, although Chester whispered to Madge that "he would as soon play old maid or beggar my neighbor. Filley was compelled to join the circle, but he suffered tortures and qualms like those experienced by a hard drinker who is forced to quaff Sunday school lemonade and make believe he likes it."

Mrs. Hurst was the only one who really enjoyed herself that afternoon. John Draper, usually bluff and debonaire, was quiet and preoccupied. Florence was distrustful and on more than one occasion had to be recalled from a reverie when it was her turn to "pass" or "make it." Madge Hurst was feverishly lively and had to be mildly rebuked by her mother for her pertness. Chester Ives thought of the previous time being wasted, while Reuben K. sat glowering at the cards, ill at ease and mentally cursing every revolution of the wheels that bore him farther from New York.

Perhaps the astute Mrs. Hurst took note of these things and, like a born diplomat, adopted this simple expedient to keep everybody out of mischief. But to have seen her smiling benevolently at the players, prompting one, rallying another and jesting with a third, you would never have dreamed that she, too, had something on her mind.

While the interior of a private car—or even of an ordinary Pullman or Wagner for that matter—is at all times a scene of luxury, it is at night that the full sense of comfort and convenience comes over the traveler. One by one the silver plated lamps are lighted. The window shades may be drawn down if the night be stormy, or if left up the dying day is seen slowly fading over a constantly changing horizon. In either event a cozy feeling supervenes.

Then the white capped and aproned waiter comes to take your order for dinner. You hear the appetizing preparations in the mysterious region of the buffet, hardly bigger than a conjurer's box, yet out of which come, Hermannlike, magical stores of good things. The snowy cloth is spread before your eyes and set with glittering crystal and shining silver. Last, but not least, a dainty meal is served in course and in style to compare favorably with the best restaurants in Paris, London or New York. After which, if you belong to the masculine gender, comes the postprandial cigar in the smoker or, in the case of a woman, the novel and the cozy chat with one's traveling companion.

All these varied experiences were gone through with on the evening of this third day of which I write. They were an old story to some of the party, but Madge and Florence and Chester were like children in their gratified amusement and entertainment at every fresh feature and incident. None of them had ever taken a similar journey before.

It turned out that this was John Draper's birthday, and in honor of the event Mrs. Hurst had dropped a hint to Gustave, the chef, to make a few extra preparations. So they were treated to a sumptuous repast, at the close of which the host leaned back in his chair and remarked:

"Well, Gustave has surpassed himself tonight! These Frenchmen are marvels of ingenuity and resource."

"Have you forgotten what today is?" inquired Mrs. Hurst of her brother.

"Thursday, is it not?" responded John Draper.

"Yes; Thursday, May 13, and the fortieth birthday of a certain distinguished friend of ours," was the arch rejoinder.

A half puzzled expression crept into Uncle John's face; then a smile of recollection flickered.

"God bless me, so it is! I declare I had forgotten all about it. How good of you to remember it! What's all this?" he exclaimed as the ladies rose and grouped themselves about his chair.

Each of them saluted the good fellow with a birthday kiss, and each left some little tangible token by his plate. Florence's gift was a four leaf clover pin, a diamond nestling in its heart, which the delighted magnate proceeded to affix in his scarf.

"You have always brought me luck, my girl," he said as he took her hand, and then, before them all, he drew her to him and kissed her on the brow, as he had often kissed her before, only now there was a new meaning and new consecration in that caress, which both felt and recognized.

During all this pretty scene Reuben Filley withstood as the serpent in old Eden must have contorted himself when he witnessed the bliss of the first pair of lovers. At the earliest opportunity he stole away unnoticed and unmissed to solace himself with numerous drinks and cigars in the solitude of the Pullman.

In order to break the journey for the ladies Draper had arranged for the party to sleep at a St. Louis hotel that night, resuming the journey in the morning. So thither they went. Filley regarded this as a prime opportunity to make his escape. He would "accidentally" miss the train in the morning! But when the morning came there was a great pile of mail to be opened and answered, and Draper kept him busy until breakfast. Then after that meal was over, as if divining the man's intention, he took his arm and started for the Union station, telling Chester to look after the ladies.

Arrived at the Miranda, he plunged into work again, nor did he cease until the limited was well under way, speeding over the Atchison system, on the last lap of the journey to Denver.

Filley was livid with chagrin and rage. Things began to look serious. However, he must and would escape at Denver and by traveling night and day might hope to reach New York in time to prevent exposure and shipwreck.

So, with all his freight of human hopes and fears, loves and hates, the Denver express sped westward, the Miranda and its satellite Pullman again coupled on at the rear.

FOURTH DAY.

THE DALLON GANG.

While the Denver express was breasting the long rising plateau of the great plain which forms the eastern part of Colorado and leads up to the foothills of the Rockies, the Denver express was breasting a rare surprise for John Draper and his party.

Hounded from camp to camp, their hands against every man's, a band of choice and congenial spirits known as "the Dallons" had taken a last refuge in the broken country lying between Colorado Springs and Denver, but back from the railroad. Under the lead of the notorious Jim Dallan, who was "wanted" by the sheriffs of half a dozen counties, these desperadoes herded together and made a final stand, for months defying every attempt at capture.

Horse stealing, highway robbery, murder, the rifling of express messengers and on occasions "holding up" stagecoaches and railroad trains were among the crimes chalked up against this particular gang, with the result that the governor of Colorado had offered a reward of \$5,000 for the capture of Dallan himself and \$200 a head for the arrest of the subordinate members of the band.

This proclamation had for a time a deterrent effect, and for some weeks the country was quiet. But it was merely a lull. Jim Dallan, like Reuben Filley, was meditating and planning a grand coup, one that if successful would land him in comparative affluence for the rest of his days and yield

a rich "divvy" for each of the mine rogues.

The scheme was ingeniously personified and one that could be put through with little or no bloodshed, for Dallan was growing cautious and crafty. He had his paid and secret agents in Denver and the surrounding towns and consequently was early apprised of the coming gathering of railroad magnates from all parts of the Union. Then it was that his daring and daring plan was conceived. He had heard or read of the deeds of Italian and Sicilian bandits, so for a change he determined to take a leaf out of their book and do a little kidnaping on his own account, holding his prisoners for a rich ransom.

Calling the leading spirits of the gang around him, Dallan divulged the main points of the scheme, which was received with gross chuckles and hoarse grunts of satisfaction. It only remained to select the victims; the rest Dallan believed would be easy.

"Beats the express business all hollow!" exclaimed Leather Jack, the second in command, flinging his sombrero on the ground in an ecstasy of delight.

"Right you are, my boy," echoed Bill Root. "Best of it is there'll be no shootin' to bring Shurf Ramsey smelly round. The hull job can be done in a nice, genteel style so as nobody's feelin's'll be hurt."

Trusty emissaries rode off in different directions, one toward Denver and a second to Colorado Springs, less than 30 miles away, with orders to pick up any news that might be stirring. By midday of Friday, May 14, they were all back in camp with the necessary information, and then Dallan's plans were rapidly matured.

The robbers' retreat was in the foothills midway between Colorado Springs and Denver. Here the whole face of the country is seamed and cut up as though in some past age the rival giants Fire and Water waged mighty battle with Mother Earth. To heighten the havoc and confusion the hand of man has still further marred and scarred the surface in a mad quest for the precious metals. But mining in this locality was soon "played out," and nothing but abandoned claims, rusting machinery and rotting cabins remained to mark where once a thousand picks had rung and dug and delved.

Leading to one of these worked out camps a few miles back from the railroad a spur of track had been built on which cars had been loaded with ore for the smelters at Denver. This side track, after leaving the main line, made a gradual descent to the bed of a dry canyon, along which it led for a couple of miles until it ended abruptly where the solid cliffs of granite quartz narrowed so as to almost touch each other. The empty cars used to run down this gentle incline by gravity and when loaded were drawn up again by a locomotive sent down for the purpose. Of course there had been a switch at the point where the spur left the main track, but when the workings were abandoned the railroad men had not thought of withdrawing the lever and setting the switch.

The country was perfectly well known to Dallan, and the scheme he had hatched was certainly an ingenious one. The whole force of the band moved over to Bone Gulch, as the dry torrential ravine was named, and proceeded to make themselves as snug as circumstances would permit.

"There's nothing to do, boys, till tonight! 'cept to lie low," said Dallan. "But remember—no fires and no shootin'." These preparations had occupied the latter half of Friday and the forenoon of Saturday.

The Denver express was due in Colorado Springs at 7 o'clock p. m. on Saturday, May 15, but she was nearly two hours late. However, a fresh engine, ready coaled and watered, with a full head of steam, was ready and waiting. The mail bags and newspaper bundles were hung out before the train fairly stopped, the half dozen invalids for the famous sanitarium disembarked, and in five minutes the "Thunderbolt" was once more on its way, the dying fires of day lingering on the summit of Pike's peak away to the westward in full view of our friends in the Miranda as the express cleared the town and once more breasted the desolate ribbon of track on the last lap for Denver, 75 miles away.

Just before the train pulled out a dark and stealthy figure stole from the shadow of a freight train on the

side farthest from the well lighted platform, crept under the trucks of the Miranda and disappeared. This was Jim Dallan himself.

Gradually the speed increased. There were no stops for passengers to be made, and the only stations passed were mere hamlets or watering tanks, showing only one or two dim lights. The conductor went through the cars for the last time and then proceeded to make himself snug in the smoker. Eighty-nine would be in Denver by 11 o'clock.

In the Miranda the following was the situation: Mrs. Hurst was dozing in a

wicker chair, John Draper and Florence were playing a desultory game of chess while Madge and Chester were simply doing nothing but making love, and that without any attempt at concealment. If Madge had told the truth now she might have written back to her "dearest Fan" that two weddings were in prospect. Reuben Filley had retired to the Pullman after dinner to smoke and think and swear—"unwept, unhonored and unsung."

Six miles north of a little place called Greenland the track makes a sudden bend to the west, and then just before Palmer Lake is reached as quickly turns nearly due east and begins the long ascent of one of the steepest places on this part of the road. The great engine puffed and pulled, and every coupler and pin told of the sagging strain of the heavy train composed mainly of Pullman coaches. Slower and slower became the speed until at length the head of the grade was reached, the track for a mile being then quite level before commencing the descent of a down grade nearly if not quite as steep as the one just surmounted.

Here was situated a watering tank, and here No. 89 paused for a drink.

At this instant a man, all dusty and begrimed, crept from under the trucks of the Miranda. A half dozen human figures appeared as if by magic from the desert shadows at the side of the track. Dallan himself leaped noiselessly on the platform of the private car and with one stroke of his keen knife severed the bellrope, deftly knotting the two ends to prevent their sagging "a" either car. In an instant the air couplings were disconnected, so that the Miranda was held to the rest of the train by the coupling pin only. Two of the gang then ran to the rear platform of the Pullman, two more stowed themselves away on the rear steps of the Miranda, while Dallan and the rest remained on the front platform, guns in hand, ready to menace any one who might appear from the cars ahead.

But the stop was such a slight one and the station such an insignificant affair that no one troubled to get out. Two short blasts of the whistle, and the express was in motion again. Scarcely had the lights of the station faded from sight when Dallan yanked the chain of the coupling pin, and the engine and cars shot into the blackness away from the Miranda and her escort. As a result the two coaches soon slackened speed and came almost to a standstill. Then there was a sudden jolt as the Miranda took the disused switch, and immediately the speed increased again, but the hoarse cough of the locomotive was gradually dying away in the distance, and the motion of the cars became of a gentle sliding nature.

Chester sprang to his feet and peered out of the window. "Uncle John!" looked up from his game, while Madge and Florence excitedly exclaimed, "What is it?"

Then Mrs. Hurst awoke and added her questions and ejaculations to the rest of the clamor. By this time it was plain to all that something out of the ordinary was going on. Chester ran to the forward door, but found it fastened.

Meanwhile the cars were moving at a fair speed over a rough and uneven track, being evidently controlled by means of the hand brakes. After perhaps 20 minutes of this suspense the pace slowly slackened, and the windows reflected the uncertain flickering light of a torch flashing back and forth. Then there was a sudden grinding of the brakes, the sound of rough voices giving quick commands, a jolt, and all was quiet!

In vain the ladies implored to know what had happened. Neither John Draper nor Chester Ives could satisfy them, being themselves utterly mystified and puzzled. They were far from imagining the real situation.

FIFTH DAY.

SIDE TRACKED.

This is what had happened. The Dallan gang had stolen the Miranda and the Pullman!

When No. 89 pulled out from the water tank, the two cars, as we have seen, were held to the rest of the train by a single coupling pin only. Just before reaching the old switch they were disconnected, when the main body of the train shot away on the down grade, which was the reason that the engineer did not immediately discover the loss of part of his load.

The instant the last car of the main train passed the switch to the spur track the spike was picked up, having previously been loosened, so that when the Miranda came along she and her consort, propelled by their own momentum, the switch was pushed over, and they went creaking and sliding down the gentle incline toward the gulch. A half dozen blows of a hammer in the hands of one of the gang served to spike the switch back in its old position, and then a few handfuls of loose dirt were cast on the frogs and dusted off again with a sombrero so as to hide the marks of the tools. It would have needed a practiced eye after that to detect that the switch had been tampered with.

Of course the two coaches would be missed as soon as the "Thunderbolt" reached Denver, but this Jim Dallan had foreseen. Before any effective search could be made his captives would be safely hidden where he could make his terms with them at leisure. The railroad people might find the coaches and welcome, though this was doubtful, but the birds would have flown.

Talk of consummate daring! Engines have been stolen again and again, train robberies there have been without number where a handful of armed desperadoes "held up" and held at bay an entire train crew and a hundred passengers, the latter being stripped of their valuables, but robbers had never before been known to attempt to get away with a train itself or part of a

train.

Dallan slapped his leg and chuckled with glee at the success of his plan so far. The rest, he thought, would be comparatively plain sailing.

When the Miranda and the Pullman came to a standstill, guards were posted all around the cars, two on each platform, five or six on each side some 18 or 20 in all, with strict orders to prevent any one getting away. As the doors were securely barricaded from without the only possible chance for escape was through the windows.

Within the Miranda all was dismay. The brightly lighted interior—the car had its own gas tank—only served to make the darkness outside more palpable and intense. After the car came to a final stop and it was discovered that the doors were fast Draper and Chester both rushed to a window, but on opposite sides of the car. Scarcely had the sashes been flung up than there came the peremptory command:

"Shot that window!" accompanied by the ominous click of a Winchester. Draper obeyed, but Chester tried to parley. The only answer he received was the reiterated command:

"Shot that window and shot it darned quick!"

Though his blood boiled with indignation at being thus caught like rats in a trap, Chester was compelled to obey out of regard for the feelings of the ladies.



There came the peremptory command, "Shot that window!" and Chester died biddled together in the middle of the car, who begged him to come away before he was shot.

"Well, Mr. Draper," said Ives, "this is exciting. What scheme do you suppose is afoot?"

"It seems to me that we have been stolen—kidnaped—abducted!" was the grim reply. "But just how it has been done or who the villains are I can't say. You may rest assured, however, that we shall be missed the instant No. 89 gets into Denver, and there'll be a search party out long before day-light."

"But what motive can there be for such an outrage?" queried Florence.

"Ah, girl, that's the question I've been asking myself, and I'm frank to say I don't know."

"Do you suppose we are the victims of train robbers?" asked Mrs. Hurst.

"It certainly looks that way," replied Uncle John, smiling in order to allay her fears. But there was a serious undertone in his voice which belied the laugh as he turned an anxious glance toward the windows, where the glint of gun barrels could be seen in the gleam of the lamps as the sentries paced to and fro.

"Well, if they're train robbers," said Madge, "I don't see why they don't begin to rob and be done with it."

From the farthest corner of the leaded boudoir, where as yet there was no lamplight, Miss Granville called to Mr. Draper in a low tone. "Going to her side, she drew him to the window, and there, peering out, the former saw five or six men could be seen standing and lounging about, while to and fro paced those on guard. The cars were completely invested. There was evidently an animated colloquy going on, and voices could be heard in excited argument. One of the men raised his arm and pointed overhead and around. Then another of the gang came to the side of the car and tapped on one of the alouon windows with his gun barrel.

"Open th' window!" he shouted. Chester obeyed and then demanded:

"What do you want?"

"Them lights has got to be put out!"

Every ear in the Miranda was on the alert, and a chorus of protests came from the ladies.

"Keep us in the dark! What a perfect shame!" said Mrs. Hurst.

"Whoever you are," said Chester, "remember that there are ladies on board! They are already terrified beyond endurance, and darkness will only increase their alarm."

"Can't help it, boss. Them lights is too bright!" A confirmatory murmur came from half a dozen throats in the darkness. Chester tried one more appeal.

"We can pull down the shades. Won't that do?"

The figure turned round and addressed some words to his unseen confederates, and an earnest discussion ensued, during which Chester caught such fragments as:

"Too much bloomin' gaslight!"

"Reg'lar Fourth of July illumination!"

"See it from one end o' the gulch to th' other!"

"Put 'em out, I says!"

At length the leader of the gang—for it was Jim Dallan who spoke—came under the window again and said:

"Only one light'll be allowed, and you'll pull down them shades!"

Ives was about to parley again, hoping to gain some explanation as to the meaning of the strange events of the past couple of hours, when John Draper thrust his head into the narrow opening and began:

"You impudent rascals!"

"Shot that window!" came the curt command, emphasized as before, and seeing two soft hands on his shoulder dragging him away he turned to behold Florence, who had followed him into the saloon.

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