BY FREDERIC REDDALL.

COPYRIGHT, 1964, BY FREDERIC REDDALL. TLUSTRATIONS BY L W. TABER

* * * * * * That's an easy one, said Den. "Some one must go up to Castle Rock and telegraph for an engine to pull you back to the Lam track."

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth than round the upward bend of the track there appeared a hand car bearing half a dozen railroad laborers. At the sight of the two coaches they set up a shout and came pumping cown the incline at a good speed. As it turned out, they were part of the wrecking pairol sent out to look for the Miranela whose total disappear ance had kept the whole division on the jump since Sunday morning

Crew after crew had passed the disused switch, but none had thought of searching there until that morning

"We'll soon have you out of this." said the foreman. "All aboard, boys." And off they went, six pairs of bands at the crank hundles, and the way they made that hand car fly up the track was a sight to behold. In less than an hour a light engine backed slowly down, for the disused track was bad, and extreme caution was necessary, coupled on to the Pullman, and with a triumphant toot that woke all the echoes of Bone gulch the Miranda and her human freight went gliding off toward civilization once more.

In less than three hours they were at a hotel in Denver, and that night the papers contained two or three column articles, with big "scare heads," telling the story of the theft of the cars, the kidnaping of the railroad magnate and his party and the clever capture of the notorious Dallon gang.

NINTH DAY.

FILLEY EXPOSED. On Wednesday morning John Draper's first inquiries were directed to the Drovers' bank There he learned, all trace of the fugitive ceased. He was not at any of the hotels, nor had any of the president's Denver acquaintances seen him It was certain that the money had not reached the hands of Dallon's men and that they had not set eyes on Filley since he left

Greatly puzzled and surprised was Draper at this state of affairs Two theories presented themselves. Either Filley had met with foul play at the hands of some one who witnessed him draw the money or else he was pursuing some ulterior plan of his own But among the letters and dispatches waiting for 1 im Draper found the following telegiam, dated New York, Tuesday, from the cashier of the Grain Exchange National bank:

Notes for fits thousand drawn by R K Filley. favor of Cutting & Cutting, indorsed by you, pre-No funds Filley's account Shall we take up? Answer

The language of the dispatch was explicit enough notes drawn by Filley for \$50,000. What had he been up to? To say that Draper was indignant is to put it very mildly. He was simply furious. In all his long business career it had been his proud boast that no commercial paper bearing his name was ever protested. Even when he was a struggling merchant doing a big business on a small capital his name always stood high, for he had always

protected his signature. He knew that at the time he had no "paper" out. His private means were ample, and there was no need for him to raise money in that way. None but Filley could explain the mystery. However, one thing was certain. He, John Draper, had never appended his name to anything of the kind. Suddenly it flashed across his mind that there was a curious coincidence between the amount of the notes and the sum which Filley had drawn out of the bank. What treachery was afoot he could not tell, but it began to look black for Master Reuben.

Seizing a telegraph form, Draper rapidly indited the following reply to the Grain Exchange bank:

Indorsement a forgery. Do not honor. Return New York immediately.

The next step was to endeavor to trace or find Filley. So to keep the matter from the ordinary police channels the Pinkerton agency was called in and the case placed in its hands, with a full statement of all the facts. And as Reuben Filley will not figure in these pages again it may be stated here that before leaving Denver John Draper had sufficient evidence to convince him that his trusted secretary was not only a forger and a defaulter, but a treacherous villain.

He was traced to the Union depot. thence to San Francisco, where the trail was lost. It was supposed that else had been accomplished, Filley had he caught an outward bound Pacific put himself out of the running, and the mail steamer for China and Japan, danger was past. That Florence ever from whence it would be easy for him regarded the man seriously she had to reach India or Australia. Where he never been quite able to credit. Now it ultimately "fetched up" was never defmitely known. John Draper declined have his innings before New York was to continue the search, preferring to reached. pocket the loss. Neither the bank nor Outting & Outting cared to prosecute. The money secured on the forged notes for the partnership interest was re- you?" she said. The words were sim-

180

A 31.31

天 海南沙

KING S



a result which the astute Filley probably foresaw. The world of New York knew him no more

The failure of President Draper to appear at the meeting of the railroad magnates occasioned no surprise at first, as it was expected that be might down at the busy life of the Queen arrive at any moment Then came the tidings of the mysterious disappearing turb them. of part of the express train, and the wildest conjectures became rife. Every foot of the railroad between Colo rado Springs and Denver was searched again and again during the daylight hours of Sanday and Monday; but, as we have seen, it was not until Tuesday morning that the forgotten and disused railroad spur was thought of

The news of the rescue was telegraphed into Denver from Castle Rock, and so when Draper appeared at the been put to work on the Miranda and morning they knew all about his adventure and its happy termination.

Much of the routine business had been dispatched, and only a few into her favorite chair. weightier matters demanding unanimous action remained to be acted upon. Consequently by 3 o'clock the conclave adjourned sine die, and Uncle John hurried back to the hotel to and and for the moment the mother and nounce that he was at the service of chaperon was left alone. the ladies

Chester Ives had improved the oppor a bath and a shave and a good night's be thankful that it is no worse." rest he was none the wo se for ms nocral lassitude and nervousness But a says." quiet night went far to repair the shock and strain

in the hotel saloon. It had originally cushion for Florence's feet. been planted that a couple of days naturally interfered with this

John, speaking to every one in general, after a few moments. entertain vou charmt "clv"

don't fee! like entertaining or being en- said tertime to the a perfect wreck, and "Bess, I don't intend to stand this fellow, with no part nor purpose in you'll never cut h me so far west of New York again."

"Oh, you don't know the west yet,

ceptionally trying experience." "I like the country well enough," was the response. "The scenery is magnificent, and the climate is superb, but I nibbled cheese in a trap. The plunge must confess I don't admire some of its into matrimony, like a cold bath on a products the Dallon gang, for instance" she concluded, laughing.

"Well, I can't blame you for that, only I had hoped to show you something of the west at its best before we turned our faces toward the rising sun again. What do the girls say?"

"The girls say, Stand not upon the order of your going, but go quickly," said saucy Madge. "Flo and I have settled everything. We don't want any more adventures. We've seen enough of the country, and the people can wait. We want to go home!" and she put her knuckles in her eyes and pretended to boo-boo like a spoiled child. Draper turned to Florence for confir-

mation, who said: "I don't want to seem ungrateful, but should like to get back to New York." "Well, Ives, my boy," said their host, "you and I evidently have no option in the matter, but as a mere matter of politeness I should like to hear your

"Oh, I'm for New York," was the unblushing reply. "You know my leave expires tomorrow." But the rogue had taken his cue from Madge. If she had said, "Stay," he would have found means to square the office for a few

days longer. "That settles it!" said Uncle John. "I'm in a hopeless minority, and, to be frank with you, I want to get back myself." And then he told them of Filley's disappearance with the money

intended for their ransom. "The wretch!" hissed Florence Granniss, her usually pale face white with indignation. "We might have been murdered for all he cared! I always disliked him, but I almost came to hate him on this trip. So there!" And she subsided into a chair, all quivering with the unwonted excitement.

Mrs. Hurst beheld this little outburst with quiet satisfaction. If nothing was John Draper's turn, and he should

"Then it was Ches-Mr. Ives-who really saved us after all?" said Madge. "What should we have done without funded, and hence the matter dropped, ple and commonplace enough, but the tone and the glance which accompa-

nied them were eloquent of honest admiration and maidenly liking. Mrs. Hurst saw and in that instant submitted to the inevitable.

"Yes; we certainly owe our safety to Chester," said Uncle John. "I should never have thought of the little river as a means of escape, and if I had I'm too fat to wriggle along like an eel in a water pipe. Ah, Ches, my boy, it's you youngsters who capture all the best things in life after all, and we old fellows have to put up with what is left." sighed Uncle John in mock dismay, But Florence would none of this and

ame to the rescue. "Why, Mr. Draper, what would we poor women have done if you had left

"Yes," chimed in Ives, modestly anxlous to change the direction of the conersation; "it needed more courage and fortitude to stay behind in that den of thieves than it did to cut and run. The only cur in the party vanished, and we can thank our stars that he did us none of the mischief he intended."

So saying he rose and went to the window where Madge was gazing City of the Plains, and we will not dis-

"How soon can we start, John?" queried Mrs. Hurst. "This very evening," was the reply.

We can go east with the flier at 6 o'clock. Is it agreed?" "th, yes! Let us get away," begged Florence, and thus it was settled.

> TENTH DAY. HOMEWARD BOUND

A small army of car cleaners having session of his confreres on Wednesday the Pullman, they looked as fresh as at leaving New York when our friends went abourd that Wednesday night. With a sigh of relief Mrs. Hurst sank

> "It seems almost like home," she said.

Draper and Ives busied themselves looking to the comfort of the two girls,

"Well," said Ives when Madge had been fussed over enough, "we are mitunity to change his clothes, and after hus one of our party, but we ought to carefully prepared speeches are apt to

turnal adventure. Nor did the ladies tuously. "We shall have a perfectly no verbal preparation. He wanted to show any marked effects of the strain lovely time going back; 'no foes with tell her he loved her and to ask her to of the last two days beyond some natu- out, no fears within, as the old hymn be his wife in a simple and earnest

think so?" ventured Uncle John, look by it. Draper found all the party assembled ing up from his labor of arranging a "Florence, dear girl," he began and

should be spent in sightseeing, but the happen, said Madge mischlevously, taken her hand, and as her unlifted of course, that Reuben Filley had adventure with James Dallon, Esq., and then catching the gaze of Chester eyes met his she must have read his drawn the \$30,000. At the bank doors | and their enforced stay at his hostely | Ives, she blushed searlet and made a secret with a woman's intuition, for a precipitate retreat into the ladies' bou rosy flush swept from throat to fore-"Now children" said bluff Uncle doir whither Florence followed her

but to Florence in particular, "what Chester wandered into his place of dropped her hand and took a few hasty shall we do and where shall we go? I solltary confinement, as he laughlingly tsteps across the car and back again, see that some cards have already been dubbed the Pullman, where he would then, drawing up his chair beside hers, left by several people and I have no now be alone save for the presence of he took her auresisting hand again. doubt they will do all in their power to Alec and Henry and thus left Mrs | "My dear child," he said, "we have Hurst and her brother alone. John known each other a good many years-"For my part" said Mrs. Hurst, "I Draper drew up a chair beside her and | so many that I sometimes fear you

> suspense any longer." "Why what do you mean, John?"

She knew perfectly well what was bemy dear,' i blied her brother. "This hind that declaration, but, womanlike, has been an unfortunate trip, but you |could not forbear a little catlike play mustn't blane the country for our ex. |ing with the masculine mouse, and her big, worldly brother was just as timorous and nervous over the business in view as the tiniest rodent that ever winter's morning, seemed more repellent the longer it was put off, and where a younger and less worthy man like Reuben Filley would have dared all long ago John Draper, with the modesty of real and genuine merit, had forborne to test his fate with Florence Granniss, not because he did not love her dearly and devotedly, but for fear | swered: that she regarded him more in the light of a parent than as a possible husband. "I mean with regard to Florence," he replied to Mrs. Hurst's innocuous query. "I am determined to know the

> worst and that right soon." "My dear John," she said, "my heart has been set on this match for yearsever since Florence was of marriage able age. She has never made a confidant of me, but I am certain that she is heart free that is, there is no other attachment. Further than that it would not be right for me to say except this, that I believe you have only | you to come out here?" to ask her to be your wife in order to

gain her consent." A joyous light shone in Draper's eyes as he made reply: "I hope and pray your confidence

may not be misplaced." Then in a more jocular tone he inquired: "Are you prepared to carry two engaged couples back with you to New

between Madge and young Ives." "Do you think I am blind?" replied Mrs. Hurst. "I confess that I had hoped Madge would do better, but unless all signs fail Mr. Ives will not wait very long to find out what fate has in

York? I think there is mischief afoot

store for him. I shall not interfere." "I'm glad to hear you say that, Bess," was the rejoinder. "Next to my own happiness I have that of Madge and Chester at heart. I know he loves her, and I think she cares for him."

"Indeed!" she laughed. "I must compliment you on your remarkable insight into the love affairs of others while you are so blind to your own." And with this parting shot Mrs. Hurst rose to go and make some slight tollet preparations for dinner, which was just then announced.

It was a rather quiet little group that assembled once more around the cozy dining table in the Miranda that night. The interior of the car was positively brilliant. By all analogies the gathering should have been a merry one, yet both Madge and Florence were unusually quiet. Perhaps it was the natural

relaxation after the unnatural excite | guessing at their secret. ment of the past few days. Mrs. Hurst saw and noted the signs of the times and openly expressed her intention of retiring early, saying, with a meaning glance at her brother:

"We shall feel better and brighter tomorrow after we have become used to the old routine again." So Draper and Ives were left to their cigars and some desultory talk over Filley's villainy.

There is nothing to equal a sound beauty sleep for composing one's nerves and clearing away the overnight cobwebs. The two girls were positively blooming and bubbling over with life and gayety when they emerged from their boudoir at the tinkling of the breakfast bell next morning, Madge was full of mischief, and even the usually staid and dignified Florence caught the infection, and together they alternately bantered and bullied Draper and Chester until Mrs. Hurst came to the rescue.

They lingered long after the meal, and in after years both couples looked back with fond recollections to that memorable morning. They were speeding over the level Nebraska plains, rich with the lush green promises of the coming harvest. For miles the prairie farms spread out on either hand, dotted with white homesteads and quiet village stations, past which the train

tore with ceaseless and steady energy. Breakfast ended, Mrs. Hurst found an excuse for leaving the saloon on the plea of "tidying up" the boudoir. A few minutes later Ives invited Madge to inspect the view from the rear door of the Pullman. So John Draper and Florence Granniss were left alone. The moment for them had come!

Florence lay back in her seat, toying idly with some trifle of needlework, but her eyes were often turned to gaze windowward at the moving panorama without. John watched her, all the love in his great heart showing in his face.

Suddenly he rose and leaned over the back of her chair. It was a prosaic wooing, amid probate surroundings, but with him it was now or never!

Men never know exactly what they will do or say at such times. The most fly away when the supreme moment "Small loss" sniffed Madge contemp comes. In fact, John Draper had made way, as became his whole nature, and "Rather a tame ending, don't you then to listen to her answer and abide

then stopped.

"Oh, one can never tell what will, "What is it?" she inquired. He had head and then as quickly faded. But she could not help him-not yet. He

only regard me as a grim and gray old your young life but that of a mere

business relation." "Say, rather, the best and kindest and truest friend I have ever known, she replied, lifting her eyes to his. Unless he was mistaken the true lovelight

was dawning there. "I would not for the world disturb that feeling unless I could put something better in its place," he went on. "Florence. I have learned to love younot as a daughter, but as a man loves the woman he would make his wife. Will you marry me. Florence?"

Her glossy head bent low, but her unresisting hand nestled in his not unwillingly. Bending nearer, he waited for her answer. Slowly and shyly she raised her eyes to his and bravely au-

"Yes, dear, I will." In the Pullman another wooing was in progress. Chester Ives had likewise determined to put his fate to the test that very morning and went, at the matter with his usual dash and decision. For a few minutes he and Madge stood watching the flying prospect from the vestibuled door. Then his arm stole round her waist, and, putting his lips close to her ear so as to conquer the din of the train, he said:

"Madge, I can't go on like this any longer. Do you know why I asked

"The prisoner is not bound to answer any incriminating questions," she retorted, as saucy as ever.

"Well, I'll tell you, though I believe you've known it for ever so long. Madge, dear, one little word from you will make me the happiest or the most miserable fellow in the world. I love you, Madge, and I want you for my wife. Is it to be happiness or misery. Madge-yes or no? Don't keep me in suspense, dear."

A moment she hesitated. All her bonhomie and piquant insoucience were gone, and she was just a simple daughter of Eve. Again he urged her. Which is it to be, Madge?"

Then she shyly turned her face to his and murmured:

"The word is Yes!" There is little more to add to this romance of the rail. Mrs. Hurst remained in seclusion for a sufficiently decent space of time, and when she emerged she found her brother and Florence sitting side by side in calm contentment, and by the quick, happy glance which flashed from her brother's eyes she knew that his wooing had sped favor-

ably. In a few moments Chester and Madge appeared, both trying to appear unconcerned, Miss Madge succeeding much the better of the two. belief that Hamilton deliberately well.

Mrs. Hurst read the situation at a to the sele prepared to bill Bury and glance, and John Draper, his wife thus rid the lafent republic the man sharpened by his own recent success. The man is considered in ful campalan was equally propert at

"Come here, you children," he cried. rising at the moment and drawing Florence's arm within bis. "Come

here and make your peace with our chaperon? "Mrs. Bradley Hurst," he began with



Then his arm stole round her waist. that from this time on your services will be no longer required. While I have the utmost respect for you as a woman and a wife, as a sister and a moned from the French frigates lying mother ! must express my conviction in the harbor. that as a chaperon you are a distinct. and lamentable failure. Permit me to, the angulah of his family was hardly introduce my future wife, Miss Florence Granniss!"

"Allow me also," said Chester, "with your kind permission, to present my pathetic to a degree that has had for future wife, whom you already know, parallels in history. Surrounded by his Miss Madge Hurst!'

Mrs. Hurst took it all in good part, kissed the prospective brides and ven, the power of speech, the life of tured to hope that she might be invited great American patriot, soldier to the dual wedding.

Thus ended the tenth day, all dewy smiles and happiness. Upon reaching slowly speed—until 2 o'clock on St. Louis that night John Draper sent following Thursday afternoon. the following dispatch:

To Edward Gates, New York: Your congratulations are in rder.

JOHN DRAPHS.

THE END. . THE PAWNEROKER.

in some grim purileu doth he dwell, that seems Always, through tricks of sercery, mid-

Above his door, in lamplight's filokering gicama. Darts out the shadowy word that reads "Despair,"

night's lair;

With marble face, with quick, insidious shroud, a comin, a narrow subterface hand. Whose fingers gilde like pale anakes t

and fro Bohind his dark-barred grating doth he stand. To meet the timorous forms that come

Each with some treasured offering that allures His look and wins from it sardonic gles,

Those vague and variant forms are mine, are yours. You, oven are thousands wild and weak AS We.

Love, pride, honor, hope, Yame, year after year. Then grasp the coin he doles, and disap-

pear Back in the swallowing gloom whence we emerged.

But oft, with pay close-clutched, while His threshold, bent on our fleet home

We cast one farewell glance at his din door. And in the dubious lamplight read "Remorse!"

-Edgar Fawcett.

Among the notable duels that have taken place in this country within the hardly fall to recall the slow sril present century not one has left such a of those mills of the gods that bitter taste in the mouth of the America can patriot as the notable meeting between Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton, on the field of honor, at Weehawken Heights, N. J., opposite the ilton left enduring footprints of city of New York, on July 11, 1804.

The personal and political antagonism culminating in this dreadful tragedy dates as far back as 1792, con- is the beautiful statue which a tinues the New York Journal, when Hamilton, in both verbal and written expressions of opinion, characterized Asron Burr as a man who was willing to use any tools to carve out his personal ambitions at the cost of any sacrifice of his country. Whether this charge was true or not, the country at large has at least an opportunity of rendering sober judgment after the of State from Consul-General

lapse of nearly 100 years. That the two men were bitter politi- intion of that country in 1894 at cal rivals and pursued each other re- 000. Adding Formore, water lentlessly for many years previous to part of the country by the latethe final act in the drams, is a point with China, the population is established beyond reasonable discus at 45,000,000. The area of the sion. The American of to-day, how is given at 7,536 square in ever, is apt to take the view that Alex. in extent with European ander Hamilton was the martyr who Japan stands next wo willingly immolated himself on the at about equal to Sweden. tar of his country, while Burr was the than Greet Britain and selfish political schemer, who was will and is the eleventh largest ing to adopt any unscrupulous means the world. Compared wi by which he might hope to get his rival air and Ireland abo hun

Two things Hamilton knew when he offin power in the work out of the way. crossed the Hudson from his beautiful siven. Mr. Kelver says home on Washington Heights on that tive and reasonable fateful summer morning. These were that his antagonist thirsted for his blood, and also that the bullet of Aaron Burr had seldom missed its aim. This knowledge would simost justify the raises nine

men would be seen

event The duel occurred, as I h the morning of July 11. at o'clock. Both principals. seconds and surgeons, rowed ac Hudson, the Burr party re field first. Burr, according counts, seemed to be in a frame of mind, while the desice Alexander Hamilton is described nified and almost mournful. T tance was ten paces. Choice tion and the giving of the wa considered by followers sent!" Both parties fired in suc with an interval between, about th act time of which there was a dis among the seconds. Hamilton fell almost instantly

it is told of Burr that he advan the side of his mortally wounded with an expression of melancholy his face, but that he suddenly will drow in slience and was hurried to the field by his seconds. Van Ness. was the closest friend of Burr in th affair, and knowing that his prin must fly for his life, led the way to the boat by a devious route in order avoid recognition by the surgeon rowers of the Hamilton barge, walk he saw approaching through the im Dr. Hosack and Mr. Pendleton her the wounded statesman and bore him the boat in which he was conveyed his home scrose the river, where he w attended not only by lils own surge but by expert specialists in guastet wounds, who were immediately at

But human aid was of no avail, as less painful to witness than the exect disting suffering of the dying states man, borne with characteristic course and fortitude. The death-bed scene broken-hearted wife and children, with his mind perfectly clear, but bereft etateeman—the man who led the stor on Yorktown's Heights, and tought the

The funeral was held at Trights Church on the following Saturday. R was attended by thousands of mos ers, each countryman of the de statesman nursing in his heart a pos sonal and indignant sorrow, It was he dangerous throng, and if there Hagers among those grief-strickes thousand a partisan of Aaron Burr, he was we enough to keep allent. The eulogy soul-stirring oration was delivered Governor Morris from a platform front of Trinity Church, on Broad at the head of Wall Street. Boom ter its echoes died away, in the quent words of a fellew-compatriet. cabin, was all that remained of Al

As for Burr, he had fied for his on the very day of the duel. Later, was distranchised by the laws of her York, and indicted for murder in M Jersey. After that he became an M mael on the face of the earth, dring of Staten Island when eighty years friendless, and almost in want of the common necessities of life.

Hamilton Grange, the home of Al ander Hamilton, on Washings Heights, still stands unchanged for the day that the great statesman carried, bleeding and dying, across threshold. The property is now own by St. Luke's Episcopal Church, which We pawn him, by infatuate arders urged, it adjoins on the corner of Conven avenue and One Hundred and Forty first street. Scarcely a stone's this from the portals of this pictures we colonial mansion are the thirteen t planted by the hands of General Wash ington's captain of artillery, each representing one of the thirteen or nal States. Visitors to the neig hood view these old landmarke ! much interest, and glance involve ily down the street-probably Che dred and Forty-second-leading to the river over which the med cortege, bearing the dying form of most prominent political leader time, wound its way on that)

> July morning. Strange to say the old Just tion is not far away. Two years. his death Asron Burr who w third Vice-President of his country was tried for treason, and who near going down into history by side of Benedict Arnold, married am Jumel, who soon obtained a ration from him. Reviewing the whole matter, o

sure retribution at last

Burr left no monuments. The man of transcendent genius, th few who care to remember him sands of time. The latest evi the loving remembrance in which held in the hearts of his count front of the famous Hamilton Cla Brooklyn-named in honor of the statesman which was unvalued imposing ceremonies on October

at Kanagawa, Japan, gives the

people, and in population