

A DETECTIVE'S TALE

Occasionally it falls to the lot of a detective to have a somewhat exciting experience, perhaps not such as may be seen depicted in a few pages for five cents, but anyway one that gives him some little thrills of excitement whether it does as much anybody else or not.

The pursuit and capture of a bad man, a murderous outlaw whom everybody feared, was once upon a time the passing pleasure of Detective James Malone of the Lincoln police force. This was in the days of the long ago, comparatively, when he was in the detective service of the Burlington exclusively. A man known by the name of Handy Andy had just killed a Burlington bridleman near Hot Springs, S. D. He was a desperate character and had killed more than one man. When the officers would try to get him he would lead them off into the hills and shoot them down with the utmost pre-



DETECTIVE JAMES MALONE

cision and dispatch, so that everybody was afraid of him. The sheriff at the time of this last killing declared he would have nothing to do with the case and he did not.

Detective Malone asked permission of the railroad authorities to explore the hills for the desperado. He said if he but had the permission he would go out into the wilderness and not fail to bring back his man. The authorities were not backward with their consent, seeing it was his wish, but the sheriff told him he would be killed, sure as fate. Going before a court Mr. Malone was sworn in and presented with a warrant that gave him permission to bring in the man head or feet foremost, one as good as the other.

Fully prepared for any emergency the detective sallied forth to commence his search. Reaching the town in which Andy was last seen he commenced a campaign of inquiry among the inhabitants to see what he might find out with regard to the circumstances of the murder and the course of the murderer to the hills, his habits and associates. Here was the first strange difficulty. Not a soul he talked with but was familiar with the man by name or by sight and yet not a word would they vouchsafe him. Everybody was as frightened as death lest talking should incur the fatal wrath of the outlaw. It was only after a long siege of patient questioning and research that he was enabled to learn a few trifling facts on which to base further action. The upshot was that he discovered the haunt of the wife of the outlaw. To her he represented that he was in search of her husband to secure an amicable settlement of the trouble and he so managed as to elicit her sympathy with his effort.

Among other things she informed him of some inkling of his whereabouts. Then he set out for the still

further interior. He did his traveling in the night time lest he should be discovered and shot from some concealed eminence and during the day time passed the hours in sleep where he might not be discovered. At last he came in view of a little tent in which, from the information he had gleaned, he knew he had come at last upon his quarry. Examining his Winchester and trusty revolvers he sought hidden retirement to wait for night fall. When he was convinced his game was soundly sleeping in trusted security he carefully made his way to an overhanging bluff a short distance from the tent and waited for daylight. It was then his expectation that Andy would wander out for a whiff of fresh morning and walk into the trap. Morning came and the detective crept stealthily down the steep slope to get nearer the tent. Before he could picket himself as he wished a light breeze wafted open the tent flap and there a woman, the wife he had bamboozled, looked squarely at him as he stood with his Winchester poised. The game was up, he knew, and now he was surely in for trouble. He could not have gone back to the summit had he wished, so he just tumbled down sprawling toward the tent and flinging back the swinging fold jammed his Winchester into the chest of the sleepy Andy as he was rising from a Buffalo robe to make for his Winchester in the corner of the tent.

"Hold up your hands or I'll kill you; hold them up I say," and the reluctant desperado obeyed. Then holding the gun against the man's chest with one hand the detective fixed the shackles with the other. Mr. Malone says it would have been all up with him had the gun stood near and the man's revolver been under his pillow instead of under the robe. After a precarious trip to civilization again with the captive, in which numerous turns and doublings were necessary to avoid people who might have sought to rescue the prisoner, Mr. Malone had the satisfaction of seeing the man sentenced to eight years' imprisonment, hanging being not one of the law's customs there for capital offenses.

Thirty-four Viaducts on the Uganda Railway.

"From the examples of American energy cited as regards the sale of sewing machines, typewriters, cameras, bicycles and graphophones in various and distant parts of the world, the inference appears to be warranted that the American exporter is sweeping the deck. He is certainly getting the lion's share of the market for inventions that are peculiarly American or which Americans have improved upon, and in machinery and steel products his superiority is conceded, and he is doing a tremendous business at present. The American Bridge company secured the contract for thirty-four viaducts on the Uganda railway; an American company constructs the famous Atbara bridge on Kitchener's Soudan railway; the Allison Manufacturing company sends eleven passenger coaches, twenty-two freight cars

and 3,500 tons of steel rails in one shipment to Spain; the Norwegian government awards the Pennsylvania and Maryland steel companies a contract for 11,800 tons of steel rails; the Pittsburgh Locomotive works sells twenty freight locomotives to the Indian state railways; the Richmond Locomotive works send twelve ten-wheeled passenger locomotives to the Finland state railways; a New York firm fills an order for the plant of a great machine shop in Spain, the items covering seventeen typewritten pages, one of which is a traveling electric crane; the Pressed Steel Car company of Pittsburgh equips the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean railway with one hundred cars; the Victorian (Australian) railway orders 20,000 tons of steel rails from the Illinois Steel company; the Baldwin Locomotive works send twenty-two locomotives to the government railways of New Zealand; the Sandusky Tool company crates 12,000 planes for shipment to China. These great contracts are impressive, and when Mr. Andrew Carnegie, exulting over such evidences of our industrial superiority, says that 'the nation which makes the cheapest steel has the other nations at its feet as far as manufacturing in most of its branches is concerned,' we ought to have no misgivings about the future. Nevertheless, as regards a thousand and one miscellaneous products in which the American manufacturer excels he is making comparatively little impression on the foreign market, because of his inexperience as an exporter. He packs his goods carelessly; declines to give credit; fails to study the needs and tastes of the foreign customer (which the English and Germans never fail to do); mails 'dreams-of-art' catalogues to the other side of the world, instead of sending a live salesman to represent him and exhibit samples of his goods; omits to arrange for banking facilities like those his rivals established long ago; ships in other than American bottoms, and therefore pays extortionate rates; and allows himself to be tricked, cheated and imposed upon in every foreign market. Some of these embarrassments under present conditions he cannot obviate, but others are due to a self-sufficiency which was cultivated in a home market that never failed him until he produced more than the American people could consume. Whenever he has had a valuable article to sell and has established agencies for the sale of it in other countries, as he should do in the case of every manufacture for which there is a foreign demand, handsome returns have rewarded him."—H. E. Armstrong in *Ainslee's*.

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