

### LONE ROBBER IN MISSOURI

Heavily Armed Masked Man Goes Through Sleeper on Train.

Kansas City, Nov. 10.—A lone robber, heavily masked, boarded the rear sleeper of the eastbound California limited on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific, between Slater and Glasgow, robbed three passengers and escaped in the darkness. According to the local officers of the Pullman company, the robber secured but \$65. The robber, who is described as being tall and wearing a black overcoat and a mask, boarded the sleeper at Slater.

When the train had gained headway he entered the sleeper and encountered L. S. Pearson, Pullman conductor; C. W. Roller, a flagman, and R. Wood, a negro porter, all of Chicago. Leveling two revolvers at the trainmen, the robber commanded them to proceed ahead of him and wake up the passengers. As his command was carried out, the robber, forcing the conductor, porter and flagman ahead of him, secured what booty he could in his hurried march through the car. When he had reached the front end of the car he started for the second Pullman. The porter, however, had managed to get far enough ahead of the others to make a dash for the second car and slammed and locked the door in the face of the robber. The train then was at a point about one mile east of Glasgow. Realizing that he could proceed no further with his work, the robber pulled the air rope. While the train was slackening its speed he jumped off and disappeared in the darkness.

### INCENDIARISM IN NEW YORK

Five Fires in Two Blocks Arouses People and Woman Dies of Shock.

New York, Nov. 10.—One woman is dead, a man in a hospital suffering from severe burns, 2,000 persons fled from their homes in panic and thousands more passed a sleepless night as a result of a series of incendiary fires in the two blocks bounded by Sixth and Sixth-streets and Columbus and West End avenues. Scores of persons whose lives were endangered by the conflagration were rescued by firemen. In all there were five fires, every one of them incendiary, between midnight and 3 a. m.

The woman who lost her life was Mrs. Caroline Swain, seventy years old, whose home adjoins one of the buildings which was fired. She died of heart failure, induced by fright.

Adrian Tompkins, in a hospital with his hands and feet severely burned as a result of climbing down a redhot fire escape, is in a serious condition.

The rapidly succeeding fires, the crowds of evicted tenants and the terrifying rumors spread through the neighborhood, with the constant appearance and reappearance of the fire engines and the big squads of police, raised the people throughout the vicinity to a high pitch of excitement, which did not lessen until daylight brought a measure of assurance that the incendiarism was ended for a while.

### TOBACCO RAIDERS ACTIVE

Three Warehouses of Snuff Trust Wrecked With Dynamite.

Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 13.—The warehouses of the American Snuff company at Eddyville, Princeton and Fredonia, Ky., have been wrecked by dynamite. Citizens of Eddyville were awakened by the shock of the explosion, which shattered windows for a wide radius. Bloodhounds were secured and followed the trail of the wreckers for ten miles into Caldwell county. Several months ago trust warehouses in the southern part of Kentucky were dynamited and growers who sold tobacco to the trust received warning messages from the "Night Riders."

### SAYS SILVER IS TOO HIGH.

Government Won't buy Any More Until Price Falls.

Washington, Nov. 13.—The treasury department received offers for the sale of silver to the government at 72 cents per fine ounce. These offers were rejected and Secretary Shaw stated subsequently that no more silver would be bought at present high prices. The government has on hand, he said, silver enough to keep the mints open for some time and he regards the present prices as too high to warrant the government in making any more purchases at those figures.

### Book Dates Back to 1309.

What is believed by antiquarians to be the oldest paper book in existence is the "Red Book of Lynn," an ancient register belonging to the corporation of King's Lynn, England. This volume is known as the "Red Book" from its original binding having been of that color. The first entry is a transcript of the will of Peter de Thorndon, burgess of Lynn, dated 1309; the latest entry is dated in the 15th year of King Richard II. Fifty years ago the book was repaired and rebound, and the leaves, which age had reduced to a loose, fibrous substance, were carefully resized as an aid to preservation.

## The PILLAR OF LIGHT

By LOUIS TRACY.  
Author of "The Wings of the Morning"

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(Continued from Page Three.)

with food and water against any kind of emergency; but, of course, they made every effort to reach the ship which had sunk them rather than endeavor to sail back to this coast. As the Esmeralda was under steam at the time, her boilers exploded as she went down, and this undoubtedly caused the second catastrophe. The captain noticed that the strange ship went off close hauled to the wind, which blew steadily from the west, so he, in the leading boat, with your father and mother, you and my wife and child, followed in that direction. He shouted to four men in the second boat to keep close, as the fog was terrific. The bark, the John S., hearing the noise of the bursting boilers, promptly swung around, and in the effort to render assistance caused the second and far more serious catastrophe. The captain's boat encountered her just as the two crafts were getting way on them. Some one in the boat shouted, they heard an answering hail and instantly crashed into the bark's bows. The sail became entangled in the martingale of the bowsprit, the boat was driven under and filled, and the second boat crashed into her. All the occupants of the captain's boat were thrown into the sea. You were grasped by a negro, a powerful swimmer. He, with yourself and two sailors, were rescued, and that was all. Your father was a strong man, and he could swim well. He must have been stunned or injured in some way. The two sailors jumped from the second boat and clung to the bark's bobstays. The whole thing was over in a few seconds."

Mr. Trull rose and paced slowly to the window. Pyne stared into the fire. There was no need for either of them to conjure up the heartrending scene as the sharp prow of the sailing ship cleft through the seas and spurned the despairing hands clutching at her black walls.

Too often had the older man pictured that horrific vision. It had darkened many hours, blurred many a forgetful moment of pleasure with a quick rush of pain.

Even now as he looked out into the still street he fancied he could see Enid's mother smiling at him from a luminous mist.

He passed a hand over his eyes and gazed again at the moonlit roadway. From the black shadows opposite a policeman crossed toward the hotel, and he heard a bell ring. These trivial tidings restored his wandering thoughts. How the discovery of his lost child had brought back a flood of buried memories!

"It is easy to understand that I should be fanciful tonight," he said, returning to the cheery glow of the fire and the brightness of the room.

"The whole story of the disaster centered in the narratives of the sailors and the negro. They all declared that both boats went down. The crew of the bark, who ran to starboard, as the leading boat was swamped and sank on that side, imagined they heard cries to port. But, though they lowered a boat and cruised about the locality for hours, they found nothing but wreckage. You, Charlie, when I went to St. John's five weeks later, could only tell me that you had felt very cold and wet. That is all I ever knew of the fate of the Esmeralda until, in God's good time, I met Stanhope on board the Falcon."

"Then the manner of Enid's rescue is conjectural?"

"Absolutely. But Stanhope, who is a sailor, and two men named Spence and Jones, who were Brand's colleagues on the Gulf Rock at that time, have helped me in building up a complete theory. It is quite clear that the second boat did not sink, as was reported by the captain of the John S. She was damaged and had her mast broken by the collision. In the darkness and confusion she would be readily carried past the bark, which was probably traveling four knots an hour. The two sailors in springing from her gunwale into the bobstays would certainly catch her considerable, and at the same instant my poor wife either threw her child into the boat with a last frenzied effort or some one caught the baby from her as she sank. The boat was seen by Brand floating in with the tide on the morning of the 30th of July. She had been nine days at sea. Some survivor must have given the little one nourishment in that time, as a twelve-months-old child could not possibly have lived. In all likelihood the bank of fog clung to the surface of the sea and followed the tides, as there was little or no wind on the days following the loss of the yacht.

"Again, there were provisions in the boat, but no water. Why? Either the

water casks had started their staves when the smash took place or a careless steward had failed to fill them. The next thing is the identity of the boat. By the stupidity of a sailor one of the Esmeralda's lifeboats was buried to the water's edge in Norway. He upset a tin of petroleum while he was opening it, and a lighted match did the remainder. Indeed, he and another man at the oars narrowly escaped death. A boat was purchased, but accident or mischance prevented the Esmeralda's name being painted on it. There was a Norwegian port number on the stern board, and this was smashed away by the falling mast. As the sail was trailing in the water when the boat was found by Brand it is assumed that the survivor or survivors, who paid some heed to the child, suffered from injuries which prevented him or them from hauling it in. One man's body was found on board, and he had been dead many days. Finally we have the evidence of the child's clothing."

"The girls told me something of the story on the rock," said Pyne. "Gee whiz, I little dreamed that Enid—or Edith, I mean—was my first cousin!"

"You know that her garments were marked E. T. and that a little shawl was pinned about her with a gold brooch set with emeralds arranged as a four leafed shamrock?"

"No. I fancy that they were hindered in their yarn. Believe me, there was always enough to do in that wonderful place. Besides, I knew about the brooch. Had they mentioned it, I guess the gray matter at the back of my head would have become agitated by thought."

"Yes, of course. I am talking to you as if you were hearing this sad history for the first time."

"It is new enough. It has a fresh point of view, which is everything. Now, about that brooch?"

"I bought it in Bergen. I remember your poor father laughing about it. It was odd to find an Irish emblem in that out of the way little town. I have not seen it yet, but it is ludicrous to think that so many coincidences can affect two different children cast adrift about the same time in open boats at the junction of the St. George's channel and the north Atlantic."

"It's the kind of thing that doesn't occur with monotonous regularity," agreed Pyne. "By the way, I have just made an interesting discovery on my own account."

"What is it?"

"It might easily have happened that not Enid—sorry—I mean Edith—but I should have been the youngster cast adrift in that boat."

"Yes, that is so, of course."

"And I would have grown up as Constance's brother. Guess things have panned out all right as it is."

It was on the tip of his uncle's tongue to ask for some explanation of the very gratified tone in which Master Charles made this remark, but the head waiter entered solemnly, with the air of respectful and discreet decorum which only an English family butler or a head waiter can assume without burlesque.

"Beg pardon, gentlemen," he said, "but I thought you would like to know about the lady in No. 11, Mrs. Vansittart."

"Yes; what of her?" demanded Trull, while Pyne found himself imagining that which caused his heart to beat more rapidly than even the fight for life in the saloon of the Chinook.

"She went out, sir, about an hour ago, and—"

"Has she not returned?"

"No, sir. A policeman has just called to say that she was taken ill and is now being cared for at Mr. Brand's house."

Uncle and nephew glared at each other as men do when they call the gods to witness that no madder words could be spoken. Before the waiter they performed restrained themselves.

But Pyne shouted:

"Where is the policeman?"

"He is down below, sir. Shall I bring him up?"

Sergeant Jenkins, however, was too loyal in his friendship to Brand to tell them exactly how it came about that Mrs. Vansittart was sheltered in Laburnum cottage. He admitted that he directed the lady to the house in the first instance and that Mr. Brand told him subsequently to convey the stated message to the hotel.

Nevertheless he was the richer for a sovereign as he went out.

Mr. Trull helped himself to a whisky and soda.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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