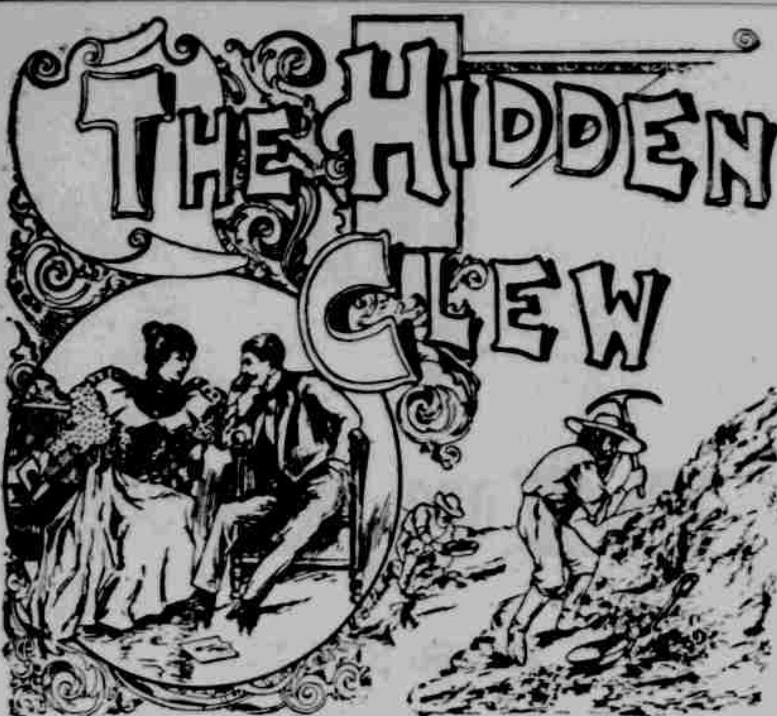


CHAPTER I.

The express trains of that monument of engineering skill, the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, daily traverse the extreme eastern portion of the Rocky Mountains lying between the city of Denver on the north and the smaller city of Pueblo on the south, and summer tourists as well as all-the-year-round men of business pass over the picturesque road by hundreds and by thousands in the course of a single year.

There was a time, however, and not so very long since, either, when white men were very scarce in that section and when the only means of locomotion was a much-dilapidated coach, whose time schedule was practically filled out to suit the driver, as he, with much grumbling and little speed, carried Uncle Sam's mails from stage to stage.

Some twenty years since there was, about midway between Denver and Colorado Springs, a point where the broad valley narrowed into a deep and wild gorge, known then as the Andy Jackson Gulch. In the year eighteen hundred and seventy-three the individual who for a considerable time had filled the dual position of coach agent and postmaster, made an interesting discovery. By the following spring the gulch was alive with a population of three hundred white men and three women—not counting Indians and Chinese. The Andy Jackson Gulch contained a rich vein of silver, enough to make the locality a scene of much activity for five whole years, and, exactly twelve months after the pioneer postmaster's important discovery, the Rosedale mining camp was floating bravely on a flood-tide of wealth and prosperity.

Of course, the assertion that Rosedale was a success as regards population and riches does not necessarily imply that the streets were paved with patent noiseless asphalt and lighted by electricity, or that the stores boasted plate glass fronts, nor yet that the camp owned a city hall peopled with a mayor and common council. Rosedale had no pavements, for the very excellent reason that it possessed no streets to pave. There was not a public lamp of any kind whatsoever from one end of the gulch to the other, and the single store which supplied the bodily needs of the miners was located in a primitive shed which was noticeably innocent of glass. The total absence of a mayor or other civic official was in itself a blessing in disguise, for taxes were as yet an unknown quantity at Rosedale, and no bad language was provoked among the citizens by reason of unlit lamps, muddy crossings and other necessary evils which hover about older and larger communities. And yet, notwithstanding all drawbacks, "good times" were decidedly in the ascendant at the Rosedale mining camp.

Not in their homes did the miners invest the fruits of their prosperity. A modern architect or house builder with nineteenth century notions of improvements and aesthetic art would have received very little encouragement at Rosedale, where it is doubtful if there was a single residence or other building which contained more than one door, two rooms and two squares of glass, or that had cost its owner a fifty-dollar bill—even with "young Colorado" prices.

True, there was "Gillicuddy's" hotel office and store, according to what use could be made of it, or according to the humor of the person who happened for the time being to be speaking of that place. It was a favorite spot of rendezvous and, except during working hours, was usually well filled with customers and loafers—loafers whom Mr. Gillicuddy found it policy to tolerate, having in mind the fact that they were all of them not only past but also prospective patrons. It bore a marked contrast to all the other tenements in Rosedale. The hotel, for such it was primarily, covered a considerable area and the rough frame building was actually two stories in height, although it lost some of its upper-story dignity, owing to the poverty-stricken appearance of the stairway, which was a flimsy sort of step ladder placed outside the building. Upstairs nothing existed but several seven-by-eight dormitories, furnished uniformly with a truckle bed and a camp stool—little dens for the use of which Landlord Gillicuddy charged prices that would have shamed even the lessees of White Mountain hotels!

But it was downstairs that Gillicuddy's showed its patrons the fertility of its resources and the variety of the entertainment which it was able and prepared to afford. First, there was the office—hotel office, coach office, express office, postoffice and ticket office for the railroads, of which Denver was, at that time, the western terminus. This office occupied one end of the narrow frame building and was presided over by Gillicuddy himself, who sat in a chair of the orthodox kitchen species, surrounded by full and empty cigar boxes. Here Gillicuddy installed himself from morning till night, varying the more important business of the house and doling out cheap cigars at high prices and innumerable packages of strong tobacco. Back of the "office" was the billiard room, boasting a solitary combination pool and billiard table, together with a few card tables, and beyond this apartment was the dining room. The last room in the building was the kitchen, but not even from the kitchen was there any egress to the street—or what answered for a street—and all who entered Gillicuddy's entered it through the little office and passed out the same way—under the landlord's eye.

One peculiarity about Gillicuddy's was noticed by every stranger and new arrival at Rosedale. Along the entire length of one side of this remarkable building were ranged about twenty-five empty flour and salt barrels, giving the place the appearance of a warehouse. This was Gillicuddy's verandah, and as sure as evening time came round, just as surely would the twenty-five barrels be occupied by twenty-five men, smoking while they exchanged snake stories and reminiscences of "old days East."

It was about 7 o'clock on a summer evening. The fact that it was Wednesday evening brought a larger crowd than usual to the "verandah," for on Wednesdays and Saturdays the coach arrived from Denver and she was now about due.

They were a motley crew, those rough Westerners, yet, although they were dressed very much alike, they presented a good deal of variety, and it was quite a cosmopolitan gathering. There was one young fellow, who had not secured a seat, who had been remarked in a much larger, more elegant and more refined crowd. He was not smoking, but, with his felt hat pulled down over his eyes and his hands thrust deep into his pockets, was idly reclining against the corner of the house. Even when the coach drew up this young man did not change his position; he merely raised his head slightly to watch the only outside passenger alight. But having once rested his eye on that outside passenger, he became greatly interested and closely scanned the new arrival as he entered the office.

The outside passenger was a man decidedly on the shady side of forty, who looked as though he was (at least for the time being) well acquainted also with the shady side of life. He looked hungry and haggard—he also looked sly and vicious.

"I want to transact a little business before it gets dark," said the stranger to Landlord Gillicuddy. "Keep a room for me, please; I will return in an hour or so."

The voice sounded strangely familiar to the young man outside the door, and yet he could not place the coach passenger. Again he eyed the shabby man closely as he emerged from the office, and watched him as he disappeared along a track which led to one or two outlying huts and shanties. Evidently the man was not a total stranger to Rosedale, for he knew his way about; anyhow, the young fellow's interest was aroused, for some cause or other known to himself.

"Know him, Max?" asked the occupant of the nearest verandah barrel, who had noticed the young man's watchful attitude.

Max again pulled his soft hat over his eyes as he slowly said:

"Fact is, Jimmy, I don't know and yet I think I ought to know him. I'll look a little closer when he gets back for the night."

It has been intimated that women were scarce articles in Rosedale—that they numbered only three. One of them, Sarah Brown, was a good angel to the boys. Not that Sarah—who was nearly forty years old—was exactly a seraph, but she was a splendid nurse and cook for a sick man, and could mend clothes or write a letter for a well man. Not even an angel with genuine wings and sterling gold harp could have been more welcome at the camp, and every man in Rosedale had a good word for Sarah.

Consequently, when, about midnight—five hours after the arrival of the coach—Si Riggs staggered into Gillicuddy's, pale as a ghost and trembling like a leaf, and announced that Sarah Brown was dead—murdered—indignation ran high, though not one of the miners could so much as guess at the culprit.

But young Max Brett walked straight to Mr. Gillicuddy and asked him a couple of questions.

"Gillicuddy, what name did that stranger give you?"

"He didn't register, Max," was the reply.

"How's that?"

"Said he'd do it when he came back."

"Then he hasn't turned in yet?"

"No, Max."

"I'll tell you what his name is, Gillicuddy," stated Max loweringly. "His name is De Watts. If he shows up, hold him until you can give him to the sheriff, and then have the sheriff find me if it costs a thousand dollars!"

Again, as he turned on his heel toward the excited crowd in the billiard room, he muttered:

"I guessed it was that scoundrel all the time, but his disguise was immense and well-nigh deceived me. I'll be even with him, though, and if there's half a chance I'll have him before another forty-eight hours. Boys," he shouted aloud in a deep, clear voice, "I had intended leaving here on the coach next Monday. If Billy Gorman will lend me his pony I shall go now. Thanks, Billy" (as that worthy nodded assent) "I will leave the nag at Colby Gap station. You saw that stranger to-night, boys? Well, he is the murderer, so don't forget it if you ever see him again. I think I can run him down. Good-by, boys."

Half an hour later Max Brett, adventurer (for want of a better description) was riding fast along the narrow pony track which led past the murdered woman's cottage. He rode all night and covered nearly thirty miles, but when he reached Colby Gap station on the sorely built railroad, the east-bound passenger train had left two hours before, carrying with it the man he wanted. So, impatiently enough, Max waited for the evening train, knowing full well that twelve hours were a long start for an old and experienced rascal like De Watts.

CHAPTER II.

A bitter quarrel was in progress between the Great Occidental Railroad Company and its employes—chiefly the engineers. At the same time, the engineers being, for the most part, a highly intelligent and sensible body of men, no serious trouble had thus far been experienced, nor was any feared or apprehended by the company and its officials. The engineers had not yet found it necessary to have recourse, neither did they propose to have recourse, to any acts of violence. They knew full well that moral force, backed by legal methods of coercion, are more effective and decidedly more popular with the American public than riot and arson.

But there were just a couple of men of whom the engineers themselves were fearful would involve them in serious trouble. These were one Hughes, an engineer, and his fireman—men fearless and thoroughly capable at their work, but men who would stop at nothing to accomplish a mean revenge when they considered themselves imposed upon or injured.

One evening the fast train, known on the Great Occidental as the Pacific Mail, rolled out of Prairie City on its way to the far West. At Prairie City was attached to the train engine No. 900, manned by the very men who were so much mistrusted by both officers and employes. Nothing particular, however, was thought of this fact. They were closely watched in the round houses and yards. When they were in the cab it was tolerably certain they could do no mischief, because any peril to which they exposed the train and passengers must, of necessity, include themselves.

When the mail left Prairie City she was scheduled to run a hundred and fifteen miles across the plains without a stop, the time allowed being three hours and ten minutes. Along this entire distance there were absolutely no towns or cities and very few settlements of any kind, and as the train held the right of way there was no necessity whatever for stopping or even "slowing up."

The sun had just set, but the crimson glory of his setting still spread a rich fiery light across the plains, which enabled a strikingly handsome man in the parlor car to continue the perusal of his book. He was the general manager of the Great Occidental, and to him approached one of the train men, who respectfully said:

"You know who are on the engine, sir?"

"Yes. What of it?"

"We are slowing—perhaps you hardly noticed it yet. There is no station, no telegraph cabin nor any water tank near here; there is not even an up grade. I have good reasons for suspecting mischief, though just what shape it will take I have no idea. The conductor is on the rear platform keeping his eyes open, but that isn't enough—the trouble will be in front."

The brakeman paused, as if for some encouragement, and the official, who had closed his book, shuffled his foot impatiently.

"Go ahead with your story," he said. "It will soon be dark. What is it—what next?"

"The boys on the road understand you to be a fearless man; if that is so, follow me. Have you got a revolver—and loaded?"

"Yes."

"Good; you may need it. Are you a safe shot?"

"I think not."

"Then give me your weapon. For a short time try to forget that you are running this road, and obey my orders."

The brakeman took the official's pistol and led the way through the train until they stood upon the front platform of the forward coach—the baggage car.

"I suppose," said the train man, "you are perfectly willing that we should at all hazards preserve this train from destruction and get her through to Big Creek in safety?"

"Of course—yes."

"Then climb quietly on to the locomotive with me, and be prepared for mischief."

The train was now running at a rate of not more than fifteen miles an hour, so that the two men managed to hoist themselves on to the tender of the locomotive with comparative ease. As they crawled over the stacks of coal and firewood, both master and man took in the situation at a glance. The engineer was at that instant turning on a full head of steam, the fireman was closing the door of the furnace which he had just filled up with coal, and both were preparing to desert the engine.

As the two men lay stretched at the top of the tender, the brakeman motioned to the general manager to keep very still. The fireman made a move to get down from the left-hand side of the engine.

"Come!" shouted the brakeman, and quick as a flash rushed for the fireman, helping that culprit to the track by a heavy blow. Almost in the same instant he turned to the engineer, who, though not so far advanced in his movements as the fireman, was preparing to descend the steps on the right-hand side of the engine.

Placing the revolver close to the renegade engineer's head, he shouted: "Get back there and do your work. Attend to anything beside your business and you'll smell gunpowder! And if this train is not at Big Creek on time I will see that we have a lynching exhibition in the yard. You need not take your hand off the lever, for I have brought you a fireman—the general manager. He will watch the fire while I watch you."

The engineer was completely cowed, and the Pacific Mail, thus saved from a fearful destruction, rolled into Big Creek on schedule time.

Engineer Hughes was promptly discharged with a warning and some advice, but he was afterwards arrested, and then the general manager turned to the brakeman.

"My boy," he said, "you have rendered a great service to the company, and especially to the passengers on this train. We must do something for you."

"Thank you, sir," was the reply. "Some day I may think of something that you can do for me, and if so, I will come to you. Just at present I prefer to keep quietly at my own work, and I guess it'll be better if nothing at all is said to the passengers."

"Your name, at least?"

"Yes—my name is Richards, Henry Richards."

Whereat the two shook hands and parted.

The next morning General Manager Handford was handed a small package addressed to himself, and upon opening it, he found a letter, inside of which was a smaller package, unaddressed. He read the letter, which displayed the handwriting of an educated man:

"Sir—Yesterday, with your assistance, I was enabled to render some slight service to your company—will you now do something for me?

"Railroading is a risky business, especially on the plains. If death ever overtakes me (and you are in a position to know if it should) will you please break the seal of the enclosed package and hand the contents to the person to whom they are addressed? When you do so (if ever) perhaps you will tell that same person what you know about me. I have proof that you are a brave man; I think you are a good and generous man, and I hope you will undertake this small commission for me. Please part with the package to no one but the person to whom it is addressed and under no other circumstances than those which I have stated. You can return it to me if you tire of the trust.

"Respectfully yours,
"HENRY RICHARDS,
"Brakeman."

Mr. Handford thought this a queer occurrence, but, remembering his offer and promise of the previous evening, he pocketed the package and proceeded on his way.

CHAPTER III.

Chicago! The man who has traveled everywhere except to Chicago has failed to see the world; while he who is familiar only with the great Western city has seen a very large slice of the world. One of the grandest and one of the wretchedest—one of the best and one of the wickedest cities of the universe. A combination of London, Paris, New York and San Francisco, revivified by the blizzards of the northern prairies and refreshed by the blue waters of Lake Michigan; whose whirl and excitement fascinate alike the blue-nosed Scandinavian and the sluggish Mexican—the phlegmatic Briton and the hopeful American. The city whose streets ring with the incessant clatter of nearly two million feet, bearing hither and thither men and women whose constant flitting, like figures in a kaleidoscope, mark an ever-changing scene. The city where the night lamps, like God's great sun, shine upon the evil and upon the good, where, upon the broad sidewalks, publicans and sinners jostle pharisees and priests, while Dives brushes up against Lazarus; the city where, after all, there is far more of good than of evil—Chicago.

It is not surprising that a man of the disposition, habits and temperament of Max Brett should drift to Chicago. Indeed, he had made his headquarters there more than once, but as, up to the time we saw him in Rosedale, he had never been compelled to work very hard or very steadily for a living, he had hitherto been a wanderer from choice.

But in October, a month or two after the Rosedale murder, Max Brett was located in Chicago, and was actually earning a fair living as a clerk in the office of William Rose & Company, extensive dealers in oil. The Western Babylon, with its babel of voices and maelstrom of excitement, possessed every attraction for Brett. Of a nervous, restless temperament, not unmixed with a happy-go-lucky and easily contented disposition, he always found a residence in small towns and frontier settlements dull and wearisome. Even in Chicago, where his daily work in the office of the oil warehouse was laborious and of a responsible nature, he frequently felt disposed to complain of a lack of "mental exercise," as he termed monotony and hum-drum employment; but, on the whole, he was contented. Away from the office and outside of business hours, Mr. Brett took life remarkably easy. He rented a suite of rooms in a flat in one of the mammoth tenement houses located in a fashionable quarter of the city, and, falling back on the remnant of his Rosedale mining funds, had them elegantly furnished. Then he made friends with his landlady by presenting her with two or three tickets for the theater, and, having provided himself with headquarters and a useful friend, he straightway prepared to enjoy himself and his surroundings. Most of his evenings he spent at the theaters and places of amusement, and, like most young fellows, speedily formed a wide acquaintance among "all sorts and conditions of men."

But Brett possessed sufficient worldly wisdom to keep these easily-made acquaintances at arms' length, and never encouraged too willing friendships. Max did not care very much what they or anybody else thought of him; he just went his own pace, serenely indifferent to the smiles or frowns of onlookers, and if Max had a "past history," or hid within his own heart any dark secret, nobody could guess of either fact from his bright face and nonchalant manner.

(To be continued.)

Necessitates a Big Outlay.

The total length of the common roads in this country, good, bad and indifferent, is estimated by General Stone of the road bureau of the department of agriculture at something over 1,300,000 miles. The majority of these roads have been opened by common laborers, hired by local supervisors, and no engineering principles have been observed in their construction. As a result, it costs more to keep them in repair than if they were as many finely macadamized roads.

Keeping these poor roads in repair and opening new thoroughfares cost Massachusetts in 1893, outside of cities, $1,136,944, or $66.30 per mile, and New Jersey $778,407.82, or $43.25 per mile. The total expenditure for roads in that year amounted to about $20,000,000. As a great part of the enormous sum was spent in repairing poorly constructed roads, that would need exactly the same attention next year, it is not an exaggeration to say that most of the money was wasted.

Fine roads can be constructed all the way from $400 to $500 per mile, according to the nature of the country through which they pass, the cost of crushed stone and other engineering problems. The cost of keeping these roads in repair is infinitely smaller than that required to repair the ordinary dirt roads each winter and spring, when great gulleys and ruts are washed into them by the rains and floods. The secret of the success of the fine roads in France is attributed to the prompt and systematic repairs made at all seasons of the year.

First debutante—My cheeks are all on fire. Second debutante—I thought there was a smell of burning paint.—Town and Country Journal.

All the world loves a lover, because the world likes to be amused occasionally without buying a dollar ticket.

REFORM STYLE IN COURTING.

THE shilly-shallying young man is destined to ostracism in Kansas if the somewhat startling scheme of an Atchison girl is put into practice. The young woman in question has given long and laborious thought to the present system of courting, and the result of her deliberations is a conviction that reform—radical reform—is necessary. She is at present engaged in writing a book designed to overturn the present state of affairs so far as this particular matter is concerned, and, as is fitting in a Kansas notion, her plan of revolution is something calculated to take one's breath away. Her contention is that under the present system when a young man goes to see a girl she cannot tell whether he means business or is just amusing himself. What she wants to do is to have an understanding that if a young man goes to see a girl a certain number of times it is to constitute an engagement, and she advocates having the Legislature pass a law making the young man liable to a damage suit if he breaks away after going the specific number of times. She proposes that the Legislature authorize the printing of blanks, or coupons, which every girl must keep at her house, and whenever a young man calls he must sign his name to one of them. When she has, say, ten signatures of one young man to ten different coupons she can consider herself engaged to him, and she can recover damages if he refuses to do the right thing. If a girl is willing to allow a young man to come and see her more than the number of times required by law and not consider it an engagement she must sign a release relieving him of all liability. The book will soon be finished, and she expects it to have a big sale. She believes that if her idea is carried out it will result in less trouble for the girls and be a blessing to society.

Shirt Waists.

Shirt waists are not only pretty but they are convenient. If women cannot afford to have them built at a fashionable haberdasher's they can be made at home after a good pattern. They should be made with but little fullness in the back having only a few gathers at the waist line. Cut the yoke with a slight point. Gather the fullness of the front widths into the neck instead of into the shoulders. Do not

THE LATEST SHIRT WAIST.

spread the fullness along the belt, but leave at least two inches plain before reaching the under arm seam. The sleeves should be after the bishop model and gathered into a narrow cuff. Nothing looks cooler than a wash-silk waist. They are made with more fullness, both in the front and in the back, with a box plait down the front to cover the buttons. The sleeves are full and set into a band cuff. The prettiest finish for the neck is the full wrinkled collar. Such a waist can also be worn with the linen collar and cuffs. Batiste shirt waists are all the rage. Nothing makes a smarter tennis or outing costume than white cotton or linen duck.

Call and Card Account Book.

It is much the best way to keep a book account for calls; that is, have a blank book wherein to write the name and address of all calling acquaintances. Farther on in the book write "Calls Made," and underneath put down the name and date. Still farther on make another list of "Calls Received," with names and dates. It is then very easy to see when you called on a certain lady and when she returned it. The hours for calling vary in different cities; from 4 until 6 is the appointed time in New York, but in smaller cities it will be perfectly proper to begin at 3 o'clock, especially if one has a long list.

Art of Buttonhole Making.

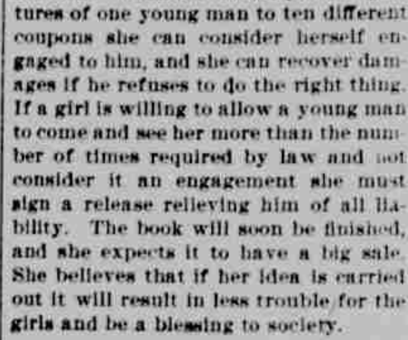
Always mark the buttonholes, and be careful to accurately measure the distances they are to be apart, then cut the first one and pass the button through. Mark the size of the rest with thread or chalk and cut them with regular buttonhole scissors, then overcast the edges with twist, and bar each hole—that is, take a long stitch on each side, leaving the stitch apparently on the surface, about one-sixteenth of an inch from the edge. Begin at the back end of the buttonhole and work the usual stitch, drawing the twist evenly and firmly, but not too tightly, all along to the front end; work this round, almost as if it were an eyelet, very closely, then continue up the other side till you come to the back. This should be fastened squarely by several neat stitches laid loosely one on top of the other; then take all these up with buttonhole stitch, forming a strong loop that will hold the buttonhole firmly as long as the garment is wearable.

Value of Pure, Cold Water.

Pure, fresh cold water is one of the most valuable disinfectants, inasmuch as it is a powerful absorbent. Every sick room should have a large vessel of clear water, frequently renewed, placed near the bed, or even beneath it. This not only absorbs much of the hurtful vapor, but in its evaporation it softens and tempers the atmosphere, doing away with the dryness which is so trying and depressing to an invalid, or even to persons in health, for that matter. It has frequently been shown, by actual experiment, that troubled sleep and threatened insomnia are corrected by so simple a thing as the placing of an open bowl of water near the sufferer's head.

Many Women Wear It.

Since the bicycle girl took to wearing sweaters her less athletic sisters have discovered what a valuable garment it is. The result is that every type of woman has taken to it from the most advanced new woman to the most fluffy of summer girls. Not only do the bicycle, golf and tennis girls wear it, but for ocean voyages, yachting and overland traveling it is in much demand.


SWEATER FOR ATHLETIC WOMEN.

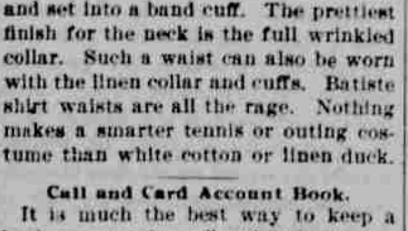
The new sweaters are made much shorter than those of last season. Some of them reach only to the waist line. The sleeves above the elbow are large and generously puffed. All the most desirable sweaters button on the shoulders. The collar is generally straight, turned over slightly at the top, but in a few of this season's sweaters the deep sailor collar is in evidence. The best-looking sweaters, as well as the most expensive, are in a fancy design showing two colors.

Sleeping on Either Side.

It is not desirable to lay a baby on its back when sleep is wished for. Either one side or the other is best, and, if possible, it is well to accustom it first to one side and then to the other, as this obviates falling into the habit of being able to sleep only on one side. But a child who is wide awake and of a happy disposition, so that it lies cooing to itself and watching the mysteries of its own ten fingers, is all the better for being laid on its back, as the spine is thereby kept straight and unstrained and grows on apace, just as it does when a growing boy or girl is compelled, from accident, to spend a few weeks in a recumbent position, and finds, when allowed to get up, that none of its clothes are long enough.

An Ornamental Pin Cushion.

The pincushion here shown is just a dainty trifle of silk, leather, brocade, or what not, covering a thin layer of cotton wool, and prettily finished round the edges with a tiny frill of contrasting colored silk. This little


HANGING PINCUSHION.

cushion should be backed with the same material, and finished with a loop and bow of bright colored ribbon. The pins must be inserted all the way round at the edge and the silk frill will effectively hide the heads.

A Fair Horse Thief.

A woman horsethief was arrested by the Sheriff of Nez Perces County, Idaho, a few days ago. She was found to be one of a gang which has been operating in that region for about a year. Four male members of the gang were caught with the woman. She is reported to be good-looking, 22 years old and of a fiery disposition. She was dressed in man's clothes, and rode her horse astride with great skill.

Twenty-one thousand one hundred and eighty-five shorthand writers writers against 7.