

The Clew of the Liquor Bottles

Edited by William J. Bacon

A True Story of the Secret Service, as Told by Capt. Dickson

SOME years ago, before I became connected with the United States secret service in the east, I was engaged by a member of the western express companies to do some special work for them," began Capt. Dickson. "My headquarters were in Denver and my work, on the whole, was decidedly interesting. One adventure in particular made me proud of my service for our company, although it was largely a matter of luck that brought about my success in that instance. I am a firm believer in luck, for it plays an important part in every man's life, and it has figured to a large extent in my own affairs. I am free to confess,

"A daring express robbery had been committed in the western part of the state, near the Utah line, by three men. The messenger had been murdered and the passengers throughout the train robbed of all their money. The hold-up men secured something more than \$15,000 from the express company's safe and fully \$5,000 from the passengers. They took nothing but money, however, leaving valuable jewelry, diamonds and watches with their owners, and ignoring the parcels in the express car. This circumstance showed that the gang was composed of experienced thieves, for money is the hardest thing in the world to trace.

"I was notified of the robbery on the afternoon of the second day after it occurred, and although I hastened to the spot with all dispatch and made my arrangement by wire, it was noon of the third day before I alighted at the nearest station. Here I had arranged for two horses and a prospector's outfit, deeming it best to follow the bandits in the disguise of a miner, as the robbery had been made at a point near the mining region of southwestern Colorado, and I expected to find the criminals at some of the numerous mining camps.

"I have never been a believer in disguises except as to clothing. All efforts to change the face with grease paints and wigs and the like only tend to attract attention and direct suspicion to the man thus togged out. The casual observer might not notice the deception, but the criminal, and especially the hunted criminal, is no casual observer. He has formed the habit of noticing everything, and he will detect the least false point in a man's appearance and shun him as if he were afflicted with the plague.

"A change of dress will work wonders in a man's appearance. If a man can wear other clothes than those he is accustomed to, and wear them easily and naturally, he can more effectively disguise himself by this means than he can with all the wigs and paints and whiskers in existence.

"Coming across the continental divide, I had suffered a slight attack of indigestion. I sent the porter after a flask of whisky, asking for a certain brand. He returned in a few minutes with one of the diminutive little bottles customarily sold on sleeping cars at a quarter a bottle. It was not the kind I had ordered, but the porter explained that this was the only brand of liquor the company sold, and I had to be content with it. The label of the bottle stated that it was put up expressly for the company.

"On reaching my destination, I immediately assumed the character of a miner and set about my inquiry. There was little information to be gathered beyond what was contained in the express company's report of the robbery, of which I had a carbon copy. Satisfied that time spent here would be wasted, I set out for the scene of the robbery, riding a wiry little pony and leading another on which was packed my outfit of grub and cooking implements and miner's tools.

"The place was a desolate spot. The road ran through a broad alkali valley which had not, at that time, been brought under cultivation by irrigation. It was easy to pick up the trail of bandits and follow it across the valley in a southwesterly direction to the foot-hills of the Rockies, where the trail disappeared, the rocky ground leaving no trace of hoof-prints.

"From this point on it was to be a matter of luck and guesswork. I believed my men had made for Telluride, Ouray, Silverton or some other mining camp, but I was not rash enough to venture a guess as to which it might be at that stage of the game. These camps, with their rough, shifting population, offered capital retreats for criminals, and from past experiences I knew that my three rogues would, in all probability, remain in one of these camps until the excitement from the robbery had subsided, and then make for civilization to spend their money.

"For three days I drifted at random through the mountains, following trails and paths, for there were no roads, endeavoring to pick up some clew or find the place where my party had spent the first night after the robbery. The hold-up had occurred about noon, and, by hard riding, the three highwaymen could penetrate some ten or twenty miles into the fastness of the mountains before it became too dark to travel further. It was out of the question for any one to advance through that region after dark. I hoped to find the place of their camp, and felt sure I would do so by persevering.

"Late the third afternoon I stumbled on the ashes of a campfire, and close beside it, among the firs and cedars, I found where horses had been tied. This was what I had searched for, and I felt sure that I would here find something of value. I camped a short distance from the place so I would not disturb it, leaving my examination until the next morning, when I would have a good light, it then being too dark to attempt such a thing.

"That night, by the light of my campfire, I read again the report of the robbery as given by the train hands. Near the last of it was the account of the sleeping car porter who related, with evident grief, that he had been relieved of \$5.15 in silver, and that the bandits had rifled the liquor cabinet of the buffet, taking with them all of the whisky and a few bottles of the rarer and stronger wines.

"Early next morning I examined the deserted camp of the highwaymen. There was nothing but a burned-out pile of ashes and charred sticks and a few empty bottles. The bottles gave the clew for which I searched. The highwaymen had certainly made their



ONE OF THE MINERS
THREW THE DOOR WIDE OPEN

camp here. Each bottle bore the label of the sleeping car company, and some of them were the diminutive flasks of which I had drunk one on the trip from Denver. There was not a scrap of paper anywhere else to be found.

"Elated with my success, I made a survey of the country and discovered a half-obscure trail leading farther into the mountains. I took up this trail and followed it as best I could until nightfall. Often I lost it, and sometimes I spent an hour or more casting about to pick it up again, as I have seen hounds baffled on the trail of a fox. About three o'clock that afternoon I found something that made my eyes sparkle. Shattered into a thousand pieces was the remains of one of the small whisky bottles on a large flat rock beside the trail where it had doubtless been cast in a playful mood induced by its contents. Among the fragments I found the label of the car company.

"It was the dry season, and this was in my favor, for no rains came to obliterate the trail. For five days I followed the bandits across the hills and through the valleys, verifying my route from time to time by fragments of broken whisky bottles along the way, and at the places where they had camped for a night. The buffet-car must have been well stocked, for I found many bottles in this journey.

"The trail eventually came to a well beaten road, which, from my map, I learned was the stage and mail route from Montrose, the nearest railroad point to Ouray, then a rather insignificant mining settlement. I lost no time in getting to Ouray, for it was impossible to trail my men along this road and I was sure they had headed for the mining camp.

"Two days were spent at Ouray without finding a trace of the three

men. They had not stopped there certainly, so I took the trail to Telluride, a mining camp farther on in the mountains. Telluride was then a camp of 800 or 1,000 souls, and there was a bit of a mining boom on which daily brought new prospectors to swell its citizenship, fatuous souls brought there by the greed of gold—a lure that never fails to attract vic in swarms. For three days I searched in vain through the saloons and dance halls and other places where the rough miners congregated without finding a trace of my three rogues. That infallible sixth sense of mine was doing its best to keep me longer in Telluride, although my judgment told me to move on to Silverton; but in the end my intuition won the fight and I remained.

"One evening I was drinking with a raw-boned miner. The whisky was abominable. The distillery where it was made would never have recognized its product in its present form. I complained of the poor quality of whisky and asked my acquaintance if there were not some better stuff to be found in the camp. He said there was not, at any of the bars, but that he had been given an amazingly good drink by a miner, whose name he mentioned. He said it had been in a little bottle which held just enough to tease one, but it was the best liquor he had drunk since he left Kentucky many years before. He licked his lips in pleasant memory of the drink.

"I almost gave myself away, so keen was my pleasure at this chance remark. I inquired about the gen-

"It would have been the rankest folly to have attempted their arrest without assistance—although I did tackle such a job once in my salad days, as this scar will testify," and he pointed to an ugly wound at the back of his neck, partially covered by his flowing gray locks. "But that is another story. I decided to call on the United States deputy marshal, a man of tigerish bravery, for assistance. There was no chink or crack in the door through which I could gain a peek at the interior of the cabin, so I dropped down on my hands and knees and crawled around to the back of the cabin where I thought there might be a window. There was a window, but it was closed with a heavy shutter, and I could not find any point to peep through; but I did find something on the way around. My hand touched something round and smooth, and I clutched it involuntarily. It was one of the little whisky flasks. After I had left the cabin I struck a match and examined it. The label of the car company was still on it.

"The deputy marshal was found at one of the dance halls and he soon summoned a reliable posse. We surrounded the cabin, from which still issued the sounds of revelry. The men were stationed at every point about it. Then the marshal and I rapped on the door. In response to our summons one of the miners staggered across the floor and threw the door wide open. We tripped him up and rushed over him into the cabin. The men were too drunk to make any resistance, and we captured them without

erous owner of the good liquor, with a show of indifference I was far from feeling. He was a late arrival, it seemed, and lived in a shanty far up on the mountain-side with two companions. The three were making a rather poor attempt to work a claim they had preempted.

"Getting away from my loquacious miner-friend, I climbed the steep trail to the cabin and set about an investigation of it with great caution. The men were at home, and from the sounds issuing from its closed doors I guessed they were having a rare old time that evening. I approached to the very door and listened with my ear to the planks to sounds of revelry within. The men were gambling and drinking, and I could hear the clink of coins and the rattle of bottles and the ribald jests with which they made their bets and gloated over their winnings and cursed their luck when they lost. I heard sufficient to make me sure that my much-sought bandits were in the cabin, although there was no direct mention of the express robbery.

Pittsburg Man Is "Loaded"

Perfect Fiend to Quote Statistics, According to Writer in Harper's.

The Pittsburg man can carry more figures of large denomination on his person without your suspecting their existence than any other citizen of the United States. He is a reservoir of decimals and statistics. He must have ample justification, however, before he turns the spigot, but when he does there is a torrent no man can stem.

If provoked and inclined to extend himself, in a five-minute talk he can fill you so full of miscellaneous indus-

tries—natural gas, steel rails, tin-plate, petroleum, steel pipes and sheet metal, fire bricks, tumbler, tableware, coke, pickles, and all that sort of thing—that you will begin to feel like a combination delicatessen and hardware store.

I have not begun to enumerate the different data I have collected on this subject, as I have no desire to make the reader feel small or to lose confidence in himself. As I have pointed out before, the Pittsburg man, or the man who is under the influence of Pittsburg, must be provoked before he un-

burdens.—C. H. White, in Harper's.

played on Ancient Instruments. At a concert which took place in the large hall of the Royal museum at Stuttgart, recently, at which the king and queen of Wurtemberg were present, no instruments were used save spinets, clavichordals and pianos of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The most interesting of these were the one which was once owned by Johann Sebastian Bach, and another on which Queen Louise of Prussia learned to play.

BELIEVING AND DOING

Sunday School Lesson for May 30, 1909
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—James 2:14-26. Memory verse, 26.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Faith without works is dead."—James 2:26.

TIME.—It is not known when this epistle was written, but probably between A. D. 40 and 50—not later than A. D. 62.—Hastings' Bible Dictionary.

PLACE.—It was written at James' home, Jerusalem.

Suggestion and Practical Thought.

Three disciples named James are found in the New Testament: 1. James the son of Zebedee, sometimes called the Great. He was the brother of John, was very close to Jesus at the crises of his life, and was the first of the twelve to suffer martyrdom (Acts 12: 2).

2. James the son of Alphaeus, one of the twelve apostles, probably a brother of Matthew, who also is called a son of Alphaeus. He is usually identified with James the Little (or the Less), and nothing is known of his life.

3. James the brother of our Lord, the author of the Epistle.

Luther, mistakenly thinking that, especially in the passage we are to study, it opposed Paul's great doctrine of justification by faith, once called it "a letter of straw;" but afterward he saw his error. "The tone of the whole Epistle is practical, earnest and stern in parts."—Canon Maclear, D. D. Dr. Deems called it "the Gospel of common sense," and (with the Sermon on the Mount) "the most valuable textbook on morals in possession of the world."—Roswell D. Hitchcock, L. L. D. "once said that the application of the Epistle of James in the region of economy is that which alone can save our civilization, and it is reported of the third earl of Balcarras that he was accustomed to express himself as delighted with the Epistle of James as "the production of a gentleman."—Deems. "The structure of the Epistle is altogether informal and unsystematic."—Plumptre. It is one of the seven Catholic Epistles, so called because written to the whole church, to correct common faults and give the comfort and inspiration needed by all in those times of trial.

James has been speaking of those that take credit to themselves for hearing the law and observing the outward forms of religion, while at the same time they bow down before the rich and scorn the poor. In this passage he goes on to insist that all such religion is empty, a mere profession of faith without the deeds that prove it.

Faith, as Paul defines it, "worketh by love" (Gal. 5: 6). Faith, as Luther said, "is a lively, busy, active thing, so that it is impossible for it not to be ceaselessly working good; it does not ask if good works are to be done, but before it asks it has done them, and is ever doing." Such faith does save a man.

But "throughout James' discussion the name 'faith' is taken in a broad and general sense, covering any degree of acceptance of Christian truth."—Prof. Johnstone. James was writing to the Jews of the "dispersion" (Jas. 1: 1). "Men dwelling as those Jews dwell, in the midst of a heathen population, were tempted to trust for their salvation to their descent from Abraham (compare Matt. 3: 9) and to their maintaining the unity of the Godhead as against the polytheism and idolatry of the nations. They repeated their creed (known, from its first Hebrew word, as the Shema), 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord' (Deut. 6: 4). It entered into the morning and evening services of the synagogue. It was uttered by the dying as a passport to the gates of paradise. It was to this that they referred the words of Habakkuk that the just should live by faith (Hab. 2: 4)."—Cambridge Bible.

Such faith, which was merely outward and formal religion, did some good. It preserved its subject from the defilements of heathenism; but in their place it established a pride and exclusiveness that were almost as bad. Paul distrusted it as much as James, and would have joined in the question, "What doth it profit?"

V. 26. James closes the discussion with a forcible simile: "As the body without (literally, 'apart from') the spirit is dead, so faith without ('apart from') works is dead also." "Of our own human wisdom we had been rather inclined to say that works were likest to the body, and faith to the breath or animation thereof."—Ellcott. "But the apostle's view seems rather to be this: Faith is the body, the sun and substance of the Christian life; works (obedience), the moving and quickening of that body, just as the spirit is the moving and quickening principle of the natural body."—Dean Alford. James does not enter into the question which must come first, faith or works. It is perfectly plain that he considers both to be necessary (see also v. 24). So does Paul. There is no contradiction between the two, only a difference of emphasis.

Robertson's illustration is the lightning and the thunder. Effective lightning (not harmless heat lightning) is always accompanied by thunders, as faith is always accompanied by works. It is the lightning and not the thunder that strikes the tree, but never the thunderless lightning. So it is faith that justifies, but never the workless faith.

Archbishop Whately's famous illustration of a boat pulled by two oars, "faith" and "works," and going in a circle when one alone is used, is defective because it implies that faith or works can exist alone

AFTER SUFFERING ONE YEAR

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Milwaukee, Wis.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has made me a well woman, and I would like to tell the whole world of it. I suffered from female trouble and fearful pains in my back. I had the best doctors and they all decided that I had a tumor in addition to my female trouble, and advised an operation. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me a well woman and I have no more to tell them what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—Mrs. EMMA IMSE, 833 First St., Milwaukee, Wis.

The above is only one of the thousands of grateful letters which are constantly being received by the Pinkham Medicine Company of Lynn, Mass., which prove beyond a doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, actually does cure those obstinate diseases of women after all other means have failed, and that every such suffering woman owes it to herself to at least give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial before submitting to an operation, or giving up hope of recovery.

Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health and her advice is free.



RECRIMINATIONS.

She—You have now more than a dozen shirts, and when we were married you had only one solitary one!
He—Yes, but that one didn't need mending!

Fighting Tuberculosis.
Three large fraternal orders are at present conducting sanatoria for their tuberculous members. The Royal League, the first order to take up this form of work in the United States, has a sanatorium at Black Mountain, North Carolina. The Modern Woodmen have recently opened a sanatorium at Colorado Springs, and the Knights of Pythias, one at the East Las Vegas, New Mexico. The Royal Arcanum and the Brotherhood of American Yeomen will consider propositions at their coming grand councils for the erection of similar institutions.

The Cause of War.
The fair young debutante was surrounded by an admiring crowd of officers at the colonel's ball. Mamma was standing near by, smiling complacently at her daughter's social success. The discussion was over the quarrel of the day before between two brother officers.

"What was the cause belli?" asked the fair debutante.
"Maud!" exclaimed mamma in a shocked voice. "How often have I told you to say stomach?"—Success Magazine.

THINK HARD
It Pays to Think About Food.

The unthinking life some people lead often causes trouble and sickness, illustrated in the experience of a lady in Fond Du Lac, Wis.

"About four years ago I suffered dreadfully from indigestion, always having eaten whatever I liked, not thinking of the digestible qualities. This indigestion caused palpitation of the heart so badly I could not walk up a flight of stairs without sitting down once or twice to regain breath and strength.

"I became alarmed and tried dieting, wore my clothes very loose, and many other remedies, but found no relief.

"Hearing of the virtues of Grape-Nuts and Postum, I commenced using them in place of my usual breakfast of coffee, cakes, or hot biscuit, and in one week's time I was relieved of sour stomach and other ills attending indigestion. In a month's time my heart was performing its functions naturally and I could climb stairs and hills and walk long distances.

"I gained ten pounds in this short time, and my skin became clear and I completely regained my health and strength. I continue to use Grape-Nuts and Postum for I feel that I owe my good health entirely to their use.

"There's a Reason."
"I like the delicious flavour of Grape-Nuts and by making Postum according to directions, it tastes similar to mild high grade coffee."
Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.