

# THE MAN and the Bandit.

BY HENRY ALDORNE HUNTER.

It is the first time Dan Corryell has been in trouble. He backed the engine of No. 32 at the coal docks, and it took an hour and a half to get her on the rails again.

Dan was a new man and should not have touched the throttle, but he did it to save Ben Balch, engineer, from a reprimand and demerits for being late at his engine. Ben had a sick wife at home, and Dan knew that was the reason for his tardiness.

The yardmaster was angry at the awkward result of Dan's venture, and said some savage things. But because Ben was respected by him and because Ben understood Dan's motive and because Ben would have it so the report went in to the superintendent's office reading as if the engineer's hand instead of Dan's had been on the throttle—Dan kept his new job and "his chance." "My fault, anyway," said the engineer, when Dan protested. "Ought to have been here."

Dan Corryell could not forget it, and swore allegiance to Ben. He did not know how he could ever pay the debt, but it seemed to him a lifelong obligation, and he kept his alert for his opportunity.

This story tells how his opportunity came and how he used it.

If the events really do cast their shadows before, no one had eyes to see the forewarning of the occurrences of that bleak November night. Dan had just finished coaling up and swung himself to his high seat on No. 32, pulling the evening engine, left the long bridge above Nettleton and pounded out on the embankment once more, on her way to the city. The hollow roar of the train on the high trestle gave place to a solid hum over stone-ballasted sleepers, and Ben cut down the stroke of No. 32 settled into her gait. Dan had leaned forward for a look at the track ahead when the thunderbolt came.

"The words were shouted almost in Dan's ear, and he turned uncomprehendingly. He had read enough newspaper stories of train robberies to understand the phrase, and he had heard of them perfectly. Only the difficulty of understanding quickly that he, Dan Corryell, was actually a victim of a real hold-up made this comprehension slow.

His understanding was helped mightily, however, by a steel ring some eighteen inches from his nose—the muzzle of a forty-calibre revolver. The bandit's hand went to his side when he read the stories—what he would see under such circumstances. But something in the pair of ugly eyes he saw back of the revolver put ideas of resistance out of his head.

Then he looked at Ben. The engineer had turned and was staring over his shoulder, open-mouthed, as a man standing on the coal docks between the engine and the train and covering him with a pistol. The man's face covered Dan's face, and Ben's face covered Ben's face. Dan recognized that on the instant—but there was plenty of amazement.

"Stop her!" commanded the man who faced Ben.

The engineer's big left hand mechanically tightened on the throttle, but he made no other move.

"Get busy!" dictated the bandit, moving forward.

Ben turned and pushed the throttle home, while his right hand sharply applied the air. No. 32 slowed with a jerk, then slowed again and stopped. Ben was not lacking in courage, but his valor contained the element of discretion.

"Now look out for 'em!"

The man who had given the commands turned quickly, dropped from the engine, and disappeared in the darkness toward the rear of the train. His fellow stepped back to a place midway between his two charges and eyed them alternately, holding his pistol ready to meet a hostile or insubordinate smile.

"Now," he said, "if you two are good you won't get hurt, and you can get your hands down."

He stepped back against the edge of the cab door and pulled the curtain somewhat about him, for the wind was cold.

He wore no mask, contrary to all Dan's ideas of an up-to-date train robber. His face was dark, clean shaven and rather thin, the features, especially the nose, being well-cut.

The eyes were dark and carried in them the light of reckless readiness to fight.

Dan looked him over from head to foot in silent astonishment. It was almost past belief, this sudden break in the routine of his life. He was wildly excited, and his muscles were instinctively tense for the action which he dared not inflate.

He looked again at Ben, and something in the engineer's attitude instantly alarmed him. It meant flight, and Dan was sure that his friend, whom he had reason to love, would be hurt if he made a stir toward resistance. The terror of the thought stopped his breath for an instant, and the wild determination to shield him became uppermost in his mind.

No. 32 pulsated with the exhaust of her air-pumps. The steam pressure was rising rapidly, as a result of Dan's wood fire and her sudden stop. Her safety-valve was sputtering with intermittent, vicious bursts of steam. Suddenly she put up a deafening roar from the valves braced throat, a protest against the continued halt.

Minutes passed. They seemed long to Dan, the longest minutes he had ever known. The rush of steam felt from its ear-splitting hiss to a lower note, died away and dropped again lightly, and then stopped with a suddenness that made the succeeding unaccustomed quiet for the instant almost painful.

Dan's body shuddered with a startled jerk. A growl of rough voices, with an occasional shout and the hollow noise of blows on a car door, sounded not a dozen yards away, breaking in

with all their grim portent upon his startled understanding.

Then suddenly a sharp rattle above the din, and an instantaneously succeeding yell told that it had been fired in earnest. The sound of heavy blows stopped short. Dan's heart contracted with a quick quiver of horror, and an involuntary exclamation escaped him. The man in the corner instantly raised his revolver.

"Don't you move, young duck!" he said, hoarsely.

Dan held himself motionless, but he turned blazing eyes upon his enemy. A savage impulse was rising in him, an inspiration to desperate daring which he had never felt before was growing, and with it a strange cunning, danger-born in his hitherto untried spirit, grew also. He looked at his muscular captor with a new question in his eyes, and measured him by a new standard, the standard of craft. He grew cooler. The hubbub at the express car was growing again. Words and sentences reached the engine, threats shouted to the occupant of a barricaded car which told of efforts to enter, which were, so far, futile. Time was passing, time that was precious to these robbers, and their cause was not prospering. The man in the express car was not to be frightened and brought to a term by barking. Dan heard the command from some recognized leader:

"Break the express car and run her down the road. We'll blow the whole outfit into kingdom come if that idiot don't give in!"

The big engineer sat on with a quick indrawing of his breath. Dan was wild in an instant to prevent his making a move which he feared could only bring disaster. It was the last straw for the boy. His will was at their keenest stretch. He must find a stratagem, or he must act in sheer desperation. He controlled himself by an effort of will, and his eyes became catlike in their watching of the guard for the slightest opening.

Then all at once his plan formed. He turned slightly and glanced up at the steam gauge.

"She's losing steam," he said aloud, looking at the robber.

The other scowled at the address; then his eyes glanced at the gauge with quick intelligence. Steam was needed. Dan had counted on his knowledge enough about an engine to fall into his trap.

"She ought to be coaled," said Dan, and he wondered if his voice trembled. The guard looked at him a moment suspiciously, and then said:

"All right! Coal up, then."

Dan slipped from his seat. He dared not look at Ben, but silently prayed that the big engineer would be on the alert to help if his plan succeeded. He must act quickly, for only so could he hope for success. His heart pounded, and his knees trembled, but the quick thought of that brave young fellow in the express car and of Ben, his friend, braced him with a fierce resolve to succeed by any means.

He picked up the coal scoop and swung it recklessly over the legs of the robber. Even at that trying moment the half-burglars idea of digging his sharp edge into the fellow's shins stirred in him a faint inclination to smile. But his plan was better than that, and he knew that on his nerve, his steadiness and his cleverness in strategy hung the fate of the money in the express car—and his chance to help Ben in this "light pinch," to prevent his doing anything rash and thereby receiving hurt.

He swung open the furnace door and threw in a scoopful of coal. The fire flared up and Dan looked quickly at the face of his guard and saw that the light dazzled him. He closed the door and swung his scoop again. This time he hit the bandit's legs a sharp rap. The man jumped aside with a snarl.

"I'll break yer block if you do that again!" he cried.

Dan stood up with anxious, humble apology in every line of his face and figure. "I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't mean—I if you'll just stand there on the apron, near the side, I won't bungo again. I—"

The robber moved to the place designated. He could see his prisoners as well from the new position, and he did not relax the possibility of another dig from the scoop. Dan dumped a second shovel load on the fire. Then, holding his breath, he prepared for his final play. He left the furnace door open, that his stream of light might shield the engineer by blinding the robber. A third shovel of coal, and then Dan paused in his stooped position with the heavy scoop poised in his hands.

"How's the steam, Ben?" he asked the engineer over his shoulder, trying to speak coolly. He noted with satisfaction that he could hardly see the big engineer across the yellow glare from the firebox, and he knew the bandit was equally at a disadvantage. Then, without waiting for a reply, he looked up at the robber. Instinctively the latter had turned to the engineer, and was straining his eyes to look at the big gauge. Dan's moment had come.

With all the force of his powerful young shoulders, backed by his wild determination, he swung the scoop, edge foremost, a fearful weapon, straight at the robber's body. Fairly over the stomach he hit the man, and the body of the bandit doubled up like a jackknife and went out of the cab into the blackness of the night, with only the dull sound of the fearful, crushing blow and the thud as he struck the ground.

"Pull her open, Ben! Let her go!" gasped Dan, dropping the scoop and staggering into the cab.

Lustantly the big engineer pulled his throttle as he had never pulled a valve before. No. 32 jumped as if stung, and took up the slack of her train with a crazy crash and jar. She slowed, then jumped again, and the heavy train started.

Ben jerked open the sand box. She should not slip now. Sparks flew from the track, and the big machine growled

almost humanly at the strain. It seemed as if a break connecting rods or a fractured axle would be the end of the train. It never started with less than a bang.

The train started, and the train moved. The robbers were at a loss, so sudden and complete was the surprise. Then shouts and howls arose, cries to the guard in the engine to stop the train, and then, after a delay Dan had scarcely hoped for, a sudden hush, a realization came to them that they had lost control of the train.

"Duck, kid, duck!" roared Ben, from his lofty perch; but he himself struck to his post, despite the expected danger of flying bullets.

Dan slipped back to the tank again, but it was not from fear of bullets nor from thought of them. He feared more that, with all her quick start, No. 32 might not get sufficient headway on her train to prevent the robbers from again mounting the engine. From the heavy pull at the start he knew that they had not yet broken the train in two, and the heavy coaches dragged with a fearful weight. But the locomotive gained at every turn of a wheel, at every crashing exhaust.

Dan peered cautiously round the corner of the tank. A man, running with all his might, was almost abreast of the cab, overhauling the still comparatively slow moving engine. Dan stooped and caught up a piece of coal the size of a cobblestone, braced himself and waited.

A moment later the striding runner reached to catch the handgrip of the cab. Dan saw his face, white, set, cruel, in the light of the still open firebox door. Then with every ounce of his power he flung his missile straight at the fierce visage.

The runner's face disappeared. No. 32 gasped and roared. The train gained speed until the engineer could pull his throttle wide.

Dan fed his fire and slammed the furnace door shut. Then he sank down upon the steel floor, cold, trembling, with a sudden feeling of faintness and nausea. The train flew on through the night, and only when the lights showed in the city station, twelve miles from the scene of the hold-up, did Ben curb her speed.

Dan had no notion of any great merit in what he had done. He was only glad, indeed, his anxiety over the ferocity of the blow he had struck the bandit occupied his mind rather than any idea that he had performed a remarkable deed. He hoped with all his soul that he had not killed the man.

But when No. 32 stopped in the great train shed and the story was told, he suddenly found himself a hero. It appeared that the bandits on the coaches, warned by the cries of their companions, quickly dropped from the train when the engine started, and that Dan's action alone had thus turned the tide against them.

The people cheered till the boy was dazed after Ben related Dan's part in the fight. Men and women crowded to the engine to shake hands with him, and showered his head with compliments. Trainmen greeted him and Division Superintendent Gray, who was still in his office, came down and said things to him that made his heart bound with pride and happiness, for they meant bright promise for the future.

A posse of officers pursued the robbers, and in the course of thirty-six hours four of them were caught. Among them was a man with three broken ribs and a cracked collar-bone, who, the doctors said, would recover. So Dan's anxiety was relieved.

It was not till the day following the affair that the engineer and Dan talked it over privately. They met on the engine as usual the next morning for their outgoing trip. To Dan it was somewhat embarrassing, for he feared some word from Ben in personal praise of his exploit. The boy was modest enough to dread most the praise which he would most value.

"How in the world did you think it out, Dan?" asked Ben, looking at the boy with mingled pride and affection. He was a man little given to any demonstration of feeling, but Dan's devotion to him had been too marked to pass unnoticed, and the engineer was deeply affected.

"I was the only one who could get an excuse to move," answered Dan, modestly, blushing to the roots of his hair. "Somebody had to do something."

"But you knew you might get a bullet in you. Besides, I— Look here, boy," he cried, his big, gruff voice deep with emotion. "I've thought you a good one from the first—even when you backed 32 off the rails on the coal dock! You're a brick! Now I know that I'd sure have got shot last night if it hadn't been for you. I'd have been just fool enough. I believe you saved my skin as well as the express messenger's."

Dan turned to coal up and to cover his confusion. "You saved my living and my chance for me once," he said, briefly.—The Youth's Companion.

**New Britain's Policeman.**

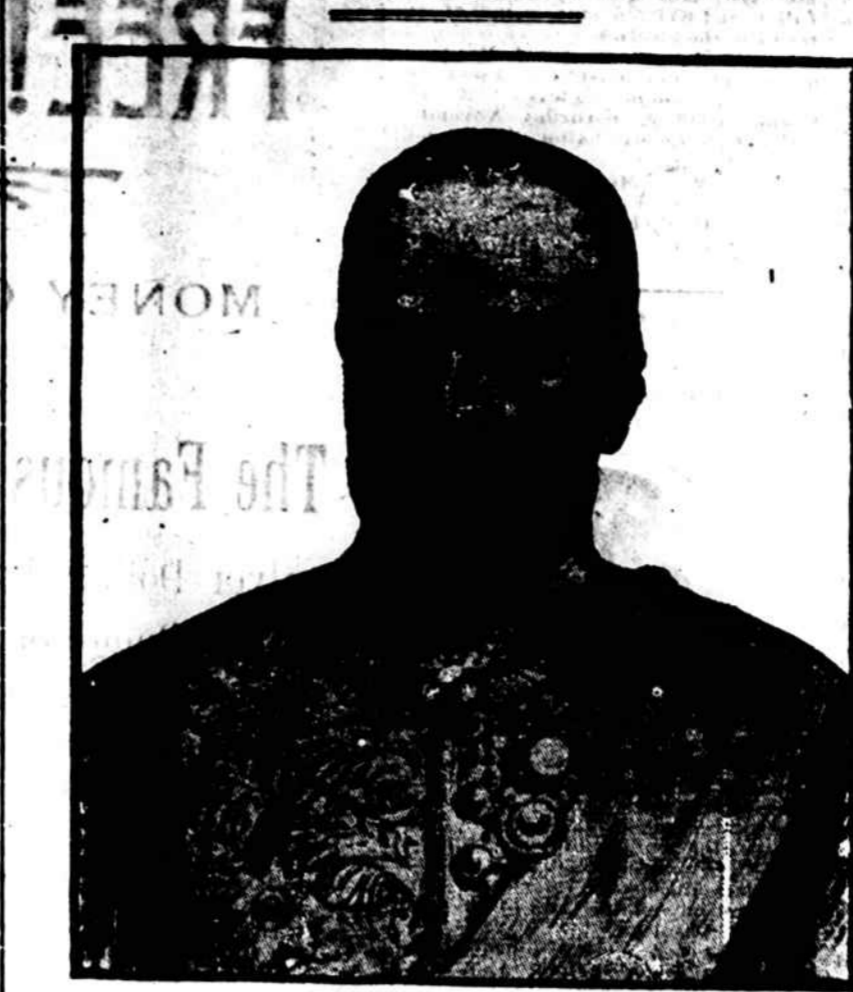
The sudden death of Bosworth in New Britain has naturally called attention to the remarkable fact that that bustling city, with its 30,000 persons, has only two policemen at work in the daytime—and only one when the chief eats his luncheon. It seems to us to speak volumes for the orderly disposition of the New Britain people that this has been the condition for so long, and events have only just called attention to it. It will probably be some time before another gambler is killed there, and, therefore, there is some foundation for the plea that no addition to the force is needed.—Hartford Courant.

**Against the Silk Hat.**

The London Medical Press thus issues a call for heroes: "The top hat is ugly, unhygienic and embarrassing. Its sole claim to support is the appearance of respectability it gives. If only a few medical baronets would drive to their consultations in Panamas and cloth caps they would break the tyranny of habit over health and common sense, and at the same time earn the undying gratitude of their humbler conferees."

**During 1901—the last year for which the figures are complete—Germany lost eighty-two registered ships.**

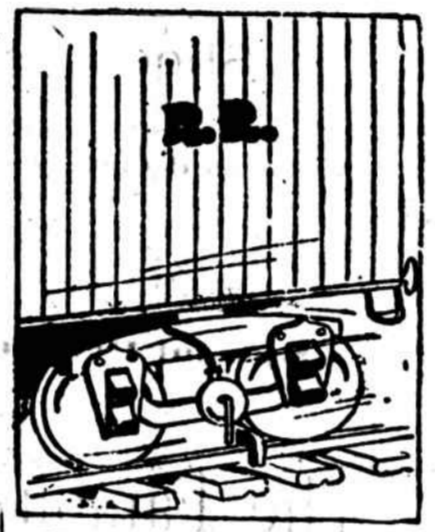
# POWER BEHIND THE THRONE.



SERGE JULIEVITCH WITTE. The assassination of his strongest opponent, Von Pichev, leaves him, unquestionably, the leader among Russian statesmen.

# TO AVERT WRECK.

A student of railway and railroad accidents and their causes comes forward with an invention which is designed to avert the so frequently recurring horrors which have stained with blood the history of railroading in this and other countries.



THE AUTOMATIC WRECK AVERTAL.

When, from any cause or other, it is desired to stop a train of cars dead at any point, the custom is now to send a flagman back to signal to the engineer of the due train. At other times a lantern is set at the side of the track, and still at other times a torpedo is placed on the rail. But flagmen have gone to sleep, engineers have failed to see the lanterns and have not heard the torpedoes.

The new invention requires the equipment of trains with automatic brake arrangements which are to be operated by means of a "shoe" fastened to the rail. One of these "shoes" having been put in place near the point at which it is desired to stop the train the railroad men can proceed with their duties without fear of the oncoming locomotive and its cars passing many feet beyond. As the train passes over the "shoe" a lever on each set of trucks is thrown by the "shoe" and the brakes immediately applied, so that when the whole train has passed every wheel has been set firmly and there is no possibility of the train going any farther.

Samples of wheat of extraordinary size and weight have been received from the country which will be traversed by the Bagdad railway.

**He Fulfilled the Prophecy.**

Theodore Stavarch, living in the town of Hertzeln, near Bucharest, had his fortune told sixty-five years ago by a gypsy, who said that he would die by the bayonet. He fought through the Russo-Turkish war, was decorated for conspicuous bravery at Plevna and Smarden, and never received a scratch. The other day, however, at the age of seventy-five, he committed suicide with his grandson's bayonet, thus fulfilling the ancient prophecy.

**The Sultan's Turkish Titles.**

The Sultan of Turkey has seventy-one titles, and on the parchment containing them are the words "as many more as may be desired can be added to this number." Among the titles are "Abdul Hamid, the Eternally Victorious," "the Eternally Smiling," "the Eternally Invincible," "Distributor of Crowns to the Heroes Seated on the Throne" and "Shadow of God on Earth."

**Carbide of Calcium.**

Ordinarily the formation of calcium carbide requires a degree of heat which can only be secured in the electric furnace. At a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences, in Paris, M. Henri Moissan stated that metallic calcium, at a red heat, will combine with the finely divided carbon contained in smoke. The product is pure calcium carbide, crystallized and transparent.



ANTONI, CHIEF OF THE BOGOSHO HEAD HUNTERS.

# CANDOR.



Artist (at work)—"Now give me your honest opinion of this picture." Visitor (who fancies himself a critic)—"It's utterly worthless." Artist (dreamily)—"Ye-s—but give it all the same."—Punch.



New York City.—Norfolk styles all-ways suit young girls to a nicety, and are to be greatly worn during the coming season, both as parts of the entire



MISSES' NO-FOLK COAT.

costume and separate wraps. This one is adapted to both purposes and includes a novel yoke that adds greatly to the effect. As shown it is made of light weight chevrot stitched with corticeil silk, but all suitings and materials in use for jackets of the sort are equally appropriate. The coat is made with fronts and backs that are laid in box pleats which extend for full length, and are joined to a shallow foundation yoke. The shaped yoke is arranged over the whole and the belt passes over the pleats at the back, under those at the front. The sleeves are large and ample, laid in box

A Slump's Dressing Gown. A very simple dressing or dinner gown which was much admired lately. It was of pale blue net of a gauzy nature. There were a hip yoke of shirring and a double line of shirring further down on the skirt. Below this were diamond shaped insets of lace, outlined with full ruchings of the gauze. The waist was simple, shirred for fulcuses, and was trimmed with a bertha of lace, with a ruche above to outline the top of the waist. On the left shoulder was a rosette, with long ends of pale blue gauze ribbon, with a design of water lilies and a border of gold. The girdle was of plain blue and gold ribbon.

Millinery an Art. Millinery is a peculiar art, in which at times there seems to be little grace. One brown hat has around the crown three rows of cherries, one row of white, slightly tinged with pink, one of green and another of red, the different colors set one above the other. These are stemless cherries, set on as if they were so many beads. On one side of the hat is a bow of brown velvet.

Faille in Favor. Faille has, by the way, come into favor once more, but it differs from the old-fashioned faille in being, like all the new materials, deliciously soft and supple. Its cord and lustre are even more pronounced than those of the old-time faille, and it is probable that this silk will have much success in the coming autumn and winter. Misses' Waist with Pointed Yoke. Pointed yokes are among the latest features of fashionable waists, both for young girls and for their elders, and are exceedingly graceful and be-

# A LATE DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.



pleats above the elbows and forming full puffs below, and are gathered into cuffs shaped in harmony with the yoke. The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and three-quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, two and three-quarter yards forty-two inches wide, or two and three-quarter yards fifty-two inches wide.

**Fashion's Latest Freak.**

Whence came it? What era in ancient or modern history produced it? Did any woman ever live who looked well in it?

These gaspings result from a contemplation of Fashion's latest freak, the deep armhole. It occupies the position usual with armholes, its upper edge at the extremity of the shoulder; but from there it extends down, way down into the side of the waist, reaching a point only a few inches above the waist line. And this hiatus is filled in with the sleeve, which is cut correspondingly enormous, hanging with the graceful lines peculiar to potato sacks in their leisure hours. One of these armholes noted had a sort of binding of velvet ribbon to conceal the seam. Of course if this armhole is to be it will be. We shall all wear it and in course of time think it beautiful. But at first it is more appalling than the hoop skirt.

**Shirt Waists.**

Shirt waists are a stylish and serviceable addition to the young girl's seasonable outfit. There is also great variety in the materials of these practical garments, those for general wear being modeled upon plain lines and depending upon the lines and detail of finish for their good styles; those for wear with the voile or taffeta coat suit, or with white or colored linen separate skirts, are lavishly adorned with frills, pinnings, smockings and lace insertion and made of the finest lingerie fabrics, says the Delineator. A stylish design for taffeta or linen is box-pleated to the waist line, or in yoke depth only, as preferred, and the sleeves are pleated to correspond and may extend to the neck in epaulette style or terminate at the armholes.



MISSES' WAIST WITH POINTED YOKE. forty-four inches wide, with six and one-half yards of banding, three and one-quarter yards of lace and half a yard of silk for belt.