

# A ROMANCE OF THE RAIL.

By FREDERICK REDDALL.

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Illustrations by I. W. Tabor.

NINTH DAY.

FILLEY EXPOSED.

On Wednesday morning John Draper's first inquiries were directed to the Drapers' bank. There he learned, of course, that Reuben Filley had drawn the \$50,000. At the bank doors all trace of the fugitive ceased. He was not at any of the hotels, nor had any of the president's Denver acquaintances seen him. It was certain that the money had not reached the hands of Dalton's men and that they had not set eyes on Filley since he left them.

Greatly puzzled and surprised was Draper at this state of affairs. Two theories presented themselves. Either Filley had met with foul play at the hands of some one who witnessed him draw the money or else he was pursuing some ulterior plan of his own. But among the letters and dispatches waiting for him Draper found the following telegram, dated New York, Tuesday, from the cashier of the Grain Exchange National bank:

The language of the dispatch was explicit enough—notes drawn by Filley for \$50,000. What had he been up to? To say that Draper was indignant is to put it very mildly. He was simply furious. In all his long business career it had been his proud boast that no commercial paper bearing his name was ever protested. Even when he was a struggling merchant doing a big business on a small capital his name always stood high, for he had always protected his signature.

He knew that at the time he had no "paper" out. His private means were ample and there was no need for him to raise money in that way. None but Filley could explain the mystery. However, one thing was certain. He, John Draper, had never appended his name to anything of the kind. Suddenly it flashed across his mind that there was a curious coincidence between the amount of the notes and the sum which Filley had drawn out of the bank. What treachery was afoot he could not tell, but it began to look black for Master Reuben.

Seizing a telegraph form, Draper rapidly indited the following reply to the Grain Exchange bank:

Indorsement a forgery. Do not honor. Return New York immediately.

The next step was to endeavor to trace or find Filley. So to keep the matter from the ordinary police channels the Pinkerton agency was called in and the case placed in its hands, with a full statement of all the facts. And as Reuben Filley will not figure in these pages again it may be stated here that before leaving Denver John Draper had sufficient evidence to convince him that his trusted secretary was not only a forger and a defaulter, but a treacherous villain.

He was traced to the Union depot, thence to San Francisco, where the trail was lost. It was supposed that he caught an outward bound Pacific mail steamer for China and Japan, from whence it would be easy for him to reach India or Australia. Where he ultimately "fetched up" was never definitely known. John Draper declined to continue the search, preferring to pocket the loss. Neither the bank nor Cutting & Cutting cared to prosecute. The money secured on the forged notes for the partnership interest was refunded, and hence the matter dropped, a result which the astute Filley probably foresaw. The world of New York knew him no more.

The failure of President Draper to appear at the meeting of the railroad magnates occasioned no surprise at first, as it was expected that he might arrive at any moment. Then came the tidings of the mysterious disappearance of part of the express train, and the wildest conjectures became rife. Every foot of the railroad between Colorado Springs and Denver was searched again and again during the daylight hours of Sunday and Monday; but, as we have seen, it was not until Tuesday morning that the forgotten and disused railroad spur was thought of.

The news of the rescue was telegraphed into Denver from Castle Rock, and so when Draper appeared at the session of his conferees on Wednesday morning they knew all about his adventure and his happy termination.

Much of the routine business had been dispatched, and only a few weightier matters demanding unanimous action remained to be acted upon. Consequently by 3 o'clock the convalescent adjourned sine die, and Uncle John hurried back to the hotel to announce that he was at the service of the ladies.

Chester Ives had improved the opportunity to change his clothes, and after a bath and a shave and a good night's rest he was none the worse for his nocturnal adventure. Nor did the ladies show any marked effects of the strain of the last two days beyond some natural lassitude and nervousness. But a quiet night went far to repair the shock and strain.

Draper found all the party assembled in the hotel saloon. It had originally been planned that a couple of days should be spent in sightseeing, but the adventure with James Dalton, Esq., and their enforced stay at his hostelry naturally interfered with this.

"Now, children," said bluff Uncle John, speaking to every one in general,

but to Florence in particular, "what shall we do and where shall we go? I see that some cards have already been left by several people, and I have no doubt they will do all in their power to entertain you charmingly."

"For my part," said Mrs. Hurst, "I don't feel like entertaining or being entertained. I'm a perfect wreck, and you'll never catch me so far west of New York again."

"Oh, you don't know the west yet, my dear," replied her brother. "This has been an unfortunate trip, but you mustn't blame the country for our exceptionally trying experience."

"I like the country well enough," was the response. "The scenery is magnificent, and the climate is superb, but I must confess I don't admire some of its products—the Dalton gang, for instance," she concluded, laughing.

"Well, I can't blame you for that, only I had hoped to show you something of the west at its best before we turned our faces toward the rising sun again. What do the girls say?"

"The girls say, 'Stand not upon the order of your going, but go quickly,'" said saucy Madge. "Flo and I have settled everything. We don't want any more adventures. We've seen enough of the country, and the people can wait. We want to go home!" and she put her knuckles in her eyes and pretended to boo-boo like a spoiled child.

Draper turned to Florence for confirmation, who said:

"I don't want to seem ungrateful, but I should like to get back to New York."

"Well, Ives, my boy," said their host, "you and I evidently have no option in the matter, but as a mere matter of politeness I should like to hear your wishes."

"Oh, I'm for New York," was the unblinking reply. "You know my leave expires tomorrow." But the rogue had taken his cue from Madge. If she had said, "Stay," he would have found means to square the office for a few days longer.

"That settles it!" said Uncle John. "I'm in a hopeless minority, and, to be frank with you, I want to get back myself." And then he told them of Filley's disappearance with the money intended for their ransom.

"The wretch!" hissed Florence Gran- niss, her usually pale face white with indignation. "We might have always murdered for all he cared! I always disliked him, but I almost came to hate him on this trip. So there!" And she subsided into a chair, all quivering with the unworded excitement.

Mrs. Hurst beheld this little outburst with quiet satisfaction. If nothing else had been accomplished, Filley had put himself out of the running, and the danger was past. That Florence ever regarded the man seriously she had never been quite able to credit. Now it was John Draper's turn, and he should have his innings before New York was reached.

"Then it was Ches—Mr. Ives—who really saved us after all!" said Madge. "What should we have done without you?" she said. The words were simple and commonplace enough, but the tone and the glance which accompanied them were eloquent of honest admiration and maidenly liking. Mrs. Hurst saw and in that instant submitted to the inevitable.

"Yes, we certainly owe our safety to Chester," said Uncle John. "I should never have thought of the little river as a means of escape, and if I had I'm too fat to wriggle along like an eel in a water pipe. Ah, Ches, my boy, it's you youngsters who capture all the best things in life after all, and we old fellows have to put up with what is left," sighed Uncle John in mock dismay.

But Florence would none of this and came to the rescue.

"Why, Mr. Draper, what would we poor women have done if you had left us?"

"Yes," chimed in Ives, modestly anxious to change the direction of the conversation; "it needed more courage and fortitude to stay behind in that den of thieves than it did to cut and run. But the only cur in the party vanished, and we can thank our stars that he did us none of the mischief he intended."

So saying he rose and went to the window where Madge was gazing down at the busy life of the Queen City of the Plains, and we will not disturb them.

"How soon can we start, John?" queried Mrs. Hurst.

"This very evening," was the reply. "We can go east with the flier at 6 o'clock. Is it agreed?"

"Oh, yes! Let us get away," begged Florence, and thus it was settled.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Just Rebuke.

A young and newly married couple were entertaining their friends, and among the guests was one whose continued rudeness made him extremely objectionable to the rest of the company. His conduct, although most unbearable, was put up with for some time, until at supper he held up on his fork a piece of meat which had been served to him, and in a vein of intended humor he looked round and remarked:

"Is this pig?"

This immediately drew forth the remark from a quiet looking individual sitting at the other end of the table:

"Which end of the fork do you refer to?"—Spare Moments.

### Miscellaneous Reading.

#### FOUR FAMOUS FORTUNES.

The Men Who Built Them Started Without a Dollar.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

Who are the builders of great fortunes? In what fashion did they first begin to roll the little ball of savings that finally resulted in mountains of wealth?

If you will consider you will find that the richest men in America began a life as peddlers.

A long leap—from the estate of wandering tradesmen to that of the supreme ruler of millions, of destinies and of men.

Yet Millionaire Collis P. Huntington, who died the other day, made such a leap; so did the first John Jacob Astor, and Jay Gould and Russell Sage.

Not one of these great fortune builders began life with a dollar—which is a common lot. Probably not one of them ever wasted a dollar that he should not have earned. Each of them had one thing more than himself to thank for his success. Equipped with marvelous shrewdness and acquisitive power, each of them had the habit of himself a position of more than princely dominion.

The genius of bargaining was born in these boys, into whose hands passed, like flings to the magnet, the greatest fortunes of the new world. The boy Astor, with his furs and furs; Jay Gould with his mouse traps; Huntington with his iron and steel; and Russell Sage with his "notions"—was any man wise enough to read in their eager faces the power and sagacity that were to make them money kings?

#### GOULD PEDDLED MOUSE TRAPS.

Jay Gould's juvenile energies had been employed in the peddling of a mouse trap. When he went to New York in 1853, he took the little machine with him, increased in a mahogany box. Without introduction or guidance he peddled his traps. The money he got for it was the nucleus of the colossal Gould fortune of more than \$70,000,000, which is even now being employed in the purchase of ways—in the philanthropic pursuits of Helen Gould, in the pretty and costly fancies of Count Boni de Castellane, in the railroad schemes of George Gould, and in the most magnificent of these beautiful women in New York.

Many persons have professed to see something prophetic in that first venture of Jay Gould. He was a boy that all his later schemes were but glorified "traps," and the genius that operated them that of the "great mouse catcher of America."

Another boy, who was equally successful, was Jay Gould's country boy, brought up on a farm. It did not appear to him, however, that there was a fortune in farming. So he started out in a peddling business, and then started penniless to make his way through the Catskill mountains. At every farm house he found the farmer's wife sitting on a bench on her porch. A noon mark was a species of dial showing the arrival of the noon hour. The boy was able to make these marks and get 75 cents for each. He was able to make his way to arrive quite comfortably at his destination.

#### HUNTINGTON HAWKED CLOCKS ABOUT.

It was a curiously accurate power of divination that led Collis P. Huntington to select watches and clocks as his first stock of merchandise. He was a Connecticut family of nine children. As with Astor and Gould, even the boy's schooling was of a fragmentary sort. At 15 he got employment in a country store, and he spent a year in learning the art of bargaining. With the lesson well learned, he started out the next year for New York, to undertake at 16 his first independent venture. He was able to make his way through the mountains, and he thought himself fortunate to get a small salaried position. Huntington looked around for an "opening." He found it in the form of a clock and clock findings which he bought cheap and believed he could sell at a profit, which he industriously set himself to do, peddling faithfully and on foot until he had a small stock of goods.

Fortune, or his own shrewdness, favored the boy. In a few months he had realized well from his venture and was able to return to his home in Connecticut during the meantime. With the profits he took a large number of what were known as "clock notes" for collection. Again he spent a year in learning the art of bargaining, and he was able to establish his career as a merchant. Never afterward did he meet with a serious reverse. And not many days ago he died leaving a fortune of \$30,000,000.

#### ASTOR BEGAN WITH FURS.

Nothing could be humbler than the fashion which the famous John Jacob Astor—whose grandson is now an exile from two nations—began his career. A German peasant, the son of a butcher, he could hardly have dreamed of his brilliant success. He actually awaited him. At 17 he left home—the little village of Waldorf, in Germany—with his wardrobe in a bundle slung over his shoulder and a stick in his hand. He was a penniless boy, and his pocket, honesty was his watchword from the outset, and self-denial his cardinal principle of living.

In two years he was able to sail from London to New York, having spent the money that he had earned in the interval for seven German furs—a slender weapon with which to contend in the cut-throat struggle of commercial prosperity.

But it is not recorded that Astor ever made a mistake. The seven furs which he had bought in Germany, and which New York brought good prices. And thus the foundation for one famous fortune was laid.

But, as young Astor could not be altogether sure of his best friend, he intended him for a merchant prince, the voyage over was rather an anxious one. He had come on a steamer ticket, for which he had paid five guineas, and he brought with him a "Sunday" suit of clothes, which, during a violent storm, he amazed his companions by putting on.

"But we are likely to be wrecked," they said to him, aghast.

"Precisely," he replied, "and if we are wrecked and rescued, I cannot well take another with me; while if we are wrecked and not rescued, it will make no difference what I wear."

MADE A FORTUNE AT IT.

This logic was irrefutable.

On the journey Astor made the acquaintance of another young German who had already achieved a business success in America. This young man bought furs from the Indians in exchange for toys and trinkets, and he found that the profit of reselling the furs was considerable. He persuaded Astor that he could do better than to take up the same business, and everybody knows how faithfully this advice was followed, how patiently the boy learned the details of the fur trade in New York, how bravely he started out on his first independent venture, and how eventually he built up a great fur business, of which he stood at the head.

#### Astor did not invent his furs; but the toy which another famous pilgrim relied on when going to New York to see his fortune was of his own invention.

It was also in a country store that the astonishing financial genius of Russell Sage, the most successful of whose great fortune is unknown, was first developed. Until he was 12 the boy worked on his father's farm in Durhamville, N. Y. At 13 this independent young man left home and became an errand boy in his brother's grocery store at Troy.

But when a boy has the thrift and business sense of Russell Sage, he does not take him long to grasp the principles of buying and selling groceries, farm produce and notions—which in those days were all sold in the same shop.

#### RUSSELL SAGE'S EARLY TRIFT.

So while a lean strapping, Russell Sage took his wages as errandboy, bought cautiously, such goods as he believed were easiest and most profitable to sell and canvassed Troy. Probable there was no shrewder merchant in the city.

All events of the boy was astonishingly successful, and at 21 became the partner of another brother, also in the grocery business. This brother he shot and killed. He was a man of Stephen Girard, the great benefactor of Philadelphia, was born in Bordeaux, was left an orphan at 10 and put on a ship as cabin boy. Thus he was first a sailor, then a merchant, and he could not read or write, but he worked hard to make up deficiencies in early training and soon set up a shop in Walker street, New York. He was an Englishman, and the daughter of a calker, against her father's wish. The marriage proved unhappy and Girard went to sea again, before, at 40, he found his real vocation in America. He could not read or write, but he worked hard to make up deficiencies in early training and soon set up a shop in Walker street, New York. He was an Englishman, and the daughter of a calker, against her father's wish. 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