

# GOVERNMENT ORDERS

## No. 2. THE CLEW OF THE LIQUOR BOTTLE

Editor's Note.—On Government Orders is a series of stories that are incidents in the life of a formerly well-known but now retired secret-service officer of long and faithful service. Now that he is off duty, he has been induced to tell some of the more dramatic of his many fascinating experiences. In some there is the love element, in others there is a mystery and all breathe a spirit of adventure. A complete narrative is told in each issue.

"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 Captain Dickson. "My headquarters were in Denver, and the 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 holdups secured something more than fifteen thousand dollars from the express company's safe and fully five thousand dollars from the passengers. They took nothing but money, however, leaving valuable jewelry, diamonds and watches with their owners, and ignoring the passengers 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 arrangements 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 paint and wig and the like only tend to attract attention and direct suspicion to the man thus disguised. 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 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.

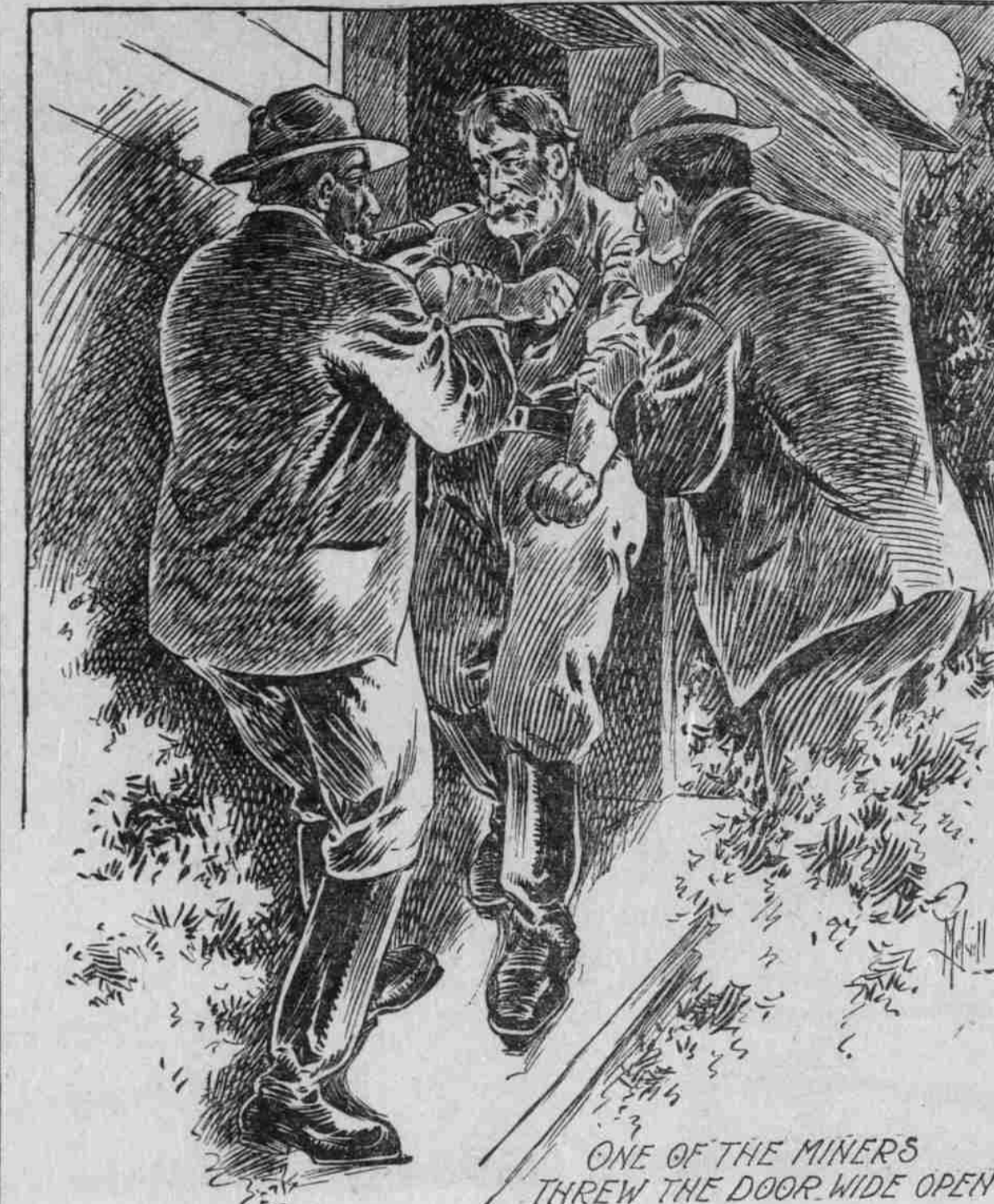
"The place was a desolate spot. The road ran through a broad alkali valley which had not, at that time, been brought under cultivation by irrigation. It was easy to pick up the trail of bandits and follow it across the valley in a southeasterly direction to the foothills of the Rockies, where the trail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

"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 experience 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 fastnesses of the mountains before it became too dark to travel farther. 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 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



ONE OF THE MINERS THREW THE DOOR WIDE OPEN

sleeping-car porter, who related, with evident grief, that he had been relieved of \$2.15 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 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 3 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 further on in the mountains. Telluride was then a camp of 800 or 1000 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 victims 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 generous 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 pre-empted.

"Getting away from my inebriated 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 rattle of jugs which they made their bets and poured 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.

"It would have been the rankest folly to have attempted their arrest without assistance—although I did take 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 part 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 a shot being fired. They were having a big stud-poker game, played with good pieces and currency instead of chips. There was some \$500 or \$10,000 upon the table. Strewn about the floor were many whisky and wine bottles. In a box beneath one of the bunks was a solitary pint bottle of whisky, the last remnant of the contents of the buffet car's liquor store. It was, as I said, a clean case of luck.

"Next week Captain Dickson will relate the story of 'The Mysterious House Next Door.'

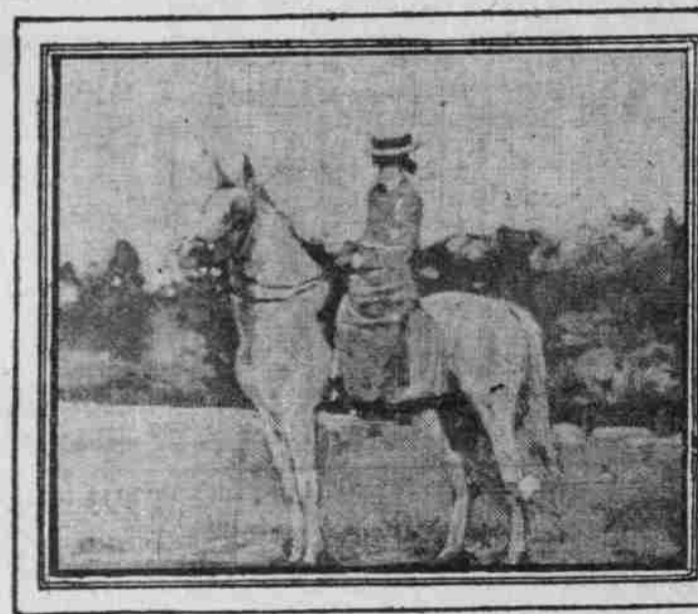
# FAVORITE FAD OF ELEANOR GATES IS HER BEAUTIFUL ARABIAN HORSES

ELEANOR GATES, the author of the charming romance, "Cupid, the Cow Puncher," and other realistic magazine stories of Western ranch life, is making an interesting venture in horse breeding on her husband's place in Santa Clara County, California, El Rancho de las Rosas, which is some 40 miles from San Francisco, writes John Glimmer Speed, in the New York Herald. Her husband, Richard Walton Tully, author of the Bolasco play, "The Rose of the Rancho," is deeply interested in this venture and is giving his wife his earnest co-operation and support.

The stud at El Rancho de las Rosas has been carefully selected and in his beginning consists entirely of purely-bred Arabs, those marvelous horses from the desert which are the base, the foundation of all safely reproducing horse types in the European and American world. Before making her selections Eleanor Gates consulted the best authorities, and I have no hesitation in saying that she is about as well informed as to the merits of the various Arabian families and strains as it is possible for any one to be who has not had actual personal experience in Deserts Arabia.

As we have these fixed types, these improved types, why revert to the Arabs? Because there is no fixed type in existence that did not originate and become fixed through the admixture of Arab blood. To put into each of these types more of this basic blood from time to time keeps viable and fresh the commanding prepotency. It is not suggested that the union of a thoroughbred and an Arab would produce a colt faster than the usual racehorse, or that either of the other types mentioned would have its peculiar and special excellence enhanced by such unions. That is not the way in which Arabs are useful. It is the way, however, that Arabs have come into disrepute in the minds of those who generalize from scant facts and come to quick conclusions from actual knowledge.

The French, the Germans, the Russians all use the Arabs in the way that they should be used, and that is by breeding from them collateral strains of their fixed types and then mixing them in the purpose of securing the fresh infusion of the basic blood. These people do this officially through their several governments. And that was what A. Keene Richards, of Kentucky, meant to do some 60 years ago, when he took Arabs from the desert to his breeding farms in Kentucky and Louisiana. He crossed his Arab stallions with thoroughbred mares, and the resulting colts had such substance and symmetry of conformation that as yearlings at the Kentucky fairs they won blue ribbons from all comers. It was not Mr. Richards' intention to race these colts, but he was persuaded by his friends against his own better judgment to do so. They were not fast enough to win against the horses that



ELEANOR GATES IN SADDLE



ELEANOR GATES—MRS. RICHARD W. TULLY



THE CHESTNUT STALLION MAHRIUS

had been bred for speed alone and were therefore regarded by most people in Kentucky as failures. Before the original intention could be carried out the Civil War intervened and the Richards' experiments came to an end. The older man, Lord Roberts rode the same Arab for 22 years in all his campaigns, covering an estimated distance of 50,000 miles, reporting himself that his charger never had a sick day or took a lame step in all his life.

The exhibition of these Arab horses at the World's Fair was interrupted by fire, and the gray Stallion Obeyran, besides several others, was bought by Mr. Peter B. Bradley, of Hingham, Mass. Later he became the property of Mr. Homer Davenport, of Morris Plains, N. J., from whom he was bought by Eleanor Gates. It would ordinarily seem a reckless disregard of conservatism to buy so old a horse as this for so long a journey. And if he were an ordinary horse it would have been a hazardous purchase. But Obeyran has enhanced his value immensely by reason of the fact that he has carried youthful vitality into extreme old age. He has been tested by the years and has proved himself abundantly worthy. He is extraordinary from whatever point of view.

Another stallion that the mistress of El Rancho de las Rosas secured from the Homer Davenport collection is the chestnut horse Mahrius, of the Segawi Jedran family and Ibn ed Derri strain. This is a very remarkable horse in appearance and conformation, and is the show horse par excellence. Mrs. Tully did not select him, however, for his beauty, which is remarkable, but for his breeding, which

is remarkable also. He was sired by Lady Anne Blunt's imported Mahrius, a Kehlilan Ajuz, purchased from Abbas Pacha, his dam being Bushra, a Seclawi Jedran of the Ibn ed Derri strain. It will be obvious that the younger Mahrius takes his lineage from his dam rather than the sire. This is the Bedouin custom, the mares being counted in breeding of more importance than the horses. Though this is entirely proper, I think the Arab exaggeration of the importance of the mares over the horses is a defect in their system of breeding, as it too frequently results in the using of inferior individuals as sires, merely because their blood is of approved families and strains.

The young stallion taken to the California ranch is a gray 2-year-old by Obeyran, dam Zitra, a Hamdani Simiri, which makes this youngster, Obey by name, a Hamdani Simiri instead of a Segawi Obeyran, as his sire is. It happened to be present when this youngster was first saddled. He marched off soberly like an old horse, cutting not a single prank, and ten days later he was completely bridled and guided so easily by the neck that he could be ridden with a halter, which, by the way, is the almost universal Bedouin custom. This docility and intelligence are of great value, as they do not in the least detract from the animal's high spirit and promptness to respond to whatever demand a rider may make.

Among the mares that by Mrs. Tully were Sheba, a Managhi Slagi, and her

foal by Muson, the "listening horse"; Galphia, a Hamdani Simiri; Yimata, a Kehlilan Ajuz; Markesa, a chestnut Segawi Jedran, and a baby filly of the same strain as Kehlilan. These mares will be kept on the home ranch, a place of several hundred acres, and their produce will form the pure Arab stud, which will be enlarged by natural accretions, the colts being used only to cross with other strains of horses. Few breeders of Arab horses have made a braver or more promising beginning.

A few miles away from El Rancho de las Rosas and in the same county of Santa Clara, Mr. and Mrs. Tully have leased the Guadalupe ranch of 300 acres. Here it is their purpose to establish a plant for breeding cavalry mounts, using their Arab stallions for sires and selected range bred mares from Oregon as dams. To this plant will be added a famous stallion, Nejdram, imported by Captain Gainsford, of the English army, to use as a polo mount. It was this horse, by the way, that Mr. Davenport proposed last year to use in a trial of endurance in a ride from the Pacific to the Atlantic, under the direction of the War Department. This contest came to nothing, as no one else seemed to care to participate. There was much talk and bluster, but they were all seemingly afraid to start.

Bryan and Maryland.  
Baltimore American.  
Bill Bryan's step is on the shore, Maryland, my Maryland!  
He's knocking loudly at thy door, Maryland, my Maryland!  
He's mad to see thy Baltimore, Maryland, my Maryland!  
With arguments none gained of yore, Maryland, my Maryland!  
Whose reputation shall be borne, Maryland, my Maryland!  
Thou art no easy captured state, Maryland, my Maryland!  
To gain thee I have some weight, Maryland, my Maryland!  
No demagogic talk to thee I care, Maryland, my Maryland!  
Will in thy order best estate, Maryland, my Maryland!  
And lead her off from prosperous fate, Maryland, my Maryland!  
One cannot win her with mere craft, Maryland, my Maryland!  
At such endeavor she has laughed, Maryland, my Maryland!  
Though she had had of pleas a raft, Maryland, my Maryland!  
To vote for Bryan, she's not daff, Maryland, my Maryland!  
Her seat though it be on the raft, Maryland, my Maryland!  
Maryland, my Maryland!  
Thou art no easy captured state, Maryland, my Maryland!  
Do what he may, she'll be his, Maryland, my Maryland!  
In states where 'Taff' far leading ran, Maryland, my Maryland!  
Waste others' weight, she'll be his man, Maryland, my Maryland!  
Thou will be found to lead the van, Maryland, my Maryland!  
Maryland, my Maryland!