

O. HENRY and AL. JENNINGS

The Bandit's Astonishing Tale of the Story King

An Amazing Revelation With a Thrill in Every Chapter

Charged with Human Interest and Emotion, This Virile, Dynamic Document Flashes with All the Good and Evil in Human Nature. Its Startling Chapters Shoot Burning Light Upon One of the Awful Crimes of Civilization, the Barbarous Cruelty of the Penitentiary in Which Both Were Confined.

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(Continued from last week)

CHAPTER EIGHT

"She rolls in at 11:25. We'll get the old man to dump her."

"And if it ain't there, we'll have to take up a collection from the passengers."

"They sat under the wagon sheet, stowing in the biscuits and coldly dishing out the 'medicine.'"

"I was getting soft in the backbone, I hadn't figured to jump right into a train robbery. Here were four men deliberately planning to stick up an express car as leisurely as a batch of Wall street brokers hashing out a legitimate steal. Little quivering arrows of nervousness went pricking through me. I felt that I had cast in my lot with Andy and his gang too hastily. The darkness fretted me. I began chattering about for an alibi."

"Broke?" I asked. "I have some money. I've got \$327. It's yours."

Andy flipped his fingers. Nobody else paid the slightest attention to the offer. Five men were better than four. I was committed. The M. K. T. was due to be robbed at 11:25 on the following night as she chugged across the bridge on the Verdigras river north of the Musko-

gee. The crossing was about 40 miles from the Spike S ranch.

Anxious to Start Scrap and Be Done.

Towards morning we turned in. I was the only one who didn't sleep. Andy told me afterwards that green hands always feel the yellow streak the first time. When the light came sneaking through the clouds, I began to feel better. The oppression of the night is an uncanny thing to a man beset with fearful indecisions.

There wasn't another word said about the holdup. We lolled about and set the horses take their ease until the late afternoon. I was anxious to be on the road—to have the suspense over—to start the scrap, and be done with it.

We mounted about 3 o'clock in the afternoon and made ahead at an amiable trot, stopping now and then to rest. We wanted to keep the horses cool for the return. It was coal dark when we rode into a clump of timber, tied one of the horses to a cottonwood tree and threw the other bridles over the saddle horn. It all helps the getaway.

As soon as we climbed down through the brush, the terror of the night before, a thousand times intensified, jabbed through me. The branch of every tree rustled with alarm. I expected any moment to see marshals step from behind the trunks or angry citizens to swoop down on us. The nearest house was five miles distant and the only living soul around, the old pump man. But the dry sticks crackled like a festive bonfire. I wanted to caution them to pick their way.

Whole Responsibility Felt on Shoulders.

I felt as though the entire responsibility rested on my shoulders. It occurred to me the whole affair had been bungled. They had not planned it out enough.

"Suppose the old man won't stop the train?" the question popped out. Andy laughed in my ear.

"Then they'll have to get a new man at the pump house," he confided.

This put a crimp in me. I had shot men without any particular grudge, but to murder in cold blood as a matter of business—I'd have given anything on God's green earth to be off the job.

"Who's got a match?" Jake chirped as merrily as though he sat in his own dining room.

"For God's sake, you're not going to strike a match here, are you?" Even the hoarse whisper seemed to boom through the silence. Jake struck the match, covering the light with his coat. He took out his watch. It was just 11:10. Fifteen minutes and the train would roll in.

Footing Lost in Panic On Trestle.

The massive iron bridge all but crashed to pieces as I put a light foot on its beams. The tall girders heaved together. In a panic, I lost my footing and half-slipped through the trestle. Andy snatched his hand down and grabbed me up as though I were a kitten.

Our plan was to stop the train on the middle of the bridge to prevent the passengers from getting out. We would stall these cars on the trestle; the express would halt at the tank. We could rifle it and make a getaway before any alarm could be sent.

Andy gave the orders. "Bob, go bring the old man down and drag a red light along."

"Jake, you and Bill get on that side—Al and I will take the right. We need all the men tonight. The express is sure to be guarded."

As Bob sauntered off I wondered if I would ever see him again. He came back, changing the old man in the back with his six-shooter and ribbing him as he came.

"Don't fall on his gun, Bub, or someone will do a slow walk tomorrow." The old fellow was chattering with fear.

"Be easy, lad, be easy, be easy," he kept repeating like a magpie. "I ain't a-going to kick a rucus; be easy."

Locomotive Stops To Take Water.

Suddenly there came a rumbling and a singing of the rails. Andy and I flopped to our sides. A light like a great eye flashed through the timber. The engine chugged viciously, heaved, whistled for the tank and stopped.

Stopped of its own accord for water before it even got to the bridge! I got ringy from head to foot and I was rolling in the grass when a shot banged out and a man swinging a light jumped off the train. It was the conductor. He dashed right past me. I never thought to stop him. Andy ran past and fired. I came, too, then and began running and screaming up and down the tracks. Bill and Jake were hollering and firing on the other side like an army of maniacs.

"Keep it up; that's it—" Andy yelled to me.

I did. Two or three passengers started to the steps. I fired in the air. They ducked. The fun was getting hot and furious. I was as happy as a drunkard.

And then the engine began to heave and the train pulled out. I was afraid of nothing. I wanted to run after it and kick it good-bye. I felt like bellowing. I wanted everyone to know I had stuck up a train and done it wonderfully.

The bush seemed to swallow us up. Out of the darkness I could feel Andy and Bob coming toward us. They didn't say a word. We started back

quietly. I began to wonder what it was all about.

"Didn't get a bean?" I ventured. Andy caught my arm.

"Hell, yes, we went into the express," he said. "We got a little bundle." (Continued next week)

Zulus Show Affection For Governor General

DURBAN, South Africa, July 29.—The chief of the Zulu nation, his ringed headmen and many minor chiefs, recently assembled in the court house at Maritzburg and delivered speeches of affection and esteem for Lord Sidney Charles Buxton, retiring governor general of South Africa, and Lady Buxton, who accompanied him on the farewell visit. There was an enthusiastic demonstration.

The court house was packed with the courtly, dignified Zulus, some of them in frock coats and wearing medals received for bravery in the war; but others, also wearing medals won on European battlefields, were clad only in the primitive Zulu fashion.

Chief Manzolwandhli, son of Cetewayo, as a chief of the royal Zulu blood, voiced his thanks for "the beneficent British rule." Then Chief Mini spoke. He said:

"The Zulus gave assistance in the great war and if assistance is needed again they are prepared to die for their king and country."

The governor general thanked the

Zulus for their excellent behavior during the war, and for their active assistance. As he finished speaking the "bayete" salute rang out, anthem-like, in a final farewell.

Bill—Is this dog affectionate?

Jim—I should say he is! I've sold him four times, and every time he's come right back.

Monster Petrified Fish Found in Rocks in Utah

SALT LAKE CITY, Aug. 4.—A monster petrified fish, about 50 feet in length, has been discovered encased in the rocks in Garfield county, Utah, about 70 miles east of Panguitch by Sheriff James Goulding.

of Garfield county and T. W. Smith of Salt Lake, who have been prospecting in that section.

Four years ago at practically the same spot the fossil remains of a giant lizard were found. Goulding and Smith have offered their find to the University of Utah.

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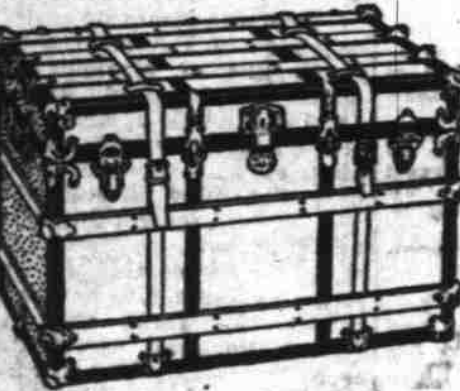
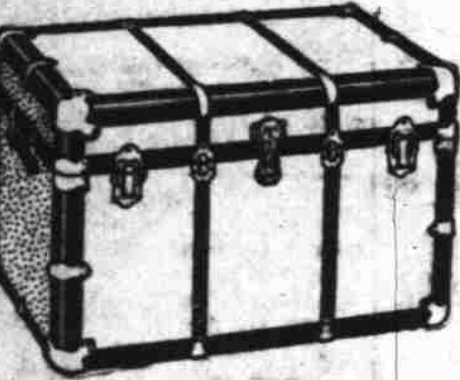
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