

DAN CUPID'S PENANCE.

Dan Cupid once, in penitential mood
As Lent drew near, impelled by Con-
science's pricks,
Resolved to try his turn at being good,
And issued cards—"At home from 4
till 6."

His guests came flocking at his royal call,
And dimpled cupids, dressed in smiles
and wings,
Served tea ambrosial nectar to them all
With heart-shaped sandwiches and
more good things.

When all were served Dan Cupid took the
floor,
"My friends, before you leave me to go
home
Some trite advice I'm going to give once
more,
And each a gift, for use in time to
come."

"There's many a one of you—I'll give no
name—
Who owes to me a husband or a wife;
Some, being happy, bless me; some—for
all are not the same—
Blame me for their unhappy married
life.

"My conscience vexed me sore for those
whom Fate,
Perhaps through me has treated most
unkind;
But here's a remedy, e'en though it seems
too late,
A sovereign cure and panacea you'll
find.

"You know love should be blind," he
archly said, and passed
A kerchief, neatly folded, to each
guest;
"When matrimonial seas are rough, with
teary clouds o'ercast,
Bind this on both fault-finding eyes;
then, being sightless—
Let love do the rest."
—Pack.

THE GUILTY MAN

She had nerved herself to meet
her father. She glanced in the
mirror and saw how pale she
was. Her father would be pale, too,
but how different his pallor from her
own—his a pallor like none other in the
world.

A shiver passed over her. Did she
love her father? Her anger went out
to him, not her love; her love was for
Jack, and he could never be anything
to her. Last night she had written to
Jack and told him the truth, and the
truth would separate them forever. She
was the daughter of a thief!

What uselessness it had been for her
mother to move hundreds of miles from
the old home; it had been done for the
husband, not for the daughter. For the
daughter there had been a half year's
residence in this new place, and a
learning to love a man whom she had
last night declined to marry. Her father
had wrought this unhappiness as he
had wrought so much more.

What grief had not her father
wrought! The day he went to prison
for the defalcation in the bank where
he had been cashier and her mother's
father manager, had not her mother's
father fallen dead? The world had
said the old banker could not stand the
disgrace. And what more? Had not
her mother's mother, always an invalid,
been stricken by her husband's death,
and never been told of her son-in-law's
crime? There had been a mass of de-
ception, the poor, feeble woman being
led to believe that her daughter's hus-
band, whom she loved as a son, had
gone away on business, and letters writ-
ten in his prison cell had been read to
her, and they told her of great prosper-
ity in the West, with a cheerfulness
that was appalling. Yes, the girl al-
most hated her father as she thought
ever the events of the past four years.

And yet, would she have hated him
save for Jack?
She pressed her hands fiercely to her
eyes.

Suddenly she started; there was a
step on the stairs, her mother was
bringing her father up to her. How
should she meet him? Had it not been
for Jack she knew how she should have
met him! But her father had forced
Jack from her.

The steps ascending the stairs stop-
ped. There was a cough outside the
library door. She knew the sharp little
cough—she used to fly to meet her
father, four years back, when she heard
that little cough in the hall in the dear
old home. Now she did not move from
the chair she sat in.

She heard a voice outside the door,
her mother urging her father to enter
the room. Then the handle of the door
turned, and her mother led in a strange-
ly aged man.

The girl rose; her father stood before
her, expectancy in his face. She went
slowly to him, and held her forehead
up to his lips. Her mother looked an-
grily at her, but she went back to her seat
and caught up some sewing.

"Annie," said the mother, sharply, "is
this the way to meet your father? Do
you know that all that has occurred has
been more to me than to any one else
in the world? And yet I forgive be-
cause I love. And you who have a
lover—"

"I have no lover," coldly interrupted
the girl. "I couldn't deceive him any
longer. I wrote him last night; I told
him the truth, and that I would not
marry him."

The father shrank in his chair.
"Ah," said the mother, "now I under-
stand." She turned to her husband,
"Mark, do not mind it, dear. You have
me, and I shall never fall you. Have I
ever failed you? What is done is done;
it is all wiped away; it is only remem-
bered by your daughter, not by me; and
you are as much to me after all the mis-
takes and sufferings as the day when
I stood by your side and vowed to be a

loving and true wife till God should
part us in death. We always spoke of
you, mother and I."
"Your mother," his dry lips said,
"where is she?"
His wife caught his hand.
"Dear," she said, "can you bear a
little more?"

He looked at her.
"Annie," she said, sternly, "get me
those letters."
The girl went and took from the book-
case a packet, which she brought to her
mother.

"My letters to your mother," the
man's lips seemed to say, "and un-
opened."
His wife fondled his hand.
"It was only a few months ago," she
said, "I could not tell you the truth,
any more than I could tell her. The
truth would have made you unhappy,
and I wished to tell you myself. She
loved you as she loved me. One morn-
ing one of your letters came, and until
I could read it her she asked me to
let her hold it. An hour later we found
her with the letter held up to her heart,
and she was very white and quiet.
There had been no struggle whatever—
no pain. We laid her beside father,
whom she had never ceased grieving
for, and who had given her every com-
fort in life, even when, I am sure, he
could hardly afford the extravagances
ordered by her physicians. It is all
over, and happily over, for both of
them, dear, and you were always kind
and good to them."

A low, long sigh broke from the man.
Then silence fell; the sound of the tram
bells in the street came distinctly to
them, and the ticking of the clock on
the mantel was strangely loud.

There was a movement on the part of
Annie; she rose and came and knelt
beside her father's chair.

"Father," she said, "you must forgive
me. I am not very happy. I do not
mean to be hard, but I can't go back
from my reasoning. You have not only
mother, but you have me also; I will do
what I can, I am sure you know that,
and after a while you will not miss any-
thing in me."

"Go back to your seat," commanded
her mother. "Do you know that you
are in the presence of a broken heart?
Doesn't your father accuse himself of
more than you accuse him of? Who
are you, with your paltry love troubles,
to come to him in a time like this?"

"Hush, Mary!" said her husband,
"hush!"
The silence fell again.

Annie sat alone; she was apart from
everything; there was no love for her
any more. Her father had expiated his
sin in the eyes of the world; in her
heart the sin that had been his still
lived. For there was Jack, and she had
given him up because of her father's
guilt. There was a narrowing of the
radius; no matter for Jack, if her fa-
ther were only an innocent man! Love
sincerely created a desire for purity, for
sure she had learned to love Jack, her
father's sin had grown and grown upon
her, and before that the sin had been
tempered by her pitying love and her
prayers for heaven's forgiveness.

The daughter of a thief! Oh, why
had she met Jack? Why had she al-
lowed herself to care for him? Why
had she let herself feel glad when she
knew that he loved her? Why had she
greatly desired that he should tell her
that he had given his heart to her, and
demanded her own in return?

How many sadly confused questions
did she put to herself as she sat there
in the miserable silence, her mother and
her father at a greater distance from
her than they had ever been before,
while she vainly tried to accuse her
heart and her daughterly affection of
transgressing, even though Jack called
through the silence, that, but for her
father's crime, she might have claimed
woman's perfect happiness on earth.

Her mother and her father apparently
failed to realize how much she was
going through; it was only her lack of
response to their love that touched
them. Her adoration of a man who
might have been her husband was
merely a foolishness of hers, and not to
be placed in the same category with
her duty as a daughter—the daughter
of a thief! That miserable word, that
disgraceful word would come upper-
most to her. But for Jack, would this
have been so? The daughter of a thief!

There came a tap on the door, and it
sounded on her ear like thunder.

Her mother went to the door and
opened it.

"Mark," she said to her husband, "it
is cook; she wishes to speak to me
about dinner. We are going to have
all the things you used to—all the things
you like. Of course, the servants know
nothing, dear; you have been west, you
know. The servants have only been
with us since we moved here. Would
you like to come downstairs, or will you
stay here in the library?"

"I will stay here," he said, in his
hushed way. "Here."
"Very well," returned his wife. "I
shan't be gone long. See here is all the
old furniture, all your books, just as
you used to like them, and the pic-
tures."

She leaned over and kissed him before
she went out, and closed the door be-
hind her.

Annie was alone with her father. She
heard him moving carefully around,
taking up a book, only to lay it down
again. He went up and looked at his
wife's picture hanging between two tall
bookcases, then at that of his wife's
father. Before this last picture he lin-
gered, making no sound, but looking,
looking at the face of the old bank man-
ager who had fallen dead the day his
trusted cashier and his only daughter's
husband had gone to serve a sentence
in prison. Annie could not see him, but
she knew all that her father did. Her
back was toward him as she leaned
over her sewing, and her heart beat
fast when he turned from the picture at
last and swiftly crossed the carpet.

When his hand was laid upon her arm
she almost shrieked aloud.
"Annie!" said her father's voice. It
was a firm voice now, no quaver of
doubt in it, and it forced her like a
command she dared not disobey.
She rose from her seat and faced him.
Despite the physical changes in him,
she saw before her his old self—strong,
not unbrave, not disloyal, not a criminal.

"You have given up your lover," he
went on, rapidly. "You have given him
up because of me. Pay attention to me.
I will tell you what I had hoped never
to tell a living soul on earth. And I
must speak before your mother comes
back, for she must never know. But
you must know, and the man who had
asked you to be his wife and whom you
refused on account of me. I will go to
him, and I will tell him as I tell you,
that I have wrecked no life, that I have
not wrecked my daughter's happiness.
Do you hear me? I have not interfered
with your right to be happy with the
man you love. I have been adjudged a
criminal; I have served a criminal's
sentence. But I am an innocent man,"
and he turned and pointed to the pic-
ture of his wife's father, "that man
knew it. I sacrificed, not your mother,
not you, but my own standing in so-
ciety and the minds of men for the sake
of my wife's father and his invalid
wife."

She gasped, she understood him, and
she trembled from head to foot.

"I would never have told you," he
went on, "only that you gave up your
life's happiness because of my disgrace.
Your forfeited love for me would never
have brought this confession, for what
I did was done to save an old man and
an old woman who had been as a moth-
er to me. If nature could not make
your love surmount my shame, that
love is of little account. Your mother's
father's sin made me a prisoner; it was
he who took the money, and I the
blame. I have proofs of all this, and
I am glad I never destroyed them, for
I must show those proofs to the daugh-
ter whose lack of love makes my word
of no account."

"Father!"
There was a quality in her cry that
told him more than many words; she
sprang to his arms, her heart held closely
to his—she was innocent; he was in-
nocent; and though her life's greater
love might be over and done, the man
who had asked her to marry him had
not loved the daughter of a thief!

There was some one in the room,
though neither of them heeded till the
girl's name was spoken by the new-
comer.

"Jack!" she cried out, and clung the
closer to her father; "Jack!"
"You did not hear me knock," said he.
"I came to tell you that I refuse to obey
your note; you love me as I love you,
and you will be my wife. And coming
in here, I have heard what your father
said to you. Your father—will he not
let me call him mine?"

Her father's head was raised, and he
looked deeply into the young man's
eyes.

"Well, well," said the hustling voice
of the wife, coming into the library.
"And Jack here! Mark, my dear—An-
nie—Mark, is this the happy end of all
your sadness and pain?"

"Yes," said the "guilty man," as he
placed the hand of his daughter into
that of her lover. "Yes."—Spare Me-
ments.

Americans Saw Its Uses.
"Excelsior, an American invention
which is extensively used for packing
purposes and in the manufacture of
bedding and various other upholstery
uses, is not, as is generally believed,
made from shavings," said a wholesale
dealer in the material to the writer re-
cently. "It is an article of regular
manufacture and between 35,000 and
40,000 tons of the curling, wood fiber
are turned out by the Eastern and
Western lumber mills annually."

"Basswood and poplar are the woods
used in the production. The logs are
sawed into lengths of eighteen inches,
which is the length of a fiber of excelsior.
These blocks are split in halves
and the wood is properly seasoned. Ex-
celsior is made of different degrees of
coarseness and fineness of fiber. In
the manufacture a series of knife
points run down in parallel lines that
are spaced according to the width of
the fiber to be made. A following knife
slices off the whole face of the block
thus served. The fibers curl and com-
ingle as the knife sets them free. An
excelsior machine makes 200 to 300
strokes a minute, every stroke cutting
off a tier of fiber across the face of
the block. The usual commercial pack-
age of excelsior is a bale weighing
about fifty pounds. At wholesale ex-
celsior sells at from \$18 to \$40 a ton.

"American excelsior is exported to
Central America, to the West Indies,
to England and other foreign countries,
where several thousand tons of the
fiber are shipped yearly."—Washington
Star.

Empress Tree of Rapid Growth.
Probably the largest specimen em-
press tree—paulownia imperialis—in
America is in Independence square,
Philadelphia. It is one of the first lot
introduced into America about fifty
years ago, and was a gift to the city
by the late Robert Buhl, one of Amer-
ica's famous nurserymen. It is now
eleven feet in circumference, equaling
in girth some of the old American elms
that were in the plot before the revolu-
tion. The wood is in great demand in
Japan.

Provision for the Future.
Mrs. Bonney—Six motherless chil-
dren, you say? And can't you find
work?

Tramp—Oh, they're not old enough
for that, yet, ma'am.—Brooklyn Life.

A harness dealer calls his storeroom
a bridle chamber.

TRAIN ROBBING ART.

HOLD-UPS ON THE ROAD NOT NOW INFREQUENT.

Early-Day Operations Recalled—Reno Boys Were Pioneers in This Class of Lawlessness—Hanging of the Brothers Ended Their Career.

From the developments of the last
few months or a year it would seem
that train robbing is not yet to be
classed among the lost arts. The fact
that the robberies seem to be occurring
once more with a very disagreeable
frequency is all the more alarming in
view of the fact that holding up of trains
is supposed to be becoming more difficult
as the years go by. The express cars
of to-day are guarded more carefully
than ever before. More men with better
guns are behind the locked doors and
the money and valuables stowed away
in the strongest safes that can be man-
ufactured. However, despite all the
protection thrown about the treasure
that is being transported and despite
the great risk of losing life or liberty,
which risk must be run by the robber,
there are nevertheless men who are
willing and ready to undertake the job
of stopping the train, holding up the
train crew and passengers, jolting
open the express if necessary, overcom-
ing the messenger and dynamiting the
safe.

The number of bandits who have un-
dertaken this job within a year or so
is ample proof that the days of the
desperado are not yet past by any
means. A year ago a train was held
up almost within the shadow of Chi-
cago, the express car and safe blown
open and somewhere between \$20,000
and \$100,000 stolen. A number of sus-
pects were arrested, but to this day,
so far as known, the guilty parties were
never apprehended. Since that daring

Chicago Bandits Escape.

After securing the money packages
and valuables the two robbers joined
the first, who was guarding the engine
crew. Entering the cab, they com-
pelled the engineer to run the engine,
which had been uncoupled, westward
toward the town of Cortland. At the
edge of the town the bandits halted the
engine, bound the engineer and fireman
hand and foot and, leaping to the
ground, disappeared in the darkness.



TRAIN ROBBER COMMANDS THE ENGINEER.

hold-up there have been a number of
robberies of trains in various parts of
the West and Southwest, with a few in
the South and East. Some of these
crimes have been accomplished with
comparative ease, while others have re-
sulted most disastrously to the perpe-
trators. Some of the robbers have
been killed in the act or subsequently
captured, while some of the attempts at
hold-ups have been thwarted entirely.

On a Hold-Up Spoiled.
Necessarily train robbers are men of
considerable daring, but they vary in
character as do other criminals. It is
comparatively easy for the man who
has the gun drawn on the unarmed fel-
low to look and act brave, but when the
other man has a gun and displays an
ability and inclination to use it with in-
telligence then the proposition is often
quite different. But even under such
circumstances the train robber very
often shows his mettle by going in for
a finish fight. In the last train hold-
up and attempted robbery, however,
the shooting of his pal convinced a
bandit that he didn't care to stay and
fight for the contents of the express
safe. This happened when two men
held up a Chicago, Burlington and
Quincy train not far from Omaha. The
two men boarded the train, it was not
known exactly where, and crawling
over the tender drew revolvers on the
engineer and compelled him to stop the
train. The robbers, after the engine
crew uncoupled the train and drew part
of it some distance away, marched the
engineer and the fireman back to the
express car and demanded admission.
Messenger Baxter declined to comply
with the request. When he heard the
robbers begin their attack on the door
he slipped out of the door on the other
side of the car, but he didn't forget to
take his rifle with him. After breaking
in the door one robber entered the car
while the other marched the crew back
to the engine. Baxter was not idle all
this time. He slipped along the side
of the cars up to the engine, and peek-
ing around the cow catcher he saw one
lone bandit standing guard over the
engine crew. Baxter raised his rifle.
The next instant there was a sharp
crack and the robber fell dead. The
sound of the shot so frightened the
other bandit that he jumped from the

express car and fled without hav-
ing reached the inside of the safe.
The express robbery which was per-
petrated near Chicago had every char-
acteristic of a wild Western hold-up.
A little before 11 o'clock at night the
men mounted the stairway up to the
W. forty-seven miles west of the ci-
ty between the towns of Melrose and
Kalb. The three masked men entered
the lower room and, overpowering the
operator, bound and gagged him. They
then threw down the red light to stop
the 10 o'clock mail and express tra-
in from Chicago. As the train rounded
curve the red light came into view and
the engineer quickly threw on the
brakes, bringing the train to a dead
stop. The three men rushed out of the
bushes where they had concealed them-
selves after binding the tower opera-
tor and leveled their revolvers at the
engineer and fireman. One robber was
left to guard these two men, while the
others turned their attention to the ex-
press car. Messenger Holson declined
to open the door and, placing a stick of
dynamite against the sill, the robbers
set it off, blowing the door to atoms.
The explosion stunned the messenger,
but he recovered in time to resist the
entrance of the bandits into the car.
They forced their way in, however, and
beat the messenger savagely over the
head with the butts of their revolvers,
after which they bound and gagged
him. Then they threw the treasure
safe out of the car, and, with nitro-
glycerin or some other explosive, blew
off the door and secured the contents.

Passenger Shot to Death.
One old man on the train made a
move to get his revolver out of his
satchel and he was shot dead by the
robber. After the trip had been com-
pleted the masked men made the con-
ductor pull the bell cord signaling the
engineer to stop the train. A few days
after the robbery the two bandits were
located in hiding in a farmhouse near
Goodland, Kan. One of the men was
shot to death and the other cremated
in the house, which was burned to the
ground.

Then came the sensational Columbus,
Ohio, express robbery and murder of
H. Ferrell, an ex-employee of the Adams
Express Company, a young man of
22 years of age, was engaged to be mar-
ried to a young lady of Columbus, and
it was said that he was very ambitious
to provide well for her, but had not the
funds, for he had been out of work for
some months, having been discharged
by the Adams company. He went down
to Urbana, Ohio, to await the arrival
of a Panhandle express train running
from St. Louis to Columbus. He was
informed that the express car on this train
could carry considerable money. When
the train arrived he went to the express
car and told Messenger Lane, whom
he knew, that he had no money and
asked if he might ride with him to Col-
umbus. Lane never suspected treachery
on the part of his supposed friend
and told, of course, he could ride in the
car with him. Ferrell felt the pistol in
his pocket to be sure it was still there
and climbed into the car. As the train
left Urbana the two old friends chatted
pleasantly. Lane sat with his back
slightly turned to Ferrell not far from
the end of the car. Finally Ferrell had
nerved himself for the desperate deed,
as, stepping behind Lane, he fired
three shots in quick succession into the
messenger's back. Then the murderer
took Lane's revolver and fired two more
shots into the dying man. After he
was satisfied that Lane was dead he
took the key from the messenger's
pocket and opened the express safe and
abstracted all of the money which he
put in a valise. The murderer dropped
from the train without being noticed at
Pial City, where he spent the night.
Ferrell fell under suspicion and after
his whereabouts before and near the
time of the tragedy had been traced
enough was discovered to cause his ar-
rest, when he confessed the whole
crime.

"The crime of train robbing is not a
very old one, by any means," said Wil-
liam J. Pinkerton. "The pioneers in
this work were the notorious Reno boys
of Seymour, Ind. These bandits began
their work not very long after the close
of the Civil War, and they kept up their
career of crime until the most of them
were hanged off in a very summary
manner. After the Reno boys came the
James brothers, the Younger brothers,
the Besses and the train robbers who
are still well remembered to-day. Early
train robbing was carried on in the
same way that it is to-day as far as re-
gards stopping the trains and the treat-
ment of the train people are concerned.
The only difference is in the use of
dynamite on the car doors and the
safes—this being a modern introduc-
tion. Sledge hammers used to serve
for this purpose. The safes then
were of sheet-iron affairs and were
not hard to batter apart."

DAILY DUG POTATOES.

**How the Late Montana Millionaire
Laid Foundation of His Fortune.**
One of the most striking characters
in Montana was the late Marcus Daly,
the Anaconda millionaire, the cele-
brated base owner and one of the cop-
per kings of the United States. No one
knew how much Daly was worth. He
owned a bank or so, an electric railroad,
a big hotel, something like \$1,000,000
worth of horses and lands and one-
fourth interest in the Anaconda cop-
per mines, which are among the big-
gest and best paying of any in the
world. The army of employes who
worked under him was as large in num-
ber as that which Xenophon led in the
famous retreat described in the Ana-
basis, and he pay-roll ran into the tens
of thousand per day.

Still, he came from Ireland, where he
was born, a poor boy, and when he landed at San
Francisco at the age of thirteen he had
not a cent in his pocket and trotted up
and down the board walks for three or
four days seeking a job. He looked in
vain, until about the end of the
fourth day he saw an old farmer in a
wagon driving through the streets. He
stopped him and said: "Haven't you
got something out at your place that I
can do?"

"Well, I don't know, young man.
What can you do?"
"I can do anything," replied young
Daly.

"Can you dig taters?"
"Yes, I can," said Daly, and the man
thereupon told him to get into the
wagon, and he took the boy home to his
ranch. This was some place east of
Oakland, and Daly dug potatoes for the
old rancher for three weeks. He said it
nearly broke his back, but he stuck to
it until he got a little money, and the
boy as he was, he started for the city.

There he laid the foundation of his
great fortune that he accumulated in
after life.

We would hate to give a receipt
and make the terrible blunder of put-
ting a young girl of forty in the bear
assigned to the old married women of
forty.

The only avenue left to some women
for developing an artistic sense is in
marking with a fork the crust of the
pie.