

# Ten Years' Trial

By Gen. CHARLES KING

Continued from First Page.

an officer, but even the governor could not make him a sergeant. The law gave the appointments of sergeants and corporals to the commanding officer of the company alone, and while Governor X would not oppose the wishes of so many citizens and voters by granting Langdon a commission neither would he interpose against the wishes of scores of others by demanding, as urged by The Sun and the strikers, "the resignation of the insolent officer who had dared to thwart the wishes of a community." The Banner rejoiced and applauded. The Examiner was silent. The Seattle might need that company any moment, and every man with mob law in view and every citizen pledged to law and order knew instantly that it meant that the rifles had failed to fill the vacancies. The lieutenant commanding would figure as head of the company, but its instruction, its discipline, the work of preparation and finally its command in the event of a fight would all devolve upon its gruff sergeant, Eric Langdon.

Two evenings later Cresswell, with anxious eyes, looked up at the window of the second story room over his offices on Thayer street, the main thoroughfare of Brentwood. It was after 10, but all was darkness there, and Langdon's invariable rule was to return at once from drill and go early to bed, for winter or summer, he was an early riser. The clerk and assistant who formerly occupied those humble quarters had married, moved west to the hills and thrown out his own whittles, and Langdon thankfully had moved in. The street was still alive with people, but the lights in the rifles' armory, two blocks away, had been extinguished before the stroke of 10 at the city hall. In his hand Cresswell held a crumpled half sheet of note paper that had reached him through the mail. It contained only the words:

"Your man laughs at warning and defies the people. If he hasn't left this town by midnight, he'll never get a chance again."

By midnight, and it was now after 10! Only that morning in reminding Langdon that the chief of police had not only issued permission, but advised him, to go armed Cresswell had asked him if more warnings had reached him, and the new first sergeant took from his breast pocket a little note. It was a woman's hand that penned this note. "For God's sake don't disregard this. You do not know what minute may be your last if you insist on stay-



They knocked and hammered for two minutes without response.

ing here. These men are desperate," Cresswell had read it with compressed lips and advised its being given at once to the police. Far and wide the edict of the employees had gone forth. If assurance that the old wages would be restored from and after Nov. 1 failed to reach them by noon Oct. 28 every man would quit work, and no man would be allowed to attempt it. More than once Cresswell had noticed strange, unprepossessing faces among the loiterers along the block. More than once men had called on one pretext or other at the office and were furtively interested in the survey of the premises, but the police well knew the barroom backgammon who had threatened vengeance on Langdon for his interference in behalf of the soldier they were beating to a jelly, and in person at least they dare not act. "It isn't among the slugs alone you have enemies, Langdon," said Cresswell. "The bitterest foe a man has to guard against are those who have done him injury, and the men I've after are those who put up that safe robbery and gained your discharge. Oh, for an hour of Channing!"

But that was vain. Channing, he who commanded the respect and confidence of the yards and shops of the Big Horn, was sauntering discontentedly in the Riviera, doing as his doctors bade, utterly homesick, utterly unable to appreciate or understand what he saw and only wishing himself back in the cab of a Baldwin, whirling "the limited" over the prairie 60 miles an hour. Channing knew every mother's son in the Brentwood yards by name. The new incumbent knew not one of them. Channing argued, Berleigh bullied, and clash was inevitable. The management of both roads had announced in unequivocal terms that they would not yield to the demands of the men. The mayor of Brentwood was sorely frightened. The governor had been requested to order troops to the scene and over-awe the would be strikers and very properly refused. For it is our good American policy in dealing with enemies or insurgents, white, red or brown, mobs, Indians or Tagalogs, never to show fight until practically forced into it. The railway companies in anticipation of the strike had gathered some hundreds of workmen across the Missouri ready to be rushed by special train to Brentwood, but neither the police, posse nor militia had been mobilized.

Pondering anxiously over the situation, Cresswell was walking slowly homeward up Thayer street. He had been talking with the mayor and certain city fathers at the Brentwood and now wished to see Langdon, but Langdon evidently wasn't home, and the

town clock had struck the quarter. The office door was closed and doubtless locked, and Cresswell's legs were in his workaday pockets at the house. Confident of meeting Langdon, he stroled on toward the armory and became suddenly aware of the division superintendent of the Big Horn talking with two of the boys. Cresswell didn't like that official, but for reasons of his own preferred to make much of him. He stopped and held out his hand.

"Oh, good evening, Mr.—er—ah—Colonel Cresswell," stammered the railway man in some confusion. "I didn't see you. I'm glad to see you. Can you tell me where I can find Mr. Langdon? I've knocked and hammered at the office, and these gentlemen say that he went straight home half an hour ago."

"It is true," said one of the young soldiers. "I saw him go in there just before 10 o'clock."

"Odd!" said Cresswell. "Suppose we walk over, Mr. Superintendent."

They did, and they knocked and hammered for two minutes without response, and then Cresswell bethought him of the rear door.

"You wish to see him personally?" queried he of the official, with doubt in his tone.

"Yes. The road sent me an important message. I may as well tell you confidentially, of course. They want him to go to a meeting that's in full blast at this minute. They think the men will listen to him."

"I see," said Cresswell, with sarcastic emphasis. "Having kicked him out into the cold for another man's crime, they want him to help them out of another scrape. You must feel gratified at being the bearer of such a message. However, come on. We'll try the back."

An alley parallel with Thayer street divided the block, and Cresswell's office buildings covered about half the lot. Wood, coal and ice were delivered by way of that alley, which accounted for the worn path to the open cellar-way, but not for the footprints in the snow on the steps leading up to the back door. Cresswell tried the knob, and the door was fast. But who left the cellar steps uncovered? "Have you a gun?" he asked, and the superintendent faltered, "Yes."

Friendship his own revolver, a faithful friend of Kentucky days, Cresswell cautiously descended the steps and felt his way through the dampness and dark. He had no match, and lighting would only reveal him to prowlers if there were any. He knew the premises thoroughly and quickly reached the lower hall and the stairway to the ground floor above him. It was dark as Erebus, and he, breathing heavily, felt his way up the creaking flight until within reach of the top. Then something fell with stunning force and danced before his eyes, and he went crashing back the way he came, bounding, rolling and sliding till he brought up senseless and bleeding at the foot of the stairs.

### CHAPTER XIII.

Noon of Oct. 28 struck on the deep toned bell of the city hall, Brentwood's pride, and sharp at the sound every hand in the railway shops, sheds and yards followed suit and went out. So did the fires in the furnaces in the course of the night, for no man succeeded in getting in to replenish them. So did not the trains, freight or passenger, on either Big Horn or Seattle, for the rails were a lather of soap, the boilers a reek of foam. The casualty list in the motive power showed 23 engines "killed," and the only wheels to arrive east or west were those trundling the United States mail, the operatives, with calm sagacity, offering no objection to the running of postal cars, yet firmly opposing everything else. Following the traditions of the Big Horn, the new general manager appeared promptly on the scene, while he of the Seattle sniffed the battle from afar and staid there. Mr. Burleigh came to threaten and command, was promptly hoisted aboard a baggage car and hidden to address the meeting from the rear platform, which he essayed to do, the car speedily gliding away with him to the accompaniment of much derision and many decided catcalls, not to mention a few defunct quadrupeds and doubtful eggs. Mr. Burleigh was given a sample of the running qualities of the fast mail down the winding gorge of the Red Water and spent the night in blasphemy and bitterness of spirit at Gunnison. Not even a farmer's buckboard could be found to take him back. He wired for the trainloads of substitutes across the Big Muddy, and they were dished ten miles from any town and had to build bonfires out of the wreck until that was used up and then kept warm with a few miles of snow fence that unaccountably went up in flames. The Seattle sent 60 Pinkertons on a special and thereby precipitated a sympathetic strike across the Missouri and the special into the shallows near the eastern shore well up to the Pinkertons' middle. When finally rescued, these amateurs were roasting on car roofs, cold, wet and bedraggled, an object of charity to the countryside. Then came the order for troops, long withheld, and before it was issued the Brentwood rifles knew there would be no first sergeant to call the roll. Somewhere about midnight of the 27th, dazed and bleeding, Colonel Cresswell had staggered into the street in front of his office, feebly calling for help. The police found a pool of blood at the foot of the cellar stairs and splashes all along from near the top, but not a sign of struggle elsewhere and not a trace of Eric Langdon. Along toward morning Cresswell managed to tell his story, and then the police went and routed out the division superintendent, who told a queer tale. When the doctors heard it, they looked oddly at each other and agreed that it were best that Cresswell shouldn't hear it until he was stronger. It might unduly excite him now. Cresswell said he left the superintendent, Mr. Betts, on guard at the cellar stairway in the back yard, revolver in hand, and that he should have seen his (Cresswell's) assailants when they made their escape at the rear, the only way they could have gone. The superintendent said he had met Mr. Cresswell casually on the street, inquired for Mr. Langdon and went with Cresswell to the office to find him. They knocked until they believed that Langdon couldn't be there, and he (the superintendent) desired to search elsewhere, but Cresswell was somewhat persistent that Betts should wait while he went round and tried

the back way. Betts went just to oblige the colonel; "didn't like to offend him." The fact was noticed that the subject was never drinking a little, and at such times, as we well know, the K-formation was apt to be a bit diabolical and to take offense rather easily. Betts said he knew the colonel had been at the bar of the Brentwood that evening, and after waiting a few minutes just to assure himself the colonel was safely within he hurried away about his own business. Had he heard no sound of fall or struggle? was asked. Not a sound of that kind. He had heard some one moving about in the hall and thought, of course, it was the colonel. In fact, sotto voce, he added he thought so still and that under the circumstances the colonel might have been mistaking his footing and fallen headlong. It could not be conceived possible that Mr. Langdon would brutally assault his friend and benefactor.

Now, Cresswell had taken three or four nips of his favorite beverage that evening, but Boniface swore he was perfectly himself when he left the Brentwood. That might be, said the sheriff and somewhat envious lawyer employed by the Big Horn as counsel, and yet might be "under all this influence."

One of two theories, said the railroad lawyer, could be derived from the facts, and only two. Mr. Cresswell had fallen down stairs under the influence of one of two forces. Bourbon or a blow. If a blow, who gave it but Eric Langdon? No one else was known to have entered those doors that night. In all the tense, pent up excitement attending the inevitable strike this incident was discussed with heated breath. Men who knew Cresswell and saw him that night knew he was not so far gone in liquor as to fall down stairs and therefore believed the story of assault. Men who knew Langdon swore he was incapable of assaulting Cresswell. What could possibly be his motive? The safe stood securely locked. Desk and drawers were intact. There were no reasons why Langdon should go except the threats, which he held in contempt, and every reason why he should stay. The railway lawyer hinted at recovery of proceedings by Ferrigo's bank to recover certain sums with interest. The bank, however, being questioned, reluctantly testified that that incident was closed, satisfactory settlement having been made, and so it had in Langdon's behalf by the big hearted Kentuckian and his friend the mayor. No; nothing but threats against Langdon's life could be heard of as a cause of Langdon's disappearance, nothing whatever until the second day of the strike, when two people appeared who said that if guaranteed protection they would tell something. The something proved to be that an open two horse wagon drove into the alley just before 10 o'clock and drove out again about 10:40, when it had two more men in it who were bending over something in the bottom. These two jumped out when it reached the street. They went one way, the wagon the other. Then appeared the solid men of Brentwood, the few whose souls were mortgaged to the Seattle or whose notes were falling due at Ferrigo's, and at a meeting held just after dark the first check was given to the widespread sympathy felt for the strikers throughout the community. Up to this moment they had practically carried all before them. Property had been carefully guarded by the details from their own number. People had been treated with civility even in grievous plight, and they were determined, they said, to do nothing to forfeit the good will of friends and fellow citizens. Their grievance was Brentwood's and their oppressors the rival railways. Violence of any kind, said the strike leaders, would be tolerated only as a last resort. Yet here was evidence that even before beginning the strike assault, abduction, possibly murder, could be laid at the strikers' door. Cresswell still lay in grievous plight, and Eric Langdon could not be found. Then evidence began to accumulate. A two horse farm wagon, such as described, was seen by other citizens driving westward toward the open prairie. A farmer came in and said that such a wagon stopped at the ford close to his place about midnight. His wife woke him, saying there was something wrong down at the barn—the horses were snorting and snorting. He hurried thither and found everything secure, but could have sworn he saw a light dancing away from the barn in the direction of the ford as he issued from the house. Curiosity therefore led him to investigate, and surely enough he heard voices. Two men were talking in low tones. One of their horses had picked up a stone, and, so tightly was it wedged, they couldn't get it out. He gathered that one of them had been to the barn in hopes of finding a pick. The farmer was on the point of halting them when the whistle of the night freight sounded away down the valley toward Brentwood, and he heard one of them say, "My God, there's No. 8 now, and we can't flag her this side of the bridge!" then, apparently speaking to some one still in the wagon, continued: "Now, lie still if you value your life! Jump in, Jim, quick!" And with that the horses were lashed to a run, and they clattered away up the pike in the darkness. About ten minutes later he heard the freight rumbling along up the valley, and after it had almost got beyond hearing distance to the west there came the short, quick single whistle, the signal for brakes. That must have been somewhere about the long bridge at the big bend. That was something unusual, and coupled with what he heard the men say, it excited his suspicion. Then when his copy of The Banner told him about Langdon's disappearance he felt sure what it all meant and therefore came to Brentwood to tell his tale. And it was this that brought confusion to Betts and the Brentwood strikers, for it was now evident that Langdon had been spirited away.

To be continued

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