The Observer

MORO, OREGON.
FRIDAY.....JULY 14, 1911

Personal Talk With You.

At any timewhen requested to do so, the paper will be discontinued. But we expect that all arrears will be paid before such request is made. It is easy to ask us for a statement, which will be cheerfully rendered at any time.

A DISGRUNTLED DETECTIVE

By TOM BROWNELL

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Being ambitious after reading sundry detective stories to enter the profession, I went to an office and asked for employment. It happened that a man was wanted to go among a gang of footpads and burglars disguised as one of their kind with a view to learning certain facts concerning them. It was so dangerous a job that no regular detective would undertake it. These men know their own sort and would easily recognize a spy. I, being filled with the romance of detective work without having had any experience, tumbled to an offer of the job at once.

About 11 o'clock at night, disguised as a tough, I reeled into a saloon where my men were supposed to be. I found them there and invited them to drink. I treated several times and thought I was getting in with them when suddenly there was a hammering at the door, and the barkeeper cried: "Police! Git!" The lights went out, and we were all left in the dark, scattering like so many rats. The doors were broken down, and the police rushed in. When the lights were turned on it was found that the barkeeper and I were the only captives. How the rest got away I don't know.

I was taken to a station, and on the way I made myself known to the cop who walked beside me. He gave a broad grin and said that was the most beautiful device of all that were practiced in the criminal profession. I told him he would learn more about that in time. I slept in a filthy cell for the rest of the night and the next day sent word to the detective agency that I would like to have them come and get me out. They sent one of the employees, who had never seen me. Of course the police officers were not going to discharge me on any such evidence, or, rather, want of it, and I told the man to go back and tell the one who had hired me to come and vouch for me.

He didn't come till late in the afternoon, and when he did he didn't recognize me. I told him I was the man he had sent to the saloon for information, but he looked at me contemptuously and said that the man he had sent had likely met with foul play and I was trying to get out of a bad scrape by personating him. He hadn't seen me made up, and my disguise was so perfect that he believed me to be a veritable villain. He went away without being convinced as to my identity, and I was obliged to spend another night in a cell.

A week passed, and I was still a prisoner. Then one day I was indicted as one of the men in the saloon when the police made the raid, who had made away with the detective that the agency had sent out. In other words, I was charged with being my own murderer. Upon inquiry I learned that the man who had thus been sent out on a mission had disappeared, and it was supposed he had been dispatched by the gang.

Here was a pretty how-de-do. I called again for the man who had sent me out, but he refused to come to see me, and I couldn't go to see him. I doubted if it would do any good if he came. He had never seen me but once, and then but for a moment. How could he be expected to recognize me in my rough garb, especially as in the saloon scuffle I had been very badly mauled?

I sent for a lawyer and told him my story. He appeared to believe me, but said there would be no use in putting such a story before a jury. It was so palpably false that it would prejudice my case. He said he would try to get up a defense that would seem more probable. I asked him if there was anything more probable than that a man could not have murdered himself and be alive. He replied that I would have to prove my identity, which was impossible. He would try to think of some method of defense that would be easier to prove than the truth. "We lawyers don't care anything," he said, "for the truth. What we want is something we can prove. An alibi affords the best chance."

When I came to be tried for being implicated in my own murder there was no proof against me except that I was known to have gone to the saloon from which I had disappeared and was one of the gang of rascals which was raided. This was considered prima facie evidence that I, probably with others, had killed myself. It was evident that I would get a long term on general principles.

My lawyer's method was very ingenious. Having entered my claim to be another person than myself, John Borland, he brought John Borland's mother into court to swear that her son on the night of the supposed murder was at home and in bed. Another witness, who lived in the same house, swore to the same thing. Then my lawyer called upon the policeman who had arrested me to swear that I had been found in and taken from the saloon. The lawyer so badgered the policeman that he was not sure of me. Thus an alibi was established.

I was acquitted. But I didn't continue the detective business. I had had all of that romantic occupation I wanted. Detectives are all right in novels and in plays, but when it comes to the real thing they don't lead an easy life. Joe Petrosino, for instance, was one of the cleverest and most daring, but they got him.

Capture of a Desperado

A Scheme That Was Well Planned

By George Edward Burns

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When Bunker, the noted desperado, shot up the town of Eureka, killed the cashier of Phillips' bank and helped himself to some $20,000 in currency, being his fourth exploit in that neighborhood within a month, it was thought by the citizens to be high time something was done to stop such irregular proceedings.

Within half an hour after Bunker and three assistants rode out of town a meeting was called at the looted bank and measures taken to break up the gang. A posse was organized, consisting of a dozen citizens, and later placed under the orders of a detective who was telegraphed for and in a few hours reached Eureka by special train. Pierce Robbins, the new

BUNKER SANK ON THE FLOOR.

arrival, had captured a swindler band by stratagem, and it was hoped that he would be able to trap Bunker.

Robbins' first step was to locate the desperado and his gang. He therefore sent out members of the posse in every direction to gather information and communicate with him at Eureka as soon as any intelligence whatever was received of the whereabouts or movements of the murderers and plunderers.

Meanwhile Bunker, whose tactics after a raid were to go into hiding at some prearranged place not far from the scene of his operations, occupied a deserted sawmill in a wood. A railroad ran past the mill, though on the other side of a creek. Bunker's purpose was to keep quiet till it might be supposed that he had reached some point many miles away, then stop a passing train and ride out of the district where he was especially wanted.

Two days after the robbery a boy who was fishing in the creek saw men at the mill. The youngster slipped down off a stump on which he sat and, unseen by the men in the mill, dodging sometimes in the water and sometimes under the bank, made his way out of the wood. He had fished there often and had never seen any one in the mill before. Everybody in the region knew of the Eureka robbery, and the boy suspected that the men he had seen were the robbers in hiding.

On the fourth day after the robbery a farmer walking along the railroad track not far from the mill met a red headed man who bade him good morning and seemed disposed to chat, finally turning the subject to the whereabouts of Bunker and his men. The farmer told him it was generally believed that the gang had got so far away with their plunder that it was not likely to be recovered. When the two parted the red headed man, who was one of the gang reconnoitering, went to the mill and reported to Bunker what he had heard.

It was determined by Bunker and his men to stop the afternoon train and leave the region on it. Half an hour before it was due the four men left the mill, crossed the creek, and when the train came along Bunker signaled it to stop. The engineer obeyed the signal, and the robbers got aboard, one man climbing to the engine, another to the baggage car, while Bunker and his other assistant, the red headed man, entered the only passenger car.

The conductor as soon as the men entered the train asked Bunker what he meant by stopping the train.

"Do you suppose we were going to walk five miles to a station?"

The conductor grumbled, but the men paid their fare, and there was nothing more said about the matter.

At the next station two farmers and their wives got aboard. After a consultation Bunker sent the man with him forward with a message to the two others. The train passed the next station without stopping. The conductor pulled the cord connecting the engine, but with no effect. Then Bunker said to him:

"Conductor, I'm in charge of this train. We're not going to do any more stopping just now, and we're going to move at full speed. You sit down there and keep quiet."

The conductor obeyed the order, but one of the farmers protested. He said that he and his wife were ticketed for the station just passed and didn't wish to go any farther. Bunker told him to shut up so fiercely that he obeyed the order at once.

The man who had gone forward came back and said something to Bunker which seemed to be satisfactory. The train was running at full speed, and the two men were evidently much pleased at their chance for escape. Each held a revolver in his hand, though no one disputed their will. One of the farmers' wives gave evidence of hysterics, while the other, appearing to rely upon being a woman, berated the robbers soundly. Her husband begged her to be quiet, while the husband of the other woman tried to keep his wife from a collapse. The few other passengers in the car sat still, not daring to move a finger. As for the conductor, he sat crouched down in a seat trembling like a leaf.

One of the farmers and his wife were on one side of the car, and the other pair were a few seats behind them on the opposite side, both being near the middle. Bunker stood with his back against the forward door, while the red headed man stood in a similar position with regard to the rear door. The woman who had protested got up from her seat and turned it over so that she would ride backward. The robbers made no objection to this, and the husband meekly acquiesced.

The two couples were now riding face to face, one couple looking at Bunker, while the other looked at his assistant. The train was going at a furious rate, and whenever it came to a curve the robbers found it difficult to maintain their positions. After one of these turns, with a consequent disturbance of the men's equilibrium, two shots rang out simultaneously.

In a twinkling the status was changed. Bunker sank on the floor, and his pal, who heard the glass in the top of the door behind him crack, looked vainly for whoever had fired. But a second shot stopped his observations. The farmers' wives, who had done the shooting, unbuttoned their dresses and threw them off, displaying men's clothing, while their attendants, opening the forward door, rushed over Bunker's body to the next car. One of them, stopping before the door of the baggage car, threw it open, while the other stood with a cocked revolver pointing into the car.

The robber who was stationed there, having his back to the farmers, was defenseless and obeyed an order to throw up his hands. The baggage man disarmed him, while one of the farmers went out through the forward door and climbed over the back of the tender. The engineer occupied one side of the cab, while the robber guarding him sat on the other side, both looking forward. The din prevented the newcomer from being heard, and he had an opportunity to demand the surrender of the robber, though the latter held a cocked revolver in his right hand. Crouching behind a pile of coal, the farmer took aim at the robber, then yelled at the top of his voice for surrender. The robber hesitated for a moment, but, seeing that every chance was against him, complied. Then the engineer, at a nod from the farmer, stopped the train.

We must return to the operations of Pierce Robbins. Through the boy who had seen the robbers in the saw mill he had gained a knowledge of their whereabouts. Intuition told him of their plan. Believing that they had the money they had taken on their persons and desiring that they should not have an opportunity to get rid of it, he preferred to take them while on a train to surrounding them in the mill. So he at once laid his plans accordingly.

He placed four good men, disguised, at the station on each side of the point where they would be likely to board the train, not knowing which way they would go. Each train was watched, and the extra man on the locomotive gave away the presence of the robbers. The engineer, the baggageman and the conductor were all in the plot. No one of them was to make any resistance.

Robbins and a picked man played the women's parts. It was Robbins who made bold to protest against the action of the robbers, and it was he who when in the car with Bunker and the red headed man had arranged and by preconcerted signals announced the attack, though it had been determined that those wearing women's dresses should fire the first shots, owing to their being better able to conceal weapons and draw them more quickly.

When the members of the posse collected in the passenger car it was found that Bunker had been killed outright and the red headed man badly wounded. All the robbers were searched, and every package of bills they had taken from the bank was found intact. As soon as all was ready the train was backed down to the station last passed, where telegrams were sent announcing the capture, and a new train was made up to take the passengers and the prisoners to Eureka.

The directors of the bank paid liberally for the recovery of the stolen money, and the boy whose indolent amusement of fishing had led to the capture received a check large enough to give him an education.

It was not long before every one of the robbers who had been captured alive was convicted and sent for a long term to the penitentiary.

RAYS OF SUNSHINE.

The happiness of life is made up of minute fractions—the little soon forgotten charities of a kiss, a smile, a kind look, a heartfelt compliment in the disguise of a playful raillery and the countless other infinitesimals of pleasurable thought and genial feeling.—Coleridge.

The French Traveling Show.

The traveling showman is commoner in France than in England, particularly in country places. He has almost vanished as an individual from English country fairs. He exists only as the proprietor of galloping horses or boxing saloons or fat lady shows. But at the smaller country fairs in France you may still find the juggler, with his tinsel and tights, and the strong man and the sometimes quite charming dancer. The most ordinary French crowd has a curiosity about art of any kind unknown in England.—London Standard.

THE ADMIRAL FLED

An Incident of the Great Naval Battle Off Santiago.

SCARED BY THE FIRST SHOT

The Thundering Boom of the Oregon's Big Gun In Opening the Attack on Cervera's Fleet Proved Too Much For the Nerves of the Old Veteran.

"It's a remarkable thing," said the captain, "that almost always in any great event of exciting experience, even one in which human lives are involved, there is likely to be some little minor feature with a humorous side to it that will call forth a smile, if not a sudden burst of laughter. It seems as if in such trying moments one's feelings seek a quick vent and seize upon any little incident as a safety valve."

This particular piece of philosophy was expressed by the grim old captain of our steamer as we were lazily churning along the lower coast of Florida.

"I never get down on these southern seas," continued the captain, "without thinking of that 3d of July, 1898, when our fellows pushed the Spanish fleet up on the shore after their attempt to steal out of Santiago harbor.

"I was first officer of the Dasher, one of the auxiliary steamers that the government had chartered and rushed into service. We had been engaged in carrying provisions from Tampa down to the ships of the fleet, and it was ticklish business, too, because no one really knew up to the last few days just where the Spanish fleet actually was, and we expected to be overhauled and captured almost any time.

"This particular trip had been an eventful one, and after rounding Cape Maisi, on the eastern end of Cuba, we soon sighted our splendid fleet of fighters ranged in that fatal semicircle round the entrance of Santiago like a pack of hounds watching for a fox to come out of his hole. It was a great sight, I tell you! The smoke was lazily curling up out of each stack, showing that steam was up and everything ready for the spring from the leash the moment the fox showed his head.

"We had our orders and in a short time were close alongside the big old Oregon, which, you remember, had just made that wonderful trip round the Horn to take part in the fracas. I don't believe there ever was a hotter day even in the tropics than this Sunday, the 3d of July. Things were simply sizzling everywhere, and the ocean itself seemed to be steaming.

"After we had warped alongside and the crew had begun carrying aboard the consignment of bread, potatoes, onions and other stuff I stepped into the captain's room to see if I could get any comfort out of the electric fan which was working overtime. I had just spoken to old Admiral, the captain's pet tomcat—and a huge fellow he was—who was lying on the floor stretched out as wide as possible, fairly gasping for air, when, holy mackerel, there were a concussion and a deafening roar which sent me sprawling and nearly knocked my head off. All I remember seeing that instant was a big cat going almost to the ceiling, with a tail as big around as a grapefruit and every leg, claw and hair standing straight out. The Oregon had let go one of its big forward turret guns right alongside of us, for the Spanish fox had started out of its hole.

"In just one instant everything on earth in the way of activity seemed to be doing. I rushed to the door, and the thing that caught my eye was that old tomcat going aft on the upper deck like a streak of greased lightning, with every sail set to catch the wind and fairly clawing at the deck in his effort to make time.

"In almost less time than it has taken to tell you that one shot had grown into a deafening roar from almost every gun in the fleet that could bear on the fox. Our lashings had been cut loose, and away went the fleet in that dramatic rush to victory for us and death to the Spaniards.

"As my captain and I stood on the bridge and watched the sight he turned to me and said: 'Knight, I'm an old man and haven't but a few years more to live at best. I'll give the rest of my years to see this fight to the finish, and, by the gods, I'm going to follow 'em!' And he gave the signal for full speed ahead.

"Say, but that was a sight! No man who saw it will ever forget it. The race was all in front of us, the Spaniards running for cover and putting up the best fight they could in their half baked condition and our fellows plugging them fast and furiously.

"We followed until the fight was all over and then came about to return to Santiago. The captain gave orders to serve supper in the officers' mess, for neither of us in the excitement of the day had thought a thing about eating. As we sat down to our meal he turned to me and said: 'Knight, have you seen my old tomcat Admiral? I've hunted for him all over the ship.'

"'Well,' I replied, pulling out my watch and looking at it, 'if he has kept up the pace he was making when I saw him last going aft on the upper deck he's due in about six minutes now on his third lap around the world.'

"We never did see old Admiral again, and the captain mourned him till his dying day."—Frank Presbrey in Chicago Record Herald.

To fret and fume is undignified, suicidally foolish and theologically unpardonable.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Back to King Alfred.

Spinster is an Anglo-Saxon word. The fleece which was brought home by the Anglo-Saxon farmer in summer was spun into clothing by the females of the family during the winter. Alfred the Great in his will called the female part of the family the spindle side, and it was an axiom with our frugal forefathers that no young woman was fit to be a wife till she had spun for herself a set of body, table and bed linen. Hence the maiden was termed a spinner or spinster.—London Chronicle.

PHYSICAL ENDURANCE.

Athletes, as a Rule, Reach the Zenith of Their Powers Early.

In athletic sports physical endurance plays the most important part. This is particularly noticeable in the Marathon races. In boxing, wrestling and rowing ability to stand the tremendous strain on the physical powers is essential.

But every athlete has his physical limitations. He reaches the zenith of his powers early and then gradually declines. A victorious Marathon runner seldom repeats his success, for he has impaired his endurance by his exertions, although he does not think so until he meets with defeat the second time he tries for first prize.

A boxer, as a rule, cannot long remain a champion in any class, although a twelve year record has been made by exceptional men. A prominent wrestler said recently that he hoped to remain in the game five years, but could not exceed that limit and still be a topnotcher.

Oarsmen win their greatest victories in the first few years of their career. The baseball player holds out well because the strain on him is less violent than on most athletes and he gets needful rest. Pitchers, however, are an exception, and some hold out for many years, but most of them do not.—Boston Globe.

LAUGH AND GET FINED.

That Seems to Be a Common Occurrence In Germany.

English law is occasionally subject to criticism, but for real comedy we are a long way behind Germany.

In Berlin recently an ironworker was sent to prison for a week because he laughed. Going along the street he saw a merrymaker being chased by a particularly stout policeman, and the sight tickled him. He was promptly haled before the court for scandal.

Another man attempted to get into a moving train and fractured his leg. After six months in the hospital he was discharged, cured, when the state railway department at once prosecuted him for breaking their regulations. The law and leg breaker was fined $1.25.

Stepping into an omnibus a man trod on the foot of a lady, who was so annoyed that she said he walked like a hen. She was fined $5 for using this term of reproach.

Claire Waldoff, the Berlin singer, outwitted the police, however. She was warned that if she sang any of her songs on Easter Sunday there would be trouble. But the announcement was made that Claire Waldoff would positively appear. She did. So did the police. And she sang—the German national anthem!

The promised prosecution did not take place.—London Answers.

Curbing the Kickers.

One of the St. Louis country clubs has an unwritten rule that whenever a member kicks for something he thinks the club ought to have it is at once put in at his expense. Not long ago a member complained of the cream. "The club ought to have a couple of fine cows of its own," he growled. That ended the incident for the time being, but the first of the month he found the following item on his bill:

Two Jersey cows..... $150

The result of this policy is one of the most complete country clubs in the Mississippi valley, but the members are growing more and more cautious about kicking, and acquisitions are nothing like so common as they formerly were.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The New York Shave.

I think that the New Yorker's shave is symptomatic of the whole rate of life in New York. It is, if you will, luxurious, but you have to allow twenty minutes out of your day for it. In London I never allow more than five minutes. Here I lie down in a chair and say: "I'm in a hurry. Be as quick as you can, please." My barber surveys me with no look of interest and goes to talk for five minutes to the lady manicurist. When he returns I say from my recumbent position, "I'm in a great hurry." He says, "Yep?" interrogatorily as if I had given him a piece of quite uninteresting and dispassionate information. He goes to a mirror and for some moments examines a wart upon his cheek. Eventually he shaves me.—Atlantic.

Never leave home on a journey without a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is almost certain to be needed and cannot be obtained when on board the cars or steamships. For sale by all dealers.

Fishing For Sheep.

When sheep were first introduced into Cornwall, England, a flock which had strayed from the uplands on to Gwithian sands were caught there by the tide and ultimately carried into St. Ives bay during the night. There the floating flock was observed from the St. Ives fishing boats, whose crews, never having seen sheep, took them for some new kind of fish and did their best to secure them both by hooks and lines and by netting. Those they secured they brought home triumphantly next morning as a catch to which even pilchards were as nothing.

Sprains require careful treatment. Keep quiet and apply Chamberlain's Liniment freely. It will remove the soreness and quickly restore the parts to a healthy condition. For sale by all dealers.

Travel and Self.

This is the charm of travel—to keep up the feeling of strangeness to the end, never to take things for granted or let them grow stale, to see them always as though one had never seen them before. Then and only then can we see things as they really are. When I become cosmopolitan, world old, blase, when I think and speak in all languages, I shall fly to some deserted island to study the last, most impenetrable enigma—myself.—From "The Romance of the Commonplace," by Gelett Burgess.

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