

# The Fireman and the Bandit.

By HENRY GARONER HUNTING.

THE first time Dan Coryell tried his hand on the throttle of No. 32 he got into trouble. He backed the big passenger engine off the end of Track 12 at the coal docks, and it took an hour and a half to get her on the rails again.

Dan was a new fireman and should not have touched the throttle, but he did it to save Ben Bateh, engineer, from a reprimand and demerits for being late at his engine. Ben had a sick wife at home, and Dan knew that was the reason for his tardiness.

The yardmaster was angry at the awkward result of Dan's venture, and said some savage things. But because Ben was respected by him and because Ben understood Dan's motive report went in to the superintendent's office reading as if the engineer's hand instead of Dan's had been on the throttle—Dan kept his new job and "his chance." "My fault, anyway," said the engineer, when Dan protested, "Ought to have been here."

Dan Coryell could not forget it, and swore allegiance to Ben. He did not know how he could ever pay the debt, but it seemed to him a lifelong obligation, and he kept on the alert for his opportunity.

This story tells how his opportunity came and how he used it.

If coming events really do cast their shadows before, no one had eyes to see the forewarning of the occurrences of that bleak November night. Dan had just finished coaling up and swung himself over to his high seat on No. 32, pulling the evening express, left the long bridge above Nettleton and pounded out on the embankment once more, on her way to the city. The hollow roar of the train on the high trestle gave place to a solid hum over stone-ballasted sleepers, and Ben cut down the stroke as No. 32 settled into her gait. Dan had leaned forward for a look at the track ahead when the thunderbolt came.

"Throw up yer hands!" The words were shouted almost in Dan's ear, and he turned uncomprehendingly. He had read enough newspaper stories of train robberies to understand the phrase, and he had heard the command perfectly. Only the difficulty of understanding quickly that he, Dan Coryell, was actually a victim of a real hold-up made this comprehension slow.

His understanding was helped mightily, however, by a steel ring some eighteen inches from his nose—the muzzle of a forty-four-calibre revolver.

The fireman's hands went up. He had thought—when he read the stories—what he would do under such circumstances. But something in the pair of ugly eyes he now saw back of the revolver put ideas of resistance out of his head.

Then he looked at Ben. The engineer had turned and was staring over his shoulder, open-mouthed, at a man standing on the steel apron between the cab and the tank, and covering him with a pistol as the other man covered Dan. There was no fear in Ben's face—even Dan recognized that on the instant—but there was plenty of amazement.

"Step her!" commanded the man who faced Ben.

The engineer's big left hand mechanically tightened on the throttle, but he made no other move.

"Get busy!" dictated the bandit, moving forward.

Ben turned and pushed the throttle home, while his right hand sharply applied the air. No. 32 slowed with a jerk, then slowed again and stopped. Ben was not lacking in courage, but his valor contained the element of discretion.

"Now look out for 'em!" The man who had given the commands turned quickly, dropped from the engine, and disappeared in the darkness toward the rear of the train. His fellow stepped back to a place midway between his two charges and eyed them alternately, holding his pistol ready to meet a hostile or insubordinate move.

"Now," he said, "if you two are good you won't get hurt, and you can put your hands down."

He settled back against the edge of the cab door and pulled the curtain somewhat about him, for the wind was cold.

He wore no mask, contrary to all Dan's ideas of an up-to-date train robber. His face was dark, clean shaven and rather thin, the features, especially the nose, being well-cut.

The eyes were dark and carried in them the light of reckless readiness to fight.

Dan looked him over from head to foot in silent astonishment. It was almost past belief, this sudden break in the routine of his life. He was wildly excited, and his muscles were instinctively tense for the action which he dared not initiate.

He looked again at Ben, and something in the engineer's attitude instantly alarmed him. It meant fight, and Dan was sure that his friend, whom he had reason to love, would be hurt if he made a stir toward resistance. The terror of the thought stopped his breath for an instant, and the wild determination to shield him became uppermost in his mind.

No. 32 pulsated with the exhaust of her air-pumps. The steam pressure was rising rapidly, as a result of Dan's good fire and her sudden stop. Her safety-valve was sputtering with intermittent, vicious bursts of steam. Suddenly she put up a deafening roar

from the valves brazen throat, a protest against the continued halt.

Minutes passed. They seemed long to Dan, the longest minutes he had ever known. The rush of steam fell from its ear-splitting hiss to a lower note, dwindled and dropped again slightly, and then stopped with a suddenness that made the succeeding unaccustomed quiet for the instant almost painful.

Dan's body stiffened with a startled jerk. A growl of rough voices, with an occasional shout and the hollow noise of blows on a car door, sounded not a dozen yards away, breaking in with all their grim portent upon his startled understanding.

Then suddenly a shot rang out above the din, and an instantaneously succeeding yell told that it had been fired in earnest. The sound of heavy blows stopped short. Dan's heart contracted with a quick quiver of horror, and an involuntary exclamation escaped him. The man in the corner instantly raised his revolver.

"Don't you move, young duck!" he said, hoarsely.

Dan held himself motionless, but he turned blazing eyes upon his enemy. A savage impulse was rising in him, an inspiration to desperate daring which he had never felt before was growing, and with it a strange cunning, danger-born in his hitherto untried spirit, grew also. He looked at his muscular captor with a new question in his eyes, and measured him by a new standard, the standard of craft. He grew cooler. The hubbub at the express car was growing again. Words and sentences reached the engine, threats shouted to the occupant of a barricaded car which told of efforts to enter which were, so far, futile.

Time was passing, time that was precious to these robbers, and their cause was not prospering. The man in the express car was not to be frightened and brought to terms by barking. Dan heard the command from some recognized leader:

"Break the express car off and run her down the road. We'll blow the whole outfit into kingdom come if that idiot don't give in!"

The big engineer sat up with a quick indrawing of his breath. Dan was wild in an instant to prevent his making a move which he feared could only bring disaster. It was the last straw for the boy. His wits were at their keenest stretch. He must find a stratagem, or he must act in sheer desperation. He controlled himself by an effort of will, and his eyes became cat-like in their watching of the guard for the slightest opening.

Then all at once his plan formed. He turned slightly and glanced up at the steam gauge.

"She's losing steam," he said aloud, looking at the robber.

The other scowled at the address; then his eyes glanced at the gauge with quick intelligence. Steam was needed. Dan had counted on his knowing enough about an engine to fall into his trap.

"She ought to be coaled," said Dan, and he wondered if his voice trembled.

The guard looked at him a moment suspiciously, and then said:

"All right! Coal up, then."

Dan slipped from his seat. He dared not look at Ben, but silently prayed that the big engineer would be on the alert to help if his plan succeeded. He must act quickly, for only so could he hope for success. His heart pounded painfully and his knees trembled, but the quick thought of that brave young fellow in the express car and of Ben, his friend, braced him with a fierce resolve to stand by.

He picked up the coal scoop and swung it recklessly near the legs of the robber. Even at that trying moment the half-humorous idea of digging his sharp edge into the fellow's shins stirred in him a faint inclination to smile. But his plan was better than that, and he knew that on his nerve, his steadiness and his cleverness in strategy hung the fate of the money in the express company's safe, perhaps the life of the man in the express car—and his chance to help Ben in this "tight pinch," to prevent his doing anything rash and thereby receiving hurt.

He swung open the furnace door and threw in a scoopful of coal. The fire flared up and Dan looked quickly at the face of his guard and saw that the light dazzled him. He closed the door and swung his scoop again. This time he hit the bandit's legs a sharp rap. The man jumped aside with a snarl.

"I'll break yer block if you do that again!" he cried.

Dan stood up with anxious, humble apology in every line of his face and figure. "I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't mean—if you'll just stand there on the apron, near the side, I won't bungle again. I—I—"

The robber moved to the place designated. He could see his prisoners quite as well from the new position, and he did not relish the possibility of another dig from the scoop. Dan dumped a second shovel load on the fire. Then, holding his breath, he prepared for his final play. He left the furnace door open that its stream of light might shield the engineer by blinding the robber. A third shovel of coal, and then Dan paused in his stooped position with the heavy scoop poised in his hands.

"How's the steam, Ben?" he asked the engineer over his shoulder, trying to speak coolly. He noted with satisfaction that he could hardly see the big engineer across the yellow glare from the firebox, and he knew the

bandit was equally at a disadvantage. Then, without waiting for a reply, he looked up at the robber. Instinctively the latter had turned to the engineer, and was straining his eyes to look at the big gauge. Dan's moment had come.

With all the force of his powerful young shoulders, backed by his wild determination, he swung the scoop, edge foremost, a fearful weapon, straight at the robber's body. Fairly over the stomach he hit the man, and the body of the bandit doubled up like a jackknife and went out of the cab into the blackness of the night, with only the dull sound of the fearful, crushing blow and the thud as he struck the ground.

"Pull her open, Ben! Let her go!" gasped Dan, dropping the scoop and staggering into the cab.

Instantly the big engineer pulled his throttle as he had never pulled a valve before. No. 32 jumped as if stung, and took up the slack of her train with a crazy crash and jar. She slowed, then jumped again, and the heavy train started.

Ben jerked open the sand box. She should not slip now. Sparks flew from the track, and the big machine groaned almost humanly at the strain. It seemed enough to break connecting rods or to blow out a cylinder head, but everything held, and no express train on the B. and R. O. ever started with less loss of time.

For a moment, as the train moved, the robbers were at a loss, so sudden and complete was the surprise. Then shouts and howls arose, cries to the guard in the engine to stop the train, and then, after a delay Dan had scarcely hoped for, a sudden lurch, as realization came to them that they had lost control of the train.

"Duck, kid, duck!" roared Ben, from his lofty perch; but he himself stuck to his post, despite the expected danger of flying bullets.

Dan slipped back to the tank again, but it was not from fear of bullets nor from thought of them. He feared more that with all her quick start, No. 32 might not get sufficient headway on her train to prevent the robbers from again mounting the engine. From the heavy pull at the start he knew that they had not yet broken the train in two, and the heavy coaches dragged with a fearful weight. But the locomotive gained at every turn of a wheel, at every crashing exhaust.

Dan peered cautiously round the corner of the tank. A man, running with all his might, was almost abreast of the cab, overhauling the still comparatively slow moving engine. Dan stooped and caught up a piece of coal the size of a cobblestone, braced himself and waited.

A moment later the striding runner reached to catch the handgrip of the cab. Dan saw his face, white, set, cruel, in the light of the still open firebox door. Then with every ounce of his power he flung his missile straight at the fierce visage.

The runner's face disappeared. No. 32 gasped and roared. The train gained speed until the engineer could pull his throttle wide.

Dan fed his fire and slammed the furnace door shut. Then he sank down upon the steel floor, cold, trembling, with a sudden feeling of faintness and nausea. The train flew on through the night, and only when the lights showed in the city station, twelve miles from the scene of the hold-up, did Ben curb her speed.

Dan had no notion of any great merit in what he had done. He was only glad. Indeed, his anxiety over the ferocity of the blow he had struck the bandit occupied his mind rather than any idea that he had performed a remarkable deed. He hoped with all his soul that he had not killed the man.

But when No. 32 stopped in the great train shed and the story was told, he suddenly found himself a hero. It appeared that the bandits on the coaches, warned by the cries of their companions, quickly dropped from the train when the engine started, and that Dan's action alone had thus turned the tide against them.

A posse of officers pursued the robbers, and in the course of thirty-six hours four of them were caught. Among them was a man with three broken ribs and a cracked collar-bone, who, the doctors said, would recover. So Dan's anxiety was relieved.

It was not till the day following the affair that the engineer and Dan talked it over privately. They met on the engine as usual the next morning for their outgoing trip. To Dan it was somewhat embarrassing, for he feared some word from Ben in personal praise of his exploit. The boy was modest enough to dread most the praise which he would most value.

"How in the world did you think it out, Dan?" asked Ben, looking at the boy with mingled pride and affection. He was a man little given to any demonstration of feeling, but Dan's devotion to him had been too marked to pass unnoticed, and the engineer was deeply affected.

"I was the only one who could get an excuse to move," answered Dan, modestly, blushing to the roots of his hair. "Somebody had to do something."

"But you knew you might get a bullet in you. Besides, I— Look here, boy," he cried, his big, gruff voice deep with emotion. "I've thought you a good one from the first—even when you backed 52 off the rails on the coal dock! You're a brick! Now I know that I'd sure have got shot last night if it hadn't been for you. I'd have been just fool enough. I believe you saved my skin as well as the express messenger's."

Dan turned to coal up and to cover his confusion. "You saved my living and my chance for me once," he said, briefly.—The Youth's Companion.

# AN ARCADIA IS THIS ISLET.

No Laws, No Money and No Crime in Tristan Da Cunha.

Splendid Record For Morality by the Less Than 100 Inhabitants of Isle in South Atlantic Ocean.

FOLK who hold that money is the root of all evil may find support for that belief in the Isle of Tristan da Cunha. For, though seventy-seven white folk inhabit this fly speck of an island in the South Atlantic, there is no money in circulation among them, and, significantly enough, there also is no wrongdoing of any description.

Wrote a recent visitor to the island: "Money would be useless, for there is nothing to buy." And he continued: "Living in honesty, sobriety and harmony, free apparently from all crime, vice, dissension or double dealing, the inhabitants of Tristan da Cunha seem unconsciously to have carried out the purpose entertained by the original settler of 1811, Jonathan Lambert, by keeping themselves 'beyond the reach of chicanery and ordinary misfortune.'"

"They have no written laws. All being law-abiding, they need none, each doing what seemeth right in his own eyes. They have no jail. Crime among them being unknown, such an institution would be a superfluousity. They have no form of government and pay no taxes. They enjoy perfect independence and freedom which never degenerates into license. The community is absolutely moral."

CONTENT WITH THEIR LOT. The outsider who recently visited this later-day Arcadia did so for the purpose of finding out whether its inhabitants really wanted to leave it. Tristan da Cunha belongs to England, and, in January, 1903, a British man-of-war called at the island and afterward reported that most of the people were weary of their life of isolation and wanted to get away from the place.

So the government of Cape Colony sent a representative to offer the islanders free transportation to that country if they wished it, as well as the means of making a new start in life. But when the agent explained to the folk of Tristan da Cunha how different the outside world was from their island home the little community of seventy-seven decided to let well enough alone.

And the visiting official thinks they acted wisely, for he says that "having lost the instincts of suspicion and circumspection, they would fare ill if set adrift in any civilized community where each man plays a lone hand in the game of life and cares little who loses, so long as he himself wins."

Just as there are no newspapers in Tristan da Cunha, no postoffice, no churches and no schools, there also are no shops. The only time, in fact when the inhabitants think of anything like bargaining is when they trade with ships passing the island. Even then, however, there is no competition among them.

All provisions or produce of any kind supplied to ships are regarded as the common property of the community and the proceeds of their sale in clothing or stores are distributed equally among the several households, the blowing of a horn summoning a representative of each family to the division. To make the system work out fairly each family takes its turn in supplying what a ship needs.

Tristan da Cunha was discovered in 1500 by the Portuguese navigator whose name it bears. Great Britain took possession of it some 300 years later and while Napoleon was imprisoned on St. Helena, 1300 miles distant, placed a detachment of British soldiers there as a sort of outpost garrison. On the death of Napoleon in 1821 the soldiers were withdrawn, but a certain Corporal Glass, with his wife and family, and a few other men, were allowed to remain.

In 1833 the population numbered forty souls and in 1852 had risen to eighty-five.

In the course of the next two decades twenty-five left the island for the United States and forty-five migrated to the cape, reducing the number of those remaining on the island to thirty-six. An enumeration made in 1880 showed 100 living there, and these Brazils have remained the high-water mark of population. There have been two violent deaths, but they were cases of suicide, due to mental derangement.

MORAL TONE HIGH. What makes the high moral record of the little community so remarkable is the fact that the original stock was by no means "picked," as is the case with many more ambitious attempts to establish ideal colonies which have signally failed. The male progenitors were just plain, ordinary, rough and ready men, the nationalities represented among them being Scotch, Irish, English and Dutch. They married colored women, one being of African birth and three others Asiatics.

In 1883 a great disaster befell the islanders. Fifteen men, comprising nearly the whole adult male population, were lost in a boat that left the island to board a passing vessel, making of Tristan, as one of the survivors expressed it, "an island of widows and children." But the women and the boys and girls had been trained in the rugged school of self-help, and instead of abandoning themselves to weeping and moping they set to work to make the best of the situation, and, with the aid of some supplies from the Brit-

ish Government, stuck it out, struggling against many difficulties and triumphing over a disaster that would have wrecked a colony of carefully selected idealists.

Nature has been at no pains to prepare an earthly paradise on this lonely isle. Its remoteness from the world of strife and unrest is what has contributed most to the establishment of an Arcadia there. The island is a vast volcanic cone, almost 8000 feet in height, which was hurled up out of the sea aeons ago. The base is a rough circle, the circumference of which, something over twenty miles in extent, is defined by steep cliffs from 1000 to 2000 feet high.

On the northwest a plateau some five miles long and about a mile broad intervenes between these cliffs and sea, and this also drops abruptly about 100 feet to the actual sea beach. It is on this low-lying stretch of ground that the little community dwells and cultivates what crops they can obtain, mostly potatoes.

A copious stream of fresh water bursts out at the foot of the lofty cliffs, running across the northern end of the plateau and falling over the lower cliffs into the sea, making a picturesque cascade and refreshing sight for mariners whose water casks need replenishing.

Near the rivulet the fifteen or sixteen dwellings of the settlement are grouped. Some years ago a part of the spring was diverted near its source by cutting a furrow, so that a tributary stream now passes by the door of nearly every one of the houses, to reunite just above the cascade.

The houses are built of soft stone obtained from the high slopes of the mountain dressed to fit so exactly that the scant mortar used is scarcely needed. They are all built on substantially the same plan, about thirty feet long and ten broad and only one story in height. One-half of each house is devoted to the sitting room, with a large fireplace and chimney in the gable, the remaining being divided into two or more smaller rooms with communicating passages.

The wood used in the partitions has been obtained from ships that have called at the island or been cast ashore there. A relic of one of these shipwrecks is seen in the inscription "Mable Clark," which appears on a piece of timber used in constructing one of the bedrooms. For rescuing the crew of this vessel in 1878 the islanders were handsomely rewarded by the United States Government.

They have troubles of their own, like other peoples. The worst of them came from the outside world. Over two score years ago a schooner was wrecked on the island and a lot of rats escaped from her to the shore, multiplying so fast that they soon overran the island, rendering the cultivation of grain impossible and sweeping her the hillsides where grow the tussock grass with which they used to thatch their cottages.

Now each householder has to raise what he needs of it in a walled-in inclosure from which the rats can be kept at bay. The rats are the curse of the island. The Tristanites will erect a monument to the memory of anybody who will rid them of the pest.

For many reasons it would seem to be eminently desirable that the existence of this island Arcadia should be perpetuated. As an object lesson in the solution of some of the most vexed problems of sociology the little community may some day be deemed worthy of the study of our learned professors who have evolved various theories as to how the greatest happiness may be attained by the greatest number.—Los Angeles Times.

When Stanley Worked in a Cellar. He sometimes, but not often, spoke to me of his life as a boy. I remember, in 1890, when we were staying in Cincinnati together, his asking me one afternoon to go for a walk with him. He took me through obscure back streets and down dirty alleys until we reached a wharf on the banks of the Ohio River. He stopped at the bottom of a street, which ran steeply down to the river, and pointed out a lad who was rolling a large coil of tallow from a cellar down to the wharf. He said: "I have brought you here because I wanted to show you this place." It was in this street that I worked as a boy. I was doing exactly the same work as that lad, and, if I mistake not, that is the same cellar in which I worked.—From "Reminiscences of Sir Henry Stanley," by A. J. Mountney-Jepson, in Scribner's.

Ants For Food. Ants, writes Ernest Thompson Seton, in Country Life in America, are available for food when one is lost in the North Woods. They are usually to be found dormant in dead and hollow trees, sometimes in great numbers, bears and flickers eat them in quantities, and I have met men who claim to have done so, but I have never tried them myself, and suspect they are unpleasantly acid. Professor E. B. Southwick, however, says: "In my early days, when chopping wood, I have often eaten the frozen black ants. The formic acid in them made an agreeable relish to the pork and bread sandwich that formed my lunch."

# Tomfoolery

HE LOVES ANIMALS. The Thakur of Kalamazoo Is a friend of the placid zebu. He gets tigers at random. Drives cheetahs in tandem. And rides into town on a gun.

SO LADYLIKE. "Does your wife ever say anything she is sorry for?" "No; she's sorry if she doesn't say anything."—Cleveland Leader.

LITERALLY. "What's the most recent intelligence?" "That of Jones; he has just recovered from an attack of insanity."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

BREEZY. Ketchum A. Cummis—"Well, you've succeeded in raising the wind. What are you going to do now?" Orville Ardup—"I'm going to blow myself."—Chicago Tribune.

ALL HE WANTED. "I don't want poverty, an' I don't want riches," says Brother Dickey. "All I want is plenty political campaigns an' candidatures runnin' de year round!"—Atlanta Constitution.

HIS SOURCE OF INSPIRATION. "He writes the most realistic war scenes in his books." "Yes, poor fellow! His marriage has helped him that much, at any rate!"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

AN HISTORICAL INCIDENT. Hannibal had just fallen from his elephant. "I wish I had my touring car here," he muttered. "I'm sick of these trunk lines."—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

WHAT THEY MEANT. She (thinking of the dogs)—"Ugly little things, aren't they?" He (alluding to the children)—"Oh, I wouldn't go so far as that. But perhaps if you dressed them differently."—Punch.

NOT EXACTING. "Did I understand you to say that your husband was anxious to have a political career?" "No, he ain't particular about the career. All he wants is an office."—Chicago Record-Herald.

HER CALENDAR. "How long have you been here?" asked the girl who had just arrived at the summer resort. "Oh, only three days," replied the other girl, holding up her hand.—Chicago Record-Herald.

GOOD FOR SORE EYES. Professor (in medical college)—"Mr. Skate, which color irritates the optic nerve least?" Mr. Skate (usually broke)—"Green, sir—at least that of the long variety."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

ENNUI. Tired Tatters—"Dis paper tells er-bout a feller wot died from ennuui." Weary Walker—"Wot's dat?" Tired Tatters—"It's de feelin' wot comes to a man when he gets so lazy dat loatin' hard work."—Chicago News.

BEFORE AND AFTER. "Love," said the whiskered youth, "renders one oblivious of time's flight." "Yes," rejoined the man with the absent hair, "but marriage and the arrival of the grocery bill on the first of each month soon bring one back to earth again."—Chicago News.

PRETENSES. Batcheller—"I've come to the conclusion that marriage is just a game of pretense." Askum—"How do you mean?" Batcheller—"Well, half the married men I meet pretend they're perfectly happy and the other half pretend they're perfectly miserable."—Philadelphia Press.

HER RIGHTS. "Onions are good for indigestion," said Mrs. Black. "But I have never told my husband." "Why don't you let him try them?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"Because I'd rather have him have indigestion, and I think a man's wife has some rights in the home."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

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