

## The Chatham Record.

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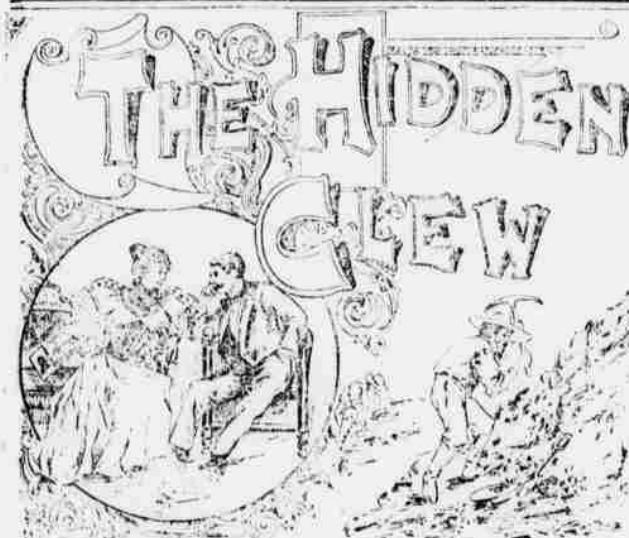
## RATES

OF

## ADVERTISING

One square, one insertion	\$1.00
One square, two insertions	1.50
One square, one month	2.50

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.



## CHAPTER I.

The express trains of that monument of engineering skill, the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, daily traverse the extreme eastern portion of the Rocky Mountains, lying between the city of Denver on the north, and the smaller city of Pueblo on the south, and summer tourists as well as all the year-round men of business pass over the picturesque road by hundreds and by thousands in the course of a single year.

There was a time, however, and not so very long since, either when white men were very scarce in that section and when the only means of locomotion was a much-dilapidated coach, whose time schedule was practically filled out to suit the driver as he went along, and little speed, carried Max Brett's mail from stage to stage.

Some twenty years since there was, about midway between Denver and Colorado Springs, a point where the broad valley narrowed into a deep and wild gorge known then as the Andy Jackson Gorge. In the year eighteen hundred and seventy three the inhabitants who had a considerable time had filled the dual mission of coachmen and postmaster made an interesting discovery.

As the bellows in spring the gush was always a good deal of variety, and it was quite

surprising that the man who had secured a single horse and a team, who would have been remunerated in a small amount, more wages and more refreshments. He was not smoking but with his left hand pulled down over his eyes and his hands buried deep into his pockets was fully reclining against the corner of the horse. Even when the coach drew up this young man did not change his position but merely straightened his right leg to watch the only outside passenger at all. But having seen rest his eye on that outside passenger, he became greatly interested and slowly scanned the new arrival as he entered the stage.

"You know what's on the engine sir?" "Yes. What is it?" "We are slowing perhaps you hardly noticed it yet. There is no station, no telegraph cabin or sign and water tank near here; there is not even an oil grade. I have good reason for suspecting mistake though just what shape it may take I have no idea." The conductor he had never been compelled to work so hard or very steadily for a living, he had hitherto been a waiter for me.

The outside passenger was a man evidently on the shady side of forty, who looked as though he was at least for the time being well acquainted also with the shady side of life. He looked haggard and haggard he also looked sick.

"I want to transact a little business before it gets dark," said the stranger to Lampard Gillenhead. "Keep a room for me please. I will return in an hour or so."

The voice sounded strangely familiar to the young man outside the door and yet he could not place the coach passenger. Again he eyed the shabby man closely as he emerged from the office and watched him as he disappeared along a track which led to one or two outlying huts and shanties. Evidently the man was not a bad character to Rosedale, for he knew his way about now, how the young fellow's interest was aroused for such a visitor after his arrival to town.

"Know him Max," asked the steward of the largest hotel before he had noticed the young man's whereabouts. And yet another day of drudgery, good times were very few indeed in those days to Rosedale citizens.

Now a dozen houses did not numbers invest the trains of their property. A modern architect or house-builder with unmeasured energy and infinite care and artistry would have built every building in Rosedale, where it is doubtful if there was a single residence or other building which contained more than one or two rooms and two square of glass, or had cost its owner a fifty dollar bill even at "Young Colorado."

True, there was "Whittemore's" hotel and store, according to what use could be made of it as pertaining to the honor of the person who happened for the time being to be a passenger of that place. It was favorite spot of rendezvous, and, except during working hours, was usually well filled with customers and buyers, buyers whom Mr. Gillenhead found it policy to tolerate, having in mind the fact that they were all of them not only poor but also prospective patrons. It bore a marked contrast to all the other tenements in Rosedale. The hotel, for such it was primarily, covered a couple of stories and the rough frame building was actually two stories in height, although it lost some of its upper story dimensions owing to the poverty stricken appearance of the shanties, which was a dimly sort of open bower paved outside. It stands nothing except for a series of steps leading up to a porch surrounded uniformly with a trunk bed and a camp stool, both being for the use of which Lampard Gillenhead changes places that would have shamed even the lowest of Western Mountain men.

But it was circumstances that Gillenhead showed his patrons the benefits of his resources and the variety of the entertainment which it was able and prepared to afford. First, there was the office, hotel, office, couch office, express office, post office and ticket office for the railroads, of which Denver was at that time the western terminus. This office, second in importance of the western frame building and was presided over by Gillenhead himself, who sat in a chair of the orthodox kitchen species, surrounded by full and ample cigar boxes. Here Gillenhead installed himself from morning to night, transacting the most important business of the house and holding open cheap chairs at high prices and innumerable packages of strong tobacco. In the office "Dollie" was the last word, boasting a solid combination pool and billiard table together with a few card tables, and top of the apartment was his office. The office in the building was the kitchen, but not even from the kitchen was there no access to the street, or what was known as a street, and all who entered Gillenhead's domain through the side door and passed through the same way under the lampard's eyes.

The post office, also Gillenhead's was located in every room, and now served at Rosedale. Along the entire length of

## CHAPTER II.

A bitter quarrel was in progress between the Great Central Railroad Company and its employees, chiefly the engineers. At the same time, the engineers being for the most part, a highly intelligent and sensible body of men, no serious trouble had thus far been experienced, nor was any fear or apprehension of the company and its officials. The engineers had not yet found it necessary to leave because neither the two proposed to leave nor to do so without pay. They knew full well that moral force backed by legal methods of coercion are more effective and decidedly more popular with the American public than riot and violence.

But there were just a couple of men of whom the engineers themselves were fearful would involve them in serious trouble. These were Mr. Hughes, an engineer, and his son, a man fearless and thoroughly capable of their work, but men who would stop at nothing to accomplish a mean revenge when they considered themselves imposed upon or injured.

One evening the fast train known as the Great Oriental, as the Pacific Mail, rolled out of Prairie City on its way to the far West. At Prairie City was attached to the train engine No. 900, manned by the very men who were so much misreated by both officers and employees. Nothing particular, however, was thought of this fact. They were closely watched in the round houses and yards. When they were in the cars it was tolerably certain they could do no mischief, because any peril to which they exposed the train and passengers must, of necessity, include themselves.

When the mail left Prairie City she was scheduled to run a hundred and fifteen miles across the plains without a stop, the time allowed being three hours and ten minutes. Along this entire distance there were absolutely no towns or cities and very few settlements of any kind, and as the train held the right of way there was no necessity whatever for stopping or even "slowing up."

The sun had just set, but the crimson glory of fading sunset still glorified a melancholy atmosphere, the plains which enabled the engineer to estimate the progress of his travel. He was not smoking but with his left hand pulled down over his eyes and his hands buried deep into his pockets was fully reclining against the corner of the horse. Even when the coach drew up this young man did not change his position but merely straightened his right leg to watch the only outside passenger at all.

He was not surprised that a man of the disposition, habits and temperament of Max Brett should drift to Chicago. In fact, he had made his headquarters there more than once, but was up to this day saw him in Rosedale. He had never been compelled to work so hard or very steadily for a living, he had hitherto been a waiter for me.

"I want to transact a little business before it gets dark," said the stranger to Lampard Gillenhead. "Keep a room for me please. I will return in an hour or so."

"The bus on the road understand you to be a fearless man if that is so, follow me. Have you got a revolver and knife?"

"Yes. What is it?" "We are slowing perhaps you hardly noticed it yet. There is no station, no telegraph cabin or sign and water tank near here; there is not even an oil grade. I have good reason for suspecting mistake though just what shape it may take I have no idea." The conductor he had never been compelled to work so hard or very steadily for a living, he had hitherto been a waiter for me.

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