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1897 may be a happy and prosperous one for all. As for ourselves, we know we shall be able to do better by our patrons.

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CHAPTER V.

A TRIP TO THE GRAND CANON. I stood pondering, for no explanation that would fit the facts seemed possible.

CHAPTER VI. SOME RATHER QUEER ROAD AGENTS. "You had better come back to the car, Miss Cullen," remarked Lord Ralles after a pause.

CHAPTER VII. "I think they'll give us very little trouble to bag," I added, "for they are so positive that the police are pitiful."

CHAPTER VIII. "I don't think," said Miss Cullen, "I am a bit more curious than most people, but it has nearly made me frantic to hear you tick away on that little machine and hear it tick back, and not understand a word."

CHAPTER IX. "How do you know the number?" asked a passenger. "I don't," I said. "That's the number the crew think there were; but I myself don't believe it."

CHAPTER X. "I don't," I said, "I don't want to dispute your eyesight, but if they had been that strong they would never have been shot, and if you want to lay a bottle of wine, I'll wager that when I catch those chaps we'll find there weren't more than three or four of them."

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turned to the saloon, the rest of the party were there, and I said good-bye to the captain and Albert. Then I turned to Lord Ralles, and holding out my hand, said— "Lord Ralles, I joked a little the other morning about the way you thought road agents ought to be treated."

"Neither is necessary," he said airily, pretending not to see my hand. "I never claimed to have a good temper, and it was all I could do to hold myself in. I turned to Miss Cullen to wish her a pleasant trip, and the thought that this might be our last meeting made me forget even Lord Ralles."

"I hope it isn't good-bye, but only au revoir," he said. "Whether or no, you must let us see you some time in the future, and I'll show you how grateful I am for all the pleasure you have added to our trip."

"Two of the bullets struck up here, Mr. Gordon," the man called from the top of the pole. "Yes, sir, the bullet holes are brand-new," he replied.

"I took in the fire showing where the engine had stood. 'I don't wonder nobody was hit,' I exclaimed, 'if that's a sample of their shooting! Some one who wore rattled man than I ever expect to see. Dig the bullets out, Douglas, so that we can have a look at them.'"

manner was enough to make a saint mad—if Miss Cullen hadn't spoken. "You tried to help me, Mr. Gordon, and I am deeply grateful for that," she said.

CHAPTER IV. "You had better come back to the car, Miss Cullen," remarked Lord Ralles after a pause. But she declined to do so, saying she wanted to know what I was going to telegraph, and he left us, for which I wasn't sorry.

"I think they'll give us very little trouble to bag," I added, "for they are so positive that the police are pitiful." "In not cutting the wires!" she asked. "In everything," I replied. "But the worst part is their waiting till we had just passed the Arizona line. If they had held us up an hour earlier it would only have been a state's prison."

"We've ghost road agents to deal with, Miss Cullen," I laughed. "They come from wherever bullets can reach them, and their lead hurts nobody that catches anything and they disappear without touching the ground."

"How curious it is!" she exclaimed, "one would almost think it a dream." "Hold on," I said. "We do have something tangible, for if they disappeared they left a hole in the wall, and I pointed to some cartridge shells that lay on the ground beside the mail-car. 'My theory of aerial bullets won't do.'"

"The shells are as hollow as I feel," laughed Miss Cullen. "Four suggestions remind me that I am desperately hungry," I said. "Suppose we go back and eat the famine."

"Perhaps if they had known the danger as well as you, they would not have been so courageous," she continued, and I could have blessed her for the speech.

careful to break the lines. I told a brakeman to climb the pole and cut a wire. While he was struggling up, Miss Cullen joined me. "Do you really expect to catch them?" she asked.

CHAPTER V. "I shouldn't like to be one of them," I replied. "But how can you do it?" "You could understand better, Miss Cullen, if you knew this country. You see, every bit of water is in use by ranches, and those fellows can't go fifty miles without water, so we shall have word of them wherever they go."

"Line cut, Mr. Gordon," came from overhead at this point, making Miss Cullen jump with surprise. "What was that?" she asked. I explained to her, and after making connections, I called Sanders. Much to my surprise, the agent responded. "I was so astonished that for a moment I could hardly believe the fact."

"I don't see what difference either makes in their chance to escape," said Lord Ralles. "While he was speaking, I ticked off the news of the hold-up, and asked the agent if there had been any men about Sanders, or if he had seen anyone board the train there. His answer was positive that no one could have done so, and that settled it as to Sanders."

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The Canadian Post. LINDSAY, FRIDAY, JAN. 29, 1897.

THE GREAT K. & A. Train Robbery (Continued from last week.) "Well," said Lord Ralles, "we've had a hand in this deal, Mr. Superintendent, and haven't been potted. The soundrels broke for cover the moment we opened fire."

By this time there were twenty passengers about our group, all asking questions at once, making it difficult to learn just what had happened. But, so far as I pieced the answers together, the poker-players' curiosity had been aroused by the long stop, and looking out, they had seen a single man with a rifle standing by the engine. Instantly arming themselves, Lord Ralles let fly both barrels, and in return was the target for the first four shots I had heard.

My wonderment grew when I called on the conductor for his tickets. These showed nothing but two from Albuquerque, one from Laguna, and four from Coolidge. This latter would have looked pretty but for the fact that it was a check beyond Lamy didn't give anything, as the conductor was able to account for every fare as either still in the train or as having got off at some point. My only conclusion was that the robbers had sneaked onto the platform at Sanders, and I gave the crew a good dressing down for their carelessness.

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