

# ON SECRET SERVICE

True Stories of Experiences in the State, War, Treasury and Postoffice Departments by  
Col. Jasper Ewing Brady, Late Censor of Telegraphs and Chief Signal  
Officer, U. S. A., Santiago de Cuba.

Written for the Deseret News.

## No. 3.—The Taming of Mr. Leigh.

**A**FTER the capture of Jim Fleishman, the moonshiner, Cheney had an uneventful life for six months. True, he ran down several cases of more or less importance, but there was nothing to cause the blood to quicken in his veins. He was becoming afflicted with ennui when he was placed on a case requiring delicacy, tact, diplomacy and skill. The first and last qualities Col. Cheney had; they were inherent in him. The second and third, however, were somewhat undeveloped. The nature of the case need not be mentioned here, save to say it required Cheney to be disguised, and took him south, New Orleans being his objective point. Cheney always was a gentleman, so it was no disguise to act the part; but as his work took him south, he assumed the part of a southern planter who was just returning from a trip north. Dyes made his hair and mustache jet black; walnut fixed his complexion to suit; and taken all in all, Col. Jack Cheney was quite impressively good looking when he boarded the New Orleans steamer at Memphis. He had come by boat from St. Louis.

It was in early summer, and travel south was not very heavy. Yellow fever had not been conquered then, as now, and every so often the Stegomyia got very busy and a fever epidemic was the result. Neither were Pullman sleepers such luxuriant palaces on wheels as at the present day. There were only four or five people in the car Magenta was in, and it was a single ladies and a lady and her wife. Cheney's section was at one end of the car, and that occupied by the man and his wife at the other end. The man soon showed signs of liquor. In the smoking car he proffered Cheney a beautiful flask with the usual salutation:

"Here's a drink, stranger."

"Thanks, no," said Cheney. "Too warm this evening."

"That's the only reason?" Just a faint suggestion of a sneer accompanied the remark.

"That's the only one I care to offer tonight now," said Cheney, his blue eyes becoming steely gray.

The stranger was a big man, physically. He had long jet black hair parted way over on one side, and his eyes were the same color. His expression was not very prepossessing, and something told Cheney to keep his eyes on him.

"Well, there's no harm done, here's my card."

The card read "Fred Leigh," and Cheney thought a minute, and then remembered the address given was in the gambling district in New Orleans. He also had heard of a "bad man" among the gamblers named Fred Leigh. This was evidently the man.

Presumably Leigh thought the mere sight of his name would thoroughly cow the stranger, and perhaps he would give him his card in return. But Cheney did nothing of the kind; he merely bowed, and curtly said "Thanks," then returned to his seat in the car.

During the evening Leigh intimated freely, and several times engaged in animated conversation with his wife. Angry words passed between them. Cheney kept his eyes and ears open, but nothing untoward happened which would warrant his interference.

The next morning Leigh resumed his drinking, and by 10:30 was ugly drunk. The conductor and porter did nothing to keep him quiet; in fact, they informed Cheney that Leigh was a bad man. They knew him well, and as the porter expressed it: "Ef any one crossed Mistah Leigh, he was turrible bad." Cheney had seen "turrible bad" men a plenty in his day, and knew that generally there was a streak of yellow in their makeup if some one had nerve enough to bring it out.

Quite a number of passengers had boarded the train since leaving Memphis, and about 10:35 in the morning Mr. Leigh staggered up the aisle muttering imprecations under his breath. He was looking for trouble, and as is usually the case, he got it. He dropped into the seat beside his wife, who was small and quite pretty. She appeared afraid of him, but remonstrated with him in regard to his conduct.

"Shut up," he growled, like a cur, and then without the least provocation or warning, he struck her on the cheek with his open hand.

Cheney had learned never to interfere in wordy war between man and woman, but when a blow was struck, then it was time for action. Like a flash he went up the aisle. Leigh was a larger man than Cheney, but Cheney's muscles were like bands of steel. His life and training were good, and he knew self-defense from A to Z. He caught Mr. Leigh by the back of his coat, jerked him out of the seat and shook him like a terrier does a rat.

With a feeling of disgust Cheney threw Leigh into an unoccupied seat across the aisle and said to him:

"Do that again, and by the eternal, I'll thrash you until you can't see!"

Leigh was really too drunk to understand what it all meant. The fall may have stunned him for a moment; anyway, he remained quiet and eventually fell into a deep sleep.

Mrs. Leigh was profuse in her thanks to Cheney, but begged him to be careful; Mr. Leigh would be very

angry when he awoke. In fact, she asked Cheney to change his location to another car. He wasn't that kind, however, and resumed his seat.

Leigh slumbered until about 2:30 and then awoke surly and mean. From his valise he took a fresh bottle of whisky; his supply seemed inexhaustible. By 3:30 he was again under the influence, and this time he was fighting mad. In the smoking compartment he cornered the porter and told that worthy that he (Leigh) was going to do Cheney.

The porter told Cheney, and that gentleman realized there was trouble ahead. He took his revolver from his satchel and dropped it in his outside coat pocket. The other passengers in the car were terrified. The train crew, Pullman conductor and porter were under the spell of Leigh, the bad man. They all lacked nerve, so essen-

tially when he awoke. In fact, she asked Cheney to change his location to another car. He wasn't that kind, however, and resumed his seat.

Leigh slumbered until about 2:30 and then awoke surly and mean. From his valise he took a fresh bottle of whisky; his supply seemed inexhaustible. By 3:30 he was again under the influence, and this time he was fighting mad. In the smoking compartment he cornered the porter and told that worthy that he (Leigh) was going to do Cheney.

The porter told Cheney, and that gentleman realized there was trouble ahead. He took his revolver from his satchel and dropped it in his outside coat pocket. The other passengers in the car were terrified. The train crew, Pullman conductor and porter were under the spell of Leigh, the bad man. They all lacked nerve, so essen-



### GOVERNMENT AFTER MARRIAGE SYNDICATE.

By the recent arrest in New York City of Mrs. Bina Verrault there has been blown into public view an organized marriage syndicate having a well equipped office and at least three establishments in the metropolis. Mrs. Verrault, who is charged by the federal authorities with misuse of the mails, is alleged to be the leader of a group of men and women whose business it is to fleece men drawn to the net by advertisements in which "a rich and beautiful widow desiring a husband" figures prominently. Half a dozen of the alleged victims of the syndicate have already come forward with accusations of fraud and many more are expected to appear when Mrs. Verrault is arraigned at the United States commissioner's hearing in New York City on Sept. 26.

In dealing with such a character, all save Cheney. He had nerve; plenty of it. He also had discretion, a valuable adjunct to nerve. He didn't want any trouble, wasn't looking for it, but if it came his way he would not dodge it.

The former trouble with Leigh came to a climax when he slapped his wife's face, and when he was comfortably full he was ready for another row. Leigh returned to his seat, but Mrs. Leigh tried to avoid trouble; she wouldn't talk to him, but he grew louder in his imprecations and again struck her, this time not with his open hand, but with his clenched fist. The poor little woman screamed, and in an instant all was turmoil and confusion. Women shrieked and the men poor excuses they were sat paralyzed. One early drunkard brute had the car under his thumb. From the liquor-maddened Leigh all semblance of reason or humanity fled, and once more he raised his hand to strike the little woman so unfortunate as to be his wife. Cheney, at the first sign of trouble, went down the car again and seized Leigh's uplifted hand in a grip of steel. He swung him around and struck him a stinging blow. All the blood in Cheney's body was in his face, and in a minute Mr. Leigh was reduced to submissiveness. There had been trouble enough for one day, and Cheney dragged Leigh to the car ahead, and told him if he came back

him. His hand felt the bruise on his face—who did it? Who? Who? Why was he here with that brakeman sitting opposite? All at once there came the memory of a young man with dark hair and complexion and two steely gray eyes. He was the man that had humiliated him. Twice that day he had reduced him to senselessness. It wasn't a time for fists; something stronger must be used. He reached in his pocket and out came his flask. A long pull but false courage into his heart. In the other pocket was his six shooter. In all his life he had never been beaten; he was always the bully. Everyone in that train was afraid of him, except Cheney. Apparently the brakeman was watching him, had been put there by the conductor for that purpose; but when that man remonstrated Leigh felled him with a blow. Drawing his revolver, he started back.

"Stand back everybody!" he shouted, brandishing the gun. There was no need for his command, because "everybody" had ducked under his seat. Leigh's progress was unimpeded, and he stepped out on the platform between his car and the Magenta. In those days the view of the interior of a Pullman was not obstructed from each end as now. The gentlemen's smoking room was in the rear, and the ladies' room, a small cubby hole, at the forward end.

Here was a pretty mess. Cheney was down there on government business, and if he became involved in a row with this Leigh, his identity might be revealed and his plans thwarted. The department in Washington would give him a good rap over the knuckles, and, maybe, dismiss him. The affair must be settled, and settled quickly. Cheney knew Leigh to be a coward at heart, but he was in his own halibut, entrenched round about by the gambling element. Alone, he would be nothing to fear; with this crowd back of him, he would be everything. Leigh had no respect for law; he was an open violator of it every day. But he had reckoned without his host.

At this time a reform mayor and chief of police were trying to break up this criminal ring. Cheney didn't know either one, and he didn't want to reveal his true self, unless it was absolutely necessary. But he did know a man named Jim Welch, who, during the Civil war, had been one of Forrest's raiders. Welch had done some work for the secret service after the war, and Cheney sent for him to come to the hotel. Welch came, and Cheney told him the story.

"Well, now Jack, Ah reckon we can fix that up. Just put ye' gun in 'er pocket, foh sudden emergencies, an' we'll go up an' see Pat Boland, chief of police. He's a square chap, an' hates Leigh's gang like the devil hates holy water."

Cheney and Welch met Boland in the city hall, and when the chief heard the story he was wrath.

"Go on out and kill the snake, and I'll promise you won't even be locked up. Leigh is yellow all through, and won't meet you alone."

"I don't want to kill him," said Cheney, "although the round richly deserves it. But I guess with Welch here to back me, I can give him enough to last for awhile."

"All right," replied Boland; "if you want to be a coward, let me know. And with that Cheney and Welch left. When they got outside Cheney surprised Welch by giving him his revolver.

Leigh could see the entire car, and whisky had utterly dethroned his reason. All he wanted was to kill Cheney, to avenge the blow that had cut the big lump on his chin. He hadn't any more sense than a mad dog. Not waiting to open the door, he commenced firing through the glass window at the top. At the first shot everyone in the sleeper got down behind their seats, and the women screamed in those that didn't faint. Cheney heard the shot and crash of glass. He had full command of his faculties the minute he opened his eyes, and knew the "bad man" was again on the war path. He grabbed his revolver, jumped up and saw outlined behind the glass in the door the bearded Leigh wildly firing his gun. There was no whisky in Cheney's veins to disarrange his aim. The train was lurching from side to side as he fired, and then the face of Leigh disappeared. "This might be a ruse," thought Cheney, "to enable him to reload his six-shooter." He seized the bell rope and brought the train to a standstill. The conductor came back and found Leigh on the front platform of the Magenta with a bullet wound through the fleshy part of his pistol arm. It was more painful than serious, and had caused him to drop his revolver. He was helpless and knee it.

Of course Cheney was a government officer, and could have arrested Leigh then and there, but to have done so would have revealed his identity, and the mission Cheney was on precluded that.

Leigh was taken up in the baggage car a prisoner. His bravado was gone, so was his revolver; that made him tame, and he was not an object of fear any longer. Cheney made the conductor write a complaint to the chief of police in New Orleans, asking him to have a detail meet the train on its arrival.

Once more Mrs. Leigh begged Cheney not to have anything to do with her husband. In New Orleans he was all powerful, and would do Cheney harm. But he colored only smile and assured Mrs. Leigh he would take care of himself.

At 11 o'clock the train pulled into the old station, and Leigh was turned over to the police. Cheney said he would make the complaint and appear in the morning. Leigh said nothing, and it was noticed he seemed particularly confident of the outcome.

Cheney spent the night at the Gulf City hotel, registering as Albert Gallatin of Boston, Revere. The next day when Leigh's case was called, Cheney told his story, but was surprised to note that not one of the other witnesses was present. Neither was Mrs. Leigh. It was soon apparent to Cheney that Leigh was in the hands of his friends. Some all-powerful influence was at work in his favor, and the judge dismissed the case. Cheney returned to the hotel and rested for a while. About noon he came down to the lobby on the second floor. Sweet, the proprietor of the hotel, came to him.

"Mr. Gallatin, are you armed, sir?"

"Why no, not now. Why?" asked Cheney.

"Fred Leigh has been in here and made some ugly threats against you. I don't want any man murdered in my house. Here's my gun."

"Thank you," said Cheney, with his inevitable smile. "I'll get my own gun, though I confess I think Mr. Leigh's threat is mostly talk."

"Well, you gave it to him good on the train, and he deserved it all. But here he's king of the gambling element. Any number of thugs and bullies are ready to do his bidding. You'd better be prepared."

"Again I thank you," said Cheney. "I'll be here for a day or so, and will keep my eyes open for Mr. Leigh."

That afternoon while Cheney was in his room a card was brought to him bearing the name of Judge W. H. Emery.

"Show him up," was the terse order to the negro bell boy.

Cheney was standing in the middle of the room, his right hand resting carelessly in his coat pocket. But at the same time he was grasping his revolver, and when Judge Emery came in he was covered. Cheney was ready for any emergency.

The judge was a typical southerner, and occupied a plain room on the city bench. He was not long in making his mission known.

"You are Mr. Gallatin, I presume, sir?"

"At your service, Judge Emery."

"Well, sir, Ah come as the representative of Mr. Frederick Leigh, with whom ye' had an altercation last night. We realize, of co'se, that you are a perfect stranger in these parts, and we are willing to provide you with seconds. Mr. Leigh demands the satisfaction of a gentleman, sir."

"You mean a duel?" said Cheney, smiling.

"Exactly, sir," replied the judge, stroking his goatee. "Ye' are the challenged party, sir; what weapons do you choose?"

"Well, Judge Emery," drawled Cheney, "I've never fought a duel in my life. I don't know much about such affairs, but I believe I am right in assuming that only gentlemen indulge in such—er—sport."

"Yes, sir, both parties must be gentlemen, to be shuah."

"Well, then," said Cheney, and this time his words came forth like the crack of a rifle, "there can be no duel between Leigh and me. A gentleman never strikes a woman, and I now regret I did not injure him more seriously. I've been told, sir, that Mr. Leigh has made threats against me. He's a damned cur, Judge Emery, and I'll kill him on sight, and he'll demand satisfaction. Do I make myself plain, judge?"

"Perfectly, sir, perfectly; but I fear you do not thoroughly understand our customs."

Understand enough of decency's customs to thrash a cur when I see him. The interview is ended, judge," said Cheney, bowing him out.

Here was a pretty mess. Cheney was down there on government business, and if he became involved in a row with this Leigh, his identity might be revealed and his plans thwarted. The department in Washington would give him a good rap over the knuckles, and, maybe, dismiss him. The affair must be settled, and settled quickly. Cheney knew Leigh to be a coward at heart, but he was in his own halibut, entrenched round about by the gambling element. Alone, he would be nothing to fear; with this crowd back of him, he would be everything. Leigh had no respect for law; he was an open violator of it every day. But he had reckoned without his host.

At this time a reform mayor and chief of police were trying to break up this criminal ring. Cheney didn't know either one, and he didn't want to reveal his true self, unless it was absolutely necessary. But he did know a man named Jim Welch, who, during the Civil war, had been one of Forrest's raiders. Welch had done some work for the secret service after the war, and Cheney sent for him to come to the hotel. Welch came, and Cheney told him the story.

"Well, now Jack, Ah reckon we can fix that up. Just put ye' gun in 'er pocket, foh sudden emergencies, an' we'll go up an' see Pat Boland, chief of police. He's a square chap, an' hates Leigh's gang like the devil hates holy water."

Cheney and Welch met Boland in the city hall, and when the chief heard the story he was wrath.

"Go on out and kill the snake, and I'll promise you won't even be locked up. Leigh is yellow all through, and won't meet you alone."

"I don't want to kill him," said Cheney, "although the round richly deserves it. But I guess with Welch here to back me, I can give him enough to last for awhile."

"All right," replied Boland; "if you want to be a coward, let me know. And with that Cheney and Welch left. When they got outside Cheney surprised Welch by giving him his revolver.

# University of Utah

"The Head of the Public School System of the State."

The University of Utah includes the School of Arts and Sciences, the State Normal School, and the State School of Mines.

## SCHOOL OF ARTS AND SCIENCES.

The School of Arts and Sciences offers

1. General Science.
2. Liberal Arts.
3. Commerce and Industry.
4. Government and Administration.
5. Journalism.
6. Teacher's Course.
7. Medicine (first two years)

## STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

The Normal School offers:

1. A Five-year Normal Course.
2. Advanced Normal Course.
3. Kindergarten Courses.

Graduates from the eight grades of the public schools are admitted to the Normal School.

## STATE SCHOOL OF MINES.

The School of Mines offers courses in

1. Mining Engineering.
2. Electrical Engineering.
3. Civil Engineering.
4. Mechanical Engineering.
5. Chemical Engineering.

Study Mining in a Mining Country.

## PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

A Preparatory School is maintained which gives preparation for the courses in General Science, Liberal Arts, Engineering, Medicine, Business, etc. One year of high school work is necessary for admission to the preparatory school.

The greatest Universities of America and Europe are represented in the Faculty.

The University Library is the largest and best in the State. The shops and laboratories are unsurpassed in the completeness of their equipment.

The proximity of great mines, reduction works of various kinds, and power houses for the generation of electricity, afford excellent advantages for thorough and practical work in all the engineering courses.

The undergraduate work offered is as thorough and complete as can be obtained anywhere.

No tuition is charged, but an annual registration fee of \$10 is required.

Registration of students, September 14th and 15th. Instruction begins September 17th.

Students are assisted in finding suitable boarding places.

The catalog is sent free upon request. Correspondence is invited.

UNIVERSITY OF UTAH,  
Salt Lake City, Utah.

"What's that foh, Jack?" asked

Welch. "Ye' may need this."

"No I won't. All I want you to do is to stand off the gang, and I'm going to give Leigh the best thrashing he ever received. I don't want the hound's blood on my hands."

"Well, Ah'll keep the gang off. No, you fear, old man," drawled Welch.

Cheney bought a good, stout rawhide, and then started after his man. Leigh was down in Canal street surrounded by a crowd of his hench-

as the whip rose and fell with stinging force, he could hear Ben Welch's drawing voice say:

"Keep back, gentlemen, keep back, or Ah'll make some work for the undertakers."

This admonition was not necessary, for the gang were disgusted with the behavior of their so-called leader. He made no effort to defend himself, but yelled to Cheney to stop.

"Say you are a damned coward!" said Cheney, pausing with whip upraised.

"I'm a damned coward," gasped the

## "DRUNKENNESS"

Cigarette And Tobacco Habits

Cured by

TRIB.

Each package contains 16 fluid ounces is taken by the mouth, is taken privately. The patient enjoying the same freedom while taking "TRIB" that he would if any other time in life.

Virges & Co. Leading Druggists, Tacoma, Wash., writes: "We enclose herewith check covering 'TRIB' invoice to date. We are both surprised and gratified at the success we are having with 'TRIB.' We find it easier to take at \$12.50 per treatment than any of the dollar preparations in this line. We are confident that we will sell many times our contract for you."

It requires about four weeks to complete a cure with "TRIB." We have the first failure yet to find where the party taking "TRIB" was sincere. With each treatment we give you an absolute GUARANTEE that you will receive \$12.50 for four week's treatment and a cure.

Doull Drug Co., F. C. Schramm

Owl corner, next door to new Post office.

Cor. 1st So. and Main Sts., "where the cure stop."

Sole Agents.



Just a little thing may cause a lot of trouble. It's by watching the smallest details of manufacture of course starting with sound wheat that we are able to turn out such a fine flour as the Fawn brand. Ask any user of Fawn flour who success we have attained in furnishing a certain bread, cake and pie baker.

Salt Lake & Jordan Mills.

Good Eye Glasses

Correctly made and fitted are a boon to the possessor. Why not let us test your eyes; and if you need glasses make them for you. We use only one kind of material, "that's the best."

RUSHMER

Makers of perfect eye glasses. 73 WEST 1ST SOUTH. Both Phones 1763.

J. H. KNICKERBOCKER. OPTICIAN.

Scientific Eye Testing. Glasses Properly Fitted. Expert Watch Repairing. Removed to No. 227 South Main Street.

Hotel Grace

EUROPEAN PLAN. Headquarters for Utah People and Mormon Missionaries in

CHICAGO.

Location. Opposite Postoffice and Board of Trade. Exact Center of Business District, Jackson Boulevard and Clark Street.

20 Rooms at \$1 per day, and upward. Every room has hot and cold water. C. C. COLLINS, Proprietor.

## SHREVE & Company

will occupy about September first, their temporary building at

Van Ness Avenue and Sacramento Street,

Complete stock of Diamond and Gold Jewels, Watches, Silverware, Glassware, Stationery, etc., now on sale at

Post Street and Grant Avenue.

SAN FRANCISCO.

## The Merits of The Metrostyle

have been commended by sovereign and musical authorities the world over, as the crowning success of musical invention. It puts the composers interpretation on Pianola-Played Pieces. Come and see the New Pianola Piano with Metrostyle attachment.

CARSTENSEN & ANSON CO.

74 S. Main Street.



### CONEY ISLAND CAR RIOTS.

Day and night for nearly a week a Brooklyn, N. Y., street railway monopoly and the public have been clashing over a supreme court decision that under the law the railway corporation is not entitled to collect more than a five-cent fare for a single trip on any of its lines. The accompanying view shows one of the many scenes enacted along the lines between New York and Coney Island, in which railroad employees, the police and the travelling public participated in acts of disorder and violence which led to hundreds of clubbings, scores of arrests and finally, the death of a young woman. Politics is playing a lively part in the situation and it may be many weeks before complete order is restored.