

NOTHER malicurrier's been hears in the trappers' huts and "rest- mail route in the world. The malicarfrozen to death, boys."

"Yes? That's had looks are Downing lost his toes."

A Straggie With Death,
frozen to death, boys."

"Yes? That's bad luck! Why,
t was only three weeks ago that Ben
Downing lost his toes."

This is the kind of talk the traveler

NOTHER malicarriers been hears in the trappers' huts and "rest- mail route in the world. The malicarriers in the trappers' huts and "rest- mail route in the world. The malicarriers is as it was in the dead tell no tales is as true as it was in the dead tell no tales in the trappers' huts and "rest- mail route in the world. The malicarriers is as it was in the dead tell no tales in the dead tell no tales is as it was in the dead tell no tales in the trappers' huts and "rest- mail route in the world. The malicarriers are in the trappers' huts and "rest- mail route in the world. The malicarriers is as it was in the dead tell no tales in the dead tell no tales is as it was in the dead tell no tales in the dead tell no tales is as it was in the dead tell no tales in the dead tell no tales.

Ben Downing, the most famous of the malicarriers, a magnificent specimen of the bigh eas. The number really ing at his ease, covered with warm robes, the ploneer, whose big frame has been to the carrier reclinging at his ease, covered with warm robes, the ploneer, whose big frame has been to the carrier reclinging at his ease, covered with warm robes, the ploneer, whose big frame has been to the carrier reclinging at his ease, covered with warm robes, the ploneer, whose big frame has been to the carrier reclinging at his ease, covered with warm robes, the bigh eas.

This is the kind of talk the traveler in the trappers' huts and the dead tell no tales in the dead tell no tal It was only three weeks ago that Ben | 2000 miles of this rugged, ice-bound region | through a desolate, uninhabited country

letters from home at a terrible cost of human life and suffering.

The Yukon mailcarrier must travel with his dog sledge along a river piled up with blocks of ice like the boulders on a hillside. He does not have a level surface on which to skim along like a skater. His dogs and he must make their way over masses of jagged ice, and struggle through deep snowdrifts which threaten to blot them out from human sight und memory.

The Mallman's Daily Peril,

Every morning, when he starts out, the milearrier literally takes, his life in his hand. Running behind his sled, he crosses a spot where the ice is thin, and down he goes. He manages to get out, per-haps, but the thermometer is probably down in the sixtles below zero. His wet ciothes immediately freeze. He may get off with a loss of a few toes by freezing; or he is not heard of until the ice goes out and the river gives up its dead.

When the malicarrier arises in the morn-ing, after sieeping at the "rest-house," he finds that every one of his joints is stiffened by his violent exertions and long exposure to the intense cold. Probably no trail is to be seen. There has been a snow storm during the night, or a wind storm which has drifted the snow, wind storm which has drifted the show. The Yukon is several miles wide in places, and on these occasions the surface is so broken by hillocks of ice and snowdrifts that its winding course cannot be distinguished, from the land. The carrier has to don his snowshoes and break a new trail for the dogs over the trackless waste.

Theodore Blum, a veteran at the bustness, started to do this one morning. It was on the Yukon flats, just inside the Arctic circle, where the river is nearly 15 miles wide. He carried a long fir pole with him, his dog team following him. 15 miles wide. He carried a long fir pole with him, his dog team following him, and when he felt the ice giving way ne threw down the pole and rested his weight on it. But even though his weight was thus cunning distributed, it did not al-ways save him from a ducking. He fewer than six th his endeavor to cross the river, and nar-rowly escaped being frozen before he could reach one of the shelters.

A Struggle With Death.

Spring time, and the sun for an hour hefore and afternoon softened the snow and made travel difficult, so most of his traveling was done in the night. He left traveling was done in the night. He left his station at 1 o'clock in the morning, putting laced moccasins or the feet of his dogs to prevent the sharp ice crystals from cutting them. He had made 20 miles and was going along at a clipping pace, his hands on the bars of the sled, when he heard the ice crack under his dogs. He halted them with a word and pianted his feet rigidly to break the momentum of the sled. This sudden throwing of his weight in one place broke the ice, and down he went.

A Mail Stage on the Yukon Winter Trail

ice, and down he went.

The sagacity which comes to the dogs from daily going through such experiences enabled them to drag him onto the solid ice, and away they went again, faster than before, because Ben had his feet wet and knew they were freezing. A few miles more and he knew they had already frozen. Then they began to bleed, and for ten miles the blood spurted out of the lace holes of his moccasins with every step, and left a red trail on the frozen step, and left a red trail on the frozen

At length he reached one of his lonely stations. The first thing he did was to strip off his wet clothes; then he wrapped a blanket around his naked body and in a temperature of 62 degrees below zero hunted up wood and made a fire. The following night he traveled nearly fifty miles until he reached Dawson City. He miles until he reached Dawson Chy. He handed over his mail, went limping about his business as if nothing had happened, and then went home and had a fever. He was in the hospital for two months, and had to have his toes amputated. Yet he is still in the same business, and really enjoys its hazards.

George Little, one of Downing's car-

joys its hazzrds.
George Little, one of Downing's carriers, was traveling through slush ice and got hadly wet. He pushed on 'to reach the "bunkhouse," but 'tht overtook him. After collecting wood along the river bank and making a fire, he found that while he warmed one side, he was chilling on the other, the thermometer registering 64 degrees below zero. So he spent the night climbing up and down the spent the night climbing up and down the hill to keep his blood in circulation.

Men .. ho Vanish Forever.

These are mild incidents of the everyday hazards of the trail, told by survivors. In this adventurous life the old saying that "the dead tell no tales" is as

becomes of them.

Two malicarriers on the short run to Atlin did not arrive last Winter, and a search party was sent out. They found the tracks of the sled leading to what had been a hole in the ice. That was all. In the same district, the frozen body of a mailcarrier was found and identified be his watch. He had been lost three by his watch. He had been lost three years previously.

years previously.

Harry Frayne, a mailcarrier from Valdes to Eagle, started out last January with the expectation of meeting the carrier on the next stage. He found the dogs and the sied. The carrier, Tuffin, had abandoned them when the dogs were exhausted and had started off with the idea of carrying the mail on his buck for the rest of the distance. Some Indians found his frozen body six miles from the summit of Mentass Pass. He had plodded with the mail until he fell in the snow, frozen to death.

From the lower end of this lonely trail

snow, frozen to death.

From the lower end of this lonely trail 2000 miles to Nome there is often in the local newspapers brief mention of the disappearance of a mallcarrier, and people, appreciating the risks they run, are entirely unmoved. It is an episode of daily life, exciting no more comment than a runaway horse does in a big city.

The state of the life of

Heroic Servants of Civilization. These mailcarriers, in their humble way. are doing more than anybody else to spread civilization to the uttermost ends

of the earth. The United States has behaved liberally to Alaska in the matter of mails. Mail matter in some parts of this vast territory pays the Govern-ment about 30 cents a pound for transportation, and costs about \$4 per pound to carry to its destination after it reaches the seaboard of the territory. Costly as this policy is, it places the lonely prosor in touch with civilization and tends to keep him civilized in a larger degree than any other agency could. But the cost to the mallcarrier is often-

times life itself. It is strange that men can be found to undertake a task full of such extraordinary and terrible risks. There is never any difficulty, however. The adventurous life appeals to men of grit and spirit; they say that they prefer it with all its perils, to a humdrum occupation.

A Hard Life,

Leaving all danger and adventure out of consideration, it is still a rough, hard

est parts of the Yukon Territory get their | at the close of last season. It was sible, in these vast solitudes, to say what | miss the heaped up ice, the soft places and the snowbanks. Where the trail is good, he grasps the long handles at the rear and at a continuous jog trot guides

rear and at a continuous jog trot guides the sied along. In fairly smooth places he jumps on a narrow board, resting a good part of his weight on the handle-hars.

In a temperature of 80 deg, below zero, which is common, he has to keep warm, and yet he must not perapire, or the moisture will immediately freeze. Instead of warm robes, he has a parka (a smock frock with no opening except at the neck) which is made of ticking. This is light and keeps out the wind.

His greatest care is as to his footwear. He has two or three pairs of woolen.

He has two or three pairs of woolen socks and over them a pair of moccasins made of deer hide. Should these get wet his feet freeze, and he is little better.

than a dead man.

After he has made his distance for the day he arrives at a lonely cabin under some feet of snow. He has to put on some feat of snow. He has to put on his snowshoes to break a trail to it for the dogs. The cabin contains a rusty stove and some provisions for himself and the dogs. He has to chop wood after his day's work, and must first cook the supper for his dogs. Then he cooks and eats his lonely meal and lies down in his clothes to sleep. There is no furin his clothes to sleep. There is no fur-niture. In a country where fuel is scarce the temptation to chop it up for stove wood would be too great.

wood would be too great.

Only men of iron frame can stand the hardships of such a life. The others are "weeded out" after two or three trips.

WESTON COYNEY.

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Harper's Bazsar, sed your threshold with a grief But that I went without it; never came Heart-hungry but you fed me, eased the

and gave the sorrow solace and relief.

The love that drew me to your side again Through that wide door that never could closed between us for a little day

knew So over-well the want of heart and mind? Where may I turn for solace now, or kind Relief from this unceasing loss of you?

Be it for fault, for folly, or for sin. Oh, terrible my penance, and most sore— To face the tragedy of that closed door Whereby I pass and may not enter in.— THEODOSIA GARRISON.

THE GREAT IDEA

T the time Herbert Renshaw, Esq., A snnounced himself a candidate for the office of Mayor of Cornyille there were three bad men in the municipality who traveled and transacted business under the names of "Fritzie" Gannes, "Soapy" Wadlow and "Frenchy" In the class beneath Ruderick McKlowd they were the greatest and most envied Under World celebrities living in the community. "Fritzie" was a gamester from London, "Scapy" was a "tool" from "Frisco, and "Frenchy" was a "stall"

from Quebec. se three bad men detested "posse In the event of Renshaw's election as Mayor the three believed that Cornville would assume a pose of rectitude which would hurt their business. Therefore, when Renshaws nomination was an-nounced they took counsel with themcelves and with Ruderick for the defeat of Renshaw. Ruderick did not give ad-vice unless he felt like it, and for the most part he did not feel like it. He looked upon "chewing the rag" as a van-ity, useless before a man has done his job and ruinous afterward. He was by tem-perament a "single-handed" specialist: what he had to do professionally he liked to do alone, and no questions asked and no tales told. There were times, however when Ruderick saw points for his own hand in general discussion, and "Fritzie," Great Idea. "Fritzle" was the spokesman, and he gave Ruderick conclusive arguments why Herbert Renshaw, Esq., should

not be elected Mayor of Cornville. "If he's elected." "Fritzie" explained, "we'll all have to mooth, and the guns that ain't known here 'll come to town on' rip it open an' get all the plunder. That happens every time a Reform Ad-ministration tries to run the police of a town, an I tell you straight. Ruderick.
I'm gettin' sick of it. I've got my stakein Barwood, an' I think we ought to elect
him. Who you goin' to work for, Ruderick? Barwood or Renshaw?"

ment in Ruderick's mind previous to the visit of the trio. Had they called in on him a few days earlier they would in all blokes, is there?" remarked Ruderick, probability have found him amenable to with a yawn.

by their suggestions, but they postponed their visit too long. At the time of their call on him he had decided to throw his influence on the side of the reformers.

There's Reform Administration, and there's Reform Administration, and the reading of the reformers.

There's Reform Administration, and the side of the reformers.

There's Reform Administration, and the side of the reformers.

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To any Barwood's crooked, and that's guest what I got agi'n him. He's too dammed out of a consideration for other people. Mayor Renshaw closed the gambling hells dance halls. He closed

gang don't know you an' me, from any other four stiffs in town. He'll change the whole force, thinkin' they're all crooked, and them that's turned out'll keep us under cover out o' spite. Things are bound to go that way, an' then we

ple-minded men who went about their business with a Homeric directness. They neither read the public prints which fav-ored the candidacy of Herbert Renshaw nor urged among their acqueintances such reasons as they themselves had thought of why it was to the interest of the Under World that Mayor Barwood should not be re-elected. They simply got them-selves constituted the official guardians of the ballot box and judges of the elec-tion in a single ward. They had been judges of election the first time Mayor Barwood had been a candidate for the office he held, and had found the control of the Niucteenth Ward sufficient.
The election day came and west. The judges of election sat about the stove in

the polling booth behind locked doors and smoked Henry Clay perfectos and drank whisky and club soda, and received re-ports from time to time. They sat a ports from time to time. They sat a long time. They made no effort to count when Ruderick saw points for his own hand in general discussion, and "Fritzie," "Soapy" and "Frenchy" dropped in upon them at a time when he was meditating the cent ante, 350 limit. There was a dispute cent ante, \$50 limit. There was a dispute in the Thirteenth Ward, which hated all the night following the close of the polls and the next day and the night after that. There was understood to be a dispute in the Nineteenth Ward also in regard to the admissibility of certain votes. At 7 o'clock on the second morning of the Zi-cent ante a message arrived that the dispute in the Thirteenth was settled. Barwood needed a majority of 500 in the Nineteenth to elect him, and as the count atood he had a majority of but 290 odd. The faces of the four men about the card The faces of the four men about the card im. Who you goin' to work for, Rud-rick? Barwood or Renshaw?" but a glance of understanding passed. The Great Idea has already found lodg-

goin' to be easy to work. I got a head- sion to office a man never knew whether | The Reform Administration "allowed" man was, in appearance, perhaps @ years

against the game which is called the "sure thing"; therefore, since the charm of adventure was a new and strange one in Cornville every one who gambled at all gambled more and oftener in Mayor get our graft in an' there sin't no Bar-wood around to squeeze the profits out of us. See?"

Rehshaw's reign than before. Drinking places he did not close, because he could not, though he limited them strictly to the terms of their licenses; wherefore willful men drank by the bottle after hours instead of by the glass. But his great achievement was the creation of a police force that did not know how to

wink.

The inability of Edwin Cowies, Esq., to wink, glorified all his remaining inabilities in Mayor Renshaw's eyes, who begged him to sacrifice himself on the altar of civic duty by accepting an appointment as Chief of Police, Mayor Renshaw said that neither he nor his subordinates should take tithes from the harvest of sin and take tithes from the harvest of sin and phame, and Edwin Cowles sacrificed him-self. Both played their destined part in the realization of the Great Idea. Then was the City of Cornville delivered into the hands of the three had men, who into the hands of the three had men, who opened it as their oyster, and that was their destined part in the realization of the Great Idea. "Fritzie" Gannes, with his "sure-thing" enterprises, reaped a harvest which he had never supposed Cornville could produce. He learned that a town is never so guilible as when reform attempts to tell it that it "shant."
"Source" Waddow and "Frenche" Latane a "run" on Richard Englar's bank. It was decided that the easiest way to achieve the "run" was to approach the building through a subterranean passage, and the three started to dig a tunnel. When affairs were in this posture and the tunnel nearly complete, Ruderick Mc-Klowd stepped one day off a train which

that it would like to see Ruderick's credentials.
"I see that you are certified to as being a very 'wise' man," remarked Mr. Cowles, after a hasty perusal of Ruderick's papers. "I suppose that word 'wise' is merely a technical term in police parick's papers.

"You have some acquaintance, have you, with the criminal classes? We very much

need a man who understands the ways, of thieves." "Of course, I don't set myself up as anything extraordinary, Mr. Cowles, but you've got my record in those papers. I certainly ought to know something about

"Well, Mr. McKlowd, I'll take your name into consideration and notify the au-thorities that you have made application for the position. I will send you their

decision tomorrow. Good afternoon, sir."
"Good afternoon, Mr. Cowles."
Three days later there was astonishment, bewilderment and profanity in the Under World. Ruderick McKlowd had been appointed chief of detectives in the been appointed chief of detectives in the town of Cornville, and the Under World wendered what the appointment meant. Ruderick McKlowd's office was besieged by guns, who desired to know what was what and what was "doing." Among the besiegers were three who had come by special summons. The three had men were invited into Ruderick's private of-fice where by vollclows meetioning they fice, where, by judicious questioning, they were made to declare that they had noth-ling whatever "on" and had not done any business in the town since the reform administration went into power, and that they had been "ditched" by Ruderick's idea, and were sick of the place and ready

To all of this Ruderick listened with politeness. When they had finished his

reply was exemplary and significant.
"Blokes," he said, "I ain't much on chewin' the rag, but I'm more'a a little glad o' what you've told me, 'n' that you're sick o' the town. I'm particular glad you're not mixed up in that tunnel business under Englar's bank. The fellers that's done that has got to choke it off, see? I can't stand for it. Anythin' else 't's been done 'fore I got here ain't any o' my business. For yourselves, my tip as my business. For yourselves, my tip as an old pal, since you're sick o' this town, is to get shet of it by the next rattler. I guess you've made your pile here, anyhow, an' it's time 't you get your graft in elsewhere. If you sprint you can catch that 7:20 this evenin'. It 'uit give me a pain to see you here after 8 o'clock tonight. So long, blokes. Take care o' yourselves."

of age, powerful, deformed, inordinately slouch-hatted, great-coated, long-haired and whiskered. "The bills, to the best of my belief, are

gen-u-ine; your beard, to the best of my bellef, is not," said the lawyer, "I do not offer you the beard as a re-tainer—I offer you the bills."

"And the voice in which you offer them is so far from being your own that you make me doubt whether the bills, however gen-u-ine, are gen-u-inely yours. "You seem to be a person of some pen-

etration," said the visitor.
"If you had not thought so before you came you would not be here," said the So long as you do not know my real

beard and real voice I don't care how you know my false beard and false As for the money, you may take it or "And that's soon said," replied the law-

And that's soon said, replied the law-yer, laying the bills on the table between him and his client with a gesture that neither took them nor left them. "Try a sent," he said, standing before an open fire. "Take off your coat and hat and make yourself at home." Judge Barwood had a good gray eye with a twinkle in it and the accent of his invitation was jocular.

Barwood's face broadened into a grim police force of its chance of distinguishing itself."

"You are quite resoived not to be advised to put the money back?"
"Quite."
"It is really my duty to urge the point."
"You have urged it."
Barwood, with a grim smile still linguishing on his face, strode for a time up

"If I had been looking for the plainest way I should not have had to come to your henor for advice."

The two pairs of good, gray eyes looked into one another with appreciation.

"This." said the Judge, "looks like a fish business. And what is very much to the point in an affair of this magnitude, that bundle of notes on the table is too small to be looked at without discomfort."

"That bundle of notes is not a small fee for listening to me tell you that I have stolen 85,000. That is all I have asked for it. When you have told me how to keep the \$5,000 the bundle on the table will be higger."

"It would have to be a great deal bigger."

"Would it set a limit to its bigness if the man out of whom the \$5,000 comes has done you dirt?"

There were not a great many men in Conville from whom \$5,000 could be lifted. Hardwood in tense interest.

"Englar."

"Englar."

"Englar."

"A fortnight increased when Chief the man out of whom the \$5,000 comes has done you dirt?"

There were not a great many men in Conville from whom \$5,000 could be lifted. Hardwood sa face took on a look of intense interest.

"Englar."

By JOSIAH FLINT AND FRANCIS WALTON

Ing itself."

There is, singularly, little more to tell, Englar and his board of directors had a meeting before daylight that morning, ascertained the truth and moved motions. "It is really my duty to urge the point."

"You have urged it."

Barwood, with a grim smile still lingering on his face, strode for a time up and down the room. He came at last to a halt in his former station before the fire.

"Could you steal any more?" he asked gravely.

"How much more, for example?"

"Well, say a second \$50.00. You could have the high second that they could not afford to let \$15.00 slip through their fingers; they resolved for the present to keep the loss concealed from the public press and from the state. They consulted with Judge Barwood and instructed him to notify his client, if his cilent should again enter into communication with him, that they had taken him offer under advisement; secretly they em-"How much more, for example?"

"Well, say a second \$50,000. You could hardly make a deal with less."

"I have stolen a second \$50,000," said the visitor, drawing a considerable parcel from under his cloak and laying it on the table. "I calculated myself that it would take just about a second fifty to protect the first."

"You seem to be a client of great form. the table. "I calculated myself that it would take just about a second fifty to protect the first."
"You seem to be a client of great fore-thought." said the lawyer.
"It needs a client of great forethought to employ an attorney of great penetration," said the visitor.

"It is able to be a client of great penetration," said the visitor. thon," said the visitor.

"It is only left to settle where and when I am to let you know what I have done. I suppose you can trust yourself not to get caught," said Barwood.

This was unkind; the Powers of the course of two companions, named Wadlow and Latane, respectively; but he soon obtained word that they were in Philadelphia, actually in detention at the time the bank was broken into of the course of two companions, named Wadlow and Latane, respectively; but he soon obtained word that they were in Philadelphia, actually in detention at the time the bank was broken into. Of their whereabouts since their release of the course of the co

fire. "Take off your coat and hat and make yourself at home."

Judge Barwood had a good gray eye with a twinkle in it and the accent of his invitation was jocular.
"I am much more comfortable with them on: the room is cold," said the visitor.
"The thermometer on the jam of the door registered in the full gaslight 3 degrees,"
"Just so," said Barwood appreciatively, "and now about the business."
"The business is the height of simplicity. I have stolen 556,000. For personal reasons I object to any one's attempting to pursue me and to take away the money."
The visitor ariso had a good gray eye.
"And that's a very natural objection, too," said the man of law. The plainest way to avoid it is to send the money back."
"If I had been looking for the plainest way I should not have had to come to your honor for advice."
The two pairs of good, gray eyes looked into one another with appreciation.
"This," said the Judge, "looks like a "Mr. Englar," he said, with the regret only costs a dime, hose."
"It is only left to settle where and when the time the bank was broken into. Of the time the bank was broken into. Of the time the bank was broken into. Of the two was it is not be their where abouts a fine their whereabouts since their release nothing could be learned.

It is only left to settle where and when it am to left two what I have done. I wurst your keep and the secund of the said Barwood. This was unkind; the Powers That Rule were become a loke in Cornville, and their whereabouts since their release nothing could be learned.

The two men parted with must myself a good deal better not to get caught if I don't trust any one else with my address. When I want to know what I have done. I wurst of the lows was as the rest of the Front Office, and must have turned "fly cop," because he could not make a living as a thief. The directors of the bank was the mothing could be learned.

The turn myself a good deal better not to get caught if I don't trust any one else with my address. When I want to know hat you have done I will com