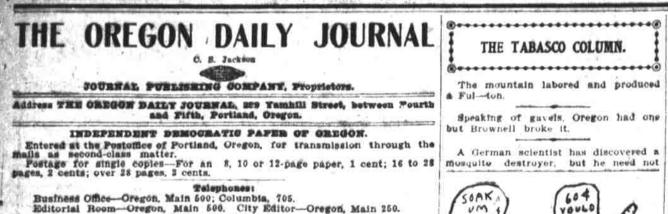
THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL, PORTLAND, TUESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 24, 1903.



Terms by Carrier: 2 10 JOURNAL, three months. JOURNAL, by the week... .10

Terms by Mailt

He who does wrong does wrong against himself.

He who acts unjustly, acts unjustly to himself, because he makes himself bad.

No longer talk at all about the kind of man that a good man ought to be, but be such .- Antoninus.

WHY NO FLAT SALARY LAW?

The people of Oregon will be apt to demand some explanation of the failure of the Legislature just ended to enact a flat salary law.

Both political parties entered the last campaign pledged to the enetment of a law readjusting the salaries of the state officials. Under the existing system of fees, the Secretary of State draws down annually over \$20,000. The profits of the State Printer are sufficient to enable him to retire at the end of his four years' term, independently rich. The State Treasurer is permitted to pocket all the interest on the public funds entrusted to his keeping, in addition to his salary, and the office yields to its incumbent an income out of all proportion to the services rendered.

It is probably safe to say that the state officials of Oregon are receiving at least \$50,000 more annually than their services are worth, and this estimate does not involve any disparagement of the ability or competence of the men now in office. It is based merely upon the market price for experience, integrity and business capacity, sufficient to conduct the affairs of the state. The extravagant compensation allowed under the present system is a gross waste of public funds, and imposes an absolutely needless burden upon the taxpayers of the state. The money thus wasted would have sufficed for many necessary public improvements which were ignored by the Legislature on the plea of economy.

The Republicans had an overwhelming majority in both branches of the Legislature. The party has never had a better opportunity to carry out its pledges to the people, for it had the power to enact such legislation as it saw fit. If the promises made in its platform last year were made in good faith, there was no obstacle in the way of their fulfillment.

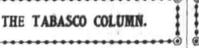
Half a dozen bills for the readjustment of salaries were introduced during the session, but after various vicissitudes, they were buried in committee, with little apparent prospect of emerging. It was late in the session when Representative Kay of Marion presented his flat salary bill and began the fight for its passage. He met with vehement opposition from many of his Republican colleagues, but with the help of Democratic votes the bill passed the House, and was sent to the Senate.

The Journal has exposed the methods which were resorted to there to prevent the measure from coming to a vote. The bill was deliberately secreted, and but for the determined efforts of its author, Kay, it would have been heard of no more. His threat to expose the juggiery that had been practiced brought the bill from hiding and on the last day of the session it was placed, upon final passage. Although it received the votes of the Democratic Senators, it failed to pass.

For two years more at least the taxpayers must continue to pay extortionate salaries to the state officials. This means a waste of \$100,000, and the responsibility lies at the door of the Republican party.

COMMENCE BUILDING.

From all quarters of the country come words of praise for Portland and good things are being said about Oregon. A busy spring and summer season are ahead and a rapid growth of city and state is assured. In a recent issue. The Journal called attention to the necessity of



& Ful-ton. Speaking of gavels, Oregon had one but Brownell broke it.

A German scientist has discovered a



patent it, as we have for years known of a good and sure remedy.

He who holds that there is inevitable greatness in store for him is apt to find it consisting of a great surprise.

Future protestations of friendship on the part of Emperor Wilhelm will be received with great cordiality and large mental reservations.

Senator Mason wants to get Arizona and New Mexico into the Union, and he has no bill-board privileges down there that anyone knows of.

Real estate is rising in the Island of Guam, though the owners do not seem to be pleased. It rose six inches during the last earthquake shocks.



His countenance was seen to light up owing to his lantern-jaw.

Whether Oregon weather is beginning to weep for joy over the senatorial election, or just getting back into its old ways after the excitement, is a question like the weather itself-unsettled.

Those who write encouraging articles on success for the inspiration of young men will make a great mistake if they fail to point out how Henry E. Mc-Ginn, once a barefooted boy, rose to be the mouthpiece for the big newspaper

trust of the Northwest.

NEW YORK DEPOSITORIES

Persons walking through Pine-stret nowadays often stop near the corner of Nassau and look through a cellar window at the strong boxes of the new Hanover National Bank Building. It is a wonderful array of gleaming steel and shining brass that greets any eye which chooses to behold it.

Two guards in their bright uniforms of blue and gold sit watching the treasure house. The four little clocks that regulate the time lock tick away in full view on the back of the 10-ton door that stands open all through the busy hours of the day, and the gazer from the sidewalk may see just a little way through the grilled inner door into the region where the money lies snug and secure.

When the great doors swing to and the bolts click every night there must be at least \$15,000,000 within the vaults, for the law requires that the bank shall carry 25 per cent of the amount of its deposits. Part of this sum will be in real gold, much more in certificates showing that gold has been deposited at the Clearing House and a still larger amount in gold and silver certificates and other paper currency.

If you are curious to know the minimum amount of money that must be stored in every bank in New York just ascertain the aggregate of its deposits and divide by four, and you will know that the store cannot be less than the result thus obtained, and of course may be much greater. In the case of the National City Bank, for example, the sum always on hand is not less than \$27,500,000.

In the banks the bulk of the money will invariably be in the form of certificates showing that somewhere or other the actual metal has been deposited and is subject to the call of the person or institution having the paper. Some of these certificates, such as the bills we carry in large or small quantities in our pockets, are good in the hands of any innocent holder, while others, issued by both the government and the Clearing House, are, like a check, made payable only to a certain person or institution.

When the Hanover Bank recently put its \$60,000,000 of money and securities into a truck and moved around from its temporary quarters at 7 Wall street to its new home, much of its wealth was in such form that if it had fallen into the street and been found by dishonest men it would have been just so much worthless paper to them.

The vast stores of actual gold and silver in this city are in two places-the Sub-Treasury in Wall street and the Clearing House in Cedar street, between Broadway and Nassau street, and of these two that of the Sub-Treasury is much the larger, amounting usually to about \$200,000,000 in gold, \$65,000,000 in filver, and \$10,000,000 in certificates. The Clearing House store nowadays will average \$80,000,000, though in times not long past it has gone as high as \$167,000,000.

The means adopted for guarding the great sums that are stored in these places and in the banks are in all cases much the same, and they are so ample and so secure that, as an officer of the government put it to a Sun reporter the other day, there is far more anxlety about stealing from within than from without.

The Clearing House vaults are usually spoken of as the most modern and admirable arrangements of their They rest upon a platform of steel supported kind. by pillars of brick and surrounded by a walk, so that the watchman may, and do, go all around them and look under them.

This scheme of elevation may have been suggested by a bank robbery which occurred in this city on June 28, 1869. A band of thieves hired a store next to the Ocean National Bank, at Ley and Greenwich streets, and after a month or more of burrowing entered the vault from the bottom and cleaned it out.

That couldn't happen now, however, even if burglars could make a breach in the bottom or the walls of the Clearing House vault; for as soon as they had blown away its six and a nalf inches of specially prepared steel and attacked the doors within bells would begin to ring in the office of a bucglar alarm company and armed men would pounce down upon them in a minute or two.

In fact, there is a series of buttons which the Clearing House watchman must press in a certain order at certain times, and this order is frequently changed. Every button rings its appropriate bell in the burglar alarm office, or "central," as it might be called, and if each one doesn't ring at the proper time away goes a sound of thief fighters on the run to find out what is the matter.

The same thing sometimes happens in banks when the officers and clerks, remaining at their work later than usual, come in contact with the electric signals and turn in false alarms.

From all these causes-from the impregnability of steel safes, from the care with which they are watched, the certainty that any tampering with them will give alarms by means of electric wires and from the fact that many of them are so exposed to view from the street that the police can see them at any time-the



Mrs. Guy Chetwynd, who before her marriage to the son of Sir George Chetwynd and the Marchioness of Hastings. was a famous American Eastern society belle, is in this country on a visit. Mrs. Chetwynd will one day be Lady Chetwynd.

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THE STUPID CANVASBACE.

By Northern sportsmen the canvasback has come to be regarded as a sort of fetich, a fowl of immense value, much more delicious than other fowl, much more worthy. This is due to the folk who live about Chesapeake Bay and have an eye to the main chance.

These folk have circulated the fiction that the canvasback tastes of the wild celery and other delightful things upon which it feeds and is altogether an aristorat of the air. Yet in the opinion of experienced wildfowlers it is no better than a redhead and not so good as a young mallard, and it is much more easily decoyed and killed, which, from a sportsmanlike point of view, is a drawback. What brain the canvashack has is sogay and refuses to work . A man on one of the sand Islands about Aransas

Pass will see lots of canvasbacks in a day, and if he hides will have opportunity to observe how they lack intelligence. He will select a point where the water s cear and calm and from 10 to 15 feet deep, with celery at the bottom.

In a little while he will see a V-shaped formation of birds near the horizon, and 10 minutes later they will come clacking in, throwing up the water with their reasts. Then they will begin diving for celery,

They will be at work for not more than a quarter of an hour when another V will show up. This will be made of redheads. They flutter in without salute to the canvasbacks and settle among them determinedly. 'he latter manifest some discomposure, out stay.

Then the redheads begin feeding from the ennvasacks. A canvasback, tilting his tall up, will dive straight down, grab a celevy root in his bill, wrench it loose and start to the surface to eat it. Half way up he will be met by a redhead going down, who takes e root from him, comes up, and swallows it

THE THIRTEENTH HOLD-UP By Paul De Laney.

(Concluded From Saturday.)

"I have been held up just one dozen times. Black Bart held me up three times. It was a pleasure to be held up by Black Bart-that is, his work was not like that of the average highwayman. Black Bart understood his business. He went about it systematically. He never lost his head. There was no danger, so you attended to your own business. But it is th work of the greenhorns that is dangerous. I can fell one as soon as he orders 'Hands up!'' He is nervous. He shows it in his manner and in his voice. Black Bart went at it just like a veteran. His hold ups worked just like machinery. There was not a hitch anywhere until the fool boy made it so hot for him that he dropped his handkerchief. That episode was the undoing of Black Bart. He would not have let it happened, either, but he did not like to kill the boy. The boy was shooting close to him and he saw that he either had to run or kill the boy, and he chose to run. He dropped his handkerchief and the detectives got it, and that was the means of identifying him and caused his arrest. It had his laundry mark on it.

"But I have been held up by other experts. I can always tell them. You noticed my lame leg? It was shattered all to pieces by a greenhorn. I knew he was a greenhorn as soon as he ordered me to 'Hands up!' I obeyed as quickly as possible, but through his nervousness he pulled the trigger of his double-barrel gun accidentally and filled my leg full of shot. He shat, tered it. I, had a large amount of money aboard that night. I was carrying money up to the mines to pay off the hands the following day, and, the, greenhorn knew it. But as soon as he let his gun go off accidentally he ran like a Turk. I was left there alone for hours on the roadside, but fortunately did not die. My team ran on to the next station and the agent knew something was wrong and came and found me before I bled to death.

"I had no passengers aboard, and if the fool had only held his nerve he could have made a big haul.

"I have been afraid of greenhorns ever since. In any line of business, whether it be a stage driver, a merchant, doctor, miner, lawyer, or highwayman, a ma has got to learn the business before he can make a success of it. I have always tried to impress this upon my boy. But he will gamble with men of more experience and who understand the business better than he, and it cost me lots of money-Suze!"

"I have always had a desire to be on a stage in a hold-up," I remarked seriously.

He looked around at me in his peculiar way-an expression mingled with contempt and pity. Then several seconds passed in silence. "Damn fool-Suze!-One time would do him," he

muttered, all but the "Buze," and he spoke this word in his usual drawled out way.

We were now getting up to the summit of the main range of mountains. Great sugar pines cast their long shadows across the road and from down the mountain sides. High peaks rose here and there above the ocean of darkness beneath them far away to the left. Dense forests rose in irregular solid walls on the right. road lay before us like a snake, curving around the points of rock and large trees along the way. A cloud of dust rose up behind and obscured the immediate view in that direction, while for many fest in front the bright moonlight made the road as light as if under an electric arc except where the trees and boulders cast their dark shadows.

"Suze!" was the only word that broke the solitude along with the rattling of the stage coach and the friction of the iron attachments on the harness for a long distance. I was half dozing and half dreaming when the driver nudged me in the side. out to "Suze!" as if from force of habit. We had descended a long grade. A wide gulch crossed the road near the point we had reached. Huge boulders lay on the upper side of the road as ir ready to topple over and pass on down the guich which had an abrupt decline on the left side of the road and ended on a level plateau far below.

"Put up your hands!" came a demand from the road side immediately following the nudge the driver had given me, and his utterance of the word "Suzel"

As I awakened and threw up my hands involuntarily along with those of the driver, I saw a man in the shadow of the boulders on the right of the road who was covering us with a gun. I had but a second to look, but I saw that he was holding the gun on a range above our heads.

"A greenhorn!" whispered the driver, as the horses came to a standstill.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Rang out three rifle shots on the night air, and they reverberated up among the guiches of the mountains and in the canyons below, as if a hundred guns had been discharged.

My companion fell forward for a second and the ses made a sudden start. "Suze!" he shouted feebly,



providing better accommodations for visitors and, desire insistent and tiresome, the paper again asks that the property owners acquaint themselves thoroughly with the conditions that exist and make a study of methods for eradicating antiquated customs and introducing new ones.

There are a number of excellent up-to-date lodging houses in Portland and three first class hotels and some very fine flats and pretty dwellings for large families. But the supply is entirely unequal to the demand, and something must be done, and done instanter. If plans are not drawn for more lodging houses and contracts let for more dwellings, Portland is going to create a bad impression on new-comers. Nothing is more discouraging to the new arrival than when he finds that all the first-class lodging houses are full and the first-class hotels unable to give him accommodations. The prospective settler looks in vain for a house to rent and finally begins to think in this strain: "What is the matter with Portland? It is one of the richest cities in the United States, has millions of idle capital in the banks, and yet when I go to rent a house I find nothing but brokendown places vacant."

Tear down the ancient structures that have served their usefulness and build up anew. Make city ordinances that will govern men who maintain such public eyesores as that which stands water-logged and illshapen at the corner of a prominent street near the city front. Form improvement clubs, beautify neighborhoods and encourage your neighbor who owns land to put up houses thereon.

Where is there a modern home in Portland today with a "To Let" sign on it? Where is there a modern lodging house or hotel with empty rooms?

This is the early part of the year; what will be done with the big rush of visitors in the summer when our accommodations for new comers are put to a severe test?

A SCHEME THAT FAILED.

A good example of what can be accomplished by a fearless newspaper in behalf of the people was furnished in the fate of House Bill 197 at the late session of the Legislature.

This measure, designed by a few for the despoliation of the many, purported to be an act to facilitate lumbering in Oregon. In reality it was drawn with the sole purpose of giving a clique of speculators the right to tax the lumber interests of the State at extortionate rates and with practically no return to the taxed.

Under false pretenses the bill was railroaded through the House and an attempt made to force its passage in the Senate. It was here that the schemers failed. Knowing the true nature of the measure The Journal exposed the plot to corner the timber of Oregon and laid bare the iniquitous scheme in all its devious ramifications.

This newspaper pointed out that should the bill become a law many mfillons of uncarned profits would accrue to the manipulators, who would be subject to no legal restraint on their rapacity.

The publication of these facts in The Journal defeated the bill and Oregon was saved from one of the most shameless attempts at private plunder ever attempted through legislation.

No other newspaper dared give the facts. The Journal did dare and did give the facts. The Journal defeated the proposed timber steal. the second s

The official life of a police court judge is anything but pleasant. Day after day, week in and week out, it is a continual grind of cases wherein those who have fallen lowest in the scale of humanity are cencerned. Those addicted to the various drug habits, petty thieves and such characters constitute the bulk of the cases that come before such a court. What to do with each case is often difficult to determine. Many plausible pleas for mercy are made, and it devolves upon the court to determine the degree of truth, if any, in each instance. 'To properly handle such business, requires careful attention to detail, and fearlessness on the part of the court. Even the vilest man or woman has rights, and these rights must be observed by the police court judge, if he discharges the duty which he is placed on the bench by the people to perform.

The man who has the key to the situation is frequently at a loss to Those who have rested today will do

Contraction of the local division of the

TAXATION OF CORPORATIONS. One of the many important measures that failed to pass the Legislature was the bill introduced in the House by Speaker Harris, for the taxation of corporations. The Ohio law upon the same subject, which has

proved eminently satisfactory in its results, was closely followed in drafting the bill, and provision was made for insuring a full and equitable appraisement of the property of corporations doing business in this State.

As was to be expected, a storm of opposition met the proposed legislation. Representatives and emissaries of a score of big corporations were on hand to fight the bill. The lobbyists of the railroads, the palace car companies the telegraph and telephone companies were working like beavers

to protect the interests of these habitual tax dodgers. Their efforts were successful and the

bill failed to pass the House, though Speaker Harris made a powerful argument in support of it. In the course of the debate he alluded to the fact that two years ago a similar billwas defeated, despite the strong popular demand for its passage, and he those members who voted against it goes to look for them."-New York Sun. had been retired by their constitu-

ents to private life. The warning was unheeded but it

undertake to make laws for the corporations rather than for the people will learn to regret it. The remedy lies in the hands of the people and

they will apply it. Mr. Harris undoubtedly spoke truly when he declared that such a law as he proposed will eventually be enacted, for it rests upon the plain fun-

damental principle that corporations as well as individuals must bear their share of taxation.

These days of strenuous activity make some people believe that holidays are no longer a necessity. It is even advocated that they be abolished and that the time heretofore thus spent in idleness be devoted to toll. The man who doesn't find a holiday -as a day of routine labor has lest the fine art of living. Some will always contend that life is not wholly made up of gainful work; some will never cease to long for those official seasons when even the conscience may legally rest. Holidays are, after all, simply memorials. When our memories cease to benefit and gladden and tranguilize, hope will be a mockery. better work for it tomorrow.

New York banker feels more secure about the million in his bank than he feels about the silver spoons in his house.

The bank burglars take the same view of it apparently-they have gone out of business in the big cities. No institution in New York of any consequence has been even attacked by any of them since Jimmy Hope and his partners got away with \$2,747,700 from the Manhattan Savings Institution on the night of October 27, 1878. Almost 25 years without a bank burglary and the race of really great safe-crackers died out. No wonder the bankers have ceased to worry.

"It seems to me," said the vice-president of one of the richest banks in the city last week, "that we go to excess in our defermination to protect our funds; but that, of course, isn't the right view of the matter when you come to consider it carefully. That very excess of caution is our insurance and the history of the last quarter century shows that it is good insurance.

Besides banks and bank vaults are not built for a They are built to resist not only the probable. War may come. An enemy's but the improbable. shell may strike this building some day and demolish And if it does we shall find the vaults intact when the debris is cleared away. That seems like going a ong way in search of trouble, doesn't it? But it's one of the things a bank-builder must think about.

"Then, again, suppose there is a great riot and the city is temporarily in the hands of a mob. There are tendencies in the present times which may well to that. If such a situation arises the armor-plate vaults in the banks will be none too thick.

"Meanwhile, however, the bankers are among the least apprehensive property holders of New York. We take out our money in the morning just as the grocer opens up his stock of peas and corn and flour and We pass so much out and take so much in. BURAT. and at night we take account of stock, just as the grocer may, and find that we have so much more of less than we had in the morning. Then we put the goods in the safe and go home, more certain that they will be there the next day than the grocer is that all warned his opponents that all of his cans of corn and peas will be on the shelf when he

BUSSIA'S SILENT DIPLOMATIST.

Count Lamsdorf, as all authorities agree, is the most silent diplomatist in Europe, says the Literary Digest. may yet bear fruit. Legislators who He is the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, having attained that dignity after years of service in minor posts. No man living is believed to know more of the traditional policy of his country. The state secrets of the present Czar and of the late Czar are said to be an open book to Count Lamsdorf. Language to him is not an instrument with which to conceal his thoughts, but an instrument with which to dispense almost altogether. Every movement he makes is watched in tently, for he is deemed the embodiment of Russia's "Count Lamsdorf," observes the Neue foreign policy. Freie Press (Vienna), "has as yet refrained from any striking act that would serve as a clue to his person-He has been handed on like a fixture of the ality. Russian Foreign Office from one Minister to another. He was the custodian of Russian diplomatic tradition under Foreign Ministers Giers and Muravieff. Long before

he was himself made Foreign Minister he came into close contact with Alexander III, and he had many opportunities of gaining the confidence of Nicholas II Count Lamsdorf's personality is no whit less striking than that of his predecessor, Count Muravieff.

But his ways and traits are the opposite of those of the former Foreign Minister. Muravieff was convivial. Count Lamsdorf is a silent, reserved man. In no sense is he a lion of the salon. He toils unremittingly. In his walks through the streets of St. Petersquite as profitable-in reason of course | burg he chooses the quiet and lonely neighborhoods, avoiding the crowded and lively thoroughfares. He goes about with his eyes cast down, and apparently is ever absorbed in thought. The Count is a red blonde. His hair has begun to whiten about his forchead. A reddish mustache, carefully trimmed, cuvers his lip. He is not by any means a sly diplomatist of the old school. There is about him nothing of the subtle profundity associated in the general mind with the idea of an experienced Russian diplomatist. There is, indeed, a look of sincerity about him, and his personality denotes candor. It is this frankness of nature that endeared him to the Czar. But those who know Count Lamsdorf are well aware of the impossibility of gaining information from him. He never, under any circumstances, utters one word more than is absolutely Decessary.

and fell back against me.

The canvasback will swim around, squawk a little and go down again, only to be met again and robbed again by the first redhead or some other. This will be kept up until the redheads are satisfied. after which the canvasbacks will be permitted to feed.

The canvasbacks are slightly larger and stronger. They can either fight or leave, but they have not courage enough for one or sense enough for the other. The man lying behind a stump on the sand rises

and takes a crack at them, killing one or two. They all get up and go together. The redheads will stay away, but the canvasbacks will not. They will return in half an hour, particularly if the man has waited for the waves to bear the bodies to the beach and then set them up on sticks in shallow water as decoys.

Others will come also despite the shooting. If he wishes to get canvasbacks from the start and has other dead ducks with him, he will set them out. They will do just as well, for the canvasback will decoy to anything that looks like a duck, from a spoonbill to a mallard .- New York Sun.

THE PERILS OF NOME.

Although the most distant region of North America. 2 700 statute miles from Puget Sound, the Seward Pen insula owes the rapid exploration and development of its coast to the fact that an all-water route was open to its shores, and that freight still costing a minimum of \$70 a ton into Dawson is being landed on the Nome beach for \$10 a ton. Passenger rates, higher in the first rush, have fallen to \$40 and \$50 first class, and \$20 or \$25 steerage. Owing to the freedom from hardships, as well as the low cost and shortness of time required, impelled by stories that were indeed true of rich golden beaches, about 25,000 people and their chattels landed on the low sandy spit at Nome, and were left to the mercy of surf and storm. The Eskimos, very numerous along this coast, who have none of the aloof of the Indian, came in their umlaks-big skin ness boats that can carry 50 people and all their belongings -and made camp with the whites; but the Eskimos, needing no barometers, intuitively fiee several days before a storm.

Not so the whites, who every year have been caught. In September, 1900, when there were more than 12,500 campers along the beach, the surf rolled in, wrecked much of the shipping in the offing and destroyed about \$1,500,000 of miscellaneous property on the beach, and every year since similar, if not so severe, disasters have occurred. Driftwood, piled high landward from Nome, shows that on occasion the sea sweeps the whole site of the present city. This is not the only danger. The streets are narrow, and Another is fire. houses-filmsy wooden structures-stand in serried rows. Because of the cold there are hot fires every-There are few brick chimneys, and in winter where. there is no water supply. If a serious fire should occur in midwinter, destroying shelter, food and fuel, no re-lief could reach the stricken people. The nearest open port on the Pacific is 500 miles to the southeast. 1.711 miles from Dawson, with no roads to either place. -Engineering Magazine

JUDGE GRAY'S LITTLE JORE.

Judge Gray, of the anthracite coal commission, threw bomb into the antagonistic forces the other day by asking if anyone could tell him the exact meaning of the word anthracite, or its derivation. His query was followed by an intense stillness. Even the learned counsel, so sudden was the query, remained silent. Finally Mr. Darrow said: "We would be pleased to have your honor enlighten us." Judge Gray then explained that anthracite came from the Greek, the word originally meaning a kind of precious stone. There was an audible chuckle as he continued: "It seems as though we were getting back to first principles."-Philadelphia Record.

OF COURSE THEY WILL STOP.

Senator Cullom of Illinois possesses the faith that is abiding. He was asked about the Quay hold-up of the Senate. 'Oh," said the Senator, "that will stop pretty soon."

"But how?" "Why. Aldrich will go to these Republicans that are

with Quay and tell them to quit."

"Will they quit?" "Certainly," Senator Cullom replied, as if astonished that there was any doubt of it. "Why, Aldrich will tell them to."

The horses stopped as suddenly at his last com mand as if they had been shot through their hearts.

The old driver still grasped the reins. In a maud lin state of terror I placed my arm around him and eased him back against the baggage that was fastened behind us on the coach. The full moon fell upon his face. It did not need an experienced person to read the story. He was dead!

I took the reins from his hands and held them for a moment. There was not a living thing in view except the team and myself. To drive on was the first impulse, but I heard low voices pelow and fait the coach tremble as if some one was moving about in it. hesitated a minute longer. Then I felt the coach give a lurch and a man with a rifle stepped to the ground. He carried it ready for action. Another man armed in the same way immediately followed. They walked over to the shadow of the rocks and then I saw lying at their feet the form of a man. They examined him, and one of them spoke in a low tone, 'Dead!

"How's everything, driver?" one of them inquired, "The driver is dead!" I replied.

Then one of the men climbed up, and after examinng the body of my companion, said: "Poor old fellow! It is true, he's dead. The scoundrel killed him as he fell to the ground. I knew his gun was accidentally discharged, but thought it had dropped too low to do any harm!

The two men then took the body of the driver from the stage and placed it inside below. They then brought the body of the highwayman and placed it and his gun in the coach with the dead driver.

"Can you drive?" asked one of the men.

"I can drive, but I am not an expert," I replied. "Then I'll drive while you set up with the dead Tom," he facetiously remarked to his companion, and nounted the stage and took the old man's former place.

"Get up, horses!" spoke the new driver. But not one of them moved. He slapped them with the reins. but still they did not start. He took down the whip, but this was equally useless.

"Suze"' I exclaimed as nearly in imitation of the old man's voice as I could. The old animal looked back at us for a moment, just as the old driver had so often looked at me that night-with a sort of look of contempt mingled with pity.

"Suze!" again I exclaimed, and she moved on, all of the horses starting as one.

A two-hours' drive and we reached Sugar Pine. It was 4 o'clock in the morning, but a motley crowd of miners, loggers and hangers-on were up. They were there for the mail.

But when they had put a dozen questions about this thing and that and received no answer they looked more closely. A great surprise came over their faces. We were all strangers to them.

"Where's old Bob, the driver?" inquired the postmaster.

"He's inside," replied one of my companions. 'What's he doing in there?" came a chorus of voices. "He's dead," calmly replied the man who had driven the stage in.

"The men all gathered around the stage and the old man's body was brought out and placed in the light on the verandah of the postoffice building.

"Poor old fellow!" exclaimed a dozen husky voices. "Who did it?" they inquired.

"A robber," replied one of my companions, "A robber! Let's organize a posse, boys, and run him to earth!"

"He's inside, too," remarked the man who had occupled the seat with me.

"Bring him out! Tear him to pieces, the coward!" shouted the men in a rage.

My two companions went to the coach and brought the dead highwayman's body out and laid it on verandah under the full light of the lamp so that they and the crowd might see him.

"My God!" exclaimed a dozen voices when the light fell on the face of the dead man. "It's old Bob's boy, Dave!

A large amount of money was aboard the stage and the Wells-Fargo Company had sent two of their bravest messengers to guard it.

It begins to look as if the efforts in Congress to save the fur seals would survive the seals .- Baltimore merican.