

THE RED TRAIL

By GUSTAVE AIMARD

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

The president looked round the assembly, rose in the midst of a profound silence, stretched out his arm toward the general, who stood cold and passionless before him, and after darting at him a withering glance through the holes made in the craze that concealed his face, he said, in a grave, stern and impressive voice:

"Caballero, remember the words you are about to hear. In the first place, in order to reassure you and restore your freedom of mind, learn that you have not fallen into the hands of Indians thirsting for your blood, or of pirates who intend to plunder you first and assassinate you afterward. When you have acted as impartial witnesses you will be at liberty to continue your journey, without the forfeiture of a single article. The men seated on my right and left, although masked, are brave and honest hunters. The day may perhaps arrive when you will know them; but reasons, whose importance you will speedily recognize, compel them to remain unknown for the present."

One of the travelers belonging to the second caravan stepped forward; he was a young man, with elegant and noble features, tall and well built.

"Caballero," he answered, in a distinct voice, "I thank you, in the name of my companions, for the reassuring words you have spoken. I know how implacable are the laws of the desert; but permit me to ask you one question."

"Speak, caballero."

"Is it an act of vengeance or justice you are about to carry out?"

"Neither, señor."

"Enough of this," the general said haughtily, "and if you are, as you assert, an honorable man, show me your face."

"No, Don Sebastian," said the president, "for in that case the game would not be even between us."

The general attempted to smile, but in spite of himself the smile died away on his lips. The president looked round with flashing eyes and began speaking again in a sharp, cutting voice.

"Now, listen, señores," he said, "and judge this man impartially; but do not judge him according to prairie law, but in your hearts. Gen. Don Sebastian Guerrero, who is standing so bold and upright before you at this moment, is one of the greatest noblemen of Mexico. His fortune is immense, almost incalculable. This man, by the mere strength of his will, and the implacable egotism that forms the basis of his character, has always succeeded in everything he has undertaken. Coldly ambitious, he has covered with corpses the bloody road he has followed to attain his proposed object, and he has done so without hesitation or remorse; he has looked on with a smiling face, when his dearest friends and nearest relations fell by his side; for him nothing which man respects exists. He had a daughter, who was the perfection of woman, and he coldly sacrificed her heart; he finally drove her to suicide, and the blood of the poor girl splashed on his forehead while he was triumphantly witnessing the legal murder of the man she loved, and whose death he resolved on because he refused to part with his honor. This human fiend rages, this monster with the mocking skeptical face, you see, señores, has only one thought, one object, one desire—to attain the highest rank, even if, to effect it, he were compelled to clamber over the panting corpses of his nearest relations and friends; and if he cannot carve out an independent kingdom in this collapsing republic, which is called Mexico, he wishes to seize, at least, on the supreme magistracy, and be elected president. This man is Gen. Don Sebastian Guerrero, military governor of Sonora."

"Oh!" the audience said involuntarily, as they instinctively recoiled in horror.

"If this man is the ex-governor of Sonora," the hunter who had already spoken said, in disgust, "he is a wild beast, whose his ferocity has placed beyond the pale of society, and it is the duty of honest men to destroy him."

"He must die! he must die!" the newcomers exclaimed.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Nonsense," said the general, shrugging his shoulders with a contemptuous smile. "I know not who you are; your hatred of me has unconsciously discovered you. Remove that veil which is no longer of any use. You are the French hunter whom I have constantly met in my path to impede my projects, or overthrow my plans."

"Add," the hunter interrupted, "and whom you will ever meet. Brothers," he added, turning to his assistants, "my mask alone must fall; retain yours, for it is important for my plans of vengeance that you should remain unknown."

The four men bowed their assent and the hunter threw away the craze that covered his features.

"Valentine Guillot!" the general exclaimed; "I was sure of it."

"Listen then," the hunter coldly continued, "when my unhappy friend fell at Guaymas, in my paroxysm of grief I allow that I intended to kill you; but reflection soon came, and I saw that it would be better to let you live. Thanks to me, one week after the Mexican government not satisfied with disavowing your conduct, deprived you of your command without inquiry and refused to expiate to you the motives of their conduct."

"Ah, ah," the general said, "it was to you, then, that I owe my recall?"

"Yes, general, to me alone."

"I am delighted to hear it."

You remained, then, in Sonora, without power or influence, hated and despised by all, and marked on your forehead with that indelible brand which was imprinted on Cain, the first murderer; but Mexico is a blessed country, where ambitious men like yourself can easily fish in troubled waters, when, like yourself, they are not restrained by any of those bonds of honor. But you could not remain long bowed beneath the blow that had fallen on you and so you resolved to leave So-

norra and proceed to Mexico, where, thanks to your colossal fortune and the influence it would necessarily give you, you could carry on your ambitious projects. Your preparations were soon made—listen attentively, general, for I assure you that I have reached the most interesting part of my narrative.

"As you fancied, for certain reasons which it is unnecessary to remind you of, that your enemies might try to lay some ambush for you, you thought it necessary to take the following precautions, the utility of some of which I presume that you have recognized. While, for the purpose of deceiving your enemies, you started in disguise, and only accompanied by a few men, for California, in order to return to Mexico across the Rocky mountains; while you gave questions the fullest details of the road you intended to follow, with your men—your real object was different. The man in whom you placed your confidence, Don Isidro Vargas, who had known you when a child, and whom you had converted into your tool, took the shortest, and, consequently, most direct route for the capital, having with him not only twelve mules loaded with gold and silver, the fruit of your plunder during the period of your command, but a more precious article still, the body of your unhappy daughter, which you had embalmed, and which the captain had orders to inter with your ancestors at your Hacienda del Palmar. Your object in acting thus was not only to divert attention from your ill-gotten riches, but also to attract your enemies after yourself. Unfortunately, I am an old hunter so difficult to deceive that my comrades gave me long ago the glorious title of the Trail-hunter, and hence, I alone was not deceived."

"Still your presence here gives a striking denial to the assertion," the general interrupted.

"You think so, señor. That proves you are not thoroughly acquainted with me; but patience, I hope that you will, ere long, appreciate me better. Again, you have not reflected on the time that has elapsed since your departure from Hermosillo."

"What do you mean?" the general asked, with a sudden start of apprehension.

"I mean," the hunter answered, "that I resolved to settle matters first with the captain."

"Ah!"

"Well, general, it is my painful duty to inform you that four days after he left Pile, our brave friend Don Isidro fell into an ambush resembling the one into which you fell to-day, with this exception—"

"What exception?" the general asked, with greater interest than he would have liked to display.

"My men were so imprudent," the hunter continued, "as to leave the captain the means of defending himself. The result was that he died, bravely fighting to save the gold you had intrusted to him, and the coffin containing your daughter's corpse."

"Well, and I presume you plundered the caravan, and carried off the gold and silver?" he asked, contemptuously.

"So, most probably, you would have acted under the circumstances, Don Sebastian," the hunter answered, "but I thought it my duty to act differently. What could you expect? I, a coarse, uneducated hunter, do not know how to plunder, for I did not learn it when I had the honor to serve my country. This is what I did; so soon as the captain and the peons he commanded were killed—for the poor devil, I must do them the justice to say, offered a desperate resistance—I myself, you understand, friend, I myself conveyed the money to your Hacienda del Palmar, where it now remains in safety."

The general breathed again, and smiled ironically. "Instead of blaming you, señor," he said, "I, on the contrary, owe you thanks for this chivalrous conduct."

"Do not be in such a hurry to thank me," the hunter answered; "I have not told you all. Captain Don Isidro Vargas not only escorted the money, but there was also a coffin. Well, general, why do you not ask me what has become of that coffin?"

An electric shock ran through the audience on hearing the ironical question so coldly asked by the hunter.

"What!" Don Sebastian exclaimed.

"The assassin can have no claim to the body of his victim, and you are morally your daughter's murderer, I have robbed you of this body, which must rest by the side of him for whom she died."

There was a moment's silence. The general's face, hitherto pale, assumed a greenish hue. At length he yelled in a hoarse and hissing voice:

"It is not true; you have not done this. You cannot have dared to rob a father of his child's body."

"I have done it, I tell you," the hunter said coldly. "I have taken possession of the body of your victim, and now you understand me; never shall you know where this poor body rests. But this is only the beginning of my vengeance. What I wish to kill in you is the soul and not the body; and now begone, and remember that you will find me in your path everywhere and ever."

"One last word," the general exclaimed, affected by the deepest despair, "restore me my daughter's body; she was the only human creature I ever loved."

The hunter regarded him for a moment with an undefinable expression, and then in a harsh and coldly mocking voice, "Never!"

Then, turning away, he re-entered the grove, followed by his assistants.

Don Sebastian, who was the more overwhelmed by the last blow because it was unexpected, stood for a moment like a man struck by lightning. At last a heart-rending sob burst from his bosom, two burning tears sprang from his eyes and he rolled like a corpse on the ground.

In the meanwhile the Jester had ordered the peons to saddle the horses and load the mules. The general was placed by two servants on a horse, without appearing to notice what was done to him,

and a few moments later the caravan left the fort of the Chichimeques.

When the Mexicans had disappeared from the windings of the road Valentine emerged from the grove, and walked courteously up to the hunters.

"Forgive me," he said, "not the delay, but the involuntary alarm I caused you; but I was compelled to act as I did. You are going to Mexico, where I shall soon be myself, and it is possible that I may require your testimony some day."

A testimony which will not be refused," the first hunter gracefully answered.

"What!" the hunter exclaimed in amazement, "are you French?"

"Yes, and all my companions. We have come from San Francisco, where, thanks to Providence, we amassed a fortune, which we hope to double in the Mexican capital. My name is Antoine Haller, and these are my brothers, Edward and Augustus; the two ladies who accompany us are my mother and sister."

The hunter pressed the hand his countryman offered him.

"Then," he said, "I will not let you go alone! These mountains are infested by dangerous bandits, but with my protection you can pass anywhere."

"I heartily accept the offer; but why do you not come with us to Mexico?"

"That is impossible for the present."

Two hours later the Fort of the Chichimeques had returned to its usual solitude; white men and Indians had abandoned it forever.

CHAPTER IX.

We will now leap over about two months, and invite the reader to accompany us to the heart of Mexico, to the capital. Half-past nine was striking by the cathedral clock at the moment when a dull sound resembling the rustling of reeds shaken by the wind was audible on the gigantic highway joining the city to the mainland. This sound soon became more distinct, and changed into the trampling of horses, which was deadened by the damp air and the ground, softened by a lengthened rain. A black mass emerged from the fog, and two horsemen wrapped in thick cloaks stood out distinctly in the moonlight.

These horsemen seemed to have made a long journey. They at last reached a low roofed house, whose dirty panes a doubtful light issued, which showed that the inhabitants were still awake.

The horsemen stopped before this house, which was an inn, and without dismounting one of them gave the door two or three kicks and called the host in a loud, sharp voice. The latter was in no hurry to answer, and would have probably left the strangers for some time in the cold if the man who had kicked, probably tired of waiting, had not thought of an expeditious means of obtaining an answer.

"Ah!" he shouted, as he drew a pistol from his holster and cocked it, "since this dog is resolved not to open, I will send a bullet through his window."

This menace had scarcely been uttered ere the door opened as if by enchantment and the landlord appeared on the threshold.

"Believe me, señor, that if I had known what a distinguished caballero did me the honor of stopping before my humble dwelling, I should have hastened to open," he said.

"A grace to such impertinent remarks, and open the door," the hunter said.

A glance was sufficient for the travelers to understand the place to which accident had led them, still they did not display any of the disgust with which the sight of this cut-throat den inspired them. They seated themselves as comfortably as they could at a table, and the one who had hitherto addressed mine host went on:

"Look here, we are dying of hunger, patron; could you not serve us up a morsel of food?"

"Hum!" said the host, with an embarrassed air, "it is very late, caballero, and I don't believe I have even a maize tortilla left in the whole house."

"Nonsense," the traveler replied, "I know all about it, so let us deal frankly with each other; give me some supper, for I am hungry, and we will not squabble about the price."

"Even if you paid me a plastre for every tortilla, excellency, I really could not supply you with two," the landlord replied, with increased constraint.

(To be continued.)

Senator's Life an Architect.

Mrs. Berri Chapman Hansbrough, wife of the senior Senator from North Dakota, is original among the social leaders of the National Capital in that she is a clever architect, and were she not blessed with plenty of the needful gold, she might be reaping laurels in that honored branch. Mrs. Hansbrough designed the handsome home in which she and the Senator pass the winter. As a remarkably well-made gown calls forth the query, "Who is your modiste?" so all of Mrs. Hansbrough's visitors look around admiringly and ask, "Who was your architect?" She could have received a score of orders had she wished to enter competition with the experts. Her dining-room, a sunny apartment with a southwestern exposure, is a symphony of browns and reds, with illuminated leather walls, a ceiling painted in oil by the fair hands of the owner, and the grandest of old Flemish carved oak buffet, tables, and chairs. Mrs. Hansbrough was an artist before she was married to the statesman, but she has recently taken a course of architectural design in a famous New York Institute—New York Press.

Shopping.

There is nothing finer for the temper than a new hat, no balm for hurt feelings like a fresh gewgaw. Ordering new frocks takes a woman out of herself. Cut a woman off her shopping, and the result may be disastrous.—London World.

What the Stork Learned.

The Owl—Twins, eh? Ain't you afraid they'll displease your patrons? The Stork—Certainly not. Cupid says he often hears 'em telling each other that two can live as cheaply as one.—Puck.



Excellent Sugar Beets.

Those who have raised beets for sugar know the value of the two varieties shown in the illustration. The one on the right is the famous Klein Waenzelien sugar beet; the other the Imperial. The first named is largely planted for sugar making, and they are rich in sugar. The Imperial is also a good sugar beet for sugar making. In this item, however, attention is called to these two sorts as being especially valuable to raise for the winter feeding of stock and especially of the cow.

Being rich in sugar, they will supply much food matter, and at the same time give the needed amount of green or succulent food so much needed by cows during the winter. Neither variety is especially new, but they have



not been so freely planted as they should be. The seed is low in price, and it will pay any one with stock to plant a small field. Both varieties are exceedingly productive, and they will grow in any good soil.

How to Find Scale Insects.

Prof. Troop of the Indiana Experimental Station gives the following directions in a recent bulletin: In looking for the scale insect most persons will pass it by unnoticed on account of its very small size. The female scale is only one-twenty-fifth of an inch in diameter, while the male is only about half that size. The shape of the female is nearly circular, while the male is more elongated. The female is sharply convex or conical in the center. This last characteristic will help to distinguish it from many of the other more common species. Its color is nearly like the bark on which it is found. Another distinguishing character is found in the reddish discoloration of the bark immediately surrounding the scale, extending through both the outer and inner bark. These characters will enable one with an ordinary pocket magnifying glass to readily detect the presence of the insect.

Cowpeas an Orchard Crop.

Groves of peaches are using cowpeas as cover crops in the orchard. The vines shade the land, and may be turned under when the pods are nearly ripe, or may remain as a mulch in winter. It is more profitable to use the vines for food for cattle, but, at the same time, if a mulch is required, it is well to grow the mulch, especially when a leguminous plant answers so well. One advantage in growing the cowpeas is that it is almost a sure crop, and lime or wood ashes may be used as a fertilizer with it. The peach orchard will in no manner be injured by growing the cowpeas as long as the land is given the benefit of the crop by plowing the plants under.

Handy Fencing Device.

A very handy device to be used in handling barbed wire is shown herewith. Take two strips 2 1/2 inches wide and 30 inches long and bore holes through each end. Through these, says Farm and Home, put old broom handles or any round stick, and fasten by driving a nail through the square timber. Leave one loose so that it can be put through the reel of wire as shown

Man Not Born to Read.

Many of the commonest physical defects of civilized man are due to an imperfect adaptation of his body to new conditions of life. Nearsightedness is an example.

C. W. Saleeby, the English writer on scientific subjects, says that all the talk about the degeneration of the human eye is "undiluted nonsense." The truth is that "man was not born to read." An instrument made for seeing long distances is forced to accommodate itself to little marks and signs on a piece of paper. Says Dr. Saleeby: "The eye which we have inherited from our ancestors is one that is used without effort at long range, merely containing within it an apparatus enabling it at the cost of nervous and muscular effort to be used at short range."

Get Three More Operators.

Portland, Aug. 15.—Three additional telegraphers went to work in Portland yesterday in the capacity of strikebreakers. Two of these operators were assigned to keys in the Western Union office early last night, while the third, Charles Humphrey, of Astoria, was pressed into the service of the Postal. With the exception of these additions the Western Union and the Postal offices were operating yesterday with the same forces that were working Tuesday.

Two Gallons in One Egg.

Worth \$300, an egg of a tall, flightless bird, the aporornis maximus, is on exhibition in Liverpool. This gigantic bird made its home in Madagascar, and only twenty of its manumoth eggs are known to exist. Each is a foot long and nearly a yard in circumference. One will hold two gallons of water.

Insult and Repartee.

The difference between repartee and insult depends on whether you or the other man makes the remark.—Life.

Effect of the New Meat Law.

One highly important result of the new laws regulating the meat packing business may already be seen in the tendency to keep more stock. "I am going to increase my herds a little," a leading farmer says; and the arguments he uses are these: More pork, beef and mutton will be eaten hereafter. Folks are satisfied now that the packers will send out only good, pure meat, and they will use it freely. Some one must grow the cattle to make this meat. We might as well have a hand in it. Not that all should drop everything else and put the eggs all into the meat-growing basket; if we did that there would be a big crash, but we can keep more stock and make it pay. And this is a sensible view to take of the matter. It will mean better times for farmers all over the country.

Better Cultivation.

The farmer should endeavor to increase his proportion of wheat by better cultivation rather than by planting more acres. The latter method is being adopted in other countries that have the available area. Our people have an immense area of wheat culture in foreign lands to compete with, lands where labor is cheap. Europe, except perhaps in Russia and Roumania and India, have dense populations and are less dangerous competitors. European and Asiatic Russia, Argentine and perhaps before many years large areas of Africa will be in the market against us. We must diminish the cost of production by improved methods.—Texas Stock and Farm Journal.

The Disc Harrow.

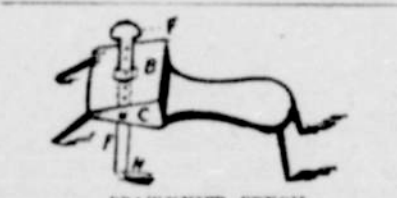
Too much reliance is placed on the disc harrow as a substitute for the plow. There is no implement more useful than the disc harrow in some lines, but its place is to cut up the sod and render the soil fine after the land has been plowed though farmers frequently use the disc harrow for preparing stubble land, leaving out plowing altogether. There is something more in plowing than simply loosening the ground for seed. When land is properly plowed it holds more moisture, absorbs warmth rapidly and permits of greater feeding capacity for plants.

Thinning Apples.

The effort to produce the seeds of apples exhausts the tree more than to produce the much larger quantity of wood, because seeds contain a much larger proportion of the mineral elements. As much meat (or pulp) can be grown on 500 fine, large apple trees as upon 1,000 small, inferior ones, but the production of seeds will only be one-half as great. This "thinning" not only adds to the value of the present crop, but economizes the energies of the tree for future use.

Draw-Knife Bench.

Make a bench of some heavy timber (2-inch oak), 6 feet long and 12 or 14 inches wide. Next take a piece of some 20 or 24 inches long and 3 or 4 inches



DRAW-KNIFE BENCH.

wide, and shape like (C). Nail one on each side, as in cut, after having bored a hole near the middle of each. Nail on end piece (D). Nail on (B), having first chiseled a hole 6 or 8 inches long and 3 or 4 inches wide in it to admit of lever (F).

About Chickens.

Keep the early pullets for next year's layers, and kill off all the young cockerels for market, so as to give the pullets more room. They should be kept in good growing condition, so as to reach maturity before November, in order to become winter layers. Late pullets seldom begin to lay until spring.

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Roosevelt Keeps Out of It.

Oyster Bay, Aug. 15.—President Roosevelt will not concern himself personally with the telegraphers' strike, according to the best information obtainable here, although commercial bodies all over the country have asked him to do so. With Labor Commissioner Neill in Chicago the government considers that the limit of its functions and authority in the matter is being exercised. Should matters become serious, however, the president intimates that he would not hesitate to take a hand.

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Taft Rushes Business.

Washington, Aug. 15.—Secretary of War Taft arrived here this morning and plunged into the mass of business to be handled before his departure Westward, Sunday.

LAND FRAUD TRIAL

Millionaire Perrin Makes Most Emphatic Denial.

SAYS CHARGE IS ENTIRELY FALSE

Testimony of Star Witness Stricken Out—Accused Expresses Great Hatred for Witness.

San Francisco, Aug. 15.—The government yesterday in the United States Circuit Court closed its case against Millionaire John E. Benson and Dr. D. Perrin, charged with conspiracy to obtain 12,000 acres of land in Tehama county by fraud.

The greater part of the morning session was consumed in arguments over the admissibility of the testimony of Willford B. Harlan, formerly clerk of the General Land Office at Washington, who in answering questions by counsel for the government, confessed that he accepted \$200 from Benson as a bribe to keep him informed in advance of the prospects of opening of the Plumas and other forest reserves, this money being left for him in a bathroom by Benson.

After a determined struggle by the attorneys for the defense, Judge De Haven ordered this testimony stricken out because it antedated the period of the alleged conspiracy between Benson and Perrin.

The case for the government was closed by the testimony of William E. Valk, formerly examiner of contracts in the General Land Office at Washington, who stated that he met Benson at the Willard house, talked with him about the Benson and Hyde land fraud prosecutions and accepted from him "as a loan," \$75. The motion of the defense to strike this testimony from record was denied.

Dr. Perrin, dead in bed from Arizona, took the stand late in the afternoon in his own behalf. He strongly denied the testimony of Charles P. Snell, the star witness for the prosecution. Dr. Perrin seemed indignant against Benson, and when referring to the land deals with him, lost control of himself and had to be called to order. He testified that he was owner of 300,000 acres of land in Arizona and at one time had 159,000 acres near Fresno. Dr. Perrin said there was no truth in the testimony of Snell regarding the Tehama county land deal.

MILLIONAIRE COMPANY FAILS

Unable to Meet Obligations It Goes Into Receivership.

Boston, Aug. 15.—The Pope Manufacturing Company, one of the leading manufacturers of automobiles, went into the hands of a receiver today. The receivership, it is stated, is the outcome of the tightened money conditions. It is added, however, that the assets of the company amount to many times its liabilities. Albert I. Pope, son of Colonel A. A. Pope, was appointed receiver for the company by Federal Judge Dodge for the district of Massachusetts. The McManus-Kelly Company of Toledo, were applicants for the receivership.

The latest financial statement of the Pope Manufacturing Company published in June, places the current liabilities at \$2,000,000, with assets at \$10,000,000.

PLENTY OF EVIDENCE.

Henry Can Now Convict Glass Without Aid of Zimmerman.

San Francisco, Aug. 15.—The trial of Vice President and General Manager Louis Glass, of the Pacific States Telephone Company, charged with bribing Supervisor Thomas F. Lomagan to vote against the Home Telephone Company's application for a rival franchise, was begun before a jury this morning in Judge Lawlor's department of the Superior Court.

Assistant District Attorney Francis J. Henry, in his opening statement, intimated that since the trial of Glass on the charge of bribing Supervisor Boston, which resulted in a disagreement, the state has obtained new and convincing evidence, which will be sufficient to convict without the testimony of Second Vice President Emil J. Zimmerman.

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