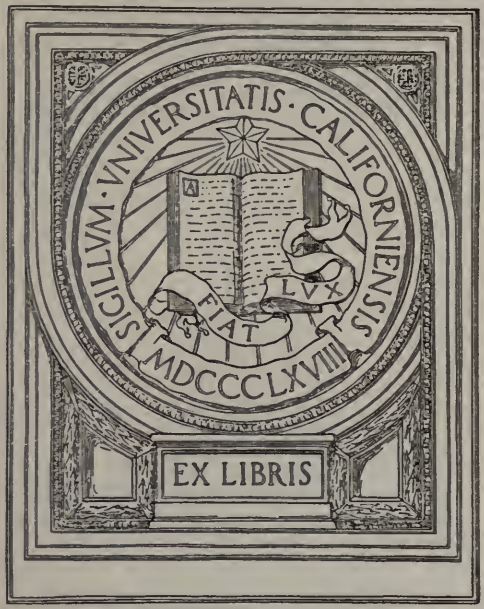

Mr. Foley of Salmon

A Story of Life in a California Village

By J. J. Curran

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CHAPTER I

The Villagers of Sawyers Bar Decide to Engage a Lady Teacher—Mr. Davis Is Sent on a Mission.

THE arrival of the United States mail at Sawyers Bar, a mining town of some five hundred inhabitants, situated in Siskiyou County, the most northern county in the great State of California, was an event of more than ordinary interest to the people of that burg on a Saturday in the month of May; the major portion of the community was arrayed in holiday attire, or as Mr. Foley remarked, had their "store clothes" on.

The cause of this display was the expected coming of a lady school teacher, the first in the history of the town, so the appearance of the mail coach was awaited by a larger concourse than usual. Since the establishment of the District up to the present epoch, a male pedagogue had presided over and taught the young idea how to shoot. The employment of a lady teacher was an innovation that the parents viewed with distrust and failed to see the wisdom of. When the fiat had gone forth that the Trustees had engaged a young lady from San Francisco for the ensuing term, the question of her ability to discipline the pupils had been argued pro and con among all classes. It was the chief topic of conversation, and the concensus of opinion was

that no woman was equal to the task, for Sawyers Bar enjoyed the unenviable reputation of being the most difficult school in the county to manage. The register showed an average attendance of fifty scholars; among this number were some boys from 14 to 17 years of age, who made the duration of the teacher a bane. An incumbent who succeeded in staying out the term, never applied for a second, so it came to a condition that it was next to impossible to procure a teacher.

Mr. George Davis was one of the Trustees and Clerk of the Board. On this memorable occasion, as the time for opening school approached, he called a meeting of the Trustees and addressed them thus: "Gentlemen, I must remind you that it is nearing the time when school should begin. You are familiar with these facts, viz: that our school is a hard proposition; of the trouble our predecessors have experienced in securing teachers. From what I can learn, there is no competent instructor in the county who desires the place at any salary; there is no citizen of this District who wants the office of Trustee. You are aware that at the last election the position literally went begging. Affairs have reached a crisis. It's up to us. What are we going to do about it? Have you a remedy to suggest?"

Mr. Crane suggested they follow the usual custom and try to employ a man. Mr. Knowlton, the third Trustee, said he could see no other alternative.

"Well," resumed Mr. Davis, "I propose a change; that is, we hire a lady."

"A woman teach this school," exclaimed Mr. Crane, "it's absurd. Those larger boys would make it intolerant for her, and I doubt if she would remain a month."

Mr. Knowlton acquiesced in this opinion.

"Listen," said Mr. Davis, "I have cogitated on this subject; I can see no other solution but to try a lady teacher. I confess it will be an experiment. In the past the men have exhausted all kinds of means; moral suasion and corporal punishment have availed nothing. Those boys have been suspended and expelled a number of times. On promising to reform, they have been re-instated, only to resume their habits of mischief. Complaints have been lodged with the Trustees, until they have become annoyed and disgusted with the whole business. A lady for teacher I am determined to have; if you do not coincide in this view, I will resign. In a few days I leave for the Bay City. My friends will direct me to select a competent first grade teacher. Give me your consent in this matter and I will assume the responsibility and onus should it result in disaster."

"We yield to your logic. Go ahead; we will support you. Our school will have everything to gain, and nothing to lose," replied the other Trustees.

So the vexed question was settled. That evening Mr. Davis conceived the idea that the time was

opportune to acquaint the public generally with the information. He sauntered into the leading resort, where were congregated typical representatives of the community. He saluted all affably; exchanged a few pointers on the weather, and discussed the outlook for the mines. Fixing his gaze upon Mr. O'Brien, the father of the most incorrigible boy, he exclaimed: "Did you hear the latest?" Being answered in the negative he continued: "The Trustees have decided to engage a lady to teach this school the coming term."

"You surely don't mean it." "You are springing a joke on us," were the remarks that greeted his ears.

"Gentlemen, I was never more in earnest in my life." As he perceived several were about to speak, he raised his hand to command silence. "Hear me out. I can anticipate any objection or argument you are about to make. I have thoroughly canvassed the question, and spent some time pondering over the possibility of success or failure of the venture. I opine that an experienced lady with her gentle ways and mild discipline, will subdue and captivate the pupils. I hope the future will fulfill this prediction. I ask you to reserve your decision until we have given the lady an impartial trial, and place no obstacle in her way. Should it result different from what I have prophesied, I assure you I will come to you and candidly acknowledge I have erred, and my judgment was at fault."

Mr. Davis was a voluble speaker. His words carried weight and conviction. He was the leading merchant of the town, highly respected by all and an influential man.

"A word with you, Mr. Davis," spoke Mr. Foley. "I wish you would secure a good looking single lady, and possibly some of us old bachelors might induce her to take another name and preside over a miner's domicile. I am going to take time by the forelock and announce myself as a candidate for matrimonial honors right now." This sally evoked laughter, and closed the incident for the time.

Mr. Davis arrived in San Francisco. For many years he had purchased merchandise of a wholesale firm. The senior partner was Mr. Stevens. When Mr. Davis had finished business he made known to Mr. Stevens his commission to employ a teacher. He gave a detailed account of the school, and what he considered it required, and invoked the aid of the city merchant. Mr. Davis paused, and Mr. Stevens made answer: "I have in mind the identical lady that will suit you. You will be truly fortunate to secure her services; the more you become acquainted with her the better you will like her. I believe you will be delighted with her. This young lady's name is Miss May Wilton. I have known her since childhood, and I regard her with almost the same affection that I feel toward my own daughter. She is a most estimable lady, and is everything you could desire. She is a first grade

teacher, and has been employed in the Public School in Oakland for the past four years. She wishes a change. Only last week she came to me and said, 'I would like a position in some remote place; if you hear of any such, please notify me.' She has experienced trouble for which she is not responsible. To conclude, she is a frank, honorable young lady." Mr. Davis replied, " I am perfectly satisfied with your recommendation and eulogy of the lady. Arrange a meeting between us, and I guarantee a situation awaits her, and that so far as the Trustees are able, she will be well treated and taken care of." Said Mr. Stevens, " I know her address and will send for her. Come here tomorrow at 2 p. m. and I will introduce you."

On the following day, at the appointed hour, Mr. Davis wended his way to the private office of Mr. Stevens. This gentleman had specially named an hour earlier for Miss Wilton to call at his office, in order to give information and prepare her for the interview. He met Mr. Davis with a cheery, "How are you today, sir? You are punctual," and escorted him to where a lady was seated, evidently awaiting the meeting. As the two men approached she arose to an erect position. Mr. Stevens took the lady by the hand in a fatherly way, saying, "Permit me, Miss Wilton, to introduce to you my friend, Mr. Davis. Mr. Davis, one of my dearest lady friends, Miss Wilton, of whom I spoke to you." She extended her hand graciously and said, "I am pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Davis."

This gentleman managed to ejaculate, "I am delighted to meet you, Miss Wilton." Then he collapsed into silence. An hypnotic spell seized him. He had expected to see an ordinary lady of passable appearance, but was not prepared for the feminine loveliness that burst upon his vision.

She was above the medium in stature. Her avoirdupois was approximately 130 pounds. The superb mass of dark brown hair lay in glossy folds above the perfect brow. The dark eyes glowed with that beauty which comes from a cultured mind. They were orbs that seemed to hold one spell-bound when focused upon them. Her nose would be termed Roman. Her mouth was a small, delicately chiseled aperture of the rosebud order. She was attired in a tailor-made suit of the latest fashion; the fabric revealed the slender, graceful and rounded outlines of symmetry and youth.

Mr. Stevens had given no intimation to Mr. Davis of her beauty, and enjoyed his embarrassment. Mr. Davis was brought to a realization of the present by Mr. Stevens enquiring: "Are you content with the profile of my friend?" "I am most agreeably surprised; you have sprung a sensation on me," responded Mr. Davis. To Miss Wilton he said, "Pardon my absent-mindedness, I trust we may become better acquainted and loyal friends," Mr. Stevens withdrew, leaving them to discuss the business for which they had met.

"Miss Wilton, I presume Mr. Stevens has imparted to you the nature of my errand, and prepared

you for what I am about to say." She bowed in the affirmative. "I tender you the position of teacher for the Sawyers Bar school. If you accept you will have the distinction of being the first lady to preside as tutor." He was candid, and disclosed the vexatious features. "The Trustees will give you every support in their power. It is no sinecure, but I feel confident you will succeed. I would wager my existence on your mastering those turbulent scholars. Your salary will be $90.00 per month. A term is from 8 to 10 months duration, depending upon the weather. Two days hence I wish to leave for home. If this is satisfactory and you can be ready, I will be pleased to have you accompany me. We wish to commence school. Will you accept? Are you prepared to answer?"

Not for a moment did she hesitate. Looking him calmly in the face, she replied: "I will be ready. I will go."

"The train starts from the Oakland mole at 6:30 p. m. Do you prefer that I shall call at your residence, or will you meet me?" inquired Mr. Davis.

"I will be in the waiting room at the appointed time," answered Miss Wilton.

They exchanged good-byes and separated. The 6:00 p. m. ferry boat across the Bay carried Mr. Davis. On arriving at the mole, he went direct to the waiting room. His eyes were gladdened by a sight of Miss Wilton, arrayed in a gray traveling costume, and ready for the journey. Seizing her

hand, he exclaimed, "Seeing you here has restored my tranquility. I feared you might reconsider your decision."

Returning his greeting, she made answer: "As a rule I am not vacillating. I know it is attributed to our sex, but unless there are reasons, I do not alter my mind."

"Have you a ticket, and how much baggage have you?" he enquired.

"A trunk and hand satchel. I have not purchased a ticket, as I was ignorant of our destination."

He sought the office; bought two tickets for Montague; saw that her baggage was checked, and returned to the waiting room. Miss Wilton enquired as to the amount of her ticket and offered to reimburse him, but he assured her that it was part of the agreement between the Trustees that they should defray her expenses to Sawyers Bar. This appeased her. Taking her satchel, he said, "We had better select seats and make ourselves comfortable."

The north-bound train pulled out on time. As Oakland receded in the distance a wistful expression was perceptible upon the countenance of Miss Wilton. Her thoughts were reminiscent of the many happy years spent there and of the cheerful home, loving relatives and kind friends she was leaving behind. Two tiny tears hovered for an instant, but were obliterated by the speedy use of her handkerchief. Noticing her dejected manner, Mr. Davis sought to divert her mind by entering upon a

description of the country they were going to, and the people she would come in contact with. He impressed upon her that the usages in the mines were somewhat at variance from what she had been accustomed to in the city. He gave advice that would benefit her in her vocation. "Whenever you are perplexed or in trouble, come or send for me. I wish you to rely on me and consider me your true friend." "Thank you very much, Mr. Davis. I shall certainly do so if an occasion requires, but I hope for smooth sailing. I shall not borrow trouble nor cross the bridge before it is reached."

They conversed on different subjects; the beautiful scenery, the luxury and comfort of travel at the present time as compared with the hardships endured by Pioneers some fifty years ago; praised the energy and up-to-date methods of the people of the Golden State, and mutually agreed that nowhere on the face of the universe was there a paradise equal to California. Mr. Davis looked at his watch and found the time to be 10 p. m. "I have secured a berth in the Pullman for you. Whenever you wish to retire, I will call the colored attendant." "I am somewhat fatigued from the labor incident to packing and preparation for this journey, so I will avail myself of your kind thoughtfulness," said Miss Wilton.

Mr. Davis went in quest of the ebony-hued son of Africa; found him, and returned to Miss Wilton. They bade each other good night. Mr. Davis sought the smoking car to indulge in a soothing

weed before seeking his couch. As he watched the smoke from the cigar curl upwards, he was in a reverie. The object of his train of thought was Miss Wilton. He surmised she had a lover who in some manner had gotten into the clutches of the law and was the cause of her leaving home; that she believed him innocent and was constant to him, Mr. Davis had no doubt. "She is the handsomest young lady I ever met, and will create a surprise at Sawyers Bar. All the unmarried men will be at her feet. It will be a damper on their wooing when they find out she has a lover." Having settled the problem to his satisfaction, he became conscious of a drowsy feeling, and sought the sleeping car.

The next morning he arose, dressed, performed his ablution, and went into the passenger car. He found Miss Wilton had forestalled him, and was occupied in reading the paper. With a pleasant smile and "Good morning, Mr. Davis, I hope you enjoyed a refreshing sleep," she made room for him by her side. "Yes, indeed," he answered, "I must have slept as fast as the car traveled; nothing disturbed my slumbers. You look as bright and fresh as a daisy, Miss Wilton." "Yes, my looks must be an index to my feelings. I feel revived and ever so much better." The colored porter announced breakfast.

As Mr. Davis and Miss Wilton entered the dining car, he became cognizant that numerous eyes were directed towards them. He readily divined that his fair companion was the object of their scrutiny. On

the preceding evening when they took passage, she was veiled and her features concealed from view. This morning she had removed the covering, and her perfectly lovely physique stood revealed to the fellow passengers. Mr. Davis enjoyed the conspicuous role he was enacting, of associate to the handsome young lady, and the envious glances of the male passengers did not disconcert him during the progress of the meal. Mr. Davis informed Miss Wilton that if the train was on time they would arrive at Montague at 2:30 p. m. "Can I help you to anything more?" he asked. "No, thank you; in the language of the lady from the hub of the universe, I have allayed the clamorous cravings of a rapacious appetite until an inner sense of justice admonishes me to say I have had an ample sufficiency; any more would be a redundant superfluity." Back to the passenger car went the lady and gentleman. At dinner time neither felt an inclination for food. The train sped on, also the time. The whistle blew a signal for approaching a town. "This is where we change cars," said Mr. Davis.

A branch road from Yreka to Montague met the Southern Pacific passenger trains, north and south bound. They secured seats and were conveyed to Yreka, a distance of eight miles, in about 15 minutes. Yreka is the County Seat of Siskiyou. It is a prosperous thriving city of 2,500 inhabitants. Siskiyou County is famed for its gold mines and agricultural resources. A daily stage line connected with the

train, and carried passengers and mail to Etna Mills, 32 miles. On this coach Miss Wilton and Mr. Davis embarked. At 6 p. m. Fort Jones was reached, where the stage stopped for supper and to change horses. This is a well-to-do town situated in the center of Scott's Valley and contiguous to a rich mining section. Our passengers had developed an appetite and sought the nearest hotel where they did justice to the repast. The driver announced "All aboard," and the journey was continued. He was a taciturn individual who attended strictly to business. He ventured no assertions, but sawed wood.

A cluster of lights were discerned at 8 p. m. "That is Etna Mills," said Mr. Davis, "where we tarry for the night." In a brief space of time the coach drew on to the main street and halted before the leading hotel. Mr. Davis sought the landlord and engaged the best suite of rooms for Miss Wilton. The landlady appeared and assured Mr. Davis that the best in the house would be provided for the young lady. As he bade her good-night he remarked, "Tomorrow we complete the stage ride and reach our destination." He made use of the telephone, sending a message to Sawyers Bar saying the lady teacher and himself would arrive the following day. He procured for the lady and self the outside seats on the coach.

The next morning he entered the parlor, where his companion was waiting. They repaired to the dining-room, where breakfast was served. "So

today ends our itineracy. I am pleased; not but what I have enjoyed the traveling, for you have been very attentive and provided me with every comfort, but I am anxious to see my new home, become acquainted with the people and win the esteem and confidence of the pupils," said the lady. "If you accomplish this, you will have done what no masculine pedagogue has ever effected. Now let us prepare for the start," said Mr. Davis. The coach was ready. He introduced the driver to Miss Wilton, saying: "This is Mr. Foster, he is to be our pilot today. Our lives to a great extent are in his keeping. You need have no fears."

"I always am on my best behavior when I have lady passengers. I am like the balance of mankind, partial to the society of the gentler sex. As Hauk Monk said to Horace Greely: If you keep your seats, I will get you there on time," spoke the Jehu.

The lady was assisted to a seat. Mr. Foster gathered the ribbons, swung the whip to the breeze with a resounding whack; the team struck into a trot, and Etna Mills was soon left behind.

Jack Foster was a loquacious person. Before the completion of the railroad from Redding to Portland he was in the employ of the California and Oregon Stage Company for awhile. He drove on a route from Redding to Weaverville. He had been held up twice; once supposed to be by the Ruggles Brothers, who were afterwards lynched by a throng of indignant citizens for shooting a Wells-Fargo messenger; and once by Black Bart, styled the

Prince of Highwaymen. Bart was a polite knight of the road who prefaced his request to throw out the treasure box by remarking: "Sorry to detain you, but I need the contents of that box in my business." When the box was delivered, Bart would add: "If you see the Chief of Detectives, Mr. Hume, convey to him my kindest regards."

From Etna Mills to the summit of Salmon Mountain is a gradual ascent of nine miles. The progress of the coach was necessarily slow. It was a magnificent day in spring. The air was redolent with the aroma of wild flowers which grew in profusion along the way side. Birds of many varieties and gorgeous plumage in their native element sang their carols from tree and bush. The driver was in an amiable mood. He regaled the company with many amusing anecdotes. He had a store of interesting information. The road wound around a precipitous incline, which sloped upwards and back hundreds of feet. "Right here," said he, "is where two men were overtaken by a snow slide and had the life crushed out of them. It was in the winter season, when the trip over this mountain can only be made on Norwegian or Ski snow-shoes. These men were familiar with the mountains and the dangerous places where slides are liable to occur. It was the custom to make a detour and cross to the opposite side of the creek; this was a circuitous and somewhat longer distance than to pass directly under Granite Slide, as this is called.

The mail carrier had passed in advance of them, and had taken the shorter way. It is presumed they were anxious to overtake him, so followed his lead. They had reached this point when an immense body of snow descended and caught them. The mail carrier was aware the men were following. When he reached Etna Mills he reported; after a reasonable time elapsed and they failed to put in an appearance, the citizens feared they had met disaster. A large party started. When they arrived at Granite Slide, a huge avalanche of snow was perceived. They surmised the men were under it, so set to work digging. After uncovering twenty feet in depth, they found the bodies of the two men. Life was extinct."

One mile from the summit a cabin was sighted. "That is the mail carrier's. In it are kept a stove, dry wood and provisions. It has done noble service in the past. A number of men who knew of its presence, and were nearly exhausted, owe the preservation of their lives to its hospitality. It is completely covered by snow in winter. You will notice those trees growing alongside, and the deep cuts in them. These are guides, to show the precise location of the cabin. Wishing to enter, a man digs down, finds the door which opens from the outside, builds a fire, partakes of the food, passes a comfortable night, and the next morning is able to proceed."

The summit was reached. A halt was made to give the passengers a view of the scenery. To the

west, in the direction they were going, could be seen the Salmon River, winding its way through a rugged canyon, gliding onward to the sea. The sun reflecting upon its waters, cast a bright light, dazzling the eyes with its silvery sheen. As the road went, the distance to where this stream was discernible was fourteen miles. To the east could be perceived Mount Shasta, towering in its majestic glory, its apex covered with snow, the boast of the State, the highest mountain in California.

Scott's Valley could be seen to its best advantage. Nicely laid out farms, thrifty in appearance, greeted the vision. To the north and south as far as the eye could reach mountains and chains of mountains seemed to vie with each other for eminence, their sides covered with growths of splendid timber of different species. Here and there ice cold springs and creeks of limpid water sprang into existence. Could a person be invested with power to transplant one of these sparkling streams in proximity to a great city like New York or San Francisco, he would possess a greater bonanza than the Standard Oil Company or a gold mine. The altitude from which they gazed is some six thousand feet. Miss Wilton went into raptures over the magnificent panorama spread before her. "Never have I beheld such a grand view of nature's works. My command of language is inadequate to properly portray it. I shall retain a vivid recollection of what I have seen today as long as memory lasts. Some writers have

advised to "See Venice and die," but my advice to them is to see Salmon Mountain and live."

Having expressed satisfaction with the feast of scenery, the driver inspected the coach, team and harness and found all in good condition. They remounted and began the descent. Glancing towards the lady, Mr. Foster said: "I trust you are not timid. We are a little behind time, having tarried on the summit. Put your faith in Providence, and incidentally in me, and we will make up the deficiency."

"The assurance given me of your skill would allay any fear I might have," answered the lady. The manipulator of the reins spoke to the team. They responded with vigor. When a curve was to be rounded, he applied the brake, uttered a caution, "steady there," and instantly their gait slackened. When the danger spot was passed, he would again address them, "All right, go ahead." They responded with a faster motion. He regulated their speed by the tone of his voice. He maintained perfect control of the horses. They understood what was required; he was kind and never abused them; it was rarely that any of the team felt the lash. Miss Wilton noticed this, and remarked: "Mr. Foster, there seems to be a mutual agreement between you and the animals." "Yes, we have confidence in each other. I treat them right and they appreciate it."

Some buildings loomed up in the distance. "That is the Mountain House where we stop for dinner." The hostelry reached, the passengers alighted. A

large watering trough, filled with delicious nectar, was a commodity of the Inn. The horses were anxious to slake their thirst, but were restrained by check reins. "Oh, let them drink, Mr. Foster; it seems cruel to deny them when they seem so thirsty," spoke Miss Wilton. "We have traveled seven miles in a trifle less than an hour, which is going some when it comes to mountain staging; they are heated; if I allowed them to drink now of this cold water, it might produce colic or founder them," answered the Jehu. "Pardon me, I was ignorant of the results, and actuated by kindly motives." "I took no offense, as I knew you were prompted by mercy," answered the driver.

They went in to dinner. The meal over, the genial Mr. Foster loosened the checks. The animals buried their muzzles in the refreshing fluid, imbibing large draughts. When their thirst was appeased, the reins were adjusted, the passengers climbed to their seats, and the coach moved along.

They were passing through the rich mining section of Russian Creek, which yielded a vast amount of shining gold. Ever and anon a cabin was seen, the home of some industrious miner striving to increase the circulating medium. "We are verging on the home stretch, and in a short time will arrive at Sawyers Bar. I believe it is time to decorate," said the driver, as he brought the team to a standstill. From under the seat he produced four American flags, and fastened one in each head stall of the bridle, behind the horses' ears.

Miss Wilton looked in amazement. "Mr. Foster, I am curious to know what is the occasion for this display?" "It is in your honor, and if I mistake not, you will see further evidence when we reach the town," he made answer. Regaining his seat once more, they moved along, and after an interval swung around a bend and came in sight of the principal street which was a moving mass of humanity.

CHAPTER II

An Important Event at Sawyers Bar—Arrival of Miss Wilton, the New Teacher.

Mr. Foley Relates Some Interesting Anecdotes and Wins the Admiration of Miss Wilton.

IN retrospect let me take the reader to the opening chapter of this narrative, when the good people were patiently awaiting the arrival of this particular mail coach.

As the pace of the team slackened, Mr. Davis said: "Miss Wilton, no doubt you wonder at this assemblage. They were apprised of your coming. As you are the first lady to engage to teach this school, they have turned out to pay you homage; in brief, they are going to give you an ovation and welcome. Do not be surprised at what you see or hear."

The coach came to a halt in front of the Post Office, and the journey was at an end. Mr. Davis assisted the lady to alight. A tall, dignified gentleman stepped forward and was introduced to Miss Wilton as "Judge Barnes, who looks after the peace and law of our town." Hat in hand, with a bow that would have done credit to a Chesterfield, His

Honor exclaimed: "I am delighted to make your acquaintance, Miss Wilton. I am delegated by the citizens of Sawyers Bar to extend to you a cordial welcome and the entire freedom of our burg. We hope your stay among us will be both pleasant and profitable. Now allow me to present to you my friend, Mr. Foley, who is the pride of Salmon, as a story teller he is without a peer, as a reconnoisseur he knocks the persimmon."

"Miss Wilton, I feel highly honored by being introduced to you. I trust we may become friends. The judge has given me a flattering reputation, but I beseech you not to take him seriously. He is from Missouri, the 'show me' State. I voice his sentiments in greeting you. The public, irrespective of nationality, creed or politics, welcomes you," spoke Mr. Foley.

"Ladies and gentlemen: I did not anticipate such an exhibition of good feeling on the part of the inhabitants of your town. I feel grateful and deeply moved by your kind expressions. It will be no fault of mine if we do not become friends," replied Miss Wilton.

Other introductions followed. Men, women and children were desirous of meeting the new school ma'am. The ubiquitous small boy was in evidence. One kept edging and pushing his way to the front, saying: "Let me look at the teacher." The lady heard, and went to meet him. "This is Willie Cole, who will be one of your pupils," said Mr. Davis. She took Willie by the hand and asked: "Willie,

how old are you?" "I was seven years old last birthday." "Do you go to school every day?" "Yes, Miss. Will you let us play marbles for keeps?" "I will let you play marbles, but the keeps proposition we will talk over later on." She picked Willie up, imprinted a kiss on his lips, then set him down. The people broke into a ringing cheer; this act had captivated the crowd.

"No high-toned airs about her. She ain't afraid to kiss a kid," said Claw Hammer Jack. "Fellow citizens: Miss Wilton has traveled a long way and is tired; you will all meet her again, so please excuse her for the present."

Mr. Davis and the lady took their way to the hotel, where accommodations were secured for Miss Wilton. He bade her good night and went to his store.

He was soon the center of a group who called to pay their respects. "Mr. Davis, you deserve a premium for having secured such a beautiful young lady," exclaimed several. "She is as good as she is pretty," answered the merchant.

The following day he called at the hotel, met the lady and expressed a wish that she was rested. "Yes, I enjoyed a refreshing sleep." "I presume you would like to visit the school house?" he questioned. "Nothing would please me more," came the reply.

The building was situated upon a slight elevation surrounded by a flat. It was quiet and an ideal spot for a school. A walk of ten minutes brought them

to the house. Mr. Davis produced the key, unlocked the door, and they entered. It was a commodious structure. As the lady took in the furnishing and appointments of the room, she was surprised and pleased. "I had not thought your school house was so modern and up to date. Everything is nicely arranged. It is a credit to your citizens." She mentioned some changes she would like to have done. "Any repairs you may suggest will be promptly attended to. Mr. Foley is a carpenter and handy man. I will instruct him and if you care to come, you can oversee the work," said Mr. Davis. "I will do so with pleasure." They looked over the appurtenant buildings; all seemed in good condition.

"I have in view a home for you, so let us retrace our steps. The lady is a fine woman, a particular friend of mine. She is married and has a little daughter, who attends school. Her husband is employed at a mine. He is home once in two weeks for a day. She would like to have you for company."

They came abreast of a house with a yard where flowers grew in profusion. "This is the place," spoke the merchant. They rang the bell and were admitted by a lady. "Why, how do you do, Mr. Davis. I am so glad to see you back again." He acknowledged the salutation. "Mrs. Fremont, this is Miss Wilton, our new teacher. I have brought her to you for board and rooms; provide for her if you can." "Certainly," said Mrs. Fremont, "I am rather lonesome, and pleased you came to me. Let

me show you through the house, you may select any room that suits." Miss Wilton was not difficult to please, and soon picked one she preferred. "It did not take us long to make a bargain," spoke Mrs. Fremont. "As you have found a domicile, I will have your trunk and satchel sent up from the hotel. If you require anything for the school, order it and have the bill sent to me. Honor the store with your presence sometimes. Now, farewell," said the merchant.

Katie, Mrs. Fremont's daughter, came and made friends with the teacher, and volunteered much information as to the past history of the school.

The next day was the Sabbath. Miss Wilton quietly observed it. Monday a watch was kept, when Mr. Foley was seen coming. She hailed him, "I will accompany you." He doffed his hat, exclaiming: "It would be an honor to have so beautiful a companion." Little Katie, having asked permission, was permitted to go along.

"Mr. Davis told me you were to command, I was to execute," said Mr. Foley.

"I would like to have the desks, benches and woodwork painted, and arranged differently; also the floor scrubbed," spoke the lady.

"I have the material and will begin at once," he made answer. When he had a hearer, Mr. Foley was talkative. Like an engine, he must have an exhaust. "You are familiar with ancient history?" he enquired.

"I have read it thoroughly," replied the lady.

"Looked at from my standpoint, there are some inconsistencies in it. Take, for example the tale of Romulus and Remus. In Rome, its rise and fall is told that Rhea Sylvia, a vestal, was the mother of twins. The cruel king Amulius ordered the children to be thrown into the Tiber. It so happened that the river had overflowed its banks, and the cradle in which the children were borne was finally left on dry ground by the retiring flood. Attracted by the cries of the children, a she wolf directed her course to them and with the greatest tenderness fondled and nursed them. There in the cave of the wolf, a shepherd found them and carried them home to his wife to be reared with his own children. They afterward built a city on the spot where they had been exposed and rescued. They quarreled over who should name the city, and Romulus slew Remus. The city was named Rome after the survivor. My deduction is, that the story is not entitled to credence. Knowing the nature of wild beasts in general and the wolf in particular, is it not more rational to say the wolf, a ravenous, carnivorous animal, was very hungry. She was roaming around the country in quest of food to appease her appetite, when she heard the cries and spied the cradle with the children in it. She smacked her jaws, licked her chops, smiled to herself, and thought of the Scriptural saying: 'The Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.' Here is my dinner provided for me. She walked up to the cradle and

immediately proceeded to do business with the twins. After awhile they laid down together, but the wolf was on the outside; this is my version. When a boy of fourteen years of age, I lived in a city. In this city was a large negro population and a school was provided exclusively for the colored children. This building was located three blocks from the Caucasian structure. The white boys entertained a race prejudice. The negroes believed in reciprocity; the result was that when the boys of different color met, there was a fight. Our teacher admonished us not to fight or quarrel with them, but the advice was not heeded. I had built a four-wheeled wagon and made it substantial, so it would bear my weight. I had equipped it with a long rope and induced eight of the boys to act as horses and haul me anywhere I wanted to go. One day, at recess, I told my horses we would visit the negroes. Their recess took place the same time as ours. They were at play when we put in an appearance. Abusive epithets were exchanged and a pitched battle ensued. We came off victorious. The negroes sought refuge in their house. We should have withdrawn then, but they defied us, considering themselves secure in the retreat. We threw a volley of stones, and broke a number of panes of glass. A white lady came out and gave us a reprimand, so we hurried back to our play ground. The bell soon rang to call us in. We had scarcely taken our seats when a rap was heard, and the lady teacher of the colored school entered. She engaged

our teacher in conversation; they walked around the room, and she identified all of us who had participated in the fight; then she left. Our teacher called us up to an open space in front of his desk and addressed us as follows: 'You boys are guilty of a serious offense. You were the aggressors in a combat with the colored children on their play ground, where you had no right to go. You were not content with whipping them, but broke the windows in the house.' Calling each boy by name, he enquired what part he took in the performance. 'I was a horse, and obeyed orders,' answered the first boy. 'Very well, you may take your seat.' The second boy replied: 'I was a horse, too,' and so on, until the whole eight were excused. Turning to me, the teacher said: 'It is a principle of law that a driver is responsible for the good conduct of his team, and liable for any damage they may do. As driver, you will have to take the punishment for the eight horses.' The master was armed with a rawhide whip. The first round opened with him confident and me wary. He made a pass with the whip, which I side-stepped. He landed several telling blows across my back. The round closed in his favor, the odds were on his side. Rounds two and three were a repetition of the first. My splendid foot-work stood me in good hand. I dodged some vicious swings. Occasionally he struck me across the legs. I thought a foul had been committed, but as he was Referee, Principal and Time-Keeper, I knew it was useless to appeal from his decision.

Round four, and last, was a hummer. He made a straight drive from the shoulder, and caught me squarely on the back. I went down and took the full count. I looked vainly around to see if anyone had thrown up the sponge. Alas! my horses had deserted me in my tribulation. They grinned at me.

"'Now promise me you will not molest those colored children again, and we will call this affair off,' said the pedagogue, as he helped me to an erect position. I would have promised anything. I disposed of the little wagon, and henceforth Edward was no more driver. My good mother applied vaseline to my back and legs that evening and was quite indignant. I have since thought the Master's interpretation of the law, in my case, was biased."

Miss Wilton looked at her watch, and announced that it was time for lunch, and an adjournment was taken.

After dinner Mr. Foley was up and a coming. "An incident of my boyhood days that is indelibly printed on my memory and caused my faith to be shaken is this: I was a sort of gullible youth, and believed everything I read to be true. I perused the story of George Washington and his little hatchet. I was very favorably impressed. I was particularly so with the truthful manner of George junior, and the magnanimous course of Mr. Washington. I pondered over the narrative and determined to put it to a practical test. Some time previous my father had bought me a light ax to chop wood and kindling. One day when the spirit moved me I seized the ax,

went out into the orchard and began work on an apple tree. These trees were of a fine variety. In a short time I had the satisfaction of seeing the tree fall full length upon the ground. The noise of its falling brought my mother to the scene. 'Oh, Edward, what have you done? Your father will be furious. He will give you the worst flogging you ever had.' 'I guess not, mother,' I said in an exultant spirit, 'when I tell him the truth he will treat me as Mr. Washington did young George.' 'If he did, you would go out tomorrow and chop down another. But I feel he will teach you a lesson you will not soon forget.'

"Father had gone to town. I was still out in the orchard, ax in hand, trimming off the branches of the tree when he returned and sized up the situation. He thundered out: 'Who cut down one of my best apple trees?' I dropped the ax and prepared to rush into his arms. ' I did, father, I cannot tell a lie. I cut it with my little ax.' Here is where I expected him to say: 'My noble boy, come to my arms. I would rather loose a dozen trees than have you tell an untruth.' But the unexpected took place. He seized me by the collar with one hand, with the other he grabbed a branch of the tree. 'You dared cut down my apple tree! I have important business with you.' Yes, there was something doing for the next few minutes. It was an improvised circus. My cries for mercy brought my dear mother to the rescue. She interceded for me, and brought the performance to a close. My belief in fiction was shattered.

"There resided in an adjoining State a schoolmate of my mother's. This lady was engaged in raising fine blooded poultry. She carefully packed and shipped to mother twenty-four eggs. Two hens were set on these eggs, and in time twenty-three young chickens were hatched. These grew to maturity. They were the pride of my parents and the envy of the neighbors, who sought to purchase some of the fowls, or their eggs, but to no avail, for father steadfastly refused to part with them. He seemed to enjoy having a monopoly of that breed. Exorbitant prices were offered, but declined. I met a neighbor who said to me: 'Edward, I will pay you one dollar for a dozen of these eggs. You can get them by degrees, until you have the number, and your father will not be the wiser.' I consented to get a dozen for him. I knew where there was a nest in the barn that contained ten eggs. I took the ten and got two more from the chicken house. I then went into the kitchen and put the eggs into boiling water until I was satisfied they were hard. I took them out and went over to the neighbors. I gave him the eggs and he paid me the dollar as agreed. My conscience did not upbraid me. I felt that as he wanted me to deceive my parents there was no harm in using guile with him. Father knew of this nest in the barn, and missed the eggs. He brought me to task. 'Edward, do you know what became of those eggs?' I answered, 'Yes, sir, I sold them to neighbor Jones.' 'You sold my fancy eggs?' 'Yes, father, but I boiled

them first,' I hastened to add, for visions of the apple tree episode were fresh in my memory. This time he took me in his arms, called me 'a bright boy' and all sorts of endearing names, and finally he asked: 'Edward, where is the dollar?' Reluctantly the dollar and I parted company; however, he gave me a dime. More than a month afterwards I met Neighbor Jones, who said: 'Edward, there was something remarkable about those eggs. I placed them under a hen, she sat on them four weeks, but never brought out a chick. I then broke first one, and afterwards all of them, to see what was the matter. They were hard inside, like boiled eggs.' I said: 'I guess the hen sat on them so long they must have petrified.' He looked me square in the face, but my countenance was child-like and bland. If he mistrusted, he was prudent, for he never referred to the eggs again, but from this time he never allowed me to court his daughter."

Miss Wilton had brought fancy paper of different colors. She had embellished the teacher's table, cutting scallops in red, white and blue.

"Mr. Foley, I have spent a very pleasant day; your recital of anecdotes has evoked many a hearty laugh from me. It is time we ceased our labor for the day."

"If I have been the means of causing the hours to pass quickly, I am fully repaid," said Mr. Foley.

By Wednesday everything in and around the school house was in apple-pie order. Miss Wilton,

in company with the Trustees, walked to the school house. The officials noted the improvements. They agreed 'the room looked more cosy and inviting than ever before.' At 9 a. m. the bell rang. The girls and boys filed into seats. Mr. Davis stepped to the front and addressed them.

"Girls and boys, I take pleasure in introducing to you Miss Wilton, who will be your teacher for the present term. In the past this school has been taught by men. We decided to change, and we believe the effect will be beneficial. With you rests the power to make your teacher's work easy and pleasant. She comes to us fresh from a field of experience in the city, and her ideas and methods are up to date. You will enjoy the advantages of her learning. If you do not make progress in your studies, the fault will be yours, not the teacher's. Now I am going to speak to you older boys. I am going to use strong language, so you will know I mean it. You boys have been the cause of all trouble in this school. Your mischief and playing tricks has worried all former teachers. It has got to cease; you must quit it. You have been suspended and taken back. During this term, if you are suspended or expelled by the lady, you will not be taken back. This school is going to be in session. You may attend if you behave, but you shall not come if you do not obey the rules. It seems to me you are old enough to be ashamed of your past conduct. Now is the time to study and fit yourselves

for the day when you will have to leave school, go out into the world and make your living among men."

Miss Wilton arose. "Girls and boys: I have listened to the words of praise bestowed upon me by Mr. Davis, and I hope to be worthy of them. It will be my aim to teach those qualifications that will make you useful women and men in life. To do this, I must have your respect and aid. I hope to gain these and retain them. If I succeed it will not be necessary to put into effect the drastic measures spoken of by Mr. Davis. That is all." Mr. Davis enquired if his colleagues wished to speak. They answered "No." "I declare the school formally opened, and we will say adieu."

The teacher asked the name and age of each pupil and enrolled them. She found there were forty-two scholars present. She examined them in the studies of the last term, and arranged them into classes.

CHAPTER III

A Storm Is Brewing—The Village Belle Decides to Rid Herself of a Dangerous Rival.

Miss Wilton Confides a Secret to Mrs. Fremont.

THE first week was tranquil; things moved like clock work in the school. At the close of the week the teacher complimented the scholars on the excellent order they had maintained, and trusted it would continue. The second week was marked by good behavior, and the teacher expressed satisfaction for the two weeks' work. She little knew a storm was brewing.

Miss Jessie Bartle was the village belle, the acknowledged beauty of Sawyers Bar. Prior to the event of Miss Wilton there was none to dispute her title. There were young ladies in abundance, but the palm for good looks was conceded to Miss Bartle. With the coming of the handsome teacher, she saw herself relegated to second place. Her dark brunette style was eclipsed by the fairer blonde type, and distinguished queenly manner of the new lady. She was jealous of the words of admiration spoken in favor of Miss Wilton; it piqued her. Miss Bartle reasoned that if the routine at school was not placid, the teacher would depart, which consumma-

tion Miss Bartle devoutly wished for. She hoped to accomplish the discomfiture of Miss Wilton through the older boys. She resolved to throw every obstacle in the path of the teacher. Daniel O'Brien, or Dan, was verging on seventeen years of age. He was a well built, wiry lad, and one of the leaders in all of the pranks played at school. Thomas Crane, or Tommy, was an equal partner with Dan. What schemes one could not contrive, the other would conjure. In a nutshell, these two were the prime movers in all the tricks practiced on the teachers in the past.

At the ending of the second week's session, Miss Bartle made it convenient to see Dan and ask how he liked the lady teacher. "I like her fine. We all like her better than any man teacher we ever had," said Dan. "Look here, Dan, are you going to have it said that a young lady, a mere girl, can come here and run this school and master you boys, when men have failed? Why, people will say you are smitten with her, and call you sissy boys. Say, Dan, if you will make it as unpleasant as you know how, and compel her to quit the school, I will give you five dollars." "I had made up my mind to be good this term, and obey the rules. Another reason, the Trustees told us if we were expelled we would not be taken back," said Dan. "Do not be afraid. I have enough influence to get you back, if she does expel you. In my opinion she will become disgusted and resign. You will have a vacation then; and think of the many things five dollars will buy!

Fourth of July is coming and you will want some spending money." Finally, by this manner of persuasion, she won him to agree to do her bidding. She cautioned him to "keep secret what had passed between them" and gave him a dollar to bind the bargain. The balance of the $5.00 was to be paid when the teacher gave up her position. Dan held a consultation with Tommy Crane. The gist of it was: "We must get busy, and have some fun with the lady teacher. Folks are beginning to josh us about a woman making us mind. We must show we are boss of this school," spoke Danny. "All right, I am with you," said Tommy.

The initial move in disobedience came when the teacher asked Dan to bring a fresh bucket of water for drinking. "I ain't going to pack water for the whole school," was his answer. "Why, Danny, I intended you older boys should take turns doing the chores; you are more able than the smaller children. It's only a small task." "I won't do it just the same," replied Danny. "I feel sure Tommy will," pleaded the lady. "No, I am like Dan. Let the Trustees pay some one to pack the water." The other boys, taking the cue from Dan and Tom, refused to carry the bucket.

"Boys, I am surprised at you." Seizing the empty vessel, the teacher went to the well and the full bucket was brought to the room. The first impression created in the teacher's mind by this insubordination was that the boys were trying her temperament, and she resolved to let the incident

pass without comment. Throughout the week Dan and Tommy exhibited a turbulent spirit bordering on open rebellion. On Friday the crisis was reached. A cold rain had set in the night before, making things damp and rendering a fire in the room necessary. This was the opportunity Dan had been waiting for. At recess, it being wet outside, the children remained indoors. The bell rang to take up school. Dan stayed in the rear. He thrust a hand into his pocket and with a quick motion withdrew it filled with cayenne pepper. This he threw on to the hot stove. Instantly the room was filled with a smoke and odor, both suffocating and nauseating. The pupils coughed, sneezed and gasped for breath. The teacher opened the doors and raised the windows to admit fresh air. She led the way to the woodshed, looking at the time. She saw it was after 11 a. m. and told the children they might go home for dinner and return at 1 p. m.

During this ordeal the teacher preserved a calm exterior. She was sensible that an artifice, the character of which she could not fathom, had been played. In all her career she had never experienced the same as this. She never lost her equanimity or asked for an explanation at this time.

On their way to lunch Katie Fremont told the teacher it was cayenne pepper that had been put on the stove. She said it was a trick practiced by the boys on former teachers, one of whom had become so indignant that he gave up the position.

At 1 p. m. the school convened. The lady asked: "Is there any girl or boy in the room that knows who put that pepper on the stove? I would like positive evidence; that is, I want some one to speak who saw the pupil put the pepper on the stove." Silence reigned. "If the one will come forward, and say he did it, and promise not to do the like again, I will pardon the offense, and nothing more will be done about it." No one responded to the invitation. "You older boys please take notice I am informed this is one of your favorite devices to cause annoyance to teachers. It was the means of one gentleman leaving the school. If you hope to accomplish this end in my case, you will find yourselves mistaken. I am here to stay; you can depend on this. I had hoped not to enforce the law in regard to expelling a pupil, but I will surely expel any boy I can prove guilty of such mean acts. For two weeks your conduct was perfect, and I praised you to the Trustees. This week I am forced to say your conduct is very bad. School is dismissed for the week."

She sat at the table long after the scholars had gone, meditating over the events of the week. The first and second weeks she was happy, sanguine of success. Now she was despondent. The contrast between the weeks was extreme. She could only speculate what the coming week had in store. The poem of Josephine Pollard, recurred to her, and she repeated it aloud, over and over again:

No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the book of life
Some lessons I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with a resolute
will,
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need,
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands,
That run through a single hour.
But the morning dews must fall,
And the sun and the summer rain
Must do their part and perform it all,
Over and over again.

Over and over again,
The brook through the meadows flows,
And over and over again
The ponderous mill wheel goes.
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain,
And a blessing failing us once or twice,
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough to the feet.
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat.

Though sorrowful tears must fall,
And the heart to its depths be driven
With storm and tempest, we need them all
To render us meet for Heaven.

All alone, she indulged in a cry. Her pent up emotions could no longer be controlled. Tears were falling copiously. She had heard the adage "That misfortunes never come singly." It seemed to her the maxim was verified in her instance. She felt relieved after this outburst had subsided. She breathed a prayer to God to direct her in the right course to pursue, locked the school house, and went to her room at Mrs. Fremont's. This lady was outspoken in her denunciation of the boys when she learned what had transpired. Of Miss Wilton she asked: "Were you cognizant of the reputation of this school when you agreed to teach it? I was dubious of the result when I learned a lady was to take charge of it." "Yes, I was made acquainted with the worst features. I took the school with my eyes open. I wanted a change. I became too conspicuous in the city where I resided. I will make a confidant of you, Mrs. Fremont. Your question "if I was cognizant of the reputation of the school when I engaged to teach it" implies that a curiosity exists in your mind why I took the school if I was familiar with its bad qualities. Your question is natural. It seems strange that a young lady who has been reared and lived all her life in the city should suddenly sever

the ties with those she loves dearly and seek a home among strangers. I will elucidate: I was born and reared in the city of Oakland. My dear mother died when I was only four years of age. Being of such tender years, I have only a faint recollection of her. My mother had a married sister, Mrs. Page. In accordance with mother's last request, I was placed with my aunt. She was not blessed with any children of her own, so lavished on me all her love. I was tenderly and carefully brought up. I was sent to the best schools. The educational facilities afforded in the city of Oakland and its environments are the best in the State, and equal any in the United States in my opinion. Mr. Page owned a large fruit orchard. He was bountifully supplied with this world's goods, and furnished his home with a lavish hand. My aunt was not a society woman in the strict sense of the word. She had her friends who visited at regular intervals, and partook of her hospitality. She returned their calls, but she did not give grand receptions or entertain any large assemblages. I accompanied her wherever she went. She was a Christian and attended church every Sabbath. She contributed towards all charities. I was allowed to attend places of amusement with friends, or a chaperon. My aunt gave me motherly counsel such as every young girl needs, and I obeyed her implicitly. No expense was spared on me. I was taught all the requisites and accomplishments. I graduated from a Seminary at the age of nineteen. I was early imbued with the

idea that I ought to earn my living. Whenever I broached this subject, my aunt would say: "My dear girl, you know Mr. Page and I have no children; in the natural course of events we are bound to die; you are our nearest kin and will be our heir. All we possess will be yours. There is ample to maintain you in a life of luxury and ease; there is no necessity for you to toil." "I am aware of this, aunty. It is that I prefer an active to a passive life. I like the pecuniary consideration attached to labor. There is in my composition or nature what men call push or go aheadativeness. I cannot endure an indolent existence. Work is what I require, both mental and physical. I have admired teaching as a profession and will fit myself for that calling." I gradually overcame her antipathy and she consented. One day I presented myself to the Board of Examiners, passed a creditable inquiry and was presented with a First Grade Certificate. A vacancy occurred shortly and I entered upon the routine of a full fledged teacher. Up to this period I was heart whole and fancy free. No event had taken place to impress my life. It was perfectly serene. I was a devotee of pedestrianism and walked to and from my school. Shakespeare says: "There is a tide in the affairs of every man which taken at the flood leads on to fortune." So circumstances over which one has no crontrol will change the whole course of your career. One day whilst returning from school, I had to cross one of the principal thoroughfares. I was half way over when

I heard shouting and loud cries of warning. I looked in the direction and saw an automobile with a man in it bearing down upon me. I was directly in line with the course of the machine. I seemed unable to realize my situation. I tried to move, but my limbs seemed paralyzed. My brain was confused. I was rooted to the spot. The yells and cries increased, but to no purpose; I was powerless to act. I seemed doomed to certain death. I hastily reviewed the past. Life was very dear to me. I was young and everybody was good and kind to me. I took one last look at the machine. The chauffeur was gesticulating and working at the lever; it seemed about to run me down and crush me; I closed my eyes and waited for the end. Suddenly I felt myself lifted bodily; then I lost consciousness; I presume I did what every woman under the same circumstances would have done, I fainted. When I revived and regained my senses, I was lying on a couch in a drug store with the proprietor holding a bottle of spirits of camphor to my nostrils.

" 'You are all right now,' said he. 'You have had a miraculous escape. You owe your life to a gentleman by the name of Mr. Howard, cashier of the Corn and Exchange Bank. I was a spectator to the rescue. People were trying to warn you of the danger, but you were dazed and unable to help yourself. I thought no power on earth could save you, when a man made what looked like a flying leap, seized you in his arms and sprang to one side. There

was very little margin between your rescuer and the automobile, but that little was enough, for the machine passed you unscathed. You were carried in here; I did not deem it necessary to call a doctor, I saw you were uninjured and had only swooned. Mr. Howard left when assured you would soon recover. He requested that no mention be made of his part in saving you; he was modest and wished to disclaim any credit for what he had done. I told him it was impossible to conceal the truth and his courageous action. Mr. Howard is a hero. He risked his life and should be decorated with a medal.'

"He proffered to call a hack, but I declined, feeling able to walk. I was profuse in my thanks and offered to pay him for his care, but he positively refused to accept any compensation. My impulse was to inquire as to the personal appearance of my savior, but modesty forbade it. I was always punctual in arriving at home, but this day I was late. My aunt was anxiously awaiting me. I hastily related my adventure. She became nervous and hysterical, but when assured I was uninjured regained her composure. The newspapers contained a graphic account of the incident. In glaring headlines they told of the hairbreadth escape and daring rescue. They displayed a portrait of Mr. Howard, whom they lauded and called a hero. They also gave a nice description of the handsome young school ma'am, as they called her. They made quite a column of it. Before retiring that night I offered

up a prayer for my safe deliverance and for my rescuer. Next morning the first thing I did was to indite a note to Mr. Howard expressing my gratitude and inviting him to call upon me. When I reached the school house I received an ovation. The teachers and scholars from the other departments had assembled. They surrounded me and vied with each other in congratulating me. They extolled Mr. Howard. I was touched with their exhibition of affection and interest in my welfare. On looking over the account published in the papers, I learned that through a defect in the working of the machinery, the automobile would not respond to the touch of the chauffeur and had gotten beyond his control; in fact, it was running away at the rate of thirty miles per hour. He succeeded in bringing it to a stop after going some five miles without any accident. On my way home that afternoon I took a circuitous route and when compelled to cross a street I gazed in all directions to see no runaway automobile was in sight. I was timid, for my experience had made a deep impression on me, but such an accident might not occur again in one's life-time. I reached home safely. It was the custom at our house to dine at 5 p. m. Mr. Page was always punctual. I had arrayed myself in one of my most becoming gowns and taken more than usual pains in arranging my toilet. I had a presentiment that there might be company. I entered the drawing room to await the announcement of dinner, and perceived Mr. Page in conver-

sation with a gentleman. They arose and came to meet me. Mr. Page said: 'Miss Wilton, permit me to introduce to you Mr. Frank Howard. Mr. Howard, my niece.' With a mischievous smile, he added: 'You have met before, but were not acquainted, I believe.' I extended my hand and remember saying: 'When we met yesterday there was no time for formalities, decisive action was required and Mr. Howard rose to the occasion. You have placed me under lasting obligations to you. Mere words seem inadequate to convey my gratitude; you saved my life.' He replied: 'Miss Wilton, it affords me the greatest pleasure to make your acquaintance, and to meet you under more auspicious circumstances. What I did to save your life I would have done for any human being. Those spectators must have considered there was no hope, or they would have put forth an effort in your behalf. I had no time to consider the personal risk. I saw there was a chance; I took that chance; you know the rest. Now I have a request to make of you, that is, not to allude to the part I played in your fortunate escape. The papers have more than done justice to the happening. I dislike adulation. I trust our meeting will ripen into friendship and that I may be allowed to call upon you at proper intervals.' I answered: 'I will respect your wishes not to mention the subject in your presence; I will not promise to forget it, for I never can.' With this the accident was dismissed.

"Mr. Howard was a man of commanding presence. He was five feet eleven inches in height and weighed 185 pounds. He had dark curly hair, large blue eyes, a dark moustache. His age was twenty-eight years. In an assemblage he would attract attention. He was a man to win the affection of a young woman. Yes, it was a case of love at first sight. I had heretofore ridiculed the idea of people being smitten with tender passion at their first glimpse of one another; I held to the opinion that love was something that must gradually develop; it must be acquired and cultivated; but I awoke to the conviction that my long cherished ideas had been obliterated, swept aside; I was conscious of a nobler, tenderer regard for Mr. Howard than I thought any living man could arouse in me. Like all young ladies, at times I had my day dreams. I expected to marry, when I should encounter a paragon. The thought of being an old maid was repugnant to me. Men of different nationalities and professions I had met in society; some were eminent in their chosen calling and evoked my respect for their learning, nothing more. Aside from the affection I felt for my aunt and uncle, nothing akin to love had entered my brain.

"Mr. Howard escorted me to dinner. During the progress of the meal diverse subjects were discussed. I found him to be well versed in the arts, sciences, literature, and a brilliant conversationalist. I will not weary you with an account of our courtship; let it suffice to say that in six months from

our first meeting, Mr. Howard and I became engaged. Betrothed lovers; when two of the opposite sex are in love with each other, it does not take them long to discover the fact. You do not care to listen to an account of tender love messages, nor do I deem it prudent to confide them to you. I believe there are tender scenes transpire between affianced lovers that should be regarded as sacred and never divulged. My engagement to Mr. Howard had the hearty approval of my aunt and uncle. They had noted the course of events, so were not surprised at the denouement. The date of our wedding had been fixed; it was to be the anniversary of my rescue. I had resigned my position of teacher. I had formulated plans for the future and had begun preparations for my bridal trousseau. I seemed to dwell in a realm of ethereal bliss. I could neither ask nor wish for anything to complete my happiness; every cloud had a silver lining. My cup of joy seemed full. I was going to wed a man who was good, noble, honorable, the acme of perfection. I was in this superlative degree of ecstasy when the cruel intervention of fate indefinitely postponed all our cherished plans of marriage. It was a most cruel blow, and it was some time before I realized its full import.

At home Mr. Page was of a jovial temperament, telling some humorous story or cracking jokes. On this particular evening, instead of a smile he wore a dejected look, and acted as though something worried him. I noticed the change and questioned

him. He replied evasively; said he 'was not feeling well, a slight bilious attack, would go and lie down.' Presently my aunt came to me and said: 'My dear child;' this was her favorite way of addressing me; 'I have some unpleasant news to communicate, and I feel it my duty to let you know at once. The Corn and Exchange Bank is missing forty thousand dollars. The money was entrusted to the care and keeping of your affianced, Mr. Howard, some two days ago. Since then no trace of it can be found. There are some disagreeable rumors in circulation regarding its disappearance. This is what has distressed your uncle. He was averse to breaking the news to you. He does not for one moment believe that Mr. Howard is guilty of any wrong doing, but he says there are some ugly stories being told among the business men and current upon the streets. One is that the Directors of the Bank have had a meeting, and after investigating the facts have asked for the resignation of Mr. Howard; another report is that he has tendered his resignation, but the Directors have refused to accept it, and will institute legal proceedings against him. This is the substance of what your uncle heard in the city.'

"During this recital I remained mute. I can barely describe my emotions. I never doubted Frank's innocence. The uppermost thought in my mind was that a great mistake had been made; that the money had been secreted in some nook or corner which was overlooked in the excitement of its disappearance; that a calmer, more systematic

search would reveal its hiding place. I took this cheerful aspect, but as I reviewed the matter, an unpleasant side would suggest itself. What if the money actually had been stolen? Although in no manner connected with the robbery, what if the bank officials held Frank responsible for its loss and would begin a criminal suit to prosecute him? As this phase of the situation would obtrude, I became melancholy. Was our wedding to be deferred? I had nearly completed my arrangements. The date was distant only two months. Must all my hopes and aspirations go for naught? Had some blight fallen across my life?

"I am naturally of an optimistic disposition and look upon the bright side. I would await the coming of Frank, who I felt would explain everything satisfactorily. Since our engagement it was Frank's practice to visit me regularly three times a week. Seldom did more than two days pass without my seeing him. Three days had now elapsed since he called. I attributed his absence to the information I had received. I pictured him as striving with energy to unearth and bring to light the missing money. I could see his face wreathed in smiles as he came to tell me the lost had been found; of how worried he had been; how he had worked overtime; ransacked every part of the building, and finally when he had nearly despaired of finding it, discovered the money stowed away in a forgotten niche; how he exclaimed: 'May, I am the happiest man on earth; congratulate me on the lucky escape

from this dilemma.' I conjured this in my mind. Alas! no such happy consummation was to be. It was a castle in the air, a bubble; it burst, and the consequence I am reaping now. This is the reason why I left my dear aunt and uncle, home and friends and ostracised myself from society. It is why I accepted the position of teacher of your school. My betrothed, my hero is innocent, but circumstances are against him."

Her voice became tremulous. Her whole frame was visibly affected. Tears coursed down her cheeks. It was some time before she stifled her grief and regained her composure.

"I think you had better continue the history to some more propitious time. The hour is late, and you are unnerved," remarked Mrs. Fremont. "The intimation is timely; I will adopt it," answered Miss Wilton.

CHAPTER IV

Mr. Foley Receives a Number of Visitors to Whom He Relates Some Exciting Experiences as Marksman and Hunter.

SUNDAY morning the teacher arose early; having breakfasted, she set out for a stroll; Katie was her companion. The two were inseparable. Katie evinced a love for the teacher only exceeded by that she bore for her mother. As yet Miss Wilton had not visited the suburbs of Sawyers Bar. She had a desire to become familiar with the outlying districts. Nearly a mile had been traversed when they came to a house which stood in proximity to the highway. "That," said Katie, "is Mr. Foley's cabin." The door was open; the owner appeared in the aperture. "Good morning, Miss Wilton, won't you come in and be rested for awhile," was Mr. Foley's salutation. She had a curiosity to inspect the interior of a miner's home, so accepted the invitation. Mr. Foley was preparing his breakfast, which consisted of coffee, fried bacon and flap-jacks. He poured some grease into a frying pan, put some batter in and set the pan on top of some hot coals. When the cake was cooked on the bottom he would seize the handle of the pan, give the cake an impetus

that would cause it to shoot up, turn over, and land batter side down squarely in the pan, ready to be cooked on the under side. The teacher watched this dexterous tossing of the cakes and it amused her. She said: "Mr. Foley, you are an adept at turning those cakes." "Yes, it is done by a simple turn of the wrist. Some times by way of diversion, I toss them up the chimney and then go outside and catch them as they come down in the pan. I never miss one." "I would like to see you perform that feat now," said the lady. "I perceive there is quite a breeze blowing. Any wind would have a tendency to deflect the flap-jack from the pan," said Mr. Foley, with a smile.

The cabin was a log structure fourteen feet in length by twelve feet wide. It was a parlor, bedroom, dining room and kitchen, all in one room. In one end was a fireplace, constructed of rock and mortar; it extended from the floor to the apex of the roof; it gradually tapered upward to insure a good draught. It would easily hold a four foot stick of wood. "That is a large chimney," observed the lady. "Yes, it's a fair size, but nothing to compare with what we used to have back in Missouri. Some of the houses were built a hundred feet square. One end was made portable, hung on hinges. We would hitch three or four yoke of oxen to a large tree, take out the end of the house, haul the tree and put it in the fireplace. It would burn and keep a fire for a month. Never been in Missouri, Miss Wilton? Well, it's a great place; by courtesy it is

called a State, but it is really a foreign possession. The United States exercises a sort of protectorate over it. I have seen young men and girls come into town from the country farms barefooted, with a big wad of gum in their mouths. I recall one couple. They were evidently lovers, for they were very sweet on one another. Passing a confectionary store, where was displayed in a window some new made ginger bread—if there is anything in the eating line that will make a Missourian's mouth water it is ginger bread—the young fellow entered the store and came out with a large slice in his hand, on which he was munching away. The girl looked at the ginger bread in a wishful manner. He turned to her and said, 'It's lapping good truck, Sal, you had best buy yourself a hunk.' "

Several neighbors had quietly dropped in. They saw Foley was in his element and wished to hear him. The teacher had been listening attentively; at the same time she was surveying the furnishings of the cabin. One end contained a bunk and bed. Over the bed, where it could be reached handily, was a Winchester rifle, held in place by deer horns. On the wall was stretched full length a California lion's hide. On the floor, by the side of the bed, was spread a black bear hide, which served as a rug. Pointing to the bear and lion hides the lady said, "I presume those are trophies of your prowess as a hunter, Mr. Foley." "Yes, I used to be great in the pursuit and killing of wild game; I was a crack shot. In fact, I was never beaten but once

in my life. It was this way: My fame as a dead shot was known both far and near; whenever a man asserted he was the best marksman in any particular State, some friend of mine was close by and would lay a wager I could defeat him. A day was named when he would meet me and the match was pulled off. I invariably won. I never kept an account of my winnings, but I won thousands of dollars. A man came along one day and accosted me. 'Are you Mr. Foley?' I answered, 'Yes.' 'Well, I have heard of your skill; I have traveled a thousand miles to challenge you to a shooting contest.' 'I am your huckleberry, when do you want to try conclusions?' I asked. 'Tomorrow,' said the stranger. 'Very good, I will be on hand,' I replied.

"The next day a large crowd was present to witness the shooting. The stranger inquired if I was particular where the match was held. I said 'No, any old place will suit me.' The place he selected to put the target was a hillside. The guns were muzzle loading rifles; magazine guns had recently come on the market and we were wary of them. The distance was one hundred yards. We tossed up a coin to see who should have first shot. The stranger won. He fired and hit the target two inches to the right of the center. It was my turn. I took aim, blazed away and made a bull's eye. The bet was five hundred dollars a side. The stranger now proposed we increase the distance to two hundred yards and double the wager, or $1000 a side. I agreed. This time I won the choice of first trial.

I fired and once more made a bull's eye. My second bullet followed the course of the first one identically, only it enlarged the hole enough so there was no show for a dispute. The stranger tried and came within an inch of the center, but lost of course. He said my shooting 'was great, marvelous.' He viewed the distance to the summit of the hill and computed it to be about 300 yards. He argued that 'he was better at a still longer distance, and if I would agree to placing the target fifty feet down on the other side of the summit he would bet all the money he had left.' I was elated with my victory in the two previous trials and figured my chance as good as his, so consented. In case neither of us hit the target the first time we were to continue shooting until one did. The stranger had $3000. He planked it down and I covered it. Now the situation was this: the target was down 50 feet from the top and not visible to either of us. In my mind it was a matter of guess work. I won the first effort; aimed for the top of the ride, and let her go. I missed the mark slick and clean. We had two men stationed on the ridge to note the effect. It was the stranger's turn. He was very methodical in his preparations. From his pocket he brought forth a small pair of scales. He poured out some powder, carefully weighed it until there was just a certain amount, then let it flow into the gun. Next he took a piece of patching, greased and weighed this, and put it in the muzzle; lastly he selected a bullet, weighed it and rammed it down. He now brought

forth a peculiar shaped cap, placed it on the tube of the gun and said he was ready. I took notice he raised his rifle to an angle of about 33 degrees. At the report of his gun there came a 'hello' from the two men, 'he has made a bull's eye.' I supposed it was all conjecture to hit that target; not so the stranger. He had calculated the distance to a nicety. He had put just enough powder in his gun to carry the bullet over the top, from there the attraction of gravitation had carried the bullet down to the target with enough force to indent it. It was the most scientific shooting I ever saw. I learned afterwards he was an expert at this style of marksmanship. I bantered him to shoot once more, but to put the target where we could see it. He gave me the horse laugh. He had $1500 to the good, but it broke me of sucking eggs. The wearer of that hide you see gave me the closest call to 'shuffling off this mortal coil' I ever had. I was out hunting, armed with my trusty muzzle loading rifle, when I ran across a large black bear. He seemed to be in an ugly mood and hankering for a fight. He came towards me with an ominous growl. I always shot big game back of the fore shoulder; one shot generally sufficed to put a quietus on them. I fired, but in this case the bullet went further back than I calculated. The bear was badly wounded, but full of fight, for he kept coming. He was so close I had no time to reload my rifle. I drew my bowie knife, a weapon with a blade fully 12 inches in length, and was ready for the fray. I remember

saying a prayer, as follows: 'Lord help me if you can to kill this bear. If you cannot help me, do not help the bear, but just lay low, keep cool and do nothing, and you will witness the greatest combat you ever saw in your life.' By this time the brute had reared up and with mouth open was on me. I held my rifle in my left hand. I thrust the barrel into his jaws to give him something to whet his teeth on; with the bowie in my right hand I proceeded to transact business with his abdomen. He soon tired of chewing on the gun and tried to masticate my arm and head. I plied the knife with all my energy. I soon felt his teeth relax on my arm and I knew he was about to cash in. During this broil I did some ducking with my head that would have done credit to a professional pugilist. Several times he caught me a right or left swing with his fore paws that nearly dazed me. At length the bear fell lifeless at my feet. I sank down exhausted, and it was some time before I recovered strength to make my way home. My left arm was badly lacerated and my physiognomy somewhat disfigured. You have heard that little couplet:

" 'When I was young and in my prime,
I looked so fine and gay,
I had to take the dogs along
To keep the girls away.'

"This applied to me before the fracas; I have never been the Adonis since. What I esteem as the most accurate shooting I ever did, and by means

of which I saved a mortal from death, took place when I was in New York City. A young man was engaged in painting the steeple of a church, I think it was Trinity. From the ground to where he was at work was two hundred and seventy feet perpendicular. A small platform had been rigged. By means of a block and tackle he was raised and lowered. In some means, not explained, the end of the rope became loose, slipped through the pulley and the man was left upon the platform with no show to get down. His cries for help attracted a large crowd. I noticed the gathering and made haste to the scene. Everybody was discussing plans, even to procuring an airship, but none struck me as practicable. I told the people I would get a line up and get him down safe. They wished to know the modus operandi (that's Latin). I told them to wait and see. I went to the hotel where I was staying, got my shotgun (faithful old Betsy I call her) and returned. On my way I called in at a store and bought a stout coil of twine. I measured off two hundred and eighty feet, which allowed ten feet surplus after reaching the top. I measured a quantity of powder that I deemed sufficient to force the twine up to the man. I put the twine in the muzzle of the gun and rammed it down tightly; I placed a cap on the nipple, and was ready for the trial. During these preliminaries I was surrounded by an eager mass of people, debating the feasibility of my scheme. The majority doubted its success. I now called for silence and explained

to the man on top what I was about to do. I cautioned him to be cool and have confidence and catch the twine if it came within his reach. I took deliberate aim for the top of his shoulder and pulled the trigger. I heard a great shout at the report of the gun, looked up and saw the man held the twine firmly in his hand. It had landed squarely across his shoulder. To the end on the ground we tied a half inch rope in diameter; the man pulled the rope up, passed it through the pulley and descended safely to terra firma (that's more Latin). The man called me 'his savior and offered to treat to the beer.' The good people offered to get me on the police force, but I declined."

"In one of the old school readers," said Miss Wilton, "is a story of a man who was on top of a high building when the rope gave way and his escape was cut off. He was a married man, and his wife knit all of his stockings of stout yarn. She yelled to him to take off one, to commence at the toe and unravel it, which he did, until there was enough in length to reach the ground and fasten a rope to. Why did not your New Yorker do likewise?"

"My man was like Jerry Simpson, he did not wear any socks," said Foley.

It was impossible to corner Foley, he always had an answer ready. The lady looked at her watch. "I had no idea it was so late; it seems to have flown. Katie, we must be going. Mr. Foley, we have been most agreeably entertained. I am grateful for the pleasant hours spent. I hope you will allow us

to return at some future time; I am sure you have not exhausted your fund of anecdotes."

"Miss Wilton, my domicile and self will feel highly honored by your gracious presence whenever you elect to come. You will find the latch string dangling from the outside; pull the string, say the magic words 'open sesame,' and you are inside," spoke Mr. Foley.

"Katie, in which direction does Mrs. O'Brien live, I wish to call on her," said the teacher.

"I will take you to her house," answered Katie.

CHAPTER V.

Miss Wilton Calls on Danny O'Brien's Mother and Complains. Sawyers Bar Has an Epidemic—Danny Falls a Victim. Miss Wilton Nurses Him.

A WALK of ten minutes brought them to the dwelling. "Mrs. O'Brien, this is Miss Wilton, our school teacher," announced Katie.

"Indade, and it's glad I am to know you, mam, and it's a purty young lady you are to be shure," was Mrs. O'Brien's greeting.

"Mrs. O'Brien, I have called to converse with you in regard to Danny, your son. It is with reluctance that I make a complaint against him." Here she was interrupted by Mrs. O'Brien.

"You must spake plain English if you want me to know what yees mane. Your high fallutin words is all Greek to me, mam."

Thus admonished, the teacher proceeded in the most common terms to relate the doings of the previous week at school. She concluded by saying: "I have decided to suspend Danny. As his mother, I thought perhaps by your talking to him you might exact a promise to stop his mischief, and I would permit him to return to school." She explained what she meant.

"It's sorry indade I am, mam, to have to say that he will no more mind me than he will yees. The young spalpeen thinks he is too big and knows more than his poor old mither. It's many times I says, 'When the father and mither can't make the kids mind, how can they look for the teacher to do it.' It's right yees are, mam, Danny and Tommy Crane does all the devilment at school. It's a foine bating that boy of mine needs, but I am not strong enough to give it him. I'll be after telling his father when he comes over from the mine. Danny has an old plug of a horse that he makes a dollar out of now and again, hiring him to men to go to the mines. Danny thinks the world and all of this old cayuse."

Mrs. O'Brien was a sensible, whole-souled Irish woman. Danny was her only child, and she loved him with all a mother's affection. Still she knew his mischievous qualities, and did not try to shield or uphold him. "I hope yees has no hard feelings agin me, mam, for the young gosoon's dirty capers. Come and see me agin," were Mrs. O'Brien's parting words, as the teacher arose to depart. "I have only the kindest wishes for you. I do not blame you in the least for Danny's disobedience; it is unfortunate, that is all. I shall surely visit you again, and hope my errand will be more pleasant. Now, good-bye," said the teacher.

Monday morning the teacher held a conference with Mr. Davis and informed him of her resolution to suspend Danny on circumstantial evidence. "I must be firm. If I allow this offense to pass without

rebuke, they are apt to commit a more serious one next time. I will make an example of him." "Yes, pursue a vigorous policy; the Trustees and community will uphold you, affairs will run smoothly, and you will be rid of annoyance for the rest of the term," was Mr. Davis' advice.

Danny had reported to Miss Bartle the progress made during the past week, and that lady was in great glee. He informed her that the teacher had visited his mother and announced her determination to suspend him from school. "I am going to stay away and not give her the opportunity," said that young hopeful. "You might absent yourself for a couple of weeks until the thing has blown over; then return and continue the annoyance. One more week like last will see her finish," said Miss Bartle.

The scholars were all present Monday, with the exception of Danny. The news that he would not be allowed to attend school had a subduing effect on the boys, so their conduct was exemplary.

The Black Bear Gold Quartz Mining Company, located seven miles from Sawyers Bar, needed more men. A notice of their wants was sent to Grass Valley, California. Eight men came up in response to the call to work. Sawyers Bar was the terminus of the wagon road. From this place was a trail to each mine. Passengers and supplies were conveyed by means of saddle and pack animals. Danny O'Brien was the possessor of a horse which for a stipulated sum he leased to travelers. When this

party of eight men arrived at Sawyers Bar, Danny and his horse were hired to take a load of baggage to the Black Bear Mine. He made the journey safely, but on his return made mention that one of the men, a Mr. Johnson, had complained of a headache and not feeling well. No attention was paid to this; a headache is of common occurrence. The next day a call came over the telephone for the doctor at Sawyers Bar. Dr. Raines went over, examined the sick man and pronounced it a case of small pox. The doctor prescribed for the patient, issued orders that he be isolated from the other men, and that he be provided with nurses. The doctor gave information to all the men as to what preventatives and disinfectants to use, and returned.

On his arrival at Sawyers Bar he informed the citizens there was a case of small pox at Black Bear. The news spread instantly; there was the greatest excitement; nothing else was talked of. The people concluded that those eight men had brought the malady from Grass Valley and their stoppage of transit at Sawyers Bar had exposed the whole community to the dread disease. The Salmon country had never experienced a small pox epidemic. The major portion of the people had never seen a case; their knowledge of what it was had been gained by reading and hearing. Some were inclined to be skeptical; they argued the doctor might be mistaken. To set all doubts at rest the County Physician was sent a telegram. He came, the two doctors went over, examined the invalid, and the

County Physician confirmed the statement that it was a genuine case of small pox. He told the people they must use every precaution to prevent its spread. On learning the truth, one son of the Celtic Isle sped away to Etna Mills. On reaching there he gave vent to the following: "Folks, kape away from Black Bear; they is dying by the hundreds. A man just gits a headache and then turns up his toes. They calls it small or little pox."

A meeting was held that evening. Measures were discussed and a system of quarantine adopted. The other portions of the county declared a quarantine against the Salmon country. All travel was suspended; a general exodus from Sawyers Bar took place to the mountains adjacent to the town. The mail carrier was instructed not to enter the town; a man was detailed to meet him half a mile away; the mail sacks and contents were fumigated on their arrival and departure. Every approach was guarded day and night; every available man was required to take his turn at sentry duty. Every person carried a lump of asafetida; many were vaccinated; every device was resorted to in an effort to combat the contagion.

Three days had elapsed since Danny O'Brien accompanied the men from Grass Valley to Black Bear. He complained of a headache and burning sensation all over his body. The doctor was summoned and said it was another case of small pox. He told Mrs. O'Brien Danny must have faithful nursing. Their dwelling house was in the suburbs;

a yellow flag was displayed and the place avoided. The mother was alone. The father was employed at Black Bear. Mrs. O'Brien wished to send for her husband when Danny was stricken, but on account of his being exposed over there, the citizens persuaded her from doing so. For thirty hours the loving mother watched by the bedside of her son, giving the medicine according to directions and ministering to his wants. After her long vigil the doctor noticed her exhausted condition and realized she must have someone to relieve her. The good woman had never complained or asked for help. The physician hurried to town, made known the woman's predicament and urged the necessity for prompt action. Self-preservation, the first law of nature, was very much in evidence when the subject of acting as nurse was broached. Many were the excuses offered; some could not go because they had families, they might bring the disease home to their loved ones. Many wouldn't go under any consideration; money was no inducement. The doctor bethought of Miss Jessie Bartle; he knew the friendship that existed between her and Danny, he thought likely she would volunteer. He called on the lady, made known his mission and urged her to go if only for a few days until Mrs. O'Brien could recuperate. She heard him through, then replied: "Me nurse a small pox patient? No indeed, the danger is too great; I am young, life is too sweet for me to incur any risk. You will have to look elsewhere, I must decline." Almost in despair, the doc-

tor sought Mr. Davis. He knew if any man could provide an aid, it was the merchant. As he entered the store he perceived Mr. Davis and Miss Wilton in earnest conversation. He saluted, asked to be excused if he were intruding, but pleaded his business was pressing. He briefly stated the conditions at Mrs. O'Brien's and his attempts to get assistance. "The woman is worn out, she must have some one to relieve her and that right away; it will be an act of charity, Mr. Davis, if you can furnish a helper."

The merchant was thinking whom he could get, when the lady teacher said: "Doctor, I will go."

"Bless me, I had not thought of you in that capacity," exclaimed the man of medicine. "When you approached us, we had decided to close the school until such time as the epidemic had spent its force."

"I am at leisure, I offer my humble services," said the lady.

"Have you considered the subject and given serious thought of the danger?" asked the physician.

"Yes, it is a condition that does not require much study. I have youth and health and the chances are favorable that I may not contract the disease. If I should, I have confidence that some good Samaritan will care for me," answered the lady.

"Your generous offer came as 'a ray of sunshine from out a cloudy sky.' I was at a loss whom to ask. I will not try to dissuade you. If you should fall a victim to the malady you will not lack for attention," said Mr. Davis.

"Doctor, I must go and pack what necessary articles I will need," spoke the lady.

The physician went with her to Mrs. Fremont's. The teacher told that lady of the situation, and requested her to help to get ready. "My dear, I will not protest against your going. It is a noble, Christian deed. I pray Heaven may protect you."

Her satchel packed, she bade Mrs. Fremont and Katie an affectionate farewell. Her eyes were moist as she said "Adieu."

On the journey the doctor gave her instructions as to the care of the patient, and furnished her with preventives. On arriving at the house he knocked on the door, but received no answer. Turning the knob, they entered and went to the sick room. Sitting in a chair by the bed, fast asleep, was Mrs. O'Brien; tired nature had asserted herself and overcome her efforts to keep awake. The doctor aroused her. With a scared look and a start, she began to make excuses. "That will do, no apologies are expected. I have brought a nurse. You must go to bed instantly. Miss Wilton, assist her to undress, and I will remain until you return."

The faithful mother wanted to ask questions, but the physician interrupted, saying: "You can talk tomorrow; sleep is what you require now."

In an adjoining room the mother sought a bed, and Miss Wilton returned to take up her watch at Danny's side. "I feel relieved at having you here. I will return tomorrow," said the doctor. He left medicine to be administered every two hours. Danny

was in a stupor; at times he was rational. In one of the lucid spells, he called "Mother, where are you?" "Hush," said the new nurse; "your mother is worn out and is sleeping. I am here to wait on you if you want anything."

He opened his eyes and said: "You look like the teacher; are you really her?" "Yes, I am the teacher." "And you are taking care of me? I do not deserve such kindness from you; I put the pepper on the stove. I have been a mean boy; I am ashamed."

"There, I forgive you. You must not talk until you are better. Take this medicine and go to sleep." He obeyed, and soon fell into a slumber.

The physician came next morning. He took the patient's temperature and felt his pulse. "This is the most obstinate case I have. He has a high fever. I am striving to break the fever and force it outward. It is internal now; he is not as well as yesterday. Continue the medicine as directed. I must go to Black Bear."

Mrs. O'Brien awoke after sleeping ten hours. Her first words were: "You blessed angel; you are the last one in Sawyers Bar I looked for to come and help me. Shure, but I felt cheap when you found me asleep." She wanted to continue to praise Miss Wilton, but this lady said: "I have done nothing to merit praise as yet." She told the mother the doctor had been there and said the boy was "about the same."

That night the doctor came and announced: "Two new cases at Black Bear. It looks like we are in for it." He said Danny was no better, but there would be a change for better or worse inside of twelve hours. That evening a rap was heard on the door. To the query, "Who is there?" came a voice: "It is I, Foley, with a roll of bedding. I have been worried about her and I have come to sleep in the woodshed nights. It is not prudent to leave two women without assistance. Should Danny become violent, you could not subdue him. There are stages in small pox when the patient becomes delirious and has to be tied down. If this should occur, scream, and I will be to your aid in short order."

"It is so considerate of you, Mr. Foley." She told him the boy was in a critical state and the next twelve hours would decide his fate. She bade him good night and prepared to retire.

It was 4 A. M. Mrs. O'Brien was on duty. A piercing yell awakened the teacher. She ran to the sick room. Struggling on the floor for supremacy was Danny and his mother. Foley arrived at the same time. It required the combined strength of all three to subjugate the boy and place him back in bed. He was securely fastened to the bedstead, and Foley went for the doctor. In the delirium he told of the conspiracy between Miss Bartle and himself, and implored the teacher not to expel him. The physician came, gave Danny an opiate which soon quieted him. "The situation is grave; I do not

wish to conceal the truth. Unless I can compel suppuration and force it externally, we must prepare for the worst. I will remain until the crisis is passed."

In piteous, heart-rending tones the mother pleaded with the man of medicine to exhaust every expedient to save her only son. She offered him every resource they possessed if he was successful. The physician was affected; he assured the mother he was using every means known to him to induce a favorable turn of the disease. The anxiety of the medical man was acute. For two hours he watched the patient for some auspicious symptom. A tiny drop of perspiration gladdened his visage and relieved the strain he underwent. Facing the mother, he said: "Your son will live and get well." She dropped on her knees by the bed, and her lips moved in silent prayer. The patient's body was now bathed in perspiration. The physician explained the treatment to be given for the future. "The boy's recovery depends entirely on you. With proper care it is only a question of a short time when the boy will be around."

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Foley's Interesting Reminiscences and Anecdotes of Missouri. Miss Wilton and Miss Bartle Meet. School Reopens.

THE enforcement of the quarantine had a depressing effect on Sawyers Bar. Business men complained that sales had decreased one-half. A gloom was cast over the community by the death of a patient at Black Bear. He disregarded instructions when he was progressing finely, took a cold, suffered a relapse and died. Yellow fever and small pox days are the days that try men's souls and women's hearts. Saturday evening the men congregated at the store of Mr. Davis. This was the favorite rendezvous to review the past. Judge Barnes and Mr. Foley were present. It was the delight of Mr. Foley to get the Judge into a crowd and, in the parlance of the day, "josh the Missourians."

He began: "When you and I were children, back in Old Missouri, our parents used to turn us out in the spring to browse, to live on grass and berries. They would let us stay out all summer. Once in a while some parent would come out and throw salt to us, same as they do to cattle. At

the approach of winter the parents would come together and say, 'It's about time we were gathering in the young ones.' A day was set, when they would mount horses, take all the dogs, and the round-up would commence. The dogs were trained for this sport. They always caught a youngster by a leg and held him until the men came and tied him. When all were secured we were put in wagons, hauled to our homes, and for a few days closely watched to prevent our escape to the tall timber. We soon became tame and tractable."

"No such thing ever took place," said the Judge.

"It's a sure thing. I can show the scars yet where the dogs bit me. You have the scars too, Judge; pull up your trousers and let us see your legs."

The Judge refused.

"Did I ever tell you my dream?"

"No," came from a number of voices; "let's hear it."

"I dreamt I died and went to the gate that bars the entrance to Heaven. I knocked for admission. 'Who's there?' asked Saint Peter. 'It's I, Foley, from Missouri,' I answered. 'Missouri, Missouri,' he repeated, 'I never heard of such a place.' 'Have you a map of the United States handy?' I asked. He produced the map and I hunted up Missouri and showed him. 'Well,' said he, 'I see there is such a State, but you are the first man to come here from that place. The others must have gone down to Hades.' He looked up my record and said I was

'all right,' and showed me the splendor of Heaven. I was favorably impressed and decided to stay with him. At this time we heard a rap at the gate. He answered the summons, then came and said, 'They are coming sort of thick from Missouri, now. Here's another man from your State.' 'What's his name?' I asked. 'Mr. Harry Ward,' said Saint Peter. I knew this man Ward; he lived adjoining me. He was the biggest scoundrel in thirteen States. I told Saint Peter of his reputation and added, 'Surely you are not going to let him in here?' He looked in the big book and said, 'I cannot find anything against him, so I will admit Mr. Ward.' 'Hold on, I want to get out if he comes in,' I said. Saint Peter said, 'All right, go and see Old Horns and Forked Tail.' I left and went down to the lower regions where Satan presides. He received me cordially, and began showing me his realm. He had it divided off into separate apartments for each nation. 'Here is where the English are burning. Here are the Germans. Here the French,' and so on for each nationality. Coming to the United States, he showed me where men from every State were burning. Each State was represented except Missouri. I remarked to Old Nick that I had not seen any Missourians and wanted to know if there were any. 'Oh, yes, we have lots of them. Come, I will show you.' He led the way to a large room, opened the door and I saw a lot of men hanging by the neck. 'These are Missourians. We have to hang them up to dry

and let them season for a time. They are too green to burn.' I told him I was from Kalamazoo, and then I awoke.

"I can go into any city, wherever there is a body of men, let them be strangers to me, and pick out every Missourian in the crowd."

"How would you do it, Foley?" asked the audience.

"Simplest thing in the world. I would go into the midst of a throng, say ' Gentlemen, I want to address you on an important matter.' As soon as I had attracted their attention and got them interested, every Missourian would begin picking his nose. It's a sure give away."

The Judge could stand it no longer. "Look here, Foley, if you do not quit slandering Missourians I will commit a breach of the peace."

Affairs now moved smoothly in the Salmon region. The smallpox patients were rapidly convalescing. No new cases were on the docket and the people expected the quarantine would be raised presently.

Danny related to Miss Wilton the plot concocted by Miss Jessie Bartle, to which he was an accomplice, to rid the school of her.

"Why should Miss Bartle seek to injure me? I am barely on speaking terms with her and have never by word or action done the least thing to arouse her ire."

"She is jealous of your good looks and winning ways. She has a sweetheart, Mr. Clancy, and she fears you may take him away from her," said Danny.

"The idea is too absurd to think about," laughed the lady.

The Doctor told Miss Wilton it was not necessary to remain any longer as nurse; she could resume her duties as teacher whenever expedient. "If I go among the people is there any danger of contagion?" she asked.

"No, that epoch is passed. Burn the apparel you have been wearing," said the physician.

She informed Mrs. O'Brien of her intention to leave.

"Stay with us, you can have the best suite of rooms. You came to me as an Angel of Mercy when no one else would come. You risked your life; my family are your debtors; all I own is yours for the asking."

"My dear woman, I only followed the golden rule; I did not come here for pay or glory. Mrs. Fremont was very kind, and expects me to return to her."

The Doctor made a canvas among the public in favor of Miss Wilton resuming her vocation. He told them her excellent physical condition rendered her immune from the disease. All were agreeable with the exception of Miss Bartle. A feeble protest came from the young lady, who said "the teacher having been in contact wtih the epidemic might spread it among the scholars."

Attired in new raiment the teacher made ready to leave. Mrs. O'Brien shed tears when she bade farewell. On the way to town Miss Wilton met Mr. Davis; salutations were exchanged. He said, "I was on my way to assist you to move back to your former quarters." He told of the objection made by Miss Bartle. She in turn told him of the confession made by Danny O'Brien. He expressed surprise that a young lady would condescend to such pernicious practice. They came to the merchant's store, entered, and there was Miss Bartle making some purchases. "It is an old saying, talk of Old Nick and he will appear," said Mr. Davis, laughing. The teacher walked straight to where Miss Bartle was and said, "I am informed that you have become very solicitous for the welfare of the children, to the extent that you would like to see me superceded. This conduct strikes me as ambiguous, in view of the fact that a few weeks past you were engaged in a conspiracy to disrupt the school."

Blushing, Miss Bartle answered: "'Tis false, I did not try to break up the school."

"I reiterate you did. Danny O'Brien has stated you were the instigator of a plot which, if carried out, would have driven any teacher with a spark of pride or self respect to resign. You promised a paltry sum of five dollars, one dollar of which you paid, the balance to be given when the reprehensible work was perfected. Danny, ashamed of his part, has asked for pardon. When he was hovering

near to death you were implored to go to his assistance; you absolutely refused. You are utterly devoid of any delicacy of feeling. What I have ever done to merit such treatment from you is beyond my comprehension. During my sojourn at Sawyers Bar I shall ignore your existence, and refuse to recognize you in public or private." Miss Wilton never lost her temper during this denunciation, which was dignified and withering.

Several people heard the criticism of Miss Bartle. This lady made no reply; she was speechless. The teacher said, "I am at leisure, Mr. Davis." The two walked towards Mrs. Fremont's.

"I wanted to pat you on the back and say bravo. She deserved the rebuke," spoke the merchant. "If the protest had come from a parent I would have given it consideration, but her motive is one of petty jealousy, which has no foundation."

They agreed the school should re-open on Monday. They reached Mrs. Fremont's; that lady met them at the door.

"You darling, I see you have come to stay. I have been so lonely and missed you so much."

"Yes, the prodigal has returned. Have you a fatted calf to kill?" asked the teacher.

"No, but I have some nice fat chickens and we will have a chicken dinner." Katie came in.

"Oh, teacher, you don't know how glad I am to see you back. I must have a kiss."

Punctually at 9 a. m. Monday there gathered at school the pupils who could attend. The teacher

said, "Children, I think we are fortunate at having escaped so lightly. I hope we will get on nicely and have no more disagreeable experience." It was announced the quarantine would be lifted in three days, and traffic and travel with the outside world resumed.

A young man, whose abode was at Sawyers Bar, was in love with a young lady, a resident of Etna Mills. She returned his affection. Once a week he paid a visit to his Inamorita. During the quarantine this privilege was denied. He chafed under the restraint, but had to submit to the inevitable. He called her up over the telephone. A bachelor who had a phone on the line between the two places took down the receiver. He overheard this conversation:

"Minnie, darling, is that you?"

"Yes, it's me, dear George."

"Say, it's awful that I cannot go and see you. Why, it's two whole weeks since I last saw you, sweetheart."

"Yes, dear, it's just horrid. Say, George, do you think any of the smallpox bacilli could travel out here over the wire and get on my lips?"

"I don't know, darling, but I hardly think so. Say, Minnie, I send you over the wire a dozen hugs and a bushel of kisses; did you receive them?"

"Well, I felt something, dear. Your tootsey wootsey is lonesome. Come out when you can. I send you hugs and kisses in return. Goodbye, lovey."

"Goodbye, sweetheart."

George was in the act of hanging up when the measly bachelor butted in, "Say, George, the telephone company cannot afford to send hugs and kisses at the usual rates. They are heavy and liable to break the line."

"Who are you?" asked George.

"Say, George, do you think that bacilli germ hit Minnie in the kisser?"

"You dirty sneak, you have been listening."

"Say, George, tootsey wootsey is lonesome and says come out. She sends you hugs and kisses; yum, yum."

"I would punch your head if I knew who you were."

"Goodbye, sweet heart, ha, ha."

This was the limit, George hung up the receiver with a bang. "It's a shame that a man cannot talk to a lady without some eavesdropper taking it all in," spoke George to the telephone operator.

"He must be a Missourian," said Foley.

George strode away. He was in no humor for guying.

CHAPTER VII.

SAWYERS BAR CELEBRATES THE END OF THE EPIDEMIC.
MISS WILTON AND MR. FOLEY THE "OBSERVED OF ALL OBSERVERS" AT THE BALL.
MR. FOLEY ENTERTAINS THE GUESTS WITH AMUSING ANECDOTES.

THE prohibitory measures repealed, a free ball and supper was advertised to celebrate the period so luckily passed. It was a grand affair; every one present, hand shaking and good fellowship was the order of the evening. Foley, as he described it, was dressed in his best bib and tucker. He was ubiquitous.

Miss Wilton was there. She was easily the belle of the ball. Her handsome features and distinguished mien eclipsed all others. She was repeatedly importuned to dance, but quietly declined. Her answer was the same to all: "I have forsaken dancing." Foley came, took a seat by her side, and urged her to dance just once with him.

"If there is a man in Sawyers Bar to whom I would concede that preference, Mr. Foley, it is you. If I tripped the light fantastic toe I would have to rescind my resolution not to dance; I have already

refused a number. You appreciate the position I occupy, and I feel you will excuse me. I came with Katie; if you are not provided with a partner you may escort me to supper," said the teacher.

"I will be delighted and feel highly honored. My, but the others will be envious of me," said Foley.

When the time for supper came, Foley sought the teacher. They entered the dining room and were the "observed of all observers." Occupying a seat opposite to them was Mr. Davis. He said:

"Foley, you stole a march on us; some of us feel piqued."

"Yes, I feel somewhat like a celebrated racehorse, a little slow on the start, but I get there on the home stretch," was the rejoinder.

"This being leap year I exercised the prerogative of my sex, I proposed to Mr. Foley." Before the lady could complete the sentence several exclaimed:

"Allow us to congratulate you, Mr. Foley; you must be a happy man."

"I proposed to Mr. Foley to be my partner for supper. I will do him the credit to say he blushed and said, 'Oh, this is so sudden,' just as if I had proposed in good faith."

"Miss Wilton, you have only to say the word, when you can put your clothes in my trunk, and change your name," retorted Mr. Foley. This kind of badinage and repartee was the order of the evening.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I need not remind you of the danger from which we have so happily emerged. There is one deed of valor stands pre-eminent, which I will recount. When Danny O'Brien was stricken, his mother was alone, badly in need of some one to help nurse. The physician tried to induce different people to assist the mother, but in vain. He was in despair when Miss Wilton, our teacher, volunteered her services. I have no words of censure for those who refused to go; self-preservation is inherent in all of us. But think of the utter disregard for danger, the abnegation of this lady, a comparative stranger, not related by any ties of friendship, generously donating her skill and time. Mrs. O'Brien would be more than willing to compensate her, but she refused all offers of pay. Such conduct is heroic and noble. It reminds us of the maxim, 'That one touch of nature makes the whole world akin.' I have here a poem by Alice Cary, who has given to the public so many beautiful verses. The title is 'Nobility:'

" 'True worth is a being, not seeming,
In doing each day that goes by,
Some little good; not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.

For whatever men say in blindness,
And in spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure,
We cannot do wrong and feel right.
Nor can we give pain and feel pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.

The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight for the children of men.

We cannot make bargains for blisses,
Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
And sometimes the thing our life misses,
Helps more than the thing that it gets.

For good lieth not in pursuing,
Nor gaining of great nor of small;
But just in the doing, and doing
As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice, through hating,
Against the world early and late,
No jot of our courage abating,—
Our part is to work and to wait.

And slight is the sting of his trouble
Whose winnings are less than his worth;
For he who is honest is noble,
Whatever his fortune or birth.'

"This expresses my sentiments of Miss Wilton," said Mr. Davis. The teacher arose:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I was reared a Christian and endeavor to practice the teachings of the Bible so far as I comprehend them. In the small part I rendered as nurse, there was some slight risk, but people endanger their lives every day. Mr. Foley is deserving of a tribute of praise. He rendered aid at the most critical period when Danny was delirious and endeavored to escape from the bed. We were unable to cope with him. Mr. Foley had the foresight to be near and saved the boy's life, for had he succeeded in getting away the result would have been fatal."

"A speech, Mr. Foley." This worthy responded:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the human family likes to be flattered, and I am no exception to the rule. It tickles my vanity to hear this encomium from such beautiful lips, but there is an affliction known as the swell head that I might fall a victim to. I have observed its workings on others. They are egotistical, conceited, important and in love with themselves. It is always big I and little you with them. They believe the earth would not revolve on its axis without them. They think they are perfection, just it. I knew a young man who had this self-esteem in its worst form. His father, a sensible man, noticed it. One day he took him to task. He said, 'My son, you have got it bad. I have heard you dispute and contradict men of experience and learning. You must quit that and have a decent respect for the opinion of others. You think you know it all, but you ought to go to

the creek and soak your head awhile.' This talk had its effect; in the vernacular of the present, the young man 'took a tumble.'

"I will tell you a story. We have satiated our appetite, and enjoyed the repast. Apropos of eating, I attended a ball and supper, once on a time, and wrote describing my prowess as gourmand:

"I took a seat at the table
And eagerly did scan
The good things there provided,
To tempt the appetite of man.

I reached both right and left,
I took from far and near,
The way those victuals vanished,
You ought to see them disappear.

The landlord approached me,
And thusly did he spake,
Whilst my jaws worked overtime
Upon the pie and cake:

'Young man, you're a fine feeder,
The best I ever saw.
I'll give back the price of your ticket,
If from that table you'll withdraw.

'Say, I have just been married,
I am starting out in life,
If you keep working of your jaws,
You will bankrupt me and wife.'

I accepted of his offer,
And rose for to depart,
The boss breathed more easily,
A load was off his heart."

This little doggerel created a laugh.

"I invented the first hotel to run on wheels. When the first transcontinental railroad was being built it was no small piece of work to feed the men who worked ahead, and the boarding house had to be moved every week. To keep pace in this way considerable time was lost. The contractor was a personal friend of mine. His trials and tribulations he used to confide in me. One evening he said: 'This moving is a source of annoyance to me; can you think of a plan that would improve it?' I was working with a crew of carpenters. I called into action the gray matter in my cranium, and evolved a contrivance. 'Yes,' I answered, 'give me four freight cars, place six carpenters at my disposal and I can make a traveling boarding house.'

"The cars, men and material were furnished. In a week's work I had those cars divided off into sections, arranged with reservoirs, tanks and receptacles for food. I had the roof taken off the cars, so they were open on top. The first section contained a tank, calculated to hold one hundred gallons of soup. The second department was a box capable of holding one thousand pounds of potatoes; the third section was for meat, and would accommodate a whole steer; the next apartment was for vege-

tables, into which could be stowed the product of a small sized garden. Then there was a place for coffee of 50 gallons capacity; another one of the same size for tea; there was a division to hold 200 pies; another one to hold a quarter section of pudding. This was labeled the dinner car. The second car was divided off similar to the dinner car, with the soup portion omitted. It had a chute made on a grade of 45 degrees. The bottom was lined with galvanized iron. This chute had an inlet into a reservoir to hold mush. This was tagged Breakfast Car. The third car was a duplicate of the breakfast car, without any chute: It was painted on the side in big letters, Supper Car. The fourth car was rigged to hold dishes, knives, forks and spoons. In one end of this car was placed a large range for heating. From this range pipes were led to each section, containing hot air, to keep the food warm. This was named the Eureka Car. I constructed an automatic attachment to each section, tank and reservoir, which was worked by buttons from the outside. I had moved a large derrick, so that the tanks, boxes and reservoirs (they were made portable) could be hoisted and lowered, at the door of the cook house. When it was breakfast time, the car bearing that name and the car Eureka were coupled to an engine and drawn alongside the food prepared; 20 men took hold, and filled the empty receptacles in short order. When ready the derrick was again brought into use, the instruments were put in their respective places, and

the cars hauled to where the men were at work. One man to tend the range, and see everything worked right was all that was required. When it was time to masticate, every man sought the car Eureka, pressed a button, when out slid a plate, knife and fork; he pressed another button, when out came a cup, saucer and spoon. He then stepped to the breakfast car. If he wished mush he pressed a button, down the chute rushed a supply. The way mush slipped down that chute would have done credit to a toboggan slide. When each man had a sufficiency of any commodity he let go the button; instantly the supply shut off. On the outside, over each division was painted the name of the article it contained. All a man had to do was glance at the sign, see what he desired, press a button, the machine did the rest. I went out with the first cars, and instructed the men in the workings of the machinery. The boss proclaimed it the greatest labor and time-saving invention of the age. He paid me a royalty of one dollar for each man. As there were five hundred men working I had a neat income every month. The cars were given the appellation 'Foley's traveling caravansary.' In those days Sacramento was the nucleus and distributing center for a vast quantity of freight; all traffic was by steamers. The State Capitol was in its pristine glory and booming. A merchant with whom I was acquainted came to me and said, 'Mr. Foley, I have several steamers loaded with merchandise, due here in the next few days. I need twelve thousand dol-

lars in coin of the realm to discharge my obligations; can you accommodate me?' I said, 'Certainly.' I just ran my hand into my vest pocket, pulled out that amount and gave it to him."

"Was it all in silver?" asked an auditor.

"My friend, that question reminds me. A colored preacher was delivering a sermon on the creation of man; he said God made the first man out of clay and water, then placed him up against a fence to dry. A member of the congregation asked, 'Parson, who made dat ar fence?' 'Put dat darky out; sich questions as dat spile all de teology in the Bible.' Thanking you for your courteous attention, I subside," said Foley. He was given liberal applause.

All now repaired to the ball room, where dancing was indulged in till the wee small hours. The ball and supper was voted an immense success.

CHAPTER VIII.

Danny Changes His Attitude Towards the Teacher, and in Consequence is Harassed by Tom Crane. A Bloody Fight, in Which Danny Is Victorious.

DANNY O'BRIEN was able to attend school; he was a changed youth. His mother had told him all that transpired whilst he was ill; how devoted the teacher had been, and but for the careful nursing he would have died; his nearness to death, made a deep impression on his mind. He was more sedate and manly. The lady's slightest wish was law to him. By language and actions he endeavored to show gratitude and appreciation for her past goodness.

His deference and solicitude for her welfare became so apparent that the older boys began to joke and guy him. He stood their jests good naturedly, replying, "She saved my life, I cannot do enough to repay her."

Tommy Crane was relentless in trying to harass Danny. One day he seemed more anxious to provoke him. He made a slighting remark, which roused Danny's anger.

"Look here, Tommy, I have stood your reproaches long enough. I do not care to quarrel, but cease your slurs right now."

A retort from Tommy, inaudible to all save Danny, precipitated a fight. Danny's right arm shot out, and landed on Tommy's nose. He retaliated and the fight was on. A scream from the other children brought the teacher on the scene. Calling both by name, she commanded them to quit fighting.

"What do you mean by such behavior on the playground? I am ashamed of you both." They desisted.

"If you please, Miss Wilton, he insulted me; he called me a vile name, such as I will not allow from anybody," said Danny.

"You can have it out whenever you wish," said Tommy.

"Very well, we will arrange it after school."

She lectured them on the impropriety of quarreling, and tried to exact a promise from them not to renew the combat. In this she failed. All they would agree to was not to fight on the school grounds. At 4 o'clock school was dismissed. The teacher requested Danny to remain. When alone, she asked Danny the cause of the quarrel.

"Ever since my return to school he has joked and twitted me on my changed demeanor; with good humor I bore it as long as his remarks were not offensive. Today he applied discourteous

language. When I told him to stop he followed it up with another more aggravating than the first. Then I struck him."

"What were those remarks you took exception to?"

"Miss Wilton, you are a lady, and I would not repeat them in your presence."

"Danny, promise me not to be the aggressor in another battle. Do you know it is disgraceful to fight?"

"Not when you are insulted and your honor attacked. Miss Wilton, I will do anything within bounds of reason for you. I would be an ungrateful knave if I would not. I beg of you not to seek to bind me by a promise not to fight. If I refuse I will be branded a coward. I will whip him if I am able, and make him apologize to the school and myself for his vile language."

She knew he was sincere in what he said, for tears were in his eyes.

"I will not urge you any further, if you consider the provocation justifies wiping out the insult."

They left the school house and walked down the road. The teacher and Danny parted at the upper end of town, where she resided. He continued on. Half way through town he was met by Tommy Crane, with a crowd of boys and men. Tommy had informed a number that he would compel Danny to fight whenever they met.

"Danny O'Brien, let us finish that scrap."

"All right, let us go to that vacant lot back of the barn."

Calling Willie Cole, Danny sent him to tell his mother he would be detained at school later than usual, but cautioned him not to say a word about any fight. Some forty men and boys had collected to witness the combat. Turning to the men Danny said:

"Gentlemen, on my part this is a contest for principle. Lately Tommy Crane has been imposing on me. Today he used insulting language to me. If I am the victor he must retract those words. I understand it is to be a fight to a finish. All I ask is a fair show and no interference, until one of us cries enough."

"Are you going to be governed by any rules? What style do you intend to follow?" inquired a bystander.

"I prefer a bout under Marquis of Queensbury rules," said Danny.

"I will not agree to that way. I want a rough and tumble scrap," said Tommy.

"As you like," said Danny. They stripped down to their undershirts.

Mr. Crane had joined the throng and said: "My son, I will see you have a fair show."

Mr. Foley stepped forward and said, "Danny, I will see you have a square deal."

Both had friends and sympathizers. Signifying they were ready, the battle commenced. Blows straight to the face were exchanged. Blood was

soon flowing; it was give and take; not a word was spoken by either. Danny now changed his tactics and directed his blows to the body of his opponent. Tommy did not relish this and rushed to a clinch. Their arms locked in an embrace, back and forth they wrestled, struggling to throw each other. By a trip Tommy succeeded in throwing Danny to the ground and landed on top.

"Will you give up, I have you now."

"Never," came from Danny.

"Then I will make you," said Tommy.

"Give it to him, son," said Mr. Crane. Tommy, encouraged by his advantage and the words from his father, delivered blow after blow on his adversary's head, who endeavored to smother the force as best he could. All the time he was doing some rapid thinking, and formed a plan of action. Presently Tommy's blows lost much of their power and speed. This was the opportunity Danny relied on. By a mighty effort he contrived to turn Tommy underneath.

"I guess it's my chance now." For every blow received he gave it back with interest. Mr. Crane became uneasy and said to the spectators, "We had better separate them; call it a draw, as honors are even."

"No, you will not," said Mr. Foley; "they agreed to fight until one cried enough. When your son had the best of it you cheered him on, never said a word about parting them. Now that the tide has turned you want to call it off. Fair play is fine

play; the first man that interferes will have to mix with me. Put in your best licks, make your gain count, Danny."

The advice was superfluous, for he fought as he had never done before. After enduring the onslaught for quite a while, human nature could stand it no longer. Tommy spoke:

"I have enough. I take back the abusive words."

Danny released him, and struggled to his feet. For a second he wavered to maintain an erect position, staggered, and would have fallen, but Foley caught him; he had fainted. Tommy lay on the ground, unable to rise. A glass of brandy was brought; a small quantity poured down their throats, which soon revived the boys. A bucket of water and towels were procured. The blood was washed from their faces and hands. Their features were disfigured; their eyes were nearly closed, noses swollen, and several cuts and bruises covered their visage.

It was a great battle. Both boys were full of courage; they were as nearly matched in build and weight as could be possible. Those who witnessed it used to regale listeners with the details for a long time. The boys soon regained their energy and were able to proceed to their homes.

Foley accompanied Danny to his house. Mrs. O'Brien met them, exclaiming:

"Good Heavens, my son, have you met with an accident?"

Foley hastily gave a summary of the combat and the events that led up to it.

"You should be proud of your boy. He upheld the honor and dignity of the school. He is a brave youth."

"I would have been tricked out of a victory but for the help of Mr. Foley. When Tommy was getting the worst of it, his father wanted to pull me away."

Healing remedies were applied to the sores.

"You will be as good as new in a day or so," said Foley.

News of the fight became general and was the subject of comment. The consensus of opinion was that Danny was right. The intelligence was conveyed to Miss Wilton. Publicly, she was non-committal; privately, she exulted in Danny's triumph, realizing that if Tommy was the winner, the existence of the school was in jeopardy, for he would have domineered over the other boys, and pursued a policy of mischief.

The day following, both boys were absent from school. In the evening the teacher paid a visit to Mrs. O'Brien.

"My son is not in prime condition to receive company, but we are pleased to see you just the same."

"Danny, you are not as good looking as before the fracas, but I regard you most highly for the principle you upheld and the valor you displayed.

It would not be proper for me to express myself publicly; this opinion is confidential," said the teacher.

"Tommy carried his jokes to an extreme; patience ceased to be a virtue. He would have had to beat me into insensibility; I would have died rather than yield to him. I was confident I would whip him. I felt right and justice was on my side. When I look better I will go to school," said Danny.

From there the teacher called on Mrs. Crane. That lady informed her that Tommy asked to be excused; he was not presentable. Both ladies deplored the incident.

In an interval of three days both boys appeared at school. In the meantime they had met, agreed to let by-gones be by-gones, shook hands and declared friendship. The two held a conference with the teacher.

"Miss Wilton, you know the result of our late unpleasantness. According to the compact there is an apology due from me to the school. I do not feel able to deliver an oral one. I know I should break down. Will it suffice if I indite one and read it?" asked Tommy.

"Yes, I will make it easier than you propose. You express your regrets to me. I will say to the pupils, you have apologized in a satisfactory manner, and that the subject be dropped."

Tommy was elated; he appreciated being let down easy, and expressed gratitude to the teacher. So it was arranged.

At recess time she requested the scholars to remain, with the exception of both boys. She told them that Tommy had tendered a manly retraction, and instructed them that no reference be made to the difficulty in his presence, under penalty. They were then allowed to play. The teacher had no desire to humiliate Tommy, as he had exhibited the right sort of spirit.

From now on the advancement of the school was a foregone conclusion. The older boys were tractable and observed proper decorum. The bread cast upon the waters in the small pox emergency was bearing fruit.

CHAPTER IX.

Miss Wilton Relates Another Chapter Out of Her Life.

ONE evening the teacher remarked: "Mrs. Fremont, I will recite the succeeding part of my tribulation, if you are in a mood to listen."

"I am all attention," answered that lady.

"I was expecting Frank, my betrothed. I knew he would no longer delay coming. I would soon know the truth or falsity of the reports. My uncle had heard I was on the ragged edge of expectation; hoping for the best, yet at spells, fearing the worst; my nervous system strung to the highest tension. I heard the gate open and shut. Intuitively I knew it was Frank. I hastened down the walk to meet him. Many a time I had watched him from a convenient window. His pose I had indelibly printed on my memory. His erect graceful carriage; his light elastic step, even the swinging of his arms; all these I had noticed. As I drew near to him, I could not fail to be impressed with his changed demeanor. He walked slowly, his head bent as though meditating; his arms hung listlessly at his side. We were about to collide when I spoke:

"Frank, I am so glad you have come; I am almost frantic with suspense."

"I looked into his face; I saw how jaded he seemed. He had aged ten years in three days. He was dressed with the same scrupulous care and neatness, which always characterized his apparel. I had no need to question him; his attitude told me more than words could express. The missing money could not be found. He spoke:

"May, darling, my promised wife, will you allow me to call you by these endearing names still?"

"Yes, Frank, you are the same to me as before; nothing that can be said or done will ever change my opinion of you. I believe you innocent, though the whole world proclaim otherwise. My faith in you will endure forever."

" 'May, those are the most comforting, re-assuring words I have had spoken to me. Heaven bless you for your confidence. I am as utterly devoid of any wrong-doing with that money as you are, who never laid eyes on it. Let us enter the parlor, be seated, and I will tell you everything that has transpired since my last visit.

"Wednesday afternoon the bank had closed for business. I was nearly ready to leave the building, when in rushed Mr. Bailey and exclaimed:

" 'Frank, put this away for me. I am going over to the City to spend the evening and have a time. There is just Forty Thousand Dollars in currency; I will call for it tomorrow.'

"I answered, 'George, it is after business hours, the safe and vault are closed for today; they have a

combination time lock and cannot be opened until tomorrow morning.'

"He said: ' Put it in one of the desks or drawers. You have a night-watchman, so there is no danger of a hold-up. I dislike to travel with so much of the Long Green about me; you will be doing me a favor to take care of it.'

"I yielded, counted the money and placed it in the drawer. There is where I made a mistake. I should have said: 'No, George, I cannot accept the responsibility for such a large sum; it is not business; the bank is closed.' This is what my better judgment prompted me to say and do, but I had known George Bailey for years. He was a personal friend, so to accommodate him I broke one of the bank's rules. Now I am paying for my imprudence. There was one person in the bank besides Mr. Bailey and myself, who saw and heard what took place. This was James Stone, son of the president. I have reasons to believe that he cherishes an intense hatred for me. As you know, he was a suitor for your hand. He proposed and was rejected. When he learned I was the lucky man, your accepted lover, he conceived a dislike for me. He has held the position of clerk ever since my connection with the bank. There have been several chances for promotion, but the president has never advanced his son. This has been a subject for comment among business men. Friends have told me James was of a sporty inclination and given to dissipation. His father knows this and, un-

til he manifests a disposition to reform, his father will not assist him. He holds a subordinate situation and is subject to my orders. He commits clerical errors, which I am obliged to call his attention to and have him rectify. He resents my interference. He is really impertinent at times. I have never complained of him to the president, but have treated him affably. He would not do me an injury where there was a chance for detection, but in a subtle way he would blast my reputation. The opportunity came, and he embraced it when that money was placed in the drawer. The drawer has a simple lock. He knew how easy it would be to extract the amount. He knows the whereabouts of that $40,000; I believe he purloined it.

"These are my suspicions. I have not one particle of proof to base these assertions on; I dare not breathe them to a soul but you, May. I saw James leave the building before I did. I went to my apartments. I regretted my action. I vowed if all was well in the morning, I would never again receive money after office hours. I had a premonition of impending evil. I retired early and endeavored to sleep, but my rest was broken. I arose, partook of breakfast and went to the bank twenty minutes earlier than usual. I went straight to the drawer. The $40,000 package was gone. It did not produce such a great shock, for somehow I feared it. I turned over the situation in my mind, went to the telephone and called up the president. I told him to come to the bank immediately as something ex-

traordinary had happened. He replied: 'I will be down in fifteen minutes.'

"He came, went to his office. I followed and locked the door to prevent being disturbed. I made a clean breast of the affair; I concealed nothing; I admitted my culpability in receiving the money after the bank was closed. When I had finished, he said:

" 'Frank, I will not upbraid you; it is unfortunate; when the news leaks out it will impair our standing and precipitate a run on the bank. However, we are abundantly supplied with funds to withstand any attempt of this kind. I will call a meeting of the directors and lay the matter before them.'

"I went back to my duties, outwardly as calm as ever, inwardly racked with torture. It was 2 p. m. before they all appeared and went to the office of the president. James Stone, the night-watchman and the janitor were sent for in succession. My turn came last. I was ushered into the presence of the seven directors, and asked to tell of the missing money. I repeated it exactly as I had to the president. When I concluded, Mr. Payot, acting as spokesman, said:

" 'Mr. Howard, you understand this sum of $40,000 must be repaid to Mr. Bailey. If you are unable to do so, then the bank must make good. Have you this amount, or will your friends come to your rescue and help you out of this difficulty? The whole matter can be hushed, if it can be adjusted this way, and things proceed as before.'

"'Mr. Payot, I have no such a large sum, and I will not permit my friends to make such a sacrifice to save me, if they are willing.'

"He gazed at me astonished. Said he: 'Well, you are not willing to let your friends pay the amount and save your reputation, but you are willing to let the bank stand the loss. Remarkable, sir, remarkable conduct.'

"'Mr. Payot, my friends are not wealthy. Should I borrow $40,000 it would impoverish them. I value my reputation as highly as you, or any man, does. When I found that money gone, had I that amount, I would have replaced it, and no one would have been the wiser. For the reasons I have given, to bankrupt my friends is out of the question. I make you this proposition: All the money I possess is Five Thousand Dollars. I will turn this over to you. My salary is $250 per month; I will pay $150 each month on account. To do this I will have to economize in my mode of living and dress. I will continue in your employ as long as I have life and strength, aye, until I am old and gray haired, so that every dollar, both principal and interest, shall be paid. This is the only offer I can make.'

"Mr. Payot said: 'We will deliberate and let you know our decision later.' I bowed myself out and returned to my desk. I heard a voice, 'Hello, Frank.' I looked to see Mr. Bailey, owner of the missing sum in front.

" 'I had a splendid time in the city. Why, what's up? You look as though you had lost your only friend.'

"Rapidly I told him of what had taken place.

" 'I am awfully sorry to be the cause of your trouble. I would stand the loss if I could afford it, but I must have the money by tomorrow to settle outstanding bills.'

"I told him the directors were in session; to go and see them. He came back. He said they had promised to pay him in full.

"The directors soon after adjourned. President Stone summoned me to the office.

" 'Frank, the directors have instructed me to say they have refused your offer to work out the amount. You must reimburse Mr. Bailey by 9 o'clock tomorrow or hand in your resignation as cashier. This is their ultimatum.'

"In consideration of my long and faithful service, I had hoped they would condone my first mistake and give me time to pay the lost money. It now dawned upon me I could expect no clemency from Mr. Payot. He was the largest stockholder and dominant spirit in the board of directors. It was some consolation to know the worst. It relieved my mind of uncertainty. The issue was clean-cut and defined. Out of the bank I must go. On my way home that evening several friends enquired if the news was true, that the bank had been robbed. I referred them to the directors for information.

"I went to the bank next morning, intending to comply with Mr. Payot's dictum. I noticed a mass of people outside clamoring for their money. I decided to stay until the run had passed. I went to the doors, threw them open, and said to the crowd: 'Please be orderly, line up and you will all get your money.' I called all the clerks, and we began counting and passing out money. The president lent his aid. Till 2 o'clock P. M. there was a file of men and women coming and going. After that the number diminished and the rush was over. By closing time there were none asking for coin. I said:

" 'This has been a strenuous day, President Stone. I place in your hands my submission to the powers that be. Our pleasant relations must terminate; with reluctance I sever my relation with the bank.'

"He said: 'Frank, this is not my doing. I was disposed to be lenient, and wished the directors to accept of your offer. Mr. Payot was inflexible. I dissented from their decision. Tell me, Frank, have you no theory or suspicion as to who took that money? I will place detectives on the track to run down any clue you may give me.'

" 'Yes, I have a suspicion and a theory, but it would be useless to charge any one on my word alone; I have no corroborative evidence. All circumstances point to me as the guilty party and I suppose it will remain so.'

" 'Frank, I am loath to see you leave.'

"We shook hands and parted. May, there is noth-

ing more to tell. What further steps the directors may take I am not prepared to say; I can only await developments."

" 'Frank, you are not a transgressor. I see nothing to condemn. Any man might have committed the same error to accommodate a friend. The directors are too severe. Our marriage shall take place, regardless of what has happened.'

" 'No, May, I cannot allow you to link yourself with a suspected embezzler. So long as there is a taint of suspicion attached to my name our marriage must be postponed. You are too pure and noble a lady to be degraded. Some time in the dim, unshadowy future the guilty party will be revealed; it may be sooner than I expect, and it may be years before the mystery is cleared, and the wrong done me righted. When that time arrives, when I can come to you with an unsullied character, when my honor has been vindicated, if your affection has not undergone a change, I will come to you and say: 'May, let our nuptials be solemnized.'

"We conversed earnestly. I endeavored to combat his arguments about delaying our marriage. 'It is to show the public my entire faith in your innocence.' 'It must be in abeyance for the present. I shall call on you as before. It is late and I must go.' 'Frank, my love is not the kind that withers and decays; look to me as your right supporter; so long as I have life, I will be constant to you.' We said good-night and good-bye."

"I think we had better follow suit," said Mrs. Fremont. "You can continue at another time."

CHAPTER X.

Trying Experiences of Mr. Foley as a Baker
His Narrative of the Monster Organ.
Mr. Foley's Pet Fish.

SUNDAY morning the teacher said: "Katie, let us call on Mr. Foley again; I like to hear his yarns." Thither they went.

"Miss Wilton, you do me proud; pray come in and be seated." Mr. Foley was engaged in making bread. "As soon as I have removed this loaf from its bed I will be at leisure." He removed the lid from the Dutch oven and brought to light a batch of light, flaky bread.

"Mr. Foley, you are a nice baker."

"I had some varied experience before I became proficient in making bread. There were two of us. We were camped in Modoc County in the lava beds, which later on became famous as the scene of a conflict between the Modoc Indians and United States soldiers. My partner told me he was tired of flapjacks, and to 'try my hand at making biscuits or bread,' so I started to make biscuits. I filled a large

pan two-thirds full of flour, put in a big supply of saleratus, poured in water and mixed it to a proper consistency. I divided the whole, so as to make eight biscuits about the size of my head. I placed the mess in the oven and baked it for an hour. I told my partner: 'We will have some nice, fresh loaves for dinner.' When I took them out I noticed they looked very yellow. He said, 'they look an awful color.' He took one in his hands and tried to break it in two; he exerted all his strength, but it was no use. He seized the butcher knife, a fine Damascus steel, and made a vicious stab. The point turned the shape of a scythe, but the biscuit was not damaged. ' Well, I'll break the blamed thing.' He went out, grabbed the ax and swung on the biscuit. A large piece flew from the blade, but the thing was unhurt. Now thoroughly angered, he picked it up in both hands and threw it at the cat. It struck the animal fairly, which gave one or two shivers and died. The others were no better, and were consigned to the ground in a heap. 'A man ought to be ridden on a rail that cannot make better bread than that.' I held my peace.

"In the last desperate battle between Uncle Sam's troops and the Red Men, my biscuits decided the issue. A soldier out scouting ran across the cache, unable to make out what substance they were. He lugged the whole eight into camp. No one there could explain what material they were composed of. Efforts to break them with a sledge hammer

were futile. The fight between the opposing forces waged fiercely. The supply of ammunition for the most effective cannon gave out. 'If we only had some more balls or bullets,' cried the man in charge of the gun, 'we would whip them Redskins. Say, go bring those eight mysteries you found.' In double quick time they were brought and two of them rammed down the cannon. A roar, and the column of Red Men wavered. 'Give them another dose like that, and the victory is ours,' spoke the commander. This time three of the unknowns were fired from the cannon. The Indians were seized with terror. Noting the result through a field glass, the officer shouted: 'We have got them going sideways.' A second later a white flag was displayed, borne by Captain Jack, Chief of the Modocs. He approached within speaking distance, and in broken English said: 'Indian give up; no can fight that kind of gun.' He surrendered the whole band. Those two shots had killed and wounded ninety-six. My biscuits had won the day. A writer in describing the battle said the American troops made use of a new projectile that was more destructive than chain shot.

"My next attempt at bread making was attended with happier results. A lady loaned me some yeast; enough she told me to make three batches. I poured it into a quantity of flour, stirred them well and went off to work leaving the pan and contents on the table. At night I returned, opened the door, and the first thing that met me was a stream of

dough. It had effervesced, risen out of the pan and flowed in a stream over the floor. I threw some more flour into what remained in the pan until it was stiff enough to handle, then put it in the Dutch oven, calculating to cook it in the morning. I was awakened in the night by my partner saying: 'Edward, get up and help me.' 'What's up?' I asked. 'Why, this dough is raising so high, I am afraid it will lift the roof off the cabin. We must corral it.' He had brought some boards, so we fenced it in, and put a heavy weight on top, to prevent its going through the roof. Next morning it had settled some. I dug away from underneath, lined the sides with sheet iron, and started a huge fire. Well, it took five hours to cook the thing. When it was done it required the strength of two of us to lower it down to a horizontal attitude. It was like a huge monument; but it was a dandy. It had all the leavening qualities, light, spongy and tasted better. I notified all the neighbors to come and get bread free. There was no making of bread for miles around for a week. My fame was made. They christened me 'Foley, the Baker.'

"I helped build a big musical organ on the Carson River in Nevada, that was a hummer. There was a gang of mechanics employed to construct a quartz-mill. Among the number was an Englishman, a German and an American (that's me). We three became quite chummy and formed an alliance, both offensive and defensive. When there was any scrapping to do, they assumed the offensive, and I

the defensive. The owners had announced that when the mill was completed they would give a celebration, a ball and supper. The alliance conceived the idea of making a monster organ to furnish the music for the celebration. The owners promised us all the lumber we needed; in our spare time we set to work. We made an overshot wheel thirty feet in diameter, to drive the machinery. We made a flume six feet wide by three feet deep and we had the whole river to furnish power. We labored diligently and the Leviathan assumed shape. As it neared completion, we began arguing as to what piece would be played first to christen the organ. The Englishman wanted 'God Save the Queen,' the German said play the 'Watch on the Rhine.' I vetoed both of these propositions, telling them it must be the 'Star Spangled Banner.' We discussed it pro and con, but could not agree. Finally, we compromised on 'Annie Laurie' as the opening tune.

"Two days before the mill was completed we put the finishing touches to our organ. 'Annie Laurie' was in position, ready to perform her part. Travelers, passing through the country, would stop and look at our mammoth and ask: 'What do you call that animal; what is it?'

"When the day came, it was observed as a holiday by the people for miles around. First on the program were speeches by different celebrities; next in order was singing by a choir and individuals; then came the time for our music box to display itself.

We had made an immense gate to turn the river into the flume. It was raised and lowered by a lever twenty feet long. I had men stationed, and they were instructed to work the lever when I motioned. I gave the signal and they turned her loose. As the ponderous wheel began to turn, there pealed forth such a strain from 'Annie Laurie' as was never heard before or since. The earth commenced to vibrate, the people who were standing were thrown to the ground. 'It's an earthquake,' some said. 'Do you feel and hear the thunder?' others exclaimed. 'Yes, and the sky is perfectly clear.' I had a lurking suspicion as to the cause, but held my peace. As the machinery got limbered up, the speed increased; the noise was deafening. At length it dawned on some that the organ was the cause of the commotion. One of the owners managed to crawl to the office (it was impossible for him to walk) and telephoned to Carson City for mule teams loaded with wood and saw logs to come out. We were only two miles from the City and in less than half an hour came four eight-mule teams, loaded. It was with difficulty the mules were gotten near enough; they had to be blindfolded. About forty men began pitching four-foot cord wood into the wheel; the first sticks were made kindling of, and caused the roller to skip a note in 'Annie Laurie.' At length all hands took hold of a saw log and by a combined effort hurled it into the machinery. With a convulsive throb and a shriek, the wheel stopped short, never to go again when the

old man died. The mule teams took fright and ran away. I could have closed the gate, shut off the water and stopped the racket, but it was so much fun, I thought 'let the good work go on.' Next morning the newspapers from Virginia City, which was eighteen miles distant, contained an account of an earthquake, which though slight, was distinctly felt."

"Please tell us about your pet fish, Mr. Foley."

"All right. I was from youth a disciple of Isaac Walton. Many an hour I have wiled away with rod and line, to entice the finny tribe. The one I am going to tell of was not allured with line and hook. I had a yearning to capture a fish without injury, and was of the opinion it could be tamed. I had a small flume which conveyed water from the river to a placer mine. It was my practice to clean up the sluice boxes every evening, to see what I made for the day's work. I had a waste gate where I could turn the water out. At the end of the boxes, where the water emptied out it had washed a small hole in the ground. When the water was turned out I went to this spot, and usually was rewarded by finding fish, more or less, that had come down the boxes; once they were in the hole it was difficult for them to escape; they would average four inches in length. My ideal, for to tame, must be at least ten inches.

"On this particular evening, I went to the hole. There, sure enough, was my long sought for prize. He was cunning and eluded me for a time, but I

baled nearly all the water out and then caught him with my hands. He was a beauty, fully twelve inches long and weighed a trifle over a pound. He was of the species known as Rainbow trout. I carried him to my cabin and put him in a tub filled with water. Next day I made a small tank, arranged it so there was running water, and put my fish in his new home. I named him Dick. For the first few days he was rather shy. I fed him angle worms, bread crumbs and caught flies. When I went to feed him I would call 'Dick! Dick!' He soon got to know his name, and would come to the surface, eat out of my hand and allow me to handle him. One day I heard a noise outside. I looked, and there was Dick squirming on the ground. I jumped to the conclusion that he had seen a fly or insect on top of the water, sprang at it, and landed on the ground. I went and picked him up and put him back in the tank. I had barely got inside the cabin when I heard the same sound again. I gazed, and there was my fish on the land, trying to stand erect on his tail, flapping around, going through queer movements. My idea this time was Dick thought it sport to jump out and have me pick him up and put him back. He was having a little fun at my expense. Once more I seized him and placed him in the tank. I thought he looked at me sort of comical like. I went inside, and heard that peculiar noise again. I went out and there he was going through the same antics on the ground. I said: 'Dick, if you can amuse yourself to your satisfaction,

you may do so.' I decided to pay no more heed to him, only to keep an eye out and see he did not get hurt. I sat down to dinner, when who should appear in the door but Dick. I watched to see how he managed to get over the ground.

"He had a sinuous gait, after the manner of a serpent. By way of variety he would poise on his tail and then hurl his whole carcass forward, a couple of feet at a time. I was amazed. I had never read or heard of a fish being able to navigate on dry land. After all, when I came to study the subject, I concluded it was nothing so marvelous. This is the age of invention and evolution. We have the telephone, phonograph, automobile, wireless telegraphy, airships, yes, and the New Men and Women, why not a New Fish? That night when it came time to go to bed, I took hold of Dick to put him back in the tank. He twisted and squirmed and made such a fuss, actually bit me. So I let go of him and decided to let him have his own way. Directly I saw him wiggle over to one corner and stretch out. I went to bed expecting to find Dick dead in the morning. Along about 5 o'clock I heard a peculiar sort of whistle, which I learned afterwards came from my fish. He could force air through his mouth and make a noise somewhat similar to a steam whistle. There by the side of my bed, standing erect on his tail, was Dick. He looked at me comical like, as much as to say: 'Good morning, it's time to get up.' You know the habit roosters have of crowing at daylight. Well, my

fish was equal to the best of them for waking up. I never needed an alarm clock. He grew to be eighteen inches in length and weighed two pounds and a half. He avoided the water entirely now, so I concluded he must be amphibious.

"He showed an inclination to follow me like a dog, wherever I went. At first I tried to compel him to go back; he would rear up on his tail, as much as to say, 'what are you going to do about it?' When I went ahead, he would come too; every day he would go with me to the mine. While I worked away, he would busy himself catching flies and insects. When it was time to go home, all I had to say was 'Come on, Dick.' He was ready. When I wanted to go to town, I locked him in the cabin.

"He was kind of shy when strangers were around. People came from miles around to see the fish that lived on land. One day I had occasion to go to see a friend about two miles away. In order to get to his house, I had to cross a creek that was some ten or twelve feet wide and three feet in depth. A foot log, six inches wide, afforded a crossing for footmen. Dick, as usual, was with me. I crossed to the opposite side, then turned to see where my fish was. I was just in time to see him fall into the stream. I supposed he had decided to go back to his native element once more and enjoy a swim. I watched to see him come to the surface. He came up all right, but disappeared in a second. Twice more he came up and went down, and then I never saw him more. I remembered afterward that the

last time he came up he looked at me reproachful like as though he expected me to save him. In crossing the log he had lost his balance and fallen in. Yes, he had lived so long out of water he had forgotten how to swim and actually drowned. I was sorry to lose Dick; he was a great comfort to me."

CHAPTER XI.

Miss Wilton's Vivid Portrayal of Her Affianced Lover's Trial and Conviction.

Number 1127.

MORE than three months had elapsed since Miss Wilton was installed as teacher. A better governed or more well regulated school could not be found. Citizens acknowledged Mr. Davis was right in his ideas of a lady instructor. The older boys began to realize what they had lost by not applying themselves in the past. Perceiving their earnestness to acquire knowledge, the teacher assisted to the utmost of her ability. Their studious methods she commended. As yet the lady had drawn no salary. She received a check for continuous services from Mr. Davis.

"I am not entitled to that amount; you have not deducted for the time the school was closed," said the teacher.

"The trustees resolved that as it was no fault of yours, to pay your salary in full. I will insist upon you receiving the sum from me if not from the trustees. I am better pleased than three times that amount, your subduing those boys. Your failure to discipline the school would have meant my social downfall," spoke the merchant.

"If you think I deserve it, I will accept. Whilst I might have accomplished the purpose in other ways, you and I know that the small pox episode was the means of Danny's reformation, and through him, Tommy and the other boys," said the lady.

"Mrs. Fremont, are you ready for some chapters from my serial?" enquired the teacher.

"By all means," answered that lady.

"When the bank directors received Frank's resignation, they did not intend to let the matter rest at that. They determined to prosecute him. With that end in view, Mr. Payot appeared before the Grand Jury, laid the information and evidence in their hands, and obtained an indictment for embezzlement. Frank was arraigned before a committing magistrate, pleaded "Not Guilty," and was bound over to appear before the Superior Court for trial.

"Edward Sweeney, an attorney of San Francisco, was retained for the defense. Frank's father and mother canvassed the case in all its phases. Mr. Howard, Sr., suggested a method:

" 'Frank, my property will sell for ten thousand dollars; you have five thousand more; from friends I can borrow five thousand; this makes a total of $20,000, or one half the missing money. Offer this to the directors. They surely ought to be satisfied with this and give you time to pay the balance.'

" 'My dear father, the most cogent reason, and the one which has the most weight with me, is, you and mother are getting old; your property yields an income sufficient to keep you comforta-

bly. For me to deprive you of your maintenance would be unfilial. Another reason is, from my learning of the directors, I am convinced your plan would be useless. When they would not consider my proposal, they would not entertain the terms you mention. They will exact the pound of flesh, aye, to the last penny. You can do nothing for me, save give me your blessing; let me cope with the enigma; if there is a solution, I will discover it.'

"A consultation was held with Lawyer Sweeney. Events were gone over from the day the money was entrusted to him.

" 'Frank, I must be candid and tell you we have a weak defense to present.'

" 'We have practically none. I have not a single witness in my behalf. The directors believe I have stolen the money; they think by criminal proceedings I may become frightened and disgorge the sum. Have the case brought to trial. Do not procrastinate,' said Frank.

" 'Hold up your head. Remember a man is innocent until proven guilty,' was the lawyer's parting admonition.

"In every community there are those individuals who rejoice at a man's downfall; instead of lending a helping hand, they give a shove or a kick and immerse him deeper in the mire. The tongues of these were busy with gossip; there were tales that Frank had been speculating in stocks and lost heavily; that in anticipation of his marriage he had appropriated the money.: Pope says: 'Man's inhu-

manity to man makes countless thousands mourn.'

"Before the day of examination, Mr. Page, my uncle, went to Frank and said: 'I can raise the $40,000 by sacrificing my belongings; I will cheerfully do this, rather than have the case come to trial.' Frank answered:

" 'Mr. Page, I appreciate the spirit in which your tender is made. For the same motives that impelled me to decline my father's offer, I must refuse yours.'

"The day of trial arrived. The press had kept the public posted. The court room was packed to its full capacity. The preliminaries were gone through and the impaneling of a jury was in order. The talesmen were questioned as to whether or not they would be willing to convict on circumstantial evidence. Those answering in the affirmative were chosen. Those replying in the negative were excused. Twelve men were selected before the venire was exhausted. The District Attorney made his opening statement to the jury of what he expected to prove.

" 'We have no direct or positive evidence to produce, but we will present to you an array of circumstantial evidence, so convincing that you will have no difficulty in arriving at a verdict.'

"Mr. Bailey was the first witness. He testified to giving $40,000 to Mr. Howard, the cashier, after the bank had closed; of returning next day for the money, to be told it was missing and could not be found; that the directors had made good to him.

The cross-examination brought out that Frank had told him it was after office hours; that the safe was locked and could not be opened until the next morning; that he had urged Mr. Howard to put the package in a drawer as he was going to the city and disliked to carry so large a sum; that the cashier was reluctant to accept the money, but finally yielded to his pleading.

"The next witness was James Stone, who gave testimony to having seen Mr. Howard receive the money, count it and place it in a drawer; that he left and the cashier was the last person in the bank. Cross-examined as to his relations with Frank, he said they were not cordial. He considered the cashier too dictatorial and had a dislike for him. Asked if his dislike was founded on jealousy because a certain lady had rejected him and accepted Mr. Howard, was objected to by the District Attorney, and the court sustained the objection. He was excused.

"The third witness was Tim Desmond, night-watchman, who swore to being on duty all night; that it would be impossible for any one to enter or leave the bank without his seeing them. He was not cross-examined.

"The janitor was the next witness. He affirmed that the cashier came to the bank twenty minutes earlier than was his custom; went direct and opened a drawer; at the time his action looked peculiar. He was not examined by the defense.

"The last witness was President Stone. He testified to having received a telephone message from the cashier to hurry to the bank. He went, and heard the account of the $40,000, and its disappearance. He called the board of directors; laid the situation before them, and their action. Cross-examined, he said he reposed the greatest confidence in Mr. Howard; that he had pleaded with the board to give the cashier a chance to pay the amount in installments; that he did not believe Mr. Howard embezzled the money. This last was objected to as merely an opinion. The objection was sustained and ordered stricken out.

"The prosecution rested its case.

" 'Gentlemen of the jury, I have only one witness, the defendant himself. I shall rely upon your sense of justice to give his version that credence which it is entitled to; his veracity has never been questioned. Mr. Howard, please take the stand.'

"The oath was administered. 'Please tell your connection with the Corn and Exchange Bank and the history of that missing $40,000.'

"In a distinct voice, audible throughout the court room, Frank Howard began:

" 'I was born and reared, and mostly educated in the city of Oakland; part of my learning was acquired in San Francisco. For more than eight years I was a trusted official in the bank; for five of these years I held the responsible position of cashier. I received the $40,000 from Mr. Bailey; I did this contrary to my better judgment. I knew I was

breaking one of the rules, namely, not to accept money after office hours. I did it at his earnest solicitation, for reasons which he has testified to. I went to the bank twenty minutes before my usual time; this was because I had a presentiment of danger. I was uneasy for the safety of the money. The lock on the drawer was a common one; any ordinary key would fit it. The meeting of the directors and their subsequent action you have been told. As to who stole that money and where it went to, I am as much in the dark as you are. For thirty years I have been a resident of Oakland and the Bay City. If there is a man or woman living in these cities where my whole life has been spent, who can say one word derogatory to my reputation, I challenge them to come forward with the proof.'

" 'Take the witness,' said Attorney Sweeney.

" 'There will be no cross-examination,' said the prosecutor. 'He has answered any question I might wish to ask in his statement.'

" 'May it please your Honor and gentlemen of the jury, this is our defense. I could introduce testimony to prove my client's honesty, but as the prosecution has not sought to impeach his character, I do not deem it necessary.'

"To the student of human nature, it was evident the audience believed Frank Howard's straightforward version. Their sympathy was with him. They leaned forward eager to catch the words as they rolled from his tongue in a recital of his life's

story. Had the verdict been left to them, it would have been unanimous for acquittal.

"Both sides announced their case closed. The judge admonished the jury not to discuss the case among themselves or allow any one to approach them in regard to it. He dismissed them till the following day.

"At 9 o'clock the court was called to order. The District Attorney arose and said:

"'May it please your Honor, and gentlemen of the jury, the evidence of Mr. Bailey, Mr. Stone, Mr. Desmond and Mr. White, the janitor, has not been denied by the defense. They have practically admitted its truth. In my opinion this is a case so plain "that he who runs may read." It must be patent to every one that the $40,000 package did not take wings and fly away. If Mr. Howard did not embezzle the money, who did? Why has not the defense introduced testimony to show that some one else is culpable for its disappearance. Why not? It has not attempted to prove an alibi. Do not allow yourselves to be swayed by an appeal to your pity or sympathies; render a verdict without fear or favor.'

"Attorney Sweeney spoke as follows:

"'If your Honor please, and gentlemen of the jury, you have heard from the lips of Mr. Howard a manly declaration of the missing package and his relation to it. He has not attempted to screen himself, or conceal the most minute detail in making the mistake of accepting the $40,000 contrary to business

rules. Mr. Stone, president of the bank, has told you he does not believe Mr. Howard purloined that package. Does any reasonable man think that he would blight his reputation, after pursuing an honorable career all his life, by taking money which did not belong to him? To do wrong is foreign to his disposition. His footsteps have followed in the path of rectitude. Prior to this unpleasant complication, the future had a roseate hue for Frank Howard. He was engaged to be married to one of the most charming and estimable of young ladies. The wedding day was fixed. He looked anxiously for the time when the ceremony would be solemnized and his cup of joy replete. I reiterate, does any sane person believe that with these alluring prospects in sight, Frank Howard would deliberately wreck his future happiness, and the happiness of those he holds dearer than life? When Mr. Howard made to the bank directors the offer to pay all the money he had in the world, viz: $5,000, and from his salary each month $150 until the debt was paid, would it not have been more humane, more in keeping with the teachings of the Bible, to have accepted this proposal and silenced the affair, than to reject it and seek to consign an innocent man to state's prison? Shylock, when he demanded the fulfillment of the bond, the full pound of flesh, was not more avaricious and vindictive than these bank directors. Will this notoriety redound to the credit of the bank? Echo answers "No!" From relatives and intimate friends have come tenders of the $40,000.

To raise this amount would have obliged them to dispose of all the property they possessed, and rendered them bankrupt. He refused to entertain these terms. He would not permit the sacrifice, even to save himself from prison. His conduct is magnanimous. There is a mystery as to the whereabouts of this package. There are parties who could explain it, but for motives of their own they prefer to cast the onus, the disgrace, upon my client, an innocent man. Before finishing I desire to impress upon you the fallibility of circumstantial evidence, which the prosecution relies upon in this case to convict. Men have been found guilty on this class of evidence, it is true, but the chain must be connected and no link missing. This, we claim, it has failed to show. It will subserve no end of justice to find Frank Howard guilty. A verdict of acquittal will restore him to the honorable place he occupied in the public eye, and to the rank of a happy benedict. We ask this at your hands. I return my sincere thanks for your courteous attention.'

"'If your Honor please, and gentlemen of the jury, the defendant's attorney has sought to throw discredit upon and impeach circumstantial evidence. In the absence of positive evidence, it is the only class obtainable. Hundreds of the most heinous crimes have been traced and the criminals apprehended and punished by this kind of evidence. Every circumstance, every particular in this case, points to the defendant as the guilty one. By insinuation and suggestion, the attorney has sought

to impress upon you the possibility that some unknown, whose identity they refuse to disclose, has made away with the $40,000. This is nonsense, pure and simple. Had they evidence that would incriminate any party outside of the defendant, would they not produce it to save him? The directors of the bank have been harshly criticised for not compromising on the terms offered by the defendant. They are convinced in their own minds Frank Howard knows where that money is. To accede to his offer would make them participes criminis, in protecting crime. To safeguard the interests of the public and the bank is their duty. The embezzling of other people's money by officials is becoming a frequent occurrence. An example should be made of them when detected. This would deter others from pursuing the same policy. Reference has been made to the defendant's previous good character. There are numerous cases on record where men have led honorable lives for a period of years. They could not resist a temptation, fell from grace, and their upright career was ruined. The present case coincides with these. It is the story of another good man gone wrong. The happy social and domestic future so vividly painted by the attorney for the defense should have been considered by Frank Howard when enticed to commit a crime. From the testimony we expect a verdict of guilty as charged at your hands.'

"This closed the case. The judge instructed and charged the jury as to the law governing the case. In chief he said:

" 'The defendant is guilty of embezzlement, or innocent of the crime. If any doubt exists in your mind, you must give the defendant the benefit of that doubt. Mr. Sheriff, take charge of the jury. You will now retire and deliberate.'

"In the interim, the probability of a verdict and its nature was discussed. Lawyer Sweeney was sanguine of acquittal, or a disagreement, which would be a victory for the defendant. The clock indicated the jury had been out two hours and fifty minutes, when a call for the sheriff came from the jury room. The talesmen filed in and took their seats. All was acute expectancy. The judge cautioned the spectators to refrain from any demonstration.

" 'Gentlemen, have you agreed upon a verdict?'

" 'We have,' responded the foreman, and handed to the Clerk a strip of paper. The Clerk read: 'We, the jury, find the defendant guilty of embezzlement, and recommend him to the mercy of the court.'

" 'Poll the jury, please,' said Attorney Sweeney. Each one in turn was asked: 'Is this your verdict?' They answered in the affirmative. The judge thanked the jury, and told them they were discharged. A whispered consultation took place between Attorney Sweeney and Frank Howard. The attorney arose and said:

" 'May it please your Honor, I had thought of preparing a bill of exceptions and making a motion for a new trial, but my client has upset my calculations. He requests permission to address the court and explain his desire.'

" 'Mr. Howard, you have my consent,' replied his Honor.

" 'If your Honor please, I am aware there is a routine of legal impediments that could be utilized to delay the machinery of the law. I do not wish to avail myself of any technicalities. I am prepared to receive my sentence; I bow to the will of the inevitable. My attorney has earned my profound gratitude for the able defense he put forward, in the face of adverse circumstances. I cherish no animosity towards the jury for having found me guilty. There are two kinds of circumstances in the passage of live, viz: good and bad. I am a victim of the bad kind. Some day the veil that obscures this secret will be lifted and the wrong done me righted. Do not construe these remarks as a bid for clemency, your Honor. I respectfully ask that judgment be imposed instanter. For condescending to listen to my remarks, I return my honest thanks.'

"Judge Smith deliberated for a few minutes. 'Mr. Howard, your request is a singular one. The rule is, when a person has been found guilty, to delay the operation of the law, by motions, appeals; and every device is exhausted known to the legal profession. Your petition is the exception. I shall

comply with it. I have worn the judicial ermine for sixteen years. I have become familiar with all grades of criminals. I am willing to go on record as saying, I do not believe you guilty of the crime of embezzlement. Were I to follow the dictates of my conscience, I would set you free; but a jury of your peers has pronounced you guilty; I am only an instrument of the law and must prescribe the penalty. I shall give you the minimum sentence. Mr. Howard, the judgment of the court is, that you be incarcerated in San Quentin for a term of three years. I remand you to the custody of the sheriff.'

"A dramatic scene took place. A lady, beautiful beyond compare, handsomely gowned, glided to Frank Howard's side. Placing one arm around his neck, with the other uplifted, she exclaimed:

"'They have pronounced you guilty, my betrothed. I proclaim you innocent. To prove my faith, I will marry you now, right here, if his Honor will perform the ceremony.'

"The lady was Miss May Wilton. The audience was moved to tears. Women sobbed; men drew out their handkerchiefs and wiped their eyes. Judge Smith was seen to turn his head. His Honor made no attempt to interrupt them. Striving to hide his emotion, in a low voice, Frank Howard spoke:

"'May, it cannot be, not now. Do not prolong this interview or I fear I shall collapse. Come and see me in jail, when I am composed.'

"Placing both arms around his neck, indifferent to the presence of the spectators, she imprinted a fervid kiss upon his lips, then quietly withdrew.

"This language is not mine," said the teacher to Mrs. Fremont. "It is taken from a newspaper account of the closing scene in the trial, published next day. It is correct, however. Yes, I spoke those words, and put my arms around Frank's neck and kissed him before the crowd. Do you think it was a bold thing to do?"

"No, I presume you were carried away with excitement and indignation," answered Mrs. Fremont.

"Turning to the sheriff, Frank said: 'I am ready to go with you.'

" 'Mr. Howard, it is the rule when a man has been sentenced, to handcuff him; I do not wish to subject you to this indignity. I believe you a gentleman. Give me your word to do nothing to embarrass me and I will extend to you all the privileges at my command.'

"The jail was contiguous to the court house. The sheriff conducted Frank to the most spacious cell. Frank's parents called and remained till late. Frank had especially requested that his mother do not attend the trial, as he wished to spare her hearing unpleasant remarks made of him. The mother was nearly heart-broken when acquainted with the news that her son had been sentenced to serve three years in prison; her lamentations were pitiful to behold.

" 'My dear boy, you never stole that money; it is not your disposition to do wrong. You are suffering for the crime of some other person. You were always a dutiful son.'

" 'Mother dear, you must bear up bravely. It distresses me to see your sorrow. Under the provisions of the Goodwin Act I will not be obliged to serve but two years. Before the expiration of that time disclosures may take place. I am resigned, and supplicate you to make the best of it.'

"The mother became calm. He gave his father a check for $5,000, the money he had saved. The parents would have stayed all night, but Frank counseled them to seek repose. I was with my betrothed all this time, that is why I am able to give you a verbatim story of what took place.

"Frank and I talked of the future, agreed upon plans and mode of procedure, and bade one another farewell and good-bye, as Frank was to leave for his new home in the morning.

"Mr. and Mrs. Page were on hand next morning; they told Frank to be of good cheer, and said adieu. His parents wished to accompany him across the Bay, but he urged them not to. He feared his mother might break down and cause a commotion. All being in readiness, the sheriff, Frank and I boarded a train and the journey to San Quentin was under way. The Sheriff treated Frank more like a companion than a prisoner. From the Oakland Mole we took the Ferry Boat and were soon in San

Francisco. Attorney Sweeney met us as we alighted from the boat. Frank inquired as to his fee for defending him. He replied:

"'You owe me nothing. I could not make an able defense, as I was handicapped for lack of evidence. If I can get you liberated and declared innocent, then we will talk of pay.'

"The boat to convey them to San Quentin was waiting. 'Good-bye, dearest May. May God bless you for your fidelity,' were the last words spoken by my affianced as he and the sheriff took seats. I watched the boat recede, and waved my handkerchief until it had faded from view.

"The sheriff supplied me with what follows: He had a private talk with the warden and gave Frank an excellent recommendation, and then surrendered him to that official. Frank was measured, weighed and shaved, and exchanged his clothes for a suit of prison garb. The warden said: 'I need a clerk; I will retain you in my office. Your number is 1127.'

"As Frank surveyed himself, he said: 'I am now a full fledged convict. Tell my sweetheart I am Number 1127.'

"The sheriff shook hands and left. This is my story, and the cause of my visitation. The sequel is yet to come," said the teacher.

CHAPTER XII.

THE HUMBOLDT BIG TREE.—MR. FOLEY'S BLACK HOUND.
THE DUCKS AND THE LAKE—A PHENOMENON WITNESSED BY MR. FOLEY.
THE PROSPECTOR'S LIFE.
A JEALOUS LOVER'S REVENGE.

A NUMBER of men had assembled at the store of Mr. Davis. Among them was Foley. He was opportuned to regale them with a recital.

"I was in Humboldt once upon a time. Humboldt County is noted for its big redwood trees, Giant Sequoia, the scientists call them. I was admiring one of these monsters of the forest one day, it was 18 or 20 feet in diameter. I remarked it was the largest specimen I had ever seen. An old settler and woodsman, close by, overheard me and said: 'You must be a stranger, a tenderfoot in these parts.' I acknowledged the soft impeachment. 'This is as a mole hill to a mountain when compared with the one that up-rooted and fell some years ago near Bayside. It was anywhere from 30 to 40 feet in diameter; just how tall it was I don't know, stranger, but the top reached over into the next county. It lay close to the public road. Some one started a fire at the roots and butt, which burned

the center all out, but left the outside a shell. It was burning for several weeks; it even consumed the inside of the big limbs. A stock man came along with a drove of cattle; there was just an even thousand in the bunch. When the herd came to this big tree the leaders walked right into the hollow butt and every other beast followed. The owner was mad clear through. There were ten cowboys. Some of these the boss told to ride on the outside of the tree, the rest to go behind the herd. Two-thirds of the distance from the butt, the fire had burned a hole through to the outside. The opening was big enough for a good sized house to fit in. When the cattle saw this breach, they veered and came out into the open. The owner, with the help of the cowboys, counted the drove and found 285 head missing. Back they went through the tree to the butt; no sign of the lost cattle could be seen. They began to search in the branches. There were found the absent steers. They had strayed into the hollowed branches, past the opening. Well, sir, the distance from the hole in the side was so great that it took them all day to reach the rest of the band. It's a fact, stranger,' said the old woodsman. This is a Humboldt yarn. I am not responsible for its veracity.

"You all know that black hound of mine!" They nodded assent. "He was a medium size, coal black greyhound. He could run some. For several weeks I was prospecting in the vicinity of the Forks of Salmon. The dog was my associate. Occasionally

he would wander off alone for a hunt and be gone all day, but returned to camp at night. The day I packed up and got ready to leave the Forks, my hound was absent; gone off on one of his periodicals. This did not worry me, for I expected when he came back, found me gone, he would take up my scent and overtake me. When I reached here in the afternoon, I stepped into the telephone office and rang up the Forks of Salmon. I inquired if any person had seen my hound. The manager of the store answered: 'Yes, he was just here. Say, I see him now going up the road, hitting the high places.' I hung up the phone, walked out into the street; there stood my canine, wagging his tail and glad to see me. The distance from the Forks of Salmon to Sawyers Bar is sixteen miles, measured. I had not exceeded five minutes at the telephone. His hair was a trifle moist from perspiration. Yes, that was going some.

"I witnessed a great phenomenon once. I knew of a lake that was the favorite resort for ducks, when they migrate from the North to the South in the fall of the year. I have a weakness for the meat of the web-footed birds. Armed with my shot gun (Old Betsey) I repaired to this rendezvous to procure a mess. When I came in sight of the lake, no sign of water was visible; the quackers covered the surface in such a dense body, that no fluid could be seen. The lake was three miles in length by one-half a mile wide. There must have been millions. They were packed so close together I doubt if you

could have inserted a pin between them. Such a noise as they made! They were all quacking at once. It is beneath my dignity to shoot birds setting; I always take them on the wing after they rise. I gave a holloa; they rose en masse (gentlemen, that's French). I was too astonished to shoot. With their feathers, the ducks had absorbed every drop of water in the lake; it was dry. I could have killed hundreds by turning loose Old Betsey, but was too amazed, and failed to get any.

"In the course of a week a traveler passed and hailed me: 'I say, stranger, do you believe in miracles.' I answered: 'Yes, I have found it cheaper to believe everything that is told me than to go searching around for evidence to disprove the tales.'

" 'Where I just came from in Oregon, a wonderful thing happened a few days back. There is a hole, or hollow between mountains, that has been dry since Noah sailed in the Ark. A lake has suddenly appeared there about three miles long and half a mile wide. No one up there can explain it.'

"I knew the solution; those ducks had carried the water from my lake and deposited it in Oregon.

"The prospector is an independent biped. He is in a class by himself. From the mother earth he seeks to wrest treasures, hidden from the human gaze, and increase the circulating medium. Sometimes he is solitary and alone; generally there are two in partners; often more. The prospector is the pioneer in every mining camp. They make progress through the most rugged country, blazing trails, sur-

mounting obstacles, that to the uninitiated seem nigh impossible. They will scale a perpendicular cliff, if a pan prospect or piece of gold-bearing ore will reward their labor. Buoyed with hope, he never says despair. A fortune is just ahead of him; if he does not strike it rich this week, maybe next week, or month, or year. His faith is in the future; every cloud has a gold or silver lining to him. He is a generous, whole-souled individual. The stranger who strays to his camp is invited to partake of his frugal repast. If it chance to be night, a request to accept of his hospitality till morning is forthcoming. An inventory of his stock and utensils would comprise flour, baking powder, coffee, sugar, bacon and beans; these last two are staple articles. If reduced to exigencies, to the use of these two, and flour, the prospector can live and wax fat. Bacon, beans and flour are the prime commodities in discovering mines. His implements of labor are a pick, shovel, iron pan for washing dirt, called a gold pan, mortar and pestle for pulverizing quartz; sometimes a few luxuries are added to this list, but those enumerated are necessaries. In his pocket he carries a magnifying glass, and every piece of float is carefully examined for gold. In his pack or on his shoulder is carried a repeating rifle. The country through which he travels is the home of deer, bear and other wild animals, and furnishes fresh meat. When his larder is exhausted, he seeks the nearest town, replenishes his commissary, and is off again. The small urchin is always his friend, or rather a

friend of his companion, the long-eared little beast of burden. The small boy will follow the donkey as long as permitted, in hopes of being rewarded by a ride. The first rise of prosperity to California, and every mining state, should be credited to these delvers after buried treasure. The worthy co-adjutor of the prospector is the burro. Praise should be given to these faithful animals for their part in the discovery of new mining regions. They plod along all day, seemingly contented with their lot, bearing a load as large as themselves. When evening comes and a camp has been selected, after being unloaded, they indulge in a roll on the ground, get up and go to feeding on whatever the country affords. Chunks of bread, fat bacon or a dish of beans are luxuries to them. A lump of sugar will make a burro hee-haw and smile from ear to ear; in the absence of these, a few old newspapers, an old ribbon or leather boot, will suffice, and even old tin cans are relished by these four-footed friends of man. Small favors are gratefully received and larger ones in proportion. They possess cast iron stomachs and digest anything from a piece of oak timber to a worn out cross-cut saw. About once a month the prospector files the burro's teeth, then he is able to bite a wire nail in two. They can be turned loose at night, and relied upon to be close to camp in the morning. Unlike the horse or mule, they never forsake their master. They are patient, companionable little animals."

* * * * * *

On the afternoon when Frank Howard received the $40,000 for safe keeping, James Stone was present. When he saw the cashier count and place the package in a drawer, he communed with himself:

"I have long wanted to gratify my revenge on Frank Howard for having won the affection of the only woman I ever loved; here is my opportunity."

His plans were soon formed. Tim Desmond, the night watchman of the bank, lived in the suburbs with a friend. It was his custom to go on duty at 6 p. m. every evening, and remain till 6 a. m. each morning. He had a key to a rear door with which he gained entrance. James Stone was familiar with this, and the route traveled. On this evening he made it his business to meet Tim.

"I have some important papers to look at tonight. The president left some unfinished, that he wants me to prepare. I will go to the rear door, knock twice, you unlock the door and let me in. Father wants this kept a secret. You might lose your job if he heard you spoke of it."

"I will be as dumb as an oyster," spoke Tim.

Disguised beyond recognition, James Stone made his way to the back door, and gave the signal. A key rattled in the lock, a whispered "Who is there?" "All right, it's I, Tim." The door swung open and James Stone entered. He had removed his false dress, and secreted it outside. He had waited until he thought the public asleep. The time was ten minutes past one.

James Stone walked straight to the drawer containing the $40,000 package, drew from his pocket a bunch of keys, tried them until he found one that opened the lock. The money was there just as the cashier had left it. To transfer the package to his person was the work of a second. He first examined the contents. The bills were of a large denomination, one thousand each. One of these he drew out. Calling to Tim, he said:

"This is pay for your silence. Remember, no one entered or left the bank. Now let me out."

The door was opened, he made his exit, donned his disguise and walked to his lodgings.

James Stone did not reside with his parents. When he became dissolute and kept late hours, his father told him to practice better habits, or seek another abode, so he got accommodations elsewhere.

Once in his room he stored the money in his trunk and locked the same. "Ha, ha," he chuckled. "If this night's work does not land you in San Quentin, Mr. Howard; and you, my fine lady, if this does not cause you many a heart scald and wring tears from those pretty eyes, I am no prophet. You rejected me for him. Revenge is sweet, and I will have it."

The following day, when Tim was sent for, appeared before the directors, and learned $40,000 was missing, he was astounded. When given the $1000 by James Stone, his Celtic wit reasoned that James had done something not on the square, some dirty work. He went to James' habitation. Once inside, he delivered a tirade:

"Jim Stone, you are laughing in your sleeve over how you hoodwinked Tim Desmond with that story of looking at papers and doing business for your father. You must think I am easy, to be satisfied with $1,000 when you have $39,000. You have made a cat's paw out of me. Now you hand over $4,000 more or I will go to the directors and give the whole thing away. You are cunning as a fox, but I am not asleep."

"Look here, Tim Desmond, you are equally as guilty and as deep in the robbery as I am. You have $1,000 of the stolen money now, which would send you to the state's prison. You want $4,000 more. Well, there is no use in us quarreling. I will give you that sum, but you must not bother me for any more. Remember, I did the brain work in this scheme. Here is the money."

Tim expressed satisfaction, and said good night. To himself he mused: "I got that sum easier than I expected. I should have hit him for $10,000."

Here was exhibited the avarice in some men's nature. The conviction and sentence of Frank Howard took place. James Stone was in ecstasy. These were his thoughts: "Howard is disgraced for life. She has fled to some unknown parts. I am avenged."

CHAPTER XIII.

Jack Clancy Saves Two Lives.
Miss Wilton Receives a Proposal, but Refuses.
A Christmas Entertainment at Sawyers Bar.

JACK CLANCY was a fine specimen of manhood. His age was 34 years; he was in the prime of his life. The summer he spent chasing the illusive Goddess of Fortune. In the winter season he obtained employment in some operated mine. A tunnel six hundred feet in length had been driven into the mountain, and the ore along the vein extracted. At this distance the ledge took a dip of 33 degrees into the bowels of the mountain. An incline to pursue the quartz was sunk 400 feet. Sixty men were at work along this incline. A furnace and steam engine were stationed at the top to hoist and lower the cars by means of a cable. It was supposed that sparks from the furnace lighted the timber of a combustible nature. If there is one thing above another that strikes terror to miners, it is an underground fire. The alarm was given, the men made an escape out into the open air. A roll call showed all present except one man, Chris Winters. The opinion was general that he was asphyxiated and beyond relief.

"Get a rope, quick!" came from Jack Clancy.

"What are you going to do?" asked a number of men.

"He has a family; I will make an effort to save him."

"Why, it's suicide to venture in there now," spoke the miners.

"Bring the longest half-inch rope on the works; no time to argue now," said Jack. "If I begin to feel overcome, I will tie one end of the rope under my arms around my body, you will feel the rope tighten; then haul away."

Jack tied a wet sponge over his mouth and nostrils; crouching low, he entered the tunnel. A volume of smoke was rolling from the opening. Jack carried a lantern in one hand, the rope in the other. He made rapid headway. After a painful experience he reached the station; he could go no further. The fire was on all sides. He was nearly choked with smoke, and thought he would have to turn back, when he sighted an object prostrate on the ground. He knew his search was rewarded. Hastily tying the rope around Chris, he gave the signal agreed upon. The rope tightened, the body moved, Jack followed. Jack's jumper caught fire. Pulling it off, he threw it behind, and struggled on. His head began to whirl, he staggered, reeled and of a sudden, fell. The men on the outside did their part so well that it took but a short time to pull Chris Winters out into fresh air. The men knew the reason for Jack's non-appearance. Willing hands seized

the rope and made a dash into the tunnel. They found Jack as he had fallen. They soon had him out where he could inhale the pure ozone. Restoratives were applied. Ere long both men regained consciousness. Jack's first inquiry was: "Did Chris come to all right?" A woman stepped forward and said: "Yes, my benefactor, his wife and four children are ready to go down on their knees and invoke the blessing of God upon your head for having saved their husband and father."

"Please, none of that, Mrs. Winters. Soft words break me all up."

Jack was voted a hero, and was the idol of the miners. The fire was subdued and the damage repaired. Jack had kept company with Miss Bartle for a year. As yet they had not plighted their troth, but the knowing ones foretold a wedding in the bye and bye. After her arrival he had met and become enamored of Miss Wilton. In comparison, the two ladies were dissimilar. The teacher was cultured and refined. Her ability as a linguist, her associating with the "400" in society made her at ease in any company; add to these her personal charms, she was as perfect a lady as could be met.

Miss Bartle was a wild rose, a product of the mountains. She had not enjoyed the advantages of the favored lady. She was deficient in those graces, that polish of manner, which can only be acquired by contact with the Bon Tons.

The recherche Jack noted the discrepancies; his ardor cooled for Miss Bartle. He transferred his

affections to the teacher. Miss Bartle noted the change in his demeanor, and her hatred for Miss Wilton was intensified.

This lady perceived Jack's preference, and discouraged his advances. Her aim was to treat him civilly, not to wound his sensibility. At every sight of her, his infatuation increased. He was desperately in love. It became apparent to the people, and a topic for debate.

Accompanied by Katie Fremont, it was the teacher's practice to take a stroll of a few miles into the country on Sunday morning. It was a fine day in autumn. They had meandered along the thoroughfare, when the teacher's footsteps were arrested by a noise directly above her head. To her it sounded like "whir-ir-ir." Katie looked up, screamed:

"A rattle snake! Oh, Miss Wilton, a rattle snake; run for your life, jump!"

For a second time in her life she was paralyzed with fright, unable to move. The rattle snake is no respecter of persons; he does not discriminate between a handsome young lady or a burly specimen of the genus homo. He was coiled; he had sounded the danger warning with his rattles. He was in the act of springing to strike, when a pistol shot rang out. The snake writhing and quivering in the throes of death, for the bullet had torn its head off, rolled down the slope and lay almost at her feet.

Katie was tugging at her arm, yelling: "Come away, it will bite you."

With the report of the weapon the spell was broken; her equanimity restored. She looked to see from what direction the shot had come. There stood her deliverer, Jack Clancy, hat in one hand, the weapon in the other.

"Miss Wilton, I am overjoyed that I was in time to be of small service."

"For the second time my existence has been prolonged at the opportune moment. The first occasion was from an automobile. In both instances my blood seemed to stagnate, and I could not help myself. I must bear a charmed life. I passed through the small pox unscathed. Mr. Clancy, I have heard of the brave deed you performed at the burning mine; I am the second person you have saved. I am under obligations which I am afraid I never can repay."

"Miss Wilton, you can more than repay me. You can make me the happiest mortal on earth. I know I am not worthy of you and it seems presumptuous to aspire so far above me. I followed you intentionally today to learn my fate. If you are free, if not already engaged, I pray you will give me consideration, one little ray of hope. Can you, will you, be my wife?" He had dropped to his knees and seized her hand. Oblivious of Katie's presence, who stood open-eyed and wondering, he poured forth the words in a passionate appeal.

For several minutes the teacher was silent. "Mr. Clancy, I hardly know how to couch my answer. This is the most serious problem that has ever

confronted me. I regret I did not cause my engagement to be announced on my arrival in Sawyers Bar; it would have saved pain to both of us. The man who saved my life in the first instance I have promised to marry. I am pledged to him by every sacred tie known to the human heart. He is a noble man, the soul of honor. You have the stuff in you of which heroes are made. Go to Miss Bartle; she is pining for your love and will make a good wife; try to be happy with her and forget me. Do not, I beseech you, take my refusal seriously. Let us retrace our steps."

"One minute, please. I am going to present you with a souvenir of this day." Stooping down he cut the rattles from the snake. They numbered nine and a button. Presenting them to her, he said:

"Keep these as a memento of Jack Clancy and what might have been."

She accepted the gift and they walked back in silence. Her thoughts reverted to her innocent lover, serving time for a crime he was not guilty of. At the gate of her residence she extended her hand:

"I value your friendship highly, and wish to retain it. Let us be the same as before today. Is it a compact?"

"Most assuredly. I should have reasoned better than to suppose a lady, so beautiful and good, would be free from suitors. We will ignore the happenings and remain friends. Good-bye," said Jack.

The teacher cautioned Katie not to mention what she had seen or heard.

Christmas was approaching. The teacher announced to the scholars that there would be no closing exercises held the last day of school, but an entertainment would be given in the Town Hall on Christmas Eve. For her to advocate a measure was to have it adopted by the community. When the lady had occasion to stroll through the principal street, every male biped uncovered his head; a failure to doff his hat would have resulted in his head gear being forcibly removed by some by-stander. The individual who would have had the temerity to make an uncomplimentary remark, or even intimate he did not like her, would have found some admirer astride his neck chewing his ear. As Foley said: "She is the Angel of Sawyers Bar; I have never seen her wings, but I feel sure she has them."

The teacher set to work selecting and assigning parts to the children. Some were to declaim; others were to take part in dialogues and plays. For two weeks she had them rehearse every day. The school closed for the term three days before Christmas. The lady, pupils, and Mr. Foley, decorated the Hall and arranged a huge Christmas tree.

The evening arrived. The tree was dazzling in appearance, illuminated with colored lights and loaded to its fullest capacity. The tiny tots spoke cute pieces; all acquitted themselves very creditably. Danny O'Brien read a composition, the title of which was "Then and Now." It read as follows:

"At this time it seems fitting that a glimpse of the past may not be amiss. When assisted by others we were responsible for the undoing of some able pedagogues. I shall enumerate the most conspicuous acts of meanness. For several terms that have faded into oblivion, we virtually ruled the school. Our books or studies never bothered us. It was fun or mischief we were looking for. One day in the winter season I climbed to the top of the building and put an inverted can over the stove pipe. When the teacher came, the first thing he did was to fill the stove with wood and start a fire. The stove began to smoke and soon filled the room. He turned the damper one way, then another, but it was no use; he was at a loss to account for the action of the stove. A girl told him to look on top of the pipe. He ascended the building, removed the can. We had the outlet of the pipe blocked so the stove could not draw. To say he was angry would be drawing it mild. We had a long play time while he was working to get the stove to draw. He questioned each scholar, but nobody did it. The younger pupils were afraid to inform on us. We had them intimidated.

"Another time we fixed a bucket of water over the door so that the slightest jar would cause it to upset the contents over the first person to enter. We posted all the pupils to keep away from the door. It worked like a charm. The teacher came, turned the knob, pushed open the door, and down the bucket and water came all over him; he was

wet clear through, and had to go for dry apparel. This gave us another long play. For this, two of us were suspended, but were soon re-instated. One teacher used to put in his spare time splitting wood. A neighbor of mine had cut a fir tree from which the balsam flowed in a stream. I procured a small can of this and carried it to school. I sneaked into the woodshed and smeared the ax handle good and plenty. It was of a white color and not easily noticed. At recess the teacher sallied out to the shed, seized the ax with both hands and made a swing at a block of wood. When he tried to drop the ax it refused to let go. It stuck to him closer than a poor relation. He yelled lustily; he wrestled around the shed and finally succeeded in freeing himself from its loving embrace. We were watching the performance and could not restrain our shouts of laughter. This balsam is more adhesive than mucilage. Coal oil is the only remedy that will remove this sticky substance. As there was none handy, he had to go to town. This afforded us another long recess. Three of us were expelled for this, but again we were taken back.

"You have all heard of throwing cayenne pepper on a hot stove. We practiced this on one tutor, who became so aggrieved that he threw up the school at the end of two weeks. Hitting a teacher, with his back turned, with big wads of spit balls was a daily pastime. We never knew a lesson when called upon to recite; we told the pedagogue it was too hard, we could not learn it. If he lectured us, we

would grin at him. We cared nothing for to acquire knowledge.

"It was a stroke of good policy when the Trustees hired Miss Wilton. We started our pranks, but this lady promptly nipped them in the bud. Of course, we could not continue to carry on indefinitely; there had to be a halt. Through kindness and love we were made to see the error of our ways. I am heartily ashamed of my past conduct. If I could be brought face to face with each teacher whom I helped to make miserable, I would tender a manly apology and impress upon them that I was sincere in my regrets. I can truthfully say I have learned more this term under Miss Wilton than I did in four preceding terms. All praise to the lady. These are the sentiments of my schoolmates."

The teacher being called upon, recited:

THE OLD FASHIONED BOY

"Oh for a glimpse of a natural boy,
A boy with freckled face.
With forehead white 'neath tangled hair,
And limbs devoid of grace.

Whose feet toes in while his elbows flare,
Whose knees are patched always.
Who turns as red as a lobster when
You give him a word of praise.

A boy who is born with an appetite,
  Who seeks the pantry shelf
To eat his piece with sounding smack;
  Who isn't gone on himself.

A Robinson Crusoe reading boy,
  Whose pockets bulge out with trash.
Who knows the use of rod and gun,
  And where the brook trout splash.

It's true, he'll sit in the easiest chair,
  With his hat on his touseled head;
That his hands and feet are everywhere,
  For youth must have room to spread.

But he doesn't dub his father "Old Man,"
  Nor deny his mother's call;
Nor ridicule what his elders say,
  Or think that he knows it all.

A rough and wholesome natural boy,
  Of good old-fashioned clay;
God bless him, if he's still on earth,
  For he'll make a man some day."

The tree was loaded with gifts and the distribution took place. The teacher had expended ninety dollars of her own money to buy presents for the children. None were overlooked. She used judgment and bought serviceable articles. The exhibition was the finest ever seen on Salmon River.

The lady received a number of presents; among the list was a nugget of gold valued at $23.00; a card bore the inscription: "From the Placer Miners." This she prized above all others.

The teacher received a call from Miss Bartle. "I have come to ask your forgiveness and beg your pardon. I am ashamed of my despicable actions; you have returned good for evil. Jack Clancy has told me all. He has taken your advice, and we are engaged; please let us be friends."

"Yes, we should have good will towards every one this blessed Yule Time. Mr. Clancy is a fine man and I am pleased he has returned to his first love," spoke Miss Wilton.

"I have a large stock of dry goods. If you care to enter my employ and preside over the ladies' department, I will pay you a good salary," said Mr. Davis.

"When not at work I suffer from ennui. This will occupy my time during vacation. I believe in union rules, and will not be on duty more than eight hours, or remain after 6 P. M. My salary will be $50.00 per month. If this is satisfactory, I will become your employee," spoke the teacher.

"All of which is agreeable to me," said the merchant. He instructed her in the cost and selling price of the goods, and the lady entered upon the duties of a saleslady.

CHAPTER XIV.

Mr. Foley's Wonderful Greyhound, and What Happened to It. How Salmon River Got Its Name, as Explained by Mr. Foley. The Origin of the Hook Bill Salmon.

MISS WILTON and her betrothed were regular in their correspondence. Each week she wrote a letter and received one in return. Frank Howard gave an account of prison life, of his work at the Warden's office. That he did not mingle with the other convicts. That all things considered, he was well treated. His letters were in a hopeful mood.

Mrs. Page wrote a motherly article. It pictured how lonesome the good woman was. How she missed May, and implored her to return to "Old Aunty," and comfort her declining years, as soon as possible.

Foley was urged to relate an anecdote: "I owned a greyhound, in the middle mines, that could discount anything for speed and endurance that boasted four legs. He was a large dog, bright bay in color. You all know a deer is the fleetest animal that roams the hills or dales. Whenever my hound got sight of a deer, it was all off with the venison. If there was any of his tribe handy, he made signs

to his relatives, I will not be home. The swift footed hare and rabbit were just common amusement for the dog. He disdained to chase squirrels or small game. I was out hunting one day and spied a deer in the distance. The hound started in pursuit; I brought up the rear. The deer headed for a thick belt of timber. At the base of a big fir tree lay my dog in two halves, quivering and gasping. He had got under such impetus he failed to avoid the tree, struck, and the force split him in two, slick and clean, just as if it had been done with a knife. I had some knowledge of surgery, so I picked up the two halves and hastily joined them together. In my hurry and excitement, I reversed the ends, that is, I put half the head and a half the rear in company, with the result that one front and one hind leg were on the ground, whilst the other front and hind legs were in the air perpendicular. When I surveyed the job and saw the contrast, I was inclined to rectify the error, but when I examined the animal I perceived he was breathing from both ends, and the knitting of the flesh was taking place, so I concluded to let him go as he lay. I went to my cabin, got some food, water and a blanket, brought these to where my hound was, went off and let him take his chances. I visited him every day and he was doing fine. On the fifth day when I started for home the hound ambled along after me. He would travel on half of him for a piece, then flop over on the opposite side. He could

navigate equally well on either half. I imagined his hunting days were over. Not so; in a few days he was up to his old tricks; he was not so speedy as before the accident, but he never seemed to tire; could run indefinitely. He had the advantage of being able to see all ways, straight ahead, behind, side-ways and cross-ways. The deer knew him; when one saw the hound chasing him, he stopped and awaited the slaughter. The deer reasoned, it's no use to resist, that hound will get me sure. I might as well yield up the ghost; I am booked for the happy hunting grounds, so just break the news to mother. I missed my hound for several days, he had been absent; I was on the point of searching for him, when I read in the morning paper this account: "Two hunters shot and killed a strange looking animal yesterday in the mountains not far from here, and brought the carcass to town. It was chasing a deer. Of a sudden the venison stopped, seemingly paralyzed with fear. The hunters say this strange creature would run awhile on two legs, then turn a somersault and run on the other two legs. The hunters are sober men; it is hard to question their veracity. As he was about to spring on the deer the hunters shot him. When examined, it was apparent nature had deformed the beast. Scientists, who inspected the carcass, say it is a monstrosity, a mammoth Ichthyophagous, a species supposed to be long since extinct. It will be given to a taxidermist, and after-

wards sent to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington.' From the description, I recognized my hound, but never put the newspaper wise.

"Did I ever tell you how this river came by its name? When the first settlers arrived in this section, in quest of gold, there were no bridges or means of crossing. Those who desired to gain the opposite side were compelled to swim, or remain where they were. A prospector, leading a mule, was anxious to gain the other side. It was the spring of the year. The snow in the mountains was melting. The river was running banks full. With the rise in the water, a run of salmon began. The stream was full, school upon school, a solid body of them. The prospector said: 'I christen thee Salmon River.' As he gazed a brilliant idea seized him: ' I believe that mass of fish will sustain the weight of myself and mule, and enable us to reach the other side. I'll try it.' Leading the mule, he ventured upon the backs of the finny tribe; the fish seemed to take a pride in being used as a bridge and arched their backs higher, to afford dry walking. At first the man went cautiously, but as the weight made no perceptible depression, or sinking, he gained confidence and moved rapidly to the opposite shore. As he merged on dry land, he paused for a few minutes to express thanks to the fish. He noted that not even were his feet wet. The mule was busy taking a look backward; he spied a big salmon, one of the largest

of its species, close to the edge. The Hybrid animal could not resist its inherent nature to kick. The big fish was within easy range of its hind feet. The mule let drive, and landed fairly on the snout of the salmon, which caused its bill to hook or bend. Before making the acquaintance of the mule's hind feet, salmon were all of one kind, straight bills; since that encounter, all posterity of the kicked fish have a curve in their nose and are known as Hook Bill Salmon, as a lasting reproach to the mule; but that long-eared quadruped did not seem to shed any tears over it.

"I notice my friend, Judge Barnes, is present," said Foley, with a twinkle of his eye. "I was traveling once and came to a town. I entered the leading hotel in search of something to appease the inner man. A burly negro, black as the ace of spades, stepped up, and enquired: 'Do you wish dinner, sah? If so, just step into the dining room. My wife will attend to your wants.' I walked in, expecting to see a colored Aunt Dinah, but was disappointed. A fine looking Caucasian woman came to take my order. I asked if that African was connected with the hotel. 'Why, yes, he is my husband, and the proprietor.' 'Your husband,' I repeated, 'why, that's the worst I ever heard.' 'My sister did much worse than that; she married a Missourian.'

"A woman had a sick boy back in old Missouri. She sent for a physician. On reaching the house,

the M. D. felt the youth's pulse, and said 'open your mouth and let me see your tongue.' The lad gazed at the medical man bewildered. He repeated the demand, with the same result. The mother said: 'Son, open thy gob and stick out thy lollicker.' The mouth opened and the tongue protruded. 'He don't savey your lingo, doctor,' said the mother.

"I started to make a journey that would consume the major part of a day, so took a lunch with me. My food consisted of two large home-made biscuits and a piece of meat. I tied these up in a bandana, and carried it in my hand. As I was passing a neighbor's, he hailed me to stop and chin awhile. This man had two boys old enough to be full of mischief and curiosity. They were named Billy and Jimmy. I laid my bundle on a post, and sat on the porch to swap yarns with the father. I noticed the youngsters eyeing my parcel. Directly they edged up and took it down, and proceeded to undo it. They spread it out on the ground. One said: 'What do you think it is, Billy,' as he examined one of my biscuits. 'I dunno, Jimmy, must be a turtle or terrapin. Run get a coal of fire out of the stove, and we'll make him walk.' Jimmy brought the coal of fire and put it on the biscuit. 'Now blow, Billy, blow hard with your breath, and when it gets hot, he'll move.' I thought it was time to rescue my biscuit, or I would be minus a lunch. I went to them and said: 'Boys, what are you trying to do?' 'We want to make this terrapin

walk, he is playing possum.' I said: 'That's no terrapin; it's a biscuit.' 'Run Jimmy, come away, it might go off. They both took to their heels. The father came, looked, and said: 'Them is some like dodgers my mother used to make to go with sop.' That's the Missouri name for gravy or sauce. 'We wallop the dodgers in the sop, and I tell you, it's larrapin good truck, neighbor.'

"A steamer ascending the Mississippi River met a flat boat descending. The Captain of the steamer hailed the master of the flat boat: 'Ship ahoy, what are you loaded with?' 'Lumber and fruit,' came the response. 'What kind of lumber and fruit, and where do you hail from?' 'Hoop poles and pumpkins; Pike County, Missouri. Luff away on that main stay, you blasted land lubber."

CHAPTER XV.

TIM DESMOND MAKES A CONFESSION. JAMES STONE ENDS HIS LIFE, AND THUS ESCAPES TEMPORAL PUNISHMENT. FRANK HOWARD IS PARDONED AND RELEASED.

TIM DESMOND was a firm believer in the Catholic Faith. Every Sunday he was a regular attendant at Church. Dating from his intrigue with James Stone, he abandoned his religious duties to a great extent. Six months had flown and Tim had only been seen at the house of worship twice. The Priest sought him, and administered a rebuke for his lack of zeal.

"You have neglected your duties. Have you become a backslider or an apostate?" He urged Tim to come back into the fold and be a good Christian.

Tim was suffering from remorse of conscience. That small still voice that comes in the silent watches of the night, reproved him for the part he had taken in the robbery. He feared to go to confession, and this duty he must perform before he could receive the Blessed Sacrament. One year had elapsed, and Tim was still perverse. The pastor interviewed him once more.

"My dear man, if you have done some act you are ashamed of, something that is troubling you, make a clean breast of it and you will receive forgiveness and feel relieved. Remember the case of the penitent thief on the cross. If you do not return to the Church and your duties, you are excommunicated ipso facto."

Tim's conscience and the entreaties of the good Priest were a combination he could no longer resist. He replied:

"I have taken part in a crime for which I have been tortured by anguish. An open confession is good for the soul, I have heard. My mind is made up. Tomorrow I will tell you all and be guided by your counsel."

"See that you do," said the Priest.

Tim would long ere this have given to the authorities a statement of the bank robbery, if convinced of immunity from prosecution. Agreeable to promise, he repaired to the Priest's abode and avowed everything in relation to the stealing of the Forty Thousand Dollars. The Priest instructed him how to proceed to obtain clemency for himself. He urged him to use haste to repair the wrong and have Frank Howard liberated.

The Sheriff was in his office when informed that Mr. Desmond wished to see him on private business.

"Show him in," said the official.

"Well, Tim, what can I do for you?"

"Frank Howard never stole that money for which he was convicted. I know who did, but before I deliver the proof, I must have a promise from those in authority, that the accomplice will not be molested."

"I will send for the District Attorney and also Mr. Howard's attorney," spoke the sheriff. A telegram was sent Lawyer Sweeney; as fast as boat and cars could travel, he came. When all had gathered in the office, Tim made the same proposal he had made to the Sheriff.

They agreed that the accessory should be used as State's evidence and be exempt from the law. Tim related the particulars of the robbery. He had no excuse to offer for his part, except that he had been duped by James Stone's plea of wanting to fix papers for the President. He produced the Five Thousand Dollars, and handed the money to the Sheriff. His confession was reduced to writing, signed and sworn to before a Notary Public. Tim was told he might go his way.

A complaint was sworn to by Attorney Sweeney, a warrant issued and placed in the hands of the Sheriff for the arrest of James Stone.

Armed with Tim's confession and a letter from the Sheriff, Attorney Sweeney boarded the first train for Sacramento to lay the evidence before the Governor and secure a pardon for Frank Howard. The spectacle of the Sheriff at the bank was something extraordinary. He enquired for James Stone.

That individual stepped to the counter. In a subdued tone of voice the officer acquainted him with the facts in his possession.

"I advise you to submit quietly to arrest, and not cause a scene. I am prepared to take you."

"Excuse me to put away the books, and I will be ready," said James Stone.

The Sheriff nodded assent. He was not prepared for what ensued. James Stone returned to his place hastily, arranged affairs, then stepped behind the desk, where he was obscured from view. From a pocket he drew a four-ounce phial of carbolic acid, placed it to his mouth and drained the contents. He staggered into sight. The empty bottle had fallen to the floor. The Sheriff and bank employees hurried to his side. He would have fallen, but gentle hands placed him upon an improvised couch; a physician and the ambulance were summoned, but before these arrived James Stone's spirit had gone to answer before a higher tribunal than any on this mundane sphere. His last words were:

"They will never arrest me."

The President ordered the bank closed and business suspended. As soon as the body was removed to the morgue, the coroner impaneled a jury, who rendered a verdict of suicide. In the pocket of James Stone's coat was found a document which read:

"Realizing that my secret may be divulged, I am prepared for that emergency. In my trunk in the

rooms I occupy will be found what remains of the Thirty Five Thousand Dollars. How I have spent the balance is nobody's business. I am not a thief by nature. I saw a chance to be revenged on Frank Howard, and I took it. My mother is the only one for whom I have any regrets if discovered; the blow will fall heavily on her. My father I care nothing for. The opinion of the public does not concern me. I will never be taken alive. Signed, James Stone."

An examination of the trunk disclosed Twenty-three Thousand Dollars; the remainder of $12,000 had been spent playing the races. The coroner took charge of this sum and turned it over to the bank directors.

On reaching the Capital City, Attorney Sweeney was handed a telegram apprising him of the suicide. He had no difficulty in obtaining a full pardon for Frank Howard from the Chief Executive. His next move was towards San Quentin. Arrived there, he delivered the papers. The Warden honored them and told Frank Howard he was a free man. His personal belongings were restored, he donned his citizen's clothes, and drew forth a handsome gold ring, presented it to the Warden, saying:

"Keep this as a remembrance of my gratitude for your humane treatment."

"I never believed you guilty; I shared the opinion of the judge, who was forced to impose sentence on you. It is just twelve months and nine days since

you became an inmate of this institution," said the Warden. "Now good-bye, and may good luck attend you."

Frank Howard stepped into the open. The doors clanged behind him. He exclaimed:

"Liberty, no man knows what a priceless treasure thou art until he has been deprived of thee; this glorious sunshine, yon blue sky; this health giving ozone, and freedom to go where you please; all these benefits are denied the unfortunates confined in this prison."

Mr. Howard and Attorney Sweeney took passage on the boat, and by 6 p. m. were in San Francisco.

"For the parents of James Stone I have sincere sympathy; this disgrace will be hard for them to bear," said Frank Howard.

His first deed was to send a message to his affianced, Miss May Wilton; it read:

"Am free, expect me in a few days."

He crossed the Bay and went direct to the home of his parents. They were expecting him and were over-joyed at his release and the establishing of his innocence. Frank received many messages of congratulation. The newspapers that evening contained a complete account of the crime and expose of the real culprits. The following morning Mr. Howard received an urgent communication from President Stone to call at his residence. He went, and was grieved at the change. Mr. Stone looked twenty years older. As they clasped hands, he said:

"No one rejoices at your vindication more than I do, but oh, Frank, at what a cost to my wife and me. The pain, the disgrace that recoils on us is almost more than we can bear. Tell me, was it my son whom you suspected from the first?"

"Yes, Mr. Stone. The lady to whom I am engaged to be married had rejected James; this embittered him against me. Next, he was the only person who knew of the money being in the drawer that night, outside of Mr. Bailey and myself. His hatred towards me was observed by others. For these reasons I felt he was the guilty one."

"Frank, why did you not tell me; I might have averted this calamity."

"Mr. Stone, bear in mind that what I have told was only an opinion, and opinions do not stand in law. Had I intimated to you my belief, you would have been incredulous; besides, I had a high regard for you, and did not wish to wound your feelings."

"Frank, I have decided to retire from business life. I am going to resign the Presidency of the bank in your favor. I cannot bear to appear in public. My wife is under the care of a physician; he has grave fears for her recovery. I have a farm in the country and will seek its seclusion. If the position of President be tendered, will you accept?"

"Mr. Stone, the office is an enviable one. Any man would be proud to be the recipient of such a high honor. If it is given me spontaneously I will

accept it. I have private business that will consume my time for a few days; in fact, I expect to be a happy benedict."

"On your return, call on me, and the matter spoken of will be arranged to our satisfaction," said Mr. Stone.

Frank Howard took his leave. He went direct to see Mr. and Mrs. Page, where he received an affectionate welcome. He told the aunt and uncle that he would start that evening for the purpose of bringing Miss May Wilton home, and their wedding would follow.

CHAPTER XVI.

Two Hearts Are Re-United.—A Wedding at Sawyers Bar. Frank Howard Assumes the Position of Bank President.

FOR more than four months Miss Wilton had been employed as saleslady, when one day she received a telegram from Frank Howard; in her exultation she showed the message to Mr. Davis.

"I am both pleased and grieved," said the merchant. "Your joy in the release of Mr. Howard, which should over-shadow every other sentiment, I share with you, but it pains me to know we shall lose you. I have the satisfaction of knowing I was justified in bringing you here. You have proved a worthy disciplinarian. Miss Wilton, I wish you had a sister or even a prototype. If such were the case, I would soon be a married man, with the consent of the lady."

"It will require an effort to sever the associations formed in this community. Everybody has been kind and lent me valuable support. My dear aunt has been a mother to me, and my first consideration must be for her."

Two days later Mr. Frank Howard reached Sawyers Bar. The reader can picture in his mind's

eye the meeting between the lovers after a separation of twelve months and a half. The news went out that the school was to lose its teacher; that her intended husband had come to take her away. A meeting of the citizens was held and the condition discussed. The sentiment was in favor of having the marriage ceremony performed in the town. A committee of three was appointed to wait on the lady and Mr. Howard, and inform them of the wishes of the people and gain their assent. Mr. Davis, Claw Hammer Pete and Live Oak Jack comprised the committee. They sought the residence of the teacher, and Mr. Davis made known their errand. Mr. Howard told them Miss Wilton could decide. The lady said:

"Gentlemen, I yield, in recognition of the many friends I have made, and the affection I feel towards the whole country. We will be married here."

Calling Mr. Howard aside, Claw Hammer Pete spoke:

"Partner, we are all going to chip in and make this a big pot. There will be no passing the buck; everyone has got to ante and play his hand. I reckon as how you'll have the pop hand and carry off the prize, but we'll have a square shuffle, cut and deal, and a big whoop 'em up time."

"Yes, we'll have a blow-out that will astonish the natives. Red fire, string band, big eat, and shake your leg. Every man must wear store clothes, a boiled shirt, and have a clean bandana.

We'll have three kinds of pie, bald face, open face, and covered. Real oyster soup with milk in it. There's nothing too good for you-uns, and we-uns will set 'em up again," said Live Oak Jack.

So it was settled. A courier was dispatched to Yreka for the license. The Town Hall was tastefully decorated for the wedding. A dance was to follow and supper served at the hotel. In twenty-four hours the man with the license returned. Notice had been sent to the surrounding country that the jollification would take place that evening.

At 8 P. M. the organ pealed forth a wedding march. The bridal party entered and took their respective places. Judge Barnes was radiant in evening dress. His dignified presence befitted the occasion. Miss Bartle was bridesmaid, Mr. Clancy best man, and Mr. Davis gave the bride away. They were the handsomest couple ever married at Sawyers Bar.

"This wedding gives an eclat (that's French) to the whole town," spoke Mr. Foley.

After the words, "I pronounce you man and wife," the Judge stole a kiss from the pretty lips of the bride.

"You never learned that in Missouri. There's no 'show me' about that performance," said Foley.

After the congratulations, all adjourned to the ball room. The bride was besieged for dances. She favored each in turn. At midnight all sat down to the festal board.

"I propose the health and prosperity of the bride and bridegroom," said the merchant. It was responded to with a cheer.

"Ladies and gentlemen: We meet people to whom we become strongly attached. When these tender interests are about to be torn asunder, when we are about to separate, it creates a sad feeling. When we come in contact with refined people, it leaves an impression; we feel better. Mrs. Howard has accomplished wonders with our school, which will suffer an irreparable loss."

"I never lived in a place where I was better treated. I can never forget the people of Salmon River. I shall visit you for an outing some time, and renew our friendship," said Mrs. Howard. "Mr. Foley, let us hear from you."

"I will read you a clipping from an Arizona paper: 'Spread of style in Arizona. Every symptom points to a tendency to spread of style in Tombstone. Among other instances in this direction, the boys bought a pair of beautiful barber pole suspenders and presented them to the amiable dispenser who shoves the amber extract of cheerfulness over the mahogany of the Parlor Saloon. He promptly donned the innovation, but claimed that he felt like he had a fence rail on each shoulder; then when they became over-burdensome, he would unbutton them and permit them to dangle in front, but he finally got them down fine enough to go to church in. Several old-timers conspicuously court-

ing attendants from the other end of the County have fallen into the habit of wearing boiled shirts, and it looks as if sky-blue overalls might be discarded as a full dress costume. "Getting powerful tony" in town nowadays.'

"The above aptly describes the conditions that existed in this burg twenty-five years ago. The following incident will illustrate an Eastern syndicate who were the prospective buyers of a group of mines. They sent out an expert to examine and report. He was a dapper little fellow, sort of dude. The boys took exceptions to his personal appearance and more particularly to his wearing apparel. He wore a tall hat, broadcloth suit, an immaculate white shirt with a diamond in the bosom, patent leather shoes, and carried a gold headed cane; a swallow tailed coat, which he exhibited, and the first of its kind seen here, excited the derision of the boys. An impromptu gathering debated the novelties and resolved to take action. Buckskin Bill was spokesman. 'Are we going to allow them new fangled garments to parade and flourish in our midst? That stove pipe, chimney peak hat looks just like a monument a locator erects on one corner of a quartz ledge. That spike tail coat, looks like the man who made it was short of material and run it through to a point, and them shiny leather shoes are too dainty for this terra firma (I have to inject a little Latin; my knowledge of the Dead languages is something fierce, said Foley). These articles enumerated can-

not mingle with our toggery. The shades of Pioneers echo, No!' A dance was given on Saturday evening. The boys were more than liberal in their invitations to imbibe, but the expert said he never indulged. The boys' idea was to get him intoxicated, but he was wary. At supper time the opportunity came. They obtained the hat; the first thing was to paint it green; then they placed it on the end of a pole and marched from one end of town to the other, singing, ''Tis a relic of old decency, that hat my father wore.' By way of diversion, someone would out with his gun and shoot a hole through the headgear. At every saloon they would line up at the bar and address the hat thus: 'Will you join us in a little liquid refreshment?' When they had a surfeit of this kind of fun, they carried the hat to where stood the flag-staff, ran one of the halyards through the stove pipe and hoisted it half way up; in that way they left it. In the morning it was visible at half mast. To any one who enquired, the answer was: 'Oh, the hat died last night.'

"The expert was mad as a hornet, but concluded silence was the better part of valor. He hastily departed. On arriving in the East, he characterized the men here as 'desperadoes and bad men from away back.'

"I have a little doggerel composed for the occasion," said Foley:

"It must be sweet as life's pathway you tread,
To know you are loved and just been wed
To the lady of your choice, one who through life
Will be to you a helpmate, a dear, happy wife.

Should sorrow or trouble retard your progress,
Smile and look pleasant, your wifey caress.
She'll give you her whole heart,
I pray give her thee and thine,
And you'll be happy as pigs in clover,
'In the good old summer time.'"

This ended the festivities. As they had assembled to welcome the lady on her arrival, so the people gathered to bid herself and husband God-speed, and see them depart. A private conveyance was secured, and amidst a shower of rice and the throwing of old slippers, hand-shaking and farewells, Mr. and Mrs. Howard bid adieu to the good folks of Salmon River.

As Claw Hammer Pete remarked: "The wedding was a red letter day in the history of Sawyers Bar."

In safety they reached Oakland and went to Mr. and Mrs. Page's, their home for the future.

Mr. Howard called to see Mr. Stone the next day. That gentleman told Frank his resignation was in the hands of the directors, and that they were all agreed to offer the presidency of the bank to Mr. Howard. "They seem anxious to make amends for the injustice done you," said Mr. Stone.

"I do not care to assume the function for a week. I have just been married and wish to enjoy the honeymoon," spoke Mr. Howard.

At the expiration of the period, Mr. Howard sought the bank and was elected to its highest office. The directors were profuse in their apologies for the course pursued by them. Frank accepted all with a good grace.

"My first act will be to restore Tim Desmond in his old position. He has had a lesson, and I will vouch for him." The directors offered no objection, so Mr. Frank Howard, President of the Corn and Exchange bank, took charge.

Attorney Sweeney, who so faithfully espoused his cause, was asked to name his fee.

"I will be satisfied with whatever you please to give."

Mr. Howard paid him one thousand dollars.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard had their adversity; now they are reaping their reward, prosperity.

FINIS.