COMMITTEES REPORT

All Arrangements for Dewey's Reception at New York Completed.

ALL THE TICKETS ARE APPORTIONED

Work on the Dewey Triumphal Arch Being Rapidly Pushed—A Slight Accident Attending the Raising of a Figure—Committee of Seven.

New York, Sept. 25.—All the general arrangments for the reception of Admiral Dewey are now completed and only a few minor details are left to be settled. The majority of these cannot be attended to until the admiral has arrived and his wishes have been consulted. All the sub-committees have about finished their work and have presented their reports to the general committee. The committee on distribution of tickets was at work all yesterday in the mayor's office until late into the night. They apportioned nearly 20,000 tickets, all there were at their disposal. There were applications for more than 100,000. Their work did not include the distribution of tickets to the municipal assembly and the school children's stands. These tickets will be at the disposal of the municipal legislators and the president of the board of education.

The committee on stands will hold its final meeting to-day and decide exactly what will be the capacity of the new stands. If the committee stands for all the expenditures it has authorized it will have spent more than $45,000 in excess of the first appropriation made to it of $30,000 and $4,000 more than it has in sight even if the municipal assembly votes to give it the additional $25,000 that is to be asked for at Tuesday's meeting of the aldermen and council. For the seventy odd thousand expended the committee has furnished about 20,000 seats to the ticket committee, 4,000 on the hall stands, 6,000 for the school children, 10,000 for the municipal assembly and 25,000 for the veterans of the G. A. R., a total of about 40,500 seats for about $74,000.

Work on the big Dewey triumphal arch is rapidly being pushed and the arch will be in proper condition in plenty of time. Yesterday while some workmen were raising the figure of a sailor to the top of a pedestal, a Broadway car ran against one of the guy ropes of the derrick and derrick, statue and workmen fell over on top of the car. There was a slight panic among the thousands of people watching the structure from the sidewalks but the police finally restored order. No one was hurt and the figure of the sailor was but slightly damaged.

Gov. Deforrest Richards, of Wyoming, has telegraphed asking leave to withdraw his previous refusal to participate in the celebration. The reply was sent that New York would be pleased to welcome him.

Concerning the committee of seven that is to attend Admiral Dewey during his stay in this city, Mr. Foster said he had received a reply in writing from Chauncey Depew and in person from Richard Croker and William McAdoo. Mr. Croker said the committee could make any use of him it desired and that he was ready to do anything in his power to help along the success of the celebration. With the exception of Levi P. Morton and W. C. Whitney all the members of the committee have accepted. Neither of the last two has been heard from.

Plows and Implement Prices Raised.

Chicago, Sept. 26.—A special meeting of the Northwestern Plow and Implement association was held yesterday. The condition of the steel market was discussed and it was decided to make another advance of about 25 per cent. above the schedule made at the meeting of the association held last July.

Lake Carriers' Wages Advanced.

Cleveland, O., Sept. 26.—As a result of a meeting of the executive committee of the Lake Carriers' association held yesterday the wages of nearly 14,000 men employed on the vessels of the Great Lakes will be raised from 10 to 20 per cent. beginning October 1. This includes 2,000 engineers, who demanded an advance of 12½ per cent. and threatened to strike should it not be conceded.

Confessed to a Murder.

Pana, Ill., Sept. 26.—Henry Brunot, who is in jail for the murder of his aunt, Jane Brunot, yesterday confessed to a friend to the murder of Mrs. Mary McIntyre, who was mysteriously slain here last winter. He said he had one more confession to make and then he was ready to die.

A Professor Cuts His Throat.

Boston, Sept. 26.—Dr. Herman Wadsworth Hayley, 35 years of age, instructor of Latin in Wesleyan university and a member of the faculty, was found dead in his room in the United States hotel yesterday with his throat cut. He had committed suicide. He was one of the finest classical scholars in the country. Lately he had been haunted by a fear of losing his mind.

Apostolic Delegate for the Philippines.

New Orleans, Sept. 26.—Archbishop Chapelle has received notice from the pope of his appointment as apostolic delegate for the Philippines. He is already apostolic delegate for Cuba and Porto Rico, besides being archbishop of New Orleans.

President Diaz Cannot Go.

City of Mexico, Sept. 25.—President Diaz cannot go to Chicago on account of the illness of Mrs. Diaz. He has appointed Lic Ignacion Mariscal, minister of foreign relations, to go as his representative.

Chicago Dewey Invitation Committee.

Chicago, Sept. 26.—A vestibule train of ten coaches will leave Chicago today, carrying the Dewey invitation committee to New York, where it will invite the admiral to Chicago for the fall festival.

HE GOES TO TOPEKA.

The G. A. R. Commander-in-Chief to Address Kansas Veterans.

HE TALKS ABOUT THE DEWEY PARADE

Gen. Shaw Receives a Large Number of Indorsements of His Action—The Kansas G. A. R. Reunion Opened at Topeka.

Watertown, N. Y., Sept. 25.—Albert D. Shaw, commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., before leaving last night for Topeka, Kan., where this week he will address a reunion of the veterans of that state, said:

I regret all this trouble over the Grand Army's position in the Dewey parade, but it is from no fault of omission or commission on the part of the duly constituted authorities of the Grand Army of the Republic. We believe what is accorded veterans in other states should be granted New York comrades without any wobbling or special pleading. However, when we old veterans are gone, the armed soldiers who are yet to fight battles will not be worried about having aged veterans, who have stacked arms on "fame's eternal camping ground," trouble them over hair-splitting questions of where the nation's preservers should march in a civic pageant similar to the Dewey parade. I will not be at the Dewey parade. I leave to-night for Topeka to be present at the great gathering of veterans, September 27 and 28. Before I was elected I promised to go out there. When the question of the Grand Army appearing in the Dewey parade came up, I wrote that this civic function might prevent me being with the Kansas comrades. I was sharply taken to task for this by the committee at Topeka, which wired me that all arrangements had been made for my reception, and added: "It is more important for you to be here than in New York." The Kansas comrades always head the line in civic pageants of honor and ceremony. They do not trail on behind younger men who have their records to make, but march at the front with "Old Glory" as a guide, which they helped to make the emblem of a united and glorious nation. Under these circumstances, and not having received any invitation from the Dewey parade committee, I go to Topeka. I do not know why I should have been slighted in my capacity as commander-in-chief and I am proud my comrades are widely and emphatically resenting.

Gen. Shaw has received a large number of indorsements of his action from leading Grand Army officials and posts regarding the refusal to accept the place assigned in the Dewey parade.

KANSAS G. A. R. REUNION.

Topeka, Kan., Sept. 25.—The sixteenth annual state G. A. R. reunion opened here to-day. It will last a week. Camp Funston is now in readiness for the old comrades. The tents have all been pitched and arranged by congressional districts. The committee having the reunion in charge expects an enormous attendance. On Thursday, Gen. A. D. Shaw, commander-in-chief of the national G. A. R., will be here to deliver an address.

CAMPAIGN LITERATURE.

Messrs. Johnson and Cook Will Supply the Democratic Press with Signed Articles by Party Leaders.

Chicago, Sept. 26.—The Record to-day says: Samuel B. Cook, who manages the ways and means bureau of the democratic party, has returned from a trip to Missouri. He said that Executive Chairman Johnson, of the national committee, would move the democratic press bureau from P. J. Devlin's office when he returned to Chicago, about October 8, and thereafter Mr. Johnson and himself would supply the democratic press of the country with campaign literature. When Mr. Johnson was here recently he notified Mr. Devlin that his services would be dispensed with on his return. The bureau will be established in Mr. Cook's Unity building office. Next year a special editor will be appointed. Mr. Cook's intention is to supply the press with signed articles from party leaders each week.

Railway Employes Called Upon Hanna.

Cleveland, O., Sept. 26.—A committee from the Street Railway Men's union called upon Senator Hanna, who is the president of the Cleveland City Railway company. The conference was secret. At its conclusion the men said they had been received very courteously by the senator, who admitted that the strikers on the Big Consolidated lines had grievances which should have been adjusted, and would have been adjusted if they had worked for his company. It was denied that a demand had been made for the recognition of the union on the senator's road.

MISSOURI GOVERNMENT LANDS

State Commissioner Rixey Publishes Data Concerning Them for the Benefit of Inquirers in All Parts.

Jefferson City, Mo., Sept. 26.—For the benefit of inquirers in all parts of the country State Commissioner Rixey has published data concerning government land in Missouri. During the year ended July 1, 1899, the total public land was reduced by 23,000 acres. By a new rule the public land can now be purchased at $1.25 per acre and the purchaser secure immediate title, or it may be homesteaded and the settler acquired title by five years' occupancy. There remains in Missouri the following government lands: In the Boonerville district, 109,020 acres; in the Ironton district, 121,800 acres; and in the Springfield district, 213,920 acres.

The G. A. R. Reunion at Topeka.

Topeka, Kan., Sept. 26.—Grizzled veterans who, more than 39 years ago fought for human liberty and the preservation of a nation, poured in Camp Funston by the hundreds yesterday from all sections of the state. They are here to participate in the state G. A. R. reunion and will make a week of it. The reunion opened last night with a "free-for-all" campfire, presided over by Capt. C. H. Titus, of Topeka.

Earthquakes, Landslides and Floods.

Calcutta, Sept. 26.—Earthquakes, floods and terrible landslides occurred at and near Darjeeling, in the lower Himalaya Sunday night. Great damage was done.

Yellow Fever in New Orleans.

New Orleans, Sept. 26.—For the 48 hours ended yesterday evening there were three new cases of yellow fever.

GOING OF THE CIRCUS.

With Sinking Heart the Boys Behold the Preparations for Departure.

The performance in the tent is fearfully drawing nearer and nearer to the end. The boys see this with a sinking heart. A man makes an announcement that surely betokens a time when all this glory must pass away. In sharp staccato tones he declaims aloud: "The perfawmance ees not half ovah. The gentlemanly agents will pass around the ring with tickets for the concert." What he says about its being on a real stage with scenery falls dully upon the ears of the boy that has not "the smole sem of a daime, tain cents."

The fireworks at the end dazzle and delight him, but half their glory is spoiled by the thought that the blissful dream is o'er, and to-morrow returns the tedious round of life. As he clambers down the steps he notes that at the farther end of the tent from the stage the quarter poles are being taken down and loaded into wagons, and when all is over at last there is nothing but the seats just vacated, the quarter poles which stay up the canvas directly over them and the center poles remaining. Outside the main tent all is gone. At 8:45 the work began. As fast as anybody got through with his turn the properties were all taken apart and put each in its numbered place in the wagon. Every bit of wardrobe for which each performer was responsible went into the little compartment of which he had the key. In their regular order each wagon moved off to the train waiting on the sidetrack for it.

The circus tent stands alone. The gasoline chandeliers hang in the center till all the properties are removed. Last and most difficult of all to get out is the spiral up which the man propels the globe. Then the stars are lowered and extinguished, and flaring torches light the place with their yellow, smoky blaze. A stentorian voice calls out: "Get—readayay!" and presently sinks to the ground, the last of the Canvas City of Enchantment. The facings are quickly undone, the pieces rolled up and put in the wagon and the show is gone.

Next day the boys playing around Vandeman's lot see only the litter and the places where the rings were dug.—Eugene Wood, in Ainslee's.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN.

He Was Suffering, Apparently, from a Heavy Overdose of Loudly-Played Piano.

"I'd like to know," said the middle-aged man, "if a dislike of noisy things is a sign of increasing age? If I thought it was I would go and spend some hours a day in a boiler factory, because I don't want to seem, even to myself, to be growing old; but I can't believe that it is; I can't believe but that it is perfectly reasonable for me to like music, for instance, soft and lovely and gentle music, rather than music of the slam-bang sort, or things played in slam-bang fashion.

"I like the loud-voiced and joyous calliope first rate. Ho! I wouldn't want a calliope in the house, but on a steamboat or a locomotive, or in a circus parade the calliope goes straight to my heart. I like its hearty tones and its great, wild freedom. It's all right for a calliope to be noisy, and you expect it to be, and you'd be disappointed if it wasn't, just as you would be disappointed if some elephant you met should be carrying, instead of the regular trunk, just a valise or a measly little handbag. If I was going to build a calliope myself I'd build one ten times bigger than any I ever heard; and still I do not like to hear noisy things—that is, things that are just noisy. I do not like, for instance, to hear anybody bang on that noble instrument, the piano; I hate to hear anybody put on the loud pedal and then pound. That distresses me—always. I'd an everlasting sight rather hear something soft and gentle and soothing and lovely.

"Now, is this an evidence of decadence, or breaking up, or old age, or fretfulness on my part? If I thought it was I'd take a full boiler factory course right away; but I don't think so; I can't believe that it is any evidence of age, or even of mental distortion, that I should dislike to hear sweet bells jangled, and prefer to hear sweet bells in tune."—N. Y. Sun.

The Modern Ironclad.

It would seem that as the ironclad departs from the original ship form, she grows more dangerous to the people in her, because the naval constructor never seems to provide that she shall be accountable for her behavior in stormy weather. He sends something to sea, and Jack, half stifled, is under water in it. A turret is visible awash; frightful pieces of ordnance point long and leanly to the sky; add a pole mast and a military top, and call the whole a man-of-war. The theory of the naval constructor moves at a costly figure in this extraordinary departure. He would secure the sailor's life against the shot of an enemy by clapping him up in a ship which threatens at every lurch in a moderate sea to go to the bottom.—Pall Mall Gazette.

An Explanation.

"It is said that only very clever people are ever afflicted with hay fever—people, you know, who have won their way upward. Why do you suppose it happens that way?"

"It's because ordinary people who have not won their way upward have to pass the trouble off as a common cold and stick to work."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Her Chances About Gone.

Whenever everybody gets to wishing somebody would marry a certain girl the truth is, that girl's chances are about gone.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Englishmen may now spend a fortnight in Paris or Switzerland for $35, or enjoy a Norwegian tour for $50.

Underground London contains 34,000 miles of telegraph wires, 3,063 miles of sewers, 4,530 miles of water-mains, and 3,200 miles of gas pipes.

In the agricultural parts of Ireland $2.25 a week is the highest wages paid to a laborer in regular work. On the coast of Dungloe women can earn $3.50 a week curing fish.

Throughout France there were in 1880 drinking shops to the number of 356,863, while to-day the number is just 500,000—that is to say, half a shop for every 50 inhabitants, leaving children out of the question.

At Weissenfels in Germany a 15-year-old shop girl committed suicide after being dismissed on account of a trifling theft, and her 18-year-old sister followed her example on account of the disgrace.

Clocks are manufactured in various parts of the empire of Japan to such an extent that the importation of all but the very cheapest kind has been stopped. American movements are exactly imitated, but the springs are imported from the United States.

An extraordinary occurrence happened the other day in Brussels. A milkwoman with her cart, drawn by two dogs, was passing through a street in the center of the city, when of a sudden the roadway opened and the cart and dogs disappeared. Investigation showed that the roadway had been undermined by rats, which swarm in the neighborhood. — Independence Belge, Brussels.

Details of a revolting crime perpetrated by the keeper of the public cemetery of a small Bohemian town near Prague, have just been discovered. This official conceived the idea of excavating the older part of the vineyard, and selling all the old bones he could find for industrial purposes, as he found that certain manufacturers paid more for human bones than for those of animals. The cemetery official had been earning money in this way for several years before he was detected and suspended from his post.

WHEN FOLKS MARRY.

According to This Authority Bachelors Are at the Danger Point When 26 and Spinsters at 24.

The most dangerous age for a bachelor is under 26½, to be accurate 26.35, as the registrar general dryly puts it in his statistical return just issued. The most joyous and delightful age for a woman is something over 24½—24.59. That is to say, that it was at those precise ages that the average bachelor of last year and the average maid became one.

The bachelor, however, grows more wary year by year. He was older in 1898 than in 1897 when he fell into the toils. The average bachelor was married in 1897 at 26.30 years of age, quite .05 less. The girl, too, has to wait longer now than she used to. She was .05 of a year younger in 1897 when she became a wife than in 1898. As for the people who marry as minors they are rapidly becoming a vanishing number, among men at least; 84 out of every 1,000 husbands in 1874 were married under the age of 21, and so were 227 out of every 1,000 women. The boy husbands have come down to 51 per 1,000 now; the girl wives have dropped to 170 per 1,000. There have not been so few boy and girl marriages at any time since 1851.

Of the total marriages in 1898, 42,751 persons were minors. Of these there were two girls, 14; ten, 15; 158, 16; five boys, 16; 681 boys, 17; 1,190 girls, 17, and 3,325 boys and 6,284 girls, 18; over in the girl wives run into tens of thousands and actually nearly 12,000 youths of 20 were married.

There has been a decided slump in widowers and widows of late. In 1874 139 husbands and 169 wives in every 1,000 were widowers and widows respectively. Things have changed since then; there were but 98 widowers and 69 widows in every 1,000 marriages in 1898. The widower, by the way, is obviously more dangerous to the susceptible heart of the opposite sex than the widow. It is to be noted, however, that when the widow selects a bachelor as a husband she takes a man nearly two years her junior; when she chooses a widower her husband is nearly five years older than herself. — Chicago Times-Herald.

Intelligent Monkeys.

A few days ago a gentleman from New York was sitting in the lobby of one of the hotels talking to a Detroit man, when the subject of pet animals was brought up. "I once had a pair of small monkeys that exceeded in intelligence any animals that I ever knew of," said the easterner. "We brought them up from babies, and always allowed them the freedom of the house. One day my wife and I went away, and when we came back we could not get into my study. Finally I forced the door, and such a sight I never before beheld! Those little monkeys had locked the door, and then proceeded to destroy things. They tore the pictures from my best books, opened the desk drawers, got out my valuable papers, tore them into small pieces and scattered them all over the table. Then they took the ink and sprinkled it over the entire waste mass. I never saw such a sight. But the strange part of it was that we couldn't find the culprits. Finally, after hunting through everything in the room, I happened to look up, and there they were, perched on the very top of the chandelier. Of course, I couldn't afford to have that performance repeated, so I took them to Central park and left them. The poor little things died not long after, the keeper said of broken hearts."—Detroit Free Press.

A RAILWAY MAIL CLERK

By CY WARMAN.

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Railway mail clerks are not railway employees, although they are under the orders of the railway officials when on the road. They are, as a class, a bright lot of men. They bring more brains and acquired skill into their work than any class of the government employees, in proportion to the amount of money they draw. They ride the fastest trains in the country, and ride ahead. On most roads their car is coupled to the locomotive and they take whatever is left when the grim reaper has finished with the enginemen.

Reliable statistics show that the mortality among railway mail clerks through railroad accidents is greater than that among the troops in the civil war. These clerks are required to pass an examination at a rating of more than 90 per cent. Department employees at Washington are given 30 days' vacation each year, but the railway mail clerk is called upon to face the dangers of midnight rides 12 months in the year. I knew one mail clerk intimately and found him one of the most interesting characters I ever met. The story of his eventful life would be interesting at any time, and ought to be especially apropos here as an illustration of the character of the average railway mail clerk and of the dangers through which he passes.

The farms in Illinois upon which we were reared were not far apart, but "Doc," who lived with his uncle, left home before he was 21 and went west. I had been in town to get the plow sharpened and on my way home I saw Doc climbing across a cloddy field behind a harrow, and he hailed me. When he came out he hung his chin over the top of the fence and said: "I'm goin west. Will you jine me?"

"What's it to cost?" I asked.

"Forty-nine dollars, second class, from St. Louis to Denver."

"Have you got the money?"

Doc shook his head.

"Did you ever see that much money?"

"Well, not at one look, but I've got it all figured out."

"How much have you got?"

"Haven't got any, but I got a job at Whiticer's stable in Carr street, and if you'll go I'll see that you never want. We can sleep in the haymow and board around."

"How'll we get to St. Louis?" I asked.

"Ride when we're tired o' walkin, and walk when we can't ride," was his

"I'm goin west. Will you jine me?"

reply. "I'm in the silk and you're in the tassel," he added thoughtfully. "Life is all before us, but you can't get anywhere on a farm. Look at some of the folks around here. What do they know? They simply stand round on one foot like a gander till the beard breaks through the freckles, and then they push the old folks off and take the plow, and in a little while get pushed off themselves. Life on a farm is one continual round of work and want. Will you jine me?"

The thought of getting up at morning and not knowing where I was going to sleep at night frightened me, and I told Doc so and we parted.

A few years later, in the dawning of the morning, as I was climbing out of an upper berth at another mountain town a man caught hold of my coat-tail, and I found that the "man under my bed" was Doc Pippin. He said he was living in Denver; so was I, and in a few days he came in to see me. He came often, and told the best stories I had ever heard. He was thin and pale, and I noticed that he coughed and pounded his left lung when he did so.

Doc went to Chicago and became acquainted with a well known detective. He was offered employment, accepted it and was sent at once to a small town in Illinois to find out a band of thieves who were stealing hogs and robbing shops. If Doc had tried, he could never have become a good dresser. Even clothes that were made for him didn't fit, and he wore his hat crosswise, like the leading man at a French funeral. His appearance upon this occasion was in his favor, and he was not long in forming the acquaintance of the toughest lot of loafers in the town. They liked Doc, as every one did who knew him, but it was a long time before they would trust him. Doc's money gave out, and he tried to borrow, and the gang gave him the laugh. "Git out and turn a trick—work," said one of the men.

"What can I do? Show me and then watch me," said Doc.

"See that jay ridin out of town?" said the tough, nodding down the road where a lone horseman was going away with the sunset on his back. "Well, he's goin out to his place in the country—goes every Sat'day night and comes back Monday—hold 'im up."

Doc knew the man, as he knew nearly every man in the place, by the description given him at Chicago, and by the middle of the following week this wealthy citizen had been notified from headquarters that he would be held up on the next Saturday night. Doc was at his post, and as the lone horseman came down the road the highwayman stepped out from the shadows of a jack oak and covered his man. That night the gang drank up the best part of $28.50 and voted Doc "a dead game toucher."

The verdancy of the gang he had to deal with made Doc's work comparatively easy. He invariably drank gin and water, and by a simple trick that a child ought to have detected—the trick of drinking the water and leaving the gin—he was always sober.

When the proceeds of Doc's raid had been expended together with the $7 received for the "jay's" watch, the gang determined to rob a hardware store. The job had been undertaken once, but had failed. The time arrived, the store was entered and when they were all in Doc ducked down behind the counter and reached the rear end of the store. Now a big bull's eye was turned upon the gang, who arose from their work to look down the dark barrels of a half dozen shot guns. One of the gang, seeing Doc with the sheriff's party, made a play for his pistol, but the sheriff shoved his shotgun yet nearer the robber's face and said, softly, "Be quiet," and he was calm.

Young Pippin's success in this now celebrated case won for him the full confidence of the agency, and before he had reached Chicago other important work was mapped out for him, but to the surprise of the agency he refused to accept another assignment.

"I could not bear," he said to me, "the thought of living a whole life that was a lie—to appear always to be that which I was not—to mix and mingle constantly with the wicked of this world, in which there should be so much happiness. It is a great and important work which ought to be done, but it is not for me."

Returning to the west again Pippin entered the service of Uncle Sam as a railway postal clerk.

Finding a letter in the mail marked to me he took his blue pencil and wrote on the back of the envelope, "Hello—Doc.—R. M. S.!" and I knew then that he was in the railway mail service.

It was some time after the receipt of this brief message that the meeting in the sleeping car, already referred to, occurred, and it was during his many visits to me at Denver that he related the detective stories herein retold.

"How is it," I asked one day, "that you are assistant superintendent of the mail service in the west when you are under 30 and new, comparatively new, at the business?"

"Hard luck," said Doc, smiling sadly, coughing and thumping his chest.

Then it was he began to tell me some of his experiences in the postal car, but he did not tell them all. He was as modest as he was nonest and would not tell me, his friend, the real tales of heroism in which he was himself the hero. He told enough, however, to cause me to find out more, and I learned that his loyalty, bravery and devotion to duty had been warmly commended in autograph letters from the highest officials in the mail service.

It was, indeed, hard luck that brought him promotion and an easy place. One night, when the train came roaring down the canyon, the engine jumped the track, the mail car went to pieces against the locomotive, the coaches piled upon the pieces, and the wreck began to burn. When the trainmen and passengers came forward to look for "the fellows up ahead," they saw large and small envelopes sailing out of the burning debris, and they knew at once that the mail agent must be fast in the wreck. The whistle valve had been forced open, and now the wild, ceaseless cry of the wounded engine drowned all other sounds and made it impossible for the men to hear the cries of the imprisoned postal clerk. All this he knew, and while the hungry flames were eating their way to where he lay he pulled the register bag to him and began to shy the valuable mail out into the sagebrush.

When the steam was exhausted and the cry of the engine had hushed, there came no sound from the enginemen, for their voices were hushed in death. Above the sound of the crackling flames they could hear Doc calling to them from his place below the wreck, and the brave train crew worked desperately right in the very face of the fire to rescue the unfortunate.

Gradually the voice of the prisoner grew fainter and fainter, and before the rescuers reached him it hushed entirely.

At last, just as they were about to give him up, as he was now apparently dead, they succeeded in dragging Doc from the wreck, and to the joy of all he soon revived. He was yet alive, but had breathed so much of the flames that his left lung was almost ruined, and he was never able to resume his place on the road.

It was this unfortunate wreck and the story of his heroism that gave him the important position of assistant clerk of the western division of the United States mail service when he was not yet 30 years old. It was the burn in his breast that made him cough and beat his left lung, that pinched his face and made his eyes look larger than they were. He went on silently, almost cheerfully, doing what he could, but we who watched knew that the hidden scar he had there was wearing his life away.

Not long ago I returned to Denver, and, meeting the chief clerk in the street, asked him about Doc. I had been wandering over the face of the earth for nearly two years, and now as my friend looked at me his face took on a sadder shade, and he answered slowly, "We buried Doc six months ago."