FUN AFTER FRETTING

Congressmen Devote a Day to Relieving Their Pent-Up Emotions.

Debate on the New Rules Turned Into a War of Witticisms.

Allen, of Mississippi, Gets the House Into a Gigantic Giggle.

Ponderous T. Reed Lets Out a Reef and Has It Taken Up in Jig Time.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28. – The proceedings of the house of representatives were marked by two significant events today. One was the receipt of the president's message announcing that the war cloud had lost its sombre hue and that the administration now felt able to cope with Chili without special powers from congress; and the other was an ebullition of that American humor which irresistibly bursts forth as the aftermath of all periods of national crisis. The former was an indication that the administration felt the hour of danger passed, the latter was an evidence that the house shared in that feeling of assurance entertained by the chief executive, and the two incidents combined have created a feeling of easy confidence in public and official circles that has not prevailed at the national capitol for months.

The reading of the president's message and accompanying dispatches was frequently interrupted by applause which was by no means confined to the Republican side of the house, and when that portion of the message was reached where the president alluded to the general support which had been given the administration as an illustration of the "unity and patriotism" of the people, the sentiment received enthusiastic applause from the Democratic side.

Allen Catches the House.

The discussion of the report of the committee on rules occupied the remainder of the day, and it was during the afternoon that an adroit motion of Mr. Allen, of Mississippi, once more drew the attention of the house to the Chilian controversy. The Mississippi Democrat moved to amend the rules by increasing the membership of the committee on foreign affairs from thirteen to seventy-five, and said:

"The great struggle to which thirteen men, the members of the foreign affairs committee, have been subjected for the last few days has prompted me to offer this amendment to increase their membership from thirteen to seventy-five. [Laughter.] We have no right, sir, in my humble judgment, to impose as much responsibility upon thirteen men. [Laughter.] Thirteen, you will remember, too, is an unlucky number [renewed laughter], and I do not want any unlucky things to happen when we come to deal with foreign affairs. [Laughter and applause.] Now, I suppose that in ordinary times of peace I should never have thought of making this proposition; but I have been prompted to it by the

Tremendous Excitement

to which we have been subjected for the last few days. [Laughter.] I do not know but that it would be proper for me to state the reasons why my views upon the question of our foreign relations with Chili have not appeared in the public print and why I have not, like the others, given voice to my warlike feelings. [Great laughter.] Sir, some thirty years ago I went to war—rather hastily. [Tumultuous laughter and applause.] My experience in the war has never daunted by courage [laughter], but it has made me decidedly more cautious. [Renewed laughter.]

"I do not want now to reflect on any of my Confederate brethren who have rushed into this war with a zeal that I think is somewhat precipitous[laughter], but it strikes me there are some of them who seem to feel that their reputation for patriotic devotion to the country is a little impaired and they want to repair it. [Laughter.] But, sir, my reputation for patriotic devotion to the country and my courage in time of battle is so well established that I do not need to rush into the newspapers to give advice. [Renewed laughter.]

Might Be Rushed.

"I, for one, do not blame the foreign affairs committee with any haste, and I am not going to censure them; but you know how easily thirteen men might be taken unawares and rushed into war with some sort of precipitation. [Great laughter.] I am not as familiar with diplomatic correspondence between nations, perhaps, as the present secretary of state, but I do know, Mr. Speaker, the code of honor that governs gentlemen in affairs of this kind, having spent the most of my life in living under that code and in fighting duels. [Great laughter.]

"In Mississippi, when one gentlemen institutes a correspondence with another and brings him down to the point of difference and finally sends him his ultimatum (laughter), if that man, after sending that ultimatum, were to rush into print and publish the correspondence before he had time to hear from his ultimatum he would be persona non grata in that state. [Great laughter and applause.]

The Accident and the Hat.

"Just to illustrate how this thing strikes me, I will read a sentence from an interview with a distinguished gentleman who once sat where you now sit, Mr. Speaker—I mean ex-Speaker Keifer. I read from the newspaper. 'Mr. Keifer thinks the sentiment in the Republican party is drifting rapidly towards Harrison. [Laughter]. His message on the Chilian embroglio was issued just in time, [Great laughter and applause on the Democratic side.] This 'drifting sentiment' in the Republican party towards that distinguished gentleman, the president of the United States, might have been stopped, if he had not got in here with that Chilian message 'just in time.'" [Laughter].

"Why, sir, I remember that not a great while ago it was stated in the public prints that on one occasion when the president was to go to New York the train that was to have left the depot at 11:50 was detained until 12:10, lest the president should travel on Sunday [great laughter]; and yet I am informed that the president had a number of printers working all day last Sunday in order to get that message in here 'just in time.' [Great laughter and Democratic applause].

The Great "Pan."

"I saw another thing in the newspapers, too, that distresses me somewhat. Patriotically inclined as I am, anxious as I am to uphold the American flag, and often as I have been willing to shed my blood and the blood of my first wife's relations in defense of that flag [laughter], I confess I felt a little bad when I read this statement made by the distinguished chairman of the foreign affairs committee, Mr. Blount, but I have no idea that they are going to force it further. No one can read that entire correspondence, gentlemen, without feeling the utmost sympathy at the almost humiliating attitude of the Chilian government.

"For a long time, Mr. Speaker, our distinguished secretary of state has been sending us documents about the Pan-American congress, and we have been making appropriations for that purpose. Now, Chili is a part of the pan, yet here we are humiliating a great part of this great pan by our hasty action. [Laughter.] I am sorry, Mr. Speaker, that I have not had time to air my war views further, but I think I have given sufficient reason why those thirteen men should be relieved of their tremendous responsibility and their number be increased to seventy-five. [Prolonged laugther and applause.]

Of course the motion to increase the membership of the committee was defeated, but it had served its purpose in giving Mr. Allen a chance to make one of those felicitous speeches which have made him the recognized wit of the Democratic side of the house.

Tom Reed Rampant.

The discussion of the rules was then resumed, Mr. Reed, of Maine, making a speech in opposition to the report of the committee. He favored the rules of the Fifty-first congress, and proclaimed his adherence to the doctrine of majority rule. He believed in the rule of the majority even when it had been chosen against the views which he himself entertained. In a sarcastic vein, he proceeded to analyze and ridicule the rules, especially satirizing the rule limiting the morning hour to sixty minutes. This would give rise to nothing but filibustering and would put in the power of a small minority to prevent the transaction of business. "And yet," he said, addressing the Democrats, "you are going to do it and will do it, although every one of you must be—the constitution requires it—twenty-five years old." [Laughter.]

He then turned his attention to Mr. Bynum, of Indiana, whom he congratulated upon being on a better track than he was when he (Mr. Reed) last had the pleasure of an interview with him. This allusion to the occasion when, as speaker, Mr. Reed delivered the censure of the house upon Mr. Bynum, caused a hearty laugh, in which Mr. Bynum himself joined. Continuing, Mr. Reed said that perhaps the Democrats thought that by hiding their heads in the sand they rendered themselves invisible. Perhaps they thought that by cutting themselves off from action they could go to the people with the declaration that they had done nothing because they were prevented by the rules. The majority was responsible not only for what happened, but for what did not happen. [Applause on Republican side.]

Shots at the Ex-Czar.

Mr. McMillin, of Tennessee, said that if there was one thing that made him happier than another, it was that the gentleman from Maine no longer occupied the speaker's chair, and that his party was in a hopeless majority.

Mr. Catchings, of Mississippi, defended the proposed rules, animadverted upon the code adopted by the Fifty-first congress and the rulings of Speaker Reed thereunder. Referring to the published statement that Mr. Reed had, in counting a quorum, sent to the cloak rooms and included in his count gentlemen whose hats were upon the several hooks, he was interrupted by Mr. Reed with the declaration that that was only one of the lies the country had been led to believe. Mr. Catchings retorted that the gentleman from Maine had at length and on various occasions explained the position taken by him in the Fifty-first congress, and that the country had heard that explanation, and had passed upon it. [Democratic applause.]

General debate having closed, the rules were read by paragraphs for amendment. On motion of Mr. Catchings an amendment was adopted increasing from sixteen to seventeen the membership of the committee on interstate and foreign commerce. Mr. Hemphill, of South Carolina, offered an amendment giving to the committee on the District of Columbia jurisdiction over the appropriations for the support of the district. Pending action, Mr. Cockran, of New York, announced the death of F. B. Spinola, of New York, and the house as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased adjourned until tomorrow.

Opening of Indian Lands.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28. — Secretary Noble has ordered five agents now in the field to proceed at once to the allotment of lands to the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians in the western part of the Indian territory. It is the secretary's purpose to have everything in readiness if possible for the opening of the 3,000,000 acres of surplus lands on or before April 1 next.

Bills for Monuments.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—Bills will be reported favorably to the house appropriating $25,000 for a monument at Put-in-Bay, O., commemorative of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry and the battle of Lake Erie, and $25,000 for a monument to William Henry Harrison, the grandfather of President Harrison, at North Bend, O.

Raum's Estimates.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—Gen. Raum appeared before a subcommittee of the house appropriation committee today, and asked for an appropriation for pensions for the next fiscal year of $144,956,000.

LOCOMOTIVE PUFFS.

The "Exhaust" Which an Engine Does in Traveling.

The number of "exhausts" emitted by an ordinary locomotive is four for every revolution of the driving wheel, and these can be easily counted when the engine is leaving a station with a good, heavy load, as it moves slowly, and the "puffs" are distinct, and take place as the crank pin passes the right, upper, left and lower centers, says the Engineer. As an example I will take a Midland express engine and work out the number of "puffs" it emits in going a given distance. We will take the run from London (St. Pancras) to Leicester, 100 miles (99¼ miles is the correct distance, but for simplicity we will take the former figure). The diameter of the driving wheel is about 7 feet; this multiplied by 3.1415 will give us the circumference, which comes to nearly 22 feet, which we will consider as correct. Now, if we divide 100 miles (the distance traversed) by 22 feet (the circumference of driving wheel), we shall get the number of revolutions of the main wheel in running this distance. There are 528,000 feet in 100 miles; this divided by 22 gives 24,000 as the number of revolutions. Now, as there are four "puffs" to each revolution, 24,000 by 4 will give us the number of "puffs" in running 100 miles, which amounts to 96,000. The express trains are allowed a little over two hours to do this journey, but I have a record before me which gives the details of a fine run by the Scotch express from Leicester to London on April 28, in which the whole journey was accomplished in 1 hour and 46 minutes, or an average of nearly fifty-seven miles an hour. This was an altogether exceptional run. So we will allow two hours for the journey, when we shall find that the number of "puffs" per hour is 48,000, or an average of 800 per minute. Edinburgh is 400 miles from King's Cross, so that an engine with the same size of driving wheel as just mentioned would give a grand total of 364,000 "puffs" in accomplishing that distance.

False Pretense.

Indianapolis Journal.

"I want my money back," said the square-jawed woman. "This stuff ain't what it's cracked up to be, by a heap."

"No?" ventured the druggist.

"No, indeed. Doesn't it say on the bottle that 'three applications to the hair will convert the most pronounced brunette into a charming blonde?'"

"I guess it does."

"Well, it didn't work with me. I'm blonde enough, but I don't seem to charm for a cent. He's gone and married that pug-nosed widder on Central avenue."

Itching Agonies

Of the skin and scalp, from infancy to age, are instantly relieved by CUTICURA REMEDIES, the only positive cure for agonizing, itching, burning, bleeding and scaly diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from pimples to scrofula, except possibly ichthyosis. This is more than can be truthfully said of any other remedy.

PUFFING RECIPROCITY

After the Relief From Fear of War Mr. Hale Drops Into Politics.

Blaine's Part of McKinley's Bill Held to Be Its Saving Feature.

Senator Hill Complimented by a Passing Shot From the Maine Man.

Speculation as to Probable Democratic Action on Silver and Tariff.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—Among papers presented and referred in the senate today was the protest of the New Orleans cotton exchange against the passage of the Washburne bill defining options and futures, and several petitions in favor of its passage.

At 12:10 Mr. Pruden, one of the president's secretaries, appeared at the bar of the senate and delivered a message from the president transmitting the additional correspondence in the Chilian matter. The vice president laid it before the senate, members on both sides of the chamber paying the closest attention to the reading, and indicating in various ways their thorough satisfaction at its contents, particularly at the sentence in which the president expresses the opinion that there is a good prospect that the difficulties can now be adjusted on terms favorable to this government by the usual methods and without any special powers from congress. The

Feeling of Satisfaction

was expressed in words by Mr. Sherman, who, in moving the reference of the message and accompanying documents to the committee on foreign relations, said he supposed that every member of the senate heartily joined in congratulation at the hopeful and honorable settlement—honorable to both sides—of the unpleasant incident.

Mr. Chandler called for the reading of Mr. Egan's communication to the secretary of state, and it was read and listened to with very close attention. The reading was completed at 12:30, and then Mr. Sherman's motion was agreed to, and the message and accompanying documents were referred to the committee on foreign relations. The resolution offered by Mr. Hale on the 18th inst., directing the secretary of state to furnish the senate with all copies of correspondence relating to an interchange of trade and commerce under the tariff act of Oct. 1, 1890, with all information received as to the practical effect of such agreements, was then taken up and Mr. Hale addressed the senate.

Floated McKinley's Bill.

He spoke at great length on the benefits of reciprocity, which he said was annexed to protection and broadened the field of the American laborer by opening new markets for his products to be paid for in articles which could never compete with his labor. He did not hesitate in stating here and now as the result of his observation that that section of the McKinley act which contained that reciprocity feature was the part of the measure which had floated the whole act and was that part of the bill which kept it from being swamped by the storm which, with or without reason, broke upon it from the day of its passage.

The reciprocity plan, born of Republican parentage, was adopted at last by the Republican party. Democratic newspapers denounced it everywhere as an impracticable sham, and wherever Democratic authority was heard from it carried with it a sneer against the measure. The senator from New York, who had lately entered this chamber and who had brought to his party as his credential of leadership the

Trophy of a Great State,

chained and gagged and despoiled of her political rights, had paused for a moment in his work of spoilation to declare in the Democratic state convention that the Democratic party of the state of New York in convention assembled renewed the pledges of its fidelity to Democratic faith and denounced in terms "the Blaine reciprocity humbug."

Mr. Hale went on to state at length the beneficial effects of the reciprocity arrangements made with Brazil, Cuba and Porto Rico, the Dominion republic, Germany, the Hawaiian islands and the British West Indies colonies. This achievement of Republican statesmanship, he said, would be carried before the people in the next presidential canvass, and when at last it had become incorporated and accepted as a part of our national policy the Democratic brethren would be seen flocking to its support and trusting to that short memory which is said to be common to all people, claiming to be the author and finisher of this great achievement.

Mr. Vest took the floor on Mr. Hale's resolution, which went over without action. The Mexican award bill (as to the La Abra claim) was then taken up as the unfinished business, and after argument went over until Monday, to which day, after a brief executive session, the senate adjourned.

TARIFF AND MONEY.

Speculation on Probable Action in These Matters.

NEW YORK, Jan. 28.—A special from Washington to the Herald says: The policy of declaring the position of the Democratic house on the tariff and silver questions by means of a series of resolutions will probably be adopted by the Democratic caucus. The fight in caucus, if there is a fight, will probably be over the character of the resolutions. The advocates of Senator Hill's policy of negation will urge the weakest possible resolutions in regard to the tariff in order to keep protectionists, tariff reformers and free traders all within the fold. The more earnest tariff reformers will probably propose substitute resolutions defining more fully the attitude of the party in favor of free raw materials, reduced duties on manufactured products and revenue-yielding duties on luxuries.

The reformers say that the character of the tariff resolutions will determine whether or not they will accept the plan of substituting resolutions for a general tariff bill. They want a policy which means something and does not look like a cowardly evasion of the issue. Mr. Springer still adheres to his policy of bringing in tariff bills dealing with single articles, but he seems in no hurry to act, and said yesterday that he did not know just how soon he should call a meeting of the ways and means committee. There have been only two short conferences of the Democratic members of the committee, and they have resulted in no agreement. Probably nothing decisive will be done by the committee until the entire problem of tariff reform is submitted to a caucus.

Some of the Eastern members of the house, who are very much in earnest on the subject of revenue reduction, are willing to accept resolutions on the tariff and silver questions in preference to attempts at legislation which might result in the passage of a free coinage bill. Their purpose, next to reforming the tariff, is to postpone or defeat free coinage, and they are ready for almost any honorable compromise which will accomplish this result. If the question was simply one of tariff, they would probably insist upon a general tariff bill, but if the adoption of a series of resolutions means that there will be no silver legislation, they may be brought to accept this programme.

The silver resolutions, according to the Gorman-Brice programme, will simply follow the idea of Senator Hill, that the silver act of 1890 should be repealed, and that an international conference on the silver question should be called. It is hoped that the Eastern men will unite with the Western men on this proposition, and that both sides will be content to let the matter drop with the adoption of such a resolution. There will be opposition to it from the free coinage extremists, but they will probably yield to the decree of the caucus. Whether they do or not, they could hardly muster votes enough in the house to overthrow the programme which the caucus had adopted. No caucus has yet been called, but the leaders will probably get together soon, after the rules have been adopted, and endeavor to agree upon a definite programme.

BOOSIER CONVENTIONS.

Republicans to Hold Three—Leaders Confer.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 28.—The Republican state committee met today, and district conventions for the selection of delegates to the Minneapolis convention were called for March 3. A state convention to choose four delegates at large to the national convention was fixed for Indianapolis March 10, and a convention to nominate state officers for June 29.

Simultaneously with the meeting of the state committee a conference of about one hundred Republican leaders from all over the state was held in the Denison parlors, at which Hon. Stanton J. Peel presided. Short speeches were made, the general drift of which was that the party was in splendid condition and prospects for success were good. But once during the speeches was President Harrison's name mentioned, and then it was received with liberal applause. There seemed a general understanding that no reference should be made to the recent exciting contests at the district conventions and none was made. The conference and the committee were both composed largely of those who favor the renomination of President Harrison. No resolutions were adopted by either body.

UNIQUE POLITICS.

White Republicans Seeking Democratic Allies.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Jan. 28.—The white Republican party recently organized in this state is making overtures to the straight-out Democracy, which was defeated by the Alliance movement in 1890. In a secret circular sent to a number of prominent Democrats, the committee of 100 says: "We make this personal appeal to you to join us in our efforts to build up such a party in the state as shall command recognition in state politics and prove of service in giving us good government. It is probably known to you that the old line Republican party in this state does not represent the intelligent and respectable adherents of the true doctrine of Republicanism. This new movement commends itself to a large number of our best men, and there is certainly no reason why any man who loves liberty and justice and has the real interest of the people at heart may not assist unreservedly in promulgating its principles.

CANADIAN ELECTIONS.

Two Conservatives and One Liberal Returned.

TORONTO, Ont., Jan. 28.—Three bye-elections to fill vacancies in the house of commons took place today. In Kingston, the late Sir John Macdonald's constituency, Mr. Metcalfe, Conservative, was returned by 96 majority. In Lincoln, Mr. Gibson, Liberal, was elected by 224 majority, and in Halton Mr. Henderson, Conservative, was returned by about 450 majority. Messrs. Gibson and Henderson were both unseated for corrupt practices by agents, and the majorities of both have been largely increased.

Favor Sunday Closing.

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 28.—After a heated discussion, but by a large majority vote, the Ohio house of representatives today adopted a resolution requesting the world's fair management to close the exhibition on Sundays.

COST OF ROYALTY.

A Great Editor Speaks Cynically of Royal Pensioners.

The cost of British royalty is about $5,000,000 a year. In addition to the maintenance of palaces and the building of royal yachts the incomes voted to the family are enormous, says Henry Labouchere in London Truth.

The Prince of Wales has over $500,000 and the princess $50,000 a year. The younger sons of the queen have been voted $125,000, the daughters $30,000 each, the Duke of Cambridge, the queen's cousin, $60,000, and his two sisters $25,000 and $15,000 respectively, and $500,000 was voted to the Empress Frederick, of Germany, when she was married.

The lord chamberlain, lord steward and master of buckhounds get $28,500 per year each, and seven lords in waiting get $3,500 each for a few weeks each year "in attendance." The ladies of the bed chamber have $2,500 a year each.

What would be thought in the United States of the senate were each incoming president able to distribute salaries to some thirty senators for performing ceremonial duties about his person or about that of his wife?

Would the senate be deemed independent of the executive were it possible to give a senator from the North many thousand dollars per annum for walking backward before the president with a white stick, a senator from the South a huge income for looking after the presidential dogs, and the wife of a senator from the West a big salary for presiding over the gowns and the petticoats of Mrs. President?

SLIGHTLY EMBARRASSING.

The Speaking Tube Was Out of Order, but Johnny Wasn't.

They stood in the darkened vestibule of a double-flat house up town. It was a late hour and a cold night, but these were nothing—for it was he and she, and they were young and stood very closely together, says the New York Herald. Time stood no show alongside of opportunity.

"You don't love me a bit!" she said.

"Love you? I worship you, sweetheart—darling!"

The blonde head was brought against the manly breast for the fifteenth time and a soft, clinging kiss was planted where it would do the most good.

"Break away," came hoarsely from amid the feminine debris.

"What did you say, dearest?"

"Come off!" in a half-smothered whisper.

"Why, darling, I never heard you use slang before. Don't—"

"I never said a word," she declared. "It must have been—" and a terrible dread overcame her.

"I never thought—" be began, regretfully.

"You did—yes, you did!"

"Why, who's that?"

Both young people suddenly started away from the wall against which they had been leaning, and stared at the two ranges of bright letter boxes and owlish-speaking tubes.

"Will you never come off down there?"

"Oh, plague on it! That's Johnny," said she, with deep disgust. "Our speaking tube's out of order—I forgot."

Sensible Insects.

Truth.

Snively—It is said that Limburger cheese placed in a cupboard will drive red ants away.

Snodgrass—The insect seems to have more than human intelligence.

UP WITH THE DRIVER.

Trips With the Noted Jehus Along the Pacific Coast Roads.

From Truckee to Lake Tahoe Under the Charge of Mr. Church.

How He Piloted Mr. and Mrs. Hayes--Clark Foss' Queer Ways.

Ride Behind Buffalo Jim's Runaway Team -- Gen. Banning.

One of the best-known stage drivers on the Pacific coast is Mr. Church, who for more than twenty years has driven from Truckee to Lake Tahoe in the morning and back in the evening from May until October, says the Chicago Tribune. It is a fourteen-mile drive, up all the way from Truckee to Tahoe. Mr. Church makes the up trip in about four hours and the return in three. This is one of the most delightful short drives on the continent. The air is pure and invigorating, and the summer sunbeams play hide-and-go-seek in the snowdrifts, which may be seen all the way. The warmest days are tempered by the breezes that chase each other from the snow banks in the Sierra canons, which always "linger in the lap of summer." Then you have the Truckee river with you all the way—that matchless mountain stream of pure ice-cold water. True, bush and flower stand up in perfection on either side and a little bird, with a throat like a thrush, warbles sweet canticles from Truckee to Tahoe. There are also quail, grouse and deer to be seen, and twenty years ago it was not infrequent that a grizzly blocked the way. Mr. Church is a married man and has an interesting family at Truckee. He has carried a good many thousands of people up the Truckee river in his life and has never had an accident. He is a stout, strongly built man of about five feet ten and is getting along toward sixty years old. He is temperate in all things, smoking one or two choice cigars each way, and taking a good horn at the end of each trip. He has never been sick or intoxicated in his life. He knows every tree and rock on the road, and could make all the turns blindfolded. He is as gentle as a young maid, and invariably sees to it before he starts that wagon, seats, undergear, pole, single-trees and double-trees, and harness are in good order. He always carries an ax, oil, wrench, rope, and washers, and is ready for any emergency after the agent gives the words, "All set." It is fair to presume that Mr. Church receives a good many presents in ways of hats and gauntlets, as he has driven hundreds of such liberal men as Stanford, Newton, Booth, Joe Redding, Jones, Fair, Mackey, Capt. Kohl, Charley Felton, Jim Ayers, Charlie Crocker, and others.

The last time I saw Mr. Church he was in ecstasies over what he considered the event of his life. He had been carrying President and Mrs. Hayes up the Truckee to Tahoe. "Mrs. Hayes was such a sweet, pretty woman," said Mr. Church, "and I knew she was a person of rigid temperance principles, and so I told her about the ice-cold water that she should have where I watered my team. Then all of a sudden it occurred to me that all there was to drink from was an old oyster can, and I would have given a month's salary for a nice cup. I broke the matter gently to her, and she said that she would rather drink from the can at such a place than from a White house glass or cup. But when we got there even the old tin can was gone. I just wanted to die right then and there. I fell over a rock in my confusion, took a back seat in my mind, and I also took about ten or fifteen minutes longer than usual to water my team, hoping that some one from Tahoe would come along with a can, or cup, or something to drink from, but at last I was compelled to tell Mrs. Hayes that the can had been taken away or had fallen into the river. And then I dipped up some water and rinsed the bucket, as I often do, and then dipped up some more and drank from it. And just as I set it down Mrs. Hayes said, 'I must have some of that delicious water, and I want it out of that bucket.' I nearly had the staggers. Was it the wife of the president of the United States who had said this or had I suddenly become crazy? Well, I dipped up a third of a pailfull and she took it up, as I had done, and drank from it, and then the president and all the other passengers followed suit, and then we all laughed and had a right good time over it. Ah, she was a nice, well-bred, lovely woman. I can just see her now drinking out of that bucket. But, out of respect to Mrs. Hayes and her husband, no horse nor no human being has ever drank out of that pail since. Mrs. Church and I consider it the most precious thing we have got in our house next to our children."

Probably no man who ever drove a stage over the coast spurs was so well known as Clark Foss, who drove from Calistoga to the geysers, a distanee of twenty-five miles, it being sixty-five miles by boat and train from San Francisco to Calistoga, part of the route being through one of the most exquisite valleys in the world, with sweeps of vineyards, orchards and grain lands for more than thirty miles on either side, walled in by spurs of the coast range called the Napa mountains on the right, and the Sonoma mountains on the left.

Clark Foss was six feet two inches, big correspondingly, and weighed 260 pounds. He owned a hotel five miles from Calistoga, where his passengers took dinner, and a dinner that has never been excelled at a wayside inn. There were always lamb, chicken, game, fresh and preserved fruit, numerous vegetables and the nicest of deserts, also coffee, tea, milk, buttermilk and pure mountain water. Mrs. Foss, who will be loved and remembered by all who ever knew her, had charge of this never-to-be-forgotten accessory.

Old Foss, as he was called ten years preceding his death, to distinguish him from his son Charlie, was a lineal descendant of the son of Nimshi, who, as is well known, drove furiously down the grades of Samaria. Twenty-six years ago Old Foss was the most reckless driver on the Pacific coast; and, before making the grade over the mountain, would chain the hind wheels and then whip his team into a canter. He was a superior driver; still, in those days the person who went with Clark Foss to the geysers took his life in his hands. And it was not until he had killed and injured a number of persons and at last turned over his stage and broken fourteen bones in his own body that he concluded that there was no fun in whipping his team down the ungraded side of a mountain. A few thousand dollars' damages ticketed him on the road to good sense. So, after his recovery, he settled up, built a splendid grade, and no person was injured afterward. He was one of the roughest men in the state, and there were few who dared to oppose him or be so blunt as he. He neither drank nor smoked, but he could swear until everything looked blue. He was a gentle husband and father, but everybody and everything else had to get out of his way. He could hold, direct, start and stop his team by his voice. I have sat on the seat with him when he had a six-horse team on the canter, when he would shout, "Down!" and the whole team would come into a trot, and then he would say, loudly, "Way down, now," and every animal would come to a dead stop. Again when his team would be approaching a nice long level stretch between his inn and Calistoga he would shout, "Shake 'em up, now!" and every horse would break into a run which I thought it impossible to check. But he could check them without touching the brake or reining them up in less than half a minute. Still, he was generally considered an unsafe driver, and his business fell off so largely a few years before his death that he had to send for his son Charlie, who was driving over the Yosemite road at the time.

Charlie Foss has no superior in the world, probably, in his line. He grew up as a driver among the coast mountains, then spent several years in Southern California and Arizona, and graduated in the Sierra. He is nearly as tall as his father, being more than six feet, but only weighs 190 pounds. He is temperate in everything and one of the gentlest and most polite fellows I have ever known. He drives from the geysers to Fossville and return—thirty-five miles—every day of his life, and never had an accident or a breakdown. There is no prettier grade in America and the entire drive is picturesque and beautiful. I have sat alongside of Charlie as he drove down the last grade into that Plutonian Paradise, at a speed of ten miles an hour where the curves were so short that many a time I could not see the leaders. He never stops at an in, or watering place that he does not minutely examine the harness and the brakes and other parts of the wagon. When he takes his seat he always asks: "Are you all ready, ladies and gentlemen?" or, "Is everybody ready?" He invariably halts at the summit, where may be seen a landscape that has few superiors. Mountains, valleys, orchards and villas may be seen for 100 miles when the atmosphere is clear and rare. Pines, redwoods, oakes, laurel, spruce, fir, manzanita and madroune stand up behind the lush grasses and herbs that embroider the enchanting way, and here and there are silver streamlets that go gurgling away down to the sparkling Pacific, which may be seen at intervals sixty miles away; and all is enlivened by the notes of birds, and the scamper of game, and the ineffable fragrance of aromatic tree, and bush, and flower.

Short, stout, jolly Billy Hamilton is known as one of the oldest and best drivers upon the Pacific coast, and a man who has owned stage lines in many parts of Oregon, Nevada and California. He could handle the "ribbons" with any of them for thirty years, and commenced staging in the Sierras in 1850. For many years he owned the lines from Colfax to Grass Valley, from Los Angeles to Bakersfield, from Mohave to Independence, and many others. Billy was fond of his "tod" when not driving. For twenty-five years he made more money than he knew what to do with, and he literally threw it away upon cards and small bottles of wine. He was generous to a fault, and has loaned more $20 gold pieces in his life than you could put in a bushel measure. I have ridden with Billy in the Sierra, through the Mohave desert and over the coast range, and considered him one of the most delightful whips in the world. He weighs 190 pounds and is sixty years old now, and, although he has struck bed rock pretty closely a number of times, he has often been helped out by Leland Stanford and Charley Crocker, who never went back on any one who had done them a service, and now owns a pretty ranch in Kern county, California, where he resides when he is not at the Palace hotel, in San Francisco, playing "cinch" for half-bottles of extra dry Mumm.

Buffalo Jim, who was laid to rest at Merced, Cal., in 1881, was a well-known Yosemite driver fifteen years ago, but had driven at times from Portland, Ore., to Tuscon, Ariz. I came down from the valley with him once, when the only other passengers were two women from Los Angeles, and two children and an Eastern clergyman. Jim was accounted a good driver, but, upon the occasion referred to, there was something the matter with the nigh wheel horse (he was driving only four horses) which he attempted in vain to discover. The animal acted worse and worse for about a mile, when at last it commenced to buck and kick up its hind legs, and finally broke in the dash board. At this the whole team started on the run and Jim put down the brake as far as he could and yanked the team with all his might, but to no purpose. His hat flew off and we went like wind. The horses all kicked and ran, and I saw he was getting worn out and scared; and, although I believed I could have helped him if he would have permitted me, and the two women were my wife and sister and their children, I knew the peculiarities of these fellows and would not offer my assistance, and merely said to those inside in answer to their questions: "The team is running away, but don't jump!" Of course, as we happened to be on a smooth, wide piece of road, and where there were no big rocks or trees, I felt that the team would run itself tired, and that the stage would not be turned over if the harness and brake held and it did not leave the grade. After the team had run four miles Jim turned and handed me the lines over the wheelers, saying, "Do your best, old man, for I'm about gone up." At this juncture the harness was getting shaky, and two of the traces had given away, but the undergear and the brake and the lines remained all right, and we struck a stretch of deep sand and at last brought up the team within a few hundred yards of a swing station, which we managed to reach in bad condition. Jim was limp with fatigue, so much so that he could not swear properly. We all drew long breaths, although none inside realized the closeness of the call. In a few days afterward I arrived in San Francisco and published a description of Jim's heroic action in the Bulletin, and sent him a nice hat and a box of cigars by Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express.

Hill Beechey, who died at the age of sixty, twelve years ago, at Elko, Nev., was a crack driver away back in the '50s, and was known all over the Pacific coast. He was short and stout and weighed 200 pounds. He owned a good many stage lines in California, Nevada, Oregon and Idaho, and died quite rich.

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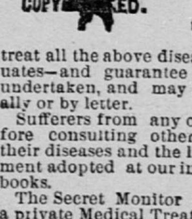

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