

The EXPRESS ROBBERY.

How Charles Motley Was Saved From Selling the Mine Too Soon.

The four horse wagon called by common consent a stage which ran between Bokey's and Logtown was crawling up the long grade which corkscrewed around to the summit of Pilot Knob. It was necessary to do this in order that a good preparatory start might be had for the succeeding rattling plunge down the other corkscrew road which led to Logtown.

By the side of Black Pete, the driver, sat an eastern importation of the genus drummer. Pote rolled his tobacco into his cheek, snapped a fly off the ear of his leader and said: "No, sir; I don't git no pay fer fightin, and I don't do no fightin fer the company. If ary galoot stops this hyer stage and perletly asks fer the cash box, he's a gwine ter git it. Tain't no use noway ter fight them fellers. They always hev the drap on ye."

"But," said the drummer, "were you ever robbed on this route?"

"Waal, no; but I've seed fellers loafin round here ez I've thought mought do it some time or other."

"And if they did stop you you would give them the express box and drive on, eh?"

"You bet! If the express company wants ter perfect the box, they must send a messenger along with it."

The stage crawled slowly up to the top of the hill, and Black Pete settled his foot firmly on the brake strap, and with a "Scat 'em, boys!" the sweating horses started to investigate the mysteries of the almost invisible road below them on a keen gallop.

Round and round the rapidly varying road the stage and passengers whirled, sometimes losing sight of the horses around the sharp turns and again slewing sharply outward toward the dangerous edge of the canyon which yawned below them. The sun was down, and the moon was painting weird shadows on the powdered dust of the grade.

It was just the time for the imagination to picture scenes of violence, robbery and blood. Suddenly the chaparral bushes by the roadside slightly parted, and a long, shining, black object was waved over them toward the stage. A shadowy figure rose in the moonlight among the bushes, and from behind a black veil, which smothered the voice somewhat, came the hoarse command: "Stop, stop!"

Black Pete hurriedly pushed his foot heavily down upon the brake, reached down into the bottom of the stage, pulled out the express box and threw it into the road, muttering: "Cuss ye, take it!"

The restless horses immediately plunged away into the shadows of the forest.

"Wa-was that a highwayman?" gasped the drummer.

"In course it was," answered Pete. "Didn't ye see the shootin iron? That goes a cool thousand dollars, as I knows now. Ye bet the boys'll be out arter him tonight. I shouldn't wonder if that war old Bart himself. He's a cool one, he is. He always shoots his mouth off in some poetry. He leaves it in the box when he gets through with it. Didn't ye notice how level he held that thar shootin iron right toward me?"

The lights of Logtown now glistened below them, and a few turns of the corkscrew road brought the stage up to the hotel porch, where it stopped with a loud "Whoa!" from Pete.

Not many minutes elapsed before the prophecy of Pete was realized, for as soon as the story of the bold robbery of Wells & Fargo's box was related a dozen or so ready miners volunteered to search the woods for the road agent. After half an hour's swearing and drinking over the matter, they saddled their horses and started for the scene of the robbery.

It was a little, cramped up, helter skelter mining town among the sierras. One need not rise early in Sear's Hole to see the sun rise, for he will not see it if he does. Old Sol is never visible there until 10 in the morning. The rough, picturesque cabins, looking for all the world like dilapidated dice thrown at random from the box, were built deep down in a hole between the surrounding peaks, and yet they actually had a telephone connecting them with the outside world.

The denizens of Sear's Hole were not given to an indulgence in business communications with the great commercial centers, but their tele-

spending the remainder of their early days at the insane asylum.

Such was their inborn detestation of any man who followed any pursuits which did not require active labor with his hands and such was their chivalric devotion to the fair sex that the management of their part of the telephone was given to a young lady of the name of Frances Goldsmith.

On the afternoon of June 29, 1880, Miss Frank, as she was usually called, sat in the little telephone office waiting for the nightly crowd of mainly gossipers to come to it. The little rocking chair in which she sat went bumping to and fro on its casters, and nervously upon the pine floor, and the tiny slippered foot beat a nervous tattoo in unison with it. "It's too bad," she cried, "for Charlie to work down in that old hole in the ground all winter and then sell out for a paltry thousand. And he's doing it just so he can be married this summer." And a pretty little wave of blood swept over the sweet neck and face. "He shan't do it. Charlie don't know anything about a mine, and he might have a little bonanza and not know it. Just hear the dear simpleton!"

"My Precious Fran," Bonn is negotiating with me for my claim, and he offers me \$1,000 cash. I have not yet accepted it, but I have about made up my mind that I had better do so. You know if I had that much cash I could have the law to ask you to hasten that long hoped for happy day. For your sake, darling, I believe it will be the best for me to take this offer. If I do, you may look for me down easily next week. Forever yours, CHARLES MOTLEY.

"Hello, Frank!" shouted a smothered voice close to her ear. "Are you there yet?"

Frances jumped to her feet and ran to the telephone.

"Dear me, I left the receiver hanging down, and they could not ring the bell!"

She put it to her ear and shouted back through the transmitter:

"Yes, I'm here. What is it?"

"Don't you forget to send that thousand up on the stage tonight to Logtown. Tom says there's at least \$10,000 in sight. Motley is a schoolmarm and don't know it. Don't forget now. Goodbye."

Frank's pretty eyes and mouth spread wider and wider as these words came out of the wonderful little instrument. "For goodness' sake, who is he talking to? Oh, y-e-s! Why, it must be to Frank Downey, the express agent at Bokey. They've been talking together, and Downey has stopped and switched my end on. Motley is a schoolmarm, is he? There's \$10,000 in sight, and Charlie doesn't know it, and the money is going up there on the stage from Bokey tonight. Oh, dear, what shall I do? I'll go up there. I will. It's only eight miles, and it's 20 from Bokey. It's 3 o'clock, and the stage gets there at 9."

Frank was a California girl, and there were no perils to her on the eight mile trail to Logtown, and if there had been the star east upon Charlie's keenness and the eager desire to save that "\$10,000 in sight" for him would have been sufficient incentives to induce her to dare them, though she knew they awaited her. Running over to the post-office, she hurriedly engaged the young clerk to take care of the instrument for her and, dashing back to her room, soon appeared, ready for the eight mile walk to Logtown. The sun was yet very hot, although almost down behind the hills. The trail was steep and rocky, but Frank pushed on, muttering to herself when she felt so tired she was tempted to sit down and rest.

"Charlie's a schoolmarm, is he? Ten thousand dollars in sight, and he doesn't know it, eh? Well, he shall know it and have all the credit of the discovery too. There now!"

Up, up, down, down, around and around wound the mountain trail, and Frank wound with it until, tired, dusty, breathless, hoarse and almost crying, she saw the county highway in the somber moonlight just below her.

Just as she reached the roadside and was about to push through the chaparral, which here reached to her shoulders, she heard the rumbling stagecoach coming around the bend close to her. With the despairing resolve to go in at least with the stage if she could not before it she pushed her parasol through the bushes and waved it to the driver, shouting at the same time, hoarse from her excitement: "Stop, stop!"

But to her astonishment and dismay, instead of stopping the driver reached down into the boot and, with a "Cuss ye, take it!" threw a heavy box into the road and, lashing his four-in-hand into a run, disappeared down the canyon.

Poor Frank crouched down into the chaparral in despair.

"Oh, dear! I haven't walked there, and I've lost the stage, and poor Charlie— Oh, dear me!"

The spirit of a genuine California girl is not easily overcome with despair, and Frank was a genuine California girl, and she was not to be beaten until she was. She got up, pulled her black veil tighter over her moist face and bravely started

on again to Logtown. It was not far, and not a half hour elapsed before she saw the lights of the little camp scattered around in the canyon below her.

Breathless and panting, she hurried on to the tavern. A great crowd of men were excitedly swearing and threatening on the porch. Some were in the street cinching saddles on to their horses, and in their midst stood Black Pete, the stage driver.

"Don't I know?" he was angrily shouting. "I tell ye 'twas only a mile back, and the cuss shoved his shootin iron right under my nose. Why didn't I run fer it? Tiar war two of 'em thar as sure as figger!"

"Pretty soon, with a yell and a whoop, 20 men galloped up the road with a suggestive looking rope dangling from one of the saddles.

Poor Frank hastened to find Charlie. She found him sitting disconsolately on the back porch.

"Why, Frank, what in the world are you doing here?"

"Oh, Charlie, have you sold that mine yet? Am I too late?"

"Too late for what? Sold it? No, and I don't believe I can. That man Bonn sent the money up by express, and a road agent got away with the stage tonight, and the money went with it. I don't believe he'll risk another thousand on a played out mine."

"Oh, goodie!" cried Frank. "I've got here in time! Road agent! That is too rich! Oh, dear, I shall die!" Frank's voice ended in a high squeak of laughter.

"Frank, what is the matter? What do you know about the road agent?"

Frank was holding her sides in despair of stopping her irrepressible laughter.

"Road agent? There wasn't any road agent at all. I stopped the stage to get on, and the driver threw a box at me."

"What does this mean, Frank? Tell me. What were you doing on the road at this time of night and all alone?"

It took a long time to get the story out, but she did, while Charlie stood with his mouth open wide enough to represent his played out claim with \$10,000 in sight.

No sooner had Frank told her story than he caught her in his arms, with a wild shout:

"You little darling, you shall have every cent of it!"

About two hours afterward a file of disconsolate, disgusted horsemen selected their way up to the tavern with a "suggestive rope dangling from one of the saddles" and a box containing \$1,000.

It is sufficient to relate that Charlie did not sell his "\$10,000 in sight," but, on the contrary, received a much larger sum—sufficient, in fact, to make him a happier man financially and matrimonially. When enough of the story had been told in the barroom to account for the stopping of the stage, Black Pete had to provide for a smile all around, with a continuous "A Complete Apology."

A prominent official at Talbreez in the course of an altercation with an English gentleman called his adversary a liar. The result was a challenge, which seemed to the Persian preposterous.

"I fight?" said he. "What shall I fight for? I only called him a liar."

"Well," said the gentleman who took the note to him, "he says you will have to fight him. There is no way of getting out of it. It will never do to call an English gentleman a liar."

"But I say I won't fight," replied the other.

"Then you must apologize."

"Apologize! What does he mean by apologizing?"

"Why, take it all back and say you are sorry you called him a liar. That is what it means."

"Is that all?" replied the Persian. "Of course I'll apologize. I'll say whatever he wishes me to say. I lied when I called him a liar. I am a liar, the son of a liar and the grandson of liars. What more does he want me to say?"—"Persia and Persians."

How Deep Does the Earth Quake?

At Virginia City, Nev., the great earthquake of 1879 was not noticed by the miners in the deeper portions of the Comstock mines. The famous earthquake at the same place in 1874, which shook down chimneys, fire walls, etc., and cracked every brick building in the city, was merely noticed by some of the miners working in the "upper levels," but did them no damage, not even shaking down loose rocks and earth. The station men in the various shafts felt it strongest, and the deepest point where it was noticed was by the ninth station man, who was on watch at the 900 foot level, which is, of course, 900 feet below the surface. He said it felt like a faint throbbing or pulsation of air, as though a blast had been fired above, below or in some indefinite direction. In some of the Virginia City mines the shock was not felt at all, not even by station men in the shafts.

PUTTING IT PLAINLY.

The Young Gentleman's Interview With His Sweetheart's Father.

The old gentleman didn't want the young gentleman to marry the young lady, the young lady being the old gentleman's daughter.

So when the young gentleman came on the all important mission the old gentleman set his face against the young gentleman.

"No, sir," said he, with angry emphasis; "you cannot have my daughter."

"But I want her," urged the young gentleman, "and, what is of some consideration in the count, she wants me."

"That makes no difference, sir. You can't have her."

"That means, I presume, that you want me to give her up?"

"Exactly."

The young gentleman took a hitch in himself.

"Do you think I am going to do it?" he asked in a tone which did not strike the old gentleman as altogether submissive.

"I do."

"Well, no wonder you don't want me for a son-in-law if you think I'm that kind of a fellow. I don't blame you at all. I wouldn't have that kind of a son-in-law myself even if sons-in-law were going at a premium. But, my dear sir, I'm not that kind. I want your daughter for my wife, and I'm going to have her. She wants me for a husband. I have no objections to you as a father-in-law, and she rather admires you as a father. Therefore I am warranted in joining the combination, and if you want to act ugly, why, we will, as dutiful children, humor your whim and patch it up somehow with the friends of the family, who will be wanting to know what is the matter with you anyhow. See?"

And the old gentleman had wisdom enough to see.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Morning Bath.

Cold water is a narcotic, as alcohol is. It deadens the sensitibilities of the skin and hence prevents the sensation of cold. It relieves the disposition to chilliness because of this deadened sensibility, and as colds and catarrhs are due to hypersensitiveness of the skin we readily see that the cold bath prevents the cold by reducing the sensibility.

But the cold morning bath does something more. It arouses nervous activity by calling upon the vital system for increased animal heat. The contraction of the vessels due to the cold is followed by a relaxation of them, explained by the principle of reaction, and so through the cold bath both action and reaction are established, which frequently give delusive excitement to the victim.

The tepid or warm morning bath is a great improvement over the cold water bath, but even this is not to be commended. Whoever would enjoy the best of health should take his bath two, three or four times a week and retire to bed for a rest, thereby allowing nature to secure the best equilibrium of her forces and promote the best conditions of health.—Dr. Robert Walter in Laws of Health.

How "Ground Ice" Forms.

The whole body of water is at the same time cooled to below the freezing point, and the substances at the bottom—the stones and gravel of the river or lake bed—serve as a point of congelation or crystallization for the water.

Ground ice may be the lowest stratum of the once completely frozen mass of water, retained at the bottom by the natural cohesion of the rough substances of the river bed during the thawing and melting of the ice on the surface, or it may even be formed under favorable conditions beneath briskly flowing water, probably by the action of eddies, which draws the surface water down through the warmer but denser liquid, thus cooling the rocks at the bottom, forming a base for its formation.

This remarkable species of ice usually gathers on a clear, cold night, when the surface of the water is not frozen.

Egyptian Embalming.

The Egyptians had no specific embalming fluid. Three methods, varying mostly in degree of pains taken and in the expense of the operation, were practiced among them. The most expensive, used only for great personages, cost in our money about \$1,500, the second about \$300 and the third a comparatively small sum. The process was essentially the same in all, the softer portions of the body being either removed or filled with aromatic essences, while the whole body was anointed with oil of cedar and saturated with niter, saltpeter or common salt. Many of the bodies were boiled in bitumen, and all were wrapped in cloths soaked in the essences of various gums. The process usually occupied about a month, and its success was greatly facilitated by the extreme dryness of the climate.

PUMPING OUT A SCOW.

Easiest Problem the River Man Has. Pull the Plug Out and Maul.

"Nobody who knows anything about boats worries over a few feet of water in a scow if the water isn't too deep," said a riverman. "Getting it out is the easiest job in the world."

"Scows, as everybody knows, are flat bottomed, and up forward in the bottom of every one is a plug as big around as a man's two fists. Dozens of empty scows fill up with water and lie at the piers with only the deck afloat every year. It doesn't hurt them. The owner just lets them lie still they're wanted. Then he sends a tugboat alongside, and she latches on. A man goes aboard the scow and pulls out the plug.

"Does the scow sink? Narv a foot. As the tug starts her up, you see, she lifts the old scow up some, and the result is that the water in the scow pours out through the plug hole. It's hard pulling at first, but the faster the tug hauls the higher goes the scow bow and the quicker the water goes out till the scow's almost dry. After a spin of a mile or so the plug can be replaced and the little water that remains in her pumped out by hand.

"Simple? I should think so. Easiest thing in the world. That's why scows are so useful. You need not be so particular about caking them so long as your cargo won't be hurt by water, and age and submergence seem to improve them."—New York Sun.

Rudyard Kipling's Checks.

It is related that when Rudyard Kipling lived in America he tried a system of paying all household expenses by checks. Naturally those checks varied in amount, most of them being small. The majority were a dollar or so. Butcher's bills, grocery bills, were settled promptly in this fashion, and of course Mr. Kipling's checkbook at home provided him with an accurate account of expenditure.

But when he sent in the bank-book monthly to be examined the result would never balance. He invariably found that the amount of his credit was greater than it ought to be, and he tried to persuade himself that this was owing to his own defective book-keeping or his own bad head for figures.

It was only by accident that he discovered the secret. Many of the small checks were never presented at all. Their value as autographs was greater than their bank value. Tradesmen sold them to customers at a profit. Instead of finding their way to the bankers the checks were carefully treasured. Visiting at a gentleman's house, Kipling had the pleasure (or the reverse) of seeing one of his checks hanging framed on the wall. It was a check given for a case of bottled beer.

No wonder the novelist's books would not balance. Indignant at this discovery, he is said to have burned his checkbook and in future paid all his accounts in hard cash.—Golden Penny.

Self Satisfied.

Schopenhauer, the great German philosopher, afforded one of the most remarkable examples of self complacency that have ever been known. His naive eulogiums on his own productions are almost beyond belief.

In writing to his publishers of his work he says, "Its worth and importance are so great that I do not venture to express it even toward you, because you could not believe me," and he proceeds to quote a review "which speaks of me with the highest praise, as the greatest philosopher of the age, which is really saying much less than the good man thinks."

"Sir," he said to an unoffending stranger who watched him across a table d'hote, where he acted the part of the local "lion" habitually—"sir, you are evidently astonished at my appetite. True, I eat three times as much as you do; but, then, I have three times as much mind!"

Couldn't Pick a Quarrel.

General Fournier was an apostle of the unique in dueling. The mayor of Perigueux was his bitter enemy, but as they moved in widely different social circles the general found some difficulty in picking a quarrel. His opportunity came one day as he was showing off before some ladies his expertness with the pistol. The mayor passed, with a rose in his mouth. It was a considerable distance from the general's balcony to the mayor on the other side of the street, but the old fighter knew his skill. "Just notice this, ladies," he said, "how I will pick the mayor's rose." He raised the pistol. The women shrieked that he should desist, but too late. The hammer fell, and the rose and the mayor dropped, the latter from fright. The general's expertness defeated his purpose. The sureness of his aim terrified the mayor out of sending the desired challenge.

COMPENSATION.

Who fails to sow for fear that the Shall not be sown to reap Must be in the land of the living Through a hard and cruel sleep. The bard who sang long, long ago, When no one lent an ear, Sang on for love of singing, though They scoffed who chanced to hear. Today men seek his grave and bow Beside his monument. We laud the noble poet now Who couldn't pay his rent.

Who idly stands and shakes his head And sighs and murmurs: "Not Ere reaping time I shall be dead; Why bother, then, to sow?" For him no shaft shall ever rise To claim the pilgrim's grave; No love shall center where he lies, No honor crown his days; Who plants his hope, and, though he may Not see the fruitful fall, He has reaped a glorious day And triumphs after all. —S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

A DANGEROUS WORK.

The Peril There is in Tapping a Blast Furnace.

The "tapping" of the furnace is the dramatic feature of attendance upon one of these artificial springs of the manufacturing world. An incision is made low down in the side of the furnace, at the very bottom of the tank of molten iron, and there pours forth in a steady stream, as from a spout, a semiliquid, colorless mass, glowing so fiercely that the unaccustomed eye cannot gaze upon it for long at a time.

The dark figures moving about quickly and silently in the gloom—and numerically they seem hopelessly inadequate to cope with such a monster—must think rapidly and act even more hurriedly when once the dam of fire clay has been broken and the rivulet of fire is let loose. It looks like a sluggish hot iron, but in reality it moves with insidious rapidity.

The men who work at the base of one of these present day iron making vessels face a daily peril as great as any that ever came to the laborers up aloft, even in the era of the general use of the old fashioned furnace. Under the existing conditions not only must the workmen have their wits about them when the furnace has been tapped and jetties of the searing slime leap out in every direction, but there is ever present the danger that the furnace will break. No vigilance in advance will serve the artisan of the iron world under such circumstances.

When the rent has been made and through the gaping wound there pours the white, shining fluid that carries destruction, his only chance is to run for his life. Even then, if the workman is stationed near the furnace, his proximity may condemn him without so much as one chance of escape.—Century Magazine.

Antiquity of Earrings.

Earrings have been worn from time immemorial. While excavating the ruins of ancient Thebes archaeologists brought to light sculptured remains bearing representations of the articles. Ancient writers make frequent mention of these decorations and state that in early days they were worn by both sexes. From the very earliest times the male Asiatics wore them. The Bible tells us that Abraham presented his son's wife with a pair of earrings, and historians relate that Alexander the Great when he invaded India found them suspended in the ears of the Babylonians.

Among the ancient oriental nations, with the exception of the Hebrews, men and women wore them, the latter considering that they should be reserved for the sole use of the gentler sex. Homer makes mention of this method of adornment in his descriptions of statues representing several of the mythological deities, and the great Juvenal is authority for the statement that they were worn by all the males residing in the Euphrates provinces.

A Unanimous Verdict.

Some years ago, when Robert Louis Stevenson made one among the little colony of art students and others at Barbizon, a discussion arose as to who out of all their number could best be spared by the world at large—he, in short, who never would be missed by the general public. There was some difficulty about coming to a decision, so finally every one present inscribed the name of his candidate on a slip of paper. The slips were folded, placed in a hat and on being opened and read proclaimed that all, himself included, had voted for Stevenson.

Chinese Fun.

A man asked a friend to stay and have tea. Unfortunately there was no tea in the house, so a servant was sent to borrow some. Before the latter had returned the water was already boiling, and it became necessary to pour in some cold water. This happened several times, and at length the boiler was overflowing, but no tea had come. Then the man's wife said to her husband, "As we don't seem likely to get any tea you had better offer your friend a bath."—H. A. Giles' "History of Chinese Literature."