

TENER PRAISED BY FORMER RIVAL

Lieutenant Governor Murphy Lauds Republican Nominee.

AND PREDICTS HIS ELECTION

Eloquent Son of Cambria Tells Why Pennsylvania Should Go Republican This Year.

One of the most noteworthy speeches of this campaign was made a few nights ago by Lieutenant Governor Robert S. Murphy, who, although he was the only avowed candidate for the gubernatorial nomination, which ultimately went to Congressman John K. Tener, is now one of the most ardent advocates of Mr. Tener's election.

Governor Murphy, who is an eloquent and forcible campaigner, presented a comprehensive review of the great achievements of the Stuart administration, the progress made in the development of all of the departments and the rigorous prosecution of the capitol frauds in both criminal and civil actions, and built upon the fact that Mr. Tener is pledged to continue the policies of Edward R. Stuart.

Mr. Tener's statement reads as follows: "With every department of the state government in the hands of intelligent and patriotic servants, with the most modern and systematic methods of business in force, and with a record luminous with order, economy and faithful service, the question before the people at the coming election is whether or not they can afford to repudiate the achievements of Governor Stuart and the works of his administration and support either of the Democratic candidates. And, remember, whatever has been accomplished is distinctly a Republican party asset and one which we cheerfully submit in justification of the vote of confidence which we ask.

"In the present juncture of affairs it must be admitted that the election of the Hon. Webster Grim, although a man of character and excellent reputation in private and public life, is absolutely impossible this year. Nor is the outlook any more favorable for the other Democratic candidate, the Hon. William H. Berry. Both of these gentlemen, without hesitation, attack everything that is Republican and they stand for a reversal of measures and of administration which are the chief pride and glory of the Republican party. They seek, of course, not to deny themselves but all other Democrats, especially candidates for congress, which can only be construed as an open attack upon the protective principle which is the breath of life in the nostrils of Pennsylvania, and by which she has advanced to the highest degree of material development. In addition to their endorsement and support of congressional candidates, they are also supporting Democratic candidates for the legislature in the hope of electing a Democratic United States senator.

"Against this well-defined purpose Pennsylvania stands committed, for she believes in the protective principle and in placing those in congress who are sincerely its friends. Any other course would be suicidal, for we cannot, in the interest of manifold industries and of the man who toils, afford to support in the present political crisis the candidates of the Democracy who advocate free trade or favor such a confusing and unsatisfactory schedule as found expression in the Wilson-Gorman bill of the Cleveland administration, which proved so fatal in its consequences to the labor and capital of the country.

"What we need in the high office of governor and the other offices to be filled in this election is calmness, not impulsiveness, a judgment of men and affairs that is broadened and ripened by experience—a just conception of the powers of government, a keen and sympathetic appreciation of the rights of the citizen, and a comprehensive idea of the manifold interests and elements that enter into the complex life of this great commonwealth. Above all, we need a man safe and sure, and the Republican party has risen equal to the demand.

"We have named as the candidate for governor a man with a true heart, who has toiled in the workshop and in the mill and is in strong and lasting sympathy with labor; who step by step moved forward and identified himself with the business enterprises of his section, where he has attained a position which commands the undivided respect of those who love honesty and believe in genuine manhood; who has represented his district in the congress of the United States ably and faithfully; whose reputation for integrity is of the highest, and whose Republicanism has always been of the right kind; who is in accord and sympathy with the policies of the Stuart administration, and who has promised the people that when governor he will esteem it a privilege and duty to conduct the state government in accordance with those policies. No man who knows him will doubt his word or will believe that his promise will remain unredeemed. I have the honor to know him personally, and I appreciate him as a man of high ideals—pure in thought and speech and unchallenged in public or private life. The election of the Hon. John K. Tener is assured."

Wood Pulp Replaces Cotton?

A French inventor has produced a substitute for cotton made from wood pulp, and samples were exhibited at the recent meeting of the National Association of Cotton Manufacturers by Joseph Hope of Rouen, France. Cloth woven from the fiber is said to stand bleaching, dyeing and finishing as well as cotton and to have a more brilliant luster.

TENER MANFULLY MEETS ACCUSERS

Republican Nominee Fully Answers Bitter Political Attack.

GIVES DETAILED STATEMENT

Ready to Redeem All Stock at Price Paid From Any Purchaser Who Intervenes Because of His Connection.

John K. Tener, Republican nominee for governor, in a frank and manly statement, has met the attacks of his political opponents and given a complete answer to every insinuation that has been made in the journalistic assault upon his character.

Mr. Tener brands the attacks upon him as unwarranted and malicious, and in view of the rumors that have been put in circulation by a coterie of politicians, to the effect that he is to be arrested, Mr. Tener boldly defies them to carry out their plot.

W. L. Christian, who is now president of the National Public Utilities company, when shown Mr. Tener's statement, said: "It fully covers the situation."

Mr. Tener's statement reads as follows:

Statement of Fact.

"Ordinarily I would pay no attention to the falsehoods that have been uttered by an untruthful newspaper, but it may be that some fair-minded men have been misled by the way facts have been distorted, and for this reason, and for this reason alone, I desire to make a short statement which covers my position.

"In December of last year I was visited in Washington by William L. Christian, Esq., an attorney of Philadelphia, and F. L. Smart, who requested me to become president of the National Public Utilities Corporation. I had favorably known Mr. Smart for some time, but not knowing Mr. Christian made inquiry and learned that he was a lawyer of excellent reputation and with good business connections. I also learned that other reputable men, General Russell Thayer, Colonel William Bender Wilson, Joseph S. Mack, Frederick S. Schoff, William B. Marguerite and Simon Merrill, were directors.

"It was also informed that the company had been incorporated according to law, was properly organized and could legitimately carry on the business for which it was intended, which was the building of a railroad from Astoria to a point beyond Seaside in the state of Oregon. I also made inquiry of those believed to be familiar with the locality as to the practicability of the enterprise. After this I concluded to accept the presidency and served in that office, and as director, during the first quarter of this year, but as my labors in congress were daily increasing, because of important legislation then pending, which required practically all of my time, I resigned from the company. For some reason or other my resignation was not accepted at the time I tendered it, but I received no salary as president except for the months of January and February, although entitled to the salary for March.

"\$50,000 par value of the stock was sent to me and I immediately returned it with a letter stating that I would not accept it as I had not earned it and was not entitled to it. A little later \$20,000 par value of the stock was sent to me, which I also returned for the same reason.

A Feasible Project.

"I believed the object of this company to be legitimate and notwithstanding the vicious attacks which have been made against it I am not convinced to the contrary, and today am of the opinion that it could be successfully carried out. Charles N. Bennett, a civil engineer of high repute in his profession, whom I sent to Oregon on my election to the presidency, reported favorably upon it and within a week passed has reiterated that opinion, and has stated that if eastern capital could not be had to carry the work through local capital there could be had to do it. I believe that the worst blow the stockholders of this company have received is the result of unwarranted and malicious attacks through the columns of this hypocritical newspaper.

"I never promoted the National Public Utilities Corporation; was not a participant in its promotion; never sold any of its stock, or solicited anybody to buy any of its stock. My connection with it was entirely honorable and straightforward, as I have above described.

"I am informed that about \$39,000 in cash (not nearly \$2,000,000 as published) have been paid to the company for stock, and to show that I do not wish to evade any responsibility in the matter, if any man, relying upon my being president, or upon my name being used in connection with this company during the time I was president, presents proof to me that he purchased any of the stock and paid cash to the company I will take the stock from him and give him exactly what he paid for it in cash.

"Whatever has been done by this company as respects the taking over of any other or subsidiary companies or enterprises, was before my connection with it, and with which I had nothing to do, but I believe, and had the right to believe, from the character of those who were in control, and from my investigation, that all had been properly and legally done.

"As to Messrs. Bromley and Haines I never heard of them until I became connected with the company and not until the matter was exploited by yellow journalism did I ever hear any adverse criticism affecting them.

A Successful Company.

"Concerning my connection with the

PUT BERRY UNDER THE SEARCHLIGHT

Democrats and Prohibitionists Charge Him With Hypocrisy.

HIS VERACITY IS QUESTIONED

And His Administration as State Treasurer is Made the Subject of a Sharp Attack.

Without the Republicans being called upon to fire a shot, William H. Berry, the Keystone Party nominee for governor, has been fairly riddled by the rhetorical batteries of the Prohibitionists and the faction of the Democracy which he deserted when he was defeated in the Allentown convention.

From every side, Berry's reputation for veracity has been attacked. He is accused of falsehood, of breaking his solemn promises and of hypocrisy of the rankiest kind.

Not only is his word questioned, but serious allegations regarding his conduct while holding the office of state treasurer are being boldly made by some of the most prominent leaders in the Democratic party.

Hot Democratic Declaration.

Berry's refusal to withdraw from the field, after Grim, the Democratic nominee for governor, had expressed a willingness to comply with the request of prominent Democrats and independent voters to permit of fusion on former Mayor Guthrie, of Pittsburg, called forth their bitter denunciations of the Keystone candidate, who was accused of selfishness and being lacking in patriotism.

In an address to the voters of Pennsylvania the Democratic state executive committee has denounced Berry as insincere. Berry's refusal to comply with the request of the representative citizens who asked him to retire to permit of fusion, they say "is convincing evidence of the fact that his only object is to defeat Mr. Grim and not Mr. Tener."

The address refers to Mr. Berry as "one whose record in financial transactions is, to say the least, not above suspicion," and asks whether the people shall expect good government from Senator Grim or from "one who has been accused in the public press of depositing public funds whilst in an important official position to financial institutions for the promotion of his own enterprises?"

At a mass meeting held in Philadelphia last week, W. K. Meyers, of Harrisburg, in a speech declared that when Berry was elected treasurer a number of prominent Democrats went to him and offered to go on his bond, but he declined the proffer and accepted the services of the president of a Harrisburg trust company. This is the company through which Berry, while he was state treasurer, floated a big loan for the Berry brick yard, and it has been a subject of comment that while Berry was state treasurer the state deposits in this trust company were increased enormously.

Prohibition Nominee on Berry.

In a speech delivered a few nights ago, Madison F. Larkin, Prohibition nominee for governor, paid his respects to Mr. Berry.

"The Keystone Party," said Mr. Larkin, "with W. H. Berry at its head, is nothing more than a lot of disgruntled office-seekers kicked out of other parties. It is nominations and offices they want. They don't want reform! Berry is for temperance today, whisky tomorrow and local option the next day. The Keystone Party people don't know what they want."

"Votes for Berry will come from where his is not known," he declared. "His neighbors will not support him because they say he is too tricky. Berry has had his arms up for years, like lightning rods waiting to be struck by all the party conventions in the state. He comes now with his boss-ridden Keystone Party claiming it is an anti-liquor party, which is only a big bluff. He is not sincere. He has no high principles for the good of the whole people, but he aims to satisfy a personal ambition and to satisfy a grudge against his political enemies."

"Berry got the nomination of the Prohibition party before, but he deserted at the most critical moment and went over to support a whisky candidate and he stumped the state for him just before election. Then he was disgruntled because the Prohibitionists did not honor him with the nomination this year."

Security Life and Annuity company, with others I sold my stock some years ago and soon after, at the request of the company's president, Mr. W. O. Johnson, of Chicago, I again became a member of its board of directors and still serve in that capacity. The company is and always has been eminently successful.

"In view of the scurrilous attacks I believe it to be no more than just to myself, as an assurance to the people of my business integrity and ability, to say that I am now and have been for twelve years president of the First National Bank of Charleroi, Pennsylvania; I am now and for several years have been secretary and treasurer of the Charleroi Savings and Trust company, and I have several other business connections—all prosperous—all well managed, and all have the confidence of every one connected or having to do with them.

"I know that certain interests are striving to induce some one to be the 'tool' to issue (for political effect) a warrant for my arrest. For the proper condemnation of such conduct I confidently appeal to the sense of fair play of the electors of Pennsylvania and challenge my detractors to produce any judicial action, for I am ready to meet any and all accusers in a court of justice instead of trying to answer hidden foes who are straining every point to accomplish, for political purposes, my business and political ruin."

A RUSSIAN MARRIAGE.

The Way the Devils Were Driven Out of Eden.

By WILLIAM ALFRED COREY.
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Maksim Nagoroff and Natasha Shubben were to be married. It was high time, for Maksim, big and broad shouldered, was nineteen, and Natasha, buxom and pretty, was fifteen.

Notwithstanding Maksim and Natasha had themselves nothing to say about their marriage they were neither of them averse.

Yes, Maksim and Natasha loved and were going to marry. So far so good. But how were they going to be married?

By the church, of course, spoke the elders of the Molokan sect. No license, no newfangled legal frivolities in theirs, please. These things belonged to the heathen, the pork eaters, the unclean.

But Maksim thought otherwise. He wanted the knot tied in the Los Angeles way. In America, it seemed to him, you should get married as the Americans do.

Maksim worked in a lumber yard. One by one he had seen the young



THREW HIS LONG ARMS OVER HIS HEAD.

men who worked with him absent themselves temporarily on mysterious errands and he good naturedly rallied by the others on their return. Little by little he had learned the legal steps to marriage—and where and how to obtain the license and the cost, then to whom to go and what to do and the final cost. And with this knowledge had come the idea, dim and hazy at first, that this was the best way to do.

Resides and above all, Rev. Mr. Lowell stood for it—Mr. Lowell, the head of the Good Samaritan Settlement House on Del Mar street, to whom all the foreign quarter looked up and whom Maksim almost worshipped.

Natasha was like minded and for quite similar reasons. She worked in a cannery. She had gone to school a little, and in numberless indirect ways she had reached the conclusion that, while the Molokan marriage was well enough in Russia, it would never do in the United States.

The Saturday night following the marriage negotiations Maksim came home from his work and, as usual, placed his week's wages, twelve good American dollars, in his father's hands.

"Maksim," said the old man, speaking in Russian—"Maksim, my son, it has been arranged between Elder Shubben and myself that you and the fair Natasha are to be married. You are both quite old enough. You are to be married one week from tomorrow. I trust you are happy at the prospect, my son."

"Yes," assented Maksim. "I want to marry Natasha, but"—and he hesitated, his eyes on the floor.

"But what?" demanded old Evan.

"How are we to be married?" tentatively asked Maksim.

"How married? By the elders, of course. Natasha's mother, Katga, is already preparing the feast."

"But," objected Maksim, hesitating, for he well knew the storm he was about to call down upon his head—"but Natasha and I don't want it that way. We want to get married with a paper, by a justice or—or Mr. Lowell, in the American way. It is our wish."

The effect was as he expected. The whole communal family—Evan and Olga, his wife, and the four older sons and their wives—who had gathered about, were inexpressibly shocked. Old Evan's long gray beard swept his breast in his agitation.

"What?" he thundered. "You will forsake the church for the heathen ways—the heathen whom the Lord promised were to be scattered or become our servants when we entered this our Canada? You will take up with these unclean pork eaters?" And he railed on amid a general family chorus of lamentations.

In the meantime a similar storm had broken out in the family of the Shubbens, a storm that beat about the devoted head of poor Natasha.

And the next day the news spread quickly over the whole of "Eden," as some newspaper wag had facetiously named the Molokan quarter, that the expected marriage was not to take place for the good and sufficient reason that both the prospective bride and groom were possessed of devils. There was busy gossip; there was a ferment of excitement; there were wild rumors.

At bottom the trouble was a contest between two modes of life.

fallible and would surely have a solution.

The settlement worker listened patiently to the boy's labored explanation, thinking hard and planning the while.

"Maksim," he said when the young man had finished, "I think I can help you. Get away from your work between 2 and 4 tomorrow afternoon and come to me. Don't let your folks know where you are."

Maksim was promptly on hand at the hour first named, and Mr. Lowell said, "Come with me."

Together they visited "Dan Cupid" Elmer, the marriage license clerk at the courthouse, where Mr. Lowell, by deftly evading certain little technicalities, aided the boy in securing the precious license. Then, cautioning Maksim as you can and bring her to the settlement house tomorrow afternoon at 4 o'clock."

Four o'clock the following afternoon promptly brought the lovers, and as promptly the two were made one and happy at the same time. Mr. Lowell handing Maksim the certificate at the close of the simple ceremony, which his wife had witnessed, saying: "Now you are married as well as the president of the United States or John D. Rockefeller. Say nothing to your people about this marriage and let the other marriage proceed. To be married twice won't do any harm, and it will satisfy your relatives, yourselves and the laws of California all at the same time. God bless you!" And Maksim and Natasha went their ways with the reverent feeling that "God" and "Mr. Lowell" were synonymous terms.

That evening there was a crowded meeting of the faithful of both sexes and all ages. Devils were to be exorcised. The air was surcharged with suppressed excitement.

Maksim and Natasha were both in attendance, the boy dutifully occupying a seat on the men's side, and Natasha sitting demurely on her side among the women.

The meeting began with the usual chant, the words of a Bible psalm being intoned in unison by the entire assemblage with long practiced rhythm and accent far more precise than usual. This chant was followed by another, the elders, who sat about a small table in a corner, leading and the rest following, while rough shod feet kept time against the uncarpeted floor.

The air of the place soon grew foul. Not a window or door was open, and the stamping feet raised a suffocating dust, to say nothing of the vocal exclamations of the hot, excited mass. It was evident that if the devils could not be expelled in any other way the air would soon become so rotten that no devil who had any regard for his health would stay.

During the progress of the service thus far many covert glances had been cast at Maksim and Natasha. Anxious watch was kept on them for the first sign that they were being freed from the Satanic spirits within them.

Maksim noted this, and when the meeting was about half over, the benches having been removed and the whole company were standing, he walked to the elders' corner and whispered something in his father's ear.

It must have been an assent to the church marriage, for instantly the old patriarch, his face flushed, his eyes glistening and his whole attitude proclaiming that Maksim had got the better of his devils, threw up his great arms and began a new chant. At the same moment Natasha, taking her cue no doubt from Maksim, whispered a word in her mother's ear, and Katga's triumphant shout could have been heard three blocks away.

Every one in the room caught the electric signal of good news, and the excitement began to boil. The conditions were ripe and the moment had come for a wild debauch of religious frenzy. Devils had been driven out, there was the exhilaration of triumph, and a saturnalia of religious intoxication was about to begin.

The noise became more deafening as the chanting continued. Men embraced each other, springing into the air and gestulating wildly. The shrill voices of women arose above the pandemonium. Here and there under the stress of excitement overwrought nerves became unstrung, muscles began to "jerk" involuntarily, and the whole room became an insane carousal.

Old Mother Shubben collapsed, a young woman "overcome of the spirit" fell prone in a corner, and the limit of strained endurance was reached with a stalwart member, locking arms with a brother behind his back, lifted said brother and threw him bodily over the floor and nearly breaking his neck.

There was a pause. The incident, which was so nearly an accident, recalled the revelers to their senses, the ghost dance ceased, the doors were opened, and the excitement calmed down. The people, exhausted, but happily hurried into the open air and wended their way home. The devils had been chased away, Maksim and Natasha were to be married by the elders, and Eden was once more calm.

QUEER NAMES IN BULK.

Lizzie Laziman and Pleasant Pickle on Mail Order Lists.

"Speaking of names," said an employee of one of Chicago's large mail order houses, "we certainly have a host of queer ones on our books. We have sold them bills of goods, and the names, unique though they are, evidently do not hinder the possessors in business. They keep right on ordering our wares.

"A funny feature of the freaks in nomenclature is that they usually run in groups. For instance, in one town we have Clarissa Rushing and Catherine Speedy. Our books also show the names of Hazel Slow, Grace Rush and Peter Quick. Then we have Lizzie Laziman and J. M. Thrift as opposites.

"There are hundreds of others—for instance, Alma B. Rude, Arabella Pieg, F. L. Hogg, Gussie Millions and Anna Poore. Down in Pekin is a girl named Dora Look. Katie Skipper lives in Six Mile Run. What I consider our prize, though, he laughed, "is Pleasant Pickle. Some of the other queer ones are Hattie Slaughter, Della Butler and Rosebud Crickett."

HOW IT WAS DONE

A Story of the Safe Removal of Gold Dust.

By WINFIELD R. GARRISON.
(Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.)

Having been sent out to examine and report on some new gold mines that had been discovered in the west, I went as far as I could by rail, then took a stage to Punkerville, a little town of some 1000 people, a little north of Salt Lake City. I reached Punkerville in the evening and the next morning, hiring a horse, started to follow a stony road up to the mines.

I had been climbing—or rather my horse had—for a couple of hours when I met a young man descending with a load of wood, drawn by a pair of oxen. He was cracking a large whip about the steers' heads, shouting groans and haws, with sufficient persistence to drive a human animal crazy. But the brutes either had no nerves or, if they had, kept them under control, wending their way downward without the slightest change of gait.

"Mornin', stranger," said the man, looking up at me through a pair of handsome brown eyes that were hard-



"I SAW HER BEFORE SHE SAW ME."

ly in keeping with his vocation. "Reckon you didn't meet up with any one on the road down there, did you?"

"I don't remember having met a single person. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothin' particular. My wife's with me. She made a short cut a spell ago, thinkin' she'd come out ahead of me. Reckon she got fooled. Ef you meet up with her you might tell her what I am."

"I shall certainly do so."

With that I continued on my way, while the young man recommenced cracking his whip and yelling at his oxen.

I had not gone far before I met a young woman coming down. She wore clothes corresponding to those of the ox driver, and I presumed she was the wife he had spoken of. I saw her before she saw me. She was leaning over a rock, looking intently down on the zigzag road below, shading her eyes with her hand. When she discovered me she started. Coming up with her, I spoke to her politely, which seemed to reassure her.

"Are you the woodcutter's wife?" I asked.

"Sartin'."

"You'll find him just around the next turn."

"Much obliged. Hev you met up with any one?"

"Only your husband. You both seem to be on the lookout. Are you afraid of being robbed?"

"Robbed! Who'd want to rob us? We're nothin' but poor woodcutters."

At that moment I looked up on a rise beside me and espied three men coming down. As soon as they reached us they asked where we hailed from. I told them I was a mining engineer going up to inspect the new mines, which seemed to satisfy them. The young woman told them that she was going down to the town to buy some things at the store. I noticed she made no mention of her husband. The men debated whether they should go up or down and finally agreed that they would separate, a pair going one way and a part the other. As soon as they had gone the woman showed greater anxiety than before. Turning to me, she said, dropping the lingo of a countrywoman:

"They're road agents. They're looking for a shipment of gold dust that they have been informed is going down to Punkerville. I wish you would wait a bit. We might require your help. You are armed, I see."

"Yes, I'm well armed, but what has a poor woodcutter to fear from road agents?"

"They'll think we're carrying the dust."

"What will they do?"

"They'll find my husband below and search him and the wood, thinking to find gold dust concealed. They would have gone for me, but they saw that I couldn't carry enough of it to pay them to bother with me."

"Well, I don't understand why their searching your load should trouble you or how I can serve you."

"I wish you'd go back with me. I know a cut by which we can reach my husband as soon as they. It is only a short distance."

She looked at me so beseechingly that I consented. I dismounted and led my horse. She hurried on before me, reaching her husband when I was still some distance away, and I saw her talking to him excitedly. I determined to conceal myself behind a rock and observe what might take place.

The wife had not been with her husband five minutes before I heard a shot. Not seeing any one hurt, I concluded that it was a signal. Then I saw a man moving down on the woodcutter. Taking a position above him,

he called on the woodman to stop. The latter halted his oxen and set down on a bowlder beside the road. His wife walked nervously about. Within ten minutes the other two men came down, and all three moved on to the woodcutter.

I had a short rifle slung to my saddle and a revolver at each hip. I resolved to keep the men covered and if I saw any attempt to kill would fire in a position to render assistance. The woman kept looking up at me, as if she wished I would join them. I feared she would call their attention to me, but fortunately she failed to do so.

The men made a search of the load on the cart, throwing off every stick of wood and ripping up the floor. But not a sack of dust was to be found. They withdrew for consultation, then returned, and one of the men put a revolver to the head of the woodman, and I could hear him threaten to shoot him if he didn't tell where the dust was. Suddenly the woman drew a revolver and shot the robber dead. Each of the other two men drew their weapons to finish the woodman and his wife.

I now thought it high time to interfere. I fired at one of the men and dropped him. This startled his companion, who looked about wildly for the unseen enemy. While he was doing so the woodcutter, whom the robbers had not discerned, put a bullet in his brain.

The road agents now all being disposed of, I descended. The woman had fainted in her husband's arms. The wood was scattered on the road beside the cart. The dumb brutes were standing patiently waiting for the crack of the whip to move on. Hearing steps above him, the woodcutter looked up and saw me descending. At that moment his wife regained consciousness, and by the time I joined them both had recovered something of their equanimity.

"Talk of gratitude! There was gratitude enough in that young woman's eyes to thank an army for the relief of a beleaguered city.

"I thought you had deserted us," she said.

"If I had come on you would both have been dead by this time and I as well probably."

"That's true," said the man. "We're only here by a miracle."

As soon as the pair had recovered from the shock the man began to replace the wood on his cart. I turned in and helped him. As soon as we had finished the job and the couple were ready to proceed on their journey he said to me:

"I don't think we'll have any more trouble, but I don't know."

"If you're not certain I shall go back with you. I don't like leaving a man and I won't leave a woman in danger."

The wife gave me a look that settled me. I turned back with them, intending to take a fresh start the next day.

"Now, if you don't mind," I said, "I would like an explanation as to why the robbers suspected you of carrying gold or of knowing who was carrying it."

"It is better," said the man, "that you shouldn't know till we're out of danger. Not knowing, no one can force you to tell. Wait till we get to Punkerville, then I'll tell you all about it."

To this I assented, and we continued our journey to within a few miles of the town, when, unable to keep the slow pace of the oxen, I showed signs of impatience.

"If you don't mind," said the woodman, who since the franks had dropped his lingo, "you might ride ahead and send out a party."

I did so after having accepted an invitation from the man to call that evening at his house.

When I stood before the door of his dwelling I looked upon the best house in the town. I found the woodman dressed like a gentleman and his wife dressed like a lady.

"Permit me to introduce myself," he said, "as the owner of a newly discovered mine up in the canyon. Last night I got wind of a proposed attack by road agents to carry off our stock of accumulated ore. We are defenseless up there, and I determined to bring it down here, my wife, who was with me, agreeing to act as redette. Had we not met you?"

"Pardon me. I think I have curbed my curiosity sufficiently as to where this gold dust was. Will you kindly tell me in what shape you have brought it?"

"I will show you."

Going out of the room, he