

office-holder; and in fact I rather enjoyed such work; for while no one in town liked my paper and all would probably have loved to see the correspondent strung up on a telegraph pole, still I was treated with deference and respect, simply because they were afraid of exposure. Everybody feared I might tell the truth and "write them up" sometime.

Things went along pretty smoothly for a time, and none of the politicians or officers had thus far been attacked, although I knew very well things in the Mayor's office were conducted in a rotten manner. While laying low, I was hard at work gathering all the evidence I could, and with good success too.

Finally I had my data well prepared, and had collected facts I knew would set the city wild, if exposed.

About this time circumstances compelled me to ask some small favors from his highness the Mayor.

While he wisely refrained from saying no, still he held back in saying yes. I left him to think over the matter and did not go to see him for a week or two.

He had, no doubt, thought I had forgotten all about the matter, and the request was still not complied with. Some event now transpired, which gave me an opening to loosen the dogs of war on the city hall, in all their ferocity; and in the few days intervening before the issue of "The Fusilade," as I will name the paper, the city's governing power must have felt like Damocles, seated at the feast, with a sword suspended over his head by a hair, as my friend the policeman afterwards said. Did I do him to a crisp, you will probably ask? Well no, not exactly; the time for that had not yet come. But I wrote up some of the common doings of the mayor's court and then a dark innuendo that could not be understood by the people, nor misunderstood by Bailey, the mayor. The result was that hardly had the papers arrived when I was called upon by a messenger, saying that Bailey wanted to see me. I was in no hurry at all about go-