



His Majesty and the people, the letter handlers, are so accustomed to straightening out tangles and seeing that everything posted goes, that it is not astonishing, perhaps, or even amusing, to find the postman whose route lay in the burned district, conscientiously peering into the box at the corner of Bay and Front streets, on the second morning after the wreck, hoping like a patriot that no one had been absent-minded beggar enough (that was not exactly the expression he used) to put anything in there.



OPENING THE VAULTS

The activities of the picturesque telegraph linemen were the subject of much admiring comment on the two days following the big event. While the ruins were still smoking, these fellows were heaving the newly-shaved poles up with their long pikes, dropping them into the holes from which the old roots of ruined timber had been expeditiously extracted.



THE LINEMEN AT WORK

There was an urgent call for experts to open the safes and vaults, and the local company, as well as those from elsewhere, had men at work as soon as the temperature of the bricks would permit. These "safe-crackers," as the irreverent workmen called them, were from among the most skilful of those engaged in lock-making, and where one of them was engaged he was always sure of an audience. "Let us know when you get to the stuff, old man; we'll keep an eye on the