

yourself and face the music like a man. Whatever else you do, don't show the white feather, for the honor of the press is in your keeping, and if you will immolate yourself, we expect you to die game and not with a bullet in your back. Don't worry one minute about the obituary notices. That will be all right. The boys will all see you through in good shape and the papers here will all turn rules and celebrate your virtues in such halting meter as can be mustered.

Put, seriously, what evil genius tempted you into the project of a daily in Creede, and whose money are you blowing in?

