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HESPER By HAMLI' GARLAND Copyright, 1905, by Hamli' Garland

(Continued from Page 2.) these grub strikers, these burro punchers, will not dig gold for other men."

"You bet they won't!" shouted a big lugged fellow. "The real miners have got to get underground and stay there. You understand? Stay there! And they will want somebody on top to look after their interests. They'll want a union if you don't; but, I tell you, you short term miners will want a union before February is out."

In such wise he argued, and even Kelly admitted the truth of what he said. Others spoke, grizzled old fellows from other districts, men who had given up all hope of discovering a lead for themselves; men with families to feed and educate, who had fallen to contentment with a good wage and a steady job. But in some of the speeches a note of bitterness toward Raymond on the arm and toward the people known for their tanned or drink inflamed faces. Politically the two towns were already as wide apart as the poles, and references to this division were numerous during the evening. The county was divided against itself and hopelessly imbedded, and Bozbe was eager to be free from the valley.

Kelly, weary of the wrangle, touched Raymond on the arm and turned toward the door. A big miner, detecting this movement, shouted out, "Here's Kelly taking a sneak!"

Instantly Kelly was seized, a couple of brawny fellows lifted him to the bar, and so, towering over them all, the big prospector took off his hat and, with smiling composure, said: "Boys, I wish you well. I make no objection to the plans, but why should I, an old burro puncher, bother me about a union? No one is cuttin' my wages. No one is shortenin' my hours of labor. Besides"—and here he broke into a broad smile—"I'm an employer of labor meself."

"Down wid 'im!" shouted Munro. "To what extent?" asked another. "To the whole of five men—not countin' meself," answered Kelly with a rough grin. "And I'm a har-r-d master."

A roar of laughter responded to his jest. "Down with the oppressor of labor!" shouted Munro. "Off with 's head!" Kelly playfully struck at him with his hat and then became serious.

"Now, boys, let me tell you. I honestly don't think you need a union. The landscape is wide up here; there's a chance for every man in the hills. I believe in the big free land. When any man tries to corner me, I take me mule and strike out into the wild country. I have no fear of the Red Star Mining company nor any other, and you needn't. I do not oppose the union. Mind what I'm sayin'. It's well enough for those who believe in it and made it, but lave me out of it. The Kellys will take care of themselves."

Larned was on the box before Kelly had time to get down and, leveling his finger at him, cried out sharply: "That's all well and good for you, Matt Kelly, a skilled prospector, a man with a paying mine already, but how about these men who have no skill in finding gold, who are working for money to start themselves a home? How about those who are hoping to bring their families here and educate them? They are not so fond of all outdoors. They haven't even the mule and the grub stake. They are holed up five hundred or a thousand feet underground, working for a company, and this company, I tell you, has no regard for its hands. Their interests are not those of the miner. You may blame all you like, but the miners must look out for their own interests, just as the employer hires lawyers and agents to look after his."

"Very true," replied Kelly calmly. "I'm not objectin' to that. Organize and take care o' labor's interests, but don't ask me, an employer of labor, to throw up me hat when you vote to raise the wages of me five men. I'll fight scandalous!"

"Go it, Kelly! You have him on three legs and gold!" shouted a wag, and amid the laughter that followed, Kelly leaped down and made for the door.

When Raymond overtook him again he was in talk with a lean young fellow with large, bright eyes, who had the tone of an old and bitterly disappointed man.

Kelly introduced him. "Rob, shake hands with Mr. Dolan, correspondent of the Valley Springs News. Jim, this is my new partner."

Dolan, as he clasped hands, remarked, "You've met up with a good man, a man that won't do ye, and there aren't many like him in this town."

Only long after did it come to Raymond's mind that Kelly had been giving plans and a note concerning their Springs and that his whereabouts would be at once made known to Valley Springs and to Louis.

"Who is this man Munro?" asked Raymond as they left the reporter and started for home.

"He's a devil-may-care chap from Red Cliff. He pretends to be a miner and is a partner with an old fellow on the north side o' the hill, but he's workin' for Hanley—lookout for the roulette wheel. The boys all think a heap of him. They say he always gives 'em a square deal."

"Does he?" "I think so. I never heard to the contrary."

"Larned was right about the union," said Raymond. "The big owners in the Springs are sending men for their miners. They know that men like you and me will not do their deep work for them. He's right, too—in sayin' these

cowboys and farm hands" from the states won't make miners. They don't intend to work underground. We'll find ourselves left short some morning if we depend on these fellows, who can hit the trail at ten minutes' notice."

"Sure thing," said Kelly. "This gettin' under the crust o' the earth and livin' there is unholly business—not for free men like ourselves. It's all goin' to be done by the Roosians and the dagoes."

In silence the two men looked abroad over the valley toward the dim line of peaks faintly lit by the big silver bright moon.

A sentence from Richter came into Raymond's mind. "In the presence of beauty, beneath the stars, men think of love," and his heart ached with a sense of loss.

Unconsciously, in spite of his attempt to put himself away from her presence, Ann had come to dominate his musing hours. At thought of her he grew resolute and hopeful and, reaching forth a powerful hand, grasped the air as if it were the throat of a hitherto invincible opponent and said, "I will win!" He acknowledged that wealth had power to aid him. "So long as I am unknown and poor and in disgrace she can only consider me what I am—a failure. Money is a measure of value, and wealth I must have first; then leisure and the higher life."

CHAPTER XI ON the second morning after his meeting with Dolan, Raymond, riding down the trail toward Bozbe, discovered a small figure toiling toward him, pausing often to rest. "It can't be Louis," he said, "and yet there's something familiar in that walk. It is Louis, and I he's on my trail!"

When the boy, lifting his tired head, recognized the rider he uttered a fierce shout of joy, but he fairly staggered with weakness.

Raymond slid from his horse and put his arm about the reeling lad. "When did you come to camp?"

Louis leaned against his big friend. "Oh, I've been here a week. I knew you were here somewhere, but I couldn't get track of you. Don was over here yesterday, but I dodged him, and he went back. I didn't sign my own name on the register." He grinned slyly. "See my boots. Aren't they right?"

Raymond looked down at the boy's small legs clothed with miner's laced boots. "You believe in dressing the part, don't you? You are a kiddie!" He laughed at the boy's chaffling look, for Louis detested being called a boy, and added: "Well, what now? Does your sister know where you are?"

"No." Raymond's whole expression changed. "Climb that horse," he said sternly. "You're going back to town, and you're going to send her a telegram at once."

As he led the horse down the hill Raymond comprehended something of the anxiety the runaway had brought to Ann and that he indirectly was the cause of it, but at the door of the office he said more gently: "Now, you-



He led the horse down the hill. ker, hop off. You're going to send word to the folks that you're with me and safe."

"You're not going to drive me away?" Raymond looked at him in silence. "No. I'm going to put you to work."

The boy's face threw off its shadow. "That's bully! Now I'm all right. Give me a pen." He wrote: "I have found Rob. We're all O. K. Don't worry."

As he handed it over he said gayly, "Will that do?" "That's satisfactory. Now rush it." As they walked out Raymond sternly asked: "Want to stay with me, do you? Well, everybody works where I live. We don't allow idlers. If you had something to do you'd keep out o' mischief."

Louis twisted his small right arm. "I'm ready for anything."

"Got your outfit—your whole kit?" "I've got one camera and my drawing materials."

Raymond packed his hand bags on the horse, and together they set out up the trail. At first the lad exulted and cried out like a blue jay, but his breathing grew labored as they rose, and at last Raymond turned. "Now, see here, Louis, this air is pretty thin till a fellow gets used to it; you'd better mount. You'll enjoy the scenery better."

With a feeling that he was succumbing to an unmanly weakness, Louis clambered to the horse's back and perched among his possessions, while Raymond, striding ahead, led the way up and up till the whole world seemed coming into view. "Oh, this is fine! Jupiter, this is the place for me!"

He drew a hissing breath of admiration over the grand figure of old Matt Kelly. "Go, but you're a wonder! I must do you."

Kelly was puzzled and a little embarrassed by this outspoken admiration and regarded Louis with definite disfavor till he presented him with a pencil drawing of the lads playing on the doorstep, and then he said: "The Lord God has made a power o' people that the Kellys have not seen. This is wan of them. Now, isn't that a wonder? He put the whole thing together in five minutes." Thereafter he accepted the boy for the cunning that lay in his fingers.

Raymond wrote that night to Ann as formally as the riot in his brain would permit:

I planned to take myself out of your life as completely as if I were dead, but Louis would not have it so. When I met him on the hill today and he told me how long he had been from home, I determined to hustle him back to the Springs, but he asked to stay a day or two, and here he is. Will you trust him with me? He will tire of it here by and by and go back to you of his own accord. Just now he is mad over the life and the scenery. As for myself, I am a new man, with new aspirations. They may not seem very high to you, for I am striving now to acquire gold, but that is only a means to an end. There is something else in the world for me to do. I don't know what it is—perhaps the cure of this war-torn world is a part of it. At any rate, he is here and not to be driven away without great risk to him and deep pain to me. So, unless you object, I shall keep him. Our life is rough, but not contaminating. I will see that no harm comes to him.

There was nothing more personal in the letter than this, but Ann's heart warmed to the writer unaccountably. And yet the thought of Louis in a mining camp troubled her. "I ought to go and fetch him away," she said to Don. "No, no," he said, "let the little scamp and bring him back if possible."

The next morning Raymond put into action a measure he had formulated during the night. He called Louis to him, and together they ascended the "Lookout," as Kelly called the ledge back of his cabin. "See here, lad, I've brought you up here to ask you a few questions," said he.

Louis braced himself. "Fire away!" "As I understand it, you and Ann are alone in the world—I mean you are closer to each other than to any one else—she's your best friend. You've given her a great deal of anxiety, my lad, and that isn't right. You must go straight back to her and apologize and ask her permission to come back. If she consents, then I'll make a place for you here."

"She won't consent. I'd have to run away again, and I'd do it!" he added defiantly.

Raymond, after a pause, slowly resumed: "Now, I want to make a compact with you. If you'll go down and see her, I will write a letter interceding for you and asking her to let you return."

The lad's face was suddenly illuminated. "He threw out his small palm. 'I'll do it!' he cried out, and his tone carried conviction."

Raymond continued: "You like me, and I like you. You can't live in the Springs, and your sister can't live here. So it seems that I must be your big brother and look after you. And, hark ye, you must mind what I say, or I'll take a birch to you."

This threat seemed not to appall the boy. "Can I work in the mine?" "No; you can't work in the mine, but I'll find something on top for you to do. You must take care of those lungs of yours for awhile. But come, let's see if we can't catch the stage."

"Oh, let me stay till tomorrow!" pleaded the boy. "I don't want to go today. It's too beautiful to miss."

Raymond reflected a moment. "Very well, but you'll want that stage ride. It's one of the finest roads in the mountains. You rattle down the canyon tomorrow, sure thing. Remember that!"

Together they went down toward the mine, where a group of men were building a log cabin. "Here is where we are to live, provided your sister consents."

Barnett came riding up the hill about sundown and immediately at sight of Louis began a jocosse trade. "You scamp! You young flyaway! A nice interlude you've given us. Ann hadn't slept a wink for a week till she got your message yesterday. How long have you been here?"

Raymond hastened to say, "I induced him to wire as soon as he turned up."

"Had you been here all the time, you young rattlepate?" Louis was not afraid of Barnett. "Yes; I was down there looking for Rob." He pointed toward the town of Bozbe.

"Well, I'm to bring you home—instanter!" Louis took shelter behind Raymond. "No, you don't. Tell him, Rob."

Raymond winked at Barnett. "He's going tomorrow on a promise to me, Don. I've made a bargain with him. He can tell you about it on the way."

(Continue on Page 4.)

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LITTLE BELL BIOGRAPHIES Mendelssohn FELIX MENDELSSOHN (BARTHOLODY), born at Hamburg 1808, died at Leipzig 1847, was one of the greatest composers of the 19th century, and though not a brilliant player, he was an organic and pianist of high distinction. His career, like Bach's, Mozart's and Beethoven's, illustrates the power of good music in the home. He began his studies under his mother, and first played in public when only 9 years old. In his 11th year he produced 60 compositions—songs, cantatas, dramatic scenes and trios. At 15 he composed his fine Symphony in C minor (Op. 10). And so great was his precocity that at 17 he finished the score of his Overture to Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which, though more than three-quarters of a century old, is still one of the most brilliant achievements in modern music. His Oratorio "Elijah" and his "Scotch Symphony," have added considerably to his fame. Of his piano compositions, the best known and most popular are his "Songs Without Words," the scores of which were first published in 1832, when he was 23 years old. They are full of a peculiar vein of pure and charming melody and of simple sensuous harmony. Though devoid of great technical difficulties, they require the aid of an instrument like The Bell Piano and Organ Co., Limited, Guelph, Ont.

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