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The Canadian Champion

VOLUME 36. MILTON, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1906. No. 15

COUNTY OF HALTON

LOCAL COURTS CALENDAR

FOR 1906

Hours of Opening	Jan.	Mar.	May	July.	Sept.	Nov.	1907 Jan.
10.00 a.m.	12	9	11	13	14	9	11
10.30 a.m.	9	6	8	10	11	6	8
10.00 p.m.	10	7	9	11	12	7	9
11.00 p.m.	11	8	10	12	13	8	10
10.00 a.m.	13	10	12	14	15	10	12
11.00 a.m.	8	5	7	9	10	5	7

JURORS: 1. Wm. Paulton, Milton; 2. Arthur Hilmer, Oakville; 3. R. J. McNabb, Acton; 5. W. I. Dick (pro tem), Milton.

[illegible] County Court Sittings, with or without Jury, 12th [illegible] days at 1 p.m.

[illegible] Jury, 3rd April and 2nd October, and so often at other [illegible] despatch of business.

[illegible] Terms—8th January, 2nd April, 3rd July and 1st October.

[illegible] Counts, 3rd January, 3rd April, 4th July and 2nd October.

By order W. I. DICK, Milton,
Clerk of the Peace.

Canadian Champion
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
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[illegible] paper will be stopped, at the option of the publisher, until all arrears are paid.
[illegible] of which is to be paid for any such [illegible] and charged accordingly.
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[illegible] 10 cents per line for the first insertion and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.
PANTON,
Editor and Proprietor

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[illegible] and Conveyancer. Money [illegible] Court House, Milton, Ont.

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[illegible] Medical University of Toronto.
[illegible] Office—Opposite Town Hall.
Hours: 8 to 9 a.m., 1 to 2 p.m., 6-6m

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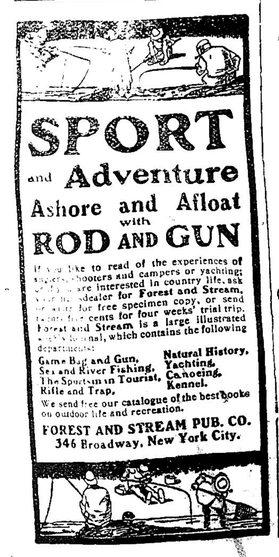

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Sunday School and Bible Class: 2.30 p.m.
Epworth League, Monday, at 8 p.m.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, at 8 p.m.
Pastor's Class: Friday, at 7.30 p.m.

KNOX CHURCH
REV. W. M. MCKAY, Minister.
Sunday Services: 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Sunday School: 2.30 p.m. Judge Gorham's Bible Class in Church at 2.45 p.m.
Prayer Meeting: Wednesday, at 7.30 p.m.
W. F. M. S. meets on the second Wednesday of every month at 3 p.m.
The Mission Band meets on the second Wednesday of every month at 4.30 p.m.

GRACE CHURCH
REV. A. J. BELT, M.A., Rector.
Sunday Services: 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Sunday School: 3 p.m.
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Holy Communion: 1st Sunday of each month at mid-day and 3rd and 5th Sundays, 8 a.m.
Friday evening service, 7.30 p.m.

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Mass: Second Sunday of every month at 11 a.m.

Travellers' Guide.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

GOING EAST.		
5.22 a.m.	9.03 a.m.	11.15 a.m. 8 to p.m.

GOING WEST.		
9.03 a.m.	5.24 p.m.	6.50 p.m. 9.06 p.m.

—SUNDAY—
West 9.03 a.m., 9.00 p.m. East 7.22 a.m., 8.01 p.m.

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She checked herself. "You must go. They are waiting for you below. We will see you at luncheon?"

"Yes, I may not start till dark tonight."

"You have my best wishes."

The men assembled in the library were a grim lot. Mackay was no less square jawed than Banker Moore, and the squat, coarse featured, scowling sheriff resembled a bulldog. Don Barnett alone seemed not a part of the general massing of prejudice and passion, and yet he was one of the most pitiless of them all. The mayor, a large man with a plump and smiling face, seemed the only man likely to side with a peace messenger.

After general introductions Raymond took a seat and at Don's request reiterated his appeal for a stay of the advancing hordes.

"You think they'll fight?" asked the mayor.

"I know they'll fight."

"How many men does this man Munro"—

Raymond raised a warning hand. "Now, your honor and gentlemen, I am here merely as a peace envoy. I do not intend to utter one word which could by any force be twisted into revealing the camp secrets. If I betrayed these men my life wouldn't be worth a toothpick. They would quite properly mob me."

The mayor smiled as if it were all a joke. "Quite right, Mr. Raymond. I see the propriety of your attitude."

"I don't," said Mackay. "Raymond and Kelly have elected themselves into onlookers. If they had taken prompt action with us in this whole matter trouble would have been averted."

The mayor resumed his questions. "Who sent you? Whom do you represent?"

"Munro sent me."

"Who is Munro?"

"He is the adviser of the president of the union."

"He's the 'whole thing,' isn't he?" asked the mayor.

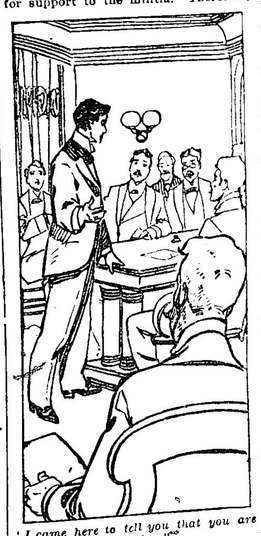
"That I cannot answer. He has the confidence of the committee."

"I don't suppose it will do any good to ask about the buried dynamite and the fortifications on the hill?"

"None whatever."

"Then what did you hope to accomplish?"

Raymond fired a little. "I came here to tell you that if you think you can overawe this camp with 1,000 men or 2,000 men you are mistaken. Since this trouble began hundreds of the most reckless and dangerous characters in the west have flocked to Sky in support of the miners. These recruits are accustomed to the sound of guns. Furthermore, Bozle itself—in fact, the whole western end of the county—is tired of the domination of the eastern end, and they will aid and abet the miners. Your party is in a minority in the state, and you cannot safely look for support to the militia. Therefore,



"I came here to tell you that you are mistaken."

for all these reasons and because I know Munro and his men, I advise, I plead with you, to stay where you are. There is one other consideration: The party which I represent—the free miners and prospectors, like Kelly and Bingham and Reese—have stood aside from this quarrel. We have had no share in it. We have kept our men out of it, but if you march against the hill many of our fellows will join Munro. And I want to tell you, gentlemen, that one of these free miners—these rangers of the hills—is more dangerous than twenty little dagoes. A hundred of them would stand off 500 of your men."

His deep earnestness impressed them all, and a silence followed his last words. At last Don said:

"Gentlemen, Raymond is not merely an acquaintance; he was in my employ for some years, and he is my friend. I am forced to give his words great weight. I suggest that we try to arrange a meeting between the miners and ourselves and the governor and reach some peaceful solution."

The sheriff leaped to his feet. "That would make us the laughingstock of the whole country."

"Better be that than a melancholy example of foolish pride and obstinacy," Raymond interjected.

At this point the argument stuck. Mackay, the county attorney, and the sheriff stood for war; the mayor and Barnett, being for the moment under the power of Raymond's earnest glance, pleaded rather spiritlessly for at least a stay in proceedings.

"I think it all a ruse to gain time," said Mackay. "I think we ought to hold this man here and march at once. He is known to be a friend of Munro. If we allow him to go back he will inform"—

Raymond smiled grimly. "My services as a spy are not needed. Every movement you make will be watched by a hundred eyes, and back of the eyes will be a gun."

The mayor rose. "Well, gentlemen, I don't see that we can decide anything here. We have Mr. Raymond's opinion that our attack on the hill will result in disaster. The sheriff is confident he can win practically without a struggle. This is no place to take a vote on so momentous a subject." Here he looked at his watch. "And it is lunchtime. I suggest that we go to lunch and meet at 3 o'clock in the committee room."

After they were well out of the house Barnett said: "You see how it is. They are inexorable."

"May I come in?" asked Mrs. Barnett at the door. "Luncheon is waiting."

"Certainly," said Don. "The council is over."

"You were all very quiet. I expected to hear loud voices and the sound of blows." She came toward Raymond, her face sweet with kindly interest. "How do you do, Robert? It's good to see you. How well you look." As they moved toward the door she added in a low voice, "I want to talk with you about—you know who."

She put him at her left hand and Ann next him, an arrangement which pleased him. The table was filled as usual, with people "on their way to California," and Raymond felt himself to be the object of comment both above and below board, and it irritated him a little.

"This is a long way from Sky," he said to Ann as his eyes absorbed the shining, flower decked table and its tasteful service. "You left just in time. It is white with snow up there today, and bleak and cold. Have you had no word of Louis?"

"No news whatever. I am sure he is on his way up to you."

"I am starting back at once, and I will take care of him. Trust him to me."

When at last the hostess rose, the young miner's heart contracted with a sudden realization that his hour of grace was over and that the time had come for his return to the stern realities of life.

In the hall he extended his hand in fixed resolution to Mrs. Barnett.

"Goodby. It's hard to leave you and this glorious home."

"Must you go today?"

"Yes. I must hurry back. Kelly needs me, and then there is Louis."

"Well, if you must. But do come again, Rob. Don't mind who is here; come to see us. It is always good to have you here."

"As soon as this strike is over I will do so," he said very earnestly.

Don followed him to his room, and while resuming his big boots Raymond said: "Don't let that sheriff head me off. Keep him for a couple of hours, and I'll be out of his reach."

"Don't worry about the sheriff, old man, and throw your whole weight against Munro's policy of resistance."

"I've done that from the first."

Ann was waiting to see him as he came out into the upper hall. It was her first deliberate motion toward him, but her face gave him no hint of her quickened pulses as she said: "Give Nora my love, and greet grand old Matt for me, won't you? I feel as if I ought to go back"—

"You must not, much as we all need you. This is no time for you to be there. I wish Nora would come down"—

"I wish she would; and please let me know instantly that Louis is safe with you."

"I will do so. When do you go east?"

"Not till spring."

"Then I may see you again." His words formed a declaration as well as a question, and his glance meant more than his tone.

Her eyes fell. "Perhaps," and she added, with an upward glance, "If you visit us soon."

"That I will do. Goodby."

"Goodby, and please don't be reckless."

CHAPTER XXII.

RAYMOND looked back occasionally, half expecting pursuit. He could see in the valley below the town the gleaming white tents of the little army hesitant to march, and its plan of invasion seemed born of folly and madness. He spurred his horse down the trail to meet the night which rose to meet him from the valley like a chill, engulfing flood. An hour's brisk ride brought him to the open, and just at the edge of the peak he came upon a forlorn camp, a small tent under a fir, and a group of four men sitting about a fire. At their call he turned and rode up to them. They were an outpost of Munro's guard, a part of the cordon he had thrown round the peak and camp.

One of them knew him and, greeting him pleasantly, asked where he had been.

He replied with candor, "I've been down to the Springs to induce those 'yaller legs' to put off their expedition."

"What luck did ye have?"

"None. They're coming."

Significant glances passed, and the firelight brought out stern lines on their faces. At length Brown, the corporal, said solemnly: "Well, if they want fight they can have it. But say, Rob, does the captain know you're on the road? There was a hullabaloo in town about you last night. A lot of the fellers think you went down to give away the camp, and some said if you ever came back they'd string you up. Now, I guess you better stay here while I ride up and tell the cap you're here."

"I don't think that's necessary, but you might jog along with me if you want to go. Otherwise I'll go alone."

"Well, I'll tell ye, Rob," said Brown in an embarrassed way, "these monkeys on the peak have got an awful slant against you and Kelly, and they's two or three fellers who are working against you underhand right along. You don't want to take no chances. They'll do ye if they can."

Raymond was impressed with Brown's earnestness and by the admirable loyalty of his fellows camped there in the snow. "Boys, what are you staying here for?" he asked. "This isn't a picnic. What do you do it for?"

Brown answered, "We do it because we want to help these miners stand off the 'plutes.'"

Raymond mused. "But you're friendly toward Kelly & Raymond?"

"Sure thing. You fellers are all right. You've punched cows, and Kelly is an old broncho buster himself. But let me tell ye this, Rob, we're goin' to need you and your men if these chaps come up here the way they talk o' doin'—with Gatling guns and all that. The boys have been rollin' logs for a fort all day. You can just about see it from here—just on that point."

"Well, suppose we ride along," said Raymond, and as he took a last look around his heart warmed to these rough souls who had taken sides in a quarrel not their own, moved by a blind desire to aid their fellows in a war against privilege and social caste.

Brown called another man out of the group to ride with them, and they started away. On the hill east of the town and overlooking the valley lights could be seen flickering. The corporal lifted his arm and pointed that way. "There they are building the fort."

Raymond's blood began to stir, his military instruction to freshen, and for a moment, as he paused there in the darkness, he understood something of Munro's joy in a defensive campaign, but he said aloud: "It's all a mistake, Brown. They can't afford to fight the sheriff. The law is on his side."

Brown grimly replied, "Well, we'll give him a little run for his money, anyway."

Raymond smiled at the boyish quality of this remark, but made no comment upon it, and allowed himself to be led by a roundabout path to the

"There they are building the fort."

west side of the town. At last his guide paused. "You're all right now."

"I wish you'd tell Jack I'm here and that I want to see him," said Raymond. "I'm much obliged to you."

"Oh, that's all right, Rob; take keer o' yerself." And the two men rode off.

"Good luck, boys."

As he rode up to Kelly's cabin and called out, "Hello, the house!" Matt opened the door and, with a lad on either side of him, peered out. "Is that you, Rob?"

"The very same, Matt."

"Well, now, wait a whist and I'll come and put out your horse."

Mrs. Kelly called cheerily: "Rob, we're glad to see you safe returned. Are you hungry?"

He slid from his horse. "I am empty as a wolf in March," he replied. "Where's Louis?"

"Louis! He hasn't returned. Didn't you leave him at the Springs?"

"No. He left early this morning and Ann thought he had hit the stage road for the camp. I hope he hasn't gone wrong."

This news took away a large part of his pleasure in the friendly hearth to which he was welcomed and, removing his outer garments, he bent to the blaze in silence while Mrs. Kelly spread some food before him.

Kelly listened to the news of Louis' disappearance with less concern. "He's probably up at headquarters. He couldn't get lost. He knows the road. What's the word from the valley?"

"They're coming, Matt."

"When?"

"Tonight or tomorrow."

"I've been receiving delegations and posters and all kinds of warnin's. It's been a lively day on the hill. They're buildin' a fort."

"So Frank Brown told me. How do our men feel?"

Matt rubbed his chin. "They're a little uneasy, to tell the truth."

Mrs. Kelly interrupted. "Sit up and eat, Rob. Talk afterward."

Raymond could see that Kelly was disturbed, and that he had something to tell which he did not care to have Nora know. It was plain that he no longer minimized the danger, and his face fell easily into stern lines.

Seizing the moment when his wife left the room to put the youngsters to bed, the big miner laid a sheet of paper before his partner. "What do you think of that?"

Raymond looked at the death's head warning, for such it was, with amazement. It seemed at first sight a rough joke. In one corner glared the conventional crossbones and skull, rudely drawn, and to the right and beneath them scrawled the word "Beware!" All this was amusing, but the logic of the argument which followed gave him thought:

This neutral business is played out. Either you are for us or you are for the dudes. If you are for the dudes, get out. If you are for us, send in your men to help us repel the invaders. This is our first warning. Remember the Red Star!
COMMITTEE.

Raymond rose. "Let's go down to my shack. We can talk matters over there more freely."

"I'll be with you in a few minutes," answered Kelly.

It was warm in the cabin, for the faithful Perry had built a fire early in the evening, and after he had lighted a couple of candles and kicked the fire into a blaze the room resumed its cheerful glow, but he was too deeply disturbed over Louis' nonappearance to fully enjoy it. He took out his revolver and was examining it carefully as Kelly entered.

"Did ye meet with any trouble, Rob?"

"None. Some of the committee of safety wanted to arrest me and hold me as hostage, but Barnett stood 'em off. I didn't see a soul till on my way back I came on one of Jack's picket posts, where I found four men camped in misery and eating snowballs for supper."

"It's strange the power he has over them wild cowboys. Drunk or sober, they do as he tells them. His trouble will come with Brock and Smith, who are neither miners nor cowboys, for they are all tryin' to derive their power from Carter, who is dead sick of the business and likely to fly the coop at any minute. Where you goin'?"

"Uptown to take a look round for Louis."

"You go not!. 'Tis a poor time for you to visit the street. They have it in their heads that you are playin' the spy."

"I must find that boy. He left the Springs at 8 this morning, and his sister is worried about him."

"I will go for ye, Rob. It's too dangerous for you."

Raymond rose and laid a hand on Kelly's shoulder. "See here, Matt, I want to talk plainly to you. You've got to bundle up that little wife and the boys and get out of here. I'm going to take a hand in this game. I'm going to call the independents together and make a stand."

Kelly faced him. "If ye make a stand I must be beside ye. What is your plan?"

"I will not tell you unless you promise to take Nora out of danger."

Kelly's face grew stern, and his voice fell to a level hoarseness that sent a quiver through the young man's blood. "See here, boy, we struck hands on this partnership. We share and share alike. I am with ye and so is Nora. I am ready to dig a hole in the ground and stand 'em off. I'm worn out with their comin' and goin', whipsawin' now on this, now on that side o' the question. They've declared war on us. Now, by the powers, we'll meet 'em halfway."

Raymond surrendered. "All right, Matt, here's my hand. We'll defend Nora and the mine too. When your fighting blood is up I don't want any dispute between us."

Kelly's eyes began to twinkle. "I begin to draw me breath natural again. For weeks I've been wanting to put me fist beneath the noses of these rapscallions, but for fear of Ann and Nora I could not."

"Very well, we'll send out a call for a meeting tonight. The quicker we move the better. I feel as you do—now we are acting a man's part. There is a big element here that is sick of this monkey business. Half the camp will rally in our support. I know it. Then we will serve notice on Munro"— The sound of hurrying feet interrupted him, and a moment later Louis burst into the room.

"Oh, Rob, I'm glad you're here. Hello, Matt!" He shook hands, breathing heavily. His skin was flushed and his eyes shining. "You ought to be uptown. Jack is makin' 'em sit up. He shot one man. They were building a fort, and a drunken fellow"—

"Take your time," said Raymond coldly. "There are several minutes left in the box. You might begin at the beginning and tell me why you sneaked away again without saying goodby to Ann?"

The boy was not daunted. "As soon as I heard what the sheriff's plans were I wanted to leave, but it was so dark; that was last night. I was afraid to try it, so this morning I pulled out early."

"Where have you been all day?"

"I've been with Jack. I met his men way down the canyon, and they took me to headquarters, where I told my story, and then I went to supper with Jack; and then this big row came on, and I stayed to see that. Oh, but Jack is fine! He faced the whole crowd alone. One man wanted to clean out your cabin. He said it was a nest of traitors. He drew his gun on Jack, but he hadn't time to pull the trigger. Jack's bullet went through his arm."

Raymond, who had been studying the lad with softening glance, interrupted him: "Now, see here, Louis, you sit down here by the fire. Don't let your words all try to get out of the corral at the same time. We want to know all about it, but we don't want you to hurry. It's only 10 o'clock, and you can get over a whole lot of ground by midnight."

The two men looked at each other with grave eyes. The boy was trembling with excitement, and his voice was high and strained.

Kelly said gently: "My lad, 'twould serve your sister better if you kept out of this. I don't like to see you riding between the lines as a spy."

"I didn't intend to be a spy, but when I heard the trick they were going to play I couldn't help hurrying back."

"What trick?"

"Why, they're going to load all their men into freight cars and make them keep quiet, and then they're going to run them through Jack's guard at Boggy clear to the end of the rails."

"That's a very nice plan," said Raymond. "When do they intend to come?"

"Tomorrow night if the guns arrive for which they are waiting."

"How did you drop on to this?"

"I heard Cousin Don tell Dr. Braide. He wanted Dr. Braide to follow next day in case of accidents."

"You've told this to Jack?"

"Yes. I wanted to come and see you, Matt, but he said I could tell you afterward."

Raymond again looked at his partner. "Well, I don't see that there is anything for us to do now."

"Jack told me to tell you to be on your guard tonight. He said he'd come down and see you if possible. Oh, I feel so cold," he ended, drawing nearer the fire. "I'm all trembly over my chest."

"I reckon you better strip off your clothes and go to bed. This has been a hard day for you."

He seemed stiff, and was shivering convulsively. "I believe I will. Rob, I don't feel any good."

As Raymond helped him to undress the boy's teeth began to chatter, and he drew his breath with a hissing moan. "I guess I've taken an awful cold, Rob. My breast aches so."

"Matt, go ask Nora to come over and bring her little medicine case. This boy's got a chill right now."

"A swallow of whisky will fix that," answered Matt as he went out. "I'll be back in a jiffy."

Raymond bundled Louis into bed and heaped him with blankets and furs, his heart deeply stirred with anxiety, for as the boy's mind turned from the excitement of his day's experiences to his condition he became deeply depressed. He fairly collapsed.

Mrs. Kelly, with her "emergency case" of medicine and a knowledge of sickness gained in years of maternal care in the rough country, was a great comfort to Raymond, but she could not keep down his growing anxiety. The boy's body was so small and frail when stripped of its clothing! Under their vigorous ministrations the sufferer ceased to shake and at last fell into a hot, uneasy doze.

Raymond, seeing this, whispered: "You must go home. I will watch."

"No, Rob, you must sleep. I forgot you had no sleep last night."

"Oh, yes, I did. I took a nap at Barnett's. Please go to bed."

To this arrangement she submitted, and, taking his seat close by the boy's couch, Raymond studied his flushed face, more concerned at that moment over his temperature and pulse than with the brawling crowds, the invading force or the fate of his mine. When Munro knocked on his door he went out upon the threshold and repeated the failure of his mission, while the captain of the volettes listened with his horse's rein across his arm. At the end he merely said: "All right. Let them come; they will find us ready. Did the kid turn up all right?"

"He turned up, but he has taken a chill and is burning with fever."

Munro seemed concerned. "He had nothing on but that little gray jacket. I tried to warm him up with some whisky and a supper. I hope he won't be laid up. Well, now, old man, what are you going to do—help us or the dudes?"

"I can't decide anything tonight. I'm worried about this boy. If he is better in the morning I'll have something decisive to say to you."

"All right; take your time, only don't take too long. It's up to you to decide. Good night. Keep me posted on the boy's condition."

A half hour later Jim Dolan and two or three of his fellow reporters tumbled in, eager to know what Raymond had seen in the valley.

To them he said: "Boys, I haven't a word to say. I'm sorry I can't offer you a bed, for Louis, my boy friend, is very sick. Dolan, I wish you would send up the best doctor in Bozle. Feel him there's money in it if he comes tonight."

To Matt, Raymond turned. "Go on with your meeting without me. I can do nothing till this boy dodges this fever." And Kelly went away, reluctantly, to meet with the leaders of the neutral party, robbed of half his resolution, for he, too, loved the sick lad.

At 12 o'clock, when some of the men were passing, Raymond went out and called Baker aside in the tone of one who had at last decided on a plan of action, "I want you to carry a message to Boggy and see that it gets there."

And Baker, having a long training as cowboy behind him, accepted his order like a soldier.

The telegram was addressed to the sheriff and read:

They're on to your box car game. Look out!
A PEACE LOVER.

At 1 o'clock Kelly returned with lowering brow. "I wish you'd been home, lad. They're afraid of Munro and voted me down. We are to do nothing."

Raymond, submerged in the tide of his anxiety, looked at his partner dully. "Well, perhaps it's better so, Matt. I gave my word to Ann. I would care for this boy as if he were my brother, and I'm going to do so, regardless of every other consideration. If he grows worse I shall send for Ann, and then I will have another person to keep out of the mine."

Toward daylight Raymond said to Kelly, "Send a message to Ann. Louis is a mighty sick boy and needs her care."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE morning papers [illegible] maid brought to Ann's door [illegible] still drowsed, in [illegible] tained the news of the arrival at Raymond's cabin [illegible] lapse.

"All the early part of the night reporter went on to [illegible] clamorous men marched [illegible] mine, calling upon the [illegible] down their tools. Only [illegible] mained unintimidated [illegible] and Kelly & Raymond. [illegible] of all this turmoil," said [illegible] "Raymond, one of the [illegible] cerned, was standing [illegible] boy and would not leave [illegible] moment." Ann glowed with [illegible] deep obligation to that [illegible]

Mrs. Barnett knocked on [illegible] and called, "Have you seen [illegible] Ann Marie?"

"Yes."

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going up there."

Mrs. Barnett entered. "How [illegible] go, with that mob in [illegible] must not go! It isn't safe for [illegible] I will not consent to have [illegible] Who will protect you?"

Ann flamed with wrath. "There is no law out here that [illegible] who goes to nurse her sick [illegible] have nothing to do with [illegible] wars. I am going up the [illegible] of New York, not as a partisan [illegible] side in this struggle. I [illegible] that boy there to suffer alone."

"I can't find Don," said Mrs. [illegible] "He must have gone down [illegible] one has just phoned a message [illegible] Rob. He says Louis has [illegible]

"Then let us go!" she [illegible]

and that you are to come [illegible] but not to worry. He is [illegible] for."

"Can we reach him by telephone?" asked Ann.

"The operator says there is no connection with Skytown, but [illegible] wire from Bozle to the south [illegible] We can try."

"Tell Don to wire Mr. Rupert [illegible] I am coming at once, and that I will bring Dr. Braide if possible." [illegible] Ann, alert and self contained.

She rang Dr. Braide's bell [illegible] few moments later and called to [illegible] "Dr. Braide, I want you to go with me to Skytown"—

His cool, indifferent voice cut her short. "Who is it, please?"

"It is Ann Rupert."

"Ah!" His voice changed [illegible] swift, eager. "Certainly, [illegible] Miss Rupert. I understand. [illegible] the note about your brother. It is a privilege. I will run over at once [illegible] discuss the best plan for getting [illegible]

Ann was eating her breakfast [illegible] the bell rang, and the [illegible] der brought the doctor into the [illegible] room.

"I am asking a great deal of [illegible] doctor. I will gladly recompense [illegible] for any loss of patients," said Ann [illegible]

"Please don't trouble about [illegible] tients. It is a plea are for humanity [illegible] you. I beg you not to bring [illegible] to so mercenary a plane."

(To be continued.)

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.
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