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# HESPER

#### HAMLIN GARLAND

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CHAPTER XVIII.

HE blowing up of the Red Star mill and shaft house shook the entire district with its possibilities of further violence and concealed beneath its dust and smoke the rich discovery in the Kelly mine. The partners had time to calculate chances and plan for the buying in of the prop-

The din of controversy was deafening. The labor leaders disclaimed all knowledge of the outrage and roundly condemned it for the foolishly destructive act it really was. Kelly marched in among them like a grizzly bear and stormed thunderously. "You are responsible," he growled. "You sit here and send out appeals to the world while these hounds work their will. Where was Munro and his regulators?"

"They can't be everywhere," explained Carter. "No one supposed such a thing could happen in the daylight."

"Ye're all a set o' chicken heads. Ye've created a power ye can't control. I give ye notice that if ye don't go after the thieves that did this work I'll organize a vigilance committee and take charge of the whole gang of yez." And he strode out of the room, leaving the officers of the union disgraced and angry. He confessed to Raymond on his return that it was a foolish action.

"It was, Matt. You couldn't have done a worse thing. A large number of these dago miners already consider us their enemies, and this will confirm them. We might as well take steps tonight to get our party of the third part in some sort of organization."

All this excitement and worry aided Raymond in tiding over the day, but when midnight came and the committee had slipped away into the night his sense of loss and a feeling of loneliness took possession of him. Ann had announced her intention to return to the Springs at the end of the week, and, though she had vaguely promised to visit the peak again, Raymond was not deceived.

"She's quite right," he admitted to his better judgment. "A mining camp is no place for her or for Nora. Since the destruction of that mill it is even less desirable than before as a place

of residence." While on his way to the bungalow the following afternoon he met Munro accompanying a stranger, a big, blond, bandsome fellow in a gray traveling suit and soft hat. His face was plump and his brown beard close clipped, and, though he realized that he was more

this chap?"

"I do not."

Munro turned to his prisoner. "I sign our rolls double quick."

thought you were lying." "I didn't say I knew Mr. Raymond. I on them, but I'd like to ask you as a merely said that I wanted you to take friend not to make it any harder than me to him. Mr. Raymond, I am you can help for Kelly & Raymond. Wayne Peabody, an old time friend of We've got all we can stagger under Miss Rupert. Will you please explain now, and the worst thing that can hapto this knight of the hills that I am in nowise interested in his strike?"

this was the eastern lover-this fat, prevents." fair man. "I think I have heard of you," he began slowly.

Louis' arrival relieved the awkwardness of the moment. "Hello, Mr. Peabody, how did you get here?"

"Well, well, Louis, I'm glad to see you. You saved my life. How is Ann?"

"Fine! You ought to see her work. She's brown as oak. Come on, I'll take you to her. Gee, she'll be glad to see

As Peabody excused himself and made off, Munro, with a world of meaning in his voice, softly swore. "Well, if I'd known that, I would have killed him and laid him away under a little rock. She turned me down flat the other day, and it hurt. It hurts

Baked sweet apples, with some people, bring prompt relief for Constipation. With others. coarse all-wheat bread will have the same effect. Nature undoubtedly has a vegetable remedy to relieve every ailment known to man, if physicians can but find Natuze's way to health. And this is strikingly true with regard to Constipation.

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man. I really hoped you were the win-

"She's out of our world, Jack," replied Raymond, and a large part of his resentment of Munro's impertinence vanished with the knowledge that he was a fellow sufferer in despair.

Munro went on gravely: "She had me going, sure thing. Why, I stopped drinking-just as I told you I wouldand I cut off Claire- Say, boy, that was a severe job! She raised dust for a day or two, but when the queen of heaven gave me my jolt I said, 'W'at the good?' and slipped into my old ways. Think of us strutting around the parade ground in front of 'the seats of the visitors' with intent to beat out old Grant, and here we are! I'm policing a mining camp, and you're pawing dirt like a woodchuck. 'What a fall is there, my brother." "

Raymond did not enjoy Munro's tone and changed the subject. "What are you going to do now?"

Munro ceased to laugh. "I am going to cinch this whole camp a little tighter from this on. I'm going to turn back every nonunion miner. All you fellows who are friendly can go on working just the same, but your men must put themselves on record."

Raymond's face settled into stern lines. "Jack, I don't want to be mixed up in another man's fight. We are on good terms with our hands-they're a lot of cantankerous American citizens anyway and can't be coerced. I warn you not to monkey with our plant."

Munro laughed. "I'll fight shy, old man, so far as I'm concerned, but these dagoes and Poles are getting watch eyed, and if they stampede they'll run over somebody. You don't believe in me and my cowboys, but the time may come when you'll see that I'm about the only commander in this camp."

"I see that now, Jack. That's why I'm talking to you. But you've started on a line of action that means war with organized society. You had no call to join those jackasses who ran Mackay out of camp. It was none o' your funeral-had nothing to do with the question of wages."

Munro grinned. "He was such an

"Yes, but it started you wrong. Now, I don't know who blew up the shaft house, but if you do your best plan is to cut those outlaws out and turn them back to the authorities."

"I don't know a thing. Of course the union had nothing to do with it. It was done by a few hotheads full of peaches. These mine owners have got or less in durance, his eyes were smil- to give up their nine hour scheme. We've got 'em dead to rights, for I Munro called out, "Rob, do you know can drive every nonunion man out of camp if necessary, and my advice to you is, have your men march up and

"They can do as they please about The stranger remained untroubled. that. I will bring no pressure to bear pen to us is delay. We've opened our vein, and we're going to buy in our Raymond looked at him keenly. So mine inside of six weeks if nothing

Raymond walked on to his cabin with a heavier heart than he had carried since he left Barnett's home. Part of this was due to Munro's warning, but the larger part of it sprang from Peabody caught at the boy's hand. his meeting with Peabody, who was not at all the sort of citizen he had expected Ann's eastern lover to be. He was a man of power, dignity and decision, not an erratic idler like Barnett, and his air of quiet authority sprang from a strong personality securely placed in the world.

Louis came back to the cabin with a sly smile on his face. "What did you



The two men shook hands. think of Mr. Peabody? Darn him, he's here to get Ann to go back to New "Maybe she won't go?"

"I'm afraid she will," the boy gloomily replied. "He's got some kind of a 'drag' on her. He's been trying to get her, oh, a long time."

Raymond's voice was calm as he asked. "What is his business?"

"Lawyer. He's rich too. Ann wants us both to come over to the Kellys' to dinner. I don't want to go. Do you?" "She's the captain," answered Raymond. "I reckon we'd better spruce up a bit."

"It makes me tired," the boy went on. "I wanted her to marry you, and then we could all live out here."

A half hour later Ann knocked. "Is

any one at home?" Raymond flung open the door. "We are all at home."

Ann introduced Peabody, who stood by her side, and the two men shook hands rather coldly while she said to Raymond: "Can you take care of Mr. Peabody for the night, and will you come over to dinner? You need have no more scruples, now that Woo is with us."

At the dinner table Ann studied the two men with highly amused interest. Peabody, easy, assured and calmly tolerant, did the talking, while Raymond listened, a little sullenly it seemed to Ann. The New Yorker was most admirable in his consideration for Mrs. Kelly and his interest in everything about him, and yet he did not stir the one he hoped to please. He had always been commonplace to her and was conspicuously so here on the mountain top.

Peabody did not attempt to conceal his intimate relationship with Ann, and every tone of his voice when addressing her was torture to Raymond, who began to talk at last in self defense, addressing himself to Mrs. Kelly as his hostess, leaving Ann free to listen unreservedly to her eastern suitor. The girl understood this mood in Rob, and it touched her.

As they all re-entered the bungalow Peabody rubbed his hands together in delight. "By Jove, this is something like! This chimney carries me back to my hunting lodge in the Maine woods." He was in the midst of a story when a knock at the door announced a visitor.

"Come in!" shouted Raymond, and Munro entered, entirely at his ease, graceful, jocose, making no account of the looks of surprise on the faces of Raymond and his guests.

"Remain where you are!" he called. "The house is entirely surrounded and no nonunion laborer will be allowed to

Raymond mechanically gave him a chair, while Kelly nodded curtly. Ann bowed and said, "Good evening, Captain Munro."

Peabody alone smiled. "Ah, you were my guide up the hill! My guard as well as guide, I take it." "I'd rather have been your execu-

tioner." "For what reason?"

"Had I known you were coming to get the queen of the peak your blood had stained the heather."

"Good heavens, what an escape! Am I quite safe now?" he asked of Kelly. This fooling over, they took seats, and the conversation ran to the prospects of the camp, and Peabody, with a feeling that Kelly was the man of richest experience, persuaded him to tell something of his wonderful career

as a trailer of golden pathways. Raymond sat in silence, while Ann awoke to a delicious excitement in the situation. Before her sat three very | deepest grief of his life. direct and forceful lovers regarding each other like tigers, instinct with hate, yet masking it, pretending to honor and good will while bitter jealousy raged beneath. She provoked Munro to the most audacious sayings merely to see Peabody stare, and she flung an appealing word at Raymond now and again as if valuing his opinion above all others, though he made He paced swiftly to and fro, several but curt answers, returning to his fire, times, then halted abrubtly in front mystified by her gayety and by her of her "Pray, be candid with me," he subtlety of byplay. Munro, so far from said, not without the note of mascubeing depressed by Peabody's pres- line impatience, "Ab ut how final?" ence, was carried quite beyond his This was too much. She burst into usual self, and his reckless compliments tears. "How do I know?" she sobb had a keen edge. In the end Ann re- ed.

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gretted her encouragement of his au-

dacity. Raymond's guests rose at last, and O! the baker's making bread and the Ann and Peabody went away together. This cut deeper than all else, and Louis, who took a very pessimistic view of the whole affair, did not comfort The preacher's making sermons on him. "She'll go back with him. I can see that," he said. "And she'll want The banker's making money-he's

me to go, too, but I won't." Munro went away outwardly jocular, but inwardly sadder than he had ever been in his life, for his love for Ann was mingled with respect for her mind, her character. Her calm and kindly attitude toward him that night had been The silly folks are passing by; they're

a revelation to him. Peabody on his return found Raymond sitting alone by his fire. Louis was deep in slumber.

"That man Munro is an interesting fellow. What do you know about him?" asked the lawyer.

"Not very much. He's rather secre-

tive. He came here from Sylvanite, I

"His jokes about getting under my ribs were a little grewsome. He struck me as just about mediaeval enough to do it-under proper conditions. Tell me about yourself. Ann has only praise for you. I want to thank you most cordially for your kindness to her and to

nervous and more manly." "I doubt if he can be persuaded to leave. He told me tonight that he

the boy. He's much improved-less

wouldn't go." "Well, I'm glad I met you, Mr. Raymond. I shall feel easier about the boy in case we do go east without him."

These cordial, frank and manly words struck an icy chill to Raymond's heart. It was all over then. She had consented to go, and his life was laid waste. He rose unsteadily.

"You must be tired. Shall I show you

your bunk?" he asked. "I believe I will turn in," responded

Peabody. When the young miner returned to his seat beside the fire a big lump of pain filled his throat, and he owned a | the food, the body will soon be in a boyish desire to fling himself down on the floor and sob. He lost all shame of his weakness at length and went out into the night-to be alone with the

(To be Continued.)

HOW FINAL.

"I cannot be your wife," she replied and added: "This is final."

#### The poet's making peems, but I'm better still-

For I'm making love to Eloise who dwells upon the hill.

THE MAKERS.

tailor's making clothes,

And the gardener's making desert

Adam and the fall,

the silliest of all.

spots to blossom like the rose.

going up and down, Their heads and tongues are wagging fast, their clamor fills the town. "Why don't you make a living now? Why don't you make a fame?"

O! silly folks, to think that you could e'er be known to fame! You'll lie forgotten while my name will be remembered still

upon the hill. The silly folks are hurrying by-the baker, the tailor man.

For making love to Eloise who dwells

fills the watering can, The poet who was once so wise-but now he getting old-

The gard ner who rakes the earth and

Ah! poor, old foolish man who's writing rhymes for gold! You're making wondrous things, no

doubt, but I am wiser still,

dwells upon the hill.-Life.

For I'm making love to Eloise who

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Bill Nye late one night entered a fashionable New York hotel and asked for a room. He looked seedy, so the be-diamonded clerk told him there was only one room left. and that under the cornice, and that he'd have to pay in advance.

"Oh, all right," was the humorist's reply. He wrote his name in the register and pulled out a heavy roll of yellowback bills. When the clerk saw the roll and the name a great light dawned on him.

"By the way, Mr. Nye," he said. with sugar in his voice, 'come to think of it, we have an elegant room on the second floor you can have. I'd forgotten."

"Oh, all right," said Nye. "But do you know," he continued, "you remind me of Clay." The clerk swelled and answered:

"Why, no: I don't think anyone ever told me I looked like Henry Clay."

"Oh, not Henry," responded Nye. "not Henry; just common ordinary clay, you know-mud."

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York. I don't go, I tell you that!"

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--- the chimney must fit the range. A

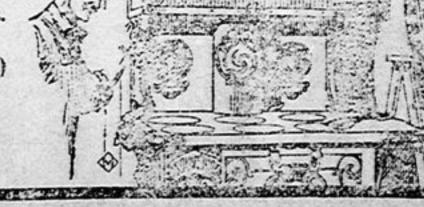
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