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To the Public

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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 sprawled 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 pcket 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 of 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 rascals, 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

ally 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 goodbye 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, 't would 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 Bogy 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 howling 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 vedettes 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. Tell 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 and said in the tone of one who had at last decided on a plan of action, "I want you to carry a message to Bogy 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 there, lad. They're afraid of Munro and voted me down. We are to do nothing."

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

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

(To Be Continued.)

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EGREMONT COUNCIL.

Council met Feb. 9th. Minutes adopted. Comr. McArthur recommended payment of plank for bridge, con. 14, from W. Aitkin, cost \$2.25.

Ferguson—Lothian—Report adopted, order granted.—Carried.

Comr. Ferguson reported examining Registry Office re Treas. sureties and found satisfactory. Cost of search \$1.50. Order granted to Registrar.

Philp—McArthur—Report adopted Comr. paid \$2 00.—Carried.

Comr. Lothian reported underbrushing road by W. L. Dixon, 15th sideroad, lot 15-16, con. 21, 40 feet wide, 134 rods at 10c. per rod, \$13 30.

Ferguson—Philps—Report adopted, Comr. fees \$1.00.

Lothian—Ferguson—That the accounts of Drs. Brown and Sneath for \$5 00 each for certificate of lunacy re Mrs. Christie be paid.—Carried.

By-law No. 207 to appoint collectors was passed. J. C. Adams was appointed for N. D. and D. Hunter for S. D., salary \$40.00 each.

By-law No. 208 to appoint an Assessor was passed—David McIntyre was appointed, salary \$80.00.

By-law No. 209 to appoint Pathmasters and Road Comrs. received the usual readings. List will be published later.

By-law No. 210 to abolish Muir's road beat on E. and G. townline was passed. Said beat is now in beat five con. 21.

McArthur—Ferguson—That the auditors' report be adopted as read, and they be paid \$10.00 each for their services, and that 200 copies be printed.—Carried.

Resolved that the following accounts be paid: Municipal World Ass't Rolls, and 20 School Debentures, \$13.41; W. B. Sutton express charges 50c.; Wm. Aljoe, gravel, 40c.

Adjournd to meet on Tuesday, May 28th, as a Court of Revision and other business.

D. ALLAN.

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DEATH OF HUSBAND AND WIFE.

William G. Raven Expires as His Wife's Casket Was Carried Out.

A sad and rather singular coincidence occurred this week in the death of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. G. Raven, an aged couple who for the past 22 years have made their home with the former's son Mr. J. P. Raven, corner of Banker and Church sts. Mr. Raven, who was in his 94th year, has been very feeble during the present winter and his death has not been unlooked for. His wife on the contrary had been in good health until a few days ago when she took la grippe and died suddenly on Tuesday morning, aged 77 years. Her husband did not seem to comprehend that her death had taken place, although informed of the fact. Mrs. Raven's funeral took place yesterday forenoon, leaving for Tara shortly after ten o'clock. Just as the casket was leaving the house, Mr. Raven was found to have also passed away, and a brief delay was caused in the departure of the funeral at this discovery; however it was carried out as arranged.

The deceased Mr. Raven, who was a native of this country, was born on the 19th of December, 1813. He was a carpenter by trade and lived for many years in St. Vincent township. Deceased was thrice married, the first time to Miss Elizabeth Wilcox, by whom he had a family of nine children, of whom three sons and five daughters survive. The daughters are Mrs. J. Bowerman, Hamilton; Mrs. N. Gould, Grand Rapids; Mich; Mrs. A. Jay, Meaford; Mrs. M. Sewrey, Detroit; and Mrs. Richards, Denver, Col.; and the sons are John in Nebraska; C. W. in Denver; and Jos. P., private banker, Owen Sound. The youngest son died at Grand Rapids last March. Mr. Raven's second wife was Miss Phoebe Wilcox, a cousin of his first, and he was married the third time to Mrs. Welsh, when about 70 years of age. The funeral will take place on Sunday at Duxbury's burying ground, St. Vincent. The service will be held at the house at 9.45 a. m.—Owen Sound Advertiser.

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