

THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
DURHAM, ONT.

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THE WALKERTON AND LUCKNOW RAILWAY COMPANY.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made on behalf of the Walkerton and Lucknow Railway Company to the Board of Railway Commissioners for Canada...

THIS NOTICE is given pursuant to the provisions of Section 281 of The Railway Act, 1903. DATED at Toronto this 8th day of February, 1907.

Geo. H. K. Midford WILL ACCEPT PUPILS IN Voice culture and singing. Studio at Mr. Latimer's Uppertown Feb. 14.

HESPER By HAMLIN GARLAND

Continued from Page 6.

side Kelly, and together they tore at the rocks and beams, magnificent in their leadership. An hour later all was ready, and into the heavy, shifting smoke which rose from the smoldering debris at the first level Kelly and his young partner descended to extinguish the burning timbers...

Again and again they were forced to lie flat on their faces with their lips touching the earth in order to breathe; but at last the smoldering material was all hoisted, the mine cleared, and they were able to look about them, dizzy, but exultant. The iron beams had caught and held a huge mass of rock which the concussion had shaken from the mouth of the mine...

They were mightily cheered by the faint but unmistakable sound of knocking. The imprisoned ones were calling in the well tried fashion—by hammering on the rock with their sledges. They beat cheerfully, as if seeking to reassure their rescuers.

An hour later the rescuers could hear the voices of those beneath, and it was hardly more than midday before they began to lift them out two by two in the big bucket.

Ann, hearing their shouts, came down the path with Nora to meet them. Kelly's eyes were dim with tears, and Ann's heart went out to him as he shouted, "They are all here, and unhurt!"

"But you are hurt?" she asked Raymond, with anxious, timorous voice, peering at his torn and trembling hands.

"No—only tired. How is the patient?" he asked as they started toward the cabin together. "He is awake, but his pulse is still rapid, and he is very restless."

"What does the doctor say?" "He insists there is no danger. I think he means it. But, oh, that poor boy is so sick!" She checked herself.

"This will be a very serious loss to you, will it not?" He strove to answer lightly. "Oh, yes; but our vein is there just the same. Luckily they couldn't blow that away."

At the door of the bungalow he turned. "I must leave you for a time. I must repair damages"—he looked at his hands and arms—"and I want to talk with my men."

Raymond found his men in the barrack, discussing with characteristic calmness the general situation while waiting for their dinner. And when Perry shouted "grub pile" in cow camp phrase each man hustled to his place with cheerful clatter. Raymond drew up with the rest, and for a few minutes no word spoken referred to the disaster.

As the first man, well filled, pushed back his chair Raymond called out: "Boys, I want to say a word before any of you go out. A council of war is necessary at this minute."

Those who had risen took seats again, and all faced his way. As he looked at them his throat filled with a realization of their loyal service, and he could not find voice for a few moments, but sat with bowed head, rolling a bit of bread between his fingers. At last he resolutely cleared his throat and began harshly: "Well, boys, the game halts right here. You see where Kelly & Raymond are—they're flat. We've got a good mine if we could work it, but we can't. Just about every dollar we had to spare went into that machinery, and our ore shipments were just beginning. I've been doing a little figuring, and I find we can pretty near pay all that's due you, but we can't do any more. If this strike were settled we might get somebody to come in and help us put up a new power plant, but as things shape up at this present time we're 'up a stump,' as they say back in Ohio. So I guess we'll have to let you go."

There was a movement among the men which he felt as a protest, but he continued: "I hate to do this, especially now in the winter, but you can see how it is. If I were in your places I would go to Reese and the other independents and stick by 'em; help them fight this thing through on fair play lines."

His slight pause brought no response. When he began again his voice was softened. "And, boys, ride up and tell Matt a good word. He's hard hit."

His voice trembled dangerously, and he was forced to stop. The tension was eased away by Nary, one of the older men, who broke out with deep lunged profanity in order to conceal his good heart.

"Well, I don't know how the rest of you feel, but I want to turn right in and put this mine into shape again and lynch the dogs that blew us up!" Raymond lifted his hand. "Hold on,

boys. Don't be too quick on the trigger. Keep cool till I ride up on the hill and take a look around and have a little talk with Munro. We must rally all the independents, which will take time, and, besides, you must remember I have a very sick boy on my hands, and there is Baker, who needs care. Don't rush. Let me go up and see what the sheriff seems likely to do. As I've told you before, I've no theory about the labor question. I never was up against it before, and I'm a little uncertain. I've always believed in the best man winning. I picked you fellows because you were likely chaps. I'm paying you the highest wages going because you earn it. You're satisfied, you say, and I don't see why we are not privileged to go ahead in our own way. I haven't felt any need of going into this fight for the benefit of the crowd till now. It looks now as though we should take a hand. Anyhow, we'll give Munro another chance to do us justice, and if he don't, then—well, we'll try some other plan."

He shook off this disagreeable cloak of doubt. "But be that as it may, boys, I shall never forget the good work you've done for me when you knew the crowd was against you."

As they stepped out into the warm afternoon sun Kelly, with a jocular note in his voice, remarked, "Well, Robbie, we're gents at leisure. Nothing to do now but play the nurse"—here his voice swiftly changed—"or do battle."

"If it were not for the women and the sick I'd fight. We have nothing to lose now, and the boys are hot for it. Have you been up the street?"

"No, I have not."

"I don't see what we can do with these two wounded men and the boy and the women on our hands. Matt, the real heart of this opposition is now in one man. If he were taken away these rowdy miners would scatter like grouse."

Kelly turned quickly. "You mean Munro?"

"I do! I'm going up to have an interview with him."

Kelly laid a big hand on his arm. "You're takin' a big risk. Let me go instead."

"No, you must stay here. I am going and I am going unarmed. I am safer with empty hands. Matt. They will not shoot an unarmed man. I'm going to make one more appeal to Munro."

Mounting his horse, Raymond rode rapidly out along the ridge toward the hill on which the fortification stood. He passed now and then a group of men who knew him, and while one or two greeted him pleasantly all the others met his glance with menace. He felt the hot breath of their hate, but passed on without haste, regretting his action in leaving his revolvers behind him.

The camp had eaten its midday meal—for even in times of war men must eat; the miners had hastily devoured their rough food and were swarming on the hillside overlooking the sheriff's encampment. The vedettes were bivouacked in a small grove of fir to the left and a little below the fort (which was merely a log corral banked with dirt), and Munro was directing the shovel brigade at work on the walls of the redoubt, which was growing rapidly under the brisk movement of chattering miners.

As Raymond neared the crowd of on-lookers he recognized Denver Dan and one or two other horsemen, but for the most part the spectators were strangers and plainly hostile.

He had drawn rein to pass to the left when Brock stepped forth on foot and roughly called out: "What's your business up here?"

"I want to find Munro." "Well, you go back to your shack and keep out of this."

Raymond smiled. "When did you become roadmaster?"

Brock raised his voice so that the rapidly gathering crowd might hear. "Here's the spy that warned the sheriff not to come on the freight train. Here's the man that ruined our plans. You can't deny that," he said, laying a hand on the horse's rein.

"I don't intend to deny it," replied Raymond, facing the lowering faces of the close packed throng as a mastiff might face a pack of coyotes, "and, what's more, I don't intend to apologize for it."

"Lynch him!" shouted some fellow at the back. "Lynch the spy!"

Raymond had been in danger many times in his life, but never had he looked down into such hate inflamed faces as now encircled him. The old reckless heart came back to him. He lifted his voice in appeal: "Have I a friend here? If I have, let him throw me a gun! I want to go fighting!"

"Here you are!" called a stranger, and a big, glittering revolver came whirling over the heads of the mob.

Raymond caught it deftly, and with the touch of its handle to his palm his eyes narrowed and his white teeth set: "Now let the dance begin! Some of you will cross the range with me!"

Denver Dan attempted a diversion. "Look out, fellers; here comes Jack!"

Munro's name and the pistol in Raymond's hand induced a pause. The foremost of the assailants turned toward the captain of the vedettes, riding swiftly to the rescue. "What's going on here?" he shouted as he reached the outskirts of the crowd.

(To be Continued.)

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