

**The Cure that Cures**  
**Coughs,**  
**Colds,**  
**Grippe,**  
 Whooping Cough, Asthma,  
 Bronchitis and Incontinent  
 Consumption, is

**OTTO'S**  
**CURE**  
 The GERMAN REMEDY  
 Cures throat and lung diseases.  
 Sold by all druggists. 25¢ 50¢

**Eureka**  
**Harness Oil**  
 not only makes the harness and the  
 horse look better, but makes the  
 leather soft and pliable, puts it in con-  
 dition to last twice as long  
 as it ordinarily would.  
 Sold everywhere in case-all  
 sizes. Made by  
**STANDARD**  
**OIL CO.**

**Give**  
**Your**  
**Horse a**  
**Chance!**

**Rupture or Hernia Cured.**  
 No operations or injections, no pain or dis-  
 comfort in any way, no steel springs or iron  
 frames, no wooden, ivy or hard rubber balls,  
 cups, punches or plugs used. Not the least  
 distress or annoyance.  
 Our outfit for the cure of rupture or hernia  
 is made of fine soft materials, such as felt,  
 velvet, chamotte skins and elastic webbs. It fits  
 like a glove and an arm you no more. It  
 holds your intestines back in their natural po-  
 sition and the wound will heal like any other  
 wound when it has a chance. The only way  
 to cure is to hold the intestines in or back all  
 of the time until the wound becomes grown to-  
 gether. Your rupture can not be cured in  
 any other way. We have had 25 years constant  
 and hard experience in treating ruptures and  
 this outfit is the result. Men, women and  
 children made comfortable by using this  
 outfit.  
 Prices reasonable and in accordance with the  
 case. If interested, please write for particu-  
 lars; which we will mail you free.

**MOHAWK CATARRH CURE.**  
 Cheapest and Best.  
 Cures Catarrh in from 3 to 10 days.  
 Cures Cold in the Head, 5 to 10 minutes.  
 Cures Headache, 1 to 5 minutes.  
 Securely packed with full instructions; by  
 mail **POSTPAID, 25c.**  
 Try it and you will be more than pleased with  
 the investment. Your money back if you are  
 dissatisfied. (Stamps taken.)

**MOHAWK REMEDY CO.,**  
 Rome, N. Y.

**SOLD BY ALL NEWSDEALERS**

**J. W. PEPPER**  
**Piano**  
**Music**  
**Magazine**

**A TRULY UNIQUE** and original concert  
 that gives to all lovers of Song and Music  
 a vast volume of NEW choice composi-  
 tions by the world's most famous authors. Most  
 which heretofore has been held at almost prohibi-  
 tory price, is now placed within reach of all.  
 64 Pages of Piano Music  
 Half Vocal, Half Instrumental,  
 Once a Month, for 10 Cents,  
 Yearly Subscription, \$1.00,  
 which gives nearly 800 pages of choice com-  
 positions and constitutes a perfect  
**MUSICAL TREASURY.**

**J. W. PEPPER**  
 PUBLISHER  
 Eighth and Locust Sts. Philadelphia.

When you want a music that is  
 mild and gentle, easy to take and  
 pleasant in effect use Chamberlain's  
 Stomach and Liver Tablets. Price,  
 25 cents. Samples free. Every box  
 guaranteed. For sale at Middleburg  
 Drug Store.

**SAFE** **SURE**  
**THE KEELEY INSTITUTE**  
 P. O. BOX 594  
 HARRISBURG, PA.  
 CURES ALL DRINK AND DRUG ADDICTIONS.  
 NEWLY FURNISHED. NEW MANAGEMENT.

The Middleburg Drug Co. will re-  
 fund your money if you are not sat-  
 isfied after using Chamberlain's  
 Stomach and Liver Tablets. They  
 cure disorders of the stomach, bil-  
 iousness, constipation and headache.  
 Price, 25 cents. Samples free.

**5 Cents**  
 "What is the price of Dobbin's  
 Electric Soap?"  
 "Five cents a bar, full size, just  
 reduced from ten and your choice of  
 139 25 cent books sent free, for each  
 3 wrappers, and 7 cents for postage  
 Hasn't been less than 10 cents for  
 33 years."  
 "Why that's the price of common  
 brown soap. I can't afford to buy  
 any other soap after this. Send me

**His Brother's**  
**Keeper;**  
 Christian Sewardship.

BY CHARLES M. SHERRILL,  
 Author of "The Last Days of Pompeii," "The  
 Story of Philip Barlow," "The  
 Hardy's Seven Days," "Mal-  
 com Kirk," etc.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY CONGREGATIONAL  
 AND SUNDAY SCHOOL PUBLISHING SOCIETY.

**CHAPTER I.**  
**THE GREAT STRIKE.**  
 "They say 5,000 men have gone out of  
 the Champion and De Mott mines this  
 morning," said one of the passengers in  
 the train to the young man in the seat  
 by him as they slowly drew up to the  
 station.

"I wonder if that is so?" replied his  
 companion. "There seems to be some-  
 thing unusual going on. Well, goodbye.  
 This is my home. I shall soon know all  
 about it."

The young man caught up his travel-  
 ing bag and hurried out upon the plat-  
 form.  
 The station was entirely deserted ex-  
 cept by a few of the railroad employ-  
 ees. The young man looked around a-  
 mazed, as if expecting some one, and  
 then walked hastily across the plat-  
 form and around the corner of the sta-  
 tion. From the side of the building the  
 town and the public square were in full  
 view. And as they came in sight the  
 passenger gave an exclamation of won-  
 der.

The public square was a small park,  
 with a band stand in the middle of it.  
 It was situated at the meeting point of  
 several streets, each of which seemed  
 to wander down the hills from the dif-  
 ferent mining districts, starting first as  
 a footpath trod by the miners, then  
 developing into a piece of country road,  
 adding on fragments of wooden side-  
 walks as it approached the town and  
 finally growing into a street with pav-  
 ing and cement walks and stores and  
 office buildings on either side. Directly  
 in front of the band stand, facing the  
 park, stood a large church, which  
 with its lot occupied the entire space  
 between two streets. The railway sta-  
 tion formed one side of the heptagon  
 made by the converging of the seven  
 streets. Another church building, two  
 streets from the other, formed another  
 side. The rest of the buildings front-  
 ing the park were stores, offices of var-  
 ious mining companies and a large ho-  
 tel.

Into this center of the heart of the  
 mining town of Champion on this par-  
 ticular morning, in the year of our  
 Lord 1896, was gathered the largest  
 crowd Stuart Duncan ever saw there.  
 This young man was the son of Ross  
 Duncan, owner of the largest mines in  
 Champion. He was 30 years old, had  
 finished his college education and was  
 just home this morning from a year's  
 trip in Europe. As he came down from  
 the railway station platform and pushed  
 his way into the crowd he said to  
 himself that in all his travels abroad  
 he had not seen anything to compare  
 with the remarkable gathering in this  
 mining town where he had been reared  
 previous to his college life in the east.

The minute he stepped into the  
 crowd several voices called out: "Stuart,  
 lad, give us your hand! Glad to  
 see you back!" The voices were in dif-  
 ferent tones and various degrees of  
 brogue, Cornish, Finn, English, Irish,  
 Scotch. He noticed the subdued action  
 of the men. They were excited, but  
 under control. The band stand was  
 crowded with familiar faces, but Stuart  
 Duncan looked at only one. That  
 was the face of a short but muscular  
 young man who was standing with  
 head uncovered upon the bench which  
 ran around the inside of the stand. He  
 had thick black hair, deep set black  
 eyes, heavy eyebrows, large features,  
 smooth face and short, round neck. He  
 stood leaning forward a little, his left  
 hand around one of the supports to the  
 roof of the stand, his right holding an  
 old hat which moved gently up and  
 down.

Stuart moved up nearer the stand  
 until he was within easy speaking dis-  
 tance. As he crowded in closer he was  
 finally stopped by the great pressure  
 of the men. Several voices greeted  
 him, but all of them quietly, and the  
 interest of the gathering seemed cen-  
 tered in the figure that stood leaning  
 out a little over the crowd.  
 "What's it all about? What's the  
 trouble?" asked Stuart of the men  
 around him. "What's Eric doing up  
 there?"  
 Before any one could reply the young  
 man standing on the bench began to  
 speak. His words came very slowly, as  
 if every one of them was being thought  
 out carefully. He stopped every mo-  
 tion of his body and stood perfectly  
 still. The great crowd in the square  
 was so quiet that Stuart thought for a  
 second of a scene he once witnessed in  
 an English cathedral when 4,000 people  
 were kneeling just before a special  
 service began.  
 "Brothers," said the speaker, whom  
 Stuart had called Eric, "this is no or-  
 dinary movement in the history of la-  
 bor. What we have done and what we  
 are about to do are of the most serious  
 consequence. We have made a demand  
 for wages such as will sustain us and  
 our families this winter in comfort. It  
 has been refused, and we have come  
 out of the mines determined to make a  
 peaceful but resistless protest for the  
 rights of our manhood." The speaker  
 paused a moment, and Stuart noticed  
 the hand around the post tighten its  
 grip. Then he continued. The quiet  
 of the crowd was, if possible, more  
 deep than before.  
 "Brothers, we need more than human  
 wisdom at such a time as this. It is fit-  
 ting that we bow our heads and im-  
 plore divine aid." Every head in the  
 square was uncovered as the speaker's

voice rang out clear and strong over  
 the crowd:  
 "Lord, we need thy help today. We  
 ask for wisdom. Grant us to know thy  
 will. O Lord, keep us from committing  
 any lawless act. Keep every man in  
 from drunkenness and violence to per-  
 erty or life. We want simply our fair  
 as men. We want wages sufficient  
 live in comfort. Show us what to do.  
 Keep us today from evil. Bless all us  
 who work with their hands. Bless our  
 families. We ask it for Jesus' sake.  
 Amen." [This incident is based on  
 fact. The writer of this story was  
 present at a gathering of iron miners  
 the great strike of July, 1895, when  
 one of the miners offered just such  
 prayer as the above, at Negaunee,  
 Mich., July 24, 1895.]

The speaker lifted his head, and the  
 miners put on their hats. Stuart look-  
 ed out over the heads of the crowd  
 and up at the man who had just pray-  
 ed and then out beyond him to the  
 pine covered hills dotted over with  
 engine houses and stock piles of ore.  
 He noticed the smoke curling from  
 furnace stacks and said to himself:  
 "The pumps are going yet." The wide  
 scene was very vivid to him. The  
 crowd, the churches, the park, the  
 stand, that familiar face and figure  
 there, the hills, the mines, the way  
 with its strong setting of human  
 interest, smote him almost with a sh-  
 and at the very nerve center of  
 shock was that brief prayer. It was  
 strange, so unusual, so like a story  
 unlike real life.

Eric was speaking again. He  
 making an appeal to the miners to  
 mend their cause to the world by  
 conduct. He spoke, as before he  
 prayed, very slowly and carefully  
 ward the end of his speech he caught  
 the sight of Stuart.

His face flushed for an instant. The  
 eyes of the two men met. The look  
 each man's face seemed to say, "I won-  
 der if he is still the same?"  
 A clock in the steeple of the large  
 of the two churches struck 8. Eric  
 jumped down from the bench, and an-  
 other miner took his place and spoke  
 in a more impassioned manner to the  
 men. There were cheers and swinging  
 of hats. Stuart gradually worked his  
 way out of the crowd, stopped fre-  
 quently by acquaintances. At last he  
 had come out in front of the church  
 with the clock in the tower, looking  
 about him eagerly for some one from  
 his own home, when a strong voice  
 from a man standing on the church  
 steps above him exclaimed:

"Say, Stuart, when did you join the  
 strike?"  
 "Doctor," cried Stuart eagerly, with  
 a smile of welcome that lighted up his  
 thoughtful face wonderfully, "next to  
 father and Louise you are the very  
 person I wanted to see most. Where  
 are they? They were to meet me at  
 the trap this morning. Isn't this a  
 most astonishing affair? Tell me all  
 about it."

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.  
 "You know as much about it as I do.  
 The men went out this morning with-  
 out notice. The Freepot, Vasplaine  
 and De Mott miners are all here with  
 the Champion men. They walked over  
 from the lower range early this morn-  
 ing."

"What do the men want?" Stuart  
 asked vaguely. He had so many ques-  
 tions to put he asked the first that oc-  
 curred.  
 The doctor shrugged his shoulders  
 again.  
 "The contract miners want \$2 a day,  
 the trammers \$1.75 and the men at the  
 top \$1.50."

"Who is the leader of the men?"  
 "You see for yourself; Eric Vassall.  
 And it seems only yesterday that you  
 two men were young kids in knicker-  
 bockers tumbling down the mines and  
 worrying the life out of the companies  
 because of your pranks. And now  
 Eric is the leader of the biggest strike  
 on record among the miners, playing  
 the role of prophet and priest and I  
 don't know what all, and you—"

"And I," interrupted Stuart, with an-  
 other smile, as he pulled the doctor  
 down off the step above him. "I am  
 so far—nobody, until I have had my  
 breakfast. I can't understand where  
 father and Louise can be. Haven't  
 you seen them this morning?"  
 "No. Get into my buggy. I will take  
 you up to the house."

The doctor's office fronted on the  
 square, and his horse stood near by.  
 Stuart took one glance back at the  
 crowd as he and the doctor started up  
 the street.  
 "It is a remarkable scene. I have not  
 witnessed anything like it abroad. I  
 have seen several strikes in England  
 and Germany and France since I have  
 been away. But I never knew a strike  
 to be opened with prayer, did you, doc-  
 tor?"

"No," replied the doctor dryly.  
 Stuart looked at him. He was driv-  
 ing, as always, with one foot outside  
 the buggy, the lines gathered up in a  
 careless way in one hand and the horse  
 rearing along like mad up the sandy,  
 red, iron ore street, for they were off  
 the paving now and going up a sharp  
 grade cut through one of the numer-  
 ous hills that surrounded the town. The  
 doctor always drove that way, and a  
 ride with him was as exciting. Stuart  
 used to say, as working in a powder  
 mill during a thunderstorm.

**What Shall We Have for Desert?**  
 The question arises in the family  
 every day. Let us answer it to-day  
 Fry-Jell-o, a delicious dessert. Pre-  
 pared in two minutes. No baking.  
 Add hot water and set to cool. Fla-  
 vors—Lemon, orange, raspberry and  
 strawberry.

**Dr. Fennor's KIDNEY**  
**and Backache Cure.**  
 For all Kidney, Bladder and Urinary  
 Troubles, Lame Back, Headaches, Stiff  
 Joints, Rheumatism, Red Water, etc.  
 Unfailing in Female Weakness.  
 By dealers. Sold by Mrs. A. Fennor, N.Y.

"Why? Don't you think the prayer  
 was sincere?" Stuart asked.  
 "Sincere enough. But pshaw! What's  
 the use? We all know how the strike  
 will end, prayer or no prayer."  
 "What's happened to Eric, doctor?  
 He never used to be religious. Not that  
 way."  
 "Salvation Army," replied the doctor  
 briefly.  
 "Oh!" Stuart looked puzzled, but he  
 thought he would have it all out with  
 Eric. There was so much to talk over  
 since they had parted a year ago. So  
 many grave questions had arisen in  
 their lives that needed to be discussed.  
 He was growing anxious as they drove  
 along concerning his father and sister.  
 It was very strange that they had not  
 met him at the station. But the strike  
 and all might have kept his father. It  
 was a different home coming from that  
 of his anticipation.

The house stood back from the road  
 on the side of the hill. It was a hand-  
 some brick mansion, surrounded by a  
 dozen immense pines. Stuart loved the  
 place. It was dear to his memories. He  
 had no recollection of any other home,  
 although he had been born in one of  
 the eastern states. It was in this house  
 that his mother had died when he was  
 10 years old. He owed his thoughtful,  
 romantic, truthful nature to her. From  
 his father, on the other hand, he had  
 inherited his slow, stubborn, occasional  
 fierce bursting out of passionate feel-  
 ings. He thought of all the happy  
 days in the old house where as a boy  
 and later as college man he had en-  
 joyed all the luxuries of wealth and  
 leisure and companionship.

Suddenly a man drove out of the  
 roadway into which he and the doctor  
 were just turning to go up to the house.  
 Both men pulled up just in time to  
 avoid running into each other.  
 "Is that you, Dr. Saxon?" shouted  
 the man. "I was just going for you.  
 Mr. Duncan has been hurt. The horses  
 ran away this morning and—"

Stuart did not wait to hear more. He  
 jumped out of the buggy and at the top  
 of his speed cut through the grounds  
 in front of the house. The doctor ut-  
 tered an exclamation, gave his horse  
 one short stroke with the whip and  
 dashed up the driveway like a whirl-  
 wind. At the end of the long veranda  
 he stopped long enough to jump out  
 and let the horse go on to the barn.  
 He met Stuart just leaping up the  
 veranda steps.

"Now, then, my boy," said the doc-  
 tor quietly, filling up the doorway with  
 his large frame and getting directly in  
 front of Stuart, "don't get excited.  
 This is my case, not yours."  
 "Let me by!" cried Stuart, his face  
 almost black with passion. "He is my  
 father! Perhaps he is dying! What  
 right have you to keep in the way?"  
 "Very well." The doctor spoke soft-  
 ly, almost like a child. He stepped  
 aside and began to walk slowly down  
 the veranda steps. "You have inher-  
 ited the Duncan passion to perfection,  
 but if your father dies through your  
 nonsensical exercise of it just now  
 don't blame me."

Stuart made one stride and caught  
 the doctor's arm. "Come back!" he  
 said. All his black passion was gone  
 in an instant. "I will be a man like  
 you. Come! You will perhaps need  
 my help."

The doctor looked keenly at him and  
 at once turned around and entered the  
 house with him. The incident would  
 not mean anything without a knowl-  
 edge of what was at stake on this oc-  
 casion. But Dr. Saxon had good rea-  
 son to believe that the life of the son  
 in this instance was imperiled by the  
 fearful excitement which at rare inter-  
 vals broke out in him like a torrent.  
 To confront the father with him under  
 those conditions might prove serious  
 to them both.

Within the house servants were run-  
 ning about in confusion. The doctor  
 stopped one of them and said roughly:  
 "Now, then, are you all crazy here?  
 Where is Mr. Duncan?"  
 "They carried him into the north  
 room," was the answer.

"North room! Why didn't you carry  
 him to the north pole and be done  
 with it! Here, Stuart! Send one of  
 the men down for my black case at the  
 office and then come to your father."  
 The doctor went down the long hall,  
 turned to the right into another corri-  
 dor and entered a large room at the  
 end.

Lying over the bed in the middle of  
 the room was a young woman. Her  
 arms were clasped over the face of the  
 man who lay there, and she had faint-  
 ed at that position.  
 The doctor lifted her up just as Stuart  
 entered.

"O God! Louise, too!" he cried.  
 The doctor gave him a look that  
 calmed him and replied: "No; she is in  
 a faint. Now, then, use all the sense  
 you have, and it won't be too much.  
 You look after your sister while I see  
 to your father."

He put Louise into Stuart's arms,  
 who, with the servant's help, soon re-  
 stored her to consciousness, while the  
 doctor turned to the man on the bed  
 and in a masterly manner proceeded to  
 do all that his skill and keenness of  
 practice could do.

Ross Duncan lay like a dead man.  
 He was of powerful build and looked  
 very stern and hard even as he lay  
 there helpless. There was a terrible  
 gash over one of his eyes. He was  
 covered with blood and dust, bruised  
 from head to foot, with clothes torn  
 and disfigured, but he had not lost con-  
 sciousness, and, with the iron will  
 which had always characterized him,  
 he managed to let the doctor know his  
 wishes.

"All right, all right, Mr. Duncan,"  
 said the doctor in reply to a whisper  
 from the wounded man. "I won't give  
 you any anesthetic if you don't want  
 it. I shall have to sew up this little  
 place over your eye, though. Has that  
 tortoise got around with that case  
 yet?" he asked Stuart, who had left  
 Louise a minute to come over to the  
 bed.

"He hasn't had time yet, doctor."  
 "Why didn't he take my horse?"  
 growled the doctor. "How is Louise?"  
 "Better. But what a terrible fall  
 father must have had!"

Stuart felt for his father's hand, and  
 Ross Duncan's fingers closed over those  
 of his son. Stuart knelt by the bed  
 and kissed his father's cheek as he  
 used to do when a boy. The older man  
 was evidently moved by the caress. A  
 tear rolled over his face.  
 "Come now," broke in the doctor, ap-  
 parently gruffer than ever. "One would  
 think you two hadn't seen each other  
 for a year at least! We must get him  
 ready for the operation. Stuart you  
 promised to help me. Give me your at-  
 tention now."

The doctor soon had his patient as  
 comfortable as the nature of the in-  
 juries would allow. The case arrived,  
 the gash was sewed up quickly, and  
 at the end of the hour Ross Duncan  
 was resting under the influence of a  
 draft, while the doctor, Stuart and  
 Louise were in another room talking  
 over the accident.

The sister of Stuart Duncan was very  
 pretty, very proud and very selfish. She  
 was 6 years younger than her brother.  
 She had been two years to a finish-  
 ing school in New York, but had not  
 finished any particular branch of study.  
 She could play the piano a little and  
 the harp a little and do other things,  
 except housework, a little. She lay on  
 the lounge now, with Stuart near by  
 stroking her head, and told the story  
 of the accident:

"Father and I started to drive down  
 to the station this morning to meet  
 you, Stuart. When we reached the  
 crossroad leading up to the Forge mine,  
 we were early for the train, and father  
 drove up to the engine house on some  
 business. When we got up there, the  
 miners were gathering to march down  
 to the square. It was the first news of  
 the strike we had had. Father was  
 very much excited and talked to the  
 men to persuade them to go back to  
 work. Some of them talked back in the  
 most insulting way; said they were  
 free men and did not have to work for  
 a corporation and all that. You know  
 how they talk, Stuart. Nothing makes  
 father so angry, and I don't blame him.  
 I think the men are simply horrid to  
 make all this trouble just now as I  
 was getting ready to go east for that  
 yachting cruise with the Vasplaines,  
 and this strike will probably stop their  
 going."

"Then father jumped out of the car-  
 riage and was going to give one of the  
 men who insulted him a good thrash-  
 ing, and serve him right, when the rest  
 came around and made him get into  
 the carriage again. I never saw father  
 so angry, and I was scared almost  
 to death, the men were so rough. We  
 drove back to the crossroad, and at  
 that steep turn by that old Beury shaft  
 we came upon a crowd of miners  
 marching into town from the lower  
 range. They were carrying a large  
 white banner with some horrid pic-  
 ture on it. The horses were frightened  
 and turned and ran right toward the  
 old shaft. I don't know what hap-  
 pened then, only we were thrown out,  
 and it is a miracle that I was not kill-  
 ed. Jem, the coachman, was driving,  
 and he fell on a pile of shaft ore. He  
 ran up to the house and got the other  
 horses and brought father and me  
 home. I fainted away several times,  
 and when I saw father laid on the bed  
 with that awful gash on his head I  
 thought he was killed. If he dies, the  
 miners will be to blame. If he hadn't  
 been for their going out on this strike,  
 this horrible accident would not have  
 happened. It's all as horrid as it can  
 be."

At this point Louise burst into a  
 great fit of hysterical crying.  
 "Dear, you must have been hurt by  
 the fall!" cried Stuart as he soothed  
 and comforted her.  
 "No, no! I was not even bruised!"  
 replied Louise. She stopped crying and  
 sat up on the lounge and began to ar-  
 range her hair.

Dr. Saxon walked toward the other  
 end of the room with a peculiar look on  
 his face. Then he wheeled around and  
 said with his characteristic bluntness:  
 "I must go back to the office. I've left  
 directions for your father's treatment.  
 He is not dangerously hurt. Send for  
 me if I am needed. Miss Louise, you  
 had better take those powders and  
 keep as quiet as possible today."

He laid the medicine down on a table  
 and went out. A minute later his  
 horse was heard rushing by the veran-  
 da and down the road.  
 So this was the home coming of Stuart  
 Duncan after his year's absence  
 abroad. He had visited with interest  
 many of the famous capitals of Europe.  
 He had sauntered through museums  
 and picture galleries, he had studied  
 not very profoundly, but with genuine  
 interest, the people he had met and the  
 customs he had observed that were  
 new. The year had been very largely  
 a holiday for him. He had used all the  
 money he wished, drawing on his letter  
 of credit without any thought of econ-  
 omy. His father was several times a  
 millionaire and never stinted the mon-

ey. What he wanted was that his son  
 and daughter should have the best of  
 everything, from clothes and food to  
 education and travel. And Stuart had  
 gone through college and through Euro-  
 pe with about the same easy feeling  
 of having a comfortable time. He was  
 perfectly healthy, had no vices (he did  
 not even like a cigar), unusually  
 thoughtful on some questions, with no  
 particular ambitions and no special en-  
 thusiasms. If he gave his future any  
 thought while abroad, it was simply to  
 picture a life of business in connection  
 with his father's mining interests. That  
 was his father's desire, and Stuart did  
 not have any other.

He had come home from the picture  
 galleries and cathedrals of the old  
 world to face first of all this rough in-  
 cident of his father's injury. In con-  
 nection with it was the strike, which  
 was specially personal not only be-  
 cause it involved the Duncan interests,  
 but because the leader of it was Eric  
 Vassall, Stuart's old playfellow and  
 friend. The more he thought of Eric  
 the more he felt the strike to be a ser-  
 ious matter. So much might be involv-  
 ed in it for him and Eric.

Nearly a week went by before Ross  
 Duncan was able to sit up and talk  
 much. During that time Stuart faith-  
 fully remained at home. He had not  
 seen Eric, and Eric, as he supposed,  
 had not been to see him. His father  
 and Louise needed his constant care.  
 But he anticipated meeting his old  
 playfellow with a curious feeling of ex-  
 citement whenever he thought of that  
 scene in the public square and recalled  
 the prayer and its effect.  
 At the end of the week father and  
 son were talking together over the sit-  
 uation. The miners were still out, and  
 the strike was still on, with no pros-  
 pect of settlement.  
 "I tell you, Stuart," said Ross Dun-  
 can, while his great square chin grew  
 hard and tense, "the companies will  
 never concede the demands of the men.  
 I will never go an inch to meet them  
 while they are in their present atti-  
 tude."  
 "Do you think the men ask too much,  
 father?"  
 "Too much! With ore at the present  
 price! It is outrageous, just when we  
 were beginning to get on our feet  
 again. It has been a very dull winter,  
 and things were just beginning to turn  
 our way again."  
 "But I thought ore had gone up. Isn't  
 that what the men claim as the reason  
 for their demand for an increase? They  
 say the wages ought to go up with the  
 rise in ore."  
 "They are fools!" Ross Duncan  
 struck the pillow beside him passion-  
 ately. "The companies were under  
 contract for large quantities of ore at  
 the old price before this rise came. The  
 rise will not benefit us any until we  
 have disposed of our old contracts."  
 "Why don't the companies tell the  
 men so?"  
 "Pshaw! Stuart, you are"—Ross  
 Duncan controlled himself violently.  
 Stuart was alarmed for him. He rose  
 and went over nearer the bed.  
 "Father, you must not get excited.  
 Remember what Dr. Saxon said yester-  
 day. You must not talk any more  
 on this subject."  
 "I shall. There, I can control my-  
 self."

It was wonderful to see the change  
 that came over the man. He stiffened  
 his muscles, then relaxed them and let  
 his hand, which had been clenched,  
 open easily and lie open on the bed-  
 clothes. Then he spoke without a  
 quiver of passion, slowly and coldly:  
 "The companies do not tell the men  
 so because the men wouldn't believe a  
 word the companies say. Yet there  
 isn't a man in our mines who can say  
 Ross Duncan ever cheated a man out  
 of a penny or ever told him an untruth.  
 I tell you, Stuart, the men are the most  
 stubborn, ungrateful, ignorant lot of  
 animals that ever lived. Why, all last  
 winter I kept more than a dozen fam-  
 ilies going with food and fuel because  
 they had been sick or shiftless, and I'll  
 warrant you those very families are in  
 the front row of the parades every  
 morning! The men are cutting their  
 own throats. The companies will never  
 give in."  
 Stuart did not say anything for  
 awhile. Then: "Don't you think, father,  
 that the men have been very quiet  
 and law abiding? There has been no  
 disturbance thus far."  
 "Wait till we get the new men in  
 from Chicago and then see."  
 "Will the companies try to do that?"  
 "They certainly will if the strike con-  
 tinues another week. We lose our con-  
 tracts unless we can deliver the ore as  
 specified."  
 "Isn't it a little remarkable, father,"  
 said Stuart after another pause, "that  
 the men have opened their meetings in  
 the square every morning with pray-  
 er?"  
 Ross Duncan uttered a sound that  
 represented more scorn than a hundred  
 words.  
 "Whom do they pray to—the devil?"  
 "The prayer I heard the first morn-  
 ing I came home was as good a prayer  
 as I ever heard in church."  
 "Who offered it?"  
 "Eric," replied Stuart, flushing up a  
 little.  
 "He is the leader of the whole strike,  
 the most dangerous man on the range  
 today. I advise you to break with  
 him."  
 Stuart leaned forward a little. "You  
 remember, father, Eric saved my life  
 when the skip broke in the shaft?"  
 "Well, it was only what any man  
 would do. You are not under any great  
 debt to him."  
 Stuart did not reply. He felt the  
 strange passion he inherited from his  
 father rising in him