

Matters were quiet in Champion as the day wore on, and there was no news of an exciting character from below. The owners there had not tried to set the new men to work, but were evidently waiting for a large addition of the force to come in from the south and west. These would not pass through Champion.

Affairs were in this waiting condition the next day at noon when Stuart's Aunt Royal came. She was a large, showy woman, a slave to society and a thorough woman of the world, a born diplomat and financier. She had very determined views of life and among them was the conviction that one might as well be dead as out of the fashion or out of society. She spoke of the people who were not in society as "the masses," the "common people, you know," whenever she mentioned them at all. She had inherited a large amount of money, a great deal of which was invested in tenement and saloon property in New York. This is a very plain and perhaps shocking revelation of Aunt Royal's main means of support, but it is a historical fact and goes with a biography of her person. Besides, who does own most of the saloon and tenement property of New York and get the rentals from it?

To sum up briefly, Aunt Royal was very much like her brother, the late Ross Dunham, with the exception of his gruff and hard manner of speech. Aunt Royal spoke very sweetly and gently always. A French revolution in New York would not have provoked a laugh or elevated tone of voice from Aunt Royal. She had little education, as her father had been a market gardener in one of the city suburbs. It was there he had begun to make his money, and Aunt Royal as a girl had helped him, more than once driving a wagon load of vegetables and fruits into the city. She never spoke of that now.

The first word Louise said was, "Aunt, you have come to stay all winter, I hope?"

"I think so. Yes, I would be glad to escape from the whirl this winter for a change."

"We're having a little 'whirl' up here, madam," remarked the doctor, who had come up to see Eric that afternoon and was standing in the hall where Louise greeted her aunt.

"Ah, Dr. Saxon," said Aunt Royal, "I am delighted to see you again." In reality she hated the doctor vigorously, and the doctor returned her feeling with interest. "You are having trouble up here, you mean? I suppose it will soon be quiet. These people will soon be driven to work again. They never make anything by these uprisings."

"No, ma'am, only work for the doctors," replied Saxon. He went into Eric's room, and Aunt Royal and Louise went up stairs.

"So you have one of these people in the house. Don't you consider that rather dangerous?" Aunt Royal said in her sweet, clear voice as she was going up the broad staircase with her niece.

Eric from where he lay heard every syllable distinctly. He had met Aunt Royal once, and the meeting was not a pleasant memory. He had never been able to keep from choking when he thought of the condescending air with which this woman had expressed herself to him on the occasion of his saving Stuart's life. It was very much as if he had been a Newfoundland dog and she had patted him on the head for pelling Stuart out of the water by the teeth.

"When do you think I can get out of here, doctor?" he asked almost roughly. "Not for a week anyway. You're getting on well. Don't mind her. I'd hate to have the job of being her family physician. I don't believe she has any real heart. It's a piece of leather with valves, warranted to let just so much blood through, and only so much, every beat. She hasn't any more real circulating system than a frog."

Eric stared at the doctor. He had never heard the doctor at his very gruffest say anything so harsh. The doctor seemed ashamed immediately and tried to apologize by saying:

"I ought not to have said that, but I feel better for it."

Two days went by, and still the situation between the mine owners and the strikers remained nearly the same. The owners at the lower range had not yet succeeded in getting enough men in to go to work. Several of them who had gone on from Champion had been persuaded to leave. The troops were still at De Mott, and the speeches of the miners in their daily meetings at the park were growing more bitter against them. The wounded officer at the hotel was recovering. His friends had come up to take care of him, and the doctor thought he could go home at the end of the week. Andrew Burke had proved a delightful companion to the officer. He had moved some of his choicest roses down into the room and had himself proved the truth of the proverb, "A merry heart doeth good like medicine."

It was Friday night that the Vasplaine had invited Aunt Royal, Louise and Stuart to a quiet dinner at their house. Stuart did not want to go. He knew what the company would be, and he had no liking for the young Vasplaine who for a year or two now was evidently trying to win the favor of Louise. Stuart, even before the experience which made life a new thing for him, never had any fellowship except that of an acquaintance with Vasplaine, and he knew enough about him to dislike his immoral character and his general make up as a man.

The family was exceedingly wealthy, and next to the Duncans' their house was the finest in Champion. It was built at the other end of the valley toward the park. The elder Vasplaine had retired some years before. His brother and his son carried on certain lumber and copper industries north of

Champion. They were not directly interested in the iron mines, except as they were involved in the general condition of business, all of which, of course, felt the effect of the strike. There was also in the family a daughter, Miss Una Vasplaine, a young woman about Louise's age. The girls had been playmates.

Stuart was sitting by Miss Vasplaine at this dinner, and the conversation was general all about him. He was just replying to a question put by his companion, and she had rallied him on his serious appearance. Miss Una was vivacious, a striking looking girl, and Stuart in the old days had always found her an agreeable talker. He smiled in reply to her question and was on the point of answering when the whole company received a shock that set the ladies screaming and the gentlemen starting to their feet in alarm.

The large dining room fronted on the veranda, and a magnificent plate glass window extended from the floor almost to the ceiling, looking out on the pine tree lawn. The night was clear and frosty. It was growing late in the season, and winter would soon set in; the ground was bare now and dry. The moon was just coming up over the Davis hill range.

Suddenly through this window a chunk of iron ore came crashing down over the table. It scattered the glass in every direction, crashed through the pendants of the electric chandelier and



smashed into the mirror over the sideboard, knocking it into splinters, and then, falling down on the sideboard itself, broke the glassware and dishes right and left.

The affair was so unexpected, it came so without warning, that the company was terrified and altogether shocked. Aunt Royal was the first to speak.

"That's the work of some of your precious strikers."

"I don't believe it," Stuart shouted. In his heart he cursed the saloon and all its great wickedness. He believed the hand that flung the ore was rum crazed.

The men all rushed out on the veranda, and the elder Vasplaine, thoroughly incensed at the outrage, ordered his horses out, and as soon as they were ready he and his brother started off down the road in pursuit. Word was sent to the police force in Champion of the affair. Stuart remained with the ladies for awhile, and then, as young Vasplaine volunteered to escort them home, he hurried down into the town to investigate the matter. He did not believe any of the miners would do such a thing. They had done enough that had prejudiced the owners against them, but only when under the influence of drink. Besides, Vasplaine was not an owner now, although he had been years before.

Stuart found everything quiet in the town. Most of the miners were still in De Mott. It was rumored that a large load of men was coming in that night. He remained at the office a little while and then started out for home.

As he came out on the street he saw the Salvation Army. It was kneeling at the corner for its outdoor meeting just before going to its hall to hold its regular service. Rhena Dwight was kneeling right on the hard stones of the pavement offering a prayer. Stuart could not hear the words, but he could see the pale, earnest face. He hesitated where he was. He thought he would go on home. Then he thought he would go into the hall and see what kind of a meeting the army had. At last as the army rose and went by up the street beating its drum he turned slowly and walked in the same direction. Just as he entered the hall he might have heard if he had not been too absorbed in where he was going a sound borne over the frosty ground and through the clear mountain air from the direction of De Mott. It was the sound of thousands of feet striking the earth and coming toward Champion.

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

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POTATO-ONION CULTURE.

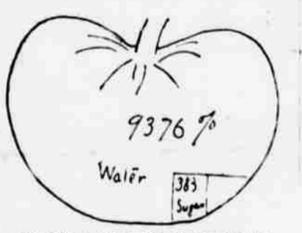
West Virginia Farmer Describes a Method That He Has Employed for Several Seasons.

A reader in West Virginia tells me how he raises his potato-onions, as follows: "I cover my ground with good stable manure, then plow this under, and make the surface as fine as possible by harrowing. Then I lay off the rows about 18 inches apart and set the onions in the rows about six or seven inches apart, and cover about six inches deep. I put the large onions by themselves, and the sets by themselves. The former make sets to be planted out another fall, while the sets make the large onions for spring sales. I have early onions in spring, and what is left over I pull in July, to keep over for fall planting. I do not leave them out in the sun after pulling, but cure under shelter. I myself am not very much in favor of these rather coarse and high-flavored bulbs. For earliest onions I use the Egyptian, or Tree winter onion, which is so hardy as to grow whenever the ground is not frozen. They give me a crop of us for the table almost as early as spring opens and nearly by the time that we can plant sets outdoors. This I do just as soon in spring as a little patch can be gotten ready, and I always try to get Prizetaker sets which can be as easily grown as any other sets, and are remarkably good keepers, making by far the best-flavored (mildest) green onions which I can grow from any sets obtainable. For green onions to come later by practice is to plant Prizetaker and Gibraltar seedlings (grown in greenhouses) rather close in the rows and as early in the spring as possible. Then to provide the finest green onions for late spring and summer I sow seed of the Gibraltar onion thickly in the row, almost as thickly as for sets in early spring, and repeat every few weeks for succession.—T. Greiner, in Farm and Fireside.

THE AVERAGE TOMATO.

Its Food Value Analyzed by Prof. Harry Snyder of the Minnesota Experiment Station.

The extensive use of the tomato for the table has resulted in many inquiries concerning its food value. Prof. Harry Snyder, of the Minnesota experiment station, presents a series of analyses the results of which are shown in the



WHAT A TOMATO IS MADE OF. (I. Solids Other Than Sugar. II. Protein.)

accompanying illustration. Of course the greater part is water. Of the nutrients sugar is by far the largest amount, being 3.83 per cent. There is a wide range in the different samples. Some specimens contain less than one per cent, and others as high as four and one-half per cent. The protein content is low and amounts usually to one-half per cent. The fat amounts to about one-half per cent, or practically the same as the protein.—Orange Judd Farmer.

THE ASPARAGUS BED.

Unless the Ground Is Exceedingly Well Drained, Spring Planting Is to Be Advised.

Asparagus roots may be planted in spring or fall, but unless the ground is well drained, spring is preferable. Good strong one-year-old roots are best. The soil should be made as rich as possible. If very stony the stones should be removed, as they are much in the way of cutting the stalks. In garden culture it is best to dig trenches about three or four feet apart and 12 inches deep; then put in a layer of manure to fill about half of the trench after it has been packed down. On this put two or three inches of soil on which place the roots, spreading them out in all directions, and cover with fine soil, packing down all around. The plants should not stand closer than two feet in the rows, and as they start to grow more soil should be drawn into the trenches until the surface is level again. All that is necessary during the season is to keep the ground loose and free from weeds. To raise a first-class crop the bed has to be manured every year by scattering manure over the plants in the fall. If white or blanching asparagus is desired, the roots have to be set deeper and the rows have to be hilled up similar to what is done with celery.—Barnum's Midland Farmer.

Rural Free Mail Delivery.

One of the phenomenal successes in the development of our postal system has been the extension of rural free delivery. This was begun two or three years ago, with an appropriation of perhaps \$300,000. It has been extended by degrees and with good judgment, and wherever it has reached, it reports are to be credited, it has been a very considerable success. The postmaster general now estimates that the system can be extended over such parts of the country as may use it to advantage at an approximate cost of \$20,500,000, and he urges all kinds of reasonable economy in the administration of postal affairs in order to be able to ask for fuller appropriations in this direction. The estimate for maintaining free delivery in the next year on plans already formed is placed at \$3,500,000.

How It Happened.

Bachelor—When a youth some one told me that no man had sense enough to get married until he was 30, I waited.

Benedict—And what happened after you reached the age of 30?

Bachelor—Then I had too much sense to get married.—Chicago Daily News.

Oil on the Troubled Waves.

Crimsonbeak—Did you see Dauber's painting of the ocean?

Yeast—Yes.

"What did you think of it?"

"Oh, I thought the water looked too calm."

"Well, you know, it's the oil on it that does that."—Yonkers Statesman.

Deep Discussion.

"Do you think," asked the landlady, "that death ends all?"

"Not for four or five days, in the case of a turkey," said the savage boarder, who had won his position of star by sheer brutality.—Indianapolis Press.

No Such Word as "Fail."

"So you're in business as a pork butcher now, eh? I wish you success."

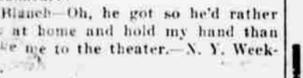
"Thanks; I don't see how I can possibly fail. While there's a market for pig's jowl and pig's feet I'm bound to make both ends meet."—Philadelphia Press.

Time for a New One.

He said the gown of clinging fit. His wife wore was beyond all reason. She said she thought so, too, as it

Now cling to her the second season.—Chicago Record.

AS TO HIS HAIR HEAD.



Little Bessie (to caller)—Oh, Mr. Billybarbie, do you shine it with polish, or does it keep bright?—N. Y. World.

Cost of Learning.

Experience teaches; but man finds, As in all other schools.

He promptly has to foot the bills, And strictly mind the rules.—Chicago Record.

Got Too Affectionate.

Bessie—Why did you dismiss Mr. Goodheart?

Blauch—Oh, he got so he'd rather sit at home and hold my hand than take me to the theater.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Sure Intention.

Mrs. Witherbee—I guess that family who have moved in next door do not amount to much.

Witherbee—Why not?

"Well, I see them paying cash for everything."—Brooklyn Life.

Source of Anguish.

"Huh! I wouldn't cry 'hard jes' 'cause teacher licked me!"

"I ain't cryin' 'cause teacher licked me; I'm cryin' 'cause I ain't big enough to lick him."—Chicago Record.

The Wisdom of Years.

"What is the difference between a fad and a hobby, father?"

"A hobby, my son, is what we call our own fad. A fad is what we call another man's hobby."—Ally Sloper?

Had Memory with Her.

Husband (angrily)—Don't forget, madam, that you are my wife.

Wife—Oh, never fear. There are some things one can't forget.—Detroit Free Press.

Works Both Ways.

Binks—A good deed depends on luck in what.

Waggles—Yes; but your luck also depends on a good deal.—Tit-Bits.

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MID DELAWARE DRUG CO., MIDDLEBURGH, PA.

Deceived. "I hear that you bought a gold brick down to the city, Uncle Reuben," said a resident of Clover township to a returned traveler.

"That's what the fellow said it was," replied Uncle Reuben, ruefully, "but it turned out to be brass."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

Percey—Don't speak to your father and mother his consent, then the next day we will know are we going to live?

Edith—Percey, Percey. If you live through that interview you can live through anything. Judge.

The Shy Young Thing. "Amy is so modest she blushes every time she goes out doors."

"Why, what shocks her, the bare limbs of the trees?"

"No; the weather strips, you know."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Hotel Life. Jackson—What time do you wake up in the morning usually?

Jimson—Four o'clock.

"Great snakes! Why so early?"

"I heard at a hotel, and that's the hour the man in the next room goes to bed."—N. Y. Weekly.

Would Like to Know. Bacon—Does your wife speak any foreign language?

Egbert—Well, that's what I don't know. She speaks some sort of language in her sleep which I don't seem to understand.—Yonkers Statesman.

How to Draw a Crowd. "It's lonesome here in the evening. I wish some of the neighbors would come in."

"I'll just lie down on the couch for a nap; that'll fetch 'em."—Chicago Record.

Hustiest Man in the Shop. "That tall man seems to be the busiest person in the establishment. What does he do?"

"It is his duty to see whether the others are working or not."—Tit-Bits.

Qualified. "Doesn't Isabel use a good deal of face powder?"

"Face powder! She ought to be belong to the Plasterers' union."—N. Y. World.

Just So. Little Willie (who has an inquiring mind)—Pa, what is a sage?

Mr. Hennepeck—A sage, my son, is a man who always agrees with his wife.—Judge.



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