CHAPTER V.

THE MAKING OF THE LEAGUE. HURSDAY morning found Craig anxious, even gloomy, but with fight in every line of his face. I tried to cheer him in my clumsy way by chaffing him about his league, but he did not blaze up, as be often did. It was a thing too near his heart for that. He only shrank a little from my stupid chaff and said:



CURE CONSTIPATION. ...

NO-TO-BAC gists to CC RE Tobacco Haute

PRINCE HENRY'S VISIT.

Its Significance Explained by John A. Kasson, Ex-Minister to the German Court.

John A. Kasson, the only living exminister to Germany, discussing the visit of Prince Henry to this country, has said:

The visit is significant in that it marks a purpose on the part of his imperial majesty the German emperor to signalize his friendly feeling for the United States.

"There is a growing commercial rivalry between the Americans and the Germans. They are close competitors in many markets, and it is a matter of common knowledge that ill-advised utterances of hasty and irresponsible writers and speakers



HON, JOHN A. KASSON. (Only Loring Explainment to the Court of

have at times tended to sharpen this

"By this visit of Emperor William" brother an epoch of courteons and

competition.

will be impossible hereafter to charge any animosity to the German By this time Mrs. Mayor had finished government on account of the nat- with the manager and was in the cen. Iculing the idea of a total abstinence excel in their commercial enterprises. air was all gone, and she was their suad." He was opposed to the saloon ernments in Europe to mark these selves. Nor did she assume the role

ment of Prince Henry,

Is international spirit, although it lence of product."

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this, and if it falls through now I shall find it hard to bear."

Then I repented my light words and they won't go back."

"Poor fellows!" he said, as if to him- kind of a league." self. "Whisky is about the only exciteidea. It seems rot to them."

you do without it?"

"No; I fear not. There is nothing else for it. Some of them talk of compromise. They want to quit the saloon and drink quietly in their shacks. The moderate drinker may have his place in other countries, though I can't see it. I haven't thought that out, but here the only safe man is the man who quits it dead and fights it straight. Anything

else is sheerest humbug and nonsense." I had not gone in much for total abstinence up to this time, chiefly because its advocates seemed for the most part to be somewhat ill balanced, but as I listened to Craig I began to feel that perhaps there was a total abstinence side to the temperance question, and, as to Black Rock, I could see how it must be one thing or the other.

We found Mrs. Mayor brave and bright. She shared Mr. Craig's anxiety, but not his gloom. Her courage was of that serene kind that refuses to believe defeat possible and lifts the spirit into the triumph of final victory. Through the past week she had been carefully disposing her forces and winning recruits, and yet she never seemed to urge or persuade the men. But as evening after evening the miners dropped into the cozy room down stairs with her talk and her songs she charmed them till they were wholly hers. She took for granted their loyalty, trusted them utterly and so made it difficult for them to be other than true

That night Mrs. Mayor's large storeroom, which had been fitted up with seats, was crowded with miners when Mr. Craig and I entered.

After a glance over the crowd Craig said: "There's the manager. That means war." And I saw a tall man, very fair, whose chin fell away to the vanishing point and whose hair was parted in the middle, talking to Mrs. Mayor. She was dressed in some rich, soft stuff that became her well. She was looking beautiful as ever, but there was something quite new in her manner. Her air of good fellowship was gone, and she was the high bred lady, whose gentle dignity and sweet grace, while very winning, made familiarity impossible.

The manager was doing his best and appeared to be well pleased with him-"She'll get him if any one can. I

failed." said Craig.

I stood looking at the men, and a fine lot of fellows they were. Free, easy, bold in their bearing, they gave no sign of rudeness, and from their frequent glances toward Mrs. Mavor I could see they were always conscious of her presence. No men are so truly gentle as are the westerners in the ment of Geordie, who went calmiy on: heart. The cozy fireside, with its bon- smiling brightly, and, touching his arm presence of a good woman. They were evidently of all classes and ranks originally, but now and in this country of like lye nor guid whisky-an' whaur vividly present to her, and as she sang a lower voice, "God will help you," real measurements they ranked sim- ye're never sure o' yer richt change. ply according to the "man" in them.

"That's Vernon Winton, an Oxford in. But I dinna care about the temgraduate, blue blood, awfully plucky, but quite gone. When he gets repentcomes to Mrs. Mayor. Fact.

"From Oxford university to Black Rock mining camp is something of a step," I repilled

"That queer looking little chap in the corner is Billy Breen. How in the world has he got here?" went on Mr.

Queer looking he was-a little man, shoulders; long arms, and huge hands that sprawled all over his body; altoamicable endeavor is imangurated. It gether a most ungainly specimen of humannity.

ural striving of the German people to ter of a group of miners. Her grand pledge as fanatical and indeed "ab-"It has become the custom of gove comrade, their friend, one of them- and would like to see a club formed, erus of international cord lity by of entertainer, but rather did she, with magazines, pictures, games, anything, such visits. The compliment intend- half shy air, cast herself upon their ed is not only directed to the preside chivalry, and they were too truly gendent and his administration, but to themen to full her. It is hard to make men to abstain fwem a pwopah use of the whole people of the United western men, and especially old tim-States. There is no doubt that Amer- ers, talk. But this gift was hers, and leans, without regard to party, will it stirred my admiration to see her receive this visit in the same ami- draw on a grizzled veteran to tell how, the support of such a club. eable shirit which made its concept twenty years ago, he had crossed the tion possible. There is such a large | Great Divide and had seen and done percentage of the citizenship of this what no longer fell to men to see or country of German extraction that do in these new days. And so she won a cordial reception was assured in the old timer. But it was beautiful to any circumstances; but the fact that see the innocent gulle with which she the whole people understand the caught Billy Breen and drew him to chivalric intentions of the German her corner near the organ. What she emperor will add to the pleasure and was saying I knew not, but poor Billy to make up their minds, and he was

cordiality incident to the entertains was protesting, waving his big hands. The meeting came to order, with "I would not like to say more than Shaw in the chair and the handsome that this visit will maintain a friend- young Oxford man secretary. Shaw stated the object of the meeting in a will in no wise restrict the midual few halting words, but when he came competitive efforts to master the to speak of the pleasure he and all markets of the world through exact- felt in being together in that room his words flowed in a stream, warm and full. Then there was a pause, and Mr. Craig was called, but he knew better than to speak at that point. Finally Nixon rose hesitatingly, but as he caught a bright smile from Mrs. Mavor he straightened himself as if for a fight.

"I sin't no good at makin' speeches," he began, "but it ain't speeches we what we want to know is how to do it. me. And, to be right plain, we want to know how to drive this cursed whisky out of Black Rock. You all know what it's doin' for us, at least for some of us, and it's time to stop it now, or for

"Don't, old chap. This is a good deal some of us it'll mighty soon be too to me. I've tried for two years to get late, and the only way to stop its work is to quit drinkin' it and help others to quit. I hear some talk of a league, and what I say is if it's a league out and said: "Why, the thing will go sure out against whisky, a total abstinence enough. After that scene in the church right to the ground, then I'm with it. That's my talk. I move we make that

Nixon sat down amid cheers and a ment they have, and they find it pretty chorus of remarks: "Good man!" tough to give it up, and a lot of the "That's the talk!" "Stay with it!" But men are against the total abstinence he waited for the smile and the glance that came to him from the beautiful "It is pretty steep," I said. "Can't face in the corner, and with that he seemed content.

Again there was silence. Then the secretary rose, with a slight flush upon his handsome, delicate face, and seconded the motion. If they would pardon a personal reference, he would give them his reasons. He had come to this country to make his fortune. Now he was anxious to make enough to enable him to go home with some degree of honor. His home held everything that was dear to him. Between him and that home, between him and all that was good and beautiful and honorable, stood whisky. "I'm ashamed to confess," and the flush deepened on his cheek and his lips grew thinner, "that I feel the need of some such league." His handsome face, his perfect style of address, learned possibly in the Union, but, more than all, his show of nerve, for these men knew how to value that, made a strong impression on his audience, but there were no following cheers,

Mr. Craig appeared hopeful, but on Mrs. Mayor's face there was a look of wistful, tender pity, for she knew how much the words had cost the lad.

Then up rose a sturdy, hard featured man, with a bur in his voice that proclaimed his birth. His name was George Crawford, I afterward learned. but every one called him Geordie. He was a character in his way, fond of his glass; but, though he was never known to refuse a drink, he was never known to be drunk. He took his drink. for the most part, with bread and choese in his own shack or with a friend or two in a sober, respectable way, but never could be induced to join the wild carousals in Slavin's saloon. He made the highest wages, but was far too true a Scot to spend his money recklessly. Every one waited eagerly to hear Geordie's mind. He spoke solemnly, as befitted a Scotsman expressing a deliberate opinion, and carefully, as if choosing his best English, for when Geordie became excited no one in Black Rock could understand him.

"Maister Chairmon," said Geordie, "I'm aye for temperance in a' things." There was a shout of laughter, at which Geordie gazed round in pained surprise. "I'll no' deny," he went on in an explanatory tone, "that I tak ma mornin' an' maybe a nip at noon an' a wee drap aifter wark in the evenin' an' whiles a sip o' toddy wi' a freen the cauld nichts, but I'm no' a guzzier, an' I dinna gang in wi' the loons flingin' aboot guld money."

"And that's thrue for ye, me bye," interrupted a rich Irish brogue, to the delight of the crowd and the amaze-

"An' I canna bide yen saloon whaur It's an awfu'-like place. Man," and "See that handsome young chap of Geordie began to warm up, "ye can dissipated appearance?" said Craig.

perance socceities, wi' their pledges an' havers, an' I canna see what hairm ant, instead of shooting himself he can come till a man by takin' a bottle o' guld Glenlivet hame wi' him. I canna bide the tectotal buddies."

> Geordie's speech was followed by loud applause, partly appreciative of Geordie himself, but largely sympathetic with his position.

Two or three men followed in the same strain, advocating a league for mutual improvement and social purwith a small head set on heavy, square poses, but without the teetotal pledge. They were against the saloon, but did not see why they should not take a

drink now and then. Finally the manager rose to support his "friend, Mistah-ah-Cwafoad," ridwith a comfortable clubroom, books, "dontcherknew, to make the time pass pleasantly," but it was "absuad to ask - aw - nouwishing dwinks" because some men made beasts of themselves. He concluded by offering \$50 toward

The current of feeling was setting strongly against the total abstinence idea, and Craig's face was bard, and his eyes gleamed like coals. Then he did a bit of generalship. He proposed that since they had the two plans clearly before them they should take a few minutes' intermission in which sure they would be glad to have Mrs. Mayor sing. In the interval the men talked in groups, eagerly, even fiercely, hampered seriously in the forceful expression of their opinions by the presence of Mrs. Mayor, who glided from group to group, dropping a word here and a smile there. She reminded me of a general riding along the ranks, bracing his men for the coming battle. She paused beside Geordie, spoke earnestly for a few moments, while Geordie gazed solemnly at her, and then she came back to Billy in the corner near me. What she was saving I could not hear, but poor Billy was protesting, spreading his hands out aimlessly before him, but gazing at her the while want. We've got somethin' to do, and 'in dumb admiration. Then she came to

busband," she said softly, "and he has a good heart." "He's not much to look at," I could not help saying.

"Poor Billy! He was good to my

"The oyster hides its pearl," she anrered, a little reproachfully.

"The shell is apparent enough," I replied, for the mischief was in me. "Ah, yes," she replied softly, "but it is the pearl we love."

I moved over beside Billy, whose eyes were following Mrs. Mayor as she went to speak to Mr. Craig. "Well," I said, "you all seem to have

a high opinion of her." "An 'igh hopinion!" he replied in deep scorn. "An 'igh hopinion, you calls it!"

"What would you call it?" I asked, wishing to draw him out." "Oi don't call it nothink," he replied,

spreading out his rough hands. "She seems very nice," I said indifferently.

He drew his eyes away from Mrs. Mayor and gave attention to me for the first time.

"Nice!" he repeated, with fine conempt, and then he added impressively, "Them as don't know shouldn't say nothink."

"You are right." I answered earnesty, "and I am guite of your opinion." He gave me a quick glance out of his little, deepset, dark blue eyes and opened his heart to me. He told me in his quaint speech how again and again she had taken him in and nursed him and encouraged him and sent-him out it houtside a-shovin' and a-drawin' of with a new heart for his battle until, un down to 'ell. And that's w'ere Ol'm for very shame's sake at his own miserable weakness, he had kept out of league, wisky or no wisky, can't 'elp her way for many months, going stead-

'Now, Ol hain't got no grip, but when she says to me tonight, says she, 'Oh, stop some o' these had that's a follow Billy'-she calls me Billy to myself' (this with a touch of pride) - "toh, you!" And his voice rose to a wild Billy,' says she, 'we must 'ave a total Imbatinence lengtle tonight, and Oi at one and another. want you to 'olp!' and she keep's a lookin' at me with those heyes o' hern till, olce to an emphatic whisper, "though hi knowed Oi couldn't 'elp none, afore Of knowed Of promised 'er Of would. It's 'er heyes. When them heyes says do,' hup you steps and 'does.' "

I remember my first look into her eyes, and I could quite understand Billy's submission. Just as she began to sing I went over to Geordie and took my seat beside him. She bear a with an English slumber song, "Sleep, Baby, Sleep," one of Barry Cornwall's, I think, and then sang a love song with the refrain, "Love once again," but no thrills came to me, and I began to wonder if her spell over me was broken. Geordie, who had been listening somewhat indifferently, encouraged me, however, by saying: "She's just pittin' aff time with the feckless sangs. Man, there's nae grup till them." But when, after a few minutes' pause, she began My Ain Fireside" Geordie gave a sigh of satisfaction, "Aye, that's somethin' like," and when she finished the first verse he gave me a dig in the ribs with his elbow that took my breath away, saying in a whisper, "Man, hear till yon, wull ye?" And again I found the spell upon me. It was not the voice, after all, but the great soul behind, that thrilled and compelled. She was seeing, feeling, living, what she sang, and her voice showed us her ny, blithe blink, where no care could they sell sic awfu'-like stuff-it's mair abide, but only peace and love, was we saw it too. When she came to the last verse:

"When I draw in my stool On my cozy hearthstone, My heart loups sae licht I scarce ken't for my ain."

there was a feeling of tears in the flowing song, and we knew the words had brought her a picture of the fireside that would always seem empty. I felt the tears in my eyes, and, wondering at myself, I east a stealthy glance at the men about me, and I saw that they, too, were looking through their hearts' windows upon thresides and ingle nooks

that gleamed from far. And then she sang "The Auld Hoose, and Geordie, giving me another poke, said, "That's my ain sang," and when I asked him what he meant he whispered fiercely, "Wheesht, mon!" and I

did, for his face looked dangerous. In a pause between the verses I heard Geordie saying to himself, "Aye, I maun gie it up, I doot."

"What?" I ventured. "Naethin' ava." And then he added impatiently, "Mon, but ye're an in-

queesitive buddle," after which I subsided into silence. Immediately upon the meeting being

called to order Mr. Craig made his speech, and it was a fine bit of work. Beginning with a clear statement of the object in view, he set in contrast the two kinds of leagues proposed—one a league of men who would take whisky in moderation, the other a league of men who were pledged to drink none themselves and to prevent in every honorable way others from drinking There was no long argument, but he spoke at white heat, and as he appealed to the men to think, each not of himself alone, but of the others as well, the yearning born of his long months of desire and toll vibrated in his voice and reached to the heart. Many men looked uncomfortable and uncertain, and even the manager looked none too cheerful.

At this critical moment the crowd got a shock. Billy Breen shuffled out to the front and, in a voice shaking with nervousness and emotion, began to speak, his large, coarse hands wandering tremulously about:

"Ol hain't no bloomin' temperance horator, and mayhap Ol hain't no right to speak 'ere; but Oi got somethin' to saigh, and Oi'm a-goin' to saigh it. "Parson, 'e says, 'Is it wisky or no

wisky in this 'ere club?' If ye hask me, wich ye don't, then ne wisky, says Oi, and if ye hask why, look at me! Once Of could mine more coal than hany man in the camp; now Oi hain't fit to be a sorter. Once Oi 'ad some pride and hambition; now Ol 'angs round a-waitin' for some one to saigh, "Ere, Billy, 'ave summat.' Once Of

made good paigh and sent it 'ome regular to my poor old mother. She's in the wukus now, she is. Oi hain't sent 'er hany for a year and a 'alf. Once Billy was a good fellow and 'ad plenty

o' friends; now Slavin 'isself kicks un hout, 'e does. Why? Why?" His voice rose to a shrick. "Because when Billy 'ad moriey in 'is pocket hevery man in this bloomin' camp as meets un at hevery corner says, ''Ello, Billy, wat'll ye 'ave?' And there's wisky at Slavin's, and there's wisky in the shacks, and hevery 'oliday and hevery Sunday there's wisky, and w'en ye feel bad it's wisky, and w'en ye feel good it's wisky, and heverywhere and halways it's wisky, wisky, wisky! And now ye're goin' to stop it, and 'ow? The manager, 'e says picters and magazines. 'E takes 'is wine and 'is beer like a gentleman, 'e does, and 'e don't ave no use for Billy Breen. Billy, 'e's a beast, and the manager, 'e kicks un hout. But supposin' Billy wants to stop bein' a beast and starts a-tryin' to be a man again, and w'en 'e gets good an' dry along comes some un and says, "Ello, Billy, 'ave a smile?' it hain't picters nor magazines 'ud stop un then. Picters and magazines! Gawd 'elp the man as hain't nothink but picters and magazines to 'elp un w'en 'e's got a devil hinside and a deva-goin' straight, and yer bloomin' me. But," and he lifted his trembling hands above the head, "if ye stop the wisky a-dowin' round this camp ye'll

"Mon, it's fair growsome tao hear him," said Geordie, "He's no' canny," if you believe me, sir," lowering his And, reaching out for Billy as he went stumbling past, he pulled him down to a seat beside him, sayin: "Sit doon, lad; sit doon. We'll mak a mon o' ye yet." Then he rose and, using many r's, said, "Maister Chairmon, a' doot we'll juist hae to gie it up."

in' me 'ard. You, you, and you, and

scream as he shook a trembling finger

"Give it up?" called out Nixon. "Give

up the league?" 'Na, na, lad, but juist the wee drap whusky. It's nae that guid onyway, and it's a terrible price. Mon, gin ye gang tae Henderson's in Buchanan street, in Gleska, ye ken, ye'll get mair for three an' saxpence than ye wull at Slavin's for \$5, an' it'll no' pit ye mad like you stuff, but it gangs doon smooth an' saft-like. But," regretfully, "ye'll no' can get it here, an' I'm thinkin' I'll juist sign you teetotal thing." And up he strode to the table and put his name down in the book Craig had ready. Then to Billy he said: "Come awa, lad! Pit yer name doon, an' we'll stan' by

Poor Billy looked around helplessly, his nerve all gone, and sat still. There was a swift rustle of garments, and Mrs. Mayor was beside him and, in a voice that only Billy and I could hear, said:

"You'll sign with me, Billy?"

Billy gazed at her with a hopeless look in his eyes and shook his little head. She leaned slightly toward him, gently, said:

"Come, Billy; there's no fear," and in

As Billy went up, following Mrs. Mavor close, a hush fell on the men until he had put his name to the pledge. Then they came up, man by man, and signed. But Craig sat with his head down till I touched his shoulder. He took my hand and held it fast, saying over and over, under his breath: "Thank God! Thank God!"

And so the league was made,

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

The Dear Girl.

Mrs. Rural-Well, paw, when Mary comes home from college she can give you a point or two about farming. Farmer Rural-What's Mary up to now?

Mrs. Rural-Why, she writes that all the girls are learning fencing.—Detroit Free Press.

Willing to Compromise.

She-Sir, if you persist in making love to me every time you call I shall have to ask you to discontinue your visits.

He-Darling, be my wife, and I'll promise never to speak another word of love to you as long as I live,-Chicago Daily News.

Only Fair.

"The trouble is," he said to the lady, who believed in woman's right to propose, "that I'm inclined to doubt my sbility to support a family." "Well,' she replied, "why not give me

the benefit of the doubt?"-Chicago Record-Herald.

A Dandy,

"Did you hear about Grigsby's auto? It ran away with him, went over an embankment, turned a somersault, hit a tree, killed Grigsby, and wasn't injured a particle." "Say! That's a dandy! What make

Distant.

is it?"-Puck.

"Didn't you tell me that dog you sold me wouldn't bite anyone that he knew?"

"Yassuh," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley; "but he allus wus kind o' hahd to git acquainted with."-Wash ington Star.

Family Pride. George!" screamed; "hurry to the haby; she's

trying to swallow her rattle!" "I know it," replied the husband, calmly. "I want her to get ahead of Buffkin's baby, who swallowed a button."-Ohio State Journal.

> Fees to Pay. That "talk is cheap" Is often true, But not the sort Our lawyers do.
>
> Catholic Standard and Times

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previous vessel. At predecided to earry out his exupon the lines in which he so successful. It is his in connection with navigal that aeroplanes should may M. Santos-Dumont thinks th will be the sole power emp aerial traffic, since with a p tor half the motive power is from the air, thus minim weight of fuel to be carried. and other motors must earry tive power in bulk. The m loon of No. 7 will be eigar-sha before, but it will have two cases instead of one. There no framework inside, the being kept rigid solely by p M. Dumont intends continu experiments with machines carrying capacity of one person for the present.

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