



CHAPTER X. WHAT CAME TO SLAVIN. LLY BREEN'S legacy to the Black Rock mining camp was a new league, which was more than the old league remade. The league was new in its spirit and in its methods. The impression made up-

on the camp by Billy Breen's death was very remarkable, and I have never been quite able to account for ft. The mood of the community at the time was peculiarly susceptible. Billy was one of the oldest of the old timers. His decline and fall had been a long process, and his struggle for life and manhood was striking enough to arrest the attention and awaken the sympathy of the whole camp. We instinctively side with a man in his struggle for freedom, for we feel that freedom is native to him and to us. The sudden collapse of the struggle stirred the men with a deep pity for the beaten man and a deep contempt for those who had tricked him to his doom; but, though the pity and the contempt remained, the gloom was relieved and the sense of defeat removed from the men's minds by the transforming glory of Billy's last hour. Mr. Craig, reading of the tragedy of Billy's death, transfigured defeat into victory, and this was gradually accepted by the men as the true reading, though to them it was full of mystery. But they could all understand and appreciate at full value the spirit that breathed through the words of the dying man; mean no term." And this was the new spirit of the lengue

It was this spirit that surprised Slavin into solden tears at the grave's side. He had come braced for curses and vergennee, for all knew it was he who had doctored Billy's lemonade, and instead of vengeance the message from the dead that echoed through the voice of the living was one of pity and forgiveness

But the days of the league's negative, defensive warfare were over. The fight was to the death, and now the war was to be carried into the enemy's country. The league men proposed a thoroughly equipped and well conducted coffee room, reading room and hall to parallel the enemy's lines of operation and defeat them with their own weapons upon their own ground. The main outlines of the scheme were clearly defined and were easily seen, but the perfecting of the details called for all Craig's tact and good sense. When, for instance, Vernon Winton, who had charge of the entertainment department, came for Craig's opinion as to a minstrel stoppe ged her pretty little shoulders in depre- Slavin came in again, sober, quiet and and private theatricals, Craig was prompt with his answer:

"Anything clean goes."

neral Slavin went to his bar and drank "I'll no' gaug where I'm no' wanted. But the more he drank the fiercer and gloomier he became, and when the men

drinking with him chaffed him he swore deeply and with such threats doctor. I hear." not committing himthat they left him alone. It did not help Slavin either to have Nixon stride in through the crowd

drinking at his bar and give him words of warning. "It is not your fault, Slavin," he said in a slow, cool voice, "that you and

your precious crew didn't send me to my death too. You've won your bet. but I want to say that next time, though you are seven to one or ten times that, when any of you boys offer me a drink I'll take you to mean fight, and I'll not disappoint you, and some one will be killed." And, so saying, he strode out again, leaving a mean looking crowd of men behind him. All who had not been concerned in the business at Nixon's shack expressed approval of his position and hoped he would see it through.

But the impression of Nixon's words upon Slavin was as nothing compared grief. with that made by Geordie Crawford. It was not what he said so much as the manner of awful solemnity he carried. Geordie was struggling conscientiously to keep his promise to "not be 'ard on the boys" and found considcrable relief in remembering that he had agreed "to leave them tae the Almichty." But the manner of leaving supernatural terrors. It was the second day after the funeral that Geordie and I were walking toward Slavin's. There was a great shout of laughter as we drew near.

Geordie stopped short and, saying, my arm and asked: "Would inist game in a measure " tase. "What is it? Is the medicine "We'll juist gang in a meenute," passed through the crowd and up to the bar.

"Michael Slavin," Isegan Geordie, and the men stared in dead silence, with their glasses in their hands-"Michael Slavin, I promised the lad I'd bear ye nae iil wull, but juist leave ve tae the "Don't be 'and on 'em. They didn't Almichty, an' I want tae tell ye that I'm keepin' ma wur-r-d. But," and here he raised his hand, and his voice become preternaturally solemn, "his bluid is upon yer han's. Do ye no' see it?" His voice rose sharply, and as he

pointed Slavin instinctively glanced at his hands, and Geordie added: "Aye, an' the Lord will require it o'

ye an' yer hoose." They told me that Slavin shivered as

if taken with ague after Geordie went out, and, though he laughed and swore, Michael! How often I say that wheeshe did not stop drinking till he sank in ky he's not good ting." a drunken stupor and had to be carried to bed. His little French Canadian wife could not understand the change that had a due over her husband.

"He's li... one bear," she confided to her baby of a year old. "He's not kees me one t me is day. He's mos' hawful child. bad. He' t even look at de baby."

something was seriously wrong, for she went on to say:

"He's tink more for dat leel baby dan for de whole worl'. He's tink more for no more wailing. dat baby dan for me." But she shrugcation of her speech.

Mayor, "and all will come right."

whisky as he had never drunk before. but you puir thing ye can hear ootside weepin' an' moanin'.

"She'll maybe need ye tae," he went on dubiously to me. "Te're a kin' o' self to any opinion as to my professional value.

But Slavin would have none of me. having got the doctor sober enough to prescribe. Craig if he would object to using holy

him

water.

he replied gravely.

asked the mother timidly.

The interest of the camp in Slavin was greatly increased by the illness of his baby, which was to him as the apple of his eye. There were a few who, impressed by Geordie's profound convictions upon the matter, were inclined to favor the retribution theory and conpect the baby's illness with the vengeance of the Almighty. Among these few was Slavin himself, and, goaded by his remorseful terrors, he sought relief in drink. But this brought him only deeper and fiercer gloom, so that between her suffering child and her savagely despairing husband the poor mother was desperate with terror and

disciples who tried to get in between "Ah, madame," she sobbed to Mrs. them, and as he told us the story in his Mavor, "my heart is broke for him. He's heet noting for tree days, but jis dreenk, dreenk, dreenk."

The next day a man came for me in haste. The baby was dying, and the doctor was drunk. I found the little one in a convulsion lying across Mrs. Mayor's knees, the mother kneeling bethem was so solemnly awful that I side it, wringing her hands in dumb could not wonder that Slavin's super- sgony, and Slavin standing near, silent stitious Irish nature supplied him with and suffering. I glanced at the bottle of medicine upon the table and asked Mrs. Mayor the dose and found the baby had been poisoned. My look of horror told Slavin something was wrong, and, striding to me, he caught

Strong?"

I tried to put him off, but his grip tightened till his fingers seemed to reach the bone.

"The dose is certainly too large. But let me go. I must do something."

He let me go at once, saying in a voice that made my heart sore for him, "He has killed my baby; he has killed my baby." And then he cursed the doctor with awful curses and with a look of such murderous fury on his passed into the house with many rooms. face that I was glad the doctor was too drunk to appear.

His wife, hearing his curses and understanding the cause, broke out into wailing hard to bear.

"Ah, mon petit ange! It is dat wheesky dat's keel mon baby. Ah, mon cheri, mon amour! Ah, mon Dieu! Ah,

It was more than Slavin could bear, and with awful curses he passed out. Mrs. Mayor laid the baby in its crib, for the convulsion had passed away, and, putting her arms about the wail-Mrs. May ..., to whom she was showing ing little Frenchwoman, comforted and soothed her as a mother might her

"And you must help your husband," And the seemed sufficient proof that I heard her say. "He will need you

"Ah, oul, I weel," was the quick re-

As we stood leaning over the sleeping

fore it was half gone I saw Nixon We obeyed. could not win and that the priest would He leaned over Slavin and spoke

he too late, so I sent for Mr. Craic, few words to him. From the moment he entered the room Slavin started as if struck a heavy he took command of us all. He was so blow, looked up at the priest with fear simple, so manly, so tender, the hearts in his face, but still keeping his grip. of the parents instinctively turned to "Let him go." said the priest. Slavin hesitated.

"Let him go! Quick!" said the priest As he was about to proceed with the again, and Slavin, with a snarl, let go baptism the mother whispered to Mrs. Mavor, who hesitatingly asked Mr.

his hold and stood sullenly facing the priest. Father Goulet regarded him steadily for some seconds and then asked:

"What would you do?" His volce was gentle enough, even sweet, but there was something in it

And so the child was baptized by the that chilled my marrow. "What would you do?" he repeated. Presbyterian minister with holy water and with the sign of the cross. I don't "He murdered my child,", growled

suppose it was orthodox, and it render-Slavin. et .- baotic some of my religious no-"Ah! How?" tions, but I thought more of Craig that "He was drunk and poisoned him." moment than ever before. He was "Ah! Who gave him drink? Who

made him a drunkard two years ago? Who has wrecked his life?" There was no answer, and the even

cause so much a man. As he read about the Saviour and the children and the toned voice went relentlessly on: "Who is the murderer of your child you I had sworn to God that m now ?"

> Slavin groaned and shuddered. "Go!" And the voice grew stern. Repent of your sin and add not another."

Slavin turned his eyes upon the motionless figure on the ground and then upon the priest. Father Goulet took one step toward

him and, stretching out his hand and pointing with his finger, said: "Go!"

And Slavin slowly backed away and went into his house. It was an extraordinary scene, and it is often with me now-the dark figure on the ground, the slight, erect form of the priest with outstretched arm and finger, and Slavin backing away, fear and fury strug-

however, and two minutes more of that grip would have done for him, As-it was, we had the greatest difficul-

What the priest did with Slavin after getting him inside I know not-that has always been a mystery to me-but when we were passing the saloon that night after taking Mrs. Mayor home we saw a light and heard strange sounds within. Entering, we found another whisky raid in progress, Slavin himself being the raider. We stood some moments watching him knocking in the heads of casks and emptying bottles. I thought he had gone mad

and approached him cautiously. "Hello, Slavin!" I called out. "What does this mean?" He paused in his strange work, and I

saw that his face, though resolute, was quiet enough. "It means I'm done with the busiout: ness, I am," he said in a determined

voice. "I'll help no more to kill any man, or," in a lower tone, "any man's baby." The priest's words had struck home. "Thank God, Slavin!" said Craig, of-

fering his hand. "You are much too good a man for the business." "Good or bad, I'm done with it," replied, going on with his work.

"You are throwing away good monev. Slavin." I said as the head of a

cask crashed in. "It's myself that knows it, for the price of whisky has gone up in town

BEST FOR T BOWELS CANDY



EAT 'EM LIKE CANDY KEEP YOUR BLOOD GI

me in his own bed and met me mornin' with an open hand, for ] would be my last."

Geordie's speech was character After a brief reference to the "m rious ways o' Providence," which acknowledged he might sometime to understand, he went on to en his unqualified approval of the saloon.

"It's a cozy place, an' there's me phur aboot. Besides a' that," he on enthusiastically, "It'll be a te savin'. I've juist been coontin'."

"You bet!" ejaculated a voice, great emphasis. "I've juist been coontin'," weg

Geordie, ignoring the remark and laugh which followed, "an' it's and like money ye pit ower wi' the w Ye see ye canna dae wi' ane bit Ye maun has twa or three at the least, for it's no verra forrit ye ge ane glass. But wi' you coffee r get a saxpence worth an' ye want mair."

There was another shout of land which puzzled Geordie much.

"I dinna see the jowk, but Fu pit ower in whusky mair nor a ha dollars."

Then he paused, looking hard he him and twisting his face into en dinary shapes till the men looks him in wonder.

"I'm rale glad o' this saloon be ower late for the lad that cana helpit the noo. He'll not be an help o' oors. I doot, but there are ers." And he stopped abruptly and down, with no applause following But when Slavin, our saloon is rose to reply the men jumped the seats and yelled till they could 10 more. Slavin stood, evident trouble with himself, and finally

"It's speechless I am entirely. W come to me I know not nor hor come, but I'll do my best for you" And then the yelling broke out I did not yell-myself. I was tool watching the varying lights in Ma vor's eyes as she looked from Cai the yelling men on the benches an bles and then to Slavin, and I f myself wondering if she knew wh was that came to Slavin.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

more than ever. Think of him."

ply, and from that moment there was It seemed no more than a minute till

steady. The passion was all gone from "You must pray for him," said Mrs. his face, and only the grief remained.

back, said:

"Don't say a word, Slavin," answer-

see it again. That's why the break

day? Eh?" "All who love him," he replied. "An' Michael, too?" she asked, her

, es searching his face. "An' Michael too?

"To me it is the same as any other,"

"An' will he make the good sign?"

more man than minister, or perhaps he

was so good a minister that day be-

own simple and beautiful way and

then went on to picture the home of

the little children and the same Saviour

in the midst of them, I felt my heart

grow warm, and I could easily under-

"Oh, mon Jesu, prenez mol aussi, take

The cry wakened Slavin's heart, and

"Ah, oui, an' Michael too!" Then to

Mr. Craig: "You tink he's tak me some

stand the cry of the mother:

"Ob, Annette, Annette!"

me wiz mon mignon!"

he said huskily:

But Craig only replied, "All who love him." "Ah, Michael, you must pray le bon

Jesu! He's garde notre mignon." And then she bent over the babe, whispering, "Ah, mon cheri, mon amour, adieu, adieu, mon ange." till Slavin put his srms about her and took her away, for as she was whispering her farewells her baby, with a little answering sigh,

"Whisht, Annette, darling, don't cry for the baby," said her husband. "Sure it's better off than the rest of us it is, And didn't you hear what the minister said about the beautiful place it is? And sure he wouldn't lie to us at all." But a mother cannot be comforted for her firstborn son.

An hour later Nixon brought Father Goulet. He was a little Frenchman with gentle manners and the face of a saint. Craig welcomed him warmly

"That is good, my brother," he said, with gentle courtesy, and, turning to the mother, "Your little one is safe."

Behind Father Goulet came Nixon softly and gazed down upon the little quiet face, beautiful with the magic of death. Slavin came quietly and stood beside him. Nixon turned and offered his hand, but Slavin, moving slowly

sorry man I am this day for it."

ed Nixon hurriedly. "I know how you feel. I've got a baby too. I want to

and told him what he had done.

"I did you a wrong, Nixon, and it's

gling in his face.

It was a near thing for the doctor, ty in reviving him.

"A nigger show?" asked Winton.

shrewdly adding, "Ask Mrs. Mayor." And so the League Minstrel and Dra- heaven for him." matic company became an established CHIDDI.

Shaw had charge of the social department, whose special care it was to courage, for at the week's end her "My baby is not-what you call it?" see that the men were made welcome baby fell dangerously ill. Slavin's anx- going through the form of baptism. to the cozy, cheerful reading room, lety and fear were not relieved much "An' he will not come to in sainte have heard the whisper in her heart, where they might chat, smoke, read, by the reports the men brought him Vierge," she said, crossing herself. write or play games, according to

Edit Craig felt that the success or failure of the scheme would largely upon Slavin's trail, and as the sickness during into his own arms." depend upon the character of the resi- grew he became confirmed in this con- But the mother would not be comfortreading room and hall, would control find satisfaction in Slavin's impending and operate the important department affliction, he could hardly hide his comrepresented by the coffee room.

"At this point the whole business may come to grief," he said to Mrs. button. Mayor, without whose counsel nothing was done.

brightly

main that's what will happen." he replied in a tone that spoke of anxious

"But we shall get the right man, nev- ing to yourself." faiter 1 "He will some to us."

Grang turned and gazed at her infrank wildiration and said: "If I only had your courage?"

"Compared whe answered quickly. Everend, too, about the binspherenious changed offices before now. I remem-"It is not for you to sny that." And at Herod an' sic like. Mon, but he's a hot her how he came to one of my people his answering look the red came into helded laddle an' lacks discreemeens. In my absence, when she was dying, her clock and the depths in her eyes tion." glowed, and I no realed and wondered. ""What about Herod, Geordic?" I forted her and helped her across the looking at Graig's cool face, whether asked, his filled were running evenly through IN PROPERTY

"I would offen be a coward but for the wame o' him?" the summar of in"

And so the lengue whited for the man swer, to collar who was to be resident manapare contractive this minute enterprises in success. And some he did, but the memory of his coming was so extractdimove hight I have believed in the floortrine of a special providence ever since: for, as their sold, "If he had come equally aggravating and impossible to dered from one to the other of the struggel from heaven, I could not have Decision of the starget see L''

When the length was thus waiting. His inverse contered upon Shavin, chiefly bounded he represented more than any other the forces of the enemy, and: though Billy Breen and between him thinking and the vengennee of the angry men who would have made short work of him and his scioon, nothing could save You been in?" him from himself, and after the fu-

"Depends upon the alguers," replied "every day, every day, I pray la sainte saw its father and smiled. It was too Craig, with a gram'y comic look. Vierge et hous les saints for him." "You must gray to your Father in on his knees with a dry sob.

fact and proved, as Craig afterward Mayor sent her away bright with hope. He immediately rose and, pulitold me, a great means of grace to the smiles and with new hope and courage ing himself together, stood perfectly in her heart.

> She had very soon need of all her from time to time of Geordic's ominous . "Do not fear for your little one," said forebodings, for Geordie had no doubt Mrs. Mayor, still with her arms about that the Avenger of blood was hot her. "The good Saviour will take your

placency in the promptness of Providence in vindicating his theory of retri-

But Geordie's complacency was somewhat rudely shocked by Mr. Cralg's "Why come to grief?" she asked answer to this theory one day,

"You read your Bible to little profit, "Bellow if we don't get the right it seems to me, Geordie, or perhaps you have never read the Master's him not to leave her, and indeed he was teaching about the tower of Siloam. Joath to leave his little one. Better read that and take that warn-

er fear". Her serene courage never - Geordie gazed after Mr. Craig as he

"The toor o' Siloam, is it? Aye, 1 aboot the toor o' Babel as weel, an'

turs about Herod an' the wur-r-ms in comfort the mother."

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That some night, however, Geordie showed that with all his theories he and at month to be lowert, for he came inhusts to Mrs. Mayor to say:

"Ye'll be needed ower yonder, I'm

"Why? Is the buby worse? Have

"Na, na," replied Geordie cautiously;

"Ah, madame," she replied earnestly, child the little thing opened its eyes, hurt me so."

much for him. The big man dropped

"Is there no chance at all, at all?" he "Ah, oui, I weel pray." And Mrs. whispered, but I could give him no quiet.

A new terror seized upon the mother.

dent manager, who, while caring for viction. While he could not be said to ed by this, and Slavin, too, was uneasy. "Where is Father Goulet?" he asked. "Ah, you were not good to the holy pere de las tam, Michael," she replied sadly. "The saints are not please for you.

"Where is the priest?" he demanded. "I know not for sure. At de Landin', dat's lak."

"I'll go for him." he said.

But his wife clung to him, beseeching

I found Craig and told him the difficulty. With his usual promptness he was ready with a solution.

"Nixon has a team. He will go." Then he added: "I wonder if they ken fine about the toor o' Siloam an' would not like me to baptize their little one. Father Goulet and I have exread with her, prayed with her, com-

river. He is a good soul and has no

"Aboot Herod?" with a strong tinge nonsense about him. Send for me if his view. But his voice was quiet-a of contempt in his tone, "Aboot Herod? you think there is need. It will make eyes glaring, rose and followed, still shader order. I thought-as he grave. Mon, has ye no' read in the Screep- no difference to the baby, but it will

> Nixon was willing enough to go, but "Oh, yes, I see," I hastened to an- when he came to the door Mrs. Mayor sow the hard look in his face. He had

"Aye, a fule can see what's flapped not forgotten his wrong, for day by in his face?" with which hit of pro- Cay he was still fighting the devil withvertical philosophy he suddenly left in that Slavin had called to life. But But Geordio theneeforth content- Mrs. Mayor, under cover of getting him ad these f in Mr. Craig's presence at instructions, drew him into the room. least, with ominous head sluckings, While listening to her his eyes wangroup till they rested upon the little ground, worried him there as a dog white face in the crib. She noticed the | might a cat. change in his face.

"They fear the little one will never see the Saviour if it is not baptized," the sold in a low tone.

He was enter to go.

"I'll do my best to get the priest," he and was gone on his sixty mile race with death.

"As God's above," replied Slavin earnestly, "I'll hinder you no more."

They shook hands, and we passed out.

We laid the baby under the pines, not far from Billy Breen, and the sweet spring wind blow through the gap and came softly down the valley, whispering to the pines and the grass and the hiding flowers of the new life coming to the world. And the mother must for as the priest was saving the words of the service she stood with Mrs. Mavor's arms about her, and her eves were looking far away beyond the purple mountain tops, seeing what made her smile. And Slavin, too, looked different. His very features seemed finer. The coarseness was gone out of his face. What had come to him I could not tell.

But when the doctor came into Slavin's house that night it was the old Slavin I saw, but with a look of such deadly fury on his face that I tried to get the doctor out at once. But he was half drunk, and his manner was hideously humorous.

"How do, ladles? How do, gentlemen?" was his loud voiced salutation. "Quite a professional gathering, clergy predominating. Lion and lamb too! Ha, ha! Which is the lamb, ch? Ha, ha! Very good! Awfully sorry to hear of your loss, Mrs. Slavin. Did our best, you know; can't help this sort of thing."

Before any one could move Craig was at his side and, saying in a clear, firm voice, "One moment, doctor," caught him by the arm and had him out of the room before he knew it.

Sinvin, who had been crouching in his chair, with hands twitching and crouching as he walked.

I burried after him, calling him back. Turning at my voice, the doctor saw Slavin approaching. There was something so terrifying in his swift, noiseless, crouching motion that the doctor. crying out in fear, "Keep him off?" fairly turned and fled.

He was too late. Like a tiger Slavin leaped upon him and without waiting to strike had him by the throat with both hands and, bearing him to the

Immediately Craig and I were upon hlm; but, though we lifted him clear off the ground, we could not loosen that two handed strangling grip. As we were struggling there a light hand touched my shoulder. It was Father Goulet.

"Please let him go and stand away The long afternoon wore on, but be- | from us," he said, waving us back.

this week," he answered, giving me a look out of the corner of his eye. "Bedad, it was a rare clever job," referring to our Black Rock hotel affair.

"But won't you be sorry for this?" asked Craig. "Belike I will, and that's why I'm

doing it before I'm sorry for it," he replied, with a delightful bull.

"Look here, Slavin," said Craig earnestly, "if I can be of use to you in any way, count on me."

"It's good to me the both of you have been, and I'll not forget it to you," he replied, with like earnestness. As we told Mrs. Mayor that night, for Craig thought it too good to keep, her eyes seemed to grow deeper and the light in them to glow more intense as she listened to Craig pouring out his tale. Then she gave him her hand and said:

"You have your man at last." "What man?"

"The man you have been waiting for."

"Slavin?" "Why not?"

"I never thought of it." "No more did he or any of us." Then, after a pause, she added gently, "He has been sent to us."

"Do you know, I believe you are right," Craig said slowly and then added. "But you always are."

"I fear not," she answered, but I thought she liked to hear his words. The whole town was astounded next morning when Slavin went to work in the mines, and its astonishment only deepened as the days went on and he stuck to his work. Before three weeks had gone the league had bought and remodeled the saloon and had secured

Slavin as resident manager. The evening of the reopening of Slavin's saloon, as it was still called, was long remembered in Black Rock. It was the occasion of the first appearance of the League Minstrel and Dramatic troupe in what was described as a "hair lifting tragedy, with appropriate musical selections." Then there was a grand supper, with speeches and great enthusiasm, which reached its climax when Nixon rose to propose the toast of the evening, "Our saloon." His speech was simply a quiet, manly account of his long struggle with the deadly enemy. When he came to speak of his recent defeat, he said:

"And, while I am blamin' no one but myself, I am glad tonight this saloon is on our side, for my own sake and for the sake of those who have been waltin' long to see me. But be-fore I sit down I want to say that while I live I shall not forget that I owe my life to the man that took me that night to his gwp shack and put



turned away and muttered: