

HESPER

HAMLIN GARLAND

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CHAPTER XVII CONTINUED

His mood sank a little. "Don't misjudge me. It's not so clear in my mind as when I met you at the door. Money does help—you know it does. It extends a man's power; it makes him effective for good, if good is in him. I was a rancher when you met me; we stood in a different relation from that which we occupy now. Isn't that true?"

"Yes," she slowly answered, "but it isn't because of your mine." "What is it because of?" "It is because you have been kind and considerate of my brother." He looked disappointed. "Is that all? I hoped you liked me for myself." "I do—like you," she answered. "Do not press me." She spoke sharply, a flash of resentment in her eyes. "I didn't intend to do so," he humbly replied. "I fear I've made a mess of it. I am not so sure of myself as I once was. But this morning when we uncovered that vein it seemed as though I had a chance to recover my place in the world. I've wanted ten years of my life manservanting here and there, but that is finished. Since I saw you life began to be serious business with me. You smile, but you know what I mean, and if you would only give me time I would make you proud of me." He paused and looked about him. The mist seemed lightning, as if infiltrated with a golden vapor. It was in motion also, and far to the westward small patches of blue sky showed momentarily. "It is clearing," he said in a quiet voice, though his eyes were wet. "The worst wind is settling in."

The beauty of the girl as she faced him there in the mist was shining, all conquering in its pulse and glow. "I love you, and I want you to know it. Some time I will ask you to be my wife." "You must not do that," she cried out. "You will only lead up to disappointment. Don't you see how impossible it is? You are not fitted to help me. My whole life and training have been such that I am totally unfitted for the life you would lead. Please do not mislead me. If it is not a question of your wealth or your poverty, it is my own way of life, my own mind. I don't want to hurt you, but I must tell you that it is impossible to think of quite impossible," and she turned away toward the cabin, now half disclosed.

The door was open and Kelly and the two lads were on the floor picking at a small sack of ore. Mrs. Kelly looked up at Ann, laughing, with tears on her cheeks. "I don't believe it, not a word of it. And if it's true, Rob, I want you to keep it for us." "Yes," said Kelly. "I've been of use to you in finding it; now do you be of use to me in keeping it." "I will, Matt," said Raymond, and the two men shook hands on a new compact. Both Matt and Nora were so engrossed with their new found riches to observe the deep sadness of Raymond's face.

"Now," said Kelly, "watch out for Curran. He'll hate us out of it if he can. I depend on you to stand off the lawyers and the gamblers." "The mist is rising," called Ann from the doorway. As she spoke a tremendous report arose from the obscurity where the fog still hung.

"Now, what was that?" queried Matt, and all stood transfixed with surprise and vague apprehension.

Another and duller report followed—one that shook the ground. Kelly rushed



"I love you, and I want you to know it," called the door just in time to see a vast billowing cloud of smoke rise into the blue sky above.

"Now they've done it!" he called in a curiously reflective tone that was almost comic.

"What was that?" asked Ann. "Some crazy devil under cover of the mist has dynamited the Red Star shaft house." Even as they waited, listening to faint cries, the wind swept the hillside clear, and Kelly's fears were verified. The mine dined the Red Star shaft house and mill lay scattered over its dump, and toward it the whole camp seemed hastening.

"Oh, the unholo jackasses!" muttered Kelly. "They've opened the door to the wretched law, Curran, Rob. We may be the next to suffer."

CHAPTER XVIII THE blowing up of the Red Star mill and shaft house shook the entire district with its possibilities of further violence and concealed beneath its dust and smoke the rich discovery in the Kelly mine. The partners had time to calculate chances and plan for the buying in of the property.

The din of controversy was deafening. The labor leaders declaimed all knowledge of the outbreak and roundly condemned it for the foolishly destructive act it really was. Kelly marched in among them like a grimly bear and stormed thunderously. "You are responsible," he growled. "You set here and send out appeals to the world while these humans work their will. Where was Munro and his regulators?" "They can't be everywhere," explained Carter. "No one supposed such a thing could happen in the daylight."

"You're all a set of chicken heads. I've created a power you can't control. I give you notice that if you don't go after the thieves that did this work I'll organize a vigilance committee and take charge of the whole gang of you." And he strode out of the room, leaving the officers of the union disgraced and angry. He confessed to Raymond on his return that it was a foolish action.

"It was, Matt. You couldn't have done a worse thing. A large number of these dangerous miners already consider us their enemies, and this will confirm them. We might as well take steps tonight to get out of here as to stay here." All this excitement and worry aided Raymond in tiding over the day, but when midnight came and the committee had slipped away into the night his sense of loss and a feeling of futility took possession of him. Ann had announced her intention to return to the Springs at the end of the week, and though she had vaguely promised to visit the peak again, Raymond was not deceived.

"She's quite right," he admitted to his better judgment. "A mining camp is no place for her or for Nora. Since the destruction of that mill it is even less desirable than before as a place of residence."

While on his way to the bungalow the following afternoon he met Munro accompanying a stranger, a big blond, handsome fellow in a gray traveling suit and soft hat. His face was plump and his brown beard close clipped, and though he realized that he was more or less in disgrace, his eyes were smiling.

Munro called out, "Rob, do you know this chap?" "I do not." "The stranger remained untroubled. 'I didn't see I knew Mr. Raymond. I merely said that I wanted you to take me to him. Mr. Raymond, I am Wayne Peabody, an old time friend of Mrs. Ripper.' With you please explain to this knight of his strike? I am in a terrible fix at his house." Raymond looked at him keenly. So this was the eastern lawyer—the fat, fair man. "I think I have heard of you," he began slowly.

Louis' arrival relieved the awkwardness of the moment. "Hello, Mr. Peabody, how did you get here?" Peabody caught at the boy's hand. "Well, well, Louis, I'm glad to see you. You saved my life. How is Ann?" "Fine! You ought to see her work. She's brown as oak. Come on, I'll take you to her. Gee, she'll be glad to see you!"

As Peabody excused himself and mended off, Munro, with a word of meaning in his voice, softly swore. "Well, if I'd known that I would have killed him and laid him away under a little rock. She turned me down that other day, and it hurt. It hurts worse now that I've seen the other man. I really hoped you were the winner."

"What a fool! What a fall is there, my brother?" Raymond did not enjoy Munro's tone and changed the subject. "What are you going to do now?" Munro ceased to laugh. "I am going to cinch this whole camp a little tighter from this on. I'm going to turn back every nonunion miner. All you fellows who are friendly can go on working just the same, but your men must put themselves on record."

Raymond's face settled into stern lines. "Jack, I don't want to be mixed up in another man's fight. We are on good terms with our hands—they're a lot of cantankerous American citizens anyway and can't be coerced. I warn you not to monkey with our plant." Munro laughed. "I'll fight shy, old man, so far as I'm concerned, but these fogies and Poles are getting watch over, and if they stampede they'll run over somebody. You don't believe in me and my awboys, but the time may come when you'll see that I'm about the only commander in this camp."

"I see that now, Jack. That's why I'm talking to you. But you've started on a line of action that means war with organized society. You had no call to join those jackasses who ran Mackey out of camp. It was none of your funeral—had nothing to do with the question of wages."

Munro grinned. "He was such an ape." "Yes, but it started you wrong. Now, I don't know who blew up the shaft house, but if you do your best plan is to cut those outlaws out and turn them back to the authorities."

"I don't know a thing. Of course the mine had nothing to do with it. It was done by a few lousies full of peaches. These mine owners have got to give up their nine hour scheme. We've got 'em dead to rights, for I can drive every nonunion man out of camp if necessary, and my advice to you is, have your men march up and sign our rolls double quick." "They can do as they please about that. I will bring no pressure to bear on them, but I'd like to ask you as a friend not to make it any harder than you can help for Kelly & Raymond. We've got all we can stagger under now, and the worst thing that can happen to us is delay. We've opened our vein, and we're going to buy in our mine inside of six weeks if nothing prevents."

Raymond walked on to his cabin with a heavier heart than he had carried since he left Barnett's home. Part of this was due to Munro's warning, but the larger part of it sprang from his meeting with Peabody, who was not at all the sort of citizen he had expected Ann's eastern lover to be. He was a man of power, dignity and decision, not at all erratic like Barnett, and his air of quiet authority sprang from a strong personality securely placed in the world.

Louis came back to the cabin with a sly smile on his face. "What did you see?" "I saw a man who was a revelation to me. He's a real lawyer, and he's got a good deal of sense. He's a man of power, dignity and decision, not at all erratic like Barnett, and his air of quiet authority sprang from a strong personality securely placed in the world."

Raymond's guests rose at last, and Ann and Peabody went away together. This, out of doors, then all day, and Louis, who took a very pessimistic view of the whole affair, did not comfort him. "She'll go back with him. I can see that," he said. "And she'll want me to go, too, but I won't."

Munro went away outwardly cheerful, but inwardly sadder than he had ever been in his life, for his love for Ann was mingled with respect for her mind, her character. Her calm and kindly attitude toward him that night had been a revelation to him.

Peabody on his return found Raymond sitting alone by his fire. Louis was deep in slumber. "That man Munro is an interesting fellow. What do you know about him?" asked the lawyer.

"Not very much. He's rather secretive. He came here from Sylvania, I believe." "His jokes about getting under my ribs were a little gross," he said. "He struck me as just about medieval enough to do it—under proper conditions. Tell me about yourself. Ann has only praise for you. I want to thank you most cordially for your kindness to her and to the boy. He's much improved—less nervous and more manly."

"I doubt if he can be persuaded to leave. He told me tonight that he wouldn't go." "Well, I'm glad I met you, Mr. Raymond. I shall feel easier about the boy in case we do go east without him."

These cordial, frank and manly words struck an icy chill to Raymond's heart. It was all over then. She had consented to go, and his life was laid waste. He rose unthinkingly. "You must be tired. Shall I show you your bunk?" "I believe I will turn in," responded Peabody.

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When the young miner returned to his seat beside the fire a big lump of pain filled his throat, and he owned a boyish desire to fling himself down on the floor and sob. He lost all shame of his weakness at length and went out into the night—to be alone with the deepest grief of his life.

CHAPTER XIX RAYMOND did not see Ann at breakfast next morning, but sent word by Louis that important work in the mine detained him, and the girl was hurt by the neglect. It was not a cheerful going to bed, for Mrs. Kelly was broken hearted and frankly pessimistic.

"You'll never come back," she said. "You'll forget the Kellys—you'll forget you ever lived in a log hut and sweat floors."

"Why, Nora, I'm only going to Valley Springs. Maybe I'll come back, and soon."

"You say so, but you are going far. I have two eyes, and I can see. You've broken Rob's heart too. I know why he isn't here this morning—he couldn't bear to see you go, and no more can I."

The tears came to Ann's eyes. Never had such sincerity, such directness of affection, touched her. "I'll come back. I promise you I'll come back unless you come to the Springs to live."

"Come back," shouted Kelly, who had entered the door. "Way, sure thing! She can't keep away. D'ye think Louis is going to leave the peak? Not for long. He has just been telling me when to expect him." Somehow Kelly's tone helped Ann as well as Nora.

"I am not going back to New York till spring." "Let me tell you something," Kelly resumed, with ponderous effort at being confidential. "Your Wall street lawyer is all right. He's a man of substance, but Rob is going to strike a stream of gold out of this hill that'll make the lawyer chap look like a worn dime."

They reached the Springs without accident, and were greeted as if they had escaped from a robber's cave. Mrs. Barnett and her friends were all greatly excited over the events of the high country, which had been distorted, magnified by the shadows of the clouds, till they were of the most monstrous proportions. Munro was already a hero—a sort of cowboy Napoleon—and Ann laughed at the questions hurled at her head by the Barnetts when they found she had known and liked the captain of the patrol.

"Not at all," she replied. "I found him very amusing. No, he was not drunk, and I never saw any weapons upon him. Mr. Raymond considers him a dangerous fellow because of his zeal to serve the miners. Yes, it is true that Mr. Raymond is the leader of the free miners and that he and Mr. Munro are friends. Yes, Kelly and Raymond have made a strike, but they are unable to get the men they need to work their mine."

Barnett came home looking hard and worn, quite unlike his jovial self, and he greeted Ann warmly. "I am glad to see you here. I want to know all about things up there. Where is Peabody?"

Mrs. Barnett replied: "Dressing for dinner. Hello, Don; you're late."

After he left them Ann remarked to Mrs. Barnett, "He looks worried." "He is worried to death. He insists on trying to be the head and front of this citizens' committee of safety. He's chairman of it and is away all hours of the day and night. Do you know the whole city is patrolled?"

"Patrolled? What for?" "So that the miners cannot come rushing down here some night and burn us all up."

This amused Ann. "How silly! Why should they do that?" "Because we mine owners live here. It is not a laughing matter to us. Word has come to us through reliable sources that your nice friend Munro has planned a riot, and every young man in the town has been enrolled in the home guard."

Ann laughed outright at this. "Jeanette, you people have been eating too much bluster, salad and ice cream. You're all suffering from nightmare. There isn't a word of truth in what you've been saying."

When Don came down she continued to mock, and all through dinner she perversely defended Munro and listened to Barnett's howlings of what they were going to do to open their mines with entire lack of sympathy.

"I don't pretend to comprehend what you men and business," she said, "but it seems to me that rather than waste millions on a useless war I would allow the miners a few more cents pay just as a matter of economy."

"But it's the principle of the thing. We don't intend to be dictated by these 'red neckers.' They must come to our terms. I've been deceived in Rob. He and Kelly are playing a two faced game with us."

"I beg your pardon, they are not," she body answered. "They are doing just what you ought to do. They're treating their men good wages and treating them properly."

Peabody put in a word. "If I might venture, I don't know a thing about it except what Munro and Raymond told me, but it seems to me Ann is right. As I understand it, these chaps are coming from three shifts of eight hours each and put the rest on two shifts of nine hours each at eight hours pay. Isn't that it?"

"Well, yes; but you see, it's really a new system altogether."

"But in the change you don't intend to accidentally pay 50 cents or 50 cents or whatever it may be for that extra hour?" "The pay for a day's work will remain as it is now."

Peabody smiled. "A mere shuffle. Come, be frank. You fellows have fixed up a new deal in which the cards go against the miners. They protest, and now it is a matter of 'gun play' as you say out here."

Mrs. Barnett looked relieved. "I wish you'd talk him out of it, Wayne." Peabody, with a lawyer's pleasure, went on with his analysis. "But there's a third party here which is of more interest to me than either you or the miners, and that is Raymond's party of the third part. They are standing clear for the present, but if you crowd them to the wall they'll take hold, and then, as Kelly said, 'you'll have a wild-cat by the tail.' I wish I could wait and see how you come out, but I've got a big case on for the 10th and must be in Washington."

"The whole thing will be settled in a day or two," declared Barnett. "When we go up there again it will be with a thousand men and fully armed."

"That is a harsh arbitration," said Peabody, with a gravity which was almost solemnity. "I would advise you to settle this case out of court."

Ann interposed. "I think you both take too serious a view of the whole thing. Mr. Raymond laughs over it."

"Mr. Raymond was probably trying to keep you unalarmed," answered Peabody. "And now that you are out of it I do not think it well for either you

Peabody's chair was broken between his fingers. "Don, you scare me!" Barnett, having fairly crushed his friend, now tried to comfort him. "All this may be a wrong diagnosis, and I hope it is, but if I were you I would go to her and use words that would startle her. She needs the strong hand."

Peabody rose, all the quizzical lines of his face lost in a plexus of doubt and hesitation.

Ann wondered at the change in Peabody, but had no chance to speak to him for some minutes, for a couple of young men were detaching their stern plans for invading Skytown.

The large library was soon filled with people who had heard of Ann's return from the peak, and the girl was profusely amused to find herself taken for a faint of wisdom concerning the miners' war and their demands. The feeling against the camp was savage, and the men were loud in denunciation of the governor of the state, who had refused to order out the militia. "He is as bad as Munro, an absolute anarchist," declared one man, whose strictest voice dominated all the others.

One by one the guests dropped away, and at last only the Barnetts and Ann and Peabody were left in the library.

At a signal from Mrs. Barnett Don sauntered out of the room as if on some errand and forgot to return. A few moments she, too, begged to be excused "for a moment" and was seen no more.

Both Ann and Peabody understood these actions, but as he was intent on making an appeal to her and she knew there was no escape from it they faced each other with a tenacity of emotion which seemed impossible a moment before.

Ann broke the silence. "How indelicate of them!" "How considerate, say I, for I want to talk with you," he hurried on. "I want you to go back with me, Ann, as my wife. I can't go back alone. I have missed you horribly. Dear girl, answer me, are you ready to go?"

Ann remained silent, her mind running over for the hundredth time the advantages, the duties involved, while his plea proceeded, earnest and manly, but leaving her cold. It permitted her to calculate, to criticize. He had much to give her. He was a man of large income, of unquestioned power, and his home was spacious. She liked him, she respected him very highly, she admired him, but—

AMOS WILKINS BUYS JOHNSON RESIDENCE

Amos Wilkins, the well-known farmer and stock raiser of Columbia, and a brother of Mayor E. M. Wilkins, has purchased from Mrs. Helen E. Johnson, widow of the late Professor J. W. Johnson, the Johnson residence property at the corner of West Fifth and Lawrence streets. The consideration is \$3500. The property consists of two lots and a half and a handsome and commodious two-story dwelling house. While the house was built along architectural lines in vogue about 20 years ago, with a small sum of money it can be remodeled so that it will have a modern appearance. Judge Christian's residence, a two-story of West Tenth and Clark streets, which formerly resided in the Johnson house, was recently remodeled and is now one of the most imposing and modern appearing residences in the city.

Mr. Wilkins and family will move to the city from the farm in the near future.

GIRL FINED \$5 FOR INSULTING OLD MAN

A neighborhood row in the northwestern part of the city culminated last evening in the arrest of J. H. Sellers and Mrs. Sarah Bell, each charged with assaulting the other, and Lillie Bell, charged with using insulting language toward Sellers. The trio appeared in the police court at 8 o'clock this morning. Judge Dorris, after advising them to better curb their tempers, dismissed the cases against Sellers and Mrs. Bell, but warned them that if any further trouble occurred they would have to suffer the penalty. The girl was fined \$5 and costs, but execution of sentence was suspended pending good behavior.

The contract for moving the old Catholic church building to a new location for the handsome new structure soon to be erected was let today to J. W. Barringer. He will not be able to begin the work until about the first of August. As before stated in the Guard, the building will be moved to the rear of the Sisters' academy and used as class rooms.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Geo. A. Drury, has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of George Drury, deceased, by the county court of Lane county, Oregon. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same with proper vouchers to said administrator at the law office of L. H. Hilyon in Eugene, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated this 6th day of June, 1905.
Geo. A. Drury,
Administrator.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

United States Land Office,
Roseburg, Or., May 28, 1905.
Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 8, 1879, entitled "An Act for the sale of Timber Lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the public lands within the State of Lane county, Oregon, by act of August 4, 1891, John J. Rude, of Eugene, county of Lane, State of Oregon, has this day filed in his office his sworn statement, No. 261, for the purchase of the NW 1/4 of section No. 24, in Township No. 37, south of Range 5 west, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or otherwise for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before W. W. Collins, at his office at Eugene, Oregon, on Saturday, the 5th day of August, 1905. His witnesses are: Peter Johnson, of Roseburg, John Kroger, of Astoria, Benjamin Silver, John Kroger, of Astoria, and Lane county, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in the office on or before said 5th day of August, 1905.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY,
Register.

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Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in the office on or before said 5th day of August, 1905.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY,
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