His Brother's Keeper;

Or,

Christian Stewardship.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON,

Author of "In His Steps," "The Crucifixion of Philip Strong," "Robert Hardy's Seven Days," "Malcom Kirk," Etc.

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Continued from First Page.

club.

"Come in!" shouted the doctor. "Here's one of 'em now," he said to Stuart in a low tone. "Watch me deal with him."

The door opened, and in shambled a man of enormous build. He had a great mass of tangled yellow hair on his head, and his beard was of the same color. He was fully 6 feet 4 inches in height and had astonishingly long arms and large feet. Stuart sat back in the window seat looking on, and, although he was running over in his mind what he would say to the men, he could not help smiling at the scene that followed.

"I come to fill the bottle, doctor," was the quiet remark of the big miner.

The doctor made no motion to take the bottle which the man pulled out of his vest pocket and stood holding awkwardly between his two hands.

"You can move out of here with your bottle, Sanders. I'm not filling any bottles any more."

"Since when?" asked Sanders slowly.

"Since this strike, this nonsensical, foolish business of yours and the rest of you. Do you think I'm going to go to all the expense of keeping up my drugs and medicines and sew you fellows up and fill you up with costly preparations while I'm not getting anything from the companies? So get out with your bottle!"

Sanders without a word backed toward the door. The doctor wheeled around toward his desk and began to hum a tune. Just as the miner laid his hand on the doorknob the doctor turned his head and shouted, "What was in the bottle, anyway?"

"Cod liver oil," replied Sanders, scratching his head and slowly turning the doorknob.

"When did you get it filled?"

"Last week, sir."

"Last week! It was three days ago, or I'm a striker! What on earth did you do with half a pint of cod liver oil in that time?"

Sanders shook his head and smiled faintly, but did not venture to say anything.

"Have you been greasing your boots with it? I'd be willing to swear that you have, only half a pint wouldn't oil more than one of 'em. Well, bring it here. I'll fill it this once and that's all. What did I give it to you for? Do you remember?"

Sanders kept discreet silence, and the doctor said to Stuart: "It isn't cod liver oil exactly; it's a new preparation that I have just had sent up from Chicago, and it has been of some use in lung troubles. I think perhaps I'll let him have another bottle. He has a bad cough." As if to second the doctor's statement, Sanders gave utterance to a hoarse rumble that was on the same large scale as himself and shook the bottles on the doctor's dispensary shelves. The doctor measured out a quantity of the medicide, picked out a new cork and as he handed the bottle over said cheerfully: "Now, Sanders, of course you will forget everything I tell you, but I want you to remember that if you don't follow the directions on the bottle you are liable to fall down dead any minute. Well, is there anything more?"

The miner was shuffling his hand down in his pocket among a lot of loose change.

"How much is it?" he finally asked.

"Oh, well, that's all right," said the doctor, turning red. "Keep it to remember me by. I'll make you a birthday present of it. But, mind you, no more medicine from this office till the strike is over. I can't afford to doctor a thousand men for nothing."

Sanders went out, and the doctor turned to Stuart and said: "I thought I might as well let him have it. Pshaw! I'm too easy. But Sanders has got consumption. Awful queer how these big fellows catch it."

Just then there was a tap on the door, and before the doctor could call out the door opened, and a little old woman came in. She had a very sad face and looked like one of those persons who know life mainly through its troubles.

"Doctor," she said after bowing to Stuart, "me old man is sufferin terrible this mornin. I want ye to send him somethin to ease the pain a bit."

"Where is his pain?"

"Eh?"

"I say where is his pain—in his head or feet?"

"In his back, doctor, an he is howlin like murder for somethin to ease him. I come right down here. The doctor, he said, would give me anything I needed."

"Yes, that's it. The beggars don't care if I go into bankruptcy and ruin through giving them anything they need."

The doctor rose and went over to his dispensary shelves. After a very careful search he selected a bottle and poured from it into a small one, wrote directions, pasted them on and gave the medicine to the woman.

"Here, now, Mrs. Binney, I know just what your husband's trouble is. He strained the muscles of his back that time he got caught between the timbers in the De Mott mine."

"Yes"—the woman's face lighted up with some pride—"Jim held up the timbers until the other men crawled out."

"That's so. Well, I don't mind helping him. Use this as I have directed, and it will give him some relief."

The woman thanked the doctor, and as she turned to go she wiped her eyes with her sleeve. The doctor followed her out into the hall, and Stuart could not help hearing him say to her, "I'll be out to see Jim this afternoon, tell him, Mrs. Binney."

He came back and sitting down at his desk thumped it hard with his fist.

"That's the last case I'll take till the strike ends. The only way to bring these people to terms is to treat them sternly. I tell you, Stuart, I can't afford to go on giving medicine and service this way. It will ruin me, and, besides, it isn't professional"—

There was a timid knock at the door, and the doctor caught up a medical magazine, opened it bottom side up and turned his back to the door. There was another rap, and then, as the doctor made no sound, the door opened, and a boy about 12 years old came in timidly and stood with his cap in his hand, looking first at Stuart and then at the doctor's back.

"Father's been hurt. He is pump man at Davis' mine. He wants you to come right up."

"Up where?" asked the doctor without turning around.

"Up where we live."

"Where's that?"

"The same place."

"What's his name?"

"Why, you know his name, doctor. You have seen him before."

The doctor wheeled around and roared: "Well, do I know the names of a thousand different men like that? Who is your father?"

"Pump man in the Davis mine."

"Well, there are six different pump men up there. Which one is he?"

The boy began to get scared and backed toward the door.

"What's the matter with your father?" asked the doctor more gently, rising and reaching out for his black case and putting on his hat.

The boy began to sob. "I don't know. He's hurt."

"Well, you run down and get into my buggy and sit there till I come. Hurry, now." The boy backed out of the door and tumbled down the stairs. The doctor gathered up his things and, shouting to Stuart, "This case seems to call for my help," he dashed out of the room.

"Father's been hurt," said the boy.

There was a drug store directly under the doctor's office, where a case of candy was kept. Stuart, leaning out of the window, saw the doctor come out of the store with a bag of something which he gave to the boy. Then getting into the buggy he started off at his usual express rate and disappeared in a great whirlwind of red iron ore dust.

Stuart smiled and said to himself: "Dear old Doc! I was going to say that his bark was worse than his bite, only it's all bark." His face grew stern again as he saw from the window a sight that was growing familiar to the people of Champion.

It was now about 11 o'clock, and into the open space around the band stand in the center of the town square the miners were beginning to come in groups of twos and fours and by little companies. They came in from their homes out on the hills, each miner carrying a stick, the uses of which became more apparent as the men formed afterward in marching order.

The different miners' bands had already gathered near the stand. They united in the playing of several stirring pieces while the crowd was gathering. Very fast the square filled up. At last, as the clock on the tower pointed its hands at a quarter after 11, 4,000 men were packed into the open space surrounded by the town buildings. Stuart remained looking out from the doctor's office window. The whole scene was before him. He could bear as well. Since that first day when he had come home from his European trip he had seen the miners together in this way several times, but today he was impressed more than ever with the appearance of the men, with their rude, misspelled banners, with their music made entirely by men out of the mines who had trained themselves with great patience to play march tunes. More than all, he was struck with the faces of the men—the stolid, dull, but determined look that most of them wore. He was impressed with their general appearance as human beings making a fight for a few more cents a day. And with all the rest he could not help feeling that the men regarded him as an aristocrat removed from them by his whole life, so different from theirs, and unable from their point of view to sympathize with or understand them.

"And yet," Stuart said to himself, with a sigh, "I would almost exchange places with nearly any one of them. I mean that I am not where I can use what I was born into as I would like to use it."

The bands stopped playing, and a miner went up into the stand. This time it was not Eric. The men all uncovered their heads. It was very quiet. The people of Champion stood looking on from the sidewalks, the church steps, the railroad depot platform and the store and office windows. The man in the stand lifted up his face and offered a short prayer.

"O God, grant us a blessing today as we go to our place of meeting. Be with us there in our council together. Grant that we may be led to do the right. Keep us all from trespass or sin or drunkenness. And when we have ended our strife here below, may we all, master and men, meet in heaven. We ask it for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Stuart heard every word of the prayer from where he sat. There was something indescribably sad to him in the whole scene. The miners put on their hats, and the bands at once struck up a lively tune. The men began to move out into the main street, forming a double line or column four abreast. The bands marched each one in front of a section or division of the line of march. The men at a signal shouldered their sticks, and, accustomed by this time to the marching, they presented a military appearance as they swung past the church and into the road leading over to the park, where they now held a daily meeting at noon.

Stuart watched for Eric and as he came by called to him from the window:

"I'll drive over. My horse and buggy are here."

Eric waved his hand and went by without replying. Stuart came down, and after the columns of men had passed he drove along at a little distance behind them.

All the way over he was debating with himself what he would say. It was the first time he had really met the men. A great many of them did not know what the feeling of the new mine owner was. They supposed that Ross Duncan's son was like the father. Others among them had known him as a child and boy and liked him. He was a favorite in the town. Many a rough, reckless, stolid Dane and Cornishman had admired the lad who had been so fearless in going up and down the shafts. There was a good deal of favorable comment among the men in line over his coming out today.

So when he finally came into the park and was met by a committee there and escorted up into the pavilion where the speakers went he faced a great crowd that was in the humor to give him fair play at least. A thousand more men had come in from the other ranges, and an audience of over 5,000 was packed deep all about the pavilion.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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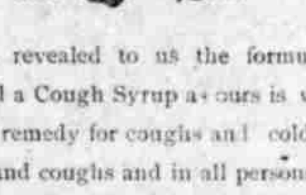
Green Raven  Cough Syrup

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