Ten Years' Trial

The Story of a Soldier's Struggle

By Brigadier General **Charles King**

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CHAPTER IX.

Eventful days in the life of Eric Langdon were those following the collapse of the great railway strike at Brentwood. It was but natural that the officials of the Big Horn should vaunt themselves over a victory that not only broke up a mob, but quite as effectually downed the Seattle. The chagrin of Messrs. Barclay and others representing that powerful and wealthy corporation could not be concealed despite all their brave show of satisfaction. The Big Horn had all trains running and its live stock in Chicago before the Seattle could succeed in firing a freight engine. The Big Horn behaved magnanimously to its misguided employees, for Channing was a man ever in touch with the great army of operatives and knew how best to win their sympathies and willing service. Every engineer, fireman and trainhand who had not taken active part in the destruction of property was back at his post inside of 24 hours, whereas the anger, envy and disgust rankling in Mr. Barclay's bosom against the Big Horn could only find vent in malicious newspaper items at the expense of the rival management and heroic measures at that of his men. It was a day of disaster to the Seattle and of triumph for the Big Horn, and the breach, already broader than the gorge of the Red Water, now widened between the roads. Channing couldn't help bragging and exulting, and it was bad policy. The Seattle was much the richer company of the two. Its stock was mainly held in England and the eastern states, whereas the Big Horn was western in ownership and management. Barclay gave a big dinner at the Brentwood House three days after the break of the strike, to which all local journalists and magnates were bidden, the cigars and champagne for which were expressed from Chicago, and in the postprandial eloquence on that flowery occasion much stress was laid on the fact that the Seattle would rather suffer double its loss than that it should go down to history as having won its victory by means of shotted guns in the hands of hireling soldiery leveled at the breast of Brentwood's manhood. Captain Nathan made an effective speech in response to the toast to the army. "It would have been an easy matter," said he, "for my brave men to shoot their speedier way to the scene of action, but that from his great and merciful heart the general manager of the Seattle declared that he would rather the earnings of a thousand years went up in smoke than that the blood of one honest toiler should lie at their doors." Tremendous and long continued applause ensued, through which Santley and Woodrow sat in grim silence and in which even Torrance only half heartedly joined, for well they remembered Barclay's almost frenzied appeals to Nathan to get ahead, for God's sake, and do something, if he had to dam the Red Water with the dead. Melville, his eyes covered, his head still bandaged, lay upon a low couch in an upper room, attended by his devoted wife and niece. The sound of revelry by night came from below with explosive puffs, and the manager of the Brentwood twice tapped at the door to express his regret and anxiety and the hope that the major wasn't being disturbed. "It's the Seattle blowout," he explained, "and the road's setting 'em up for all comers apparently."

"When does the Big Horn set 'em up?" asked Melville, with a smile of amusement.

"The B. H. doesn't have to," answered Boniface. "By the way, sir, Mr. Channing goes east again tomorrow, and he hopes that you will feel able to see him. Of course he isn't at the banquet," he added, with a grin. "We've had a queer time with the rival factions in the house."

It had indeed been a queer time. Barclay, as became the managing head of a great road, had taken a suit of rooms on the parlor floor, with his secretary, typewriters and assistants, while Channing and his one aid-de-camp, Mr. Langdon, occupied modest rooms on the floor above and attended to business over at the station. Barclay nodded patronizingly when he met or passed Channing and once so far unbent as to take one hand out of his trousers pocket and extend a finger to his rival. But he never seemed to see Langdon, and Langdon had an aggravating way of looking straight into the other's face in a calmly speculative manner, as though he considered him some curious specimen of the "freak" family, a subject for leisurely contemplation, but in nowise a thing to be accosted.

The regular officers and many of those of the state troops took their rations at the Brentwood the few days they were there on duty, and it was curious to note the effect on the two occasions that Langdon entered the dining room while the military was there. The guardsmen to a man either arose to shake his hand or else whirled around in their seats and waved him joyous greeting. Woodrow, of the artillery, too, sprang to his feet and ostentatiously went half across the dining room to clap him on the shoulders or slap him between them on the broad of the back. Once, finding a vacant seat by Langdon's side, the rash subaltern quit the table of his commanding officer and finished his dinner at Channing's, and Nathan and Torrance, who never saw Langdon at all, took prompt note of the desertion and held it up against the youngster as an affront to be expatiated through many a slight and snub and semiofficial annoyance when they harked back to Pawnee. It was plain that Langdon was a marked man in the eyes of the populace—envied, respected and esteemed by one element and feared and hated by another.

"It's just as well you are going with Mr. Channing," said mine host of the Brentwood to him the night of the banquet. "There's a bad undercurrent here that will never forgive your spoiling their plans, and those fellows of the Seattle, who would have thanked God for your services at the time, are now doing the best they know how to stir up sentiment against you."

"But I'm not going with Mr. Channing," said Langdon promptly. "They have offered me a good position here."

The landlord was leaning against a column of the rotunda at the moment, smoking one of Barclay's best. A roar of applause and alternating currents of "He's a Jolly Good Fellow" and "Auld Lang Syne" issued from the swinging portals of the hall, and Boniface had been listening with a comical grin on his face. But at Langdon's words the expression of amusement gave way to one of deep concern. Impressively he stood erect and placed a hand on Langdon's shoulder.

"My dear sir," said he, "I mustn't be quoted in this matter. I like you, and I want to see you come out all right, but—don't think of staying here. I'll say as much to Mr. Channing."

And he did. But Channing was flushed with victory.

"Who's to harm him? And what's to prevent?" said he. "Our men are all

"My dear sir, don't think of staying here."

with us now, and they swear by him and will stand by him and will see to it that he isn't molested," was Channing's answer. "He's just the fearless, reliable man we need for a certain kind of work, and here's the place for him."

But the landlord shook his head. "Mr. Channing," said he earnestly, "I see and hear things you cannot see and hear because men look and talk sweet when you come around. It's their bread and butter. You manage your business in the interest of your stockholders, and I must do the same for mine. I must attract custom, not antagonize it and lose my job. I mustn't offend those fellows of the other road, for some of them are stockholders of this very shop, and they are not fond of you, much less of Mr. Langdon. If you want to reward and help him, take him to Chicago. Don't attempt to settle him here."

But the mere idea that one of his chosen should be menaced by the enemy was enough to set Channing solidly against a change of plan. He went to Melville's room in the morning to say goodby and found that Boniface had been there before him, for Melville, too, was anxious. Mrs. Melville had gone out to do some shopping; Miss Grahame sat in silence, an absorbed listener. That evening Langdon knocked, as usual, at Melville's door to inquire what manner of day his friend had had and whether he could be of service. Miss Grahame was just coming forth, dressed for the street.

"The troops go back to Pawnee tonight," she said, "and some of the officers are coming up in a moment to say goodby. I thought I should like a brisk walk."

He hesitated a moment. He well knew to whom she referred by "some of the officers" and why she referred to them at all. It would be embarrassing all around for him to meet them there. It was significant of her own desire to avoid Nathan and his set that she should be going out just as they were expected. Langdon's first impulse was to offer to escort her, for night was falling, and the electric globes were already sparkling on the snowy streets, and with all her independence and fearlessness Miss Grahame might be wiser not to go forth unattended. But he faltered. The weather had set in sharper, colder, and he had no civilian overcoat and would not wear the "frogged" and braided garment of his late rank and profession now that he no longer held the commission. He could have spared himself any scruples as to that, since dozens of civilians east and west wear that army overcoat because it strikes them as handsome, because it gives them an air of distinction and because there is no law to hinder. It was not on account of lack of warm clothing he hesitated, but one glance at his worn, old business suit, made three years before and much too snug for him now, banished all thought of tendering his services.

"I may go in, may I not?" he said after a moment.

"Oh, yes," was the answer as she threw open the door to admit him and then as he entered stood there, thinking. Twice her fine, thoughtful eyes followed him into the room; twice she caught herself listening for the sound of their voices and trying to catch the words, then, with heightened color, turned sharply and stood within the room. A little party of artillery officers was issuing from the elevator. Another moment, and they were knocking at the door.

"Good evening, Captain Nathan. Good evening, gentlemen," was her placid salutation. "Yes, the major will be glad to see you." And, one after another, she ushered the quartet into the dimly lighted apartment where Mrs. Melville came forward to greet them. "You'll come up again tomorrow, Langdon," she heard Melville say as Santley bent over her to express his disappointment that she should be going out just as they were coming in. Couldn't she wait a moment? He would so like— No; evidently she couldn't. Moreover, she made it impossible for Santley to complete his sentence by calmly saying, "Now, Mr. Langdon, if you are quite ready," and thereby giving Santley to understand her escort was already chosen. Santley glanced at Langdon, turned red and looked as though he really wanted to speak. Langdon, passing Nathan without a sign, looked straight into the eyes of his adjutant and plainly indicated that he had no desire whatever to converse with him. Two minutes later, in the keen, frosty air of the wide western street, he found himself swiftly pacing the broad, wooden sidewalk, crackling with cold under their light footfalls, Ethel Grahame, with bright eyes and flushed cheeks and quick, elastic steps, springing along by his side, her hand within his arm. Had any one told him the day he so sadly left Pawnee that this would be a possibility in the near future Eric Langdon could hardly have believed.

The air was crisp, keen and sharply cold, but there was no wind, and he never seemed to feel the lack of an overcoat. His old cutaway was a handsome, stylish garment when first it came to him three years agone, but buttons and buttonholes were straining now as he filled his lungs with the ozone and oxygen of that rare, exhilarating atmosphere. The shops at the street corners at first were brilliantly lighted, and the bridge over the Red Water was lively with sleighs, street cars and pedestrians hurrying homeward. It was she who had turned southward as they left the hotel at the ladies' door, and it made no difference to him. His habitat was the north side—the yards of the Big Horn—but she had chosen the opposite direction, away from what might be called the residence side of the city.

"It is a fad of mine," she said. "I like to see as much as I can of every place I visit, and I've never been on the other side."

"Nor I," he answered. "Being a Big Horner now, my work keeps me at our yards all day."

"Do you like it?" she asked after a moment's pause.

"It is interesting and exacting," he replied, guiding her carefully over a broken cross walk. The streets seemed neglected hereabout. There was a saloon on every corner and a knot of loafers at almost every saloon.

"I'm almost sorry you chose this route, Miss Grahame," he continued, noting the curious looks that were bent upon him and his companion; noting, too, an occasional elbow nudge among the loiterers.

"The Seattle side doesn't seem to be the better side, does it?" she answered, half laughing. "But, then, I've twice been to your station and the scene of your exploit. I thought I should like to see what was left of the Seattle. Oh, Mr. Langdon, I'm afraid there's trouble!"

Not 40 feet away the double doors of a saloon suddenly swung violently outward, and a little group of men came surging and struggling forth. One, a young soldier in artillery uniform, hampered by his heavy overcoat and bending double and striving to protect his head, was in the grasp of two powerful toughs, who, followed by a third, were furiously kicking and striking at their almost helpless victim. Half a block farther down the street, hurrying toward the station, all ignorant of the plight of their comrade, two soldiers were striding swiftly away. In an in-

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stant Langdon's voice rang down the wide thoroughfare in the old time powerful, commanding tones she had heard on the parade at Pawnee. "This way, D battery! Lively! This way!" Then followed, "Stand here just one minute, Miss Grahame." And with that he sprang from her side. She saw him launch into the fray with the leap of a panther, lithe, supple, quick as a cat. She saw the lightning blows that sent two of the brutal assailants crashing their full length on the sidewalk, saw him whirl upon the third, who darted back into the saloon, and the next instant an impressive tableau under the sputtering electric light—Langdon, bareheaded, spare and athletic, with clinching fists gazing down at two bewildered ruffians slowly struggling to their feet; a young battery man, blood covered and feeble, clinging to the lamppost; a barkeeper in shirt sleeves, with two or three satellites peering out from the doorway, and two stalwart soldiers, just arrived, facing their former officer and, with the instinct of long habit, standing at the salute.

Five minutes later the rescued battery man was being led away by his comrades, and a street car was conveying the rescuer and his fair, pale faced, silent companion back to the hotel.

"Keep your eye open for those fellows after this night's work," whispered the policeman who had escorted them to the crossing; but Langdon paid little heed, for presently Ethel spoke.

"You must let me mend that coat at once, Mr. Langdon," said she, and, glancing down, he saw that the swelling muscles had burst both buttonholes at the chest, and the old cutaway was a wreck indeed.

CHAPTER X.

Three days more, and Melville was pronounced well enough to travel, and Langdon was alone. The first flush of enthusiasm over his exploits had died out. The populace of Brentwood had settled down to its usual routine, and but for some scores of unemployed men and a gang of troublesome tramps infesting the outskirts little was left in the town itself to recall the excitement and turmoil of the days of the strike. Over in the yard of the Seattle masons and carpenters by the dozen were busily at work, nearly all of them local craftsmen. The ill wind that whirled the Seattle's thousands up in smoke and flame was blowing modest hundreds into the pockets of Brentwood's artisans and through them to the coffers of Brentwood's merchants. The Big Horn might be the better managed road in some respects, said Brentwood, but the Seattle brings the money. Barclay's banquet had turned many a head and not a few hearts among the municipal leaders, and Barclay's dollars were potent among the people. The regulars had gone home over the Seattle, the guardsmen had preceded them over the Big Horn, and the roads had returned to the guardianship of their own watchman and Brentwood's police. The sheriff had discharged his extra deputies, and Eric Langdon, beginning the world over again on a modest salary, took counsel with himself in the absence of other advisers and planned his daily life. It had been Channing's expectation that he should take a room near the yards and his meals at the Brentwood, but Langdon had decided on rigid economy. It might be long months before he could hope for promotion and better pay, and it was his determination to save at least half of each month's stipend to go toward the payment of his debts and $10 more to form a fund on which he could depend in the event of ills or accident. Mine host of the Brentwood hated, he said, to have him go, but directed him to a quiet, homelike little place, where he secured a room and plain but sufficient board under the roof of a widow whose sole support had been killed in a collision on the Seattle three years before. Yet the hotel man was at heart not sorry to see him go. He liked him well, but certain of the owners did not. He begged Langdon to come round and make himself at home whenever he felt like it, but secretly hoped he might be too busy. There had been a few days immediately following the strike when the mayor, certain of the common council, the district attorney and other prominent citizens and business men had expressed themselves as delighted to meet Mr. Langdon and as grateful beyond words for his gallant conduct at a critical time. But since Barclay's banquet they met him with a certain constraint when they met him at all, for his duties kept him at the yards from early morn till after dark. There seemed to be just one set of men whose eyes lighted up at sight of him, who were eager to press his acquaintance and many of whom never passed him without some semblance of a military salute. These were the members of the Brentwood rifles, officially known as Company C of the Fourth Nebraska. One evening, hardly a week after Melville had gone, three of them came to see him. "Cap," they said, was going to quit. He had been so quizzed and criticised for letting the strikers get away with their guns that he couldn't stand the pressure. The lieutenants were green, and wouldn't Mr. Langdon come round to the armory two evenings a week and drill them? Now, Langdon had been planning a course of reading in the library of the Young Men's Christian association, but the rifles were importunate. Something might come of it, and he consented. Eighteen men appeared the first night—Tuesday—and 38 the second—Friday. One of the lieutenants was the son of the leading banker of Brentwood, the other a young lawyer. Both greeted him civilly and sat and watched his work with absorbing interest. The third night "Cap" came round and looked on. Forty-four men were in ranks—twice as many as he could ever scrape together for drill—and, though he shook hands with Langdon during a rest, and said he found his business required all his time and attention and therefore he had concluded to resign, his manner lacked cordiality. Two weeks later a committee waited on Langdon to know if he would accept the command of the company if elected, and after an exchange of letters between himself and Channing Langdon said that, if unanimously chosen and the lieutenants waived promotion, he would serve. Then it got into the papers. The members of the company, as a rule, were young clerks, bookkeepers and salesmen, highly intelligent and full of enthusiasm, but their hapless experience had made them the laughing stock of the street boys, the railway shop men and the vagabond class of the community as well as of certain envious fellow citizens. "Tin soldiers," they were called, when all that was needed to make them a force to be dreaded by lawbreakers was a captain who knew his business, could command their respect and teach them steadiness, drill and discipline. Lieutenant Perrigo was presiding at the meeting when a sergeant arose and in a caustic speech pointed out their needs and defects and, saying there was just one man in the community capable of doing them justice, proposed that the captaincy be tendered to Mr. Eric Langdon, whereat the whole meeting, barring its presiding officer, sprang to its feet and cheered. There was not a dissenting voice, and 49 members were present.

Yet within a week the Brentwood Banner began publishing insidious little paragraphs. "It is understood that the rifles contemplate a change in the captaincy. What has Brentwood done that several capable officers should be overlooked and the command tendered to a kicked out captain from the army?" was the first specimen. The Examiner asked if the rifles expected to add to their popularity by putting at their head a man who would have slaughtered a score of fellow citizens but for the prompt and merciful intervention of local officials. The Examiner was supporting the sheriff for reelection, and this official well knew the paragraph to be utterly unjust and untrue, but he couldn't quarrel with his bread and butter, and it was best to admit tacitly, now that the danger was over, that he had actually interposed in behalf of the strikers. At all events, he did nothing to cause its correction. The Brentwood Sun (Populist) said if anything was needed to add to the contempt in which the rifles were held it was the rumor that they had tendered the command to an ex-officer of the army whose drunken folly was so near to costing scores of precious lives not a fortnight since. And Langdon, who stood ready to devote valuable time and energy to the public service, with little hope of any reward whatever, read these insidious attacks with infinite pain and sense of wrong and injustice, against which he stood powerless. Other influences, too, were evidently at work. The election, which was to have taken place the first Monday in January, was postponed a fortnight. Boniface, Eric's friend of the Brentwood, took him aside and advised him to withdraw his name. The committee, on the contrary, had begged him to "stand pat." Meantime Langdon continued drilling and instructing the company, and two nights a week the armory was crowded with citizens whose interest had been aroused and who came to look on. Veteran soldiers, G. A. R. men, went away saying that fellow knew his trade up to the handle. Prominent business men looked on silently and did a good deal of thinking as they strolled homeward. Newspaper reporters, previously instructed, wrote scathing or satirical paragraphs about martinet mannerisms, imported instructors, dismissed drillmasters and the like, and Eric, proud, sad, sensitive, would gladly have given up and shut himself in his sooty den at the yards but for a letter from Melville, to whom he had sent all the papers. "Stick to it, Langdon," he said. "The time will come when the very papers that abuse you now will have to change their tune." This was what the major's letter said, but not the major's hand. His eyes still felt the force of that cruel blow, and Ethel Grahame was his amanuensis. "I have faith in your future," said he. "So have I," in tiny letters wrote the amanuensis "E. G."

And so, despite the warning of mine host of the Brentwood, Langdon stood for election the third Monday in January and was beaten 50 to 10, the second lieutenant and son of Brentwood's richest banker being the successful competitor. "A Merited Rebuke," referring to Langdon, said The Sun; "A Merited Promotion," referring to Perrigo junior, a boy of 22, said The Banner; "A Foregone Conclusion," said The Examiner. But it was noticeable that the last two named refrained from further active abuse of Langdon. The object of the magnates was accomplished in compassing the defeat of what The Sun called his "aspirations." Down in their hearts both editors and magnates realized that Langdon was a wronged and injured man. It wouldn't do to say so, of course, yet he had checked that mob at a moment when its triumph meant the birth of a reign of terror in Brentwood. He alone had stood between them and anarchy. They bowed to the behest of the Seattle because it practically owned them. The editor of The Banner met Langdon at the Brentwood two days later, stopped, stammered and held out his hand. "Mr. Langdon, my name's Armstrong," said he. "I'm managing editor of The Banner, and I thought I'd like to say to you that I—I personally don't approve of the attitude my paper has had to assume in your case. I suppose you know the papers have to carry out certain lines of policy and sometimes attack men whom the editors would much rather befriend."

Langdon turned very white. His hand naturally had been extended to accept that of the stranger—it is the American fashion—but now it was withdrawn. His lips quivered a bit, but his eyes never flinched from their gaze straight into those of the journalist.

"I have no use whatever for the friendship of a man who will privately assure me of his good will," said he, "and publicly defame me." Then he turned his back on him and walked away.

Boniface saw the whole thing and gasped. Sherwood, clerk at the desk, and Bingham, Brentwood's mayor, were also witnesses, and the story spread. Here was a man who not only wasn't afraid of a mob, but even dared the press, and the man who can do that in this land of freedom takes his life in his hands.

"You've cooked your goose," said Boniface sadly, for he had grown to like Langdon more than a little and to feel for him deeply in his loneliness. "You've made an enemy of the most powerful newspaper man west of Omaha."

But he hadn't. Armstrong was poor; he was the servant of the stockholders and they of the Seattle; he couldn't afford to throw up his job and see his wife and children suffer, but he had a conscience. He knew that Langdon was right and The Banner wrong. He was cut to the quick by Langdon's contempt, but the man in him overcame the sense of indignity, and, putting himself in Langdon's place and asking himself what he would have felt and said, he went back to his office raging, not at Langdon, but at fate. He had seen much of Melville during that officer's brief stay; he knew his reputation and the story of his spotless life and soldierly career; he knew of Melville's sympathy for Langdon and had heard Melville's high encomium of Langdon as an officer and a gentleman; he was filled with admiration of Langdon's conduct at the time of the riots and had then referred to him in terms of unstinted praise; but, that danger ended, The Banner had to return to the paths of policy dictated by its owners. He actually thought that his assurance of personal liking for Langdon ought to compensate for the harsh things said of him in The Banner and was stung when it didn't. But at heart he could not but admire Langdon for his square, straightforward response. It was a revelation, an eye opener. It set him to thinking of the other side, not the paper side, of the question, and then he wished that he had that month to live over again. There should be no more abuse of Langdon in The Banner if he could help it.

And so there was a certain reaction in favor of Langdon. Some of the rifles resigned their warrants, secured their discharges and then set to work to raise another company for Langdon to drill. The men were easily found. Seventy stalwart young fellows signed the petition and brought it to Langdon to add his name. Then it went to the governor. There were vacancies in the regiment. A company was mustered in at Neosha; another, made up mainly of farmer boys, at Gunnison Junction. But some strange, occult influence seemed against the would be Brentwood Light guard. The petition hung fire. State Senator Suplee and Representative Carter said that they would see to it that the Light guard was duly admitted, but they didn't. Meantime the rifles prospered, as a social organization at least; took in a number of honorary members at $50 apiece, got a "swell" uniform, gave a series of most successful dancing parties and what they termed exhibition drills, where the clockwork precision with which some 30 of their number executed the loadings and firings in unison evoked tumultuous applause. It prompted the rifles to issue a challenge to all comers west of the Mississippi and east of the mountains to compete for a valuable prize at the Exposition building in April, the anniversary of their muster in, and the next thing the rifles knew Eric Langdon was going down to Gunnison twice a week to coach the Gunnison Grays, Company K, Fourth Nebraska, and Brentwood, which had refused to avail itself of his services, was properly scandalized that he should tender them elsewhere. The Sun couldn't say much now, because it was down on the rifles anyhow and catered to the farmers; The Banner wouldn't say much, because Armstrong was ashamed of what he had said, and this happened to be a matter that didn't bother the Seattle. But The Examiner, which had done what it could to make Langdon friendless in his new position at the yards, now duly and frequently expressed its abhorrence of the man who could turn traitor to his own people and work against the best interests of the community in whose midst he had found a home and the livelihood denied him elsewhere. Appeals were written to Channing to compel his subordinate to remain at his post. Channing answered that his post now included Gunnison. Efforts were made to stir up a cabal against him among the Grays, but he had had a two weeks' start and had won their good will; besides, there was now that $1,000 prize hanging up for all comers, and companies from Minnesota, Iowa and Kansas had entered the list. So the Grays stood firm. Then the Brentwoods strove to hedge and to limit the contest to companies that "had not received professional assistance," but that reacted upon themselves. Then The Sun was inspired to see what it could do to stir up a strike against Langdon in the yards of the Big Horn, where there must be men who rebelled against the supervision of a strict, soldier bred overseer. There were, but they were in the minority, and the three who started and circulated a paper calling for Langdon's dismissal or a strike were suddenly, by Channing's order, hauled up before the superintendent and "given the sack." Then anonymous letters began to rain in on the superintendent at Brentwood and higher officials in Chicago. Langdon was drinking again, Langdon was gambling, Langdon was speculating through a broker in Omaha, and these, investigated unbeknown to Langdon, fell flat. He had won the respect of the better class of men; he had become an expert trainhand; he minded his own business, yet was full of sympathy and interest in the affairs of the operatives and the crews of the trains. In March the superintendent of the Seattle offered him a similar berth at bigger pay provided he would move to Sioux City, and the offer was declined. In April the great drill came off. The flag of the rifles was trailed in the dust. They were not even "placed" by the judges, and the great prize was won in almost a walkover by the Gunnison Grays.

Time and again Langdon had received warnings from the police that there was a gang on the south side ever watching for a chance to "do him up" and from mine host of the Brentwood that there were influential men on the north side, potent in the councils of the Big Horn, who would hurt him if they could. One day there came a curt summons from a local lawyer to the effect that bills to the amount of $350 had been placed in his hands for collection and calling upon him to take immediate steps to meet them. Langdon called to inquire and was curtly, almost insolently, received. He learned enough, however, to convince him that two of the bills were those of dealers at Pawnee to whom he had regularly and conscientiously been paying $10 a month apiece. The inference was plain. Nathan had bought in the balance of the claims and sent them through Perrigo's bank for collection. In his trouble Langdon wrote to Channing, but no answer came. Twice the latter had written him that the president and certain directors had spoken to him about Mr. Langdon's debts. It was evident that some enemy was hounding him, but so long as Channing was "on deck," as he wrote to Langdon, he could count on his support.

But Channing was no longer on deck. The incessant brain work, the strain, the immense labor devolving on an active official of the road whose business outdid its resources, had finally told. Nervous prostration and collapse had ensued, and Channing was downed at last.

It was the first week in May and with all nature sweet and smiling about him. Eric Langdon came up from Gunnison on the early morning freight, his heart heavy as lead. He had spent the early hours of the previous night, Friday, working hard with the Grays, for their ambition was boundless now, and they had entered for a competition in an adjoining state. The night itself he had spent trying to sleep under the roof of his friend, the station agent, but sleep would not come, and twice he arose and went out and walked the platform under the glistening stars. On Monday, said the lawyer, that money must be paid. Langdon had no appetite for breakfast. He took a cup of coffee at the station restaurant on reaching Brentwood and, though it was barely 6 o'clock, went to his office. Janitor and watchmen noted his haggard face and wondered at his early hours. Early as they were, some one had been there earlier. The safe door stood open—the cash was gone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Pingree and Mosby.

When Hazen S. Pingree was coming into prominence in Michigan politics, he was in Washington one night and strolled through the corridors of Willard's hotel, which he had not visited since war times, when it was the popular rendezvous of the city, political, military and otherwise. A friend introduced him to Colonel Mosby, the old guerrilla chieftain.

"Why, hello, colonel," said Pingree in his bluff, offhanded way, just as if he was in the habit of meeting Mosby every day. "I have not seen you for 25 years, but I remember very well the last occasion when we met."

"Ah," said the Virginian politely, "what incident recalls it to your mind? I really fail to remember you, much to my regret."

"Oh, well," said Pingree, "you would not be so apt as I to remember the day. I was captured by your men, and, happening to be wearing a very good, nearly new uniform, you confiscated it on the spot and gave me your old ragged butternuts. But that's all right. All's fair in love and war, I know. Let's have a cigar."

Without a word of protest Mosby accepted, and a long friendly chat followed.

The Peanut.

In Tennessee and Georgia the peanut is known as a goober, in Alabama and the western gulf states a ground pea, in the southeast of the United States and in the West Indies a pindal or pindar and in various parts of England a jurnut, an earth nut or a manila nut.

Short and Sweet.

Perhaps one of the shortest courtships was that of an eminent jurist. He was on his way to hold court in a town when he met a young woman returning from market.

"How deep is the creek and what did you get for your butter?" asked the judge.

"Up to the knee and ninepence," was the answer as the girl walked on.

The judge pondered over the sensible brevity of the reply, turned his horse, rode back and overtook her.

"I liked your answer just now," he said, "and I like you. I think you would make a good wife. Will you marry me?"

She looked him over and said, "Yes."

"Then get up behind me, and we will ride to town and be married."

She did get up behind, and they rode to the courthouse and were made one. It is recorded that, brief though the courtship had been, the marriage proved a pre-eminently happy one.

She Was the Ghost.

"A certain lady and her family," says Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff in his "Diary," "hired a place in Scotland which was haunted by the ghost of a woman who was to be seen constantly at night wandering through the rooms and passages. When the family arrived, the lady was much struck with the place and said, 'I must have been here before, for I know this place so well, only there ought to be two rooms here, and there is only one.'

"The agent replied that within a few weeks the owner had caused a partition to be taken down and made the two rooms into one. Still the lady was puzzled at her knowledge of the place, till she remembered that it was a house she used to go to in her dreams.

"Well, some time passed, and the agent was up at the house again, when the lady complained that one part of the contract had not been fulfilled. They had hired a house and a ghost for the summer, and no ghost had she seen. The agent replied: 'Of course not, because you are the ghost. We recognized you the moment we saw you.'"

Your Money Back if you don't like Wetmore's Best

The first and only chewing tobacco to be guaranteed.

No Premiums.

If your dealer has not Wetmore's Best, send us 50 cents for a pound plug.

Remember the Umbrella Brand.

M. C. WETMORE TOBACCO CO. St. Louis, Mo.

The largest independent factory in America.

It is easier to keep well than to get cured. DeWitt's Little Early Risers taken now and then, will always keep your bowels in perfect order. They never gripe but promote an easy gente action.—Smith Bros.

LOW RATES VIA THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL TO

Louisville, Ky., Triennial Conclave, Knights Templars, Aug 27-31. On sale Aug. 24-26, limit Sept. 2, with extension to Sept 16 on payment of fifty cent fee.

The rate for all of these meetings will be ONE FARE PLUS $200. for round trip.

J. F. MERRY, Asst. Genl. Pass. Agent, Dubuque, Iowa.

BEACOM'S CUTICLEAR THE GREAT MEDICAL DISCOVERY Cures ECZEMA, SALT RHEUM, ALL SKIN ERUPTIONS AND FACE BLEMISHES. IT HAS NO EQUAL.

Sold by druggists or sent express prepaid upon receipt of price, 75c. Address F. N. BEACOM, MANCHESTER, IOWA.

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Gregg & Ward, Manchester, Iowa.
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E. F. Mulvehill, Masonville, Iowa.
C. A. Kendall, Earlville, Iowa.
Kerper & Meyers, Petersburg, Iowa.
T. Armstrong, Greeley, Iowa.
F. W. Royden, Edgewood, Iowa.
Wheeler & Eaton, Lamont, Iowa.
James Musser, Almoral, Iowa.
J. V. Bush, Colesburg, Iowa.
E. B. Briggs & Co., Dundee, Iowa.

One Fare to Cedar Rapids and Return.

For the Republican State Convention at Cedar Rapids, Ia., August 7, the B., C. R. & N. Ry. will sell, from all stations in Iowa, round trip tickets at ONE FARE.

Call on agents for rates, dates of sale, etc. JNO. G. FARMER, A. G. P. & T. A., B., C. R. & N. Ry. Cedar Rapids, Iowa. 30w2

Farm For Sale.

Three good farms in the northern part of this county. Two of them contain 160 acres each and the other 200 acres. Inquire at the Democrat office. 26tf.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve should be promptly applied to cuts, burns and scalds. It soothes and quickly heals the injured part. There are worthless counterfeits, be sure to get DeWitt's.—Smith Bros.

BARGAIN IN RESIDENCE PROPERTY

A house and lot in one of the best resident portions of city of Manchester for sale cheap and on easy terms. Good dwelling, barn, etc. Enquire at DEMOCRAT OFFICE.

The Pan-American Exposition, Held at Buffalo, N. Y., May 1st, to Nov. 1st, 1901.

On April 30th, and daily thereafter the Chicago Great Western Railway will sell through tickets to Buffalo, good to return within 15 days, at a fare and one-third for the round trip.

A special rate for every Tuesday in May will be One Fare Plus $1.00 For The Round Trip. These tickets will be good leaving Buffalo until midnight on the Saturday following the day of sale.

The lowest rates will always be in force on the Chicago, Great Western Railway, and its equipment and accommodations are unsurpassed.

The Company has issued a neat illustrated folder, giving a map of Buffalo and of the Exposition Grounds; a list of Hotels; time-card of its trains and their Eastern connections, and much other valuable information.

For full information and Pan-American Folders, address any Great Western Agent, or J. P. Elmer, General Passenger Agent, 113 Adams St. Chicago. 18w22

"I am indebted to One Minute Cough Cure for my present good health and my life. I was treated in vain by doctors for lung trouble following la grip. I took One Minute Cough Cure and recovered my health." Mr. E. H. Wise, Madison, Ga.—Smith Bros.

Insurance at Cost.

M. E. Blair, Secretary of the Delaware County Farmer's Mutual Insurance Co. and County agent for the Iowa Mutual Tornado Insurance Co. will be at Fred Blair's office in Manchester, Wednesday and Saturday afternoons of each week. 24tf

LOW-RATE-EXCURSIONS

Twice each month, on specific dates, the Illinois Central will sell at greatly reduced rate from points on its line north of Cairo, roundtrip Homeseekers' Excursion tickets South to certain points on or reached by its lines in Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana and Alabama. Also to certain points West and Southwest in Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma and Indian Territory. Particulars of your Illinois Central agents.

For a free copy of the Homeseekers' Guide describing the advantages and resources of the South, address J. F. Merry, A. G. P. A., I. C. R. R., Dubuque, Iowa. For information regarding lands in the famous Yazoo Valley of Mississippi, address E. P. Skene, Land Commissioner Y. & M. V. R. R., Chicago.

Compound Vapor and Shampoo Baths.

Baths Vapor and Shampoo.

Most all diseases are caused by poisonous secretions, which clog the wheels of NATURE.

The name and the symptoms may be different but the cause of disease can usually be traced to the imperfect action of the millions of pores of the human body. A bath in accordance with scientific requirements is the best preventative and remedy known. The methods employed by me are the most scientific ever invented or discovered for dispelling disease. Results tell the story. Give me a trial. This is the Conant system of baths. A competent lady attendant in charge of the ladies department.

Office and bath rooms on Franklin street, opposite Globe Hotel 6tf G. D. GATES.

You can never cure dyspepsia by dieting. What your body needs is plenty of good food properly digested. Then if your stomach will not digest it, Kodol Dyspepsia Cure will. It contains all of the natural digestants hence must digest every class of food and so prepare it that nature can use it in nourishing the body and replacing the wasted tissues, pure blood and good healthy appetite.—Smith Bros.

The large and increasing circulation of The Iowa Homestead in this county is a matter for congratulation to the publishers and to good farming, for, of all the papers of its class in the country, it is easily the best and most helpful. Its Special Farmers' Institute editions, issued with the regular edition the first week in each month, have been for years the admiration of all practical farmers. Written wholly by farmers, they are full of actual experience, and smell of the soil. We have been fortunate enough this season to secure terms for The Homestead and its Special Farmers' Institute Editions, together with The Poultry Farmer and The Farmers' Mutual Insurance Journal, four of the most valuable farm publications in the country, that enable us to offer the four in connection with our own paper for $1.90 for the entire five, one year. This is emphatically a good thing, and no farmer in this county should fail to take advantage of this offer. For a large line of thoroughly practical farm reading nothing has ever been offered before that equals it. A county paper, a farm paper, a poultry paper, a farm insurance paper and the Special Farmers' Isntitute, all for $1.90 Come in and order them.

The New York World, Thrice-a-Week Edition.

Almost A Daily At The Price Of A Weekly.

The presidential campaign is over but the World goes on just the same and it is full of news. To learn this news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the colums of The Thrice-a-Week Edition of The New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it circulation wherever the English language is spoken—and you want it.

The Thrice-a-week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the Manchester Democrat together one year for $2.15.

The regular subscription price of the two papers is $2.50. 12

ANNOUNCEMENTS! Illinois Central R R

HOT SPRINGS ARKANSAS, VIA MEMPHIS WITHOUT CHANGE

The Illinois Central is now running a through Pullman sleeping car daily between Chicago and Hot Springs, Ark., on its "Limited" leaving Chicago in the evening arriving Hot Springs 5.15 the next afternoon.

CALIFORNIA

Through Pullman excursion sleeping cars leave Chicago every Tuesday for Los Angeles and San Francisco via New Orleans and the Southern Route; leave Chicago every Tuesday for Los Angeles and San Francisco via Omaha; and the Scenic Route.

FLORIDA

Through sleeping cars from Chicago, and from St. Louis, to NASHVILLE, CHATTANOOGA ATLAN TA, JACKSONVILLE.

These Jacksonville cars run over the well known Dixie Flyer Scenic Route via Lookout Mountain, and leaves Chicago and St Louis every eve. on the Central's fast "Limited" vestibule train for the south, and arrive at Nashville the next morning, at Chattanooga the next afternoon, at Atlanta early the next evening and at Jacksonville the second morning after departure. Connection made by Illinois Central train out of Peoria with the car from Chicago.

Full Particulars concerning a ll of the above can be had of agents of the Illinois Central, or by addressing J. F. Merry, A. G. P. A., Dubuque, Iowa.

Knight Templars of Iowa.

The Passenger Department of the Illinois Central Railroad Company has recently published a circular concerning the Triennial Conclave to be held at Louisville, Aug. 27 to 30, 1901. The circular is illustrated with cuts of Most Eminent Sir Reuben H. Lloyd, of San Francisco, who will be Grand Master of the Encampment, of the fine old Southern Home on East Broadway that has been secured for the Iowa Headquarters, and other buildings that will interest Knight Templars. Every Knight living on or adjacent to the Illinois Central Railroad in Iowa, Minnesota, South Dakota or Nebraska should address the undersigned, at Dubuque, Iowa, for a free copy of this circular.

J. F. MERRY, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent.

One Fare Plus $2.

There are still some good lands in northwestern Iowa, southwestern Minnesota and South Dakota, and if you are expecting to make a change in location, you should take advantage of the low excursion rates in effect. On the first and third Tuesday of each month excursion tickets, bearing 21 days' limit, can be purchased to all points on the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern Railway, north of and including Abbott, Shell Rock and Waverly at One Fare Plus $2.

Full information relative to these lands will be cheerfully given upon application to Messrs. Ilten & Brooks our Industrial and Immigration Agents, Ceder Rapids, Iowa.

If you are thinking of making a trip to any point in Alabama, Arkansas, Arizona, British Columbia, Canadian Northwest, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Indian Territory, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Manitoba, Minnesota, Michigan, Missouri, Mississippi, Montana, New Mexico, Nebraska, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakata, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Virginia, Washington, Wisconsin and Northern Michigan aud Wyoming, call on agents of the "Cedar Rapids Route" for rates, etc., or address

JNO. G. FARMER, A. G. P. & T. A., B., C. R. & N. Ry. Cedar Rapids, Ia