

A Heavy Load to Carry.

Along with dyspepsia comes nervousness and general ill-health. Why? Because a disordered stomach does not permit the food to be properly digested, and its products assimilated by the system.

The blood is charged with poisons which come from this disordered digestion, and in turn the nerves are not fed on good, red blood, and we see symptoms of nervousness, sleeplessness and general breakdown.

It is not hard work, nor over physical exertion that does it, but poor stomach work. With poor, thin blood the body is not protected against the attack of germs of grip, bronchitis and consumption.

Fortify the body at once with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—a rare combination of native medicinal roots without a particle of alcohol or dangerous habit-forming drugs.

A little book of extracts, from prominent medical authorities extolling every ingredient contained in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will be mailed free to any address on request by postal card or letter.

Many years of active practice convinced Dr. Pierce of the value of many native roots as medicinal agents and he went to great expense, both in time and in money, to perfect his own peculiar processes for rendering them both efficient and safe for tonic, alterative and rebuilding agents.

The enormous popularity of "Golden Medical Discovery" is due both to its scientific compounding and to the actual medicinal value of its ingredients. The publication of the names of the ingredients on the wrapper of every bottle sold, gives full assurance of its non-alcoholic character and removes all objection to the use of an unknown or secret remedy.

It is not a patent medicine nor a secret one either. This fact puts it in a class all by itself, bearing as it does upon every bottle the name of the discoverer, Dr. J. C. Pierce, and the name of the medicinal roots.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" cures, weak stomach, indigestion, or dyspepsia, torpid liver and biliousness, ulceration of stomach and bowels and all catarrhal affections no matter what parts or organs may be affected with it.

Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills, first put up 40 years ago. They regulate and invigorate, stomach, liver and bowels. Much imitated but never equaled. Sugar-coated and easy to take as candy. One to three a dose.

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FAMOUS Boston Teas and Coffees

WE HAVE HANDLED THIS LINE FOR 12 YEARS AND THE QUALITY IS ALWAYS UNIFORM

Geo. L. Andrews

We Are Showing a Large Selection of the NEWEST in Black Goods For Spring

HOPKINS, The Popular Tailor,

Mardi Gras February 22-27 are the dates this year of the greatest Carnival held anywhere in the world; and this is the year to take in the Mardi Gras, as the Illinois Central Railroad will sell excursion tickets to New Orleans at an unusually

Low Rate For rates, beautifully illustrated Mardi Gras pamphlet, and free copy of "New Orleans for Tourists" address H. J. PHILLIPS, Division Passenger Agent, Dubuque, Iowa.

One of the greatest charms of the Mardi Gras Festivities is the city in which they are held. Although strictly modern and up-to-date in its business section, it has many of the attractions of an old world city in its historical traditions, its genial climate and its unique French quarter with odd foreign customs and manners. No other city in the south can offer so many enjoyable features for the Tourist as

New Orleans

PENNYROYAL PILLS



HESPER BY HAMLIN GARLAND

CHAPTER XXV. At sunrise Raymond reported to Ann, his face a little softened. "The dynamite Baker shot has died, but our men are going to live, the doctor says."

"I am very glad to hear that. What of those in the mine? Are they released?" "No, but the fire is out, and we have cleared the mouth of the shaft. The first level is blocked with rocks and beams. The miners must have lowered a bomb into the mine with deliberate intent to kill."

"It is horrible to think of them down there in the dark. Did you hear that the sheriff had arrived?" "His eyes darkened. 'Yes, the fool! Why didn't he attack at once? Now Munro is entrenched, and they are challenging each other like crowds of schoolboys. The time has come for the governor to take a hand.'"

"Will he do so?" "He must or be party to the bloodiest battle ever seen in the mountains. But I must go back," he said and turned away abruptly, leaving the girl with a keen sense of the stress and bigness of his life.

He was indeed badly needed at the mine, for only the men of the second shift and a few of the crews of Reese & Earle remained to help. Each independent mine was held to be in equal danger and to require the services of its most resolute men, and, besides, the certainty of a battle had drawn away the more excitable even of their own men. Kelly was working like a Titan, and his presence, his concentration of effort, inspired every man by his best.

A messenger from Carter met Raymond to assure him that the union had no hand in the outrage, and the young miner sternly answered, "As soon as I



They tore at the rocks and beams.

have rescued my men I will demand that the officers of the union have something to do with finding the hysnas that did it!"

Munro sent a letter by Frank Brown wherein he said, "I can't leave here—the attack may begin at any moment—but I am on the trail, and when I discover the scoundrels I will deliver them to justice."

To this messenger Raymond said: "Tell Jack I want to see him at the earliest moment. This is not a matter for long range adjustment. I want to talk with him."

Brown, with true cowboy unconcern, grinned and said: "Well, you see, Rob, Jack's busy just now. They's a ball on and he's floor manager for our side."

Raymond was in no mood to respond to humor. "Very well. Say to him that when I have dug my men out I will come to him," and something in the tone of this answer stopped the grin on the messenger's face.

Reporters drifted up, made hasty notes and passed on, lured by the more important material disclosed in the opposition of ranked and ready warriors on the hill. Only Dolan stayed, eager and sympathetic, fetching coffee from the cook house and lending such other aid as he could, so deeply concerned with this tragic deed that he seemed wastefully negligent of his own affairs.

Seizing an opportunity for a private word, he began, in a low voice: "Rob, I know who led this thing. The union had nothing to do with it. It was done by a lot of Curran's spittown cleaners. The fellow that Baker killed is from the Springs. I've seen him around Curran's."

"Do you think so?" "I know it. When you want me to tell you what I know I'll do it; only not now. Wait till the militia takes possession."

fallen rock and to signal to the imprisoned men below. Again and again they were forced to lie flat on their faces with their lips touching the earth in order to breathe; but at last the smoldering material was all hoisted, the mine cleared, and they were able to look about them, dizzy, but exultant. The iron beams had caught and held a huge mass of rock which the concussion had shaken from the mouth of the mine, and to dig through this was the task that now confronted them; but the air of the shaft having cleared, volunteers thickened, and the exhausted leaders were able to rest their aching limbs and listen for signals.

They were mightily cheered by the faint but unmistakable sound of knocking. The imprisoned ones were calling in the well tried fashion by hammering on the rock with their sledges. They beat cheerfully, as if seeking to reassure their rescuers.

An hour later the rescuers could hear the voices of those beneath, and it was hardly more than midday before they began to lift them out two by two in the big bucket.

Ann, hearing their shouts, came down the path with Nora to meet them. Kelly's eyes were dim with tears, and Ann's heart went out to him as he shouted, "They are all here, and unhurt!" "But you are hurt?" she asked Raymond, with anxious, timorous voice, peering at his torn and trembling hands.

"No—only tired. How is the patient?" he asked as they started toward the cabin together.

"He is awake, but his pulse is still rapid, and he is very restless." "What does the doctor say?" "He insists there is no danger. I think he means it. But, oh, that poor boy is so sick!" She checked herself. "This will be a very serious loss to you, will it not?"

"He strives to answer lightly. 'Oh, yes; but our vein is there just the same. Luckily they couldn't blow that away.'"

"At the door of the bungalow he turned. 'I must leave you for a time. I must repair damages'—he looked at his hands and arms—"and I want to talk with my men."

Raymond found his men in the barack, discussing with characteristic calmness the general situation while waiting for their dinner. And when Perry shouted "grub pile" in camp phrase each man hustled to his place with cheerful chatter. Raymond drew up with the rest, and for a few minutes no word spoken referred to the disaster.

As the first man, well filled, pushed back his chair Raymond called out: "Boys, I want to say a word before any of you go out. A council of war is necessary at this moment." Those who had risen took seats again, and all faced his way. As he looked at them his throat filled with a realization of their loyal service, and he could not find voice for a few moments, but sat with bowed head, rolling a bit of bread between his fingers. At last he resolutely cleared his throat and began harshly: "Well, boys, the game halts right here. You see where Kelly & Raymond are—they're flat. We've got a good mine if we could work it, but we can't. Just about every dollar we had to spare went into that machinery, and our ore shipments were just beginning. I've been doing a little paying, and I find we can pretty near get all that's due you, but we can't do any more. If this strike were settled we might get somebody to come in and help us put up a new power plant, but as things shape up in this present time we're 'up a stump,' as they say back in Ohio. So I guess we'll have to let you go." There was a movement among the men which he felt as a protest, but he continued: "I hate to do this, especially now in the winter, but you can see how it is. If I were in your places I would go to Reese and the other independents and stick by 'em; help them fight this thing through on fair play lines."

His slight pause brought no response. When he began again his voice was softened. "And, boys, ride up and tell Matt a good word. He's hard hit." His voice trembled dangerously, and he was forced to stop.

The tension was eased away by Nary, one of the older men, who broke out with deep lunged profanity in order to conceal his good heart.

"Well, I don't know how the rest of you feel, but I want to turn right in and put this mine into shape again and lynch the dogs that blew us up!" Raymond lifted his hand. "Hold on, boys. Don't be too quick on the trigger. Keep cool till I ride up on the hill and take a look around and have a little talk with Munro. We must rally all the independents, which will take time, and, besides, you must remember I have a very sick boy on my hands, and there's Baker, who needs care. Don't rush. Let me go up and see what the sheriff seems likely to do. As I've told you before, I've no theory about the labor question. I never was up against it before, and I'm a little uncertain. I've always believed in the best man winning. I picked you fellows because you were likely chaps. I'm paying you the highest wages going because you earn it. You're satisfied, you say, and I don't see why we are not privileged to go ahead in our own way. I haven't felt any need of going into this fight for the benefit of the crowd till now. It looks now as though we should take a hand. Any-

how, we'll give Munro another chance to do us justice, and if he don't, then—well, we'll try some other plan." He shook off this disagreeable cloak of doubt. "But be that as it may, boys, I shall never forget the good work you've done for me when you knew the crowd was against you."

As they stepped out into the warm afternoon sun Kelly, with a jocular note in his voice, remarked, "Well, Robbie, we're gents at leisure. Nothing to do now but play the nurse" here his voice swiftly changed—"or do battle."

"If it were not for the women and the sick I'd fight. We have nothing to lose now, and the boys are hot for it. Have you been up the street?" "No, I have not."

"I don't see what we can do with these two wounded men and the boy and the women on our hands. Matt, the real heart of this opposition is here in one man. If he were taken away these rowdy miners would scatter like grouse."

Kelly turned quickly. "You mean Munro?" "I do! I'm going up to have an interview with him." Kelly laid a big hand on his arm. "You're takin' a big risk. Let me go instead."

"No, you must stay here. I am going, and I am going unarmed. I am safer with empty hands, Matt. They will not shoot an unarmed man. I'm going to make one more appeal to Munro."

Mounting his horse, Raymond rode rapidly out along the ridge toward the hill on which the fortification stood. He passed now and then a group of men who knew him, and while one or two greeted him pleasantly all the others met his glance with menace. He felt the hot breath of their hate, but passed on without haste, regretting his action in leaving his revolvers behind him.

The camp had eaten its midday meal—for even in times of war men must eat; the miners had hastily devoured their rough food and were swarming on the hillside overlooking the sheriff's encampment. The vedettes were bivouacked in a small grove of firs to the left and a little below the fort (which was merely a log corral banked with dirt), and Munro was directing the shovel brigade at work on the walls of the redoubt, which was growing rapidly under the brisk movement of chattering miners.

As Raymond neared the crowd of on-lookers he recognized Denver Dan and one or two other horsemen, but for the most part the spectators were strangers and plainly hostile.

He had drawn rein to pass to the left when Brock stepped forth on foot and roughly called out: "What's your business up here?" "I want to find Munro."

"Well, you go back to your shack and keep out of this." Raymond smiled. "When did you become roadmaster?" Brock raised his voice so that the rapidly gathering crowd might hear. "Here's the spy that warned the sheriff not to come on the freight train. Here's the man that ruined our plans. You can't deny that," he said, laying a hand on the horse's rein.

"I don't intend to deny it," replied Raymond, facing the lowering faces of that circle of men. "If any branding is done, I prescribe over it. Dan, come in here—you, too, Cook." The two cowboys spurred their horses into the circle, and the four armed and resolute men faced the angry mob and held it at bay. Raymond, even in the hour of danger, regretted Munro's assistance; it put him under an obligation which weakened him. With his mind filled with conflicting considerations, he waited while the swift clatter of a hundred hoofs drew near and a squad of Munro's picked men surrounded their captain.

When they were clear of danger Raymond drew rein toward Munro. "Jeez, you saved my scalp today, and I'm grateful; that's why I don't want to see you in the hands of the sheriff. I want you to pull out this minute. Come, now, this is the last appeal. Fly the coop. If you don't, they'll hang you. What do you hope to accomplish? Face the situation. You are the one to hit the trail, and hit it like a wolf. What do you hope to do?"

"I expect to hold this camp until the syndicate yields to the demands of the miners or until the governor interferes."

"Then what?" "Then I step down and out."

"Suppose the sheriff attacks tonight?" "I will send him back a-whirling. And now let me take an inning. You mustn't come up here again. I can't answer for what would happen next time. You stay where you are, and listen! Take care of yourself. So long, and take good care of the lady."

(To be continued.)

Frightfully buried. Chas. W. Moore, a machinist, of Ford City, Pa., had his hand frightfully buried in an electrical furnace. He applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve with the usual result: "a quick and earthy burn, wounds, sores, Eczema and Piles, 25 cents, at McDonald & Mahood, druggists."

along, pretending to be neutral when he was nothing but a dirty, slinking spy from the very beginning." "Liar!" shouted Raymond, and his boot toe caught the ruffian in the mouth and he staggered back among his fellows with a hoarse cry. For a moment he was dazed, then, raging furiously, his mouth streaming with blood, he jerked his revolver from its holster, intent to kill, but a hand clutched his



"Liar!" shouted Raymond.

arm, and Munro, spurring his horse into the mass of irresolute men, called out: "Brock, I'll kill you if you shoot—this is a friend of mine—you know that! He's stood out against us all along, but he's been on the square. I sent him to the Springs myself."

Brock wiped the blood from his lips. "Maybe you asked him to wire the sheriff last night. He admits he sent a messenger to warn him."

Cries of frenzied rage broke forth again, and the crowd surged against the two horses. Furious, throaty cries broke forth. "Kill him!" "Hang him!" Munro blew a signal to his men, and his voice rang out clear and sharp. "The first man that reaches a hand out of that circle loses it. If any branding is done, I prescribe over it. Dan, come in here—you, too, Cook."

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Important Decisions

LANDLORD AND TENANT. Plaintiffs were desirous of repairing the damage caused by fire to a building temporarily in possession of a salvage company, who took possession of the stock after the fire under an arrangement with the insurance company. The lessee of the building executed a written surrender of the building to enable plaintiffs to eject the salvage company "so that the contractor to repair and rebuild said building, may have possession of said premises from and after ten days from this date." Held, that the surrender by the lessee gave plaintiffs an immediate right to demand and receive possession, and the postponement of this right was a valid consideration for the promise of the salvage company to remove the rubbish.—Heinemann, et al., vs. Gans, D. L. N. (Mich. Supreme Ct. December 1905).

PROPERTY REMARKS OF COUNSEL. In the case of Missouri, et al., Railway Company vs. Nesbitt (Tex. Civ. App.) 88 S. W. Rep. 891, which was a personal injury case, counsel for the plaintiff remarked in his argument to the jury that if they gave a verdict too small it would not be raised, but that if they gave one too large the appellate court would correct it by cutting it down, so if they erred they should err on the side that could be corrected by the appellate court. These remarks the court stamped with its unqualified disapproval. After showing that the power of the appellate court to require a remittitur in such cases was not considered by the jury, the court for any purpose, the court said "The task of revising jury verdicts in matters of amount is both difficult and delicate, and it ought not to be rendered more so by any invitation to the jury to resolve all doubts in favor of a large verdict, thus passing up to the trial judge and to this court a duty which is not only primarily but finally theirs."

LIABILITY OF HUSBAND. Defendant's wife took a spade and dug holes in a logging road whereby the plaintiff was injured. The only evidence connecting defendant with the wife's tort was that she asked him where the spade was, that he told her not to block the road and called to her to come back after she had started. Defendant did not actually know what she did until two weeks later. Held: That the evidence did not warrant the commission of the wrong by the wife, and that he can not be held for the wife's tort because of the marital relation, nor because he did not by force prevent her going. (Hooker, J. dissenting, holding that he encouraged, justified in inferring defendant's participation or encouragement of the act of the wife.

Sweeney vs. Fisher, D. L. N., Mich. Supreme Ct., Dec. 95.

CONTINGENT FEE. In McCurdy vs. Dillon, 98 N. W. Rep. 747, it was held that a contract between attorney and client, providing for a percentage of what should be recovered in a divorce case, which was not made until it was fixed at a certain sum in case of settlement, was void as against public policy. Public policy is interested in maintaining the family relation, and where differences have arisen which threaten disruption, the good of society demands a reconciliation if practicable or possible, and contracts like the one in question tend directly to prevent such reconciliation. If no contract was made except the void contract, then the attorney would be entitled to recover what his services were reasonably worth.

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