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I think of death as some delightful jour

done.

Though life has given me a heaping mer
Of all best gifts, and many a cup of plea
Still better things await me further of

This little earth is such a merry planet,
The distances beyond it so supreme,
I have no doubt that all the mighty spaces
Between us and the stars, are filled with
faces. More beautiful than any artist's dream.

When from this waiting room my soul has soared.

Earth is a wayside station where we wander
Until from out the silent darkness yonder
Death swings his lantern and cries "All
aboard."

nearest, And in the shining distance God's great throne.

Whatever disappointments may befall me
In plans or pleasures in this world of doubt,

In plans or pleasures in this world of doubt,
I know that life at worst can but delay me,
But no malicious fate has power to stay me
From that grand journey on the Great
Death Route. -Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Select Ziterature.

The Non-Combatant.

BY OCTAVE THANET.

(Continued from last week.) Farther down the street the grimy brick walls of the great plough shops turned their blank windows and barred doors sullenly on the little homes that used to light their Two watchmen paced languidly in the sunshine, an unconscious compliment to Leroy's discipline, else would their heads have been broken long ago. Leroy himself came up the street. He greeted the watchmen in a matter-of-fact way, saying something that Race was not close enough to hear; but he saw that each of the men eyed the labor leader's back; and they spoke together. Leroy was a tall man, muscular and cleanin those whose muscles are kept always in trim by exercise. He wore his brown curls short, and a firm chin was clean-shaven, but his mouth was hidden by a mustache. If his mouth had the expression of his eyes, it

was very gentle.
"Well," he said, "Race I couldn't wait "What's up?" said Race; "you boys going to give up the strike?" Leroy shook his head. He followed Race into the store, where Danny was arranging the shelves and futilely trying to fill the gaps with decorations in the shape of placards. The boy's eyes were red. Leroy nodded to him and himself on a stool by the desk, and absently printed Race's stamp on a card flaunting the

purity of Royal Baking Powder. "How did it go, Harry?" said Race, to "All wrong. We're beat, and the longer we keep this up the worse we're beat! I'd have got out of town last month but for see-

ing the boys through." "But, Harry, won't they take you back?" "Not they. There's the disadvantage of being president; I try to hold the men back in the first place, and get their ill will as a

"But they know better now!" "Some of them, not all by a long chalk, or they'd back out of the strike. And the company thinks that I egged the men on. I'll not get taken on, no matter who is, you an bet your life on that!"

"But you're such a good workman!"

"Good workman doesn't count. They

think I'm a meddler, and stirred up this racket to further my own ambitious purposes. God knows what they were, I don't. But that's the way it goes. The union al-ways catches it; and the union leaders are always to blame; and yet from my experience, I'd say that in nine cases out of ten the leaders are for peace and prudence, and cause they see no other way to prevent the as usual. He slid his hand back to his hipmen's being ground to powder, or because pocket. "Yours all right?" said he. Race there's a crazy pressure on them from the hot-heads that they can't resist. But you don't hear of the strikes that are prevented; and when a strike does come off, you see the officers' names in the paper and they're making the speeches; and when a fight begins, even a fight you're opposed to, it ain't in human nature not to sail in and put up the best fight you can! But that isn't what I ame to talk about. My goose is cooked. Well, I made a living before I ever saw Alan Cochrane, and I guess I can make a living without. But here's what I'm after. There is always a lot of outside sympathizers who like to be in any muss going, and they keep over and batter the screen down with a chair the hot-heads stirred up; and as things go from bad to worse, the sober fellows catch the fever; they want to swipe somebody. There's a lot of bad blood in town, a lot, Race. You know there's talk that Cochrane's going to bring in a carload of new men; and these crazy fellows are swearing that if that's so the new men sha'n't find any shops to go into. May be all talk, but it's ugly talk. I don't like it; and I sent a note guard the shops. He declined. Said as much that I had something cloaked by the of fer. It was," said Leroy, his mild voice deepening a little, "it was a pretty insulting letter.

as he answered with a novel heat, "I don't give a d—— for Alan Cochrane! I wouldn't cross the street to save his immortal soul!

hat trimmed with roses, with the flush on her delicate cheek and the light in her soft eyes, that it might set any father's heart to

WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1897.

Will you excuse me, Mr. Leroy?" said Stells, her pretty manner the prettier for the girlish blush that came with the words. Race went a little apart with her, rathe

the business. Stella held business in proper have him well out of ear-shot. Hastily she held out her hand and showed him some bank-notes. "There's \$15, pa," she said, breathlessly; "it's ma's and a little I had going out, for a parting token, do ye think?" panted Cochrane. saved; and ma's willing; we talked it over, and we couldn't sleep nights if you turned Danny off. Please take it, ps; it'll pay that compliment," said Leroy, quietly.

Cochrane wiped his brow. He was a three weeks' wages, and lots of things may

happen in three weeks! Please, pa!"

"And the graduation dress and—" I think death's train sweeps through the But she interrupted him: "I don't need the dress. I'm going to leave before we graduate. Ma's willing."

Race stood silent, his eyes filling with tears. How he felt he could hardly have told himself. He only was sure that he could neither take the sacrifice nor refuse it. In the pause Danny, on the other side of the partition, slunk away with his knuckles in his eyes. "Daughter," said Race, finally, you wait; I'll think it over. Maybe-maybe I won't need to take your money to keep Danny. You wait. No, you needn't leave

Leroy himself turned away then and walked to the door of the shop, where presently Battles joined him. "Now," said Leroy, not looking at his

Alan Cochrane's house stands no great distance from the plough works. He is an elderly Scotchman, a widower these twenty years, with no nearer kin than his seventh cousin, Mrs. Graham, who keeps his house, wasn't a cop in a mile!" the ground to make room for brick walls.

The blinds in front are always closed; why, only Mrs. Graham can tell; it is her custom

"And I may as weel tell" only Mrs. Graham can tell; it is her custom as it is her custom to wear black silk mitts and to allow no followers to her maids—wherefore she is often left with no maids at all. When Leroy and Battles came to the iron gate (a high iron fence enclosing a hedge to the did wages they'll not be cut. and in a gate (a high iron fence enclosing a hedge to the did wages they'll not be cut. and in a large to the should back; "I've got to save it." Swearing roundly, Wells stumbled up the roof. "I'll pull you off if you won't come!" he howled through the din. He grabbed Race's leg. Race dropped the hese; and he gate (a high iron fence enclosing a hedge

"Why, Harry," says he, "there's five of those fellows going up the steps. What different tone.

does it mean?' "It means, I guess, that they're smarter'n counted on their being, and they're going to catch him at home where he won't have a soul but women in call; and it's Thursday, the cook's day out; and the meeting-day of the Presbyterian sewing society that Mrs.

'Losh, man, don't be scared that I'm putGraham goes to regular as taxes.'' He was
ting ye on my side. Ye'll let me think ye not seeing a soul in view. "I guess you and

"Easy; they've got Raney's cousin here:

she knows me and I've got their password. See how she'll give me the glad hand."
Race knew the girl himself, having in pleasanter days often handed her the family flour and berries, and she smiled in a frightencd way on him. Leroy had not touched the bell; he had only knocked in a peculiar fashion. She had instantly responded.

"All right," said Leroy, very low; he added another word. "You're sure you're to come, too?" said "Oh, I'm sorry you're in it, you and Mr.

Battles."

"Never you mind us!" said Leroy, kindly,
but always in the same low voice. "We'll

"We'll

"He thought of Cochrane's speech

help and not hinder."
"Don't let 'em hurt him, will you, Mr. Leroy?"
"I'll try my best," returned Leroy, rather grimly.

The two men stole down a dark hall, through what appeared to be a dining-room, and took breath outside a heavy black-walprevent more strikes than they cause, ten to one. When they do go into a strike it's be- but Leroy looked as pale, dejected, and calm

> nodded, imitating the motion. "Then, listen!"
> Cochrane's voice came to them distinctly. "No, I won't sign an agreement to take you all back at half the increase, or any increase, or take you back at all; and you won't kill me without a fight!" Leroy laid his hand on the door-knob.

His lips formed an inaudible whistle. He stepped softly across the room.
"Look out of the window," he whispered. "The window's open," reported Race, but there's a screen in it. There's a bal-

or something. the library table and the drawer where lay a revolver; and young Billy Moony (the reckless one of the crowd, half drunk and only eighteen, which is an age of the Evil One's own picking does it come to wicked deeds) was making between when the screen crashed forward and Leroy bounded into the "Don't fire!" he called to Cochrane; "we're on you're side."

"Which side?" cried a big fellow with a red face; "which side, Harry? D- it, we're in earnest. He's going to sign, by

---, or we'll make a vacancy in the firm!"

"Hardly," said Leroy. "Get your revolgoes just the same. Perhaps if you were to see him and tell him what I'll tell you, he might take it as corroborating me, and be a mite carefuller."

"Brown, I warned you fellers I wouldn't have no diet and I wouldn't have not diet and I wouldn't have no diet and I wouldn't have not diet and I wou might take it as corroborating me, and be a mite carefuller."

"Well, I call that real forgiving of you, Harry, helping Cochrane out of the hole this way!"

have no dirt, and I won't! It ain't five to one now, but five to three—and the telephone! The police will be here inside ten minutes." The man nearest the door quiet-

"Are you going to go back on the beys and fight for the scrubs, "Harry!" cried

Jas. J. Ritchie, Q.C., BARRISTER,

SOLICITOR.

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NO. 18.

"That's my outlook," said Leroy.

"They are more likely to pay Race or me

Solicitor at Annapolis to Union San of Halifax, and Bank of Nova Scotis Annapolis, N. S. 11 ly cocurred to disturb their relations; the men-themselves running and togging with the heartiest obedience. The building was masked in smoke. It poured from the winalthough Leroy was busy with a score of helpers. Half a dozen loudly sympathizing women were grouped about Mrs. Battles, who sat in the wicker arm-chair on the best no long time either, they left the three men standing together.

"Will they be setting the house afire going out, for a parting token, do ye think?"

"Will they be setting the house afire a jacket, and Race's Sunday silk tile stated Cochrane.

ertions. "I'll buy me a bloycle this same day," cried he. "I must work down to fighting weight, the blook leads to solve a solve walled; "where's Race Battles? Danny, where's the master?" Soot and flour had made a calculation. fighting weight; those blackguards would have done me up if you hadn't come in so crooked by a huge white sack. handily. Well, will ye take something?"
"I never drink, Mr. Cochrane" said
"He ain't inside. I was all over."

Mrs. Battles screamed. She could see he husband. He was on the peak of the reof.

specifis in them to be wicked. I see ye were right in your caution, Leroy." He held out his hand, but Leroy turned red and took a step backward, saying, very stiffly, "You owe me no thanks, and I owe you get killed? Race! Come down! Let the store go! What's the store to me if you get killed? Race! Come this minute! Oh,

the police?'

"No, sir, I didn't. That was just a bluff.
Battles was coming to warn you, and I was only going to the gate with him, when I adder like a foolhasty boy.

"Then Wells did a reckless thing. He, Harcourt Wells, no longer a young men, elbowed the women aside and ran up the ladder like a foolhasty boy. caught a glimpse of Brown and Raney and the others, and of course I went in. There lowed. The roof was smoking. The fire-"Race, you old foel, come down!" he bel-

for twenty ave years; atmough, leng since, lits neighbors have been transmuted into ahops or storehouses, or have been razed to Company, or the chairmon of the Strike of the fire, and his face was like the shirt, as he trained his poor little squirt gun of a hose on the crackling roar.
"My life's insured but the building ain't," "And I may as weel tell ye," said Coch-

the old wages they'll not be cut, and in a did turn now. surrounds the place) Leroy paused. "I'll month or two I'll be able to raise them a bit; not go in with you," he began, but he took a quick step backward in the shade of the can all come back; there'll be no discreeming "You're crazy," he God's sake!"

> "I'll do my best, air," said Leroy, in a either, since the roof whereon Race had different tone. "He's done his best against the strike all the ground. Race felt Wells's hand on his along," Race put in.

along," Race put in,
"Only because I thought the strike had no chance of winning," said Leroy, stiffening ain't mad at me—that's most worth the fire, again.
Cochrane's sharp little gray eyes twinkled.

This time it was Leroy's hand that we extended first. "Then, good-afternoon, and hands, as he would shake hands with the great political personages to whom he was sometimes presented when there was need of the labor vote. Race followed his exam-

"That's right, sir," said Race.

ple, observing the same form. "For the matter of that, I'm glad, too," said the old Scotchman, dryly.

Returning, Leroy was in higher spirits than Race. The non-combatant ruefully considered how he, who only wished for eace, had now fought on both sides, to his ewn proper loss and peril. Having angered his best friend past forgiving by helping the strikers, he had now won the ill will of the

about fire, and Leroy's answer. "And me with not a cent insurance," groaned; "but, Lord! they wouldn't be such fiends!"

Were they? It is past telling. No clews were found. The five suspected men were full of pity and innocence from the teeth outward. Alibis were ready at hand for every one of them. Nor is it sure that they were not genuine, these alibía. A defective flue, the unpunishable incendiary in so many cases, may have played its tragic part again. Whatever the cause, this at least is certain, Race's building, grocery and home, was burned that same night. The fire-bells awakened Harcourt T. Wells, a bachelor, lodging in a hotel. He counted the strokes—half the numeral in bed, half out on the floor scrambling into his clothes—for it was Cochrane's number. That was enough the sleepy answer, "Ne, it's not Cochrane's, some grocery, Battles's, they said!" spurred him hot foot through the streets. There is something in a midnight fire that pricks the nerves. It may be the contrast between the quiet streets outside, with the dim stores, every one of them. Nor is it sure that they quiet streets outside, with the dim stores, he shrouded counters, the shadows of the tall facades on the roadway, the white por-cupines of light blinking and winking in the dark, violet air, and the seething excitement that waits around the corner. Or it may be that the touch of pathos in human calamity and the touch of horror in human peril blend with a shuddering appreciation

gassiy and sanister beauty. And more than anything it may be that fire-bells especially fire-bells in the unguarded hour of darkness, startle the imagination wish the sympathy of a common dread; to-night, you; to-morrow night, we, perhaps! As Wells pounded down the silewalk, he could hear the thud of his own footfall; and he rememsound, the time when his own great stor was afire-then, Race and he were the last Snatches of many scenes drifted thro

his mind, in which one humble, faithful fig-ure stood, as if against that red glow in the west; while he ran, heedless of his years cross the street to save his immortal soul!

But I won't have any dirt charged up against the union while I'm bossing the fight! It's those cussed fools like Dick Beliar and Raney and Brown that kill a strike! They act so, no decent folks can sympathize with the strikers! D— 'em!"

"I in't going to let you disgrace honest men who fight fair," said Leroy, firmly.

"Time's short—are you going to skip or wait to be pinched, while you're parleyvoing?"

"If — I wouldn't have any dirt charged up against that red glow in the west; while he ran, heedless of his years and his weight, faster and faster. All he had heard from Cochrane that afternoon, all he had heard in Race's store before he went to Cochrane's, made a mingle-mangle in his brain, like a tune to his hurrying feet.

First he passed a black mass of heard.

act so, no decent folks can sympathize with the strikers! D—'em!" vooing!" vooing!" First he passed a black mass of heads. "If we do go now," grumbled another "That's right," agreed Race. "Hullo, there's my little girl! How'd you get home so early, daughter?"

Stella's figure in the doorway, with the sunshine behind her, was so brightsome a sunshine behind her, was so brightsome as something clammy and ugly in the impact of Leroy's revolver jammed against his shirt-front.

"Get out, and you may save your skins for all the informing I shall do," said Coch-rance, who had been taking in the whole thing with an ironic smile. "But I advise The big man made no answer, although he turned on Race a glance of menace. The youngest of the party relieved their chafed vanity by a few threats; but in the end, and

graphs, the bust of Clytic and the bust of Abraham Lincoln, to her breast.

cochrane chuckled under his stumpy gray mustache. "Weel, at least ye'll let me thank ye. Those fellows were primed for murder, no less. They had juist enough the girl was dressed and calm."

husband. He was on the peak of the apart from the firemen; and he held the den hose in his hand. "Hush, ma, don't be scared," said. The girl was dressed and calm. "Hush, ma, don't be scared," said Stella.

the store go! What's the store to me if you get killed? Race! Come this minute! Oh, none, Mr. Cochrane."

Again Cochrane chuckled. "But ye got he'll mind you!" he can't hear me. Mr. Wells, you call him

ousin, Mrs. Graham, who keeps his house, and he cares not a pin's head for fashion. His big, square, wooden house, stands in its large, old-fashioned garden, as it has stood for twenty-five years; although, leng since, the chairmon of the Strike of the fire, and his face was like the shirt.

nedge, darting a warning frown and beckoning to Race to do the same, which Race did mechanically.

"When Harm" and beckon that window; "they'll most like be running anyhow the fall had been same, which Race did mechanically.

blooming idiot," growled Wells, who was thunder didn't you come round and give me squeezed you. But you wouldn't wait a cock! You needn't be looking so black and he looks, and he told me all about the insurance and the little girl's being willing to give up her dress and all. I paid the ins policy, Race, this afternoon. You'll be a year or two to the bad, but I'll see you through. And the little girl shall have as pretty a frock at the show as any girl in

wn-Cechrane and I'll see to that it. Race! you aren't hurt, are you? Here! "lt's-it's only just the smoke. It got into my windpipe, I guess," sobbed Race, the tears running down his cheeks. "Smoke's terrible on the eyes. God bless you, Harcourt T. Wells-it's enly just the

Inflammatory Rheumatism so Acute He Could Not Attend to His Duily Duties—Lived Three Weeks in Agonising Pain when that "Good Samaritan" of all Cures, South American Rheumatic Cure, Passed His Way—It Helped in a Pew Hours, and Speedily Cured—Cost 75 Cents.

years in Maine that to contrast its effects or ing that time sixty-five persons were com of the pageantry of the sight. The meanest structure flaming in the night borrows a ghastly and sinister beauty. And more mitted, "[almost two to one]". The number of parsons committed to the states prison. In 1857-8 the state was under floores and 121 were committed, "[almost two to one]". The number of parsons committed to the states prison. In 1857-8 the state was under floores and 121 were committed to the states prison. In 1857-8 the state was under floores and 121 were committed to the states prison. In 1857-8 the state was under floores and 121 were committed to the states prison. tion, was 2,791; for the same time bition in Portland, was 421; during nine months of prohibition 180. The nur against 141 under prohibition.

> St. Margaret's Bay, Nova Scotia, July 4th, 1897. "My whole system was run down and I felt tired all over my body. I was sleepless at night and my appetite was poor. I did not obtain relief until I was advised to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. That tired feeling is now all gone and I have a good appetite and feel well and strong."—CHARLES HUBLEY.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Easy and yet efficient.

"What do you mean by the drone in the