

Courtright's name had hurriedly telephoned to that newspaper the news of the settlement, only a few minutes before the volley on the street: but the *Observer* was notorious for its pandering to the unions; and they were interested in spreading the impression that the use of the troops was needless. In very truth, most of the newspapers were violently desirous of justifying the firing. For one reason, it was a *fait accompli* of rulership, and must be backed up. For another, it would be a good thing to have lodgment, back in the public mind, of the idea of putting down strikes by the strong hand; especially that portion of the public which dropped crockery-ware on the heads of soldiers and officers from the thirteenth stories.

While this altercation was going on in the press and on the street, the man with the brown curls lay there pale and deathly quiet. He had been so piteously hurt by the bullet and the cruel fall under the galloping horse, the shock had been so paralyzing, that the surgeons dared not probe the wound, or do much except to give stimulants and await nature's rally. The patient was passive, merely lying like a corpse except for the light breath and the failing pulse. He had met the murderous bullet, advancing upon it like a warrior, with breast bared and brow uncovered, and it had pierced him through and through—as he had been pierced by no less deadly missiles, how many times! Now, however, it was the actual vital fluid that flowed inwardly, and would not be stanchèd; it was the nicely balanced force of material existence that was so beaten from equilibrium that he lay in that lethal calm like one asleep.

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