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Did you ever examine your windows. You will likely find them loose. So much so, they will let in with the least wind. Windows in this condition will let a lot of cold and wind through.

Stop all this and make your house comfortable by having the Chamberlain Metal Weather Strip attached. See window equipped at my office, opposite the Post Office.

Thos. C. O'Rourke

Keep Minard's Lubricant in the house.

THAWING DYNAMITE.

A MICHEL MINER PUT IT IN THE COOK STOVE OVEN.

His Own and a Neighbor's Babies Killed—Stove and House Missing—Several Persons Injured.

Vancouver, Dec. 22.—Thos. Plinick, a Slavonic miner of Michel, discovered dynamite could be quickly thawed by placing it in the cook-stove oven. He scarcely had time to congratulate himself upon his discovery, when stove and cottage soared skyward, and the explosion shook the town. Plinick was rendered totally deaf; his wife was battered by a bruising rain of bricks; the baby was found beneath a heap of debris, fatally injured; a sleeping comrade dropped, and a child above, uninjured. In an adjoining cabin, a miner, his wife and child also suffered, the infant there also receiving fatal injuries.

SHOT HER FRIEND.

Detroit Girl Wounded in the Nose at Ingersoll.

Ingersoll, Dec. 22.—Miss Minnie McGraw of Detroit, accompanied by her friend, Miss Maud O'Connor, the same city, arrived home last Saturday evening to spend the Christmas holidays with Miss McGraw's parents. While engaged in some light housework this morning Miss McGraw discovered a .38-calibre revolver belonging to her father, and not knowing it was loaded she pointed it at her friend. The revolver was discharged, the bullet entering the right side of Miss O'Connor's nose. Owing to loss of blood and Miss O'Connor's weak condition, the bullet has not yet been probed for. While the accident is a serious one, fatal results are not anticipated.

JAMES GRAHAM'S DEATH.

Third-Year Student at Queen's Dies of Fever.

Kingston, Dec. 22.—James Graham of Metcalfe, Ont., a third-year student in arts at Queen's College, died Sunday of typhoid fever in the General Hospital, where he had been confined for three weeks. The remains were escorted by students and professors to the K. & P. station to-day and sent to the home of his parents.

A COOL MURDERER.

Would Prefer Execution to Staying in Prison.

New York, Dec. 22.—When Frank Henry Burness, a ship's cook, was placed on trial in Brooklyn for the murder November 10 of Captain Geo. B. Townsend, the skipper of the lumber schooner Charles Buckley, the prisoner admitted his guilt, and a written confession was submitted in which he declared that he had shot the captain deliberately and with premeditation, because the latter owed him money, and that he desired to facilitate the trial because he preferred to be executed rather than remain in prison. The confession further stated that the prisoner had previously killed three men. For shooting a man in Charlestown, Mass., he said that he had served three years in prison. He had served a term in Havana for killing a teamster, and had killed a man named Henry Hecker on which charge he was acquitted on a technicality.

SPEAKER GULLY MAY RESIGN.

Has Held Office For Nine Years—The Conservatives' View.

London, Dec. 22.—The Right Hon. William Court Gully has announced his intention of refusing to offer himself for re-election as Speaker of the House of Commons on the completion of his present term. He has held the office for nearly nine years, and will on retirement receive, as usual, a pension for the remainder of his life of £20,000 a year, together with the Peerage, which in the case of ex-Speakers invariably takes the form of a Viscounty. It is possible that the "First Commoner in the Land," a title which the Speaker of the House of Commons holds by virtue of a statute enacted several centuries ago, may resign before the dissolution of the present Parliament, and a good deal of Tory pressure is being brought in an indirect way to bear upon him in order to induce him to do this. It would enable the Tories, who possess a large majority in the present House, to elect one of their own party to the vacant chair.

B. C. SOCIALISTS.

Will Have Candidates in Every Constituency.

Vancouver, Dec. 22.—The Socialist party, encouraged by their success as a Provincial "balance of power," are preparing to contest all British Columbia constituencies for the Commons. James Pritchard, Secretary of the Miners' Union at the time of the Ladysmith strike, has been nominated in Nanaimo. John T. Mortimer will be the candidate here. Other nominations will be made before the holidays.

Big Strike Probable.

Gloversville, N.Y., Dec. 21.—The prospects for another general tie-up of the glove industry of Fulton County, affecting in the neighborhood of 12,000 persons. For some weeks a series of unsuccessful conferences have been held between the Glove Manufacturers' Association and representatives of the International Glove Table Cutters' Union over a clause in the schedule of wages submitted by the manufacturers, allowing of no discrimination in regard to union and non-union workers.

ABNER DANIEL

By WILL N. KARBEN
Author of "Westerfeld"

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"Yes, an' I've been with Alan an' Miller fer the last week tryin' to do some'n, but we couldn't. They've been sendin' telegrams by the basketful, an' Jeff Dukes has trotted his legs off back an' forth, but nothin' hain't been done."

"You say the hain't?" Abner's voice quivered and fell.

"No. They both kept up the spirit perty well fer about ten days beca'us that dang Atlanta chief of police kept writin' he was on a scent o' Winship, but day before yesterday they give in. We was a-settin' in Miller's office when the last message come from Atlanta. They said they'd been after the wrong man an' that they'd give up. You ort 'a' seed Alan's face. Miller tried to cheer 'im up, but it wasn't no go. Then who do you think come? Alan's sweet-heart. She axed to see 'im, an' they talked awhile in the front room. Then Miller come back an' said she'd axed to be introduced to me. Jest think of it! I went in an' seed she'd been a-cryin'. She got up, by jinks, an' ketched my hand an' said she wanted to thank me beca'us I'd been such a friend to Alan! Uncle Ab, I felt as mean as a egg suckin' dog, beca'us that was Alan flat o' his back, as the feller said, an' I hadn't turned a hand to help 'im. An' then she was, the gal he loves an' wants, an' 'is poverty standin' betwixt 'em. I couldn't say nothin', an' I reckon I looked more kinds of a darn fool than she ever seed on two legs."

"Well, what did you do?" asked Abner, too much moved by Pole's graphic picture to speak with his usual lightness.

"What did I do? I made my bow an' slid. I made a beeline fer Murray's bar an' put two down as fast as they could shovel 'em out. Then I tuck another, an' quit countin'. I began to think I owned the shebang an' broke several billiard cues, an' threw the chalk around. Then Dukes come an' said he'd give me a chance to escape trial fer misconduct if I'd straddle my hoss an' make fer home. I agreed, but that was one thing I had to do fast. I had promised Alan not to drink any more, an' so I didn't want to sneak away to hide it. I went to Miller's house, whar he's stayin', an' called 'im out. I told 'im I'd jest come see no other reason 'an to let 'im see me at my worst. I felt like it was the only manly way, after I'd broke faith with a friend as true as he is."

"Too bad!" sighed Abner. "I'll bet it hurt Alan to see you in that fix."

"Well, he didn't complain," said Pole. "But he put his arm around me an' come as nigh cryin' as I ever seed a strong man. It's my fault, Pole, see he. 'I can see that! Then him an' Miller both tried to git me to go upstairs in that fine house an' go to bed an' sleep it off, but I wouldn't. I come on home an' got mad at Sally fer talkin' to me an' come nigh as pees hittin' 'er in the jaw. But that's over, Uncle Ab. What I'm in fer now is work. I ain't no fool. I'm on a still hunt, an' I jest want yore private opinion. I don't want you to commit yoreself unless you want to, but I'd go more on yore judgment than any man's in this country. I want to know if you think old Craig is a honest man at heart. Now don't say you don't know an' keep yore mouth shut, fer what I want to know, an' all I want to know, is how you feel about that one thing."

Abner hung his head down. His long thumb trembled as it nail went under a splinter on the rail and pried it off.

"I see what you are a-drivin' at," he said. "You jest want to feel shore o'."

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Yore ground." Abner began to chew the spitter and spit out the broken bits. He was silent, under Pole's anxious gaze, for a minute, and then he laughed dryly. "I reckon me 'n' you has about the same suspicion," he said. "That 'int's been worryin' me fer several days, an' I didn't let it end that nuther."

"Ah, you didn't?" exclaimed Baker. "You say you didn't, Uncle Ab?"

"No, I got so I couldn't lie down at night without the idee poppin' into my head that maybe Craig had made a fool of Winship fer some minor crime an' had hustled 'im out o' the country so he could gobble up what was in the bank an' put his a injured mail in the community."

"Same heet, pine blank!" said Pole eagerly. "What did you do, Uncle Ab?"

"Jest satisfied myself that Alan's money—or some of it—wasn't out o' creation, that's all."

"I have my reasons fer believin' like you do," said Pole.

"You say you have."

Pole glanced furtively over his shoulder at his cabin to see that no one was within hearing, then said:

"You know Winship is old Fred Parson's nephew. Well, old Fred's always been a stanch friend to me. We moon-shined it together two year, though he never knowed my chief hidin' place. In fact, nobody knows about that spot, Uncle Ab, even now. Well, I had a talk with 'im an' axed his opinion about his nephew. He talks as straight as a shingle, an' he ain't no idiot. He says it's all boss about Winship takin' aw' all that hoodie."

"He does, does he?" Abner nodded, as if to himself.

"Yes, an' he don't claim Winship ain't guilty, nuther. He jest holds

thinks Winship's in a safe place an' never will be fetched back."

Abner drew himself up straight. "Have you talked to Alan an' Miller on that line?"

"Tried to," granted Pole in high disgust, "but Miller says it's no good to think of accusin' Craig. He says we can't prove a thing on 'im, unless we ketch Winship. He says that sort of a steal is the easiest thing on earth an' that it's done every day. But that's beca'us he was fetched up in the law," Pole finished. "We uns out heer in the mountains kin fish up other ways o' fetchin' a scamp to time without standin' 'im up before a thick headed jury or lettin' 'im out on bond till he dies o' old age. You've got sense enough to know that, Uncle Ab."

The slanting rays of the setting sun struck the old man in the face. There was a tinkle of cow bells in the pasture below the cabin. The outlaw in Pole Baker was a thing Abner Daniel explored, and yet today it was a straw bobbing about on the troubled waters of the old man's soul toward which, if he did not extend his hand, he looked interestedly. A grim expression stole into his face, drawing the merry lines down toward his chin.

"I wouldn't do nothin' foolhardy, Pole," Abner looked into the fellow's face, drew a long, trembling breath and finished, "I wouldn't, but I'll be durned if I know what I'd do!"

To Be Continued.



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