

THE PLACE FOR HIM.

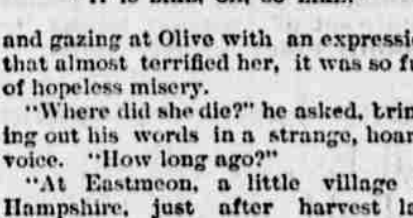
Edge Bean wuz born upon a farm, but farm work didn't agree with him. "This ain't no place for me," he lived content while he could play...



CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

"It is Lucy!" they heard her say. "You could not have painted this if you had not known her. It is Lucy Cromer!"

With one impulse they moved to the spot where she was standing, and the chaplain saw that her gaze was fixed on that study of a head which Seaward had shown him two or three days ago.



"IT IS LIKE, OH, SO LIKE!"

and gazing at Olive with an expression that almost terrified her, it was so full of hopeless misery. "Where did she die?" he asked, bringing out his words in a strange, hoarse voice.

This was Olive's answer, spoken in a tremulous tone. Her eyes seemed to be questioning Claud; an instinct told her that he had been the cause of that mysterious grief which had shortened Lucy's life.

As in a vision she saw once more the little room, filled with the glow of an autumn sunset, and the jessamine flowers. Once more she beheld the light on Lucy's face, and heard the dying voice speaking of forgiveness.

Cromer, once your grandmother's companion, was Claud's promised wife. "And he threw her over," said Adeline, coolly, "because he was afraid of grandmother. He preferred to break his heart (such as it is) rather than lose an old woman's money."

"I don't know that her coming would lead to this disclosure," he replied. "But I am glad that you know the truth. Only I wish that it had not been revealed in such a sudden way."

"I don't want to see Claud any more," she said, quietly. "If I remain with granny, it must be understood that he is not to come to the house. As to granny herself, I feel quite equal to the task of reducing her to submission."

Winter days have come at last; the plane-trees in the old churchyard of the Savoy was stripped of leaves, the ash showed only a lattice-work of bare boughs; but the grass was freshly green, and the ivy spread its beautiful tapestry over the bank that sloped sharply down to the chapel walls.

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It seemed to be the most natural thing in the world for Seaward to come to join her as they came out of

chapel on Sundays. They always talked to each other in a friendly fashion; yet on her side there was a little reserve, on his a great deal of deference. Olive was not a girl who wore her heart upon her sleeve. It was a very faithful heart, its deep wounds were even now scarcely healed, and she carried it securely locked up in her own bosom.

"I want to see whether the wicked will always flourish like the green bay trees," he answered grimly. "I am waiting for the time when he will be withered up, root and branch. Hasn't he spoiled your life and mine?"

"I will think of it, Olive," he replied. "No, don't think of it—do it. Somehow your thinking always ends in a kind of melancholy dreaming. Write to Jane, and tell her that you want to come back to the old shore!"

He looked irresolute. She sprang up and got pen, ink and paper. "There," she said, dipping the pen in the ink, and putting it into his hand. "I will stand over you resolutely till the letter is written."

He had never heard her laugh since she had come to London, and the sound recalled their early days as nothing else had ever done. Once more he was a shy lad, roaming through old meadows with two happy girls. Once more he

seemed to breathe that fresh, free air that has a wild poetry in it, and sings to the heart like a sweet song. The scent of the fields, the keen breath of morning, the perfume of honeysuckle on the warm evening breeze, all this came back to him again.

cling to Michael and had made Michael almost hate him. His face had softened when Olive laughed. Both faces seemed to glow younger as they bent over the sheet of note-paper; hers had recaptured the sunny playfulness that sorrow had driven away, his had regained the old boyish look of sober amusement.



That letter came to Eastmoon in the gray of a winter morning, when Jane Challock, having given her father his breakfast, was standing at the cottage door. A robin had broken the chill silence with its clear song, unconsciously cheering Jane's heart as she looked out across the bare garden.

"I have never thought of trying," he said, struck by the idea. "It would be good for you to get out of London. Promise me, Aaron, that you will write to your old acquaintances in Petersfield. There may be something for you to do."

"Did you ever see an alligator catch flies?" asked a naturalist of a Washington writer. "I have watched the performance by the hour. The saurian lies on a muddy bank in the sun with his mouth wide open. Winged insects, attracted by the saliva of the beast, gather in swarms upon its tongue, just as though it were a sheet of fly paper."

Seven Thousand Miles of Wheels. If all the locomotives in the United States were coupled together they would make a train of solid iron and steel over 300 miles long. Add the passenger cars and we would have 300 miles more of wood and iron; this would give us a gigantic passenger train 600 miles in length, counting both engines and cars.

Under the new state constitution there will only be one election in Mississippi between now and 1895.

AWFUL WORK.

Desperate Conflict at the Homestead Iron Works.

Three Hundred Pinkerton Detectives Sent to the Works Fire Upon Workmen and a Fierce Battle Ensues—Many Killed and Wounded.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., July 7.—Early yesterday morning 300 Pinkerton detectives arrived in Pittsburgh from the east. They were quietly marched to the Monongahela river where they were loaded on barges and shipped to Homestead at 2:15 o'clock.

It was exactly 4 o'clock when the steamer and barges were sighted by the watchers gathered on the river bank a mile below the town. Directly the fleet was sighted, three messengers, each mounted on fresh horses, started for Homestead, shouting as they rode, the advance of the dreaded barges. Some one notified the engineer at the electric light works and the whistle sounded the general alarm.

Suddenly a form was seen to break from the ranks of the workmen and move toward the water's edge. Almost instantly a flash was seen on the boat followed by a report, and a man was seen to fall and roll down the bank. One had met his death.

At 11 o'clock the strikers secured a cannon and began bombarding the barges, and at the same time efforts were made to burn the boats by means of a blazing stream of coal oil. Flags of truce raised by the Pinkerton men were shot down, and at 1:50 o'clock in the afternoon the Pinkertons were besieged in their barges.

At 3:45 p. m. the Pinkerton men were in a terrible position, being exposed to the perils of fire, bullets, cannon shot and dynamite. Sensational reports excited the people on shore and it is believed that the detectives who are imprisoned on the barges will perish if rescuers do not speedily appear.

Truce Flags Shot At. HOMESTEAD, July 7.—1 p. m.—A flag of truce was displayed by the Pinkerton men and was shot down. It was hoisted the second time with the same result. The third time the flag was riddled with bullets and hardly enough of it remained to hoist again.

THE HOMESTEAD TROUBLES.

Scenes and Incidents Connected With the Battle at the Homestead Iron Works.

HOMESTEAD, Pa., July 7.—As when a battle lulls, the singing of minie balls, the bursting of shells and the roar of the cannon become desultory, so the fierce fight which broke with the dawn, took up the morning hours and reached far into the afternoon became only a skirmish by 3 o'clock p. m.

Thousands of relatives and sympathizers with the strikers and hundreds of curious flock to the Carnegie plant, the immense bone of contention in the great struggle, and centered their optics on the two white barges, hugging the steep banks which sheltered the hated Pinkertons.

Finally the cannon burst and then they resorted to dynamite. Great chunks of it were thrown at the boat, the most of which only splashed the water. Occasionally it struck the roof but exploded upward and only left a white wreath of smoke. One lucky shot struck the stern of the barges and made a gaping opening which served as an objective point for future throws, but always missed. Other shots ripped great sections off the oak deck.

At this juncture the giant form of William Weyhe, the ex-president of the Amalgamated association, loomed in view. He was accompanied by President Garland and Vice President McEvery. Weyhe came with a true proposition from Sheriff McCleary. He offered to send a boat and tow the barges away if the men would stop firing.

At 4:15 p. m.—Two thousand workmen from the South Side mills of Pittsburgh have just marched into Homestead with flags and banners flying. They say they have come to the assistance of the strikers. The excitement is increasing. Supplies of ammunition and arms are being furnished to the strikers by the citizens of Homestead, and are arriving from Pittsburgh and McKeesport. It is feared the carnage has not begun.

During the looting of the boats, and in the confusion, two men accidentally shot themselves, one fatally. When the crowd had searched out every article of value, kept what they could use and destroyed what they could not, and after surveying the late man of war of their enemies and noting every device for defense and offense, they slowly began to disperse. After a time and when but a few stragglers remained on board, the retreat of the rear guard was hastened by the cry of "Fire." Some one in that mob had set fire to the model barges, and they were in flames. They were totally destroyed.

An Angry Mob. HOMESTEAD, Pa., July 7.—When an inspection of the boat was made it was found that at least seven of the Pinkertons had been killed and twenty or thirty wounded, many of them so badly that they would die. As they were brought from the boat they presented a terrible appearance. Many of them were besmear with blood, while all of them showed signs of exhaustion from the long confinement in the close quarters between decks. Several were shot in the shoulders, arms and legs and could scarcely limp along. Blood was running in streams down their shirts.