

CHAPTER I



rural England. A dalnty stream, mead-Birket Foster. would have Hedges red

with haws, sir laden with the scent of wild flowers, giant cales and elms spreading their mighty limbs to shade man and beast, years?" and skylarks rising in the heaven with floods of melody.

A valley with a road running through -Hetherton, it is called and, in the distance, the tall towers of Scaradale abbey, one of the stateliest homes of not even of her little girl."

You have the scene before you. But not all harmonious is the aspect, | tion?" Man comes, as usual, to mar the beauty

of nature. This particular man is eminently qualified to scare away any poetic fancies the scene may have prompted. He is a spare, cadaverous fellow of features and red hair, and eyes that would be bright and snapping, but

that they are so bleared and bloodshot. His dress is the decay of gentish vulgarity. When new, you can see that his coat has been glossy as the glossiest of shoddy; his trousers baggy in shape and loud in pattern, and his shoes of French kid, but the blight of poverty is on them, and their original grandness makes their shabbiness the more

apparent. Neither is his manner more prepossessing than his person, for as he trudges along the road, his lip constantly curls with the bitterness of his reflections, and he viciously cuts down the unoffending flowers with the cheap cane he carries, as though the beautiful were repugnant to him.

Yet his footsteps are turned toward Scarsdale Abbey.

Little does Sir Gorde Hillborough, the owner of the splends; demesne, as he sits in his ancient library, a tall, stern, courtly old man of sixty, antici- Richard Number One and her child, an' pate the visitor that fate is bringing you'll never hear of 'em again, no more jovial and pleasant featured, with the

Yet barely an hour has passed since we saw the vaurien tramping along the highway, and now he is sitting very much at his ease in the presence of the great man, who seems too astonished at the novelty of the situation to offer a remonstrance.

"Sir," the baronet says with much dignity, "you have gained admission into my house under the plea that you have an important communication to make concerning my son. Briefly as

possible tell me your business.' "Don't happen ever to have heard the name of Gregson, I suppose," the stranger, replied with a sneer.

Sir John shook his head in negation. "Nor of Newton parish in the county of Leicester?"

"Ah!" There was a look of painful recol-

lection in the baronet's face. "The father, I presume, of the young woman, by whose allurements my son, a mere boy, a pupil at a private school, was nearly brought to the verge of social destruction?" he asked, haughtily. "Uncle, sir," was the airy reply. "Uncle to as interesting a young fe-

"And you want-" "Justice. Sir Gordon! Has not your son behaved like a villain-going and getting married and starting for India,

male orphan as ever fell a victim to the

wiles of an aristocratic scoundrel."



"WHAT DO YOU MEAN?" GASPED THE BABONET.

while my poor niece and her little girl

are left to starve?"

Sir Gordon's hard look softened. "A babe? I had no idea it was as bad

as that. Something must be done for it and her."

"Yes," sneered Gregson, "something's got to be done, an' done quickly, too." 'A small annuity to support and educate the child," continued the baronet, meekly. "I will see my attorney."

"And what about Mrs. Richard Hillborough?" "Oh, she is in India with her hus band. I beg that her name may be kept out of this unhappy controversy."

"Oh, no, she's not, my noble friend; you are laboring under a great mistake. Mrs. Richard Allestree Gordon is at this ment in Newton, Leicestershire." "Great heavens!" gasped the bar-set. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that your son married my nlear three years ago come next Au-LITTLE bit of gust. Oh, you needn't stare so disheliceingly. Here it all is in black and white Birmingham's registrar's cerglim pse of tificate and letters by the dozen."

Save for a slight quivering of the lip. ow and wood- one would think that the old man was land, such an stricken with death. "Do you realize," he marmured, with difficulty, "that this means that my boy

loved to picture. has committed bigumy?" "Of course I do, and sure as my name is Jacob Gregson he shall suffer for it." "And why, if these papers are authen-tle, have you been allent these three

"Because I never knew the rights about it till one week ago. You see my niece never let on who was the father it, and, in the near perspective, a village of her child-and ever since its birth she has been sickly and weak-minded, so that she takes no notice of anything,

> "And you mean to tell me, man, that my son deserted her in such a condi-

"Oh, well, Sir Gordon, he's not quite so bad as all that. There were two Catherine Conroys in Newton-cousins -one was killed in a railroad accident, and Mr. Richard might have seen her name in the papers and thought it was about forty years of age, with sharp his wife, who, I suppose, like the fool she was, had promised to keep the marriage a secret. But it wasn't-worse luck for him."

"Thank God for that slight satisfaction; but at the best it is a terrible

"A terrible story, with only one end -ruin! Unless I play Providence and pull the fat out of the fire."

"Yes, me! I found those papers hidden away in the girl's trunk. I've kept em close. The doctors say that she will never come to her right senses; so that there's nothing but money and me standing between you-the salvation tion: of your family pride."

"And your plans?" "I have a cousin down in Derbyshire, motherly woman as ever you saw, married to a man who was once corporal in the royal marines—John Whit-ford his ame is—humble folks, but honest as the day. If you and I can make a deal, they'll take out Mrs. than if they'd never existed."

"And your price for this piece of ras-

"Five hundred pounds down, and an annuity of five hundred a year on my life. After I'm gone, I will leave you or your son to look after your granddaughter's interests."

"My son!" the baronet cried, in startled tones. "He must never know the price I paid for his immunity, and not for him only is the sacrifice made, but for the poor, sweet girl who thinks herself his wife." Now Mr. Jacob Gregson had not ad-

hered strictly to the truth in his communication to Sir Gordon Hillborough. There were those who knew him who said that it was a physical impossibility for him to make an accurate statement on any subject, and in this case he had done justice to his reputation. There had been no dual Catherine Conroy in the parish of Newton, and the veritable Catherine-Richard Hillborough's legitimate wife, had really been the victim of the railroad accident after, not before, the birth of her little one.

Poor girl, hers had been a brief and unhappy career-the only child of impecunious tenant farmers, who had died when she was fourteen years of age, leaving her to the tender mercies of the world, dowered only with a sweet disposition and a face of rustic loveliness. She had found refuge in the home of her mother's brother, Jacob Gregson, a bankrupt horsedealer, who had managed to keep a roof over his head by acting as "sporting agent" for the neighborhood, a profession whose tides of profit ebbed and flowed with constant contrast, now leaving him with full pockets and wild spirits, and again plunging him into the depths of destitution and misery; but through good and evil fortune he had been, according to his lights, kind to his niece, and, after her death, had managed to scrape together each week the few shillings a laborer's wife charged for the care of the motherless babe.

Now he had his reward.

CHAPTER II. THE NORTHERN HOME.

Fourteen years have elapsed since the occurrence of the events related in the preceding chapters.

The scene of our story is now laid in the bleak, desolate region of the southern shore of Lake Superior.

Down in a hollow, between two bluffs, lies the iron city of Oretown, with its even thousand inhabitants huddled together in unpainted shanties and blocks of squalid tenements. Saloons of the lowest description abound, the only pretentious buildings being the schoolhouse, the hotel and the hospital. The whole region breathes of iron. The very ground is the red dust of iron ore, and miners and miners' wives and children ruddy with the stain of the brown earth, meet you at every step. All around the outskirts of the place, big hills of clinkers and bowlders are crowned with the engine-houses of the mining shafts, while trade is limited to the few "stores" belonging to the mining companies, where the unfortunate diggers into the bowels of the earth are driven by necessity to spend at a

rulnous overcharge the dollars they have so hardly carned.

Here and there you see a bette kind of residence, and in this you may be sure that an agent or captain residenhe captain being the highest flight of aristocency to which the nociety of the metallic city aspires. These too are for the most part English, though here and there a New Englander occupies the corete dposition.

He is an autocrat of autocrats. Well do the men know that they have to look to him for every favor, and, as in the old fendal days the retainers bowed to the will of their lords, these sturdy mining glants give foumble allegiance to him, yielding even their political suffrages and roting obsdiently as the boss wishes, though the new Australian failed fore" will spell, that little arrangement; but at the time I write of the free and independent citizen of Opetown had only the freedom to think as his task master throught.

In the hamls of a good man this state of things was not so bad, but occasionally were found among the captains men of brutal instincts, who used their peaktions as levers for acts of pitiful oppres-

On the top of one of the bluffs on the outskirts of the city stood a grant, square-house, rudely put together with inpainted boards, and surrounded by a squalld "settlement" of temporary shanties. Hardly a roof was whole, for when the blasting occurred huge masses of rock were flung high in the



"COME AND JOIN OUR STUDIES."

air and fell so far that sometimes they crashed through the neighboring dwell-

The gaunt, square house I have alluded to bore a sign with the inscrip-

BOARDING BY JOHN WHITFORD.

and, notwithstanding its rude exterior, when once you were inside, surprised you with its homelike simple comfort, On this mild September evening Mrs. Whitford was busy preparing supper, while her husband sat smoking his pipe in the chimney corner-she buxom, bloom of the Derbyshire hills still on her cheeks-he, silent and thoughtful, with his honest face corrugated with the wrinkles of care.

"John," the wife said, turning from her work, and speaking in broad native accents, which no change of country had ameliorated, "I canna abide to see thee so down i'th' mouth. Heart up, now, may happen we shall get word across the sea from Jacob, an', if the worst betide us, Capt. Wixon may gie thee a chance to work the new gang next week."

"Don't go on hoping against hope Bessie. Your brother-in-law is a scoun drel-nothing but broken promises and bad faith from him-and as for Wixon -why, he's an American edition of Jacob in rougher binding. It's a bad lookout, an' winter just coming on."

"Well, mon, Oi told thee how it ud be. Thou'st made a heap o' money sin' we come to this ughsome spot, but thy daft head couldna keep it in thy poke. Specilation - allus specilatin' and allus on the wrong side of the fence to run."

"Yes," replied John bitterly, "hit a man when he's down. That's just like woman."

"Oi didn a mean to do so, mon," quoth the repentant dame, brushing away the tears with the back of her hand. "Only there's nowt left, now them Keweenaw shares be worthless, but the sticks o' house-gear, and the duds we wear."

"Nothing," was the doleful reply. "No lodgers but the schulemeaster an' the two lads, an' God knaws Oi

canna keep things together wi' their havings." Then John, ruminating, changed the

subject by asking his wife: "Where's Elsie?" "In yon, wi' the schulemeaster," was

the reply, as the dame pointed to a door on the inner side of the room. "I don't quite know," John said, very slowly, as if he were propounding a difficult theory, "if it is right to let the

lass spend so much time alone with that young man. She's getting up in years now, and-He stopped, for the surprise and indignation depicted on his wife's coun-

tenance were enough to check the most loquacious. "John Whitford," she demanded, furiously, "has trouble addled thy brain? A chit o' a child, as has na left off short frocks, an a young mon as has lived under thy roof welly a

twelvemonth, an' never so much by word or deed 'as showed he wasna a perfec' gentleman! Who put that silly craze i' thy soft pate? Frank Holbrook. I'll tek my Bible oath on't." "It wasn't."

"Who were it then? For none such nonsense entered on its own account." "Well, then, it was the captain." "What captain?"

"Wixon."

"Bah!" said the woman, as she burst into a supercilious laugh. "Oi thowt thee was ne'er such gowk as to moind that mischief-makin' tyke. Here, howd the heft o' this griddle, an' Oi'll see for mysen what they be a doin' of."

With this, she crossed the kitchen, opened a door very quietly, traversed a short passage and abruptly opened a second door at the end of it.

Other persons than the malicious captain might have seen something indiscreet in the scene that met the riew of the worthy Mrs. Whitford.

The ruom was a small chamber with a well-stocked bookshelf; and, sitting in a large armehate, was a singularly handsome young man, resulting about to a girl, who exclined on a low chair beside him, listening is wrapt attention.

So enthralled was the young listener, na she ant with lips apart engurly drinkng in the sonorous accents, that she did not notice the interruption.

Not so with the young man. There. was no startled flight on his fore as he raised his frank, brown eyes to the incomer, and said pleasantly: "That's right, Mrs. Whitford, come and join our studies. We are reading Nicholas. Nickieby,' by Charles Dickons, and, as the scene lies in your loved Yorkshire, you may be somewhat interested. "Nay, may, Measter Grey," said the

commit, whose suspicions had been aroused, notwithstanding her deflant tops to her husband, but who now blushed for her momentary lack of confidence. "Of but escur to tell've that apper's welly ready, an' the lass mum ay the cloth. An' it's much obligated Ol am to thee vor givin' her thy bookaculu': Measter Grey. It's little Of ever had mysen, an' them as hasna an dication knows best how to vally one." Frank Grey smiled as he closed the book, while the woman and girl slowly left the room, the latter pansing a monent to pour forth in a sweet, low voice her thanks for the treat afforded her. If the front of the house presented a

bleak and desolate someet, the windows of Grey's room looked out on a beautiful landscape of varied scenery.

On right and left the rugged hills, crowned with sturdy firs; in the distance a long sheeny expanse of lake covered with scrub; and, in the far background, the sun, setting in all the luxurious splendor of the last languishing days of an Indian summer. The young man drew his chair to the

casement, and sat gazing upon the panorama of beauty that lay before him, thoughtfully watching the sun go down behind the hill and the shadows of the trees lengthen as the orb of day sank slowly out of view.

Suddenly, in the dusk, his attention was attracted to a figure that stood prominent in well-defined outline on the top of one of the hills-the form of a stout man, who for some time stood peering with his face turned in the direction of the Whitford house.

Presently the fir trees at his back were parted, and another person joined the first comer. The manner of these two was peculiar. They were apparently engaged in earnest conversation, and what struck Grey as most singular was that the stout man again and again pointed at the window of his chamber, though, of course, at that distance it was absurd to suppose they could even be aware of his presence

This continued gesticulation aroused in the breast of the young schoolaster an anxiety be could not disnela sort of coming-event-casts-its-shadowbefore-it feeling he could not express. "Please, Mr. Grey, mother says," called a pleasant voice, as the door of the room gently opened, "are you ready for supper now?"

"Come here, Elsie," eagerly request-ed the young man. "Can your bright eyes make out who are those persons

The girl stood by him, with his hand resting on her shoulder, peering out into the gloom. Yes, her eyes were very bright, and

her face was like the chiseled sweet-



ness of some beautiful statue, as she stood motionless beside him. "One of them," she said at last, "is

"And the other?"

Wixon-Capt. Wixon."

"I do not know. A stranger."

The round face of Mrs. Whitford now appeared in the doorway, and, as she noticed the familiar attitude, there was a ring of unwonted harshness in her voice:

"Elsie, coom t' supper direc'ly. Dunna stan' gawpin' into th' gloamin' i that feckless fashion."

The girl started like a wounded fawn, a deep blush spreading itself over her cheeks and neck, for probably the woman's rough tone woke a chord in the breast of the maiden, and for the first time she felt the innocent shame of shocked womanly modesty. But, if Elsie's cheeks were deeply

dycd in blushes, the imperturbable schoolmaster showed no discomposure as he followed them into the dining-

It was a most uncomfortable meal John Whitford was out of sorts and more than half-repentant of his confidential disclosures to his wife; Elsie was in a state of uncomfortable nervousness; Mrs. Whitfield was cross and disagreeable, and Grey was wrapt in conectures as to what that man Wixon and the stranger could have meant by their peculiar conduct, and why they should have made such constant gestural allusion to himself. What did it mean? He was confidedt that he had formed the topic of their conversation. "Be ye goin' to the schule-house to-

hight?" Mrs. Whitford asked, unable to could lawfully compel them to take retain her morose demeanor any longer. their remuneration in store pay, and

"Yes," said the school master, declaires ly; "that night school for the miners must not be neglected. It is the best discussed. work I am doing though I fear it is not appreciated in some quarters."
It was now John Whitford's turn to

be disagreeable.

"No, ale," he interrupted, "we', if gravil excuss me for saying so, you are on a foot's errand that is likely to and with more kicks than ha'pence. What do a passel of rough miners want wi' readin' an' writin'? You don't educate a row or it would he discontented with a clover field I call it driv i the face of Providence to teach sichtlike to set at deft ance their pustors an masters. Healdes, the bosses won't stand it. There's a bitter feelin' against you already, an', mark my words, if you go fastly' around much more with your night schools an liberary clubs an' fal-lacs, you'll find Oretown too hot a place to hold you." "Perhaps so; but meanwhile I will de

my duty. This word duty appealed to the old soldier's best instincts, and in a mor-

modified manner he continued: Yes, duty's duty, an' England expects every man to do his duty, which also I suppose this United States of America lifewise demands; but, sir, there's an overdoin' of even one's duty. A ship captain asked my captain to send a royal marine to holystone a deek. 'No, sir,' says he. 'The sailors have their duty, an the royal marines have their duty; an' the duty of the marines isn't to do the duty of the sailors. He was tried by a court-martial and they did their duty an' acquitted him." "Very good, but-"

"Your duty is to teach the boys an' gals. There's nothin' in your commis sion about drillin' a squad of adults in letters 'an figgers, an' pot-hooks an' hangers. So you just stick to your orders an' let others do likewise.

"I know you mean well, my friend," said Grey, wearily; "but you do not understand the question. You have old world notions. The prosperity of this great land is an illustration of the good policy of educating the masses. Right here in this northern peninsula

of Michigan, where crude English thought is dominant, we are behind the times. Where would the United States have been if such men as Wixon and the other members of our schoolboard had been at the head of its af-

"Well, I'd mind my own business, if I was you an' let-

"Set me the example, Mr. Whitford. Mind your own affairs and you will not get beyond the depth of your understanding." With this dignified rebuke the young

solaced her spouse with the suggestion that those who played with edged tools often cut their fingers. This night school was a sore bone of

man left the room, and Mrs. Whitford

contention in Oretown. A little more than a year ago the bosses ruled like feudal barons, and now their sway was threatened by a whippersnapper of a boy who had com among them, nobody knew whence nor cared, and by this and other such base means had alienated the allegiance of their vassels, who were actually beginning to dare to think for them-

And thus it came about.

There was a barn-like building which had been used as a saloon and dance house, but had attained such evil reputation that the by no means fastidious morals of Oretown were shocked at its gross orgies, and by popular consent it had been closed.

The process of ejectment had been in accordance with the custom of the locality. A mob of infuriated women and mischievous boys had gathered one evening and "cleaned out" the proprietor, smashing his furniture and fixtures and pouring his liquid poison into the gutter.

On this ruin of vice and squalor Frank Grey built his great work of social reformation.

With his own hands he tidied up the place, mended the windows, put in rough tables and chairs, and boldly announced that he would, without remuneration, teach adults reading, writing and arithmetic three evenings a week.

The local journal gave the powerful aid of the press to the enterprise in this bright paragraph: "The young man who slings the ruler at the Ward schoolhouse is opening a night school for adults. Guess he'll have his hands full before he's got through."

The minister refused to cooperate with him, the storekeepers laughed at him, the bosses treated him with open

But the class grew-from five to fiveand-twenty; to forty, to a hundredtill at last he had to close his doors against the crowd of applicants.

It was a mutual aid association, those who could read and write a little helping those who could not. "No swearing" and "No tobacco" were the only written rules; while the class kept its own order, and absolute order, too, as, for instance, when Mike Donovan, the rough of the place, made a wager that he would break up the school one evening and proceeded to use insulting language to the teacher, a dozen strong hands sent him crashing through the window into the street below, and forever put a stop to his further pursuits in the fields of literature.

Then another grievance. Out of the night school grew a club-a harmless affair, where tobacco was allowed, and coffee and numerous newspapers, and out of this club sprouted a branch which bore the deadly poison of rank socialism-at least, so said Capt. Pettigrub Wixon. This was the Talking club, as Grey had christened it, at whose meetings were discussed simple questions of social or political interest. From bad they got to worse, until one Saturday morning-for the Talking club held its meetings on Saturday evenings-it was whispered abroad that the delicate questions as to whether it was right for the miners to pay the bosses' store one dollar for a fortycent article, whether the capitalists

whether they were abliged to give a months credit for their labor, would be

With these revolutionary projects confrosting them, the uppertendent of Oretover united in one common datesminution to creak the vigor they had nonrished in their bosoms, the young state terpane.

G A Il National Encampment at Louisville Ry

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to gasp for breath after climbing a flight Does it distress you to lie on the left

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