

Hetty, or The Old Grudge.

By J. H. CONNELLY.

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CHAPTER XII.

"Training Day" was one of the great occasions of the year. Men who had "fitted their British" were not scarce; the Mexican War yet too recent for its heroes to be much spoken of as "veterans," except in a ceremonial effect; and a vaguely pleasurable impression pervaded the country that the American citizen should stand, metaphorically, with a chip on his shoulder, bristling some effete monarchy to "knock out and get locked." Martial spirit and patriotic pride stimulated a general interest in keeping alive military organizations. Of course, the best "volunteer" regiments must see much service before they attain the steadiness and discipline of "regulars," and our best military establishments attainable then was very far from such perfection as the severely effective school of civil war has since brought us in the adaptation of our militia forces for ready mobilization as a "National Guard." But our militia was stronger then, in proportion to the population, than it is now, and perhaps was inclined with more spontaneity of patriotic sentiment than has been observable in later days, particularly since its main employment has been in the overhauling and retraining of labor demonstrations. Then, every man capable of bearing arms, was more or less nominally and theoretically, a member of it, and, at any moment, armed with his own gun, supplied with his own ammunition, clad according to his own means and fancy, and not least measurably provided with his own rations, to exterminate foreign foes, to subvert or in job lots, as they might see fit to present themselves. To be an American and to have a gun were the early real essentials, in popular estimation. The man who could not be depended upon to do good fighting "on his own account," independent of how anybody else might be getting on in the melee of a battlefield, would not have been considered of much account.

Now were prepared to affirm that there was not a desirable quality of style about contemporary and even regimental evolutions of the time of war, but a popular feeling existed that rehearsal of such things during peacetime was little better than chaffing and chaff and winnowing the east wind. Should they ever be necessary, Americans could pick them up in a few days. Hence, "Training Day," though everywhere observed as an occasion for enthusiastic demonstration of patriotic and martial spirit, involving not a little noisy jubilation and license, was seriously lacking in the educational character contemplated by the law.

Very early in the forenoon the population of the whole countryside seemed to be flocking en masse into the little town of Washington, the county seat, and its streets were soon thronged with equestrians and sleighs of all sorts and sizes, from the dainty "cutter" to the ponderous farm wagon body temporarily converted upon belted runners. Not only the defenders of the republic came to town on "Training Day," but their mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts as well; for there was both a gallant show of the war and shopping, long deferred for this occasion, to be done. Women picked up the general stores, where dry goods, silks, pews, crockery, school books, medicines, dainties and a thousand other things were sold and all farm produce brought; men crowded the particular stores that dealt exclusively in wet goods, for in those days the prohibition movement had not yet even dipped its shell, and nobody thought of taking a "step to keep the cold out," or, mayhap, "another for sociability's sake."

The gun yards were filled with family sleighs, and around three sides of the court house saddle horses were tied to the curbs, with as closely as they would stand without fighting. The keen, still air was full of the creaking of sleigh runners on the snow, the jingling of silver-tongued bells, neighing of horses and shouts of salutation between acquaintances.

Presently the shrill sounds of a life and the clatter of a drum awoke the echoes with a new sort of disturbance, and the musicians, followed by all the boys in town, marched the length of the main street and back again, to the "common," a great open square near the court house, where the drilling was to take place. There, by the flag pole, in all his official dignity of cocked hat, crimson sash and sword, sat Captain Ramsey, the citizen soldier. From all directions they came flocking, in hot haste; and a motley-looking mob they were, so far as clothing went, no two seeming to be dressed alike. Tall and stalwart men they were, with thick, vigorous frames, clear, daring eyes and firm tread; men who looked as if fatigue and fear would be alike strange to them. Here and there an old man, really decrepit by age from military duty, yet exuberant of such release, bore a shotgun; that, with those few exceptions, the arms of the hands of all were the long, heavy, muzzle-loading squirrel rifle, a small-bore weapon, but one that would carry far and with splendid precision. Almost every man of Captain Ramsey's one hundred and seventy-seven would have been able, with his own gun, to hit a button on a soldier's breast as far as he could see it conspicuously, particularly if that button should happen to be on a red coat.

All around the "Common" the big family sleighs were drawn up, and in them, comfortably wrapped in their robes and furs, the ladies sat, looking on and thrilled by that inexplicable fascination which military evolutions always seem to have for women. With them, to hold the horses when the martial music made them shiver and dance, sat the old men, whose weight of years forbade their active service on the training ground, and who, involuntarily resenting that fact, were assuaging in sarcastic criticisms the envy of their juniors in the ranks. It gave them relief to say things like

day, was tired and mightn't like it. But the stranger was troubled with the same old question.

"Git up 'n' fight!" he shouted, shaking the drowsy giant. "I've heard of you 'way down in the Panhandle, 'n' 've come to give you a tussle 'n' see who's best man."

"Just say you are and let me alone. I'm no fighter, and I'm tired and sleepy. G'way!" protested Uncle David.

"Whoop!" yelled the Panhandler, jumping up and cracking his heels together. "I'm a wolf! I'm a catamount! I'm a bull! Come 'n' feel of my teeth! Come 'n' ride on my horse! Nobody can lick me! Whoop!" And he dealt Uncle David a sounding smack on one of his placid cheeks.

Just how it happened he never afterward could tell, but the rash man's first sensation was of being poised in the air, up near the ceiling; the next, of flying through space, as if he had been shot from a catapult; then of a fearful crash and darkness and the fading away of all things. When consciousness returned, he stiffly struggled to his feet, hobbled to the door, and only pausing long enough to remark: "Gee! 'em, a dern fool is gwine back to the Panhandle of West Virginia," passed out into the night and was gone.

Uncle David had hauled him, as a strong boy might a ball, against a wall full twenty feet away. Then he sat down and dozed again.

On the present occasion, the already reported conversation among the group of friends and neighbors about the "heart-of-elder" barrel naturally led to drawing Uncle David out, to show something of what he could do, and, upon the pretext of a trifling wager, he was led to perform a feat that is still talked of in Washington County and has been unsuccessfully attempted since by thousands of other strong men.

Not more than a quarter of liquor, the owner said, had been drawn out of the barrel, so that the weight of the heavy package and its contents could hardly have been less than three hundred pounds. Grasping the chime, or levelled ridge made by the ends of the staves, which afforded only a treacherous hold for the ends of his fingers, he, without any apparent difficulty, lifted the barrel out of the sleigh, in which it had been standing, and set it down before him in the snow, to have its bung removed. When that had been done, he grasped it again, as before, lifted it easily and gracefully to the height of his lips, said, in a leisurely, unconstrained way: "Here's to you, boys!" and, placing the bunghole to his mouth, took a deliberate drink therefrom, after which he set it lightly back upon its former place in the sleigh.

After a brief pause of stupefied astonishment, the witnesses of the astounding feat simultaneously united in a shout of applause.

Just about the same moment a very different sort of shout was raised at the other end of the town, in the offensive "McCloskey's" mentioned by Uncle David. Simeon Mulveil had adhered to this malevolent plan for bringing disgrace upon John Cameron. The county paper fully realized his expectations. Silver spoons, bearing the initials of Mrs. R. W. Billings had been stolen, nine or ten weeks before, from that lady's house, on the Canonburg turnpike; and silver spoons marked "R. W. B." were on John's table, practically in his possession, the day of the frolic. That was enough to justify a warrant. The constable knew very well that nothing could be more widely improbable than that John Cameron should be a thief; but he said to himself, doggedly: "If he's innocent, let him prove it."

With the warrant in his pocket, he gloated over the anticipated triumph of his hate and waited for "Training Day." But it was hardly so easy as he had expected it would be, on that occasion, to find a safe opportunity for making the arrest. John's fondness for jill-smelling saloons seemed to be no greater than his uncle's, and, either to enjoy the pure air or to catch occasional glimpses of Hetty, he kept upon the street, generally surrounded by a band of sturdy Cameronian friends. Eventually, however, a little after dinner, he yielded to the persuasions of an acquaintance, who wanted him to "go and have one drink," and together they sauntered into the bar-room nearest at hand. It happened to be McCloskey's. Had one thought of the old fellow's being so demoralized, he would probably have shunned the bar, not for fear's sake, but from dislike, for it had always been, as it was now, the chief haunt of the Mulveil faction. But to the remote past, never recalled except when somebody reminded him of it. Seep in the magic light of his love for Hetty, Mulveil looked to him like a brother, and so far as he was concerned, the hatchet had been buried. But McCloskey's was a bad place to nurture that kindly spirit in a Cameron. The unimproved Mulveils were still there, in strong force. Indeed, of all the boisterous, semi-inebriated crowd thronging the grocery, but one other man was a Cameron, and his presence was about as accidental as John's.

Just as John raised from the bar a glass of beer that he had ordered, Constable Mulveil clutched his shoulder and shouted, in a tone to attract general attention:

"I arrest you in the name of the law!" The score of voices that an instant before had been deriding, wrangling, laughing and shouting, were suddenly hushed to perfect silence.

"Arrest me! What for?" demanded the young man, more amazed than anybody else.

"For being a d—d thief!" shouted Rufus Gelin, secretly anxious to precipitate a conflict, in which a deadly injury might be covertly inflicted, under a plea of legal justification, upon his successful rival.

Hardly had the words left his lips, when quick as lightning, John dashed the glass and cider into his face, temporarily blinding him, and, at the same time, with his left hand, booted Simeon, who went down yelling.

"Mulveil! Help, Mulveil!" His voice awoke a very pandemonium. The old faction spirit flamed up, like tanned by fire. Yells, curses, threats, the sounds of blows, the smashing of bottles and the grinding of glass under trampling feet, made an infernal uproar. John, stoutly backed by the friend who entered with him and the solitary Cameron already there, fought nobly, but the odds against the trio were overwhelming. A score of savage Mulveils, all who could get near enough to do so, attacked them at once; while as many more, close be-

hind, yelled threats and execrations, hurled missiles at their supposed victims, and were ready to spring into the front row of attack as those before them were felled. Using a heavy stool as a weapon John piled Mulveils about him in heaps, but brave, strong and desperate as he was, could not maintain more than a few moments longer such a fearfully unequal combat. His friend, who was nearest the door, fought his way out, and, covered with blood, ran staggering up the street shouting the old battle cry:

"Cameron! Cameron! to the rescue!" When he reached Uncle David he cried to him: "They are killing John Cameron in McCloskey's!"

(To be continued.)

STUNTS BY AN OLD CLOWN.

Cleverly Entertained His Fellow Sufferers in a Hospital.

Joseph Sheehan, formerly a clown and comic singer, to whom fate has dealt more than his share of misfortune, but who maintains a smiling exterior despite his ill luck, is confined to the prisoners' ward at the city hospital. His round countenance is disfigured because of a compound fracture of the jaw, but he is able to talk, though, as he puts it, the broken bone he cracked his voice. Yesterday his spirits reached the point of exuberance and he insisted on entertaining the inmates of his ward with an impromptu show, in which he was both support and star. A table served for a stage, and on it he sprung "gags" without number, did acrobatic "stunts" and exhibited feats of legdromain. His efforts brought forth great applause. After he had finished the hat was passed around, says the St. Louis Republic.

As none of the prisoners had a cent of money the result of the collection was rather ludicrous. It consisted of two slices of bread one piece of ham, a pocket knife with three blades missing, one needle, a half of a pocket handkerchief, a spool of thread and a dozen other trinkets. Sheehan was apparently more than satisfied with his profits and made an appropriate speech of thanks. After his epilogue, he allowed Guard Kelley to lock him up in his cell.

Sheehan has no home and has had none for twenty-five years.

"When my hat is on my house is shingled," says he, "and when my coat is buttoned my trunk is locked. This is the way I look at life. The fact is that since my wife and children died I have not cared much what became of me. I've just batted around from post to pillar, making my living by being a funny fellow. It hasn't been so 'funny,' though, to me."

The Banishment of Eve.

A small colony of men who are of the opinion that women are not necessary to their happiness are about to establish themselves in a salubrious and fertile corner of the State of New York and to rigorously exclude from their midst all women, both young and old. In this way they will find peace and avoid worry. Their friendships will be undisturbed, their minds will be untroubled, their work and their amusements will show no checks, and they seem to fancy that they will all be supremely happy. Of course, the scheme will end in dismal failure.

The cooks may be perfect, the Chinese laundrymen may wash and mend most satisfactorily, the domestic arrangements may be thoroughly carried out by male servants, but there is great consolation in the knowledge that man will not be satisfied all the time. He will miss being worried, he will miss having something at which to grumble.

More than all he will miss being admired and as the quality of men is even more insistent than that of woman, no man will be happy under such barren conditions.

Where He Should Have Been.

A clergyman not long since observed a horse jockey trying to take in a gentleman by imposing upon him a broken-winded horse for a sound one. The parson, taking the gentleman aside, told him to be cautious of the person he was dealing with. The gentleman declined the purchase and the jockey, quite nettled, observed: "Parson, I had much rather hear you preach than to see you privately interfering in bargains between man and man in this way." "Well," replied the parson, "if you had been where you ought to have been last Sunday you might have heard me preach." "Where was that?" inquired the jockey. "In the state prison," returned the clergyman.

Hint to Suburban Smokers.

"I seldom advise my patients to stop smoking, because I know it's a waste of breath to do so," remarked a suburban physician. "In many cases I do advise moderation in the use of the weed, and when a patient has a weak throat there is one thing that I positively insist upon, and that is that he shall not ride in the smoking cars attached to railroad trains. Breathing that atmosphere for half an hour will do a man more injury than smoking half a dozen cigars in the open air, or in a properly ventilated room that is not crowded with other smokers. Smoke if you must, I say, but steer clear of smoking cars."

An Old Fort in Florida.

The oldest fort in America is at St. Augustine, Fla. It was built by the Spanish over three centuries ago. It was for a long time used as a prison.

A few weeks spent in the average boarding house will convince almost any man that he ought to have a home of his own.

We have three kinds of people in the world; the wills, the won'ts and the can'ts.

The man who lives in a garret builds the most air castles.



The building trades of Chicago report much activity in the various branches of the industry.

The Retail Clerks' Union of San Francisco has been served with an injunction restraining it from boycotting firms that refuse to accede to the early closing movement.

The United Brewery Workers' Union in San Francisco unanimously adopted a resolution to levy a fine of \$5 on any member who is discovered patronizing a non-union shop or repairing establishment.

The brewery workers of Houston, Texas, have won the eight-hour workday in all branches of their trade. This is the first union of brewerymen having made this progressive demand and won it.

A satisfactory agreement has been reached between the Stove Foundrymen's Association and the Iron Molders' International Union. The agreement, signed by committees of the associations, provides for arbitration on all questions that is not embodied in the agreement, and the wage scale is the same as last year's.

Secretary Heenan, of the Painters' Union, reports substantial gains in that organization since the consolidation of the two branches has been brought about. Seventy-eight charters have been issued since that time, making a gain in members of 5,683. The total membership is 31,280, with \$13,603 in the treasury. New York leads, with 63 local unions, Illinois second. Chicago leads the country, with more than 3,000 members.

M. B. Hatchford, Commissioner of Labor Statistics in Ohio, has prepared a table of statistics showing a remarkable increase in the strength and influence of the labor unions of that State during the last year. Unions to the number of 936 reported, 300 having been organized within the year. There were 93 strikes of 23 days' average duration, and the average number involved in a strike was 110. Arbitration by the State board is favored by 413 unions, and arbitration by joint commissioners is favored by 355 unions. Thirty-three unions appealed for arbitration within the year and 165 have wage agreements; the unions reporting received from all sources during the year \$276,088.72, and paid out in benefits \$39,330.62. The balance on hand in the treasury of the unions June 30 last was \$136,696.88.

HE WORE RED UNDERWEAR.

This Shocked a Contractor's Wife and She Left Her Happy Home.

A Chicago music teacher sued for divorce because her artistic sense was shocked when her husband insisted on wearing red underwear. The trouble in the Zimmerman family, on Grand Boulevard, Chicago, is out, and the daughter of the house has revealed the cause. This is her story: "Papa persists in the reddest kind of underwear, and mamma can't bear that. Then, too, he will wear woolen socks (in winter), and mamma thinks that's awfully coarse. Another thing that embarrasses mamma is that instead of keeping a nice suit of clothes at the station and donning them when he gets off duty, he comes strolling down the street in full view of our aristocratic neighbors with his brass-buttoned uniform and conductor's cap on. Of course, our sweet social friends notice and remark sneeringly on this, and it just crushes mamma."



Papa Zimmerman is an Illinois Central conductor, and his wife—Mrs. Oollata—went to Europe six years ago and it is said to have spoiled her. The mother wanted the daughter educated for the stage. The father didn't. Separation. Mother and daughter went to live together elsewhere.

A Melancholy Wit.

That laughter is by no means an infallible symptom of a merry heart is proven by the story of Carlini, at one time the drollest buffoon on the Italian stage at Paris. A French physician, being consulted by one who was subject to the most gloomy fits of melancholy, advised his patient to frequent scenes of gaiety and particularly the Italian theater. "And," said he, "if Carlini does not dispel your gloom, your case must be desperate, indeed."

"Alas, sir," said the patient, "I am Carlini; while I divert all Paris with mirth, I myself, am actually dying of melancholy."

Requires Little Sleep.

The distinction among animals of requiring least sleep belongs to the elephant. In spite of his capacity for hard work the elephant seldom, if ever, sleeps more than four, or occasionally five, hours.

Sign of Pretension.

"Those folks in the next flat are awfully pretentious."

"Are they?"

"Yes. She sends her visiting card over—two middle names on it—when she wants to borrow butter."—Puck.

Books Published in Germany.

In Germany, 24,702 books were published in 1900, an increase over 1896 of 1,070. The largest increase was in educational works, the smallest in books of a war and military matters.

Why He Drinks Champagne.

"Drinking champagne, eh? You used to be satisfied with claret." "I know, but my rich aunt, who died recently, left me—"

"Oh, I see. Left you a lot of money."

"Not only that, but made me promise not to 'look on the wine when it is red.'"

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure. J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Avenue, N. Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 5, 1906.

Her Love Explained.

He—"If you did not love me, why did you encourage me?"

She—"I? Encourage you?"

He—"For two seasons you have accepted every one of my invitations to the theatre, etc."

She—"That was not because I loved you; it was because I loved the theatre."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box 25c.

From Indiana.

The young lady with the green-threaded coat and Devonshire hat was interested in looking over books in McClurg's.

"Where is 'The gentleman from Indiana'?" she asked of the new clerk—he of the auburn hair flowing from the middle.

"Why, I used to live in Indiana, m'r'dam," said he, with a conscious blush even redder than his hair.—Chicago Record Herald.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen Feet, and Sore Feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Anticipatory Action.

"Hiram, I am considering a proposal of marriage, and, as you have been coming to see me for nearly six years, I thought it would be no more than right to tell you of it."

"Why, Bella, I—I have always wanted to ask you myself."

"Why haven't you done it?"

"I—I haven't dared to. Will you marry me, Bella?"

"Yes."

"You dear girl!" (Pause, properly filled up.) "Tell me, now, Bella, whose proposal of marriage were you considering?"

"Yours, Hiram."

Where the Money Came From.

Stranger—"Whose place is that over there?"

Native—"That's the new mansion of one of our wealthy sugar refiners."

Stranger—"Ah! another house built upon sand."

Native—"Say, rather, on the rocks that he made out of sand."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Out of an Engagement.

Tramp—"Please, mum, would you mind helpin' a reduced professional gentleman wot cant git engagements this tim' o' year?"

Farmer's Wife—"Hug! Professional gentleman, are you?"

Tramp—"Yes, mum, I'm a professional scarecrow, mum."

She Couldn't Be.

Miss Peart—"Did you ever look at yourself in the glass when you were angry?"

Rival Belle—"No; I'm never angry when I look in the glass."

Better Than "Christian Science."

Jettmore, Kans., July 1st.—Mrs. Anna Jones Freeman, daughter of Mr. G. G. Jones of Burdett, and one of the most popular ladies in Hodgeman County has been a martyr to headache for years. It has made her life a continual misery to her. She suffered pains in the small of the back, and had every symptom of Kidney and Urinary Trouble.

To-day she is well as any lady in the State.

This remarkable change was due entirely to a remedy recently introduced here. It is called Dodd's Kidney Pills, and many people claim it to be an infallible cure for Kidney Diseases, Rheumatism and Heart Trouble.

Mrs. Freeman heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and almost with the first dose, she grew better. In a week, her head aches and other pains had gone, and she had left behind her all her illness and days of misery.

A medicine that can do for any one what Dodd's Kidney Pills have done for this lady is very soon to be universally used, and already the demand for these pills has increased wonderfully in Pawnee and Hodgeman Counties, where the particulars of Mrs. Freeman's case and its cure are known.

The rock of Gibraltar has four huge reservoirs capable of holding five million gallons of water.

EXCURSION RATES
To Western Canada and
returning to New York
via the Great Northern
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and September. For
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General Agent at
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