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GERMINAL,

Or, the Story of a Great Miners' Strike.

BY EMILE ZOLA.

Translated from the French.

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Anton Lantier, a young mechanic out of work, reaches the coal mines of Monston, France, cold, hungry and penniless. The death of a miner makes a vacancy and he secures employment in the Vulture mine. Maheu, one of the miners, and his daughter Catherine, explain the work to him and assist him the first day. He hears the mutterings of the miners against the company and threats of a strike. The actions of the superintendent and the small wages received goad the workmen to the verge of desperation and paved the way to the coming struggle. Maheu again befriends Anton, and secures lodgings for him at Rassaneur's, a tippling house near the mine. Anton's determination to leave is overcome by the kindness of the struggling miners, and he decides to battle with them. The owners of the mines revel in luxury, and turn a deaf ear to the appeals of the starving families of the workmen, who, in debt for food obtained during a strike three years previous, are barely able to secure sufficient food to sustain life. The fact that the miners worldly condition grew worse from year to year made them susceptible to the teachings of reformers. Anton had employed his spare hours in studying the question of labor in all its bearings and toward the end of summer had thoroughly mastered it and had also won over scores of the miners to his ideas. He soon became the leader of an organization that promised to change the existing order and make the miners masters instead of slaves.

CHAPTER XVII.

That Monday the Gregorys with their daughter Cecile, were to lunch with the the Hennebeaus. After leaving the table, Paul Megrel had intended taking the ladies to visit the Saint-Thomas, a newly fitted up mine; although this visit was merely a pretense of Mme. Hennebeau's to hasten the marriage of Paul and Cecile.

That same Monday, at four o'clock in the morning, the strike had begun. On the first of December, when the company had put into execution its new system of salary, the miners had remained calm. At the end of fifteen days, on pay day, no one had made the least opposition. Every one, from the director to the overseer, thought the tariff had been accepted, and the surprise was great that morning, before the declaration of war, which seemed so general and in such perfect control that it indicated an energetic director.

At five o'clock Dansaert woke M. Hennebeau, informing him that not one man had gone down in the Vulture. In the alley of the Deux-Cent-Quarante, which he had passed, every one was sleeping with windows and doors closed. As soon as the director had leaped from his bed, his eyes half closed with sleep, he was overwhelmed with business—messengers running, dispatches falling on his bureau as thick as hail. At first he hoped that the revolt had limited itself to the Vulture. But the news became more serious each moment. It had extended to Crevecœur, Mirou, la Madeleine, where only the stablemen had appeared, the Victorie and Feutry-Cantel—the two best disciplined mines, where only a third of the workmen had descened; Saint Thomas alone was all right, and seemed to keep out of the movement. Until nine o'clock he dictated dispatches, telegraphing on all sides, to the prefect at Lille, to the companies' managers, informing the authorities, asking for orders. He sent Megrel to make a tour of the neighboring mines and gain some precise information.

All at once Mr. Hennebeau thought of the breakfast, and he was going to send the coachman to inform the Gregorys that the affair was postponed, when he suddenly thought of his wife. He ascended to Mrs. Hennebeau's apartments, where a maid was dressing her hair.

"So they have struck," she said quietly when he had told her. "Well! what difference does that make to us? We are not compelled to stop eating, are we?"

She became stubborn when he told her the breakfast could not take place and the visit to Saint Thomas must be put off. She found an answer to all. Why lose a breakfast already on the fire? and as for the visit to the mine, they could give it up afterward, if it was found to be imprudent.

"Moreover," she resumed when the maid had left the room, "You know why I am anxious to see those good people. You ought to take more interest in that marriage than the stupidities of your workmen. Besides, I want it, so do not contradict me."

He looked at her in silence, and over his hard face passed the secret pain of a bruised heart. Then he moved toward the door.

"Very well", said he; "we will not countermand anything."

Mr. Hennebeau was born in the Ardennes. He had the difficult beginning of a poor boy thrown an orphan in the streets of Paris. After having slowly gone through the courses of a miners' school, he had, at twenty-four, started for Grand' Combe, as engineer of the mine Sainte-Barbe.

Three years later he became a divisionary engineer at Pas-de-Calais, in the mines of Warles; and it was there that he married the daughter of a rich mine owner of Arras. For fifteen years the couple lived in the same little provincial town, without an event to break the monotony of their life, not even the birth of a child. A growing irritation came upon Mrs. Hennebeau, who, brought up to respect money, held a great disdain for that husband who had but an ordinary salary, from which she could not derive the luxury wished for. He, a strictly honest man, would not speculate, keeping at his station like a soldier. The coldness had begun from this, and was aggravated by one of those singular misunderstandings which so often come between those who are tied to each other. Then, she having besome entangled in a love affair, he decided to leave Pas-de-Calais and go to Paris, thinking she would be grateful to him. But Paris had finished the separation; that Paris of which she had dreamed since her first ball, and where she had become accustomed in eight days to fashionable life, throwing herself into all the foolish luxuries of the time. The ten years that she passed there were filled with a great passion, a public liason. That time the husband could not pretend ignorance, but he was forced, after numerous quarrels, to become resigned, disarmed by the quiet unconsciousness of that woman who took happiness where she found it. It was after the rupture, when he had seen her sick with chagrin, that he accepted the directorship of the Montson mines, hoping when down in that desert of black countries he could teach her to do right.

In the three years that they had lived in Monston, she fell back into the irritable weariness of the first years of married life. At first, she appeared solaced by that great calm, soothed by the flat monotony of that immense plain; and she settled down like a worn-out woman; she affected to have a dead heart—so detached from all, that she did not even worry over her increasing flesh. Then under that indifference a fever declared itself, a wish to live again, that she amused herself for six months by furnishing to her taste the little house in which they lived. She declared it odious; she filled it with tapestry, ornaments, and all the luxury of art, until it was the most beautiful place between there and Lille. Now the country exasperated her, those endless beet fields and eternal black roads with no shade of tree swarming with a frightful population which disgusted and frightened her. The cries of the exile were commencing. She accused her husband of having sacrificed her for the appointment of forty thousand francs, which was scarcely enough to keep house on. Why did he not imitate others, demand a part, and finally succeed in something? and she insisted with the cruelty of a woman who had brought her husband a fortune. He always took refuge in a cold demeanor, through which the suffering of a tender nature dying in silence occasionally shone out. At the end of x months, when the house was all furnished and occupied no more of Mme. Hennebeau's time, she again fell into a great weariness, from which she would have been glad to escape by death.

At that time Paul Megrel arrived at Montson. His mother, the widow of a captain, living at Avignon, having a small income, had lived on bread and water to educate him at the polytechnical school, from which he had gone forth poorly ranked, and his uncle, M. Hennebeau, offered him the position of engineer at the Vulture. From that time forward he was treated as one of the family, and as he lived with his uncle he was able to send his mother half of his salary of three thousand francs. To disguise that beneficence, Mr. Hennebeau pretended he needed the small house set apart for the engineer of the Vulture, and also said it would have been too lonely for the young man to live there all alone. Mrs. Hennebeau took the part of an aunt toward him, looking after his personal comforts. The first months she was quite motherly, always ready with advice on every subject. That intelligent boy amused her, and she at once looked about for a wealthy girl to whom she could marry him.

Two years had gone by, when one day Mrs. Hennebeau told her husband she had settled upon Cecile Gregory as the wife for their nephew.

When he had descended from his wife's rooms, Mr. Hennebeau encountered Paul in the vestibule. The latter seemed to be enlivened by the strike, his eyes were bright and his voice loud.

"Well," said his uncle.

"I've gone through all the alleys. They seem very quiet. They wish to send you some delegates."

At that moment Mrs. Hennebeau called from the head of the stairs:

"Is that you, Paul? Come up and tell me the news. These men who are so happy are crazy to make beggars of themselves."

And the husband was forced to wait to learn more until the young man had told his story to Mrs. Hennebeau; and returning to his office, he sat down before a desk on which a pile of telegrams was already collected.

At eleven o'clock, when the Gregorys arrived, they were astonished to see the valet de chambre, on admitting them, cast uneasy glances up and down the road. The curtains in the salon were drawn tight, and they were immediately shown into Mr. Hennebeau's office, who excused himself from receiving them in this manner; but the salon opened upon the street, and it was useless to provoke the people more.

"Have you not heard?" said he, seeing them surprised.

When Mr. Gregory learned that the strike had broken out at last, he shrugged his shoulders with a placid air. Bah! that would be nothing. With a nod, Mme. Gregory approved of what her husband had said, while Cecile, very gay, looking quite pretty in a toilet of blue cloth, smiled at the word strike, which to her only meant a distribution of alms in the alley.

But Mme. Hennebeau appeared, dressed in black silk and followed by Megrel.

"Well, is not this tiresome!" cried she from the door. "These men might have expected it, though. Do you know that Paul refuses to take us to Saint-Thomas?"

"We can remain here," said Mr. Gregory, obligingly. "That will be just as pleasant."

Paul shook hands with Cecile and her mother.

When Mme. Hennebeau heard the two young people laughing together, she threw on them a maternal glance.

Meanwhile Mr. Hennebeau had finished reading some dispatches, and was writing the replies. They were all talking around him; his wife was explaining that she had done nothing to that workroom, which had kept its old red paper, its heavy mahogany furniture scratched by use.

Three-quarters of an hour passed; they were just going in to sit down to the table when Mr. Deneulin was announced. The latter entered quickly, in great excitement, and bowed before Mme. Hennebeau.

"Why! Are you here?" said he, on perceiving the Gregorys. Then he began talking with the director.

"They have done it, have they? My engineer told me of it this morning. But you know the strike may extend. I am uneasy. I want to know what you think of it."

His tongue ran as fast as a horse, his uneasiness betraying itself in the high tone of voice and commanding gestures, which made him resemble a retired cavalry officer.

Mr. Hennebeau commenced to lay before him the exact situation, when the valet de chambre opened the dining-room door.

"Stay and lunch with us," said the director. "I will finish telling of it at desert."

"Yes, if it will please you," replied Deneulin, so full of the affair that he accepted the invitation without other form.

But, conscious of his impoliteness, he turned toward Mrs. Hennebeau with an apology. She, however, was charming, and ordering a seventh cover she seated her guests. Mrs. Gregory and Cecile at each side of her husband, Mr. Gregory and Mr. Deneulin at her right and left, and Paul between the young girl and her father. Then, when the first course was served, she resumed with a smile:

"You will excuse me. I wanted to have some oysters. You know they arrive at Marchiennes on Mondays. I proposed that my cook should take the carriage and go for some, but he was afraid of being stoned."

They all laughed, thinking that funny.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Hennebeau, looking at the windows from which he could see the road. "It is useless to make known to the whole country that we have guests this morning."

"I hope they will allow us to lunch," said Mr. Gregory.

Laughs again broke forth. Every guest was at his ease in that room full of flaming tapestries and furnished with carved oak. Pieces of silverware shone on the buffet, while around the room were numbers of palm trees in majolica pots. It was a freezing cold December day, over which swept a piercing wind from the northeast. But not a breath entered this warm house, throughout which was the delicate odor of burning pine.

"Suppose we close the curtains," said Megrel, who was amused at the thought of frightening the Gregorys.

The maid was called and sent to fasten them. Then one joke followed another; they would no longer put down a glass or fork without the greatest precaution; they saluted each plate like a waif escaped from the pillaging of a conquered city; but behind that forced gaiety was a secret fear which betrayed itself in involuntary glances thrown towards the road as if a band of people, dying of hunger, watched the table from the outside.

After the poached eggs and truffles, came some brook trout. The conversation had fallen upon the industrial crisis which had been increasing for eighteen months.

"The prosperity of the former years was too great," said Deneulin. "Think of the enormous capital motionless, of the railroads, the posts, the canals; of all the money sunk in most foolish speculations. Look here with us, at the sugar manufactories, built here, as if the best fields would give three crops. And to-day money is scarce, and it will be necessary to wait until they recover the interest on the millions put out. This is what has caused the stagnation in business."

Mr. Hennebeau contended against that theory; but he was obliged to admit that the prosperous years had corrupted the workmen.

"Just think," cried he, "those people in our mines made as much as six francs a day, just double what they earn at present. And they lived well—almost luxuriously. To-day, naturally it seems hard to return to their old frugality."

"Monsieur Gregory," interrupted Mr. Hennebeau, "I beg you take a few more trout. They are delicious, are they not?"

The director continued.

"But I ask you, is that our fault? We are cruelly wronged also. Since the shops shut up one after the other we have had the devil's luck to get rid of our stock, and in the face of all this we are forced to cut down everywhere. But the workmen will not comprehend."

Silence fell. One servant was bringing in some roast partridges, while another poured out the chambertin.

"There is a famine in India," resumed Deneulin, in a low voice, as though talking to himself. "America, in stopping its orders for iron and brass, has given a heavy blow to our furnaces; a shock heavy enough to shake the world. And the empire was so proud of that industry."

He attacked a piece of partridge. Then, raising his voice:

"The worst of it is that, to lower expenses, it would be necessary to produce more; otherwise the blow will fall upon the salaries, and the workman is right when he says that he pays for the broken pitchers."

That acknowledgment raised a discussion. The ladies were not interested. Each one, however, occupied herself with the plate before her. As the servant entered he seemed to wish to speak, then he hesitated.

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Hennebeau. "If you have any dispatches give them to me. I expect some answers."

"No, monsieur; M. Dansaert is here. But he fears to disturb you."

The director excused himself and called the superintendent in. The latter remained standing a few feet from the table, while they all turned to look at the enormous man, out of breath with the news which he had hastened to bring. The alleys were quiet, but it was decided that a delegation should wait on M. Hennebeau. Perhaps it would be there in a few minutes.

"Very well, thank you," said Mr. Hennebeau. "I wish a morning and evening report from you, do you understand?"

And, when Dansaert was gone, the laughter commenced again; they flew at the Russian salad, declaring that if they wished to finish it they must hasten themselves. The fun was increased when Megrel asked the servant for some bread and she replied, "Yes, monsieur," in so low and terrified a voice that she must have thought she had behind her a troop ready for slaughter.

"You can talk," said Mrs. Hennebeau complacently. "They are not here yet."

The director, who had just been handed a bundle of letters and telegrams, wished to read one of the letters aloud. It was from Peters, where in respectful sentences he informed them he was forced to strike with his comrades to save being badly treated, and he added that he was obliged to be one of the delegation though he was against that step.

"Well, he is a good one," cried Mr. Hennebeau.

Then returning to the strike, they asked his opinion.

"Oh!" answered he, "this is not the first one. It will be like all the rest, end after fifteen days of idleness. They will roam around the saloons; then when they are too shaggy will return to the mine."

Deneulin shook his head, saying:

"I am not so easy this time, they appear better organized. Have they not a saving fund?"

"Yes, scarcely three thousand francs; what can they do with that? I suspect a man named Anton of being their chief. He is a good workman; I shall be provoked if I am obliged to discharge him as I did the famous Rasseneur, who still continues to poison the Vulture with his ideas and his beer. In eight days half of the men will desert and in fifteen the ten thousand will all be at the bottom."

He was convinced, though keeping an unavowed fear before the calm and discipline of the miners. His greatest uneasiness came from the possible disgrace which would fall on him if the owners held him responsible for the strike. For some time he had felt himself less in favor. And putting back on his plate the spoonful of Russian salad he had taken up, he re-read the replies he had received from Paris, each word of which he tried to weigh. They excused him, the repast had turned into a military lunch, taken upon the field of battle, before the first shot.

Then the ladies took part in the conversation. Madame Gregory pitied those poor people who would starve of hunger, while Cecile already thought of carrying bread to them. But Mrs. Hennebeau became angry at any one speaking of the the misery of the coal men at Monston. Were they not happy? Warmed, lodged and cared for at the expense of the company? In her indifference for these people, she had forgotted all save the lesson learned to astonish the Parisans who visited her. And she had at last come to believe her own tales; she was indignant at the ingratitude of the people.

Megrel was still trying to frighten Mr. Gregory. Cecile did not displease him, and to satisfy his aunt he wished to marry her; but that inexperienced boy had no love for the girl. He pretended to be a republican, although that did not prevent him from ruling his workmen with the most extreme rigor.

"I do not think with my uncle," he resumed. "I fear some grave ending to this. So, Mr. Gregory, I warn you to watch your house. They may try to rob you."

Just then, with a smiling face, Mr. Gregory was speaking of the miners in a fatherly tone.

"To rob me," cried he in amazement. "And why to rob me?"

"Are not you a stockholder of Montson? You do nothing. You live from the work of others. Thus, you are the chief, and that is sufficient. Believe me, if the social revolution was to triumph, it would compel you to return your fortune as stolen money."

Suddenly he lost that child-like calmness, the unconscious serenity of manner. He stammered:

"Stolen money, my fortune! Did not my great-grandfather work hard for the first sum put in the mine? Have we not run all the risks of the enterprise? Do I make a bad use of the income?"

Madame Hennebeau, alarmed at seeing the mother and daughter also filled with fear, hastened to interfere, saying:

"Paul is only joking."

But Mr Gregory was beside himself. When the servant passed a dish of crawfish he took three, without knowing what he was doing, and began to eat them.

"Ah! I do not say there are no stockholders who abuse their fortunes. For example, I have been told that some ministers have received some of the Monston stock for services rendered the company. That is like a great nobleman, whom I shall not name, a duke, and one of our heaviest holders of stock, whose life is a scandal of prodigality. But we who live quietly, like the good people which we are, we who never speculate, who content ourselves with living comfortably on that which we have and giving a part to the poor. Why, your workmen would be robbers to steal from us."

Megrel tried to calm him while still laughing at his rage. The crawfish were still passing into his mouth, while one one could hear the shells crack. The conversation scettled back on politics. In spite of all, still trembling, Mr. Gregory said he was a liberal; and he regretted Louis Philippe; As for Deneulin, he was for a strong government; he declared that the emperor had slipped on the inclination of the lamented concessions.

"Do you remember '89," said he. "It was the nobility who rendered the revolution possible by its complicity, by its taste for philosophic novelties. Well! the aristocracy of to-day are playing the same foolish game, with its madness for liberalism, its rage for destruction, its flatteries of the people. Yes, yes, you sharpen the monster's teeth so that he can eat us up. And he will eat us, too."

The ladies made him be silent, and changed the conversation by asking him about his daughters. He spoke of them: Lacie was at Marchiennes, where she was singing with a friend; Jeanne had commenced the head of an old beggar. But he spoke of these things with an absent air; he had not taken his eyes from the director, who, absorbed in the reading of his telegrams, had forgotten his guests. Behind those thin leaves he seemed to perceive Paris—the orders of the managers who were going to decide the strike. Therefore he could not keep from the subject which so deeply interested him.

"After all, what will you do?" he asked suddenly.

Mr. Hennebeau trembled. He answered in a vague manner:

"We will see."

"Well, you have some capital back and can afford to wait," said Deneulin, thinking aloud. "But I will be lost if the strike reaches Vandame. I have just been to the expense of fitting up Jean-Bart, and I must have a constant production to get along."

That involuntary confession seemed to interest Mr. Deneulin. He listened, and a plan was formed. In case the strike was a bad one, he could let it run on until his neighbor was ruined, then purchase his mines at a low price. It was the most sure means to get himself in the good graces of the Montson owners, who for some years had longed to possess Vandame.

"If Jean-Bart is so much annoyance to you as that," said he laughing, "why do you not let us have it?"

But Deneulin had already regretted his complaints. He cried: "Never, as long as I live."

They laughed at his earnestness, and, for a moment, as the dessert appeared, the strike was forgotten. The ladies spoke about a receipt for the meringuee which they thought delicious, and the pine apple was declared equally good. The cheese and fruit, consisting of grapes and pears, brought to an end that exquisite lunch. They were all talking at the same time as the servant poured out the Rhine wine, used in place of champagne, which was considered common.

At that dessert the marriage of Paul and Cecile took a step forward. His aunt had cast such pressing looks on the young man that he became very agreeable to the Gregorys, whom he had frightened almost to death by his tales of plunder.

The servant had just brought the coffee as a maid entered filled with fright.

"Monsieur; monsieur, they are here."

It was the delegation.

"Show them into the salon," said Mr. Hennebeau.

For an instant the guests around the table looked uneasily at each other, then the jokes were resumed. One pretended to put the remainder of the sugar in his pocket, while they laughingly spoke of hiding the silver. But the director remained serious, and the smiles died away on their faces, while voices were lowered as the heavy steps of the delegates were heard in the next room.

Mrs. Hennebeau said to her husband in a low voice:

"You will drink your coffee, will you not?"

"Certainly," replied he. "Let them wait."

He was nervous, listening at the least noise, though pretending to be occupied with his coffee.

Paul and Cecile rose from the table. Choking with laughter she placed her eye to the key-hole while he softly whispered:

"Do you see them?"

"Yes, I see a big one and two little ones behind him."

"Have they not abominable faces?"

"Why no, they are very good looking."

Suddenly Mr. Hennebeau left his chair, saying his coffee was too warm, he would drink it afterwards. As he was going out he put his finger to his mouth as if to say be silent. They had all seated themselves again, remaining at the table in silence, not daring to move, listening to that which was going on in the next room, uneasy at the loud voices of those men.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE THANKS OF MANY THOUSAND INVALID mothers, worn out with caring for cross and sickly children, have been and will be returned, for the relief and sweet sleep which they and their babies have all received from Dr. Richmond's Samaritan Nervine. $1.50 at druggists.

An engineer on the Northwestern road named Reed was killed at Guernsey, Fowlesheik county, by his engine becoming derailed.

A PRESENT FOR G. W. CHILDS.

The International Typographical Union Pays Him Handsomely for His Courtesy.

At the late session of the International Typographical Union, held in the city of New York last June, an invitation was extended to the delegates and friends to visit the Public Ledger office in Philadelphia, of which George W. Childs is the proprietor. A special train was provided by Mr. Childs, and the entire party, to the number of about two hundred, were taken to the Quaker City, where they were handsomely entertained, and returned to New York free of all expenses. In return for the compliment thus conferred, a committee consisting of M. B. McAbee, S. McNamara and M. L. Crawford, was appointed to prepare suitably engrossed resolutions. After mature deliberation the committee decided to have their own art speak for them, and as a result of their labors the work is now ready for inspection. The resolution proper is printed in plain black ink, on handsomely tinted lavender satin. The headlines are artistically executed, being relieved by neat flourishes, and the preamble begins with an ornamental W, the trailing end of which is filagee work. The text is printed with two-line centennial script. In the lower left-hand corner is the seal of the I. T. U., and on the right the names of the committee. Mounted in the center is a reduced photo-engraving of the first page of the Public Ledger of the issue of June 7, the paper containing the account of the entertainment. This engraving is printed on white satin, the edges of which are beveled. The frame is unique. It is six inches wide and is covered with a beautiful shad of silk plush of a deep heliotrope color, on which are strung two rows of oxydized silver pearls, and in the center of which is set a chased green and gilt molding, the whole being fastened at the corners by a silver clasp and screws. The testimonial, as a whole, is a handsome affair, and reflects great credit upon the committee, who are certainly skilled in the art preservative of arts."

Purify your blood, tone up the system, and regulate the digestive organs by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists.

THE MARQUIS DE MORES.

His Acquittal for the Killing of a Dakota Cowboy.

Interesting Sketch of the Plucky, Enterprising and Wealthy Frenchman—His Vast Estate in Dakota.

A correspondent of the Cleveland Leader who has recently been visiting northwestern Dakota gives the following interesting sketch of Medora and its founder who has recently been acquitted of the charge of murder. I found that Medora was a beautifully-laid out town in the very heart of the famour Dakota Bad Lands, on the banks of the treacherous little Missouri river, (called treacherous by reason of the ever shifting quicksands which form the bed of that erratic stream,) the home of the typical western cowboy, and the headquarters of that enterprisint young Frenchman, the Marquis de Mores. There were plenty of cowboys on every side, some of them riding bucking little bronchos like mad up and down the streets and over the prairie; but the marquis, the distinguished scholar, gentleman, missionaire, and cowboy whom I desired to meet above all others, I learned was languishing a prisoner in the Bismarck jail,

ON TRIAL FOR HIS LIFE

for murder, But before speaking of the marquis personally, I want to say a word or two about his works, which rise up and speak for themselves on every side, and are to be seen on every hand in this beautiful little frontier town nestled down among the wild wonderful bad lands of Dakota. Medora is a town of a little more than one thousand inhabitants, has a fine hotel, a weekly paper, and a church. Soon after the foundation of his embryo city, the marquis conceived the idea of supplying the larger Montana cities with their own beef without the intervention of the Chicago butchers. He began by calling his enterprise the Northern Pacific Refrigerating company, and it was a cold day among the Chicago slaughter houses when he began. Hotels in Fargo, Jamestown, Bismarck, Miles City, Billings, Livingstone and Helena, with fine young Montana cattle right at their doors, were paying 35 and 40 cents for Chicago steaks. The reason for this absurdity was that no one could buy cattle in any of the above towns in less than car lead lots. Steers were shipped on the hoos direct from the range to Chicago, there slaughtered, and the dressed meat then shipped back in the form of choice Montana beef. His first intention was no doubt to simply raise cattle and sell them as other people did, but when he saw every day a big train load of live cattle going out of the country to be slaughtered, and then a big train load of dressed beef coming in to be sold, it occurred to him that a screw was loose somewhere, and he set himself working to tighten it. He therefore established abattoirs along the line of the Northern Pacific railroad where stockmen could drive their cattle in easily from the ranges.

TO COMPLETE THE SYSTEM

he proposed to erect in every town where the beef demand warranted it, refrigerating cars plying between slaughter houses and distributing points, furnishing consumers with fresh meat regularly at prices 50 per cent lower than by the old way. The above plan he has successfully carried into execution. De Mores now owns a dozen large ranches all through the Northwestern country, has built abattoirs at Medora, Billings, Miles City, and Helena; refrigerators at Portland, St. Paul, Brainerd, Duluth, and Fargo, all of which are in full operation, and has in course of construction other buildings at Granger, Mandan, and Winnipeg. Here in Medora is perhaps the largest beef slaughtering establishment in the world. The present capacity for slaughtering is between 200 and 300 beeves a day, which are shipped in refrigerator cars to Chicago and the Pacific coast. A large slaughter-house is also to be built at the Minnesota transfer in Minneapolis. The house at the transfer will be one of the largest in the system, as it will be the depot for all winter shipments, and a major share of those during the summer.

The Medora packing house has a capacity for cooling over 700 beeves a day, which, for size and completeness of appointments, eclipses anything of the kind on the continent. To go back to De Mores himself, he is a wonderful man in more ways than one, and deserves better treatment from the community he calls his home than he has been receiving from them. The Marquis de Mores first landed on our shores in August, 1882, in the city of New York. Before long he became attracted by the stories of the new country along the line of the Northern Pacific railroad in Dakota and Montana, and soon afterward he came out in person to investigate for himself. With a sombrero on his head, a red shirt on his back, corduroy trousers tucked into very long-legged boots, and with plenty of silver-mounted jewelry in his belt, which were a sight more dangerous than they looked, he pursued his investigations (mostly on horseback), and at last decided to found a city. He bought

SIX SQUARE MILES OF LAND

where the Northern Pacific railroad crosses the Little Missouri river, in the very worst spot on the North American continent—so many wise men said—in the midst of bad lands and extinct volcanoes, a country always shunned by the red men, and said by people who knew all about it, to be unfit for agriculture, grazing, or anything else.

Notwithstanding the warnings and predictions of disaster, which were gratuitously poured in from all sides for his benefit, the Marquis went right on with his work he had mapped out, and on April 1, 1883 (many said it was a fool's undertaking and in perfect keeping with the day) pitched, unaided, a tent on the banks of the Little Muddy which was the commencement of building operations in what was to be the future metropolis of the west. When the last peg was driven which held the canvas house in position, he broke a bottle of wine over the iron tent pins, and christened the embryo city Medora, in honor of his wife, the Marquise de Mores.

He announced his intention of going largely into the sheep and cattle business built a shanty, which he furnished luxuriously for his wife who was to be his partner in his wild western life, secured large fracts of government land and bought herds of cattle. At first the herds of the Bad Lands looked upon him as an adventurous crank, who would leave the country after he had secured a few hunting trophies to carry back to Paris, but they have had good reason since to change their minds.

AND THEN THEY HATED.

It took the best part of the first year to convince the people that De Mores was a sane man, with plenty of capital and an object in view which he was determined to accomplish. It needs no argument now to prove that the young man was right from the beginning. A shrewd business man as well as a good judge of human character, he has won the respect of his western neighbors by a rare exhibition of pluck and nerve, and has built up a successful business of such magnitude that there never has been nor is there anything of the kind to equal it in the whole civilized world. His trouble with his western neighbors no doubt arose from the fact that he had refused to purchase the land which certain persons in New York City had offered for sale, thinking that he was a well plumed bird that ought to be plucked and could be easily swindled. The land did not belong to them, which fact fortunately was discovered by De Mores just before the sale was consummated. In revenge the dishonest speculators vowed that they would

MAKE IT HOT FOR HIM.

The Marquis then purchased a large tract of land in Montana (about 50,000 acres) which took in the three principal trails through which the cattle were driven to the east, south and southwest. It is said that the cowboys in the neighborhood were set against the marquis by agents of the New York people; for they began to shoot the Frenchman's cattle by wholesale, and menace his herders when off or on duty. Appeals to the sheriff proved useless, so finding himself in a bad fix, the marquis determined to stop the trouble himself. About this time De Mores was elected to the executive committee of the Dakota and Montana Cattlemen's association, and upon his shoulders fell the lot of keeping order and repressing horse stealing in the Bad Lands country. Naturally in so doing he made many enemies, for in six months he was shot at by an unseen person no less than eighteen times. His most bitter enemies were a man named Mitchell, and an old buffalo hunter named Luffrey. It is for the killing of this last named individual that the marquis is now undergoing trial at Bismarck. One day while accompanied by one of his best men, an honest, upright fellow named Paddock, he happened to be riding across the prairie, and near a spot where a gang of roughs were assembled.

The two men were fired upon, when Paddock and the marquis both returned the fire at the same moment, and th ringleader of the gang

FELL IN HIS TRACKS

with a bullet through his heart. Another of the band was badly wounded, while the rest turned their horces and hastily rode away. The Frenchman was very popular after this little incident, as his marksm