IN THE DAY OF WORK.

BY CLINTON ROSS.

(Copyright, 1900, by the Author,) new superintendent was tired out. For the that county had regard for his own bones

The men were out in the steel mills and half-sympathized with the rioters. they were as rough and mixed a lot as you

The new superintendent had started in as one of the steel workers, and had mastored his trade so well that now with little previous mechanical training Delafield had thought him the man for the position at Otranto. The cause of the trouble had been due in a great measure to the old superintendent's, Billings, lack of tact, and Delafield, who had watened Denby from the first had considered him the man-

For three years he had worked among the men-knew them from A to Z, and had gone his way up mastering details. He did not seem to have a vice or a failing. though when he had appeared at Otranto he was a sorry enough fellow. He had brought a letter from Bronson, himself one of the principal directors, recommending him to Delafield's good graces.

"I don't want any favoritism on account of Mr. Bronson's letter," he had said, "All I want is a chance to begin in the millsat the very lowest rung of the ladder. I am strong enough, or shall be when I am

Delafield had looked him over, putting him down as a man who had gone to can have what you want. Now, I say, back him. Annie's brothers, once his warment in the Philippines and the Transvant." pieces, and thinking that he would wear But he did not wear out, and Delafield, watching him curiously, had seen him day by day, his face growing strong, his slight, compact, muscular figure gaining grace, that rough clothes could not hide. He was a gentleman, certainly, Delafield de-But he had no mail, no one inquired for him; whether his real name were Denby or not nobody knew. He never accepted Delafield's invitation to dine-that came after a year. He was a curious, isolated figure, with, directly the manager saw, the power to command men. The engineers, with their mechanical school experience, men who brought a touch of the city of Otrando, some men from the sophisticated world, too, began to defer to him: and Delafield, watchful of everything, saw it all. Directly he was advising with this man of 30, of whose past he knew so little, but who was certainly an educated man. Once his curiosity led him to ask the had

"You are a connection of Mr. Bronson's?" "No."

"Or, excuse me, won't you? You were Bent here to learn the business." "I came here because I had to have work That was all. My matters are of no consequence to anyone."

asked no questions when Denby had ap-

But Delafield still had a private theory that this was some one from the powers who might suddenly develop into a director, and, outside of his admiration for Denby's pluck and aptitude, he gave him further deference. But Denby required nothing; nor books, save those bearing on his trade; nor companionsbfp; only his thoughts and his work, for which he had a Berserker rage. And now, after three years, during which he had no stirred from Otranto, he was the new super-

Otranto is twenty miles from Byfield. has 5,000 miners and steel workers. There stroy. is no one else there, save the local merchants and the grog shop keepers; nothing but the high, desolate hills that Denby had

grown to like. Now, after this hard on his desk in the superintendent's office sorry-heart sorry-that you give me no Fifteen hundred of the steel alternative.

scarcely slept. him on the shoulder.

"They are out there-everywhere-swarm-

a high forehead, wheeled about.

"Well, Lynch, what's the matter now?" Lynch shuffled from side to side, his burly

hands bulging his pockets. "I am not for burnin' and pullin' to pieces. It can't do no good."

"Only hurt yourselves, of course. But you made us fight-to keep you from your-

scives.

"You have worked among us." "I work among you now."

"But for the company." "So do you, Lynch. Well, what is it?"

"I have been talkin' this among the men, "I ought to know that."

'And they are madder about the sheriff nd madder about the soldiers. Why, if it hadn't been for you-

'Don't mind me. "If it hadn't been because many knew you

over your heads long ago."

pose, if they had anywhere else to put their of this at the moment, families," Denby remarked. "Yes," said Lynch, with a grim smile

"they would. But now it's come to the pass taking him to his mother's" where they can't be held back-nothin' can hold them back. Those of us that has stood Quick."

up can't any longer." know-they are only trying to starve them- ing at him in sullen surprise. On the bed selves. They can't hold out."

"Of course not, but that 'mounts to nothin' when their blood's up."

"I know, but I want to talk to them." 'They would heave rocks at you now."

"Radford is the worst, of course?" Yes, sorr.

"I am going out to speak to them."

"I wouldn't," said Lynch.

said the sheriff. men-with a lot of guns 'mong 'em. It's on here without thinking.

chance; and the chance is youra."

He walked out into the cool dampness. The he was shortly around. Derby knew the significance of that silence. manager was demonstrative. atood at their muskets. The crowd behind say enough for your pluck. seemed endless, indeed. It continued up the "It wouldn't have amounted to much if

terday's, but no longer noisy,

Only the steel workers were out. The on the hillside. work," as the gir miners might follow at any hour. They Then it was not these things at all, but a him had told him

this head." He remembered that the sheriff morning-it was near dawn-the had almost advised running. The sheriff of situation was grave, and the last days and and for a re-election, as well as for the nights had been busy.

> "Well, Denby, what are you going to came a voice-Radford's. He could see the man's dark, earnest face. In some way he felt like an actor in a play; the high hills, the dull, enraged mob, grouped there in that half-light, as if arranged by the stage manager.

To fight you, my friends, if you won't you fight hopelessly. You array against you by starving yourselves. Whatever the of many clubs and of the town. wrong in this difference, you use not righting it now. In protecting the company, my

destroyed \$60,000 worth of property." "Easily." jeered one. "But you shall go no further. You have fun,

home. And the finest gentleman in all the Yer at last he had mastered himself in the Your old mare, Dolly, is dead. world was walking there-the dear old gen- day of work: -eral, while presently his mother drove up. Now, waking with the gargling stream in it have come in her phaeton and called to him. But he his ears, all this past paraded, un'll he away? he said. said he hadn't time, because he was teaching sprang up, remembering Annie how not to "muff" a ball. Annie was a chubby-faced, small girl, who laughed at me."

faces, his brothers and his slater, and always tendent's presence in New York. somewhere in the background that chubby "I don't care to go," Denby answered girl, whose face, after a time, to be sure, grew less chubby, and when he was back sure of himself now. Ambition tugged at his from school she was almost "grown up." heart, and then that longing for home, for

Then, again, it was school, and soon caldream to the dead.

isten; to save you, my friends, with whom dancing at a "promenade" with Annie; now the workers so often misled, so incapacitated have worked, if you will be saved. For again in Far Westchester, and then he was for seeing things clearly. He must use his the law. You weaken yourselves. You end the world; soon he was very much your man come like the steel out of the fire. He had two sides to his nature, one strong

for the inherited sense of the gentleman, the employer, I am as well protecting you. Yes-terday you burned buildings and the rail-ped the strength. It was Deuby here and ped the strength. It was Denby here and road bridge, and tore up some track. You Denby there—a youth to be talked about. Annie now was a quiet young woman, of who he saw little. But Life was the best

honored me by liking me—some of you. Presently he was doing things he once Now I say back to your homes, for your would not have thought of doing; and then women's sake-for your children's sake. If more of them, and more of them, until they you are wronged, as workingmen, you have spelt disgrace, and men began to cut him, a power mightier than your muscles-public for he was full of force and passion for whatopinion and the ballot. You can make laws; ever he did, and he was not of the nature ou can govern trusts. If you are organized to brook criticism. Men told their women capably-if you are honest and true-you friends that they would not be seen with Denby. Not all the good fighting has been the town doesn't live in the town and can't



baustion, he had sunk his face on his hands you all this before—as well as now. I am and told him he had disgraced the family,

workers were out and all day a sheriff's. In the crowd Denby's words as he spoke few clerks, a few others who had not gons Polish and many dialects to little attenout, had protected the company's property, tive throngs. Already in the rear many His friends were gone; his family was gone; Delaffeld was in Pittsburg. This morning a had begun to walk back down the long be was snubbed at his clubs; he had become militia company would arrive. The matter street, and the sun burst in its glory over one of those who "disappear." Denby must hold out. For a week he had a signal several in the front pushed toward the speaker and the mills, and it was then-He was dreaming of places far away, of for Denby's presence might have awed events long past, when the sheriff touched them-that a number of the posse, nervous and untrained, fired. A man fell, while a

dull roar of rage arose. ing, Mr. Denby, and here is a man to speak | The superintendent walked calmly back toward the mills, still tapping his pietol, not Denby, his brond hair in disorder around raising it; and then turned with folded

arms. As he did so the crowd began to break, while some one shouted over his shoulder-it was Graham, one of the bookkeepers-

"Company F came on last night. eaw that the road was torn up and took the log pike over Pelton's hill, and are coming down through the woods. They have found it out."

"They certainly have." Denby cried, as he watched the scattering crowd. "I would give a hundred if that man hadn't shot." He rushed down into the street.

"Who was hurt?" he asked. He forgot himself, though the men before the mills shouted after him. These were his people after all; he understood them-he had worked with them.

As he ran he dropped his pistol into his pocket, and soon he was in the throng. and respected you, they'd had this thing But though the faces were sullen no fist was raised. He was risking his life, if he "They'd burn the company's houses, I sup- had known it. But he was not thinking "Who was it?"

"Radford-damn you, Denby! They are "Damn me, or not, but get Dr. Fox

He pushed his way into a bare frame 'Poor devils, poor devils-why can't they house. A number of men stood about look-Radford's big, brawny form was etretched out, while a woman leaned over him.

"They've killed him-my lad-killed him -my-lad-and there he is-there he is to take him to prison!" One of the hystanders lifted his fist with "Get out of here," and a number of ad-

himself who protested. 'Don't touch Mr. Denby: I've worked "No, no, Mr. Denby," Lyach went on. "I beside him. Don't touch him. He didn't am here to let you and the sheriff's men get do it. It was that farmer o' the sheriff's."

away. It will be slaughter. Fifteen hun- "I couldn't help finding out how badly dred against no more than fifty-and strong you were hurt. I am dead sorry. I came pains for some days to return uncheerful your account this is my bein' here on And it is said to this day that this impulyours. The men know you. They know you give act of Denby's did more than anything had led other men. He dropped certain acand they feel better for givin' you the else to patch up the troubles between the quaintances who had shamed him.

company and its men. He might have been "I will speak to then, once more," he said tern to pieces and he risked it to see how knew him slightly. "Leok to your men, sheriff, the wounded man was Radford's wound. He made no explanations, nor did Bron-nch." was but a slight one-principally shock—and son require them—be knew the case, for dawn was breaking over the high hills, but On returning to the street. Denby found his family.

the low valley was much in shadow. The that the militia were already policing the spaces before the mills were thronged with crowd. At his office Delafield, the manager, a trade?" a somber throng, a silent throng now, and met him. For the first time in his life the

Denby stepped on a pile of castings that Hours after he awake. The window was "I will do it." he might better command the scene and the open. It was wenderfully still. You could And Bronson's word-his word was bondsullen faces. It was the same crowd as yes- hear the splashing of the little stream not had been kept to the letter. far away. His eyes, half open, saw the pines it had been since nothing but "work,

smong the wooded northwestern Fennsyl- these mills. If you wish you can come him as rats from a sinking ship, he said to vanian hills. For twenty miles about there back. It's your privilege to work or not to; himself. But he had new friends, not such is nothing but rough hill country. The place it's your privilege to organize-not to de- nice ones, to be sure, and soon, when certain

But his mother, in the graveyard, could

not know-or did she know? In twon things went from bad to worse. posse of thirty men, the superintendent, a them had been translated into Hungarian, If sullen pride often held him up, there were ther days when shame tore Denby's heart. would be knocked into order of course. But the fringe of pines. As if its advent were them about for some years and then they vanish, and you wonder "where,"

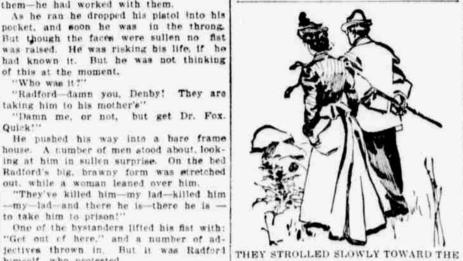
Of a day at this period of his career he assed Annie somewhere near Washington square. She bowed as graciously as ever. He replied as stiffly as he could. But she

looked back and called out: 'Why, Jim; why don't you ever call now?" "I-I haven't time; and you know-you know, you ought not to want to see me." "I will prove that. You simply have to persist-not to give up. It's work you want -work-work. As for you, Jim, I have known you too long-not to want to see you at any time-under any circumstances." She spoke rapidly and her eyes and words

were earnest, and he was out of her class, utterly out of it-a man unclassed. He broke away as soon as he could. He did not want to have people see her with

him; there was too much scandal, true and untrue, about him; and, thank heaven, he had something of the gentleman left. But her words rang in his ears, "It's work ou want-work.

He had dawdled and fooled and thrown things away; but she had recognized him with no forced smile. And there was a way



RED HOUSE.

-the way of work. But what work could he do? Yet the thought cheered him and he took noda by those as uncheerful. Again he began to look at Denby as of a line of men who

And one day he went to Bronson, who Denby was the talk of the town. He knew

"You think you want to get away to learn

"Where I am quite unknown. I want an apprentice's chance-that is the reason I Before the buildings men of the sheriff's "My dear boy-my dear boy-I can never am here. I want a letter to one of the managers in a company you are interested in -simply introduce ene; without saying anylong, narrow street, edged by its ugly build- you hadn't turned up, and now-I can't hold thing in my favor or disfavor-if you can ings. They in that dim valley seemed a up-I must get some sleep." And presently help it. And then, I want this mentioned to out of purgatory, with faces upturned he was tumbled on his bed, his clothes all no ene-to none of my family."

"Well," said the other, after a moment,

work," as the girl who had been stanch to easily could "pull the buildings over long stretch of lawn, with beyond an old Old habits, old ways were gone, to be

"I have forgotten that Delafield may want I have missed you. I never can forgive you

this and said she knew as much about it as A short time after this Delafield brought him a wire to the effect that the president An then there were other scenes and other of the company wanted the new superin-

Yet, why shouldn't he? He was strong, and didn't seem to think much of him or he the old ways, came over him. If people chose to snub him, he felt now that he could show them a man who no longer cared. He that were like dreams, just as all life is a all his passionate strength into what he had been doing. There were the people, the He now was watching a boat race; now workers, as he himself had been, as he was: in London and all about-your young man of strength for them; his strength that had

"You would better go. They may want you for manager," Delafield laughed. He threw some clothes into a trunk and went. They were clothes rather out of date

but well made, he thought. As he drew toward New York the longing for the old things was stronger-even to the details-to sit once more in a club; to have a good dinner, served by good servants; to wear among the people and now he belonged to east a West Virginia man to a New York both classes.

he walked into his office. You have done us good service, Mr. Va. Well, etc. about half the population of Bronson, too, entering the room at the

noment, took his hand warmly. Well. Mr. Delafield is to come to New York and liquor in any shape. They got up a can have you, as manager at Byfield and at the liquor men out of the town. When you

equarely and his face was firm. in acting according to my lights-"

"It's this," he went on. "My speech began too warmly. I understand those mcn. I have been one of them. I will do the best I

"It shall be," said Bronson quickly, for he was the principal owner; "you have our who was a veter, but the first man had been supplied by the men under you." confidence and that of the men under you." That evening he stopped in the one club his vote. some readily-as if he had been gone but forget if you keep your head high.

An early morning train carried him to Far Westchreter. An old man walking across the lawn saw

But he was not thinking of them.

It was as if it were years ago-almost; for, with a pang, he saw how much older that old man had become how uncertain his step. And then he was beside him. "How I have missed you; how I have onged for you. When you were gone I wanted you back. I was cruelly hard. If

or the memory.

red, brick house. It was his own; it was longed for at times with a flerce intensity, have been. I don't know much difference, But Jim had gone to meet Her.

"I have come back-to you. Shall I go 'I am so glad to see you, Jim-so glad.

for going away-without calling-They strolled slowly toward the red house You hurt us so much so much. 'Ind I hurt you, too-as much as the

thers-you, who stood by me?" "I did not know that I did particularly; but I could not believe all they said." Even if you had believed -?"

"I should have wanted to see you-'Ah, my dear," he cried, out of his heart. want to take you into my arms and hold ou. I wanted to do it that day on the lower lege; friends who had gone from him; events felt the strong man he was; who had thrown was the thought that you believed in me that has made me work, and try." She was all red now, and her voice

'Don't; they are coming out. They will-" What?"

Then I mustn't take you-" You goose-you dear, Jim. If you have waited three years-you can wait."

"Well-an hour." ENGINEERED THEM OUT OF TOWN.

How West Virginia Liquor Men Got the Best of the Prohibitionists. "I reckon we've got the oddest town in Sun Reporter. "Ever hear of Culloden? The president of the company saw that as don't mean the clans of Culleden described by the poet Campbell. I mean Culloden, W.

vote in the town, although they are right in

the town. "TH explain. The good people, and they "Have you been told," he asked. "No? are in the majority, too, are down on saloons as general manager. We want you, if we temperance meeting and purposed to drive find a West Virginian who believes in liquor The younger man's eyes met theirs you find a man who is ready to fight for it The liquor people got together and in some "You are very good. I appreciate it. But way got the confidence of the town engineer -as I can do best for myself and for you- I don't know whether he was a liquor man He or not, but they got him on their side. The paused, thinking it was easier to talk to the engineer discovered that the town was not laid out right, and he got authority to change the metes and bounds. When he finished the job the temperance people found out that they lived just outside the line of can for you if the labor maiter is left to the town, no matter what part of the town their houses were in. A man could stand in his back yard and talk to the man whose

he had kept up as a small concession to have said, the temperance people. It took "The lines of the engineer excluded, as pride. He felt afraid of no man now. Men in the license folk all right. The map of came forward and greeted him—some charity. Culloden as it now is looks a good deal like yesterday, as is the way, and they soon foot meanders across it. You can tell how a sheet of paper after a fly with ink on its a citizen of Culloden stands on the liquor question by the place where he builds a house, if he builds one, which doesn't often occur. In spite of its zigzag boundaries, however, Culloden is a contented commu-

"ELEVATING" HOTEL BUSINESS.

Regulations and Penalties Provided by Pennsylvania License Courts. Judges of the license court in Fayette giving. wanted you back. I was cruelly hard. If your mother had been alive—"
"Hush, My PRIENDS. WE FIGHT."

"Hush, hush, his., See never knew, thank good. And I have been cruel to you."
"But if she saw you now, Jim."
"She does, perhaps, sir." Jim said softly. "For I believe in heaven now. I believe the stroy."
"What If we don't?"
The superintendent took from bis pocket. The superintendent took from bis superintendent took from bis pocket. The superint county, Penn., are trying to "elevate" the chubby-faced girl had been in the dream. headquarters nor even as places for the dis-or the memory. headquarters nor even as places for the dis-cussion of politics. They must not allow ments in Kansas.

antiquated and worn out dictionaries.

They must banish leafors from the promises and must themselves lead correct lives.

Marshall county, 38 in Pawnee county, Nebraska, and about two acres in Whiting, They must pay their debts and if they need credit they must seek it from others than the brewers and wholesaters, so that they may not be under the control of the latter.

Finally, to lessen disorder on holidays of a religious character, all bars must be closed at 11 a. m. on Christmas day and Thanks-

peared from my feet and 1 mbs."

Kansas Notes and Comment.

rocks of disease.

sediment in the urine.

constitution and ends in death.

people are, too," the general said, "as they they must themselves abjure politics ex-

SPEAKING GOOD ENGLISH is

A Business Necessity-

A Social Requirement-A Guage of Intel igence-

THERE ARE MORE WRECKS CAUSED BY

THE MIDNEYS

THAN BY ALL THE DANGERS

OF TRAVEL.

are the little health savers that keep the kidneys off the

and sicknesses that humanity suffers are caused either directly or indi-

rectly by the kidneys. They seem to be that fountain head from which

the little stream of disease begins that eventually makes a wreck of the

ness after eating, scrapty or scalding urine, weakness and chills, pains it the loins, nervousness, sleeplessness, loss of vitality, swelling in limbs or body or both, and

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to your kidneys.

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five years I have suffered from kidney troubles, also with swelling of

the feet and limbs, and they would pain me so I rould scarcely get any

sleep. Hearing about the wonderful cures Morrow's Kid-ne-olds had,

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tions and in a few days the pains all left me and the aweiling disap-

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