

MANY THINK!

when the Creator said to woman, "In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children," that a curse was pronounced against the human race, but the joy felt by every Mother when she first presses to her heart her babe, proves the contrary.

Danger and suffering lurk in the pathway of the Expectant Mother, and should be avoided, that she may reach the hour when the hope of her heart is to be realized, in full vigor and strength.

MOTHER'S FRIEND

so relaxes the system and assists Nature, that the necessary change takes place without Nausea, Headache, Nervous or Gloomy Foreboding of danger, and the trying hour is robbed of its pain and suffering, as so many happy mothers have experienced. Nothing but "Mother's Friend" does this. Don't be deceived or persuaded to use anything else.

"Mother's Friend" is the greatest remedy ever put on the market, and all our customers praise it highly." — W. H. KING & CO., Whitehorne, Tex. Of druggists at \$1.00, or send by express or except of price. Write for full information. Mailed free. The Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga.

COEUR D'ALENE.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

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"Are ye listenin'?" Mike inquired, seeing that Darcie was eying his papers in a meditative way. "Bea'se av ye are not, I'll not waste me breath."

"Go on," said Darcie. "I was only comparing what I have said myself with what you are saying. It's odd we should look at it in the same way. You're a hot-headed Irishman, like all the rest of them, Mike. Why aren't you swearing oaths against the oppressors?"

"Bea'se I'm wan at them meself. It's not a hobo I am, packin' me blankets from camp to camp. I've a shtake av me own in the country; and if this foolishness goes on, I'm clane ruined. There's no man can run a mine in the Cor de 'Lane—no, nor sell it, as he was to give it away—the gait things is goin' now."

"Ah, it's not a question av the miner at all! They wants to run things here the same as they does in Montany. Ye wouldn't believe the power av 'em union goes on, in the Butte. Things was gettin' mighty quare last spring before the mine-owners tuk the definitive. Faith, there was little law in the Cor de 'Lane that could howld above the law at the union."

"Whin Hogan, the shif'boss, was murdered in the Caltrop mine—stabbed in the breast wid the prong av a miner's can'te-shnick, an' him comin' out of the tunnel to the dhrivin'-house in broad day—there was plenty that saw it; but him that done it was a union man, an' divil a witness c'd be found to say be seen it. They wouldn't dast, for the union can protect its own, be they lambs or wolves. The hand av it was that heavy on the owners, a man couldn't be seen shapk' in' fri'ly on the street with wan av them but the union tuk note av him for a traitor. There was not a thing the mines c'd do but combine, or quit business, or be dictated to by the union bosses, like childher! Last autumn, whin the mines shut down by common consist, it was partly to get better rates for transportation; but that wouldn't go down with the union boys. They had it the owners had turned the tables on them, and gone on a strike themselves; and that wouldn't do, ye know; for the first principle av the unions is that nobody shall combine but themselves."

"Well, the shuttin' down didn't work in all ways as they hoped. Fightin' it out is bad; whichever side makes the kick, the wrong ones is sure to get hurted. The best men wint off seekin' work where they could find it; the wans that shayed an' growled, they was the worst at the lot, and all winter they was cussin' an' blowin' an' gettin' up shteam for a big fight. Take a town full av idle men, an' free whisky flowin' by the gallon, and a set av bull-headed chumps that never did an honest day's work in their lives talkin' about the wrongs av the lab'r'in' man—ye know what'll be the end of that."

"The mines gev out in the spring they was ready to resume, and published their scale av wages: three for unskilled and three and a half for skilled miners, the same as it was at first. And then the union put forth its last word: every man workin' underground sh'd get three fifty and no man sh'd take less and work wid his life in the Cor de 'Lane. 'Twas then the owners shied their hat into the ring, and both sides shritted for fight.

"Twas alsy bringin' in men that was willin' to work for three dollars, and glad to get it, but it wasn't alsy kapin' them here. They couldn't bide the life they led, with the union puttin' its shpote on them. Some was seduced into f'min', but more was scared out av t's country entirely. They leaked away faster than they was fetched; and them that stayed was t' harassed an' worried they couldn't do their work like min."

"At last there was two boys workin' in the 'Tale o' Woe' that had the sand to say they would nayther jine nor quit. They stod out an' tuk their punishment. Wan av them was an Amerikin, and he was oliver wid his talk about his rights to work where he pleased, and for who he pleased, under the laws av the country, widout lave av the brotherhoods. But they quinged him and his prattle about his rights. Him and the other lad that was workin' wid him, they haled up the mountain by a long thrail.

"Where are ye takin' us?" says they. "We'll go out p'aceful, the way we come in, by the railroad."

"Ye might get hurted that way," says big Dan Rofferty, pokin' his ugly fat at them. "Wallace and Gem is full av excited min; it might not be safe for ye. We'll take ye by a quiet road where ye'll meet wid no wan."

"And they prodded the boys up the mountain, abusin' them all the way; two hundred men drivin' two—b'at'in', on ile-cans, wid shticks, and cussin' them wid every foul name they could turn their tongue to. They shoved them out over the Montany divide, and the clothes half tore off them wid the handlin' they got. 'Twas the month av April, an' the snows was cruel deep. They put them out on a forsaken road to wally through the drifts forty-five miles to Thompson's falls, and they strangers to the way. There's nare a house but wan, an' that wan closed ag'inst them for fear of the union.

"And that's how wan lab'r'in' man taches another who is his bosses in this free country. By the Lord above! if I come to have bosses over me, I'll not choose them wid the heart av an awl and the head av a han'shipe! Do they think they're doin' the lab'r'in' man any good by such blaggard work as this?"

Faith, I think we're like to have a labor-inquisition here, if things goes on. 'Tis too much power to put in the hands av men as ignorant as they is sassy."

"Did the scabs get through?" asked Darcie.

"Wan av them got through an' teshtified in coort to what I'm tellin' ye; and wid him and other witnesses and affidavits by scores the owners got an injunction laid on the miners' unions, all an' siveral, for to quit intimidatin' an' conspirin' in the Cor de 'Lane. But 'twas no at all, except to make them mad; ye might as well shake an old broom at a grizzly bear. Ye know the rest yourself. But that's how guarded train loads av scabs come into the Cor de 'Lane; and that's how it is the mines is armed an' barricaded—all but the Big Horn, sole and lone, which niver come into the owners' association at all, and gives the union all its staks."

"What reason did Bingham offer, do you know, for not coming into the association?" asked Darcie.

"He gev the reason that the Big Horn is a wet mine, which it is; but maybe the water nor the work in the mine ever kep' the Big Horn boys underground whin the union wanted them on top. They trots back and forth the same as they owned the mine. Some says the old man's that tied up wid his own foolishness he can't help the way things is goin'. Pether Banning, the foreman that's in since Mistrer Bingham come, has the pull on him entirely. He's a mighty man in the union, is Pete; an' he's well acquainted wid the saycets av the management. 'Tis he knows all about the commissions the old man has pocketed along av every order for supplies that he gets in; and a costly mine it is to run—for the comp'ny—ye may lay your life on that. Times when I was workin' in it, I'd hear outside that the mine was doin' poorly—not a hatful av ore in sight; whin I'd know myself there was bodies av ore bein' covered up by order av the manager, for reasons that he kep' to himself. Pether Banning is in all that, ye see; so the old man has got to be fri'nds wid Pether's fri'nds."

"Come, Mike, don't be scandalous," said Darcie, rising to his feet. "He's a sooker, if you like; a coward, I suspect, an' incapable if ever there was one, but not a common thief and swindler!"

"Ah, ye know it well enough! 'Tis as public as the winds. The comp'ny's far away from the rumor av it, or 'twould have been known before now. The old man's name is rife wid scandals; and how he comes by such a darlin' for his daughter is a thing I can't cipher out myself, niver havin' seen the lady he buried—Mrs. Bingham that was."

"We are not discussing the ladies of the management," Darcie demurred. "Dad, I'm not like a fasset, thin, to be turned on and off wid a twist at the screw," Mike rejoined. "Ye can take me as I come, or lave me alone."

"I'll leave you alone," smiled Darcie, and then was silent for a long while; but he was too restless, apparently, to return to his writing.

Mike had a suspicion that his partner did not sleep much that night—not that he lay awake himself to see, but somebody had been up, burning firewood in unreasonable quantities. Darcie, who never complained of his food, left his breakfast untouched, and Mike ruefully scraped into the fire the whole of a fine baked potato soaked in ham gravy.

"It's the heart av him shakin' his insides so that he cannotate. I have been that way myself. Ah, me little Darcie, ye'd better have wint for the doother, or shayed wid the old man and put me to the proof, that has a girl av me own. I think I see ye this minute, Kitty darlin'; God's blessin' on ye, wheriver ye are!"

"Are ye there, Moriarty?"

Yes; Mike was there, and he had brought news, of which he disburdened himself together with his bacon, and flour, and pail of lard, and matches, and candles, and coffee. He said, as he said, made a pack-horse of himself.

"I dunno fwat country this is we're livin' in now," he began in his richest bass, shaking out a reef in his "r-r's" till the timbers rang. "It's not a free country, be gosh! Call a man a foul name, and bate the loife out av him that's right! Them anarchists rounded up wan o' the Caltrop boys in town last evenin', and settled wid him for a sheaf and a traitor. The gyards found him at daybreak, and tilled him to the manager, and word come down he was to be sent up to the harspital on a han'-cyan."

"Tree av the Caltrop boys shoved him up the thrack, and as they was bringin' the eyar back the union min set upon them, and mishandled them, and two got away and wan was left on the thrack wid the sines knocked out av him. And the mine showed its guns to

protect its mine whilst they was fetchin' him in, and the women began to screet that the mine was firin' on the town. And all the bigmouths was talkin', and I think the crisis has come. And that scriptur' they nailed upon the door outside, that manes business, Darcie dear. 'Tis a small private matter, but I think they'll be lookin' after us pretty soon."

"Why do you say 'us,' Mike? Your name is not in it."

"I'm in whatever my pardner's in. But here's the quarest go, and, by the cross, I dunno fwat to make av it! I'm none so fond o' the nayborhood av the Big Horn, but it's the shortest way, and the boys is mostly in town on this rack-et I was tellin' ye, so I snaked along up the thrack, and as I was steppin' up the thrall by the manager's house, a nate little girl foregathered wid me."

"It's bound to be Mike," said I when a purty gurl is passin' the word. "I'm thinkin' it was Abby Steers that's housekeepin' for Mistrer Bingham, but I thought her a good bit oulder than this wan. But ye niver can tell; they make themselves what age they please."

"Has that pardner of yours, Jack Darcie, has he left?" says she.

"He has not," says I. "For why should he leave?"

"I heard he got notice, that's all," says she. "There's a lady wants to see him if he hasn't skipped; but she can't go to him, and it'll not be healthy for him to come where she is, if anybody happens to see him."

"Does the lady wear number nines," says I, "an' does she shmoke the Seal o' North Carlin?" And I giv her a wink.

"'G' long," says she; "for what do you take me?"

"For somebody's darling," says I, "and for nobody's fool." And I axed her which av her fri'ns was wantin' Jack Darcie.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

their guard. When Mike, two or three days after the storm, was obliged to go to Wallace for supplies, he avoided the railroad track and took the old trail, and Darcie remained in the tunnel with his Winchester handy, and an ore-car on the track by way of barricade. He was in his working-clothes, but he was not making wages, not even the wages of a trammer, according to company prices. He was still grinding away at that equivocal position from which, as he had volunteered to Miss Bingham, the next eastern mail was to release him. He was already free in intention, and his conscience toward her was clear, but evidence of his previous position was still upon his person in the contents of a certain letter which he had written on the very day before the day that brought her to the cabin. To send it, or not to send it, was the question. To whom did that letter belong?

"I'm a broken reed," he said aloud, and then he could not help laughing, for he was in a curious case. His meditation went on in the silence somewhat to the following effect:

"I can't do their work, and I won't take their money. They must send out another man; better not send a young one. By Jove, it's rough on the old company! I'm the fourth one, and I've 'succumbed,' as Mike says, like my predecessors. No, hang it—not like my predecessors. I think the Lord I'm boddle-proof, and drink-proof, and proof, at a pinch, against the seductions of the elk and the big-horn in their native wilds. When Singleton came out, the foxy old manager took him hunting. Happy thought: hunt first, investigate afterward. Big time they had. They got so chummy over their camp fire that Singleton felt like a brother to the whole outfit; by the time he'd shot a brace of big-horn and lost his money regularly at poker with the boys, there wasn't a spot on the sun of his regard. It was a simple matter to investigate after that. Took Bingham's word for everything.

"Poor Langley went down with a run: what with the altitude, and the fancy potions they seduced him with, he drank himself silly, and was shipped home like a sheep."

"Grat," they claim, never got any nearer the Big Horn than New York. That was a slander, I dare say. I didn't stop in New York; I never tempted the gods, and denied my weakness; I never professed to be girl-proof. I came straight on; thought I'd be safe when I'd got into the mountains.

"Comes a knock at the door one pitch-black night, and in she steps in her wet skirt like a lily in its sheath—a rose and lily in one. And I am gone, all at once, like a snow-slide in March; a chinook is nothing to it; there's not enough left of me to wipe up the floor with."

"What shall I call it, mountain fever?"

No; Langley said he had mountain fever: mine is not the same kind. Say I've struck it rich in the Black Dwarf?

No; the governor will ask for assays, and want to organize a company: no company wanted here. No; I'll give it to 'em straight: say that things are rotten, rotten as the devil; but I'm not the man for a committee of one to investigate. Manager Bingham's administration. Let them discover the reason for themselves; they wouldn't believe mine if I gave it. I have told them there's a miners' war toward, and the time is not good for investigations."

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