

BY JOHN E. BARRETT.

COPTRICHTED DOOR BY COLLIERS TONCE "ALL EIGHTS RESERVED " PUB-LISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH THE PROPRIETOR OF ONCE A WEEK

> CHAPTER I. THE DAWN OF DOOM



morning was stealing over the city of Grimsby, and the cold frosty nir made the men and women who were hurrying to their work.

HE gray of

move rapidly along the slippery, sleet sheathed streets. It was the dawn of a dismal January day and the drizzle of the night had resolved itself into a glare of ice upon the sidewalk. The big city was awakening its energies to a day of activity. The smoke ascended slowly from black and formidable furnsce-stacks, and the din of a hundred whistles was heard in a wild morning salute to the god of toil, and summoning the numerous workers of Grimsby to their tasks.

The stream of humanity, at first meagre, gradually grew in volume until the glassy pavements rang with the clatter of thousands of nimble feet, moving in many directions to mill, machine shop, factory,

Mingling with these alert children of toll, whose enger faces and glowing pulses were in harmony with the rude music of the morning, and whose hearts were throbbing quickly with the desire to enter on their daily tasks, might be seen many weary miners returning home from their night - work,

It was a wholesome picture which presented itself this gray and cheerless moruing, in the streets of Grimsby. The spirit of industry was abroad, and presented a cheering sight as the sons and daughters of toil hastened to their daily tasks with clean hearts, steady nerves, and sober apon the picture.

A trio of hilarious, well-dressed, and drunken young men, who had evidently been " making a night of it." came staggering up the main street, and jostled rudely against the sober men and women on their way to work,

The trio sang snatches of songs, and appeared to be on good terms with themselves, as they offended the ear of sobrie-

ty with their maudlin melodies. Feeling doubtless that the performance was altogether too tame, one of the revelers wagered a bottle of wine with his pomrades, that he would kiss the first pretty girl they met, and at the corner of the next street proceeded to win his

The young man who had made this foolish wager was Clarence Carson, nephew of Philip Carson, the millionaire president of the Grimsby Steel Works, and a reckless youth in his cups.

at sight of a modest year-cheeked girl, spose tuce was a photore of purity and beauty and who carried a lunch-basket in her right hand, Clarence Carson thought his opportunity had arrived. Like hundreds of others, the girt was on her way to work, and had no thought of being disturbed, when she was rudely lostled by one of the hilarious trio already described. Thinking possibly that this



A sail, lithe young man broke through the serving and estruck the offender a tre-isorytous block of his first between the eyes was the result of accident, rather than

design she stepped to the opposite side of the walk for the purpose of lessing the Young man pass by, but she had no soon er done this than he stumbled against ber dinner-basket with such force that it fell from her hand. Her hat also fell off. The girl trembled and changed color. Her reddening cheeks betraved her em

barrassment and emotion. Carson addressed her. She could make no reply, put her beautiful eyes were eloquent with gars tears of indignation that she should be thus interrupted and annoyed, and asposed to criticism on her way to work.

A crowd soon assembled, and there was the usual scramble on the outskirts to ascertain the cause of the commotion, Clarence Carson was oblivious of the fact that he was attracting so much attention. When the girl tried to pass he injercepted her, and just as he did so a tali, lithe young man broke through the throng and struck the offender a tremendous blow of his fist between the eyes, that

felled him to the sidewalk and reddened the ley flags with his blood.

"Coward and ruffian!" exclaimed the young man who had rendered the defense ess girl such timely service. His fine face flushed with anger, and his eye blazed with indignation as his brawns considered a decade younger.

general public, although his barber fre

quently knew it by another color. Hi

clothes were of the latest cut; he wore a

his shirt-front, and a pair of gold-rim

med glasses hung on the left breast of

his low-cut vest. He presented the up

pearence of thinking well of himself

and wishing that all the world might d

This affable, well-fed, and comfortably

slad person was Robert Gusset, of the

tadies' garments. The firm prided it-

sewing-machine philanthropists-that

is to say, they were anxious to have

every woman in Grimsby learn the art

Robert Gusset was standing in the out-

write. He had been there for some time,

The work-girls rushed by to their rooms

All the other hands had gone in, and

the office was still when Edith Edwards

came. Her hair was slightly tumbled,

and her cheeks were as red as scarlet

or deepened as she heard the cool, de-

liberate voice of Mr. Gusset saving,

She knew this was false, and that she

was only fifteen minutes behind, but

she said nothing, and hurried through

lence piqued Mr. Gusset. She was an

exceedingly pretty girl, and even if she

did work at the sewing-machine and

carry a lunch-basket, he liked to have

her large, dark, eloquent eyes meet his

But Edith Edwards bowed a trifle coolly,

"Confound the girl's pride," he mut-

tered, when she was gone. "I don't see

why poor people want to be proud.

There's not another girl in the factory

ing me talk to her. But this Edith treats

me with the cool disdain of a duchess."

paced leisurely across the floor of his

office, and, quite accidentally, of course,

found himself vis-a-vis with his reflection

in a large mirror. There was nothing

the term dumpy. His growing baldness

gave him some anxiety, and it seemed

to him as if the wide white spot above

his forehead grew wider day after day

He regretted to think that the day was

not far distant when he would look his

best with his hat on. He stroked his jet-

black moustache with his left hand, on

which the large ring showed to advan-

tage and thought that women must have

fallen in love with worse looking men be

fore his time. Why couldn't Edith Ed-

wards see that he liked her? He would

admit to himself that he did really like

loved her. What would she think of this

lid she but know it? Surely she ought

to be delighted to think that her maiden-

of her wealthy employer, Mr. Robert

If I should marry ber "he soliloquized

'it will create no little scandal among

my wealthy friends who will be shocked.

of course, at the thought of my wed

fing a working girl- but confound it all

she is so pretty and captivating that

she will outshine the best of them, and

it is not the first time in history that a

The idea of being refused by Edith nev

er entered Mr. Gusset's mind. That she

luchess"during their scant business in

fact that she regarded him merely as her

office floor, and a familiar voice said

Hello Brother Gusset, did you hear

Mr. Gusset listened to the exciting re-

tal with wonder. Fell had heard the

story from an eye-witness, he said, and

"The scoundrel!" said Gusset." How

dare he lay hands on her? If I had been

there, I would have thrashed him within

an inch of his life." Mr. Gusset was very

indignant. I've a good notion to hunt

young Carson up now and punish him," he

added, "for laying hands upon a defense

"Oh, never fear," said Fell, "she had a

strong protector, according to all ac-

I'm glad of it," Mr Gusset exclaimed, at

less girl in that disgincern manner.

rich man married a poor girl."

Robert Gusset was a buchelor. He

although Mr. Gusset would gladly de-

Half an hour late. Edith."

being a few minutes late.

likewise.

Hi

arm struck and crushed Carson, who fell to the street with the force of a buil that has received his death-blow.

For a few seconds Carson was uncon closs, and could not comprehend what had happened. The crowd cheered, and Ned Newcomb, picking up the hat, and dinner-basket of the trembling girl in whose behalf he had struck an effective firm of Gusset & Feil, manufactures of blow, held them until she was ready to receive them from his hands. Ned self on the fact that its members were Newcomb read her thanks in her glorious eyes, and felt that he had never seen any one half so beautiful in all his life,

Carson's companions swaggered and of sewing by machinery, with the nitiswore, but Newcomb did not wince be- mate object of becoming self-supporting. fore their threats. Then Clarence Car. The proximate object was to do six months' or a year's work for Gusset & son picked himself up, considerably sobered by the shock, but fierce with Fell free of compensation. PRICE er office of the factory of Gusset & Fell,

For the first time since the encounter Ned Newcomb realized that he had on the cold, frosty morning, of which I knocked down the nephew of his employer at the steel mill, but he said to his companions, "It makes no difference; if he on time, for they knew the penalty of was the son of the President of the United States I would have done the same thing, because no living man can insult a woman when I am by!"

This sentiment was greeted with a heer, and before it died away, Carson when she entered the place, and her colsaid

"Til take care to get even with you for this.

Ned Newcomb might have pleaded that he did not know who it was that he struck, but he felt that it would be owardly to do this, and rising to his full the office on her way to work. Her sineight, he said

"Mr. Carson, your threats have no terrors for me. You were acting the cowardy part of a rowdy toward a defenseless girl on her way to work, and I don't care how rich or influential you are, I felt it in friendly recognition, and hear her was my duty as a man to protect her voice speak his name in musical tenes. from your insults. I may be the loser by it, but I am not afraid of the cousequenes. I only know that my mother is a tain her for a few minutes' talk. woman, and that I have sisters for whom I would shed the last drop of my blood rather than have them insulted the way you attempted to insult this hard-workng girl. You would not have dared to that does not show her pleasure at havnsult her so if she was clad in silks and

Bah, you are a clod," retorted Carson from whose nose the blood still ran freely, "and you'll be sorry for this, mark my words."

enlakin.

"I have no fear," said Newcomb either now or hereafter." But Clarence striking or romantic about his shadow Carson showed no disposition to take in the glass. His keen eye noticed that summary vengeance, and contented him- it was the reflection of a figure so short self with a few promiscuous remarks of a and thick-set as to be best described by sulphurous nature.

"Go for him now Carson," said the of. fender's companions: "we'll stand by

Newcomb regarded the trio with contempt.

'Come on, at once, all of you!" he shouted, "and take satisfaction, if you are men and not curs, as I believe you to be," and as he spoke he seemed more than a match for them.

"Paste him, paste him!" exclaimed Carson's combative companions, but that worthy had learned prudence from his sudden contact with the sidewalk, and the girl, and it was quite possible that he he did not yearn for a repetition of the exasperating experience.

Accordingly he compromised with his wounded honor" by liberally indulging by charms had found favor in the sight in threats of wrath to come, and so sneaked away as soon as he could from Gusset, the senior partner in the firm of what he knew was an awkward and Gusset & Fell humiliating predicament

Ned Newcomb was overwhelmed with congratulations from the on-lookers Strangers shook him warmly by the hand, and said he had acted nobly, until they began to make him feel ashamed.

He hated notoriety of any sort, and would rather escape the attention of the crowd without a word of applause. than be made so much of, but this was impos sible. He was a hero in spite of himself He had defended a poor girl from the insuits of a drunken trio and every man and boy who witnessed the act, and who terviews, was, in his opinion, due to the

mired him for it. giThis admiration of Ned Newcomb was not lessened by the fact that the young as soon as he presented himself to her in man whom he chastised was the favorite nephew of President Carson, of the Grimsby Steel Works, before whom all Grimsby bowed in homaga Newcomb was employed at the works in question,

had a spark of chivalry in his nature ad-

and it was soon whispered about that he would have to look for work elsewhere. It was not pleasant to hear such things, and the brave young man was anxious to get away from the crowd Indeed, he would have got away much earlier, were it not that his eye scanned the multitude eagerly for a missing face-the face of her he had rescued from the embrace of Clarence Carson, and which was destined to haunt him all his life, but it was not to

be seen It was a bitter disappointment to Ned Newcomb that he could not see her again, and so he hurried away from the questioners and walked rapidly down the street in the direction of the Grimsby Steel Mill, where he expected a discharge awaited him as a punishment for assaulting the nephew of President Carson in defense of a mere working-girl.

> CHAPTER II A PAIR PACTORY GIRL. ALFan hour late,

counts, in young Ned Newcomb, who fairly wiped up the sidewalk with Car-Egith. These words were son. spoken in a tone of voice that would be though at that moment be was inclined to metallic.

anxious to

musical were it less dislike Newcomb quite as much as Carson It is one of the peculiarities of love, that The man who it is sometimes quite as much disposed to spoke was below the resent a kindness shown to the origet of nedium height its affection as to repel harshues in the thick-set, well-fed, same direction. and forty-five years "And who is this Newcomb?" Mr. Gus of age, although set asked.

wart mechanic.

econd-hand.

"He works in Carson's steel mill," "Then they'll meet again!"

sparse moustache wasa jet black to the Of hat there can be no doubt " Mr. Gusset derived some satisfaction from the thought that they might possibly annihilate each other at their next large ring on the third finger of the left meeting, and then said: hand; a good-sized diamond sparkled in

"I did an injustice to Edith Edwards a short time ago, by telling her she was half that there will be no reduction in her wa-

Mr. Fell was silent for a few second then said, rather coldly: " Will not that have a tendency to on turb the discipline of the factory, and a

terfere with the cuforcement of m strictest rule ?" "I cannot see it in that light. The girl was insulted and delayed on her way to work, and it is no more than fair play to

make her the allowance." "Well, just as you please," said Fell,

just as you please, Mr. Gusset." These partners disliked a quarrel, no matter how widely they might differ and it frequently happened that one of them sacrificed his feelings rather than provoke a dispute, when he saw that the other had set his heart on any particular point or proposition.

Accordingly, Mr Gusset blew the whis, tle communicating with the floor on which Edith Edwards was employed, and told the attendant that he wanted to see Miss Edwards in the office.

Edith came without delay. There was a tumult of doubts and suspicions in her mind, but she maintained her customary composure by the supreme strength of her will power.

"Miss Edwards," said Gusset, and his voice seemed to lose its metallic ring for a more musical tone, "we sent for you because I did you an injustice a short time ago in telling you that you were half an hour late. I have since learned from Mr. Fell that the delay was no fault of yours, as you were stopped on the street by Clarence Carson, who, I under stand, insulted you grossly." "It was not quite as bad as that, sir,

said Edith, her color deepening. "It is true I was stopped by Mr. Carson, but not insulted as badly as you say, because a brave young man interfered in my be half, and, I believe, injured poor Mr. Carson, who appeared to be intoxicated."

"Do you know the young man who pro tected you?" asked Robert Gusset. "No, but I am anxious to thank him for his timely assistance."

"Why, his name is Ned Newcomb, and he works in the steel mill," said Mr. Fell. "Oh, then I shall be able to find him," said Edith, joyfully, " as my father works there."

Mr. Gusset was not entirely happy. did not like the forgiving tone with which Edith regarded Carson, or the joy she manifested at the thought of being able to thank her deliverer. He consoled him self, however, with the thought that a soon as he made his intentions known to Edith, there would be no room in her mind for any one else. But alas! how often men deceive themselves in this

Edith did not appear to be affected by Mr. Gusset's magnanimity in telling her that under the circumstances, he would not fine her half an hour for being late that morning, and she was about to re turn to her work upstairs when a tremer dous report, like the quick, sharp crash of thunder, was heard, and the office trembled violently, as if shaken by an earthquake

Mr. Gusset grew white with terror: Mr Fell ran to the door, and Edith alone was

"What on earth can that be?" ex claimed Mr. Gusset. Edith looked out of the office window which commanded a view down the street, and in the distance saw great clouds of smoke, and ashes, and sparks

rising above the house-tops Then the color fied from her cheek and the strength from her limbs, and her ups quivered nerveously, as she

treated him with "the cold disdain of a "It is an explosion at the mill!" The thought of her father at work in the easting-room almost made her faint but presently her brave spirit asserted itself, and leaving the office, she burried

employer, but he flattered himself with the notion that all this would be changed down the street in the direction of the steel works, toward which an excited erowd was rushing.
The turnuit in the streets increased as Presently there was a footstep on the Edith approached the mill. She could

anything about the racket down street lip to lip, and the wild, uncertain answer It was Fell, Mr. Dorrance Fell, a tall, that were given. She heard a policeman thin, eager looking man, and Mr. Gusset's hurriedly tell a reporter that "sevenmen partner, who propounded the question were killed," and the thought of her fath-Mr. Gusset said he hadn't heard of the er being numbered among the dead alracket, and then Fell told him with most made her heart stand still. great elaborateness of detail how Edith Presently there was a shrill alarm of Edwards was stopped on the street by Clarence Carson, who was Enocked lown and kicked for his pains by a stai-

fire, and a great blaze shooting up to the clouds that chill January morning added to the terror of the scene. A number of frame houses near the mill had caught fire from the shower of molten metal that descended upon their frail roofs from the explosion, and the most intense exciteof course it lost nothing by being related ment prevailed.

The approaches to the dismantled mill were blocked with people. Some were crying, others talking volubly and volunteering second-hand information, highly colored. Edith Edwards found it a difficult matter to push her way through the crowd at first, but she soon had plenty of assistance, as there were not many men who could resist helping to make way for so fair a face.

When the shattered mill came in full view, a great gap through the wall showed where the explosion had spent its force and the ponderous machinery within, as it lay strewn about in wild disorder indicated the great power that had been liberated in the momentary storm, by which titanic bands of steel had been snapped in pieces as if they were fine flaxen threads, instead of the massive and mighty arms that actuated the great establishment, in which thousands of tons

were swung about like toys. Edith wrung her hands in anguish, and,

looked engerly about in the crowd. The eries of the afflicted cut her heart. She was awed by the extent of the entastroplie; but it was not this that filled her eyes with the eager look of que tioning which the young mother feels for the loss of her child.

She did not murmur, but pressed forward and continued to strain her eyes in an hour late, when is realify she was on the painful search for one who was dear ly a few minutes behind time, and now, in to her. After looking about for some view of the fact that it was no fault of time, she caught sight of a picture that hers, I think we ought, in justice, tell her gave her a fainting sensation. A man lay prone upon a pile of "slag," resting upon the coats which some kind-hearter workmen had placed for him his face was partly covered with blood and his head rested upon the stalwart leand of a young man who spoke soothuggy and kindly to him, giving all the comforting assurance possible under such painful circumstances. Eddh Edwards asi not see the face of this young into, or she might have recognized it. Sac had eye for no one but the recumbent figure on the hard sing and as soon as she realized fully who it was, she sprang forward with a cry. "My father! My poor dear father," and knelt weeping by the side of the wounded man.

> CHAPTER III. THE CRASH AT THE MILL.



OEL EDWARDS WAS & man of fifty. Time had streaked his once jet-black hair with its woof of all face, yet his eye was still bright, and his sinewy arm as powerful as when he | home, was only thirty years old.

He had watched the progress of the fron trade, and taken part in it for in the introduction of the Bessemer steel process, and there were not many men at the Carson Steel Works who understood the business better than he did.

He was a noble specimen of the American mechanic, as he stood with his great from insult but a short time before, set broad breast and robust arms bared in the converting-room of the steel mill. The full blaze of the glowing converter was reflected on his massive frame, while he waited the purification of the molten ranged around the casting-pit ready to

The golden sparks from the roaring metal was freed from the hand of some when he caught sight of a familiar figure staggering across the converting-room. It was a blur upon the industrial picture-a discord in the narmonious chorus

of toil. Noel Edwards shrank from the intruder, who was evidently very much unde-

the influence of drink, and who proved upon eloser acquaintance to be Clarence Carson, nephew of the president and principal proprietor of the works. "Say, Noel, have you seen a fellow named Newcomb around here?" said the

young man of unsteady voice and step. "No, Mr. Carson. He doesn't work in this department," replied Noel, briefly. He was anxious to cut the conversation short, as the glowing steel now required his undivided attention.

"I want to see that chap and put him out of this mill. He has grossly insulted and severely assaulted me," said Carson, whose face still showed the evidence of his recent encounter with Ned Newcomb. Noel Edwards said nothing, but busied himself about the casting-pit, to see that the ingot-molds were all in place to receive the dazzling stream of steel that would soon flow from the ladle.

Presently the great hydraulic cran swung around noiselessly to perform its office. Carson, who was piqued at Noel's indifference, began to swear flercely at him, but his volley of angry words was soon lost in a storm of rushing sound. that filled the place with death and ter-

The ladle had been accidentally upset in the easting-pit, and a great white flame of molten metal rose like a storm of lava from a crater, and tore off the roof of the converting-room. There was a crash of falling walls, a rattle of machinery bent and taoken, and a cry of pain. The hear the eager questions that passed from clouds of dust and sparks; that whirled about the place for some seconds after the explosion, obscured everything, but when the fatal shock had spent its fury a pitiful scene was presented.

Chaos and confusion reigned suprem for some time. Finally help came from another portion of the mill, and sympathetic workmen looked in dismay at the havoe that had been wrought.

Five men lay terribly scorched, and onlyering in their death struggle in the ca ting-pit. They were taken up quick ly and kindly, and hurried off to the hospital in a wagon, although it was evident that all earthly hope for them had fled. Wandering about, perilously near the edge of the casting.pit, was Noel Ed wards, with both hands outstretched. exclaiming:

"Bring a light; bring a light, men, quick,"

"Why. Noel." said one, "it is light." "No. I say it is dark, man; bring a light at once, and let us see who's hurt," said the old man, in an auxious voice

The workmen did not at first realize the situation, and Noel would have stepped in the seething mass of metal in the pit, were it not for the timely action of Ned Newcomb, who at that moment appeared upon the scene and caught him firmly by the arm. Newcomb divined what none of the others had seen, that Noel Edwards was injured by the explosion, and that his face was fearfully burned.

"Look out for the put. Noel!" said Newcomb as he led him away. "I can't see it," Noel replied; "every-

thing is in darkness, and nobody will How He Lost His Situation bring a light."

"But there is light, Noel," said Ned

Newcomb who regretted his words as soon as they were uttered. Noel, while he trembled like a child, adding, after a pause, during which a surge of emotion thrilled him with unspeakable anguish, "Then, God pity me, I am

blittel." It was even so. The flying metal had

druck him in the face. Owing to the pain and excitement of the moment, Noel Edwards was unconscious of his great loss until Ned Neweach told him there was light, and he regized the awful fact that there was none for him, and felt that thenceforth he must walk in darkness.

As he realized his overwhelming affliction, he marmured in a voice filled with sorrow and despair:

My God! can it be that I am blind! The physical pain inflicted on this two. drong man by the torrent of fire that had filled the converting room with suffering was forgotten in the contemplation of hi meater affliction—the the of sight-an be mouned piteously as he held out hihands and proped about him in helph-SECTIV

"Noel, my friend, be brave; it may not be as bad as you fear," said Ned New comb, taking him by the arm and lead ing him from the mill.

"Let me lie down somewhere; my bend is dizzy," said the old man, after ver, and made deep they had gone a short distance, and cold lines in his strong as the morning was, a few kind-hearted workmen spread their conts on a heap of slag, that he might rest there before proceeding on his sorrowful journey

He had been there but a minute before he became conscious of another presence, and the voice of his daughter E tith, as she knelt by his side and years. He had been an important factor | kis ed his blood-stained forehead, while she exclaimed "My father! My poor, dear father!" gave added polynancy to his grief. The sight of the comely face of this

chritening girl, whom he had protected Ned Newcomb's heart fluttering wildly. She had been in his thought ever since the hot, passionate moment that he struck down Charence Carson for her sake, but much as he longed to see her metal, in the crucible, which in a short | dearly as he desired a giance from those time was to be poured into the ladle, and elequent eyes, it pand him to the thence to the ignot-molds that stood heart to meet her in such a moment when she was crushed to the earth with sorrow. An could be but shield ber against grief as readily as he had de mouth of the restless converter fell all fended her from shame and insult, how about him, as if a shower of the precious gladly he would do it! Ned Newcomb felt that the scene between father master-magician, and his keen eye was and daughter, in that time of un-peakable anguish, was too sacred to be witnessed by him, but he could not leave his old friend then, much as he would like to take himself quietly away. Edith showed no sign of being conscious of Ned's presence, until her father signified a wish to be taken home. Then the stout arms of the young man helped him to his feet, and were good to lean upon.

It was then that Edith realized the worth of her father's friend, and looking him in the face, the thankfulness in her eyes was more than her tongue could express. She felt that it was no time for mere words, yet she could not help

Mr. Newcomb, how can we ever re

pay your great kindness?" This included his brave conduct he own behalf as well as his unselfish tenderness toward her father Ned was puzzled for an answer, bu

finally ventured to say. "I've done no more than any man should." And this is all that was said on the subject dur ing the sad journey through the crowd ed and excited street to the home o Noel Edwards. Edith had bound her kerchief tender

y around her father's face, and taking his right arm, while Ned Newcomb took ! his left, the three made their way slow ly to the stricken little home, which lay but a short distance from the steel works "My poor children!" said Noel, when Edith told him they were near their home. "How can I meet them! Oh, it is terrible to think I can never see their faces any more."

"Patience, father, dear," said Edith whose checks were wet with tears, and who feigned a hope that she bid not have it may not be as bad as that.

Then the door of Noel Edwards' little home was flung open, and a gray-haired, meek and matronly woman, accompan ied by two half grown boys, rushed forward to meet the injured man

"Don't be alarmed. Mary: don't be frightened, my children," said Noci, with an effort to silence the sorrowful clamor of his dear ones. "It might have been worse. I believe a good many precious lives were lost at the mill to-day, while I-well, I am only slightly injured. But Ned Newcomb will tell you all how it happened."

Noel was assisted to his room, and the oldest boy ran for a doctor, who came in a short time and dressed his injuries, but could not tell just then whether the loss of sight was permanent or not.

"Is there any hope-even the faintest ray, doctor?" said Edith, when he was going.

said the doctor, slowly, "but the chances, are strongly against his recovering sight again. At this stage it is impossible to tell the exact extent of his injuries, and we must only await the slow develop, ments of time."

(To be Continued.)

After you have read this paper hand it to some one who is not now a subscriber, and ask him to subscribe at once. We want to double our number of subscribers just as all skin eruptions, and positively cures early as possible. Please help us piles, or no pay required. It is guarar teed to place the COURIER in every to give perfect satisfaction, or mony refunfamily in the county and also to increase its circulation in adjoining counties.

The editor of the Waynesville (Pa.) Republican asked his nephew, "Light, Ned! Light, eh?" repented "How came you James, to lose you place?

"Well, I'll tell you," was the reply "I had an easy berth; got my seventy-five dollary a month; had an assistant ; didn't have to get down till eight in the morning; lettlat five; had a chance to take life easy, but gradually began to take it too easy -didn't get down until nine in the morning instead of eight; walted to smoke two cigars instead of one grew careless of my money, used tour dollars where I had been using

"First, I knew my salary was cut down a little, and then a little more; but I couldn't take the hint, but fretted about my poor situation, and one morning I waked up after a night's spree, and lo! I didn't have ony situation at all. But I'll tell on what I did have, uncle, I had

my experience." That youth is working at firtyfive dollars a month now, instead of seventy-five, but he alwready has six hundred dollars in the bank. Wou'd that more of our youth might be profited by his experience.

The Way to Stop It.

Two young white men in Chesterfield County have been fined fifty dollars each, or three months jul, for carrying concealed werpons. Trials and convictions will go on, it is hoped, until the barbarious habit shall be abanloned. - Charleston News & Courier.

That's the way to stop the savage habit. If the courts in North Carolina had tried this remedy instead of suspending judgment, the law would now be much better respected. Nothing less than \$50 tine will have any influence with the everage youngster who bluste's and curses and saits around grogshops and fleurishes his two dollar astol on the least imaginay offense. Heavy fines and 30 days imprisonment is the remedy for this evil .-

Press and Carolinian.

It is getting to be quite a creze for girls to chew gom at night, and t is a most ruinous labit. They lose their rest, tire their usual prety jaws and wake up in the morning peevish, cross grained, with a sallow complexion, their digestive organs impaired and their beauty and vivaciv gone! It is a fact that girls who make a habit of chewing gum are sure to lose their plumpness and pretty cheeks, as it levelops the masster muscles that move the jaw, to detriment of the fatty substance that produces the plump cheeks. But this is not al' It is sure to stretch the mouth and spoil the grace'ul position of the ips, as well as produce wrinkles. It is certainly very disgusting; but I think it will soon play out, like the roller skating craze -Ex.

Who is Your Best Friend?

Your stomach of course. Why? Because f it is out of order you are one of the most miserable creatures living. Give it a fair, honorable chance and see if it is not the best friend you have in the end. Don't smoke in the morning. Don't drink in the morning. If you must smoke and drink wait until your stomsch is through with breakfast. You can drink more and smoke more in the evening and it will tell on you less. If your food ferments and does not digest right,-if you are troubled with Yes, there is some room for hope," Heartburn, Dizziness of the head, coming up after eating, Biliousness, Indigestion or any other trouble of the stomach, you had best use Green's August Flower as no person can use it without immediate reliefs

-BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE-The best Salve in the world for cuts and bruises, sores, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilbla'ns, corns, and ded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. M. Lawing, Physician and Pharmacist.