

A FIGUR FOR A BULL;

Or, a Case in Solomon's Court. Written for This Paper by Jules Verne.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

When the scout saw every horse was thus protected and that the heads of the cattle were thrust under the pack wagon, he ordered Barstow to draw Helen as closely as possible under the slightly projecting edge of the new bluff sheltering them, and then with a sudden spring he leaped upon the parapet and stood bolt upright, a single sentinel, watching over the little caravan crouching at his feet. Helen could not refrain from taking a second look at the handsome scout as he stood there so clearly outlined, with his gray eyes full of that calm and steady glow which bespeaks the inward strength and confidence, the glorious self-reliance of the brave man, always so fascinating to a woman.

The distant hills were still wrapped in their purple mantles of summer haze, but on the plain there was now visible a dark cloud, vast as the horizon itself, rising in fantastic forms and growing darker and darker until now smoke belched from an encircling battery on a field of battle and whirled into fantastic forms with clearly defined outlines.

From underneath these vast clouds of dust—for such they proved to be—came forth the rear of countless thousands of feet, which, as they drew near, falling in regular rhythmic beat upon these arid plains, sent forth a louder and louder rumble. The ground trembled beneath them. It was a living avalanche sweeping over the plain with irresistible force, and although made up of nothing but herds of sheep, yet such was the strange violence of their movements, the remarkable strength of their headway, the fury of their onslaught that nothing could have stemmed their savage advance.

No satisfactory explanation has ever been given of these wild flights from unseen enemies. Herd stampedes herd until a hundred times a thousand frightened animals rush in unreasoning dread across these vast plains. It is more than a mere explanation of the charge that a flock of sheep will stop the king's carriage, for no slaughterer of their leaders ever stays their mad flight. They take no note of death, they stampede round every hair's breadth, enough to attempt to stay their vehement progress and pass over him, often treading him to death with their pointed hoofs. With a deafening roar these living avalanches sweep from north to south, coming to a halt only when the bluffs filling the gorge with their thousand crushed and trampled members of the herd, over whose bodies the advancing thousands passed, crowding, leaping, struggling, panting, with eyes rolling in terror and foam dripping from their opened mouths. So well had the captain Jim looked after the safety of his party that, barring a few bruises received upon the exposed portions of the bodies of his horses and cattle, the living avalanche passed harmlessly over the little caravan.

Ten years of life in the Australian bush had worked great changes in Thad Faircamp, but it had worked them easily and naturally, for he had proved to be a very fit subject. He had taken with great zest and willingness to the wild ways of this life of wilderness, which, as an untamed horse struggles against bit and rein, rebelled at the restraining touch of the so-called law and order. His ranches, lying for miles about Waldeck Hill, strange to say, had not only been left in order, but he had maintained his position as a cattle king, he had suffered his band of retainers to become, at it were, sharers of his ill-gotten property. In this he had little choice, for, owing his existence as he did at the outset to their protecting arms, he now found himself at the head of a band of half marauders, half farmers, who regarded themselves as well entitled to an interest in this vast estate which lay far beyond the cleared patches of the most advanced progressive pioneer land, so complicated were the claims of ownership.

Thad, as guardian, had borne away from San Francisco, the mistress of Waldeck Hill, had, as the years went by, passed more and more under the domination of her husband. Always a weak and irresolute woman, she had been awed to servility by the high-handed measures, the deeds of violence of their

early life in the Australian bush; and more than all, by the knowledge of the terrible fraud perpetrated upon her sister-in-law—a fraud which she herself had made possible. The presence of the child ever before her eyes, or with her hearing, now kept sense of the wrong, like a spike in a helmet of torture, forever pressed upon her brain—and this was the punishment which had furrowed Janet's cheeks and streaked her dark hair with white. When news of the coming of Helen Faircamp and her lawyer reached Waldeck Hill, Janet had summoned up resolution enough to throw herself at her husband's feet and to implore him to end the wrong they had jointly wrought by restoring the child to Helen. For once she seemed able to brave the lightning of Thad's dark eyes, and to dare to stand undaunted in his presence.

"Thad," she pleaded, "listen to me. They will be satisfied to get the child back. They will be satisfied to let you of your home in this far away corner of the world."

Thad sprang upon the kneeling woman like a panther with uncovered fangs and foaming jaws.

"Never, never," said he, hissed out. "That woman embittered my brother against me. She shall pay for it now that I have her in my power."

Janet rose to her feet and in a delirium of courage advanced upon her husband. He was thunderstruck by the spectacle, and, as if from her for the first time in his life, awed by a righteous indignation.

"Hear me, Thad Faircamp," she whispered, hoarsely, "if you will not act, I will; if you will not speak, I will. Kill me if you dare, but when they come they shall know the truth and the whole truth."

With a fearful oath, Thad burst out: "Turn traitor against your husband, will you? Betray me, will you, at this late date? Then you shall get your deserts; you shall get what a false woman is entitled to, and that is death. You know me, Janet, and if you don't, by heaven! it's time you did, and you know I'll keep my word when I say I'll put a bullet in your heart if you betray me! You know my plans, Janet; help me put her to death, execution or take the consequences."

Thad Faircamp met his brother's widow and Colonel Barstow with a well-pleaded dignity, a well-feigned composure.

In an almost judicial manner, before which the other two shrank, he told himself, Barstow stated the main facts of the case upon which he based his charge.

"I hardly know, madam," replied the accused, turning to Helen with a sneer and a convulsive twitch of the fingers, "but I can make you understand this wretched business, instigated after all these years by your servicable attorney, but before I say anything my self-respect bids me hurl back into your teeth this insult to my wife and to me."

"I'll speak when the time comes," said Helen, looking at her husband, "and, sir, I must beg you to address yourself to my legal adviser."

An ashen pallor of rage overspread Thad's face, but Barstow appeared not to notice it.

"If the charge we make is false, Mr. Faircamp," continued the lawyer, "there is no insult in it for you are safe beneath the canopy of truth and honesty, while we poor fools—chasers after the unreal, victims of our own speculation, stand exposed to your scorn and contempt."

"Thad," said the lawyer, "this thin line of reasoning thus skillfully tossed to him, 'I need not be told that by you, sir,' he blurted out sneeringly, 'but there's another aspect of the case, which is that when a man makes up his mind to play a desperate game for a big stake as you have done, he must make his judgment of this by your life hypothesis, that he hardens and steels himself against any insult which an honest man can put upon him; but my life for many a year has been cast among violent and headstrong people. I have made up my mind to do as you do, right, you are deserving of our contempt and nothing else."

Colonel Barstow bowed with mock politeness.

"As for your allegation of fact," continued Faircamp, "upon which you base your case, that there was no reason for me to leave San Francisco, it disappears with the other fabric of falsehood when the sun of truth falls upon it. It is only natural that my wife's relations, whose funds I wasted in stock gambling, should at this late date be averse to reviving a family scandal. They are ten years older, they deem me dead, or as good as dead, and, alarmed at your wretched intermeddling, they naturally ever that no fraud was ever committed, that they were mistaken."

"It may be, Mr. Faircamp," replied the lawyer, with a nod of acquiescence, "that I am the poor deluded victim of my own speculation. I admit the possibility; but that is not enough. As the attorney of Helen Faircamp, I demand that you lay before me positive and conclusive proof that the boy born beneath your roof at Oakland is the son of Thaddeus and Janet Faircamp and not the son of Jasper and Helen Faircamp."

"Curse you, sir!" blurted out Thad, taking a step forward and making a motion as if to draw a firearm, but he suddenly halted, and although his bronzed face was drawn into lines of demoniac fury he regained mastery over himself as he glanced on the new-comer, who was present at the birth of this child save a colored nurse, who died beneath this roof six years ago."

"Thaddeus Faircamp," said Helen, starting up and walking toward her

brother-in-law, "why this mystery about this child? Where is he? Produce him. Let him stand face to face with me. A single glance into his eyes may set at naught every castle of suspicion in my mind. Send for him."

"Impossible," said Faircamp. "Ah, you are afraid," came almost in a whisper from Helen. "You dare not do this; you fear that a just God may move the child's heart."

"You once the seemed able to brave the lightning of Thad's dark eyes, and to dare to stand undaunted in his presence. 'No, madam, I fear nothing of the sort,' replied Faircamp. 'My son lies within on a bed of suffering. Come, you may see the child for one day. My son may sleep stamped and poured like a mad torrent down on the plain. My son was overtaken by the fleeing herds, thrown down, trampled, torn, one eye completely destroyed.'

Helen gave a cry of suppressed horror at the sight of the injured boy and had not Barstow half encircled her with his arm she must have fallen to the floor. Fate seemed to have favored the outlaw, for so cruelly had the lad's face been torn and lacerated that even when it should be completely healed, every semblance of its original expression would be stamped from it.

In deep silence, broken only by Helen's convulsive sobs, Barstow led the agonized woman back into the main room.

"Faircamp," began the lawyer, "while this terrible accident may rob us of a certain advantage upon which we had reckoned in order to reach a speedy settlement of this matter, yet in truth I care little for the mere fact of resemblance one way or the other. I don't rest my case upon such variable indices. Let your wife be summoned to corroborate your testimony."

As Janet Faircamp entered the room a piteous cry of sympathy escaped Helen's lips, so changed, so terribly changed, was this once beautiful woman.

"Speak, Janet," said Thad, satisfy their idle and presumptuous curiosity; are you not Robert's mother?"

"Yes—yes—Helen," murmured Janet. "You have been imposed upon, and entirely deceived. Robert is my son not yours. Oh, how wicked they have been to you."

"Well, sir," exclaimed Thad, in a tone of triumph. "No doubt this evidence will satisfy you; no doubt you are amazed at last that you are the victim of suspicion engendered by your hatred of me."

"I am not satisfied with this proof, sir," replied the lawyer, in cold and measured tones. "You have nothing further to offer, but we have!"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Faircamp.

"I reiterate my charge against you, Thaddeus Faircamp," said Barstow. "You have failed utterly to prove its falsity! I charge that Helen Faircamp is the mother of that boy whom you, in violation of the statutes of our state, have abducted and removed beyond its jurisdiction."

"Villain and liar!" roared Thad, beside himself with rage.

"I have in my possession, Mr. Faircamp," continued the lawyer, taking no notice of this outburst, "a man who permit myself to be torn from my home and transported across the seas, to be insulted and humiliated by the paid creatures of a so-called court of justice. You mistake your man, Barstow. A word from me, and fifty sturdy bush-crackers, with Capt. James Terrill at their head, will follow you to defend me to the death. And now, sir," continued Faircamp, with a smile of triumph, "comes my turn to threaten. You must leave this region within twelve hours, or I'll not be answerable for your life."

"Let your hired assassins shoot me down, Faircamp," exclaimed Barstow; "it will be a bootless job, for other champions will rise to battle for this unfortunate lady. I have a duty to perform, and shall perform it boldly and fearlessly. You are my prisoner!"

Thad burst out into a jeering laugh, but it came to a sudden ending, for stepping to the window the lawyer drew the curtain aside. A troop of black police had ridden into the yard and pulled up under the very windows of the house. The captain of the troop saluted Col. Barstow.

"I repeat, Faircamp; you are my prisoner," said the lawyer.

With a piercing shriek of terror Janet Faircamp threw herself at Helen's feet and clasped that woman's body with her long, thin arms, while her face was contorted with a pitiful look of half frenzy, half despair, as if the truth was to be made known at last. Thad was as good as his word, but as he leveled his revolver at his wife, a quicker hand had pressed the trigger of another. The bullet struck the boy in the outland and literally shot his pistol from his hand, but a

shot from a concealed assassin sought to do what his leader had failed to accomplish. Janet fell backward with a groan.

When the smoke of the firearms blew away Thad Faircamp had disappeared. The outlaw had darted out of the house, thrown himself on his horse and followed by several trusty companions had sought refuge in the mountains.

The steel of Janet's corset had deflected the ball and her wound was but a slight one. She now would be sufficiently to give a brief description of the vile fraud committed on her sister-in-law.

"Then the poor lad who was trampled and disfigured by the fleeing herds of sheep is my son and not yours, Janet?" asked Helen Faircamp.

"No, no!" gasped the fainting woman, "not so, not so!"

"Not mine, Janet," whispered Helen breathlessly as she raised her sister-in-law in her arms.

"No, it's false," said Janet; "another falsehood added to the long, long list. Robert, your son, is alive and well. That injured boy is—I know not whose."

"Robert alive and well?" exclaimed several voices in the same breath.

"Yes," continued Janet, "a close prisoner in one of the out-buildings on the ranch, where my wretched husband confined him at news of your approach to Waldeck Hill."

In a few moments a handsome lad, with the broad brow, large blue eyes set wide apart, curly auburn hair, and dimpled chin of Helen Faircamp, in a

word, a resemblance even more striking than Captain Jim had avowed it to be, was led in, startled and speechless at the sight of so many eager eyes fixed upon him.

"Mother!" he exclaimed, springing toward Janet, but she refused his embrace and led him more perplexed than ever to Helen's side, and thus the two halves of the Faircamp fortune were joined together again.

"My dear Helen," said Barstow to his fair client later in the day after the excitement had quieted down, "I have always thought that I would live to set this great wrong right, for I had a suspicion of it at the time it was perpetrated. Thank God, the work of my life is done!"

"Has just begun, you mean, my dear Colonel," said Helen, with a smile too sweet and a pressure of the hand too warm to be mistaken.

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Brought Him to Me.

"I think the way Blanche Biggerstaff brought her young man to time was a little ahead of anything I ever heard before," said Mamie Stivett to a bevy of girls.

"Oh, has she landed him at last?" replied one.

"Tell us about it," demanded the rest.

"You know he's been going to see her for ages."

"Yes, yes."

"And they are dead in love with each other?"

"No doubt about that."

"He was too bashful to propose, and at the same time he was crazy to get married."

"Yes; go on with the story."

"Well, the other evening he was at the Biggerstaffs, as usual, when Blanche remarked:

"The girls are all wearing guards to their engagement-rings now."

"Indeed?" replied Mr. Linger.

"Yes; and you have never given me a guard for mine, Charlie," says Blanche.

"Why," stammered Charlie, "I never gave you an engagement-ring, you know."

"Yes, I know," replied Blanche, as meek as Moses."

"Well, what then?" demanded the girls, impatiently.

"Oh, he took her an engagement-ring, and a guard, too, the very next evening."—Bazar.

Some Facts About Asbestos.

Some of the common ideas concerning asbestos appear to have resulted in mistakes of a seriously practical nature. Thus, the usual conception that it is not wise affected by heat is true only to the extent that, though infusible except at a very high temperature, it is a fact that only a very moderate degree of heat—heat to low redness in a platinum crucible, for instance, is required to entirely destroy the flexibility of the fiber, and render it so brittle that it may easily be crumbled between the thumb and finger. Another mistake is that relating to its high non-conductivity or power of resisting the action of heat—the assumption being that because asbestos is infusible, it must, of necessity, be a good non-conductor. The contrary assertion to this is made and proved on good authority. If, however, asbestos is heated and worked into a fluffy mass, it thus obtained a non-conducting material, but it is the air enclosed by the fibers that is the real non-conductor, the asbestos serving simply to entangle the air.—New York Sun.

There is a hitch in the proceedings relative to the erection of the statue of George B. McClellan, which is to occupy a prominent position in the great public square of Philadelphia, which was designed by Henry G. Ellicott, is now nearly completed at the Ames works at Chicopee, Mass., but \$6,500 is lacking to construct the pedestal and place the statue in position, and the chairman of the committee declares that until the necessary amount is raised the statue will not be brought to its place. The city will probably contribute the amount that is lacking.

In order, no doubt, that her existence may not be overlooked, Peru has about concluded to hold a revolution.

ALL OVER THE STATE.

ILLINOIS NEWS CONCISELY CONDENSED.

Emmeshing the Train Robbers—John Corrington a Target—Mysterious Death at Collinsville—New Colony for Fayette County—Debauched Boys Perish.

Light on the Lincoln Robbery.

The trial of William Shelles and his daughter Ida, at Lincoln, on a charge of concealing and receiving stolen goods developed new testimony against Van Meter, Woodward and Howe, now in jail awaiting the action of the grand jury. Shelles was charged with the assault with attempt to kill, burglary and kidnapping the railway train on the Peoria, Decatur and Evansville Railway to rob the passengers and express car. Shelles was held to bail in the sum of \$400 and his daughter's price of liberty was fixed at \$200, which neither could give.

Landed Them in the Work-House.

During the past few days advertisements have been run in the Quincy press to the effect, that unemployed persons could make good wages by calling on the agents of the United States Chemical Company, Jersey street. Having reason to believe that the men who were behind this "ad" were not straight, a detective called at the boarding-house and offered his services. He was asked to advance \$2. He arrested two young men named Melford Ingraham and James Rowen, lately of Jacksonville, sick condition men. They were taken to police headquarters, charged with vagrancy, arraigned and sent to the work-house for ten days.

Frozen While Drunk.

Three young men, William Stauffer, Addison John, and Marcus John, living seven miles north of Sterling, went to town to spend a day. On their way home Stauffer treated the two boys to whisky. All got drunk, and Stauffer was afraid to take the boys home. So he put them in a blacksmith-shop to get sober. Next morning he informed their parents, who went after them, and found Addison frozen to death and Marcus unconscious. He is liable to die. Stauffer was arrested for furnishing liquor to minors, and placed under bonds until the next term of court.

Penitentiary Postoffice Robbed.

Some person, unknown at present, broke into the Chester penitentiary postoffice during the night, and burst through the lock on the money drawer stole \$25.00 and a quantity of postage stamps. The thief effected an entrance through one of the large windows in the front of the reception-room, where the postoffice, a small affair of iron screen work, stands in one corner. It is thought the job was done by an ex-convict, and the officials tried to keep the matter quiet for a time in the hope that some clever thief could be obtained.

Was Washes Murdered?

Remains found by the side of the Vandala track, near the Collinsville depot, were identified as those of Mike Washes, a Russian miner. It is believed he was murdered. An examination showed seven knife wounds, each sufficient to cause death. A knife with the wounds was found near his body. In spite of all these evidences of a murder the coroner's jury found a verdict of death by accident.

Mennonites Hunting Homes.

Representatives of a large number of Mennonites are in Vandala negotiating for the purchase of several hundred acres of land in the northwestern part of Fayette County. Inducements have been held out to these people, and they are pleased with the outlook. The trade will be in all probability be closed. There are about seventy families in the colony, and all are from Pennsylvania.

His Life in Danger.

Wednesday night an attempt was made to assassinate John Corrington, a wealthy farmer living near Jacksonville. He was going to bed when a bullet came crashing through a window and buried itself in the head of the man. He immediately threw the shot were fired, the bullets barely missing him. No clew to the would-be murderer was found.

Dies at the Saw-Block.

Abner McDowell, a prominent Quincy citizen, ate a hearty dinner at the home of a friend, complained of indigestion, and was advised to saw a stick of wood after each meal. He sawed part way through one stick and then fell dead. His body was not discovered until next morning. He was about 60 years of age.

Record of the Week.

SARAH A. SIMMS, an aged woman of Decatur, died.

TWO UNKNOWN men were drowned at foot of Illinois street, Chicago, having walked off the recently made land.

SNEAK thieves have reaped a harvest in Chicago University. Wearing apparel, ornaments and jewelry were stolen.

REV. S. B. N. VAUGHN, aged 62 years, a Baptist minister, died suddenly at Decatur. Death was due to brain trouble.

NINE cases of smallpox, under treatment as measles, were discovered in the Polish district on the South Side, Chicago.

SMALL-POX has appeared in Mascoutah, the victim being Mrs. Seyler, whose husband was exposed three weeks ago.

TO FURTHER the interests of Illinois charitable institutions Governor Allgood called the heads to Springfield for a conference.

C. O. NORDSTROM, aged 76 years, and Mrs. Honora Loden, aged 97 years, two old and well-known residents of Rockford, died.

J. E. WALKER of Chicago asks removal of the receiver of the dry goods company which bears his name, alleging improper management.

Miss Mrs. Jane Whyte died in her 100th year. She was born in Scotland and came to America in 1843, settling in Cook County. Three children survive her.

The world of Christianity does move. At 11 o'clock Sunday, Narasimha Charya, a high-caste Brahmin and religious teacher, from Madras, India, occupied the pulpit of the People's Church. A few years ago this would not have been permitted.

At Farmer City was celebrated the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. John Cusey.

An eagle measuring seven feet from tip to tip was shot by a farmer near Hillsboro.

REV. DR. BROWN, of Macon, editor of several Christian papers, is dead. He is 60 years of age.

ILLINOIS ranks first in the production of distilled spirits according to an internal revenue office report.

ALTA MONT, a village near Effingham, suffered a loss of \$50,000. There is an insurance of \$20,000.

PETE McMULLEN, a notorious ex-convict, shot and killed Captain Swainsey, of the Alton police force.

JESS D. O. SMITH killed his divorced wife, Mrs. Cora Graybill, at Kankakee, and then committed suicide.

COLLECTOR WILCOX, of Springfield, has appointed B. E. Burns, of Charleston, a gauger in the internal revenue service.

THE 3-year-old daughter of John Griffin, a farmer near Marengo, died from the effects of burns received from falling into a tub of water.

The National Thermograph and Electrical Company of Chicago, capitalized at \$500,000, concluded a deal for the removal of its entire plant to Rockford.

The Kishwaukee-ster school-house, a landmark in early Rockford, burned with its contents, the pupils losing all their books. There was an insurance of \$500 in the Rockford fire office.

OFFICERS would like to find Frank C. Atkins, who passed a forged check upon the Globe Savings Bank at Chicago. Health Officer Reynolds asks for an additional appropriation in order to pay for the vaccination of the poor.

EMMA MARRIOTT, daughter of a farmer near Winchester, was assaulted Monday night at Collinsville, by James G. W. Morrison, of Springfield, was arrested. A mob took him from the officers and started for a patch of timber to hang him, but while en route a miscellaneous clubbing of the prisoner was begun, and he was fatally injured. There is no yet to certain that Morrison was guilty. He is well and favorably known at Springfield, and his associates speak of him as a man of upright character and clear record. He asserts his innocence. His wife and children live in Springfield, and went to Winchester.

ATL is idleness at the shaft of the Meigs County Coal Company at Bloomington. Tuesday morning fifty men and boys employed at the shaft struck on account of a reduction of wages of 12 cents a day. Those interested are all shaft-laborers and do not include the miners and company men.

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