A Knave of Conscience

By FRANCIS LYNDE.

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CHAPTER I.

In the days before New Orleans beame a modern city with trolley cars and sky-scraping buildings—was it yesterday or the day before?—there was a dingy little cafe in the newspaper quarter which was well beloved of journalism, notably of that wing of the force whose hours begin late and

end early.
"Chaudiere's," it was called, though I know not if that were the name of that wizen little Gascon who took toll at the desk; and it was particularized for its gumbos, its stuffed crabs and its claret, which was neither very bad nor very dear. For the rest, it had a clean, sanded floor, marble-topped tables for two, and an old-world air of recreative comfort which is rarer now, even in New Orleans, than it was yesterday or the day before.

It was at Chaudiere's that Griswold,

late of New York and the coasts of bohemia, had eaten his first breakfast in the Crescent city and it was at Chau-diere's again that he shared a farewell supper with Bainbridge of the "Louisianian." Six weeks lay between this and that; forty odd days of discouragement and failure superadded upon other like days and weeks and months. The breakfast, he remembered, had been garnished with certain green sprigs of hope; but at the supper table he ate like a barbarian in arrears to his appetite, recking not that he was

another man's guest.

Bainbridge had just been billeted for a run down the Central American for a run down the Central American coast to write up the banana trade for his paper. He was boyishly jubilant over the assignment, which promised to be neither more nor less than a pleasure trip; and, chancing upon Griswold, in the first flush of his elation, had dragged him around to the cafe to play second knife and fork at a small parting feast. Not that it had required much persuasion. Griswold had fasted for twenty-four hours and would have broken bread thankfully with an enemy, to say nothing of Bainbridge, who, if he were not a fullfledged friend, was at least a friendly

Now, a hungry man is but poor company at best; but Bainbridge, the elated, contrived to talk for two until he had relieved his mind upon the subject

Then it occurred to him that Griswold was rather more than usually un-responsive—a fault not to be condoned under the circumstances. Wherefore

'What's the matter with you tonight, Kenneth? You're more than commonly grumpy—and that's saying a good deal."

Griswold took the last roll from the plate and buttered it methodically.
"Am I? I was more than commonly

hungry. But go on; I'm listening."
"That's comforting as far as it goes, but I should think you might say some-thing more or less appropriate. You don't have a chance to congratulate lucky people every day."

Griswold looked up with a scowl that

was almost ill-natured, and quoted cynically: ""Unto everyone that hath shall be given; and from him that hath not, even that he hath shall be taken away from him."

Bainbridge laughed tolerantly. "By Jove, Kenneth, a man up a tree would say you envied me."
"I do," rejoined Griswold, gravely.

"I envy any man who can earn enough to keep the ban-dog of hunger from biting him."

"Pshaw! anybody can do that," said Bainbridge, with the air of one to whom the struggle for existence is as yet a mere phrase.

"I know that is your theory, but the facts disprove it. I can't, for one." "Yes, you could, if you'd side-track

some of your own theories and come down to sawing wood like the rest of us. But you won't do that."

Griswold was a fair man, with a skin that was quick and sensitive like that of a woman, and a red flush of anger swept over his face.

"That is not true, and you know it, Bainbridge," he contradicted, speaking slowly, lest his temper should break bounds. "Is it my fault that I can do nothing but write books for which I can't find a publisher? Or that the work of a hack writer is quite as Impossible to me as mine is to him?"

ready enough to make amends when he saw that Griswold was moved.
"I take it all back," said he. "I sup-

pose the book is home again, and a re turned manuscript excuses anything. But, seriously, Kenneth, you ought to get down to hard facts. Nobody but a phenomenon can find a publisher for his first book, nowadays, unless he has had some sort of an introduction in the magazines or the newspapers You haven't had that; and, so far as I know, you haven't tried to get it."

"Oh, yes, I have-and failed. It isn't In me, and there isn't an editor in the country who doesn't know it by this time. I came down here, as you know, to write up the sugar situation for Horton. It was a humiliating failure, like everything else of the kind I have ever set myself to do."

'Did you send in anything?" "Yes; and it was rejected. Horton said to try it on some of the reviews; that it might go with them, but was no good for a newspaper. It's no use talking, Bainbridge; the conditions are all wrong when a man with a mes sage to his kind can't get to deliver it

Bainbridge ordered the demi-tasses

The fruit steamer "Adelantado," "Humph! And he calls himself an to be the happiest man on and lighted a cigar "That's about outward bound, fell away from her anarchist, does he? It's a howling pity Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

what I suspected. You couldn't keep your peculiar views muzzled even while you were writing a bit of a potboiler. That brings us back to the old contention. You drop your fool so-cialistic fad and write a book that a publisher can bring out without committing commercial hari-kari, and

you'll stand some show. Light up and fumigate that idea awhile." Griswold took the proffered cigar. "It doesn't need fumigating; if I could consider it seriously, it ought to be burnt with fire. You march in the ranks of the well-fed, Bainbridge, and it's your business to be conservative. I don't, and it's mine to be radical."
"What would you have? The world's

as it is, and you can't remodel it."
"Yes, I and my kind can remodel it,

and we will some day when the burden has grown too heavy to be borne. The aristocracy of rank went down in fire and blood in France a century ago; that of money will come to its end here when the time is ripe."
"That's rank anarchy. I didn't know

you'd gotten so far along."

you'd gotten so far along."
"Call it what you please; names don't change facts. Listen"—Griswold leaned across the table and his eyes grew hard and the blue in them was steely—"For more than a month I have tramped the streets of this accursed city begging—yes, that's the word—begging for work of any kind that would suffice to keep body and soul together; and for more than half of that time, I've lived on one meal a

Bainbridge applauded in dumb show with his thumb-nails. "Turn it loose and ease your mind, old man," he said, indulgently. "I know things haven't been coming your way lately. What is your remedy?

Griswold was fairly started now, and idicule was as fuel to the flame.

"The money people have set us the example. They have made us understand that might is right; that he who has may hold—if he can. The answer is simple; there is enough and to spare for all, and it belongs to all—to him who has sown the seed and watered it as well as to him who has reaped the arvest. That is a violent remedy, you will say. So be it; it is the only one that will cure the epidemic of greed. There is an alternative, but it is only "And that?"

"May be summed up in seven words: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thy-When the man who employs



"I SHALL END BY BECOMING A

money gives him to succor his fellowman, the revolution will be indefinitely

Bainbridge looked at his watch. "I tado' drops down the river at eleven. But in passing I'll venture a little prophecy. You're down on your luck now, and a bit hot-hearted in consequence, but some day you will strike it right and come out on top. When you do, you'll be a hard master, or I'll lose my guess."

"God do so to me and more, if I am." "That's all right; when the time comes you remember my little vatici-nation. But before we shake hands let's get back to concrete things for the minute. How are you fixed for the present, and what are you going to

Griswold laughed mirthlessly. "I am 'fixed' to run twenty-four hours longer, thanks to your hospitality. For that length of time I presume I shall conform to what we have been taught to believe is the natural order of things. After that-

paused, and Bainbridge put the ion: "What then?" question: "Then, if the chance to earn it is still denied me, and I am sufficiently hungry, I shall stretch forth my hand and

Bainbridge fished in his pocket and found a ten-dollar bill. "Do that first," he said, offering Griswold the money

The proletary smiled and shook his ead. "No; not to keep from going hungry— even to oblige you, Bain-bridge. It is quite possible that I shall end by becoming a robber, as you paraphrasers would put it, but I shan't begin on my friends. Good-night, and a safe voyage to you."

CHAPTER II.

the current caught and swung her prow riverward; and, circling majestically in midstream, began to pass the lights of the city as she steamed at

half speed down the river.

Bainbridge was on deck when the steamer left her berth, and, remem-bering the stuffy little stateroom he had inspected earlier in the day, was minded to go aft and finish his cigar in the open air. Accordingly he found a settee on the portquarter and sat down to watch the lights wheel past in orderly procession as the Adelantado swept around the great crescent which gives the city its unofficial name. While the comfortable feeling of ela-

tion, born of his unexpected bit of good fortune, was still uppermost to complacency to his reflections, he yet found time to be honestly sorry for the man from whom he had just parted. Sorry, but not greatly apprehensive. He had known Griswold in New York, and was not unused to his socialistic vagaries. To be sure, his theories were incendiary and subversive of all civilized dogma; but at bottom, Griswold the man was nothing worse than an impressionable enthusiast who had tormented himself into a fancied condition of utter ruthlessness by dwelling overmuch upon the wrongs of others

So Bainbridge thought; and he knew his opinion was shared with frank unanimity by all of Griswold's friends, who agreed in calling him Utopian, altruistic, visionary. What milder epithets could be applied to a man who, with sufficient literary talent—not to say genius—to make himself a working name in the ordinary way, must needs run amuck and write a novel with a purpose!-a novel, moreover, in the story as to make the book a mere preachment.

As a matter of course, the publishers would have nothing to do with the book. Bainbridge remembered with him. He had said truly that his literary gift was novelistic and nothing else; and here he was, pennilesss and desperate, with a dead book on his hands, and with no chance to write another, even if he were so minded, since one cannot write fasting.

Thus Bainbridge reflected, and was sorry that Griswold's invincible pride had kept him from accepting a friendly stop-gap in his extremity. Yet he smiled in spite of his sympathy. It was amusing to think of Griswold, who, as long as his slender patrimony had lasted, had been emphatically man not of the people, posing as an anarchist, and up in arms against the world. None the less, he was to be

"Poor devil! he is in the doldrums "Poor devil! he is in the doldrums now, and isn't quite responsible for what he says or thinks—or for what he thinks he thinks," said the journalist to himself. "Just the same, I wish I had made him take that—Why, how are you, Griffin? Where in the mischief did you drop from?"

It was the inevitable steamer acquaintance who is always at hand to prove the exceeding narrowness of the world, and Bainbridge made room for

"I didn't drop, I walked in. More than that, I kept step with you all the way down from Chaudiere's to the levee. You'd be dead easy game for an amateur."

"Confound you!" said Bainbridge, laughing. "Can't you ever forget that you're in the shadowing business?"

"Yes; just as often and just as long as you can forget that you are a news The shadowed one laughed again,

and they smoked in silence until the Adelantado doubled the bend in the river and the last outposts of the city's lights disappeared in the blackness. Then Griffin said:

Who was the fellow you were talk face is familiar enough, but I can't place him."

The question fell in with the reporter's train of thought, and he an t rather more fully and freely than he might have at another time under different conditions. From telling who Griswold was, he slipped by easy degrees into the story of his ups and downs, ending with a vivid little wordpainting of the scene in Chaudiere's.

"To hear him talk, you would think he was a bloody-minded anarchist of the thirty-third degree, ready to sweep the existing order of things off the face of the earth," he added; "but in reality he is one of the best fellows in the world, gone a bit morbid over the social problem. He has a heart of gold, as I happen to know. He used to spend a good deal of his time in the backwater, and you know what the backwater

"Well, one night he stumbled into a cellar somewhere down in the lower levels on the East side. He was looking for a fellow that he had been try-ing to find work for—a crippled 'longshoreman, I believe he was. stiff, the woman with the death-rattle in her throat, and a two-year-old baby creeping back and forth between the dead father and the dying mother—starvation, you know, pure and simple. Griswold jumped into the breach like a man and tried to save the wom It was too late; but when the mother died, he took the child to his own eight-by-ten attic and nursed and fed it till the missionary people took it off his hands. He did that, mind you, when he was living on two meals a day himself; and I fancy he skipped one of

them to buy milk for that kid."

corngs; forged slowly ahead, until there ain't a lot more fust like him,"

said the detective, sententiously.

"That is what I say," Bainbringe agreed. Then, with a sudden twinge of remorse for having told Griswold's story to a stranger, he changed the subject with an abrupt question.

"Where are you headed for, Griffin?" The detective chuckled. "You don't expect me to give it away to you—a newspaper man—do you? But I will, seeing you can't get it on the wires. I am going down to Guatemala after Mortsen." Mortsen.

"The defaulter? By Jove! you've found him at last, have you?"

Griffin nodded. "It takes a good while, sometimes, but I don't fall down very often when there's enough money in it to make the game worth the candle. I've been two years, off and on, trying to locate that fellow; and now I've found him he is where he can't be extradited. All the same, I'll bet you five to one he goes back with me on thenext steamer. Have a fresh smoke? No? Then let's turn in; it's getting late."

[To Be Continued.]

IRISH ABSURDITIES.

musing Instances of the Extreme Simplicity of Country Folk of the Emerald Isle,

Here are a few samples of the absurdities arising out of the extreme simplicity of some Irish folk, says the London Spectator. A young man came to confess to an Irish priest in came to contess to an Irish priest in London whose experiences of the hu-mors of his fellow countrymen would fill a book. "Well, my man," said the priest, "and how do you earn your living?" "I'm an acrowbat, your river-ence." The priest was nonplussed. "I'll show you what I mean in a brace of shakes," said the penitent, and in a moment was turning himself inside out in the most approved acrobatic fashion in and out of the pews. An of that time, I've lived on one meal a day. That is what we have come to—we of the submerged majority. And that isn't all; the wage-worker himself is but a serf, a chattel among the other possessions of some fellow-man who has acquired him in the plutocratic redistribution of the earth and the fulness thereof."

Expressible satisfaction that he had old woman who had followed him to confession looked on horrified. "When drive the possession of some fellow-man who had followed him to confession looked on horrified. "When drive the possession of some fellow-man who had followed him to confession looked on horrified. "When drive the possession of some fellow-man who had followed him to confession looked on horrified. "When drive the possession so from the possession of some fellow-man who had followed him to confession looked on horrified. "When drive the possession so for the possession of some fellow-man who had followed him to confession looked on horrified. "When drive the possession so do woman who had followed him to confession looked on horrified. "When drive the possession so do woman who had followed him to confession looked on horrified. "When drive the possession so do woman who had followed him to confession looked on horrified. "When drive the possession had old woman who had followed him to confession looked on horrified. "When drive the possession so do woman who had followed him to confession looked on horrified. "When the possession so do not refer the possession possession possession possession possession posse old woman who had followed him to confession looked on horrified. "When mission had done nothing to reform one of his parishioners, told him so, and asked him the reason of it. "Ah! father." he replied, "I can manage the faith right enough, but the morals bate me." On another occasion this priest was called upon to marry a man of whom he knew nothing to a girl of his congregation. On investigirl of his congregation. On investigation he found the would-be bridegroom's knowledge of the Catholic faith very limited. "Have you ever been baptized?" he asked. "Well, father, I can't trust my memory to that." "Are your parents living?" "The mother is." "Let's have her address." This was given, and a telegram dispatched to the old lady on the spot, reply paid. The answer came in due course: "Vaccinated, but not baptized."

THE BAPTISM OF BELLS.

A Religious Ceremony of the Roman Church That Dates Back Many Centuries.

Bells were solemnly baptized like children—a custom which is still extant in the Roman church. This is probably not a primitive practice, and cannot be traced further back than the reign of Charlemagne, says the Gentleman's Magazine. It is first distinctly mentioned in the time of Pope John XIII. (988), when he gave his own name to the great bell of the Lateran church. Sleidan gives an ac-count of the ceremonial to be obbe so hung that the Bishop may be able to walk round them. When he has chanted a few psalms in a low voice, he mingles water and salt, and consecrates them, diligently spring-Img the bell with the mixture, both inside and out. Then he wipes it clean, and with holy oil describes on it the figure of the cross, praying while that when the ing to in front of Chaudiere's? His swung up and sounded, faith and charity may abound among men; all the snares of the devil—hail, lightning, winds, storms-may be rendered vain, and all unseasonable weather be softened. After he has wiped off that cross of oil from the rim, he forms seven other crosses on it, but only one of them within. The bell is censed, more psalms are to be sung, and prayers put up for its welfare. After this, feasts and banquetings are celebrated, just as at a wed-

Little Tommy sat way back in thurch with his mamma. It was his first experience. Everything was wonderful to him. By and by the collection was taken, but imagine the surprise of Tommy's mother, when the usher passed the plate, to hear Tommy say: "No, thank you, I've got money of my own."-Detroit Free Press.

His Parting Shot.

The Actor (about to leave the onenight stand)-That sign on the wall reads: Beast," "Accommodation for Man and doesn't it?

The Landlord (of the Mansion house) -That's what she does! The Actor-Well, I'd advise you to obliterate the "man," if you don't want to be arrested for swindling, some day.

Berlin's Black Book. ecord kept by the police, now consts of 37 volumes, containing 21,000

photographs of criminals of all

When a town man makes a little garden, he thinks every farmer ought to be the happiest man on earth -

THE EXCITING DAYS OF THE GREAT BONANZA MINE

Perseverance That Won Success and Fortune for the Late John W. Mackay.



Mackay, and the recording of his will which disposes of his vast fortune, bring vividly to mind the exciting

days of the discovery of the great Bonanza mine in the Comstock lode at Virginia City. It will be many a year hence before those days in the early seventies will be forgotten by the mining interests of this country, and, while equally as great deposits of metal have since been found in many places, and especially in Montana and the placer mines of Alaska, none have produced a greater upheaval in financial circles than did the discovery of the Great Bonanza.

What is without doubt the best and most interesting record of the discovery of the Bonanza mine is given by Mr. Charles Howard Shinn in his volume entitled "The Story of the Mine," issued by D. Appleton & Co., as one of their "Story of the West" series. It is from this volume that we quote much of the following article, with the kind

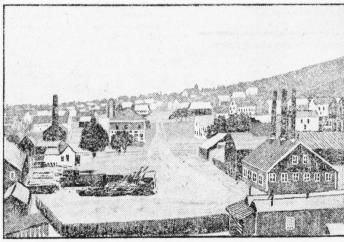
permission of the publishers.

Among the hundreds who were at-Among the hundreds who were attracted to Virginia City in 1860 was Mackay. He had been placer mining in California since 1852. In that state he had experienced the ups and downs that come to virtually all prospectors, and with his last stake he removed to Nevada to try his luck in the new diggings in the Comstock lode. He was

HE recent death of John W. | lars; stock assessments had been made until it was thought the outside stockholders would not stand another. and the stock rapidly decreased, and the daring operators were said by the public to have come to grief. Sharon and his followers were chuckling in their sleeves at the seeming discomfiture of the men, who for a time they feared might find the bonanza they were seeking.

While matters were in this condition the narrow metallic film so long followed began to widen until it measured seven feet across. A month more of work, and the vein was 12 feet wide, and a few weeks more saw the vein 40 feet wide. From this point a new shaft was sunk 250 feet in a south-easterly direction, and the Great Bananza had been tapped; "the very top had been pried off from nature's huge treasurehouse."

What had the daring prospectors found? We will quote from Mr. Shinn's work to answer the question. First, as to the rise in the value of the min-ing stock, which they held, and then as to the value of the ore as estimated



VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA.

industry and the good luck that sometimes follows the miner. Within a short time after the arrival of Mackay in sight at this time, Mr. Shinn says: Wililam Sharon began the operations that gave him control of virtually all the paying properties in the Comstock lode. He was backed by almost unlimited means, and played the game with all the audacity of the plunger, and won. He controlled practically everywon. He controlled practically everything that was considered valuable in the mining districts of Nevada, and virtually manipulated the stocks to suit his own convenience. His hand was against all those who were not included in his combinations, if he thought there was any possibility of their winning. He paid but little attention to Mackay and those interested with him, for the reason that he did not expect them to win.

Passing over Mackay's early ven-

Passing over Mackay's early ven-ures and his work in the mines with pick and shovel as an employe others let us st, art him at the beginning of that venture which resulted in the discovery of the Great Bonanza and made of him a many times millionaire. With him were associated James G. Fair, James C. Flood, William S. O'Brien and J. M. Walker, though the latter soon sold out his interests to Mackay. The other four became the four "bonanza kings" of the period.

There was one stretch of 1,310 feet

any trace of the treasure house for which they were seeking. James Fair was the superintendent, and at last his trained eye discovered a narrow seam of ore not wider than a knife olade. He ordered his men to follow it. and they did so. Overwork upon Fair' part brought on a severe illness, and trace of the narrow ore vein, but it was found again when he returned to his place in the mine. The work thus far had cost many thousands of dol- Gazette.

Dublin born, but had been in this country for a number of years, 18 of which he had spent in the mining camps of the west.

At Virginia City practically all conditions were against him, but he had with him his own keen perception, his industry and the good luck that somelindustry and the good luck that the bonanza extended over the Consolidated Virginia in such a way as to give the California in such a way as to give the California in such a way as to give the California in such a way as to give the California in such a way as to give the California in such a way as to give the California in such a way as to give the California in such a way as to give the California in such a way as to give the California in such a way as to give the California in such a way as to give the California in such a way as to give the California in such a way as to give the California in such a way as to give the California in such a way as to give the California in such a way as

Of the estimated value of the ore ackay ations in sight at this time, Mr. Shinn says: "Now that the Pacific coast was stirred at 'ore in sight' began to be in order. I have alluded to the first newspaper estimate of about \$118,000,000. Next came Mr. Diedesheimer, the inventor of the 'square-set system,' and one of the most careful mining engineers on the Pacific coast. He reported to the directors that there was \$1,500,000,000 in sight, and added that each mine ought to pay in dividends \$5,000 a share under proper management. A little later he gave proof of his faith in his own report by putting every dollar he could raise into shares in the two mines at the highest price. Even the director of the Carson mint, with his assistants, who examined the bonanza, was unable to fix any definite limit to its yield, and thought there was not less than the director of the Carson mint, with his assistants, who examined the bonanza, and the director of the Carson mint, with his assistants, who examined the bonanza, and the director of the Carson mint, with his assistants, who examined the actual to the director of the careful minting every dollar he could raise into shares in the two mines at the highest price. Even the director of the Carson mint, with his assistants, who examined the bonanza, was unable to fix any definite limit to its yield, and thought there was not less than the director of the Carson mint, with his assistants, who examined the bonanza, was unable to fix any definite limit to its yield, and thought there was not less than the director of the Carson mint, with his assistants, who examined and the director of the Carson mint, with his assistants, who examined the bonanza, was unable to fix any definite limit to its yield, and thought there was not less than the director of the Carson mint, with his assistants, who examined the bonanza, was unable to fix any definite limit to its yield, and thought there was not less than the director of the Carson mint, with his assistants, who examined the bonanza, was unable to fix any definite limit t

> But the days of the great Bonanza, and, in fact, of the whole Comstock lode, are virtually over. Mackay and his associates became millionaires, and he and James G. Fair have since then played prominent parts in other walks of life. They got out of the lode before the fall came. Of the present conditions Mr. Shinn says:

There was one stretch of 1,310 feet on the lode that was believed to be unprofitable. It had been operated by assessable stock companies until the stockholders had refused to stand further assessments, and this could be bought at a nominal price. Mackay and Fair had both made considerable money out of another venture they had been interested in, principally a matter of speculation, and they, with the other three who became interested with them, could produce quite a sum of money. Together they bought this tract of property, determined to stake all they had upon its exploration to greatdepths. The stretch of land had cost them to secure control by buying the majority of the stock in the mines located upon it about \$100,000, but this gave them three-fourths of all the different stocks.

During 1872 they pushed a drift through at a depth of 1,167 feet, and for months worked without finding any trace of the treasure house for the fail came. Of the present conditions Mr. Shinn says:

"After 1879, the close of the bonanza period came with exceeding swiftness. The stock of the 30 mines on the lode, valued in 1850, at over \$330,000,000, sank in February, 1880, to something less than \$7,000. Callfornia sold for \$1.25 a share and the Consolidated Virginia for \$1.20, and so down the forlorn like. How had the mighty fallen! The Great Bonanza, after yielding in five years nearly \$100,000,000, on the forlorn like. How had the mighty fallen! The Great Bonanza, after yielding in five years nearly \$100,000,000, on the forlorn like for instance of the mines and worked at a profit, small dividends have been paid by a few mines, and the working efficiency of the lode has been well maintained. There may be new been found. Once more the endurance of the mine owners and of the towns on the lode is being severely tested. California ceased paying dividends in 1879. Consolidated Virginia paid its last dividend in 1880.

Clara-Oh! I'm really learning a great deal about baseball. I found out what a base hit means without

"Yes, the paper said McGraw hit the umpire with a bat and in the score he is credited with a base hit, so that must be the one."—Chelsea