

GRANDMA'S RIDE TO SCHOOL.

Still in memory's cluttered garret hangs a painting, rich and rare, Of a romping lad and lassie, and an old gray, gentle mare. That recalls the scenes of childhood—summer mornings soft and cool—And the forgotten pleasure when your grandma went to school.

Life another song was singing, both our hearts were blithe and gay; And whenever, bright and early, I would call for her, she'd say, With a smile of satisfaction: "Bill, I'm sure you're very kind!"—Then away we'd canter slowly—she in front and I behind—

Over meadows clover-clustered, down the long, leaf-laden lane, On the ancient county turnpike, on the hot and dusty plain, Through the midway pool, where, somehow, she'd seem overcome with fright, And I'd tell her not to worry, but to "grab and hold me tight!"

How our voices rang with gladness, how our laughter mocked the birds, How the love that lit our fancies seemed too deep for empty words!— How the other boys, in envy, lured me on to break each rule, Just to know the trancing joy I felt when grandma went to school!

Father Time, turn back your pages! change these silver locks to gold! Let me live once more the love-life of those dear, dead days of old!— Not these dim, delusive day-dreams—dreams too beautiful to last, When the heart is painting pictures of the pleasures that have passed—

Just to see her, trim and dainty, in her little gingham gown, Just to hold her hand in mine, as then, and read her eyes of brown, Just to hear her say she loved me, and to answer her caress With a something less than Heaven, perhaps, but something more than "yes."

How that old emotion haunts me! How I thrill at thought of it! How I feel a youthful flutter, as her fairy features flit Through the softly swaying shadows, where the locust leaves wave, Through the moonlight of my memory—just a shadow from the grave!

Ah! the old gray mare is waiting, and the morning sun is high, And the schoolhouse bell is ringing, from the belfry in the sky, And I see the same old turnpike, meadow, plain, and midway pool— As my fancy calls her back from Heaven to ride with me to school.

—Robert Mackay, in Success.

A Knave of Conscience

By FRANCIS LYNDE.

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CHAPTER III.

Two days after the Adelantado cleared for the banana coast; or, to be more accurate, in the forenoon of the second day, the unimpetuous routine of the business quarter of New Orleans was rudely disturbed by the shock of a genuine sensation.

At ten o'clock, Mr. Galbraith, president of the Bayou state bank, entered his private office in the rear of the main banking apartment, opened his desk, and addressed himself to the business of the day. Punctually at ten-five the stenographer, whose desk was in the anteroom, brought in the mail; five minutes later the cashier entered for his morning conference with his superior; and at half-past the hour the president was left alone to read his correspondence.

Mr. Galbraith was a serious-minded man whose hobby was method; and it was his custom to give himself a quiet half-hour of inviolable seclusion each morning in which to read and consider his letters. During this interval the stenographer, acting as usher, was instructed to deny his chief to callers of whatsoever degree. Wherefore, when the door of the private office opened at twenty minutes of eleven to admit a stranger, the president was justly annoyed.

"Well, sir?" he said, with an accent of irritant, taking the intruder's measure in a swift glance shot beneath his bushy white eyebrows.

The visitor was a young man not over thirty, of prepossessing appearance, with a figure rather slight for his stature; fair, with blue eyes, and a curling brown beard and mustache, the former trimmed to a point. So much the president was able to remark at a glance, and to remember afterwards.

"Well, sir!" he repeated, when the stranger stopped to carefully close the door, "if you have business with me, I shall have to ask you to excuse me for a few minutes. Be good enough to take a seat in the ante-room till I ring. McFarland should have told you."

The young man drew up a chair and sat down, ignoring the request as if he had not heard it. Now Mr. Andrew Galbraith's temper was ordinarily the temper of an elderly gentleman with a long upper lip, worn clean shaven, but such a deliberate infraction of his rules was not to be borne patiently, and he got up to ring for the janitor. But when his hand sought the bell-push, he found himself looking into the muzzle of a revolver in the hands of the intruder, and so was fain to fall back into his chair, gasping:

"What do you want, sir? Who are you and what do you want?" He stammered.

The reply was most succinct and to the point.

"I am a poor man, and I want money. If you call for help, I shall shoot you."

"You would murder me?" The president's hands were clutching the arms of the chair, and he was fighting desperately for courage and presence of mind in his extremity.

"Not willingly, I assure you; but most certainly, if you attempt to give the alarm. But there is no occasion for needless anxiety. It is merely a question of money, and if you are amenable to reason your life is not in danger."

"If I'm—but I'm not amenable to your reasons, sir!" exclaimed the president, recovering somewhat from the first shock of terrified bewilderment. "I refuse to listen to them. I'll not

have anything to do with you. Go away."

The young man smiled in a way to show his teeth.

"Keep your temper, Mr. Galbraith," he said, coolly. "I say you shall listen first and obey afterward. Otherwise you die. Which is it to be? Choose quickly—time is precious."

The president yielded the first point, but ungraciously, as one under strict compulsion.

"Well, well, then; out with it. What have you to say for yourself?"

"This. You are rich; you represent the existing order of things. I am poor, and I stand for my necessity, which is above any man-made law or custom. You have more money than you know what to do with; I have not enough to buy the next meal, which is already twenty-four hours overdue. I came here this morning with my life in my hand to invite you to share with me a portion of that which is yours only by the right of possession. If you do it, well and good; if not, you die. Do I make myself sufficiently clear?"

The president glanced furtively at the clock. It was nearly eleven, and McFarland would surely come in on the stroke of the hour. If he could only gain a little time. He searched in his pockets and drew forth a handful of coin.

"You say you are hungry; well, I'm not that well off that I canna remember the time when I knew what it was to be on short commons myself," he said; and the relapse into the mother idiom was a measure of his perturbation. "Take this now, and be off with you."

The younger man glanced at the clock in his turn and shook his head.

"You are merely trying to gain time, and it won't do. My stake in this game is more than a handful of silver; and I don't do you the injustice to suppose that you hold your life so cheaply—you who have so much silver and gold and so few years to live."

The president put the little heap of coins on the desk, but he did not abandon the struggle for delay.

"What's your price, then?" he demanded, as one who is willing to compromise.

"One hundred thousand dollars—in money."

"But, man! you're clean daft! Do ye think I have—"

"I am not here to argue the possibilities," the interruption was sharp and incisive. "Take your pen and write out a check payable to your own order for one hundred thousand dollars, and do it now! If that door opens before we have concluded, you are a dead man!"

Then Andrew Galbraith saw that his end was nigh, and gathered himself for a final effort at time-killing. It was absurd; he had no such balance to his credit; such a check would not be honored; it would ruin him irretrievably. In the midst of his vehement protest the stranger stepped back a pace and raised the weapon.

"I tell you you are trifling with your life! Do it while there is yet time!"

The sound of subdued voices came from the anteroom, and the beleaguered old man stole a glance at the face of his persecutor. There was no mercy in the fierce blue eyes glaring down upon him, but rather madness and fell murder. The summons came once again.

"Do it quickly, I say, before we are interrupted. Do you hear?"

Truly, the president both heard and understood, but he hesitated yet one other second.

"You will not? Then may God have mercy!"

The hammer of the leveled pistol clicked twice. Andrew Galbraith shut his eyes and made a blind grasp for



HE ASKED THE WAITER CONCERNING THE UPROAR.

pen and check-book. His hands were shaking with a palsy, but the fear of death steadied them suddenly when he came to write.

"Indorse it!" was the next command. The voices had ceased in the anteroom, and the silence was broken only by the labored strokes of the president's pen and the tap-tap of the typewriter in the anteroom.

"Now come with me to your paying teller and get me the money. Make what explanation you see fit; but remember that if he hesitates you die."

They left the private office together, side by side; the young man with his right hand under his coat. The president breathed a little freer when they reached the lobby of the main apartment and was not without hope that chance might still intervene to save him.

It did not. There were but few customers in the bank at that hour, and the president tried in vain to catch a responsive eye.

At the paying teller's window there was only one person instead of the group which Andrew Galbraith had hoped to find there; a young woman who was getting a draft cashed. She saw them and would have stood aside, but the robber forbade it with a gesture, and they waited for a few trying moments until she was served.

When the young woman went her way the president stepped to the window and presented the check. Up to that instant he had clung desperately to the hope that some fortunate happening would forestall the catastrophe; now he was determined to give the teller a warning signal, come what might. But on the pinnacle of resolution the robber came closer, and Andrew Galbraith felt the pressure of the pistol muzzle against his side—nay, more; he fancied he could feel the cold chill of the metal strike through and through him.

"Give me currency for that, Johnson," he said, with what composure there was in him.

The teller glanced at the check and then at his superior, not too inquisitively, since it was not his duty to question the president's order.

"How will you have it?" he asked; and it was the younger man who answered.

"Three hundred in fives, tens and twenties, loose, if you please. The remainder in the largest denominations put up in a package."

It was done as he directed, and he followed the teller's count as methodically as if it had been the most commonplace of business transactions. When the money was handed him he stuffed the smaller bills carelessly into his pocket, put the package containing the ninety-nine thousand odd dollars under his arm, nodded to the president, backed away to the door and vanished.

Then it was that Andrew Galbraith suddenly found speech, opening his mouth and pouring forth a torrent of frenzied incoherence which presently got itself translated into a hue and cry; and New Orleans, the unimpetuous, had its sensation ready made.

CHAPTER IV.

If Kenneth Griswold had been neither more nor less than a professional highwayman he would probably have been taken and jailed within the hour, inasmuch as his cast for fortune included no well wrought out plan of escape. But since he was both wiser and less cunning than the journeyman bank robber, and was, moreover, a hungry enthusiast who had argued himself into the belief that his act was merely illegal and not wrong, he threw the police off the scent by doing that which no criminal would have had the nerve to do.

Once safely in the street, with the package of bank notes under his arm, he was moved to do some extravagant thing celebrative of his success. It had proved to be such a simple matter, after all; one bold stroke; a small bloodless tussle with the plutocratic dragon whose hold upon his prey is so easily broken; and presto! the hungry proletariat is himself a power in the land, strong to do good or evil as the gods may direct.

This was the prompting to levitation as it might have been set in words; but in Griswold's thought it was but a swift suggestion, followed immediately by another which was much more to the purpose. He was hungry; there was a restaurant next door to the bank. Without a thought of the risk he ran, or of the audacious subtlety of such an expedient at such a critical moment, he went in, sat down at one of the small tables and calmly ordered breakfast.

Now, hunger is a lusty special pleader, and it will make itself heard above any pulp drum of the higher faculties; hence Griswold thought less of what he had done than of what he was about to eat, until the hue and cry reminded him that the chase had begun. Whereupon, not to be suspiciously incurious, he put on the mask of innocence and asked the waiter concerning the uproar.

The man did not know what had happened, but he would go and find out if M'sieu's so desired "M'sieu's" said breakfast first and information afterward, by all means. Both came in due season, and Griswold ate while he listened.

Transmuted into the Creole-English of the serving-man, the story of the robbery lost nothing in its sensational features.

"Ha! What you tink, M'sieu? De bank nex' do' is been rob!" and upon this theme excited volubility descended at large. The bank was surrounded by a gang of desperate men and every exit guarded while the leader, a masked giant, armed to the teeth, had compelled the president at the muzzle of a pistol to pay a ransom of fifty-one hundred—five hundred thousand dollars. With the money the gang had vanished, the masked giant firing the pistol at M'sieu's president as he went. Cross-examined, the waiter could not affirm positively as to the shot. But as for the rest there could be no doubt.

Griswold ordered a second cup of coffee, and while the waiter tarried, conscience—not the enlightened conscience, but the conventional—bent its bow and sped its final arrow. It was suddenly brought home to the enthusiast with sharp emphasis that to all civilized mankind, save and excepting only those few chosen ones who shared his peculiar convictions, he was a common thief, a robber, an outlaw.

Public opinion, potential or expressed, is at best but an intangible thing; but for a few seconds Griswold writhed under the ban of it as if it had been a whip of scorpions. Then he smiled to think how strong are the bonds of custom, and conscience flung away its empty quiver. None the less, the enthusiast was rather thankful for the chastening. It served to remind him afresh of his mission. This money which he had just wrested from the pluto-

cratic dragon should be held as a sacred trust; it should be devoted scrupulously to the cause of the oppressed. Just how it was to be applied he had not yet determined, but that could be decided later.

Meanwhile it was very evident that the dragon did not intend to accept defeat without a struggle, and Griswold set his wits at work upon the problem of escape.

"It's a little queer that I hadn't thought of that part of it," he mused. "I suppose the other fellow, the real robber, would have figured himself safely out of it—or would have thought he had—before he made a move. As I didn't, I've got to do it now, and there isn't much time to throw away. Let me see—" he shut his eyes and went into the inventive trance beloved of the literary craftsman—"the keynote must be originality. I must do something that the other fellow wouldn't think of doing."

He dallied with the second cup of coffee and outlined a plan, basing it upon a further cross-questioning of the waiter. The man had been to the door again, and by this time the street excitement had subsided sufficiently to approach the truth. The rumor of an armed gang guarding the bank doors had been a canard. There had been but one man, and the street gossips were beginning to describe him with discomforting accuracy.

Griswold paid his score and went out with studied nonchalance. He reasoned that, notwithstanding the growing accuracy of the street report, he was in no immediate danger so long as he remained in the immediate vicinity of the bank. It was safe to assume that this was one of the things that the journeyman bank robber would not do. But it was also evident that he must speedily lose his identity if he hoped to escape; and that the lost identity must leave no trace behind it.

(To Be Continued.)

NOT A DISAPPOINTMENT.

The Haunting Fear of a Fair Maid's Mother Regarding Young Daniel Webster.

"Pumpkin pie and professors plenty; wheat and poetry a good deal blasted; girls and gingerbread as sweet as ever," wrote Daniel Webster gaily in one of his youthful letters to a friend, says Youth's Companion.

Indeed, it is well known that he was by no means a serious or insusceptible youth, however awe-inspiring in his maturity, for in his early writings law, finance and politics are diversified by a series of charming Nabbys, Fannys and Sallies, upon whose ways and witcheries he expatiated or jested in fickle succession to his young correspondents.

He seems also to have been popular with the young ladies themselves and their mammas; but a tradition exists of one sharp old lady, the aunt of a very pretty girl to whom young Daniel had paid some attention, who did not at all approve of him. Her objection has been handed down among her descendants as a cherished family anecdote.

"If that young Webster ever turns out to be all he looks like, he will be somebody very much greater than it's likely he is," she was wont to say; "but if our Lyddy should marry him in hopes, and he just stayed like other folks, why, it wouldn't be fair to blame the boy, I suppose, but he'd be a disappointment; yes, he certainly would be a disappointment!"

The fair Lydia, however, was only one of many transient fascinations. She remained heart-whole and unambitious, and suffered no "disappointment"—not even in the fact that Daniel Webster never gave her the opportunity to refuse him.

A Waiver Moralist.

The following is an extract from a letter in the Bloemfontein Post, signed "J. G. Mohaff." "Proper Kafir beer is our own food, and the beer that makes the black people drunk is stuff that is mixed with spirits of wine and other kinds of rubbish. How can we walk in the narrow path if some dishonest brothers spoil. Sir, if you drink proper Kafir beer you will never get drunk. No, not even if you drink till you busty. I have before written The Post and pointed out to my brothers that they must not drink rubbish, otherwise they will go off the narrow path and land in the prison cells; I nearly was in the broad path not to clean my yard once a time; and my advice is still the same, viz., drink good beer and keep your back yard clean; I am an educated native, and I am a teacher in my spare time, and I do my duty by teaching the young to drink pure, unadulterated beer, even at my tea parties. I use my influence."—London Mail.

Cat Objected to Immersion.

Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady tells a story of a little boy he knew on the frontier, who belonged to a family who had trained him to believe in the deep water form of baptism, and was experimenting with the household cat and a bucket of water. The animal evidently did not believe in immersion, for she resisted, bit and scratched, until finally the little boy, with his hands covered with scratches, and with tears in his eyes, gave up the effort to effect the regeneration of the cat. "Dog gone you," he cried, "go and be an Episcopal cat, if you want to."—Detroit Free Press.

His Opinion.

City Tourist—Is this the road to Sunny Dale? Old Inhabitant—It has been for the last 50 years, and I guess it is yet.—Indianapolis News.

PUZZLE PICTURE.



"HAVE YOU FED THE CHICKENS?" TO WHOM IS SHE SPEAKING?

WOMEN TO BE BARRED.

New York Stock Brokers Start a Movement to Exclude Them from Offices.

There is a movement among brokers in New York to exclude women from their business houses and to deny them the privilege of speculating in stocks. Femininity, they say, has been given a fair chance to show its adaptability in "the street," and has failed miserably, reports the New York Times.

For a long time many brokers have considered women undesirable patrons for a multitude of reasons. Of late the opposition has crystallized, and several prominent firms have taken a bold, determined stand to ostracize those members of the fair sex whose gaming instinct and desire to get rich quick prompt them to speculate on the markets.

The following is a copy of a letter sent out by a well-known firm of stock brokers. It shows plainly the attitude of brokers, and it is not unlike letters that have been sent out recently by other firms:

"Mrs.—Dear Madam: We regret to inform you that in future we shall be unable to afford you the privilege of calling at our office on Blank street. We find that some of our best customers consider it undignified for women to frequent brokers' offices, and for that reason beg to ask that in future you will kindly communicate with us only by letter or telephone. In this matter we have used no discrimination. Every woman who has an account or who has done business with us will receive similar notice by the same mail. Yours very truly,

"Stock Brokers, — Broadway."

"A woman is a nuisance anywhere outside of her own home," said a well-known reputable stock broker to a reporter who called on him at his office in a lower Broadway skyscraper the other day.

"In the first place, a broker's office is no place for a woman. The average woman knows little about brokerage. Business instinct is not innate in the woman, ordinarily speaking, and, worse than that, she can't learn. Tell her all you know about stocks and market conditions and practices, and the next day she will ask you the same thing again."

"Another thing: The woman who desires to trade in stocks, knowing nothing of them or the business, wants the broker to become her confidant, to tell just where and when to buy or sell. If she makes something out of an investment made on a broker's advice, she glories over her shrewdness on the street, and the broker gets no credit whatever. Should she lose, and every broker must go wrong in predictions once in awhile, then there's the devil to pay."

Brokers say that a woman does not seem to be able to realize that there is a possibility of losing in speculating in stocks. Therefore she is what a gambler would call a "bad loser." Of course, there is an occasional woman who knows the market and its sinuities, and is as "game" as any man on the street. But she is mighty

scarce. The ordinary woman speculator and trader makes an awful fuss when she makes a losing investment.

Sometimes the spectacle is ludicrous in the extreme, but more frequently it is a sad one. Many women with the gaming instinct, who, besides seeking the excitement attendant upon the speculation, hope to get wealthy in a few days, go into it when the money they stake is needed for the necessities of life for themselves and their families. The result of the failure in the latter instance is pitiable. To the broker it is nerve-racking.

GOOD ENOUGH REASON.

Why There Was No Conversation Between the Witness and Mr. Billings.

"Your honor," said the solicitor for the defense, relates Tit-Bits, "I wish to prove by this question that the witness is a man of quarrelsome disposition, hard to get along with, and on bad terms with his neighbors. Now, sir," he continued, turning again to the witness, "I'd like to know whose farm is next to yours?"

"Well," answered the witness, "there is the Billings' farm, and the—"

"Stop there. One at a time. Are you on friendly terms with Mr. Billings?"

"I can't say I am."

"Are you even on speaking terms with him?"

"No, sir."

"Whose fault is it?"

"It's his fault, I reckon."

"Oh, yes; it's his fault, you reckon. How long has it been since you have spoken to him?"

"About 14 years, as near as I can remember."

"Now, sir, I want you to tell this jury why you have not spoken to Mr. Billings for 14 years."

"Gentlemen," said the witness, turning to the jury, "the reason why I haven't spoken to Mr. Billings for 14 years is because that's about the length of time he's been dead."

Between Friends.

"No, Mr. Dudleigh," said the beautiful girl with the old-rose hair, "I can never be your wife, but I shall always be your friend."

"Then before I go," rejoined the young man as he calmly lit a paper-covered coffin nail, "I have one last word to say to you as a friend."

"What is it?" she asked after the manner of the curious sex.

"It is this," he replied. "I think you have stacked the cards against yourself in this game. You lose by winning, while I win by losing."—Chicago Daily News.

Just a Little Hint.

"Your father doesn't seem to regard me very favorably," remarked Cholly. "Does he think I'm too dashing?"

"No," wearily replied the girl who was already in her third season. "He thinks you are too slow."—Chicago Post.

One does not think of the cafe as a force for social, moral or intellectual advancement. Nevertheless, on the East side in New York it does good.

During the day the East Side Cafe is a restaurant pure and simple. After ten o'clock in the evening and until two in the morning its character is changed. Then the workingman is finishing his evening stroll; the professional man seeks relaxation; the people are returning home from the theater or from visiting friends. Clerks and storekeepers have finished the day's business. All enter the cafe, where they are sure to meet friends, and there over steaming glasses of Russian tea and the fragrance of Russian cigarettes enter into spirited discussions upon topics of interest, philosophic, religious, scientific, economic, dramatic, literary, aesthetic.

The cafe is more than a club; IT IS A FORUM. There is no clash of cults. Quite the contrary. Different cafes become the headquarters for men of like tastes and sympathies. So in one are to be found artists; in another socialists; in another musicians.

In intellectual stimulus the cafe may be likened to the club. Its convivial atmosphere and lack of restraint gives breadth to the thought, vividness to the imagination, brilliancy to the expression. THUS, THE CAFE IS BY FAR THE MOST POTENT SOCIAL AND INTELLECTUAL INFLUENCE ON THE EAST SIDE.