

## REASON AND THE LAW.

Cy Perkins was a cranky man, Joe Bunker was the same; To make each other trouble was each other's only aim. And, as they had adjoining farms, it happened very soon To put the matter plainly, "there was blood upon the moon."

A cut there was through Bunker's wood that made a shorter way. And Cyrus chose that road to town, despite all Joe could say. Though Bunker daily stormed and raved as no good Christian should, Yet Perkins calmly held his way through that convenient wood.

"Your wood!" he cried, derisively; "there's nothing here to show That all men with impunity may not thus ever go. There is no fence, there is no sign; there's naught that I spy That does a passage through this wood to any man deny."

So, breathing threats of what he'd do, Joe Bunker bought a sign Of "Trespassing Forbidden Here!" that measured six by nine. In joyful triumph and a cart he brought it out from town, But never noticed at the time he had nailed it upside down.

"The law," he said to Perkins then, "will now take care of me; The law demands that you shall heed the sign that there you see. There's no excuse that will be good if you keep passing through. And I serve notice on you now that I will surely sue."

"The law," said Perkins, thoughtfully, "is strange in many ways. And I will heed all barriers that it may fairly raise. Your sign, no doubt, is excellent, and if I only knew Just what it says I'm satisfied I'd bow to it and you."

"Turn back!" cried Bunker, angrily, "for there you see the sign! But Perkins, starting up his horse, replied: 'I must decline. The law I honor and obey, but nowhere is it said To read a sign the passer-by must stand upon his head.'"

—Elliott Fowler, in Brooklyn Eagle.

## A Knave of Conscience

By FRANCIS LYNDE.

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## CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

Griswold smiled when he remembered how, in fiction of the felon-catching sort—and in real life, for that matter—the lawbreaker always did leave a trace behind him, and determined for once in a way to demonstrate practically that it was quite as easy to create an inerrant fugitive as an infallible detective. Joining the throng on the sidewalk, he made his way leisurely to Canal street, and thence diagonally through the French quarter to the French market. In a narrow alley he found what he was looking for—a dingy, sailors' barber shop. The barber was a negro, fat, unctuous and sleepy looking; and he was alone.

"Yes, sah; shave, boss?" he asked as Griswold entered.

"No; a hair-cut." Griswold produced a silver half-dollar. "Go around the corner and get me a cigar to smoke while you're doing it. Get a good one, if you have to go to Canal street," he added, climbing into the rickety chair.

The negro shuffled out, scenting tips. The moment he was out of sight Griswold snatched the scissors and began to hack recklessly at his beard; recklessly and swiftly, but with thoughtful purpose. The result was a complete metamorphosis speedily wrought. In place of the trim beard and curling mustache there was a rough stubble, stiff and uneven, like that on the face of a man who had neglected to shave for a week or two.

"I think that will answer," he said, standing before the cracked looking-glass to get the general effect. "And it's decently original. I fancy your professional blunderer would have shaved, and the first amateur detective he met would reconstruct the beard on the sunburned lines. Now for an 'uncle,' the more avaricious the better."

He went to the door and looked up and down the alley. The negro was not yet in sight, and he walked swiftly in the direction opposite to that taken by the man. A pawnbroker's shop of the kind he required was not far to seek in that locality, and when it was found Griswold drove a hard bargain with the Portuguese Jew behind the counter. The pledge he offered was the clothes he wore; and the bargain was concluded for a pair of jeans trousers, a calico shirt, a sailor's cap and a red bandanna handkerchief. These, and a trifling sum of ready money, the inconsequence of which Griswold deplored piteously before he would consent to accept it.

The Portuguese, most suspicious of men, suspected everything but the truth, as Griswold had intended, accusing his customer flatly of having stolen the clothes. And when Griswold departed without denying the accusation, suspicion became conviction, and the clothing, which might otherwise have given the police a most important clue, was carefully hidden away until time should have quieted the Jew's apprehensions.

Having thus disguised himself, Griswold made the transformation artistically complete by walking for a quarter of an hour in the dust of a loaded cotton float on the levee. Then he made a tramp's bundle of the manuscript of the dead book, the pistol and the money, in the red handkerchief, and having surveyed himself in the bar mirror of a sailors' pithouse, was minded to test his disguise by going back to the

restaurant where he had breakfasted.

The experiment was made forthwith, and was an unqualified success. The proprietor not only failed to recognize him, but drove him forth with revillings in idiomatic French and broken English.

"Bete! Go back to da levee w'ere you belong to go. I'll kip da cafe for zhentlemen. Seclerat! Go!"

Griswold went, smiling between his teeth.

"That settles the question of present safety," he said to himself. "I believe I could walk into the bank and not be recognized."

The idea was so temptingly adventurous that he gave place to it on the spur of the moment. Taking a five-dollar bill from his store, he fouled it in the mud of the gutter and then went in to ask the paying teller to give him silver for it. The teller sniffed at the money, scowled at the man and then turned back to his cashbook. Griswold's smile broke into a laugh when he reached the street.

"The dragon may have teeth and claws, but it can neither see nor smell," he said, contemptuously, bending his steps riverward again. "Now I have only to choose my route and go in peace. How and where are the only remaining questions to be answered."

## CHAPTER V.

For an hour after his venturesome return to the bank Griswold tramped up and down the levee, and the end of it found him still undecided as to the manner and direction of his flight.

The hour had not been altogether triumphant. The partition which is the dividing line between a life of semi-vagrancy and a life of crime is tenuous enough; and any hot-hearted one may break through it at will. But to be a vagrant indeed, one must first be a vagrant at heart; and Griswold was far enough from this, now or at any time; so far from it that the claims of his transformed identity were already beginning to gail him. It was to little purpose that he girded at his compunctions, telling himself that one needs must when the devil drives. Custom, habit, or whatsoever it may be which distinguishes the law-abiding from the lawless, would have its say; and from railing bitterly at the social conditions which made his act at once a necessity and a crime, he came presently to loathing the subtleties to which the crime had driven him.

Moreover, mingled with the loathing was a growing fear that he might not always be able to play consistently the double role whose lines were already becoming intricate and confusing. To be true to his mission, he must continue to be, in utter sincerity, Griswold the brother-loving. To escape the consequences of his act, he must hold himself in instant readiness to be in ruthless earnest what a common thief would be in similar straits—a thing of duplicity and double meanings, alert at any moment to



HE TURNED AS ONE SMITTEN.

turn and slay in the battle of self-preservation.

He had thought that the crisis was past when he had pawned the last of his keepsakes earlier in the day for the money to buy the revolver. But he had yet to learn that there is no crisis in the human span save that which ends it; and all the intermediate duels with fate are mere sub-climaxes once they have been fought—conflicts critical enough at the moment, but likely to be renewed indefinitely if one lives beyond them. And it was another of those sub-climaxes that came in the hour of aimless wandering on the levee. More than once he was tempted to buy back his lost identity at any price; at every price, if need be. Not in any other moment of a well-filled life had he been made to realize what a precious possession is the fearlessness of innocence; weighed against it, the thick packet of bank notes in the red bandanna, and all that it might stand for, was as air-blown bubbles to gold. And yet he would not go back; he could not go back, since to restore the money would be more than a confession of guilt; it would be an abject recantation, a flat denial of every article of his social creed, and a return to primordial chaos in the matter of theories out of which he could emerge only as a criminal in fact.

When the indetermination became blankly insupportable, he put it aside with the resolution which was the strong thread in the loose-twisted warp of his character, and addressed himself afresh to the unsolved problem of flight. The possession of the red bandanna and its holdings made all things possible—in any field save the theoretical—and the choice of dwelling, or hiding-place, seemed infinite. His first

thought had been to go back to New York; but there the risk of detection—if risk there were—would be greater than elsewhere; and upon second thought, he decided that there was no good reason why he should incur it.

On the other hand, his inclination began to draw him toward a field in which he might pursue his sociological studies under conditions more favorable than those to be found in a great city. In his mind's eye he saw himself safely sequestered in some small interior town, working and studying among people who were not unindividualized by an artificial environment—a self-centered community in which the money at his command would be more of a controlling influence than it could possibly be in the smallest of circles in New York. The picture pleased him, and he fell in with the suggestion, leaving the geographical detail to arrange itself as chance or subsequent events might determine.

That part of the problem disposed of, there yet remained the choice of a line of retreat; and it was a small thing that finally decided the manner of his going.

He had been loitering opposite the berth of the Belle Julie—an up-river steamer, whose bell gave sonorous warning of the approaching hour of departure—absently watching the ant-like procession of toiling roustabouts hurrying the last of the cargo on board. They were negroes, most of them, but with here and there among the blacks and yellows a paler face so begrimed with sweat and dust as to be scarcely distinguishable from the majority. The sight moved him, as thankless human toil was wont to do, and he fell to contrasting the hard lot of the laborers with that of the group of passengers looking on idly from the comfort and shade of the saloon-deck awning. The thought slipped into compassionate speech:

"Poor devils! They've been told they are free, and perhaps they believe it; but surely no slave of the galleys was ever in bitterer bondage. What condemned felon was ever in worse case than these poor drudges who are free only to bear burdens and to be driven like cattle under the yoke? Oh, good Lord—look at that!"

The ant-procession had attacked the final tier of boxes in the landing, and one of the burden-bearers, a white man, had gone down like a crushed pack animal under a load too heavy for him. Griswold was beside him before he could recover, and was lifting him tenderly out of the way of the others.

"Why didn't you get out from under it and let it drop?" he began, gruffly, as an offset to the womanish tenderness; but when the man gasped for breath and groaned, the mask of gruffness fell away from him. "Where are you hurt?"

"The crushed one sat up and spat blood."

"I don't know; inside, somewheres, I guess. I been dyin' on my feet any time for a year back."

"Consumption?" queried Griswold.

"I reckon so."

"Then you've no business in a deck crew."

The man's smile was ghastly.

"Reckon I ain't got any business anywheres out'n a hospital or a hole in the ground. But I kind o' thought I'd like to be planted 'longside o' the woman and childer, if I could make out to get there."

"Where?"

"The consumptive named a small river town in Iowa."

"And you were going to work your passage?"

"I was allowin' to try it. But I'm done up, now."

Griswold's impulsiveness was easily dominant in any appeal to his sympathy; and his compassion went straight to the mark, as it always did when his pockets were not empty.

"What is the fare by rail to your town?" he inquired.

"I don't know; I never asked. But it's between \$20 and \$30, I reckon; and that's more money than I've seen since the woman died."

Griswold hastily counted out \$100 from his contingent fund, and thrust the money into the man's hand.

"Take that and change places with me," he said, slipping on the mask of gruffness again. "Pay your fare on the train and I'll take your job on the boat. Don't be a fool," he added, when the man put his face in his hands and began to choke. "It's a fair enough exchange, and I'll get as much out of it one way as you will the other. What is your name? I may have to borrow it."

"John Gavitt."

"All right; off with you," said the liberator; and with that he shouldered the sick man's load and fell into line in the ant-procession.

Once on board the steamer he followed his file-leader aft and made it his first care to find a safe hiding-place for the knotted bandanna. That done, he dropped into line again, and when he went ashore the sick man was gone.

Inured to hard living as he was, Griswold had made no more than a half-dozen rounds between the levee and the after-deck of the Belle Julie in the ant-procession before he was glad to remember that the steamer's lading was all but completed. It was toil of the sharpest, and he drew breath of blessed relief when the last man staggered up the plank with his burden, while the bell clanged its final summons, and the slowly-revolving paddle-wheels took the strain from the mooring lines. Being nearest the bow line, Griswold was one of the two who sprang ashore at the mate's bidding to cast off; and they were

in the act when a carriage drove rapidly down to the stage and two tardy passengers hurried aboard. The mate bawled from his station on the hurricane deck:

"Now, then! Take a turn on that spring line out there and get them trunks aboard! Lively!"

The larger of the two trunks fell to the late recruit; and when he had set it down at the door of the designated stateroom he so far forgot himself as to read the card tacked upon it: "Charlotte Farnham, Wabaska, Minnesota."

"Thank you," said a musical voice at his elbow. "May I trouble you to put it inside?"

Griswold turned as one smitten, and was not without embarrassment at having been caught reading the tag. But when he saw the owner of the voice, consternation slew shame, and he was prompted to make a wild dash for liberty. For Miss Farnham was no other than the young woman to whom he had given place at the teller's window in the Bayou bank.

She saw his confusion, divined the first cause of it and smiled. Then he met her gaze fairly and became sane again when he made sure that she did not recognize him—became sane, and snatched off his cap and dragged the trunk into the stateroom; after which he went to his place with a great thankfulness throbbing in his heart and an inchoate resolve shaping itself in his brain.

Late that night, when the Belle Julie was well on her way to the northward, he flung himself down upon the freight on the engine-room guard to snatch a little rest between landings, and the resolve became sufficiently cosmic to formulate itself in words.

"I'll call it an oracle," he said. "One place is as good as another, so it be small enough; and I am sure I have never heard of Wabaska."

Now Griswold the proletary was, before all things else, Griswold the imaginative craftsman; and no sooner was the question of his destination settled than he began to prefigure the place and its probable lacks and havings. This process brought him by easy gradations to pleasant idealizings of Miss Farnham, who was, thus far, the only thing tangible connected with the destination dream. Whereupon her personality laid hold upon him and the idealizings became purely literary.

[To Be Continued.]

## THE SCOTCH REGALIA RING.

Tragic History of a Circlet That Was Treasured Among the Royal Jewels of Scotland.

The traditional history of the Scotch regalia ring is of the most tragic, not to say melancholy, character. It is believed that it was the favorite ring of Mary Stuart, and that, after her judicial murder in Fotheringay Castle, it was transmitted to her son, says Good Words. From James it descended to Charles I., at whose coronation at Stone in 1633 it played a distinct part. Once more did this ill-fated ring figure at an untimely and ill-merited death; for, with almost his last breath upon the scaffold at Whitehall, Charles bequeathed it to Bishop Juxon in trust for his son. In due course of time the ring came into the possession of James II., and was carried away with him on his flight to the continent. When, however, he was detained by the fishermen at Sheerness, the ring, which had been secreted in the king's underclothing, only escaped robbery by the luckiest of mistakes on the part of the sailor who searched him. Thus the ring was passed on uninjured to James' descendants, till, by the bequest of Cardinal York, it became the property of the reigning dynasty once more, and was by them replaced among the royal jewels of Scotland, from which it had been separated for many a long year.

## An English Tradition.

On his way from Clifton Down to Avonmouth the prince of Wales passed in the avon gorge a curious structure, to which a singular tradition is attached. The story is that a person named Cook about a century ago was told by a gypsy in the Leigh woods that his only son would be killed by a serpent before he reached the age of 21. To avert this, he built a high tower, and shut his son in the topmost room, with the intention of secluding him there until the fatal age was past. However, by accident, a viper was taken up in a faggot and bit the boy so that he died. Therefore, the tower was called Cook's Folly, and that is its name to this day, whatever is the true explanation.—London Tatler.

## Gentle Hint to His Flock.

The following announcement appeared the other day in a Buckinghamshire (England) paper: "The vicar regrets to have to inform his parishioners that, in consequence of his advanced age, it will not be possible for him to visit the residents on the hilltops. He will still be able to perform all the Sunday church duty. If at any time it should please God to send him a pony and carriage, it will give him pleasure to resume his former course of visiting!"—Chicago Chronicle.

## He Needed It.

Mamma (explaining spiritual truths to her little boy)—Tommy, when you die you leave your body behind; only your soul goes to heaven.

Tommy—Well, mamma, what will I button my pants to?—Brooklyn Eagle.

## PUZZLE PICTURE.



"WHERE DID THAT MAN GO?"

## AMERICAN HORSES ABROAD.

Growth of the Export Trade Has Created a Demand for Yankee Trainers of Racing Stock.

In Europe to-day not a single country raises enough horses to meet its own actual demand in times of peace, and the facilities for breeding and raising horses are growing poorer every year. There are few good grazing lands and stock-breeding farms in Europe, where horses can be raised on a large scale, and, consequently, this country becomes more and more the land for keeping the European armies supplied with their proper complement of horses and mules, reports the Scientific American.

In recent years the American trotters and fine carriage horses have become important factors in the export trade, and, whereas a few decades ago such a thing as an American horse was hardly to be found abroad, to-day we have a steady stream of them going to all the European centers.

Not even Russia has hesitated to avail herself of our best-blooded stock, although for years the Orloff strain of trotting stock held complete supremacy in the minds of the czar's patriotic citizens. But loyalty to a ruling house cannot forever last, and the best thing the Russian horse lovers could do was to import American stallions for crossing with their Orloff breed, and then a few American breeders and trainers to go over and show them how the Americans did it. So we have to-day not only American horses and trotters in abundance in Russia, but American trainers and breeders practically in control of the royal stables and stock farms. Each year a good-sized consignment of the best American trotters go abroad to add new blood and speed to the czar's stock.

Germany, next to England, is probably one of our best European customers for horses, and there is a steady, healthy demand from that country that promise to continue and develop indefinitely as the years go by. The American trotting horses at the Vienna race tracks are not only featured of the exhibitions, but they capture a large percentage of the prizes. There is no better way to advertise American horses and methods of training than to take a few of them abroad and enter the races in competition with the European horses. France became so jealous of our success in this line on her native soil that she practically prohibited foreign horses from entering the races. In

fact, to-day very few French races are open to horses from other countries, and the French sportsmen have this show practically all to themselves; but fortunately for them, the small glory attached to a restricted competition of this character makes it almost an empty honor. However, a good many French horsemen are purchasing American trotters, and in a roundabout way getting the American horses to the front in the home races. In time it will be necessary for the sake of the sport to open the races to more general competition.

A good many American horses are sent to Belgium, and then they are taken across to France, and within a very short time appear on the French turf as home-bred horses.

Italy, Denmark and Holland are good buyers of our trotting horses, and the annual shipments to these countries are considerable, while far-off New Zealand and Australia make small drafts upon our resources. To see that these American trotters exported are as represented, the National Trotting association has export officers in a number of our seaports to issue certificates of pedigrees and identity to the high-grade horses shipped. This is to prevent fraud, and thus injury to the American horse trade in foreign countries, and it was first suggested by the European trotting associations. Several thousand certificates have been issued for high-class racing stock, but these do not include the trotting-bred roadsters or fine carriage horses.

## Roller-Topped Cars.

A Leeds (England) commercial traveler seems to have solved the hitherto insoluble problem of providing a dry seat in wet weather. He has adopted the principle of the roller-topped desk. When the cover is on the ordinary electric car suggests a double-decked railway saloon; when it is off the vehicle resumes its usual aspect, with the addition of the light circular girders which sustain the roller covering in position. To remove the roller covering all that is necessary to be done is to release it, and allow it to descend into casements provided for it at the sides of the car. This it does in three sections on each side—first the windows—for windows are provided—and then successively the other two sections, the casement accommodating them side by side. The roller covering is sandwiched with india-rubber, and thus made not only waterproof but also electric proof.—Albany Argus.

## Hard Work the Secret of Success

By RUSSELL SAGE, New York Capitalist and Broker.



The greatest secret of success is HARD WORK. Successful men point out to the younger generation many roads to success, but when they do not place hard work above all else they are but starting the young man to whom they give advice on the road to failure.

There are side issues to the road to success, but THE ONE GREAT HIGHWAY IS HARD WORK.

I am 86 years old and have worked hard practically every day of my life since I was 15 years of age, when I started out to mold my own fortune as a clerk in a store at Troy.

During all the intervening years I have kept my health by working hard. I seldom take a holiday. The majority of people take too many of them; the government provide too many of them. TOO MUCH VALUABLE TIME IS SPENT IN PLAY; people take too many vacations. Two-thirds of them are unnecessary.

To the young man I would say use all your powers and all your faculties to make the most of your opportunities. That is the real object of life.

And again pay attention to your own business first, but don't neglect to keep an eye out for what the other fellows are doing in their business.

There is just as good a chance to-day for a young man to get rich as there was when I started in business for myself, 68 years ago. Hard work and close attention to business will win the battle.