

THE GUEST.

Luck tapped upon a cottage door. A gentle, quiet tap; And Laziness, who lounged within, The cat upon his lap, Stretched out his slippers to the fire...

A Knave of Conscience

By FRANCIS LYNDE.

CHAPTER XXII.

"I tell you, Griswold, there is no doubt about it; we have Jasper Grierson to thank for every move in this block game of ours. Every dollar's worth of work that we have lost has been taken away from us by his orders; and when we shall confide to the heart of this strike business we shall find out that he is at the bottom of that."

The partners were closeted in the private office of the iron works, discussing the discouraging outlook in general and the ultimatum of the workmen in particular, and thus far Griswold had been unable to offer any helpful suggestion.

"I don't like to believe that, Ned," he protested. "It is a terrible charge to bring against any man. Besides, what motive could he have?" "The one motive he has for everything he does—greed. He meant to swallow me whole when he lent me the money for the enlargement of the plant. You stepped in and stopped that, and now he means to swallow both of us."

Griswold shook his head. "I can't conceive the hardness of it, Ned."

"If you should accuse him of hardness it would make him laugh in your face. He would say it was business. But that is nothing to him. He is something more than a driver on the Juggernaut-car of business. He is a robber, out and out, and one who sticks at nothing. Have you heard of that deal he is engineering with the old banker from New Orleans?"

"What banker?" "Old Andrew Galbraith, of the Bayou State bank."

If Griswold did not turn pale at the mention of Andrew Galbraith's name it was because his face was always colorless. Yet he forced himself to ask the question:

"I haven't heard of it; what is it?" "Grierson is about to stick the old Scotchman for a cool million in the Red lake pine lands. You know what they're worth—or, rather, how utterly worthless they are."

"Oh, I think you must be mistaken, Ned. It would be sheer robbery."

"I am not mistaken; it came as straight as a string. It is a family matter and I ought not to mention it even to you. Young Blanton drew up the papers and, as you may have guessed before this, he and Gertie have no secrets from each other. The deal is all but closed."

Griswold went silent at that, sitting quiet for so long that Raymer wondered a little, and would have wondered a great deal if he could have known what a lion's net of responsibility his bit of information had flung over the silent one.

Truly, of all men living, Kenneth Griswold should have been the last to feel any conscientious promptings toward the saving of the man whom he himself had robbed; and yet the promptings were there, full-grown and insistent. He was still wrestling with them when the noon whistle of the iron works jarred sonorously upon the air, and Raymer got up and walked to the window commanding a view of the gates. And it was Raymer's voice that broke his reverie.

"It has come," said the ironmaster; and Griswold quickly joined him at the window.

The men were filing soberly out at the great gates with their dinner-pails and other belongings. The strike was on.

CHAPTER XXIII.

It was late in the afternoon of one of the matchless summer days when Griffin became an involuntary Crusoe. It was in the second week of the strike and the fourth of his sojourn in Wahaska, and being no nearer the solution of his problem than he was on the day of theory-framing when he had made sure that Charlotte Farnham's robber-lover would in due time make his appearance, he had fallen into the way of killing time in a rowboat on the lake. It was weary work, this waiting for a man who might never turn up, and there was a limit to the satisfaction to be gotten out of prying into the affairs of a small city whose history one might read as he ran. So Griffin took to the rowboat and the lake, pulling slow-races against time, wrestling with his problem meanwhile, and calling himself hard names; saying that it was only the hearts of the place, and not the

hope of success, which was keeping him.

In the afternoon of the Crusoe hazard he had pulled out to the islet in the middle of the lake, had drawn the light boat up on the sand and had climbed the low bluff to smoke the pipe of reflection in the shade of the trees. It was here, with his back to the bole of a great oak, that sleep found him, smiting the pipe from his teeth and blotting out the hour in which the sun was sinking behind the western hills and the wind was rising. From this sleep unawares he was awakened by the whipping of the branches overhead and the crash of tiny breakers on the beach; and when he came alive to the realities he sprang up quickly and ran down to the little cove where he had left the boat; ran and looked and congratulated himself ironically; for the boat was gone.

"By Jove! I ought to have a leather medal for this, and I'll get it if they ever find out at headquarters," he jeered. "Hello, there! Boat ahoy!"

A small cat-boat with two women and a man in it was scudding down the lake, and the involuntary Crusoe yelled himself hoarse. But the wind was against him, and the cat-boat held its course toward Wahaska, heeling smartly to the flaps.

Griffin climbed the bluff and measured his chance of escape in a glance that boxed the compass. Off to the southward a steam-launch was making for the hotel pier, but there was no other craft in sight save the cat-boat. Whereupon he refilled his pipe and prepared to take the consequences of his carelessness philosophically, as he did most things.

"I guess I'm safe to make a night of it, but it won't be the first night I've slept out of doors. All the same, I hope this wind won't blow up a rain. I wonder if I couldn't rig up a shelter of some kind under the lee of this kingdom of mine."

Coming down to the bluff edge to see, his attention was once more drawn to the yawing cat-boat. The wind was coming sharper flaps, and the seamanship of the man at the tiller of the small craft was a thing to be admired. He was evidently making for one of the private landings below the hotel, and as the boat came under a hill-broken lee of the shore the alternating gusts and lulls called for a quick eye and steady nerves. Griffin was a bit of a sailor himself, and he gave the unknown skipper of the cat-boat his due of respect.

"By Jove! he's no fresh-water sailor. Most of these countrymen up here would have had that sail double-reefed long ago. I wonder who he is?"

The answer to the query was suggested when the cat-boat came up into the wind at the small pier on the water front of the Farnham grounds, and the suggestion was as the spark of fire to a train of powder. There was a swift succession of minor explosions as the spark ran along the train of conclusions in the detective's mind, and then the crash of a great one. Griffin sat down on the edge of the bluff and held his head in his hands.

"Heavens and earth! What wood-headed tobacco signs we all are when it comes to a show-down!" he ejaculated. "Here I've been agonizing over this thing for a month when the answer to all the answerless questions has been parading in plain sight every day. I said when I should have found Miss Farnham's lover I should have my man, but I had to be marooned out here in the middle of the lake before I could put two and two together. Mr. Kenneth Griswold—alias anything you please—it will be unlucky for you if you can't prove up on your record."

From apostrophizing the man to observing his movements at long range was but a step, and Griffin whipped a field-glass from his pocket and focussed it upon the boat and the Farnham pier. He saw the big sail shiver down, and a moment later Griswold handed the two young women up to the pier. There was a little pause, apparently of expostulation, on the part of the women, and then the big sail went up again, flapping and shivering in the wind like a huge white flag. The cat-boat edged away from the pier, fell off, came about, and pointed its sharp cutwater straight for the island. Griffin shortened the glass and dropped it into his pocket.

"Well, now; that's more than good-natured," he muttered. "You may be a robber of banks, Mr. Griswold, but you've got a kind heart in you."

When the rescuer's purpose to bring up under the lee of the island became evident the castaway scrambled down the low bluff and made his way around the southern point, to be ready to climb aboard. The boat doubled the northern sand-spit and it was waiting for him in the sheltered cove behind the island when he came in sight of it. Griswold hailed him cheerfully.

"Thought you had come across another Skipper Ireson, didn't you, when we went on and left you? I saw you waving, but the young ladies were a little nervous and I thought I'd better land them and come back after you. Can you make it from that log?"

Griffin could make it and did; and a moment afterward the cat-boat shot out from the island shelter, put her lee gunwale under and showed her bottom strake to the setting sun. Griffin crawled aft and balanced himself on the uplifted weather rail beside the helmsman.

"You have the courage of your convictions," he remarked, nodding upward at the full sheet of the straining sail. "I looked to see you reef before you put out again."

"There is one sure way to tie his hands, and I wonder that it hasn't occurred to you," he said.

"I know the boat," was Griswold's rejoinder. And: "I hope you are not nervous." "Not at all; I've sailed a little myself."

"Good. We'll get it decently fresh when we are out in the open, but we'll make it all right."

The prophecy was fulfilled in both halves, but the detective held his breath more than once before the cat-boat had thrashed its way through the perilous middle passage of the open lake to the calmer water in Wahaska bay. At the pier he helped his rescuer make fast and stow the sail, and they walked up-town together. At the hotel entrance Griffin introduced himself by name and made shift to thank the man whom he meant to bring to justice.

"I owe you one, Mr. Griswold," he said, at the hand-grasp, "and I'm afraid I shall never be able to pay it in kind."

Griswold laughed. "It is not a very heavy obligation. At the worst you might have had an uncomfortable night of it."

"Perhaps it wouldn't have been any worse than that. Well, maybe I can save you an uncomfortable night sometime. Won't you come in and smoke a cigar?"

Griswold thought at first that he would not, and then changed his mind. He was invited to dinner at Dr. Farnham's, but it was yet early. Now there is nothing like good tobacco for speeding an acquaintance between two men, and Griffin's single extravagance ran to fine brands of cigars. So the chat in the hotel office went hither and yon, and finally came down to the topic which was at that moment engrossing the town—the strike at the iron works.

"They are a hard-headed lot of fools," said Griswold, not without warmth, when he came to speak of the strikers. "They are just like all the rest; they don't know when they are well-off. We meant to go into the profit-sharing with them next year, but the way they are acting now you would think that Raymer and I are their sworn enemies."

"Violence?" queried the detective. "Threats of it; plenty of them." "What will you do?" "We haven't decided yet, but my idea is to import what labor we need and go on."

"That will be pretty sure to make trouble, won't it?" "Oh, I suppose so. But we've got to fight it out sooner or later."

"No chance for a compromise, eh?" "Not in the least, now; in fact, there never was any. Their demands were most unreasonable."

"So I think," said Griffin, coolly. Griswold looked at his companion

curiously. "I thought you were a newcomer," he said.

"I am; but I was here before the strike began, and I've looked into it a little—just for idle curiosity's sake, you know. There's a good-sized winder in the woodpile, and I've been wondering if you and Raymer knew about it."

Griswold glanced around to make sure that no one else was within hearing. "The men were stirred up to it, you mean?"

Griffin nodded. "Raymer said as much, but I couldn't believe it."

"It's a fact," said the detective, with the same air of assurance; "a fact susceptible of proof."

Griswold came awake to the possibilities in a flash. "Could you prove it?" he asked. "Perhaps; if I wanted to."

The defender of the rights of man puffed thoughtfully at the good cigar for a moment. Then he said: "Who are you, anyway, Mr. Griffin?"

The detective's smile was no more than grimace. "Perhaps I am the walking delegate of the Amalgamated Ironworkers," he suggested.

"Perhaps you are, but I don't believe it," Griswold rejoined. And then he apologized. "I had no right to ask the question, and I beg your pardon. But I'd give a good bit to be at the bottom of this strike business."

"You are at it already, if you will take your partner's word and mine. The whole thing is a put-up job to break you."

"But the proof," insisted Griswold. "It can be had, as I said; but it is immaterial. Just go on the supposition that a certain capitalist is trying to smash you and act accordingly."

"But if your supposition is the true one we should be only postponing the evil day by giving in to the men. If this man whom you and Raymer suspect has stirred up trouble once he can do it again."

This time Griffin's smile was child-like. "There is one sure way to tie his hands, and I wonder that it hasn't occurred to you," he said.

"Griswold laughed. 'We are not big enough to buy him off.'"

"It doesn't ask for money; it asks for a little finesse. The man we are talking about is a law unto himself, but there is a power behind the throne."

"His daughter, you mean?" "Yes."

Griswold puzzled over it for a moment, and then said: "I don't see the application."

"Don't you? Well, I'll tell you. If this young lady knew what is going on she'd stop it."

"Why should she?" "I'm not going into particulars," laughed Griffin. "If you can be Ned Raymer's partner without knowing what the whole town is talking about a stranger couldn't give you a pointer."

"By Jove!" said Griswold, as one incredulous; but a little later, when he got up to take his leave he thanked the observant one.

"Don't mention it," said Griffin. "I may have to do you an ill turn some day, and this will serve to show that I'm not malicious. Are we square on the score of the uncomfortable night I might have had?"

"Rather more than square," Griswold acknowledged, and he went his way with many new stirrings of the conscience-pool.

The detective stood at the hotel entrance and watched his late rescuer out of sight. After which he went in and had speech with the clerk.

"Griswold stopped awhile with you when he first came here, didn't he?" he asked. "Yes; he was here sick for awhile." "When was that?" "It was some time last spring."

"Could you give me the date?" The clerk could and did, or thought he did. But it was surely the very irony of chance that some one should distract his attention at the critical moment of date-fixing, making him miscall the month and so give Griswold 30 days more of residence in Wahaska than he had really had. Griffin's eyes narrowed and grew hard; and then a slow smile took the hardness out of them. He turned away to climb the stair to the dining-room, and the smile outlasted the ascent.

"I'm d-d if I'm not glad of it!" he confided to the hatrack when he was going in to his dinner. "But it knocks me silly just when I was sure I had my man. I wonder when I can get a train out of this dead-alive town?"

[To Be Continued.]

JOKE ON SAM JONES.

His Favorite Drink Was Buttermilk and He Got All He Wanted of It Free.

"Speaking of practical jokes," said a man from Texas, to a New Orleans Times-Democrat reporter, "reminds me of a little thing that happened a few years ago in one of the more prosperous towns of the big state. There was a big religious revival going on at the time, and it was being conducted by one of the most noted evangelists of the country. Sam Jones was the man, and he was stirring things up in that section of the world. The town was wrought up over his sayings. One day he found himself in possession of a bottle of good old wine which had been sent to him as an evidence of good faith in a profession made by some man who had decided to quit the rum habit. Sam Jones had no use for the wine. In a jocular way he presented the wine to the newspaper crowd, telling the boys they might manage to get a little inspiration out of it. One of the boys in writing a little skit about the thing, said Mr. Jones had given the wine to the boys of the press, and had incidentally mentioned the fact that buttermilk was his favorite drink. The little town was in the hub of the buttermilk belt. Enough milk was produced in that part of Texas to float the American navy. The newspaper notice had a marvelous effect. It brought forth the buttermilk, and it came in all sorts of quantities to the hotel where the evangelist was stopping. Buckets, bottles and cans, utensils of almost every kind were left at the eating place for the Georgian. Milk bells were ringing and milk wagons were rolling up to the place all during the day. I never saw as much buttermilk in my life. Sam Jones, if he had lived to be as old as Methuselah, could not have consumed the quantity of milk which had been hauled, carried and 'toted' to the hotel by Texans who read the little squib in the newspaper about buttermilk being the favorite drink of the evangelist. Sam Jones was somewhat annoyed by the thing at first, but the funny part of the situation dawned on him, and appreciating the good spirit of the offering, he got a deal of fun out of it. It was a good practical joke, and yet altogether unintended, for the newspaperman never dreamed of the consequences."

Looking Forward.

"When I grow up," said little Ethel, with a dreamy, imaginative look, "I'm going to be a school-teacher."

"Well, I'm going to be a mamma and have six children," said tiny Edna.

"Well, when they come to school to me I'm going to whip 'em, whip 'em." "You mean thing!" exclaimed Edna, as the tears came into her eyes. "What have my poor children ever done to you?"—London Tit-Bits.

Financial Effort.

Jack—Was the church garden-party a success? Julia—Well, I worked hard enough; I ate ice cream with every young man on the grounds.—Detroit Free Press.

Slander and Praise.

It is better to be slandered by more than to be praised by others.—Chicago Daily News.

LESSON IN AMERICAN HISTORY IN PUZZLE



AN INCIDENT IN BACON'S REBELLION AT JAMESTOWN. Find Nathaniel Bacon.

The Indian raids which Gov. Berkeley refused to attempt to put a stop to may be said to have been the foundation upon which the Bacon rebellion in Virginia was builded. The colonists had suffered much from unjust taxation and the legislative acts of the royalist assembly of Virginia, which was founded in 1699 and prevented any election of new members for a period of 16 years. The tyranny of Berkeley but added fuel to the fire the raids of the Indians had created, and in 1675 Nathaniel Bacon, a young planter, placed himself at the head of a force of volunteers organized to resist and punish the Indians. At the head of a small force he visited Gov. Berkeley and asked for a commission, but this was refused, and he marched away without it. After Bacon had left Jamestown Berkeley pronounced him a traitor, but the colonists were with him, and when he proposed a revolution they followed his lead and drove Berkeley from the colony until Bacon died, October 11, 1676, when the rebellion collapsed and Berkeley returned.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

One man makes a fortune to eight that become bankrupt in England. Among civilized nations four per cent. of the men and one per cent. of the women are color-blind. The Chinese are the only people free from color-blindness.

After 40 years' experience as a gambler, Peter F. Delacy, the noted New York sport, advises everybody to leave games of chance alone. He says he can count on the fingers of one hand the men he has known to make money by gambling.

A San Francisco rabbi gives a new interpretation of the design of the American flag. To an audience of immigrants, largely Russian, the other day, he said: "Do you know why the Stars and Stripes are in the flag? I will tell you why. They show that America has stars for those who behave themselves, and stripes for those who do not."

When the gun club of Carlisle, Pa., turned out one day recently for a match at clay pigeons some of the younger members looked on with good-natured amusement as William Kaufman, 78 years old, lined up to take part. The old gentleman calmly proceeded to shoot all around the others, "killing" 23 out of a possible 25, and winning the medal.

James R. Keene, the millionaire turfman, declares that in his opinion there is too much gambling and too little sentiment in connection with American horse racing. "In heavy speculation on horses," says Mr. Keene, "there is a menace to the best interests of the turf. Race courses should be places of recreation, not seething caldrons of money-mad gamblers. Horse racing should be a sport, not a business."

There are two John Smiths in the little town of Prella, Kan., one very stout and the other very thin, and they were good friends until one day last week, when the thin John gave the thick John a severe thrashing. The neighbors were much astonished at the row, but laughed when they learned the reason. A green goods letter came to town addressed to John Smith. It was delivered by chance to stout John, who read it and, seeing a chance for a joke on his namesake, marked it "Opened by mistake," and put it in thin John's mail box. The latter resented the implication and lost no time in hunting up the joker. Then the trouble began.

How Bacteria Fly.

It is an extremely difficult matter to get away from bacteria if any are in your neighborhood. If you want to avoid danger from the disease giving growth the only safety is in keeping your system in as healthy condition as possible, so that they cannot obtain a dangerous lodgement. Though these micro-organisms cannot fly they are always ready to mount any vehicle that is going your way. The wings of the wind serve their purpose excellently well, as Prof. E. J. McWeeny, of Dublin, recently demonstrated. He selected micro-organisms not normally present in the Dublin air and scattered them with a spray over a refuse heap. He then placed culture dishes to windward, 800 feet away, and some of them 60 feet in the air. After three hours he found that bacteria had been carried to every one of the dishes.—N. Y. Herald.

He Had Confidence.

The maiden was more than ordinarily wise and cautious. "But are you sure you can support a wife?" she asked when he proposed.

"Oh, well," he answered in an off-hand way, "I don't imagine your father would be mean and stingy enough to stand by and see his daughter suffer."—Chicago Post.

THE LEG AS AN ORGAN.

Scientific Explanation of the Use of the Foreleg as an Auditory Member in Insects.

Writing upon the subject of "Forelegs and Their Uses," E. A. Butler observes, in Knowledge, that "the common lobster furnishes one of the best possible illustrations of a curious principle that finds expression in the organization of animals whose bodies, like its own, are composed of a succession of segments with jointed appendages, or in other words, animals belonging to the great sub-kingdom of arthropoda. The principle in question is that the paired appendages of the different segments, though all constructed upon the same plan, may become so modified in form as to be adapted to the discharge of the most diverse functions. "One of the strangest and most unexpected of the uses to which we could imagine a leg as being put is that of an organ of hearing. Yet such seems to be one at least of the functions of the forelegs in the cricket and some other allied insects. On the outer side of the tibia a small oval space may be seen in which the strong armature which covers the rest of the body is reduced to a thin and membranous condition, making thus a sort of window or drumhead. Communicating with this, inside the leg, are the ends of a nerve, and it can hardly be doubted, therefore, that the whole apparatus constitutes an auditory organ, so that if these legs were amputated, the insect would become deaf. When one remembers that crickets are among the noisiest of insects, their incessant chirrup being a most shrill and penetrating sound, it cannot be considered strange that distinct organs of hearing should also be present; the sound-producer implies the sound-receiver; the two functions are complementary; but still it is remarkable that the foreleg should have been selected as the most suitable site for this important sense."