- Where lives he?—that inventive one For whom the world is waiting—where The ether's future Stephenson, The coming conqueror of the air?
- And has he found the secret yet, The solvent thought, whate er it be? May the explorer not forget That mystic Open Sesame!
- And will he sail with mighty wing, Or vast balloon, or whirling fan Or will it be a startling thing On some unprecedented plan?
- And when the deed is brought to pass And men are taught the way to fly, Must all our railroads go to grass And all our commerce seek the sky?
- I do not know; but this I know— Whatever bulk the thought attain, It must begin and slowly grow From one wee notion in the brain;
- Some quick ideas swiftly caught And stoutly held with iron grip While patience labors on the thou And firmness will not let it slip.
- For never on a gale of luck
 Shall his fine air-ship come to po
 Its keel is grit, its sails are pluck,
 The hurricane it dares to court!
- Its captain, whosoe'er he be,
 Has counted cowardice a sin,
 Has found the air a stormy sea,
 Has learned to struggle and to win!
 -Amos R. Wells, in Youth's Companion.

A Knave of Conscience

By FRANCIS LYNDE.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

The threatening storm had blown over and the moon was shining fair and full upon a placid lake when the family dinner party at Dr. Farnham's adjourned to the veranda. Griswold and the Raymers were the only guests, and in the marshalling of chairs Griswold was skillful enough to cut Charlotte out of the group and so secure her for himself.

At the dinner table the talk had turned upon the pivotal point of the strike, but that subject was coming to be pretty well threshed out, and on the veranda Charlotte spoke of the wind-blown incident of the afternoon and of the castaway on Oak

"It was a terribly reckless thing for you to do-to go out after him in the Sprite," said Miss Farnham. Now next to being exalted as a

demigod by the woman of his choice a man loves best to have her believe him fearless. So Griswold dismissed the matter lightly.

"What is a man for?" he asked. "But as for that, the danger isn't worth mentioning." "You may think so, but Gertrude

and I did not. We stood up here on the veranda and watched you, going and coming. Gertrude says I pinched her black and blue grabbing her and saying: 'Oh, she's gone!' when the scud or a big wave would hide you."

Here was a small admission which no mere human sympathy could account for, and Griswold pinched him-self black and blue in the ecstasy of it. It was coming, slowly, perhaps, but surely, and the name of it was

"But think of it," he said, willing to make that string vibrate more; "think of how you and Miss Gertrude would have shone in the borrowed effulgence of me if I had been capsized. The Morning Argus would have had you out to identify the remains, and—" "Oh, please hush!" she said, and

her hand was on his arm; where-upon he went obediently from the grewsome to the matter-of-fact.

"Really, there wasn't any danger worth speaking of; and the fellow was glad enough to be picked up, I

"Who was he?" she asked.

"No one whom you know; named Griffin-a summerer, I fancy.' "I do know him," she asserted. And then: "I don't like him."

Griswold was both puzzled and "May I ask how and why?-how

you came to meet him and why you don't like him?" She was silent while one might

count a score, and when she spoke her rejoinder was a half reluctant

"I wonder if I might dare to tell

you about it?" "I have been hoping that the time

would come when you would dare to tell me anything."

She passed over the implication and went on, following out her own

is rather dreadful and I haven't told anyone about my part in it: that is, not anyone but this ask," she said; and from this as a beginning she told him the story of the bank robbery in New Orleans, and of her part in the apprehension

Griswold's lips were dry and there was an invisible hand clutching at his throat when she came to the end, but he made no sign.

"They arrested him in St. Louis,

"Yes; but he escaped again." He moistened his lips to say: "I didn't hear of that—I mean I didn't

read of it in the papers."
"Nor did I," she admitted. "This
Mr. Griffin told me."

"Then he is a-a-" "A detective; yes. It seems that he came to the conclusion that a woman had written the letter to Mr. Galbraith. He took the Belle Julie's passenger list and sought out every one of the women on it till he came here and found me. I was sorry, but I had to tell him what I knew." "Of course. But why should you be sorry?"

"How can you ask! Is it so light thing to help ever so little to set

snare for the poor fellow!"
Griswold's laugh was almost harsh. "I shouldn't waste any sympathy on him if I were you. He is a hardened criminal, by his own admission to

"No, he was not that," she said, quickly. "I understood him better than that—better than I have made you understand him. He was not a hardened criminal."

Griswold's blood, which had been slowly turning to ice in his veins, be-

gan to thaw out again at that.
"Then you don't condemn him uthis own conscience may have acquitted him?"

"I am very sure that it did; or, Ruin." at least. I am sure that his own point of view was so obscured by what he had suffered that he could not rightly see the guilt of the thing he had done."

"But you saw the guilt of it?" "How could I help seeing it?" "True. There is no excuse for

"I shouldn't say that. There may

be many excuses for him."
"But no justification?" He tried hard to make the saying of it an impersonal abstraction, succeeding well that she did not remark the

note of despairing eagerness.
"Certainly not. Nothing could justify such a deed of lawlessness."

It was as he had prefigured. Her womanly pity had in it the quality of mercy. It went out toward the lawbreaker as the divine compassion enfolds even the impenitent sinner. But her conscience arraigned and condemned him.

He bowed his head and went dumb before the woman who had judged him; but when he would have changed the subject he found it mightier than his will to break away from it.

"Your verdict is doubtless that of the world," he said. "And from what you tell me I fancy the end is in sight."

"Oh! Do you think so?" she quavered, and her voice, and the tears in it, were of womanly inconsistency.

"Surely. This man Griffin has made a long step on the way to the end. When he discovers the identity the man who talked to you on the Belle Julie, the world wen't be big enough for the fugitive to hide in."

She caught her breath in a little gasp. "And it was I who set the hunt upon him; not only once, but

Then it was Griswold forgot his peril and turned comforter. "You mustn't grieve about it," he said, gently. "You have done no more than your plain duty. He made you do it in the first instance; he would have made you do it in the second if he could have known the circumstances.'

She turned upon him quickly and he dared not look into her "How do you know he did that?" she queried; and though he would not trust himself to look, he felt all that he might have seen if he had



THEY STEPPED OUT FROM THE SHADOW OF THE TREE.

lifted his eyes to her face. But he vas equal to the emergency which his slip had brought upon him. "You forget what you have just been telling me."

"Did I tell you that, too? I didn't nean to." She paused and looked away from him, adding: "And-and

I don't believe I did." He laughed. "Then I must have

read your thoughts. How else could I have known it?"
"I don't know," she said, absently; and at the end of the silence which fell between them the talk went back to the strike.

"I am in pretty deep water," Griswold confessed, when the present hopeless state of affairs had been fully recounted for Charlotte's benefit. "My responsibility is heavier than Ned's. He wanted to compromise with the men, and I wouldn't agree to that. Now I am well assured of the cause-which he only ects; and I know the remedywhich I am not brave enough to ap-

ply."
"Tell me about it," said Charlotte,

with simple directness.
"I hardly know where to begin. It will be fairly incredible to you. Had you ever thought that the trouble might go deeper than mere dissatisfaction on the part of the men?"

'No. Does it? "Much deeper. The strike is nothing less than a part of a conspiracy to ruin us."

A conspiracy!" "That is what I said, but the tion stones in Griswold's theories— Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "When Ps driv word doesn't fit. It takes two to and in his book; that the laborer is in dat mule I has to talk to him jes conspire, and the attack on us is instigated by one mgu. You will know who he is when I say that his

She nodded slowly. "I know. the motive isn't altogether avarice." "What else could it be?" She defined it in one

'Pique." Griswold did not pretend to mis-

understand. "So I thought at first. But that involves a woman as well as a man; from something which I learned to day I am inclined to doubt the woman's complicity; to question whether she knows anything about it."

the austere.
"You may be very sure she knows

terly? You are willing to admit that his own conscience may have acquither-the motto for it will be 'Rule or Griswold was beginning to doubt

the advisability of any further confidences in the Grierson field, but his evil genius urged him to defend

"Isn't that a little uncharitable?"

he ventured. The tone was placable enough, as it was meant to be, but Charlotte was Miss Grierson of late, on the highswung trap and in the Grierson steam-launch. So she said, rather coldly: "I may seem uncharitable to you, and I am sorry I said it. But we are wandering. You say you know the remedy for your trouble and Ned's. What is it?"

Now Griswold was not any braver than other men when it came to facing a woman piqued, but since she had taken him unawares, he must needs lose his head and say: "It is a personal appeal to this young woman whom you don't like."

The Raymers were rising to go, she rose too, meeting his frank avowal with a toss of the superb

"By all means make it," she advised, icily. "You owe it to—to—'
"To Ned?" he suggested.

"Certainly not; to yourself."
And with that she turned away say good night to the others. T was all, save that she did not give her hand to Griswold at parting.

CHAPTER XXV.

In after time Griswold could never satisfactorily account for the impulse which sent him to wander aimlessly through the deserted streets of the town after leaving Dr. Farn-ham's and parting from the other dinner guests.

But this night the thought of Mrs. Holcomb's and the quiet room was curiously repugnant, and so he roamed, like any vagrant, far and wide, drifting at length to the railway crossing and beyond, and coming to some sense of the actualities only when he found himself in the neighborhood of the iron works.

At this he would have turned back Since the closing of the works the plant had been guarded nightly; first by the inner circle of deputies striking workmen. This outer guard had latterly been maintained in liefs and made continuous, ostensibly to show the good will of the strikers and their readiness to protect the part of himself and Raymer to supply the places of the men with imported labor.

It was a chance collision with this and halted him. But at the word one of them recognized him.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Griswold. Beg pardon, sir, but you see we have to be sort o' careful."

Griswold's smile was openly cynical. "Your carefulness is a good bit overdue, Martin. It should have begun before you made this sense-Now the man Martin was in some

sort a leader among the discontented workmen, and he asked nothing better than a chance to argue the the "sting" remarked: point with one of the bosses "There's two sides to that, Mr. Griswold, and you hain't seen but

one. You don't know what it mean to earn your bread from day to day like we do."

"Don't I?" said Griswold, smiling again, this time without the cynicism. "Perhaps I don't, and again, You're an older man perhaps I do. than I am, Martin, but I'll venture to say that I've gone lacking more meals in a year than you have in your whole lifetime."

The man was silenced for a moment, but presently found tongue

"Then what makes you so tarnation hard on us fellows?" he de-manded. "If you've known what a bare cupboard means for yourself, I sh'd think you could put yourself

in a workin'man's place."
"I can and do; and so does Raymer. But you won't believe anything we say, and that settles it."

"It hain't come to anything like a settlement yet," remarked the man, sullenly.

If we can't be allowed to run our business in our own way the plant may stand idle. It's ours."

"I don't know about that, Mr. "About what?"

"About the plant bein' yours and Mr. Raymer's. Mr. Raymer's. Seems like we fel-ows that helped earn the money to build it ought to have some little

ny." Now this was one of the foundaentire product. But as yet he was motive is greed, pure and unalloyed." only broad enough to lay down the Star.

general principle. He could by no means apply it to the particular personal instance.

"That is nonsense, Martin, and y

know it. Whose money built the plant?" The man took time to think about

it, and, as slow men often do, he thought it over to some pursose. "I s'pose you could say that ain't

for me to say, but I'm gois to say it. Mr. Raymer got his money from But at this point Charlotte the compassionate became Miss Farnham helped you earn your money, Mr. Griswold. Maybe you earned it all

At this Griswold flew into a passion, there being no other retort for such a thrust.

"You don't know what you're talking about," he snapped. pass

The man stood aside respectfully enough, and the master cro street to the iron works side of it. An are light swinging from its wire in front of the foundry building flung black shadows beneath the trees at the curb line, and for aught a pass only a woman, and Griswold had er-by might see, street and plant been very much in evidence with were alike deserted. But the quietude er-by might see, street and plant was only seeming. As Griswold crossed the roadway, there was a blinding flash of white light which seemed to have its focusing point under a tree which shaded the small detached office building. The flash was but momentary, but it served to reveal a knot of men in various attitudes of expentancy at the corner of the office. A glimpse was all Griswold had, and it was followed instantly by a yell of fury, the din and clamor of a fray, and a knot of cursing, struggling men broke out of the tree-shadow. Griswold flung himself promptly into the thick of it, seeing nothing but that a dozen infuriated men were assaulting one. "For shame!" he cried, shouldering

his way into the group. "Stop it and let him go, or I'll prosecute the last one of you in the courts!"

The meles quieted down, but two of the men kept fast hold of their prisoner. Griswold looked again, and when he recognized the captive, had a curious little shock of a curious little shock of surprise. The pinioned man was no other than the man whom he had taken from the island in the "Sprite," whose good cigar he had smoked in the lobby of the hotel, and whose occupation and business in Wahaska he had by no means been able to guess until Charlotte had enlightened him.

There was a moment of silence of the portentous kind, and then the leader of the workmen spoke for all. "You go away, Mr. Griswold. This ain't no funeral o' yours, and it'll be a heap better all 'round if you don't 'tend it."

But Griswold made no move to go "Not a step till you release

that man."
[To Be Continued.]

HOW IT WAS DONE. Pat Helped His Comrade in a Pinch

and Was None the Worse Off for It,

An old soldier belonging to a wellknown line regiment had gained the unenviable reputation of being known as a "sting," or, in other words, one the property; but really, as Gris-wold knew, to forestall any move on who comfortably manages*to live on another's pay, relates London Spare Moments.

Pay day having come and gone, things looked rather blue for him outer guard that brought Griswold when the time for opening the cantendary to the actualities. Two men teen arrived. But not for long; he stepped out of the shadow of a tree soon espied his bed chum not far teen arrived. But not for long; he soon espied his bed chum not away, and, calling him over, he engaged him in conversation, finally persuading Paddy-a recruit, by the way to sell a pair of pants, saying it was foolish to have more kit about one than

> Accordingly Pat went to his room. and, providing himself with a new pair of pants, returned and gave them to the man, who forthwith proceeded to dispose of them.

Needless to say, an enjoyable evening and on leaving the canteen

stand you a drink someday in return." "Och, you need not bother," Pat. "Sure, it's your own pants ye sould. I tuk them from your box."

Greek Monks' Bellef.

It is a firm belief of the eastern monks of the Greek church that God will not allow a monastery to be burned. When the Russian monastery of St. Pantelemon, at Mount Athos, was burned a few years ago, the Greeks, who constitute the great majority of the 6,000 monks on the peninsula, maintained that their Russian brethren had brought the calamity on themselves, because they had fire engines and extinguishers, and did not trust wholly in God. Now the neighboring Greek monastery of St. Paul, which had no fire engines St. Paul, which had no fire engines, has recently been utterly destroyed by fire. It is said that the monastery of St. Paul was the only one at Mount Athos which has ever been visited by a woman. The wife of a British ambassador landed from her yacht one day on its tiny pier and insisted on entering the church. consequence the monks, relieving each other by relays, for 40 days and nights maintained a continuous serv ce of prayer to purify the church from this communication .- N. Y

A Peculiar Name. "What makes you call your mule

Ping-Pong?"
"It 'minds me of de happy days when I was workin' foh some o' select gemmen at de club," answered entitled, not to a dividend share in the product of his labor, but to the talkin to de balls when dey was learn in' to play de game."-Washington

TENETS OF MASONRY

They Were Religiously Maintained by George Washington.

Painting of First President, in Masonic Garb, Has Just Been Presented to the Grand Lodge of England.

Although the portrait of George Washington as a mason, which Henry S. Wellcome has presented to the grand lodge of England and which Ambassador Choate unveiled the otherday, was painted two years ago, it never has been shown.

If this unique portrait of the first president is not historically accurate n every detail, it is the fault neither of the American Free Mason, who ordered, nor the American artist who painted it. When Mr. Wellcome deeided to have the picture made, he explained to Robert Gordon Hardie, the artist, to whom he intrusted its execution, that he wished him to spare no pains to make the painting a faithful representation of Gen. Washington as he looked in masonic dress.

This proved, however, to be rather a difficult matter. It was by no means easy to find out what sort of regalia the first president used to wear. Only one of his pictures showed him in masonic dress, and that was an engraving which proved to be inaccurate in several ways. Mr. Wellcome, however, who was determined to have his picture, and equally resolved that it should be exact, gave Mr. Hardie carte blanche to search the records of the period and collect information from any and every reliable source in America, England and France.

The artist, on his side, spared no pains in his search for trustworthy data. He interviewed descendants of Washington wherever they could be found, from New York to Virginia, and this part of his work was both prolonged and expensive. It resulted, however,



WASHINGTON AS A MASON (Portrait Recently Presented to Grand Lodge of England.)

in the discovery that the masonic regalia worn by Washington was preented to him by Mme. Lafayette the titled French woman's instrutions, the regalia was sent to the first president by the firm of Watson & Cosson, of Nantes, France, and Washington's letter to this house, acknowledging the ornaments, is in the possession of the librarian of the Masonic hall in London. It was written from New York in 1782.

Accordingly, in painting his portrait of Washington, Mr. Hardie arrayed the great American in the masonic regalia worn in France in his day. That he was quite justified indoing so, doubts have been expressed, but it is generally admitted that the likeness of Washingne "sting" remarked:
"You're a good boy, Pat, and I'll been shown, is one of the best that urn." ever has been made of the first presi-said dent. It is believed that, including the expenses of the artist in collecting material, the cost of the work was

about \$3,000. The ceremony of unveiling the painting, in the library of the Freemason's hall, was presided over by the earl of Warwick, a prominent English mason In his speech, the earl recalled that in the revolution Gen. Washington sev the British forces treasures and em blems which had been captured by the Americans. He added that Englishmen were proud of the fact that the Forty-sixth British regiment had in possession the Bible on which George Washington took his oath s a mason.

In unveiling the painting, the American ambassador, as usual, was both eloquent and facetious. He spoke of first president as the illustrihampion of liberty and justice, and aid that to-day, after three genera nined the first of Americans in the hearts of a great people. He congratu-lated the grand lodge of England on ated the grand lodge of England on naving accepted George Washington as one of their patron saints, and trust-ed that his memory might be cher-shed in England, as in America, to the end of time.

The painting will remain in the Ma-conic library for a month or two be-fore being placed in the picture galas Librarian Sadler expressed it undated" with citizens of the Unite

Lord Rosebery, who is in posses of what is said to be the only ge ine portrait of Washington at pre-in England, is delighted with in England, is delighted with Mr. Hardie's work,

"JUG" MEDICINE.

Sally Kept All That Was Left Over to Use When a Doctor Wasn't at Hand.

Up in a little Vermont town they tell a

Up in a little Vermont town they tell a story of an old nurse. She was the kind of an "old nurse" to be found in small towns, who comes, after much urging, to "tend" a case and who has many Sairey Gamp peculiarities, relates the New York Herald.

"Miss Sally," as she was called, was induced to come to the house of the sick woman and take charge. She moved in—cobpipe, batch of starched aprons, knitting and all.

After the good creature had seen the case through, she said to the doctor, "Doc, kin I take my toll?"
"What's that, Sally?" asked the visiting

"What's that, Sally?" asked the visiting physician, who had come from the capital city, and was amused and a little irritated by the old woman's ways.
"I mean the medicine?" said the nurse complacently.
"The medicine!" exclaimed the doctor. "What on earth do you want with the medicine?"

No fifth wheel to a wagon was ever more redundant than left over medicines.

"I puts it in me jug," replied the old woman slowly, "and then I gives it out occasionally when there ain't no doctor nigh!"

The visiting physician rearred with laughter, but sobered down when the story of "Old Sally's" jug" medicine was explained to him. That there were not more victims to her unique methods of cure was a mystery.

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The Missouri Pacific Railway and Iron Moun ain Route will sell one way Colonists' and Settlers' tickets to California and North Pacific Coast points, also to points in Missouri, Arkansas, Indian and Oklahoma Territories, Louisiana and Texas on the first and third Tuesdays of each month from October 21st to April 31st, at one-half the standard first-class fare, plus \$2.00. For further information see nearest Agent, or write H. C. Townsend, G. P. & T. Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

"I often see the foreign papers alluding to 'floating debts,' "said the grand vizier. "What is a 'floating debt?' " "My navy!" groaned the sultan of Turkey.—Philadelphia Record.

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Leave Chicago 9 a. m., 6:30 p. m. (the North - Western Limited, electric lighted throughout), 8 p. m., and 19 p. m. Fast schedules. Most complete and luxurious equipment in the West. Dining car service unequaled. For tickets, reservations and descriptive pamphlets, apply to your nearest ticket agent or address W. B. Kniskern, 22 Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ills.

"I see the new magazine is out?" "Yes; and, thank heaven, they've got my poem right next to the advertising matter!"—Atlanta Constitution.

No one would ever be bothered with constipation if everyone knew how naturally and quickly Burdock Blood Bitters regulate the stomach and bowels.

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Scald head is an eczema of the scalp—very severe sometimes, but it can be cured. Doan's Ointment, quick and permanent in its results. At any drug store, 50 cents.

What can't be cured should be endured and should be endured as patiently as possible.—Puck.

what can't be and should be endured as patiently as possible.—Puck.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and coids.—N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900. Truth, of course, is wholesome, but much f it has a very disagreeable taste.—Indian-

of it has a very disagreeable taste.—Indian-apolis News.

Money refunded for each package of Put-nam Fadeless Dyes if unsatisfactory. The forward person is frequently set back.

-N. Y. Herald.

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