### WITH THE SILENCE

Far from the riot and rush of the throng-Out where the Silence is singing a songa song where the storm-thunders

Deep with God's peace!

Far from the plains where the red cities gleam— Out where the Silence is weaving a dream— Dream of gladearth and true heaven above, Great with God's love!

Far from the cares and the hopes and the

lears—
Out where the Silence is deeper than tears—
Glad of the solitude deep as the Night,
Lost in God's light!
—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

# A Knave of Conscience

By FRANCIS LYNDE.

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CHAPTER XXV.-CONTINUED.

A murmur of savage disapproval ran through the group of determined ones and there were muttered imprecations including Griswold.

"'Tain't no use, Mr. Griswold," the spokesman went on. "We ketched him in the very act, and he's goin' to last one of us has to dance on nothin' to pay for it. It's

"Caught him in the act of what?" demanded Griswold.

The spokesman shuffled with his feet and hung his head. He was the ly molder but lately come to Wa-haska, and there had been whispers pointing to a past of his which would not bear the light. Griswold remembered these rumors now, and saw that the man's following was a detail from the more desperate section of the strikers.

The pause was brief, but being surcharged with possibilities, seemed long. At length the man threw up

'Come here and I'll show you," he said.

Griswold followed him a step aside, to the office front and to a breach in the palings of the high fence close at hand. Within the breach, and heaped against the wall of the frame office building, was a pile of chips and shavings, and there was a pungent odor of kerosene in the air. The man pointed in silence.

"You mean to say that he was going to burn us out?" asked Griswold.
"Them fixin's speak for theirselves,

"But why?" Griswold demanded.

don't they?

The big man snorted scornfully. "Tain't no use for you to play innercent that-a-way, Mr. Griswold. You know who he is, and what he is, and what he's here for."

Whereat Griswold lost his patience and swore angrily. "Have done with your mysterious bush-beating and what's in you," he rapped out. "I don't know the man."

"You don't, eh? Well, he's a cussed Pinkerton, that's what he is; and he's here to make a case against us. S'pose the works takes fire and burns up, and he goes on the stand to swear we done it? Only he ain't never goin' to get the chance. He's goin' to quit right here and now. You go away, Mr. Griswold. There ain't no for you to be a witness."

Who shall say what fierce and re lentless temptation assailed this man who saw his single pursuer thus in the toils? He had but to turn his back and shrug, and say it was no concern of his, and this man Griffin, the only man of all men in the world who might send him to wear out his life in a Louisiana chain-gang, would go to his account, and all danger would be over—past for one Kenneth Griswold.

No one save the victim of such an onfall of devils battling for his soul may know what Griswold endured in that brief moment of hesitation. If Griffin himself suspected, he made no sign; indeed, he had looked on all stant peril of his life, but he neither abroad through his great frame till ject matter of it concerned him not he could have kept the raging mob at the man whom the devils were as- and help came from the town. A all about your share o' stock in that

You're a liar," he said, coolly, to one; and to the other: you oblige me with a cigar, Mr. Gris-

Now, however fiercely the devils of temptation had assaulted, Griswold had beaten them off; that and more: he had a plan of an attempt at a rescue half-formed, and this request of the man about to be ha chimed in with it. He promptly tendered the cigar, and the striker who was pinioning Griffin's right arm mechanically loosed his hold that the prisoner might take it.

was the moment for the attempt, if any there were to be, and here could be no more collusion be tween rescuer and captive than might be compressed into a single swift eye But that sufficed. ached for the cigar, but did not take it. Instead, he converted the movement into a stinging side blow which felled the man at his left, and at the same instant sprang back out of the circle with Griswold to hold men, and I keep a set of books of my the infuriated ones at bay while he

Any diversion Griswold could make held-out hand. was necessarily of the briefest. For some swift-passing second or so he delayed the rush by sheer moral bravado. The storm broke in a yell were?" of rage and no two men might withit. Griswold did not try,

"Through that hole in the fence!— with you!" he said, over his shoulder to the detective; and the thing it?" deftly that the yelling mob was for the moment nonn Griswold made good use of the momentary respite.

"Follow me!" he commanded; and a minute later they had opened the darkened office by the back door. When the door was shut and locked

again, Griffin looked about him in the semi-gloom. "It's out of the frying pan into the fire, isn't it?" he said. "They'll storm

this place in about a minute—and take it." The augmenting yells in the street told that the mob was increasing its numbers rapidly, and that the melee on the sidewalk would presently develop into a riot. Griswold stepped to the telephone, but the call bells

were dumb. "They've cut the wires," he said, oolly. "That means a fight. Are coolly. you armed?"

The detective laughed. "I'm like the Texas cowboy who was caught in swimming; my gun is safe enough at the hotel.

Griswold took down a Winchester repeating rifle from its brackets on

"Perhaps it is just as well. If you should show yourself, they would go mad again, and, anyway, in a tangle of this kind one man is sometimes bet-ter than two. Get down behind the

desk and keep out of sight."
"What for? Hadn't we better try a back-alley bolt for it?"
"No. They have the place sur-

rounded by this time. Do as I tell Griswold peeped cautiously behind

the window shade on the street side. "They are going to rush the place and smash the window or the door, or both. I shall save them the trouringleader of the malcontents; a bur- ble, if you will be good enough to do as I tell you.'

The detective stepped behind the high desk and Griswold unlocked and opened the front door, flinging it wide. When the thing was done, the foremost rank of the rioters found itself looking straight into the sightless eve of the leveled Winchester. What the man with the gun had to say was said in the moment of sur-prised silence which ensued, and he said it quietly, as one who has weighed and measured all the possible consequences.

"You needn't trouble to break in, men; the door is open, as you see. But I give you fair warning; you'll have to kill me before you come in, and I'll kill some of you first."

The answer to this was a fierce yell of wrath and defiance, but Griswold held his ground. Then there was a rush surging up from those in the rear, but those in the front ranks held it back in deference to the one determined man in the doorway —the man and the leveled rifle. And so it went for what seemed to Griffin an interminable lifetime; cries. shouts, stones flung, a shot now and then from the outskirts of the



"WHAT AM I TO REMEMBER?"

crowd; pandemonium let loose in the mob; and fronting it all one man with his wits about him, and a steadfast determination to do or die, or to do and die, if need be, shining in the

cool eyes of him.

And in the end the one man got the flinched nor spoke again. How long squad of freshly sworn-in deputies poured into the street, fought its way to the great gates and joined how long." orces with the armed guard in the yard, and so the rioters were slowly pressed back and out of the street and dispersed. Then, and not till then, Griswold lowered his weapon and spoke to the man whose life he

"It is over for this time." he said. "We can make a circuit now and reach the hotel without difficulty, I

They went by a roundabout way nd neither of them spoke again till they stood beneath the portico of the James. Then Griffin thrust out

"I owe you another-a good deal bigger one, this time, Mr. Griswold." Griswold seemed not to see the out-stretched hand. "Do you? There shall be no charge in my book, Mr. Grif-

"It's all right for you to say that; but I happen to be a man like other

Griswold was still ignoring the neld-out hand. "If you think you

"May I ask if you came here on ac-"It wouldn't be past belief, would

"No. But in that case, who sent Griffin boggled at this. but spid finally: "My chief."

"At whose solicitation? Not mine or Raymer's I am sure."

"Whose, then?"

"Perhaps there wasn't any request from anybody. Some of us are usually around when there is a labor row

Griswold's lip curled in undisguised "Then the stories they tell of you and your fellow spotters are true; that if you can't find a case, you make one.

Griffin started back with an oath which was purely of astonishment.

"Good Lord! And you believed what that fellow said—that I was going to fire the office? And on top that you saved my life? By the lord Harry, Mr. Griswold! what are you

made of, anyway?"
"Of poor clay—like other men.
But didn't that fellow Buckmaster tell the truth?"

"Good heavens, no! He laid the fire himself; was in the very act when I took a flashlight snap-shot of him and the whole gang. I did it be-cause—well, because I thought I'd like to do you a good turn. I tried to save the camera in the tangle-up that followed, and that is how they came to down me."

Griswold grasped the hand which had not yet been wholly withdrawn,

and wrung it heartily.
"I did you a very great injustice, Mr. Griffin, and I'm sorry. That's but a poor amend, but it's all that I can make.'

And with that he turned abruptly and left the other standing at the

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

There was a somewhat sensational account of the riot at the iron works in the newspapers the following morning; rather more sensational than the facts known to the reporters justified, though less startling than it would have been if the Griffin episode had been given its due share in the recountal.

Margery Grierson read the reporters' version of the affair over her cup of coffee, brought, a la Francais, to her bedside, and was moved thereby to bestir herself rather earlier than usual. One of Miss Grierson's revenges for an unlovely past was a certain lizard-like basking in the sunshine of affluence, and she was wont deride the early morning habit of Wahaska, and to let her own morning begin in the middle of the Wahaskan forenoon.

But on this occasion she broke her rule, surprising her father by trip-ping airily into his private office a few minutes after the bank had been opened. At that hour, the president was alone and disengaged; an incidental happening which was favor-able to Margery's purpose; and to make sure of uninterruption, she snapped the catch of the night latch as she closed the door behind her.

There was a great straight-backed chair at the end of the president's desk; a chair with high arms and uncomfortable angles designed to seize and hold a suppliant visitor to the end that he might be ill at ease, and so more easily amenable to rea-son — Jasper Grierson's reason. Margery was far enough above such purely adventitious hindrances, but this morning she avoided the chair, going to perch in one of the deep-bayed window seats.

Jasper Grierson swung slowly in his big pivot-chair, fanned a rift in nimbus of eigar smoke which he had surrounded himself, looked at his daughter with half-closed eyes and said: "Well?"

"I came to tell you it is time to quit," she said, slowly, meeting his gaze with level eyes.

"Time to quit what?"

"You know well enough. You have made all the trouble you need to for Mr. Raymer."

Jasper Grierson tilted his chair to victory. For some soul-trying minutes, a score of them it might have laughed; a slow, gurgling laugh, that he shook like a giant in mirth.

at all. But now he spoke; three bay he was not to know, for in its got around to that?" he said, chuckown leisurely time the alarm spread ling again. "Why, I'd clean forgot see the priest without delay, relates deal, long ago; been buying it in on my own account for I don't know

"I'm sorry you forgot. It's time to remember, now.

"What am I to remember?"

"That you were to turn around and help him when I gave the word." "Oh, no; I guess not. It's business now, and no social tea-fight of yours."

She was tapping the toe of her boot with her riding whip, and she

looked up suddenly.
"Does that mean that you intend going on till you have ruined him? she asked.

"I'm going to break him, and that other fool friend of yours, if that's what you want to know." For a swift instant there was a

flash of sullen lightning in her eyes but it went out suddenly as if at the bidding of a will stronger than any

up-flash of passion.
"Please!" she said, beseechingly.
"Please what?"

"Please ruin somebody else, and let Mr.-let these two go.

"So you're caught at last, are you, my lady? I wondered if you wouldn't come out of that pool with the hook in your mouth. But you may as well pull loose, even if it hurts a lit-tle. These two fellows have got to come under. They've declared war, and by—they shall have war."

She looked across at him steadily, and the glow of rising passion ca and went in her eyes. And yet she

"That is your last word, is it?"

now. I've shut em down, and they're going to stay shut down till their plant is a worthless rust hearp."

"Then it is true what they are saying: that you are responsible for this strike?"

Jasper Grierson wagged his head, as one who knows a thing and will not admit it in so many words. "There's more ways of killing a cat than by choking it with lumps of butter," he said, sententiously.

"Answer me; is it true?" "Oh, you go off and don't bother your head about these business affairs. You run your tea parties, and I'll run mine."

Then it is true?" she persisted. "What if it is?—mind, I'm not admitting it, but I say, what if it is?" She slipped down from her perch in the window seat, crossed the room and stood before him, with her hands

behind her gripping the riding whip. "You have had pretty good luck here in Wahaska, haven't you" she been a sort of triumph for you from the very first, and nobody has been able to stand against you or to outwit you. All that is going to be changed now.'

"Why, Madge, girl, what do you

mean? "I mean to give you your choice. You can make your peace with Mr. Raymer, or—"

"Or what?" "Or I shall go over to the enemy. You haven't found anybody in this little onehorse town who can match you, but I can match you."
"Why, good Lord, Madge, daugh-ter! You don't know what you're

saying!"
"Yes, I do. And, as God lives, I'll do it."

"No, you won't."

"I will." "I say you won't. You can't turn on your old daddy that way."

"Can't I? I'll give you till to-morrow to think about it. If by to-morrow night nothing has been done to help the iron works people out of their trouble I shall know what to do, and you must take the conse-

'Bah! You can't do anything." "You have had your warning," she said, and with that she snapped the catch of the night latch and was gone. [To Be Continued.]

## CAUSE FOR AVOIDING CHURCH.

Long-Winded and Vociferous Bishop Found No Favor with a Child.

There is a certain bishop whose piety is unquestioned, but who has an unfortunate habit of preaching very long sermons. He has, besides, an exceedingly sonorous voice, and people living anywhere within a block of his church can hear him without taking the trouble to enter the sanctuary. A few Sundays ago he was announced to preach at a popular church and the family who entertained him had a little daughter who was very fond of attending service. When the family got ready little Elsie flatly refused to go

with them, says a London paper. "I don't want to go to church," she

"What's the matter?" asked the mother, much surprised, "are you ill?"
"I don't like the bishop," confessed

"Oh, Elsie ,that's a wicked thing to say!" gasped the mother. "I hate the bishop," insisted the lit-

tle "Tell mother why," said the hostess. "Well," said Elsie, confidently, "the bishop preaches so long that I can't keep awake and he preaches so loud that I can't go to sleep." As the divine tells the story on himself, it is prob-

### MIGHT UNDERSTAND ENGLISH. An Irish Woman's Consolation to Priest Who Did Not Speak

Gaelie.

A few weeks ago a visitor to a Lon- tends to this herself personally.

'Well, Mrs. O'Connor, did the priest come to you?" She replied: "Yes, avic, but I was surprised to find a gintleman like him

"Ignorant! What do you mean?" "Shure, he knows no Irish." O'Connor knew her prayers in Irish, out could not say them in English

'Well, that is unfortunate," the lady 'Yes," said the old woman, "and the crathur, he was so fretted about it I said to him: 'Well, never mind, father, God Almighty understands almost all languages, and who knows but he he might untherstand the English."

Roman Alphabet in Japan.

The Roman alphabet grows more and more in favor with the nations of the earth. The latest country to take steps toward its adoption is Japan. The government recently appointed a commission to draw up a plan whereby Japanese writing may be made to conform to modern English and French forms. In China progress in the same direction is reported, and missionaries there say that the old and inflexible sign-writing is sure to go. Germany is rapidly falling into line, and the number of books and pamphlets number of books and pamphlets printed in Roman characters increases year by year. In Russian, however, the individual alphabet peculiar to that country still shows : change—the one country whose literature is almost inaccessible to the for survey it seems inevitable that event-"You can call it anything you like. unly the one alphabet—the Roman— I'm not on the quitting hand just will rule the world.—Harper's Weekly



### INVALID'S GREAT WORK.

By Her Own Exertions Suffering Illinois Girl Supports Ten Missionary Workers.

It has been said that suffering often liberates and reveals the forces of the soul. A phenomenal instance of this is found in the little city of Casey, Ill., in the person and life of Miss Lizzie L. Johnson. Her struggle for 18 years with mortal disease is something more than impressive.

At about 13 years of age severe illess came upon her which developed into a permanent affliction of spinal character extending to all the nerve centers. For 18 years she has been laid on her back wholly unable to leave her bed. She has the free use of her arms and head, also some use of the limbs, but her body is confined to one posi-

Those who have known her from her childhood, especially from the beginning of her affliction, find it difficult to realize the magnitude of the work she is now doing and has been doing for a number of years. They feel that they have never seen suffering and weari-ness and the monotony of lying in one position continuously so entirely over-come and treated as if they were not.

The nature of her affliction renders her at times intensely sensitive to the slightest noise or the presence of persons in her room, or any touch of her bed. This painful acuteness is not constant; there are times of comparative rest from this, though at all times the sense of touch is abnormally developed.

She has a magnetic personality, fine, receptive mind, large originality and a beautiful Christian spirit. Not a word of complaint or touch of rebelliousness escapes her lips. Theme that lies nearest her heart The Christian missions, and in this field she is doing a great work. She began in 1894 on \$60 borrowed capital. Up to date the gross receipts aggregate 000. She supports in India five pastor She supports in India in pastor teachers, besides two Bible women. She provides the money to support three scholarships for three young men in Chinzei seminary, Nagasaki, Japan. She provides for two Bible



LIZZIE L. JOHNSON.

women in China and one native pastor

in Africa. tions and causes, as the Cunningham a man of 45. deaconess' home and orphanage and other beneficiaries can testify. It is a constant wonder how much work has seen all that is brilliant in the Mss Johnson does. She attends to all court life of France and has known ther correspondence, not infrequently what it means to be a childless widow, receiving a hundred letters a week, and remembered occasionally, but more whether they be letters of inquiry or frequently forgotten. The mother of remittances of money she allows no the empress must herself have been letter to go unacknowledged, and at-

"Good Lord, Madge, have you just of around to that?" he said, chucksee the priest without delay, relates a London exchange. A few days after choice selections of Scripture, gems the child of this marriage, the beautiward, when the old woman had rallied a little, the visitor said to her:

etc. These marks she mails to any Christian workers who will superin tend the sale of them. She receives orders from individuals, Sunday schools. leagues, woman's foreign missionary ocieties and other organizations.

This consecrated soul and the work she is doing are worthy of publicity both for the good accomplished in the mission fields and the inspiration it gives to other workers. None can enter her room and hear her cheery words, see her illumined face, but to go away with new inspiration and courage to help in the world's work.

Her father is a retired business man of Casey; he and his entire family of wife and five children reside in the city, and are held in high esteem by all those who know them best. To some of her pastor teachers she pays \$100 per annum, to others \$60, \$50, etc.; to her nato \$50 per annum. There are no scales on this earth fine enough to weigh the work this shut-in child of the king is church never to return. She made doing .- St. Louis Globe-Democrat

## Art in Home Decoration

Artistic decorators agree that the purpose for which a room is to be used is a large factor in deciding upon its wall covering. Decidedly plain wall wall covering. Decidedly plain wall coverings are more resiful than figured ones and therefore are more appropriate for living or sitting rooms. Of course self-toned stripes give the effect of solid wall, so this does not apply to them. Again for variety and because the big flowered papers are now so attractive in design and coloring, they may be used in a guest chamber with good effect, but always with a plain, pale-tirted celling.

### EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE.

She Is Said to Believe Firmly That She Will Live to Be a Hundred Years Old.

Empress Eugenie has been pretty of her exciting life-to Egypt and the opening of the Suez canal; to the far east, to the land of the midnight sun; to South Africa. More than all else, though, she has had a hand in shaping the destiny of France. Raised to dazzling heights of power by her marriage with Napoleon, the girl, Eugenie Montijo, of noble, but not royal, birth, became the most courted and the most influential woman in Europe. She had brains and rare beauty with which to fortify her position as empress, and she used both royally. whimsical-looking old lady who does ner simple shopping in the unfashionable parts of Oxford street, wanders



EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE (As She Looked While on the Throne of France.)

about looking for bargains on her oceasional visits to town-all traces of grandeur departed.

Eugenie has one odd expectation. She is said to believe firmly that she will live to be at least 100 years old.
"I have nothing to live for," the sad-

faced woman of 74 says, "hence I know I shall just keep on living. And so she will, probably, for she has no illnesses as yet, is active and fond of all outdoor exercises. Engenie has acquired the sailor's ruddy color, and to her love for bracing sea air. People who saw this lady in the days of her prime will remember her strangely beautiful eyes, "Eugenie eyes" they were called. An unusual type they were, and are, the eyelids drooping so low as to give an arched look to the dark eyes, which are bright, almost glowing still. Eugenie's eyes were always her marked claim to great beauty, although she is described at the time of her marraige as having been ovely beyond words in every line of

face and form. Empress Eugenie lived for many years at Chislehurst, but she has re-cently moved to Farnborough, farther inland. A pretty place is Farn-borough, not more pretentious, how-ever, than the homes of many less historic personages. Three rooms in the house are kept as shrines. Relics of the first Napoleon fill the one; belongings sacred to the memory of Eugenie's husband are kept in another; the playthings of the prince imperial and trappings of the horse from which he fell to die, together with little childish things of eternal importance to mothers are the occupants of a third large apartments in the Farnborough home. She does not forget home institu- her boy, had he lived, would be to-day

the mother, was the child of an Irishful Eugenie, who completely infatuat-

## WOMAN'S SOCIAL POWER.

When Exercised in the Right Direction It Affects the Welfare of an Entire Community.

The power and influence that woman possesses socially is something for which she should be grateful and use to the best advantage. To some tasteful woman with a truly social spirit may be given the credit of making many a community what it is. Passing a massive city church, thronged with worshipers, and noted for being exceedingly social in spirit, Rev. William
J. Peck, in writing for the Ledger Monthly, recalls the fact that the building is accredited to a socially in-clined, cultured pastor's wife, who had the gracious gift of kindliness. She had a winning way, and noticed that a up her mind that she would make them feel at home. She took her position at the close of service near the door and call on them if they would leave their