COMRADERY.

Good comrade mine, I do not care
Along what path our feet shall fare,
So be we toss our burdens by,
And wander free beneath the sky,
Hale brethren of the sun and air.

The morn awaits us, and the noon;
Aye, even till the peer of moon,
With fern and flower, with bird and bee,
With reed and vine, with grass and tree,
Our spirits shall be close in tune.

And well I know that we shall bring
Back from our outland gypsying
A largess captured from the mirth
And lovingness of mother-earth
Whose soul is ever like the spring.

Then grip the pilgrim staff. Afar
The hills and hermit hollows are;
The sun pours 'round us virgin gold,
And from yon violet height, behold,
The unknown beckons like a star!
—Clinton Scollard, in N. Y. Independent.

A Knave of Conscience

By FRANCIS LYNDE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The day after the riot—the day upon which Margery Grierson had asked her father for bread and got a stone—was fraught with other happenings to more than one of those whose trivial tale this is. The first of these fell upon Jasper Grierson, as we have seen, and was little short of a rebellion in his own household. The next was of import to one Andrew Galbraith.

The president of the Bayou state bank was spending a very pleasant vacation in the quiet Minnesota summer resort. The people at the hotel were chiefly from New Orleans, and hence congenial; the cooking was good, the weather perfect, and the few social doors of the town that Mr. Galbraith cared to enter were opened wide to him. Moreover, Mr. Jasper Grierson had been exceedingly kind to a crabbed old man who was without kith or kin to make much of him; and Miss Margery had quite neglected the younger men to be gracious to him.

It was in the forenoon of this day of happenings, while Mr. Galbraith was smoking his after-breakfast cigar on the great veranda which overlooks the lake, that a caller was announced. A bellboy brought the card from the office, and Mr. Galbraith adjusted his glasses leisurely and read the name.

"'Mr. Kenneth Griswold,' eh? I don't recall the name. Stop a bit—yes, I do. He is Miss Maggie's writer friend. Ask him if he will step out here, where it's cooler."

The bellboy disappeared, and presently returned, towing Griswold. The old man rose with the courtly good breeding of the elder generation and shook hands with his visitor.

"I am glad to met you, Mr. Griswold. Miss Grierson has often spoken of you. Sit down—sit down and be comfortable. If you could only have our Louisiana winters to put with your summers, this would be Paradise itself."

Griswold made shift to make some acknowledgment, sat down, and began to fumble for his cigar case. What he had come prepared to say to Mr. Galbraith was not made any easier by this instant lugging in of Margery Grierson as his social sponsor.

"A cigar?" said the banker, interrogatively. "Try one of mine; they are Cubans with a pedigree, and if I may toot my own pipe a bit, I'll say they are not to be duplicated this side of New Orleans."

Griswold took the proffered cigar and was still more ill at ease. While he hesitated, not knowing exactly how to begin the tale which should twist itself into a warning to the would-be purchaser of worthless pine lands, the old man leaned back in his chair, regarding him with kindly interest. But all at once he sat up very straight, and the kindly gaze became a sharp scrutiny.

"Have you ever been in New Orleans, Mr. Griswold?" he asked, abruptly.

Griswold was instantly on his guard, but in the thick of it he set his teeth upon a sudden resolve not to lie.

"I have; but not very recently."

"H'm; may I ask how recently?"

"I was south for a few weeks last spring, and spent part of the time in New Orleans."

Andrew Galbraith sat back in his chair, and for all his apparent lapse into disinterest, Griswold could see the long upper lip twitch nervously.

"H'm; last spring, you say? We had quite a bit of excitement last spring, Mr. Griswold. Did you chance to hear of the robbery of the Bayou bank while you were there?"

Now Griswold knew that, notwithstanding the seeming abstraction of his questioner, he was under the sharpest surveillance that a pair of well-trained old eyes could bring to bear; knew this, and made sure that the slightest hesitation, the merest quivering of a muscle, would betray him. So, though his lips were parched and his tongue clave to his teeth, he answered with well-simulated nonchalance:

"I read of it in the newspapers on my way north," he said, with exact and literal truthfulness. "I remember thinking it was the most brazen thing I had ever heard of. I presume you know all the parties concerned?"

This was said with the mildest possible shading of decent curiosity, and was a very master stroke of evasion, which did its work effectually for the time. Andrew Galbraith smiled a sour little smile, and confessed that he knew one of the parties very well indeed, and went about to explain that the Bayou bank was his bank.

Griswold listened respectfully, said "Ah? it must have been a thrilling experience," and said no more. And if he had been from his earliest childhood the closest student of the various methods of averting a crisis he could not have done better.

A little interval of smokers' silence intervened, and Griswold was the first to break it. The thing he had come to say admitted no preface, so he began in the midst.

"What I came here this morning to tell you, Mr. Galbraith, may strike you as an odd thing with which to begin an acquaintance; but as we have no mutual friends, and as common justice is, or should be, more far-reaching than mere acquaintance, I felt it my duty to come. I happened to hear the other day that you were likely to become interested with Mr. Grierson in the Red Lake pine lands. Was my information correct?"

Andrew Galbraith's eyes looked their shrewdest at this, but he answered in the affirmative, and Griswold went on.

"Pardon me if I seem impertinent, but is the transaction concluded?"

The banker said it was, in effect; that it wanted but the passing of a check to its conclusion.

"It involves a good bit of money, doesn't it?"

"It does that, but it's a fine chance to make money."

"May I ask upon what you base that statement?"

"Why, my dear sir! upon the standing pine, to be sure. At the present rate of consumption, a five-year holding of a good-sized bit of virgin pine land will treble its value."

"Of virgin forest—exactly. But this particular tract you are buying has been culled and re-culled for ten years or more."

"Wha—what's that you're saying?" Andrew Galbraith staggered up out of his chair heavily, and Griswold saw again the terrified president of the Bayou bank as he had seen him on that momentous morning in the private office in New Orleans. But this time the start was only momentary. Mr. Galbraith sat down again, and picked up the cigar he had dropped in the shock of it; picked it up and wiped it carefully with true Scottish canniness.

"I think you must be mistaken, Mr. Griswold," he went on. "I have a file of expert reports thick enough to make a book!"

Griswold rose and held out his hand.

"I have done what I conceived to be my duty, Mr. Galbraith—a rather disagreeable duty at that—and I hope you'll pardon me if I have seemed unwarrantably meddlesome. But I also hope you will send an experienced land looker whom you can trust absolutely before you let that check pass. Good morning."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

In the matter of the armistice Margery was as good as her word—and a little better. She did not go over to the enemy promptly upon its expiration, as she had said she would. Instead, she gave her father another and a final warning.

"Oh, pshaw! what can you do?" was his rather contemptuous rejoinder when she reminded him that the peace protocol had expired by limitation.

"That is neither here nor there," she returned, coolly. "You will find out what I can do if you drive me to it."

"Bah!" said the man, "to do you've got to know. You don't know anything about my business."

"This is your last word, is it?"

"You can call it anything you like. Go ahead with your pigeon shooting any time you're ready."

Margery bit her lip, gave a little sigh, which might have been of disappointment or of renunciation, and said no more.

But the following morning, after a call upon some newly come guests at the resort hotel, she made it a point to stumble upon Mr. Andrew Galbraith, who was smoking a peaceful cigar on the veranda. The purpose of the stumbling was meant to be very obvious; was obvious, since she made it the occasion of inviting the banker to join the party in the launch for an afternoon on the lake. But after she had given the invitation and had left him, she went back to say:

"Oh, by the way, Mr. Galbraith, I think papa has heard something more about those pine lands—up at Red Lake, you know. They are not worth nearly as much as he thought they were. I think he is trying very hard not to believe it, but—'

She stopped abruptly, not because of any maidenly embarrassment, but because she had the rare faculty of knowing when she had said enough. Mr. Andrew Galbraith's smile was shrewdly inscrutable, and what he said touched upon the pine land matter only as it might be a doubl' entendre.

"I thank you, Miss Margery. I shall be very happy to join your launch party."

From the summer resort hotel on the lake edge, Miss Grierson drove to the telegraph office and sent a brief message to a far-away mining camp in the Rockies. What she wrote on the square of yellow paper was well within the ten-word limit, but it was fraught with consequences to Jasper Grierson out of all proportion to its brevity. "He has broken faith, and you may come," was the message ticked off by the wires into western space. And when she had paid for it, and had seen it shot bullet-wise up the pneumatic tube to the operating room, she sighed again. It was another bridge burned; a bridge of price to a young person whose ambitions were chiefly social.

After this she drove home to don her simplest gown while the man was putting up the high-swung trap and the big English horse, and making ready the pony and the phaeton.

She made a long round in the phaeton, driving herself. It began on the manufacturing side of town, and ended there, and was a house-to-house visitation in the quarter occupied by the cottages of the iron works men. She saw few of the men; but she did better. She saw and talked with the wives of the men. What she said to the women, and what her saying of it was like to accomplish was set forth in a brief conference with Edward Raymer at the iron works office—a conference with which the morning of conferences ended.

She found Raymer alone in the office, and was glad enough for that.

"I don't know what you will think of me for meddling in this," she said, when she had told him what she had been doing.

"You may say very justly that it wasn't any of my business; but I saw, or thought I saw, a chance for a woman to do what all you men couldn't seem to do. So I did my part, and now if you'll do yours, I believe the trouble will stop right where it is."

Raymer evaded the business part of it, and gave praise where praise was due, taking her hand and letting his eyes say more than his words.

"I think you are the bravest little woman I ever heard of," he said, warmly. "I haven't the least doubt in the world as to the success of your appeal, and no one but a woman—no one but yourself—could have made it. You may be sure that Griswold and I will do our part."

"if you will, I think we may consider the strike settled." She rose and made as if she would go, but that was only because her courage threatened to fail her while yet the major half of her errand was undone. She fought a brave little fight, and then went back to sit down beside him.

"There is something else," she began, nervously, "and I don't know just how to say it. May I say anything I please?"

"Certainly. The privilege would be yours in any case, but you have just earned it a thousand times over."

"You—you have had some dealings with the bank, haven't you?"

"With your father's bank, you

SHE RAN OUT.

mean? Yes, we keep our account there."

"I didn't mean that; I meant—in the matter of—a loan."

"No, not lately."

She looked the surprise which she did not put into words.

"But you did borrow money, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"And you paid it back?"

"I did; or rather, we did. Mr. Griswold came into the firm just then, and put in enough capital to pay us out of debt."

She was twisting her handkerchief around her fingers, and otherwise displaying a degree of embarrassment which was quite foreign to her, or to Raymer's knowledge of her.

"Would you mind telling me how much it was?"

"Not at all; it was $95,000."

"So much as that? Somehow, I have never thought of Mr. Griswold as a—a capitalist. But it was a good investment for him, wasn't it?"

"It would have been if we had not had this strike."

She paused again, and again assaulted as one who will not be daunted.

"How much has the strike cost you, Mr. Raymer?"

"A great deal more than it would at almost any other time. We had a number of time contracts with forfeitures, and they have lapsed, of course. One hundred thousand dollars wouldn't more than make us whole again."

"So much as that! All of Mr. Griswold's money, and more." So much she said, and then she was silent until her nervousness began to be contagious to Raymer. At length she said: "You know Mr. Griswold pretty well, and love him; and I know him pretty well, too, and—and like him. Did he ever tell you how he came to have so much money?"

"Why, no. In fact, I never thought enough about it to be curious. From the little he has told me about himself I have gathered that he inherited something from his father, and that accounted sufficiently for his means."

Now Griswold had been more confidential with Margery than he had ever been with his business partner, so she knew the story of the slender patrimony, and of its spending. But what has here been written down of Margery Grierson has been ill-written if it has not shown her to be far more discreet than her sex or her age would bespeak. And because she was wiser than her generation, she went swiftly aside from Griswold's affair

"I think that is all I had to say," she said, rising again. "All excepting one other thing, and that is harder to say than all the rest."

Raymer rose with her and took her hand again.

"After what you have done, it mustn't be hard for you to say anything to me, Miss Margery."

"But this thing is hard—for me; not for you. You say you keep you account at the Wahaska National Keep it somewhere else, Mr. Raymer."

He bowed in ready acquiescence. "I'll transfer it at once—and without asking why I should do it," he agreed.

"But—but it is right that you should know why," she faltered. "My father does not like you. Need I say more?"

He pressed the hand he was still holding and smiled down upon her from his athletic height.

"You needn't have said that much. I have good cause to know it. And that makes your loyalty and goodness of heart all the more wonderful to me, Miss Margery. I hope the time will come when I can show you how much I appreciate—"

She snatched her hand away and turned from him. Though he meant it not, he was slipping into the conventional attitude and it was more than she could bear just then. "Good-by," she said, abruptly, and before he could offer to help her she ran out, sprang into the low phaeton and drove rapidly away.

Raymer stood at the office door and watched her out of sight. Then he went back to his desk and sat down to fall into a musing excursion which led him far away from the matter in hand—the matter of the strike and its probable composition in terms of peace. At the end of the reverie, one of its conclusions slipped into speech.

"They may say what they please about her—the mother and Gerty—and the most of the things they say are true; but away down deep in her heart, under nobody knows what a sandbank of trouble and hard-living, there is a vein of the purest gold. I guess I couldn't say that if I were in love with her; and yet—"

[To Be Continued.]

SUBDUING A BULLY.

How a Russian Lady Brought a Brutal Manchu Noble to Her Feet.

The Siberian railroad traverses the greatest wilderness that steam has ever been set to conquer. The taming of our western prairies and mountains was a small task compared to this subjection of the Siberian wastes. An experience on a train, related by a writer, in a Vladivostok paper, reminds one of the early stage coach days beyond the Mississippi, and seems even more violent because the participants in the adventure were not rough plainsmen and mountaineers, but a lady and a nobleman, says the Youth's Companion.

When the train pulled up at Tsitsikar, in Manchuria, a Manchu noble, who had bullied all his fellow passengers, alighted at the station restaurant, after warning them that he would decapitate any of them who took his seat. During his absence a smartly dressed young Russian lady entered the car, and, despite the alarmed expostulations of its occupants, calmly appropriated the seat.

When the noble returned he flew into a passion, and advanced threateningly with his curved saber drawn. But the young woman coolly covered him with a shining revolver.

"Do you take us for a pack of cowardly mandarins?" she exclaimed, and then, pointing to her feet, she remarked: "Here is your place, my hero."

The Manchu noble surrendered, and sat at her feet for the rest of the journey.

Proof of the Lord's Kindness.

As one of the great Atlantic liners was nearing the end of its voyage recently a wealthy passenger on board gave a champagne supper to the other male passengers. Each one of those invited was to render payment by singing a song, dancing a jig or telling a story. Among those on board was one person who had won a reputation for moroseness, for in spite of the constant stream of moss-grown tales which one is forced to listen to on shipboard he had never tried to revenge himself by telling one of his own. Accordingly when his turn came to speak everyone listened eagerly.

"Gentlemen," said he as he rose to his feet, "I can't sing a song or tell a story and I have never danced a jig, so I can only offer a conundrum. In what way is the Lord kinder to a turkey than to man?"

Of course everyone gave it up.

"Because," came the answer, "he doesn't allow it to be stuffed with chestnuts till after it is dead."—Chicago Chronicle.

Deadly Illuminating Gas.

It is asserted by a writer in an American medical weekly that cases of poisoning by illuminating gas are on the increase, and he attributes this to the use of the so-called water gas, which contains a high percentage of the deadly gas called carbon monoxide. In Massachusetts, a law so limiting the proportion of this substance as practically to exclude water gas from use, was repealed about 13 years ago. Since that time, there have been 459 deaths from inhalation of gas, while in a period of equal length preceding the repeal of the law there were only eight deaths from this cause. Carbon monoxide is not only fatal in large quantities, but it produces a general condition of ill-health in very slight proportions, and the writer believes that many puzzling cases of decline in physical vigor are to be attributed to almost inappreciable gas-leaks.—Success

PEACE NOW IN SIGHT

Gen. Fred D. Grant Brings Good News from Philippines.

Inhabitants of Samar Will Make No Further Trouble and Moros Can Be Controlled by a Small Force.

Brig. Gen. Frederick Dent Grant, who pacified the dark and bloody Island of Samar, has returned from the Philippines after three years' service in the islands. He came on the transport Logan and brought with him a bushel of facts about the situation in the island, together with a rather concise idea of the situation down there. Since Gen. Smith, of the "kill and burn" order fame, relinquished his authority over this blood-stained island, Gen. Grant has been in charge. He began the work of bringing the fiery native spirit of the islanders under civil and military control, where Gen. Smith left off, and he pursued the task with a mixed combination of aggressiveness and diplomacy, qualities that predominated in his father, the late president of the United States, U. S. Grant.

Gen. Grant has been in the Philippines since the first outbreak, and during that time he has only been home once, and that was on a two months' sick leave. He goes to San Antonia, Tex., having been appointed to take charge of the department of Texas.

"Samar is enjoying the first period of peace it has ever known," said Gen. Grant, "and I am entirely satisfied that the inhabitants of the island will not attempt to make any further trouble for our government.

"Now that they have been forced by the stress of military operations to cease their hostility, the natives for the most part seem actually and absolutely contented with the new order of things. An incident which occurred just before I left has convinced me that even the natives who live in the thinly populated portions of the islands are no longer opposed

GEN. FRED D. GRANT.
(New Commander of the Military Department of Texas.)

to the invasion of our civil system into their lives, and that they bear no ill will to American citizens or American soldiers.

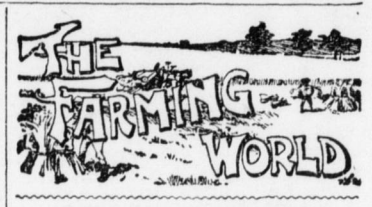
"When I first went to Samar it was a case of fight your way everywhere, and protect yourself while so doing. A soldier could not venture much out of hailing distance of even the conquered towns without being set upon and killed by savage natives. Now an American can go anywhere and go unarmed. One of our soldiers deserted for some reason or other, and he braved all sorts of dangers and made straight for the interior of the island. He met natives armed to the teeth, but none of them showed any disposition to molest him.

"This particular soldier, whose name I have forgotten, was being court-martialed when I left, but his experiences with the heretofore untamed and savage natives brushed away a doubt and left the authorities in the rather confident attitude of knowing that the island was conquered.

"The Moros, of course, will commit deeds of depredation now and again, but it needs only a strong police force to hold them in check.

"When I first went to Samar I had 56 garrisons and 5,600 men under my command. Peace dawned so rapidly that the forces were gradually withdrawn, and when I left there were but half as many men and only 14 garrisons. This force is more than is necessary to keep insurrection down. The natives are showing a lively interest in the march of civilization that our government has started. Of course, they are a low type of manhood—not a low type in their physical development. They are brave and strong, and have good intellects, but they lack education. They do not know how to read or write. In fact, their education consists of their knowledge how to engage in all sorts of piracy and revel in bloodshed. The day will come, however, when these natives will reach a creditable stage of advancement.

"The natives are not quite as primitive a class as our Indians, but they are still wholly uncivilized. We may expect a little trouble from the natives of the Holo group. They are ruled by a sultan, but they owe him a sort of informal allegiance. I don't think he will prove very strong with his people if ever the time comes that they get into serious trouble with our troops. They are an ignorant, low-bred class and less susceptible to restraint than any other of the natives of that country."



GOOD ROADS NEEDED.

They Promote Social Intercourse and Enable the Ready Marketing of Farm Produce.

The subject of good roads is an all-American subject, but it is one which should be of most interest to those sections which have given it the least attention. Naturally, the best built and the best maintained roads are in districts where there are many people and much stone. But good roads do not come always because the region they traverse is populous; a region sometimes becomes populous because there are good roads. Then, again, there are bad roads in thickly settled districts—in districts where the roads ought to be good. Good roads in a neighborhood indicate progress. They result from progress and they promote progress. They are both cause and effect. Well-kept highways constitute a theme which has engaged the attention of many more persons in the last decade than in any previous one.

The convention of New York republicans at Saratoga adopted a platform containing a good roads plank. In this division of the platform it was set forth that:

"Good roads and canals are two of the important features which make for the material welfare and progress of the commonwealth. The canals provide a channel for commerce, while better highways bring the markets closer to the door of the farmer."

The pledge regarding good roads has appeared in the platforms of political parties in New York before, and that state has perhaps a greater mileage of excellent roads than any other state in the union.

The Baltimore American, in a recent article, in which it made comparison of roads in Maryland to those in New York, said:

"New York roads, compared with those in Maryland, are the better. New York people are dissatisfied with thoroughfares which would be hailed in many parts of this state as the means of revolutionizing travel and traffic. The result is that New York state has grown marvelously rich. Take out half a dozen men who are reputed to have fabulous fortunes, and the state outside of Greater New York is the richest part of the commonwealth. The counties in Maryland have a soil as fertile as New York, and the reason why they are unable to make a great display of property is due mainly to the execrable roads which are almost general in this state."

Good roads enable farmers to haul more produce with the same expenditure of horse power. The farmer saves in time and in wear and tear on horse, harness and wagon. He can sleep later and get to market earlier; stay later at a neighbor's and get home sooner. Good roads promote social intercourse, insufficiency of which is one of the reasons why so many persons leave the country for the city, and why so few give up city life for the country, except at that season when nature is at her best in the country and at her worst in town.

Improved highways have promoted the extension of rural free delivery, and this delivery has aided in the development of better roads, says the Washington Star.

The buggy was a benefit to highways. A road good enough for mounted horsemen and horsewomen, as so many of our predecessors traveled, was not good enough for a buggy. Then the bicycle improved the roadways. A highway good enough for a buggy was not good enough for a bicycle, and thousands of wheelmen rolling through the country did campaign work for the betterment of roads. They told the country folk, and insisted on it, too, that their roads were not as good as some others. This was missionary work, because it is a phenomenon of country life that a man always thinks the road he lives on is very good, or at least not so bad as some others.

As the bicycle helped along the good cause, so will the automobile or the traction carriage. Automobilists want better roads.

Every farmer should help a little by using broad-tire wheels. These wheels not only do not "rut" the roads, but help to maintain them. A broad-tire wheel ought to bear more weight without strain than one with a narrow tire. There is no more friction in the use of a broad tire on a smooth road than in the use of a narrow tire on a rough one. A committee of automobilists reporting recently on New York roads said:

"It is worse than useless to create expensive and valuable highways only to have them cut to pieces by the use of narrow tires, as now used for the hauling of heavy loads in this state. When you have got a good thing, it costs money, and you must take care of it and change your methods to maintain it. Wide tires are of the greatest value in preserving ordinary dirt roads."

Quick Cooling of Milk.

Milk allowed to stand two hours without cooling contained 23 times as many germs as when milking was finished, while that which was cooled to 54 degrees only had four times as many at the end of two hours. This emphasizes the importance of quick and thorough cooling.—Creamery and Dairy.