

THE OLD SPINET.

In the dusk of the dim old attic, under the low brown eaves, Where the panes of the dormer-window peer through the ivy-leaves, Where the dimorous light of any on the knobs of the high-boy gleams, With the distaff and wheel beside it, silent the spinet dreams. For the chords in its heart are dumb, awaiting the fingers white that were pressed on its shining keys in the hush of a moonlit night. Or that gathered the sweets of all to chime with a voice that sung the stately colonial days when the spinet was glad and young. Then it stood on the oaken floor, waxed smooth as a robin's breast. In the light of a hundred candles, each in its silver rest, From the branches of shining sconces flaring the radiance shone On the tapestry wrought with scenes of times that were not their own. And the breeze as it softly shook the folds of the hangings ran on the face of a lady fair, Or a falcon perched on the wrist, or crest with a rose thrust through— They were fleeting shadows of life that moved as the keen winds blew. How the voice of the violin rose, pathetic and glad and sweet, To the music of money-musk, and the tapping of merry feet! In the joy of her youth the girl, with rustle of rich brocade, With the light on her powdered hair way through the dances made. And the lace on her bosom swayed and her cheeks that were flushed red. At the touch of a hand on hers, at words that were softly said, O demure little beauty-patch! O smiles that were treasured so! Have you slipped since the spinet knew you into the Long Ago? Where are now the low laughter and talk, the blush and the downcast glance, When the spindle-legged chairs were brought for rest from the happy dance? Is it night-wind that rattles the leaves where twinkling the stars look through, Or a sword that has touched a spur or the jeweled clasp of a shoe? It is only a light-foot mouse at play in the attic old; In the stead of the ancient grace are loneliness, dread and cold. With the thoughts of its heart untold, asleep in the moon's pale beams, With remembered delights around it, silent the spinet dreams. —Curtis May, in Youth's Companion.

A Knave of Conscience

By FRANCIS LYNDE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

As it happened, the launch party in which Mr. Andrew Galbraith was to be a guest had to be postponed, after all, on account of the weather. Though there was no storm during the afternoon, there was a good promise of one; so Margery went about to ask the invited ones to save the afternoon of the following day for her. While she was doing this, the good results of her morning's work among the wives of the strikers culminated, first in a meeting of the men in Labor Hall, and a little later in a visit of a deputation of the strikers to the office of the iron works. Griswold and Raymer were both there, and when the trouble came to be discussed without heat, and with a mutual disposition to give and take, it was wonderful how the difficulties were surmounted each in his turn. The upshot of the conference was a compromise duly acceded to by all concerned; and the following morning the hideous steam siren of the iron works announced to all and sundry within a radius of half a dozen miles that the long strike was ended. It was characteristic of the two partners that the relaxing of the strain affected them in diametrically opposite ways. Raymer flung himself into the work of the office with all the joyous abandon of a schoolboy whose vacation has been over-long. But Griswold took a holiday, rioting in his release from the strain, and meaning to spend the better part of the day alone on the lake in his catboat. Oddly enough, he was diverted from this plan not once, but a dozen times during the forenoon. First he had to go with Raymer to be present at the opening of the firm's account at the Farmers' and Mechanics' bank. Then he chanced to meet Griffin, and when he would have made a mere greeting of that, was drawn aside to smoke a social cigar with the detective in the lobby of the St. James. A chat about everything in general and nothing in particular went with the cigar burning, and it was at the very end of it that Griswold noticed a most astonishing change come upon his companion; a change so marked that he thought Griffin was taken suddenly ill—thought it and said so. Griffin shook his head in denial. "I guess it must have been suggestion," he said, evasively. "You have a very vivid way of describing things, Mr. Griswold, and your telling me about that attack of typhoid gave me the sympathetic quailms."

evidence, and Griswold's dropped word and the clerk's answer had welded it. Kenneth Griswold was the man who had robbed the Bayou bank, who had exchanged identities with John Gavitt on the "Belle Julie," who had talked with Charlotte Farnham and had fallen straightaway in love with her, who had disappeared in St. Louis, only to reappear in Wahaska 12 hours later. Truly, he was the man to whose finding Griffin had given many weeks of more or less valuable time. But, alas! for the ends of even-handed justice, he was also the man who had lately saved the life of one Griffin. Griswold went his way from the hotel, little thinking that he had blown the forge fire for the welding of the broken link. It was so near noon that he thought he would go to Mrs. Holcomb's for luncheon before going out in the Sprite. But when he was fairly in sight of the Holcomb gate, he was again turned aside. This time it was Dr. Farnham, loosing his horse at the Digby's hitching post. "You're worse than a stranger," said the good doctor, "and you haven't a bus' man's excuse. Get in here and let me take you home for a bite of bread and butter. Charlotte was asking only this morning if you had left town." Griswold did as he was told to do, thinking himself more and more a puppet of chance for that day. At the house on the lake brink he was made very welcome, notwithstanding he had not darkened its door since the night of the dinner party and the riot. Charlotte was cordial—nay, something more; was evidently glad to see him; this though he made sure that some remains of the barrier he had raised in his blundering was still between them. After luncheon they all went out on the lakeside veranda; and later, when the doctor had driven away, and Miss Gilman had gone in for her siesta, Griswold made a bold proposal. "The afternoon is perfect, Miss Charlotte, and the breeze has fallen to a 'ladygale.' Will you trust yourself to go out with me in the Sprite?" Now Charlotte could be as conventional as Miss Grierson was reckless of the conventions; but there were many things waiting to be said to Mr. Kenneth Griswold, and she made the possible opportunity her excuse. So she put the conventionalities aside and said she would go. Griswold left her when she went in to get ready, and had the catboat unmoored and around at the Farnham landing when she came out and ran down the lawn. He handed her into the boat and placed the cushions for her; and when he was shoving off, the Grierson launch put off from the Mereside pier with a gay party grouped under the red and white striped awning. The two craft passed within a hundred feet of each other, and Griswold lifted his hat to Margery. A little later, Charlotte took her cue from the incident. "You asked my advice about something a few evenings ago," she began. "Did you take it?" "I made a consummate fool of myself a few evenings ago," was his reply. "Did you?" she countered, with sweet frigidity. And then: "Am I to take that as an answer to my question?" "No. My foolishness didn't go the length of an appeal to Miss Grierson."

in for the Wahaskan shore. For a few lengths the "Sprite" shot ahead, and then a dead calm, the lull before the approaching storm, came and sat upon the face of the waters, and the boat merely rose and fell with flapping sail. It was too late to retreat. Griswold measured the possibilities in a swift backward glance at the darkened sky, put the tiller into Charlotte's hands and went to double-reef the mainsail. He would have scorned to do it had he been alone, but he was tender of Charlotte—tender of her fears. When the last reef-point was tied, he took his place at the helm again, and they waited in silence while the black cloud climbed the sky-arch and blotted out the sun. Still the breeze did not come, and Griswold watched with growing anxiety, always with Charlotte's fears in mind. While they waited, the Grierson launch came around the southern end of the island, gliding shoreward with a curling feather of spray under its cutwater and a broad wake of foam in its track. In midflight, however, the engines were stopped, and when they were set in motion again, the launch was made to sweep a short half circle to meet the coming storm, bows on. Griswold saw and shook his head. "Whoever is responsible for that is a fool," he said, bluntly. And then, with sudden emphasis: "Hold hard, and don't be afraid; here it comes!" Almost as he spoke, the surface of the lake blackened and went flat under the broom-sweep of the squall, and a moment later the "Sprite" was buried in a smother of fierce-flying foam. The gallant little boat shook herself free in a twinkling, and was up and at it, thrashing through and over the seas which seemed to spring up out of the foam reek as if by magic. Griswold took the end of the sheet-line in his teeth, and so had an arm for the tiller and one for Charlotte; and in the thick of it the catboat shot away for the bay and safety. As befitted him, Griswold had eyes for nothing save the seas and the straining sail, and it was a little shriek from his companion that made him glance aside. "The launch!" she cried. "It's going to capsizel!" Whoever was responsible for the steering of the launch had done a thing to be repented of, and not now, by any means, to be repaired. He had put the little vessel's head to the storm instead of running before it, which was the better chance, and now, when the waves were breaking over the low bows, it was too late to take the alternative. Any attempt to turn tail and run before it must inevitably put the narrow-beamed launch into the trough of the seas, and yet this was what the foolish steersman was evidently trying to do. Griswold luffed a little from the mere life savor's instinct, but he remembered his own responsibility and let the catboat fall off again. "Don't look," he said, shortly. "There will be another tragedy over there in a minute or two."



HE CLUTCHED THE DESPAIRING HAND.

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CHAPTER XXX. It was fortunate for all concerned that the rescue of the members of the launch party did not hang wholly upon the upcoming of the "Sprite." The distance to be covered was not great, but with a howling gale fairly abeam the catboat steered like a sand-bat, and Griswold had his hands full to lay the course and hold to it. Recalling it afterward, he liked to think that it would have been impossible but for Charlotte's help. For a terror-stricken moment she crouched beside him, as helplessly frightened as any woman could be. But at the critical instant she sat up very straight and relieved him of the tiller. "You manage the sail; I can steer!" she cried; and she did it like a sailor, bracing herself and easing the laboring catboat through the seas as skillfully as any skipper of them all. Yet it was lucky that not all the waves spilled overboard by the capsizing of the launch depended upon the heroic endeavors of these two in the "Sprite." Other help was at hand and nearer. The launch was no more than fairly helpless when the flag-boat of the Wahaska Yacht club rounded the southern point of the island, close-reefed, but driving at railway speed before the squall. Her skipper saw the accident and was happily a man for an emergency. Moreover, he had a trained yacht's crew aboard, ready to spring to quarters at his yelled command. So it came about that the "Diama" was the first on the scene, and her crew was picking up the shipwrecked ones when the "Sprite" came up, head to the wind, in the thrashing seas. Notwithstanding, the "Sprite" had its mission, and for all the quick work of the big sloop's trained crew, one life would have gone out in the smothering billows but for the upcoming of the catboat. In all the fierce excitement of the moment, it was Charlotte who kept cool, and it was she who caught a glimpse of a white head upthrust for a moment; of that and of a hand flung out to grasp helplessly at nothing. In a flash she gave Griswold his cue and jammed the tiller down to utilize the last forging rush of the catboat's momentum. The reefed sail had spilled and would draw no more, but the quick sweep of the big rudder sufficed; and Griswold, leaning far over the side, clutched the despairing hand just as it was disappearing. This was how it came about that an old man whose span of years had well-nigh bridged the little rift of Time which lies between the two shores of Eternity, was helped to make that rift a little wider. For all his, and the fierce struggle in the foam-smother, Andrew Galbraith was yet conscious when Griswold dragged him over the gunwale of the catboat; and his first gasped-out word was characteristic of the man. "I—I told that gandering loon of an engineer he'd lose Mr. Grierson's boat, and he's done it the noo! And I's warrant she cost a pretty penny, too."

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In the Proper Order. "But can you cook?" asked the prosaic young man. "Let us take these questions up in their proper order," returned the wise girl. "The matter of cooking is not the first to be considered."

A Surprised Physician. A dying patient recovers through the interposition of a humble German.

Raw onions and whisky are the prescription of a Mississippi doctor for malaria. The prescription would seem to involve solitude as an accessory treatment.

Four Daily Trains to St. Paul-Minneapolis via Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

Wise Boy. She—A woman is as young as she looks. He—Yes; but she ain't always as young as she thinks she looks.—Detroit Free Press.

The St. Paul Calendar for 1903, six sheets 10x15 inches, of beautiful reproductions, in colors, of pastel drawings by Bryson, is now ready for distribution.

A Matter of Marksmanship.—Shotwell—"Didn't you ever go shooting?" Sportless—"Never in my life." Shotwell—"You don't know what you've missed."—Indianapolis News.

Moors Indifferent to Life. Of all oriental races there are none more callous and indifferent to human life than the Moors. A traveler who has recently returned from Morocco related the following anecdote in proof of this fact.

Household necessity. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Heals burns, cuts, wounds of any sort; cures sore throat, croup, catarrh, asthma; never fails.

Cure your cough with Hale's Honey of Horsehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance.—Jeremy Taylor.

Individuality is everywhere to be spared and respected as the root of everything good.—Richter.

It is human nature to be ungrateful to the man who fights your battle for you and gets licked.—Chicago Daily News.

Happiness is often our next-door neighbor, but we fail to meet her because of our lack of neighborliness.—Wellspring.

It is human nature to be ungrateful to the man who fights your battle for you and gets licked.—Chicago Daily News.

Mrs. Malaprop—"No wonder he's got pneumonia. I understand he has three kind of tubes in his office." Mrs. Brown—"What kind of tubes?" Mrs. Malaprop—"Rheumatic."—Philadelphia Press.

Had Her Bluffed. "How does the new cook strike you, my dear?" asked the head of the house as he sat down to dinner. "She hasn't struck me yet," replied the weary other half, "but I believe she would if I gave her any back talk."—Chicago Daily News.

ALMOST A MIRACLE. Case No. 49,673. Mrs. M. Isted of 1207 Strand Street, Galveston, Tex., who is proprietor of a boarding house at that address, numbering among her boarders a dozen medical students, says: "I caught cold during the flood of September, 1900, and it settled in my kidneys. Despite the fact that I tried all kinds of medicine and was under the care of physicians, the excruciating twinges and dull aching across the small of my back refused to leave, and trouble with the kidney secretions began to set in. From then, ordinary Anglo-Saxon fails to describe the annoyance and suffering I endured. The fearful pain through my body, loss of appetite, loss of sleep, consequent loss of energy, and, finally, an indication of complete dissolution compelled me, from sheer agony and pain, to either lie on the floor and scream, or forced me into spasms. On such occasions my husband called in a physician, whose morphine treatment relieved me temporarily. I grew weaker and thinner, and so run down physically that nothing was left but skin and bone. All my friends, acquaintances, and neighbors knew about my critical condition, and on one occasion I was reported dead and they came to see my corpse. At last the doctors attending me held a consultation and agreed that if I did not undergo an operation I could not live. Preparations were made, a room selected at the city hospital, and they even went so far as to have the carriage brought to the door to carry me there. I don't know why, but something told me not to go, and I absolutely refused. Now I want the reader to grasp every word of the following: A friend of ours, a Mr. McGaund, knowing that my kidneys were the real cause of the entire trouble, brought a box of Doan's Kidney Pills to the house, and requested me to give them a trial. I had taken so much medicine that I was more than discouraged, and had little, if any, faith in any preparation. However, I reasoned if they did not do me good they could not possibly make me worse, so I began the treatment. After the third dose, I felt something dart across me like a flash of lightning, and from that moment I began to improve. The pain in my back and kidneys positively disappeared, the kidney secretions became free and natural. At present I rest and sleep well, my appetite is good, my weight has increased from 118 to 135 pounds, and my flesh is firm and solid. My friends actually marvel at the change in my appearance. Words cannot express my own feelings. I am not putting it too strongly when I say I have been raised from the dead. I am satisfied that had it not been for Doan's Kidney Pills, taken when they were, I would have been either lying in the Lake View Cemetery, or an invalid for the balance of my life. I will be only too pleased to give minute particulars of my case to any one calling on me, not, of course, out of idle curiosity, but if they really have kidney complaint and want to know what course to pursue to get relief. A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mrs. Isted will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

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