

REMEMBRANCE.

We think of long-past moments, The day we say good-by; The tear we do not care to show Comes stealing to the eye; The voice that lulled us long ago Is tremulous and sad; The busy city far away Has lost the charm it had; The peacock's cry is shrill, as though Protesting, and her hands Are pressed against her eyes, as we Look back where former stands.

A Knave of Conscience

By FRANCIS LYNDE.

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CHAPTER XXX.—CONTINUED.

Andrew Galbraith was silent on the short run before the gale to the pier-head at the foot of Main street. For one thing, he was not a man of many words; and for another, he was chilled through and thoroughly uncomfortable.

None the less, he made shift to thank his rescuers in fitting phrase at the point of debarkation, and to intimate, as a gentleman might, that his gratitude would wait upon a fitting opportunity to take a more substantial form. Charlotte offered to walk home, that Griswold might see Mr. Galbraith safe to his hotel, but this the old man would by no means permit.

"Na, na," he said, relapsing, as he did now and then, into the Scottish mother-tongue. "I'm wet as any drowned rat, but I'm not that badly fashed. Take the lady home, Mr. Griswold, and do you two be seeing after yourselves. You're as wet as I am."

Accordingly, Griswold accompanied Charlotte to her own gate, and then went home to change his clothes. Just what he meant to do afterwards was not very clearly defined, but during the changing interval he made up his mind with sudden determination. Whatever should come of it, the thing for which all other things must wait must be said. He had reached the parting of the ways; he knew, as he might have known from the moment of love-making on the "Belle Julie," that life without Charlotte to share it with him would henceforth be no more than a shadow of the real.

He had a good excuse for going straight away back to Dr. Farnham's. The very least he could do would be to call and ask if she had come through the adventure with no worse consequence than a shock and a wetting. And yet, when he had let himself out of Mrs. Holcomb's gate he did not go directly to the house on the lake's edge. Instead, he made a long detour, walking aimlessly and deeply buried in thought. This thing which he was about to do was not to be done lightly. So far from it, the more he pondered over it the more he realized that it was likely to prove the turning point in his life. Now, that he gave himself the backward glance which he had steadily refused since the morning of the Bayou bank incident to take, he saw that he had been living tentatively; passing from day to day as one who waits upon the event of the day; looking neither backward nor forward. Though he had worked faithfully, doing the thing that lay next to his hand, he knew now that his work, on his book or in the office with Raymer, had been purely extrinsic to any well-considered future. But now the future demanded thoughtful consideration—would have it, whether or no; and, as was inevitable, the past colored every forecasting picture.

For one thing, he had come to that stone of stumbling which he had foreseen in his earliest imaginings touching his future relations with Charlotte. Without being unduly besotted, the hope that he should not plead with her in vain was almost an assurance. If he could gain his own consent to let the past lie buried in oblivion, the vista of the future opened out before him with all the barriers to happiness brushed aside. And yet, try as he might to resolve to hold his peace touching the past, he could not bring himself to the point of taking her conscience unaware. He was far enough from realizing that his own conscience was interposing this obstacle. He thought, when he allowed himself to think in that direction, that he had settled the conscientious scruples for himself once and for all. Nevertheless, there had been moments, brief, fleeting moments, for the most part, when he would have given the reversal of years of life to be as he had been before the pistol-drawing incident in Andrew Galbraith's private office. But these little upskakes of remorse had been but match flares, going out in a sudden whiff of the wind of finality. For the thing was done irrevocably and could never be undone.

In the aimless detour which led him from street to street and finally

into a road that brought him out upon the lake front far from town, these things all came up for a hearing, and he gave them room patiently, as a judge hears a plea that he knows well he must disregard. The storm was over, and the sun was setting in all the glory of the broken cloud rack in the west. Griswold had the artist's eye for nature's grandeur, and at another time the sunset would have held him spellbound. But now he plodded along with hands behind him and his head down, seeing nothing but the all too clear vista of the past, and that other vista of the future which had but now become a valley of shadows.

So plodding along the lake drive, he came at length to the boundaries of Jasper Grierson's domain, and almost before he knew it, he was climbing the path to Mereside. At the very veranda steps he came alive to some sense of what he was about to do, and would have stopped to weigh the consequences—to turn back, it may be. But a trim little figure slipped from a hammock at the corner of the veranda and Margery came to meet him.

"I'm so glad," she said, standing at the steps to give him both her hands in welcome. "I did so hope you would come."

CHAPTER XXXI.

However much or little Griswold ever meant to say to Margery Grierson on any of his visits to Mereside, she never suffered him to follow out any programme of his own. She did not do it now; and when he would have spoken about the loss of the launch and her own narrow escape from drowning, she turned him aside with a word.

"It was an accident, and accidents are always happening," she said, lightly. "Nobody was drowned, and I hope nobody will be silly enough to take cold. That wasn't why I was hoping you would come."

"No?" he said, following her as she led the way to a wicker tete-a-tete in the hammock corner.

"No. Sit down and be prepared to give me what I have never had; a good, sound flogging of advice—a cool-headed man's advice. You'll do it if I can make you understand how much I need it."

His smile was self-depreciative. "You have hit upon the worst possible man, I fear. I'm more in need of counsel myself than able to give it."

She regarded him with a curious little smile twitching at the corners of her piquant mouth. "Are there two of us?" she asked.

He saw beyond and behind the smile; saw troubled depths in the bright eyes, and was suddenly moved to pity, though why she should be pitied he could not guess. The pity was the first step on the way to other things, but this he did not suspect. He was conscious only of a certain pleasure in her nearness; flattered a little, too, as any man would be, by her implied promise to take help from him.

"I can't imagine your leaning on anyone," he said. "But if a broken reed will serve your purpose—"

"Hush!" she commanded. "That is conventional cant, and you know it. You are not living up to your pose here in Wahaska. You may think you are, but you are not."

"I don't know why you should say that."

"If I couldn't say it, I shouldn't be asking your advice," she retorted. "Not many people here know the real Kenneth Griswold, but I think I do."

Griswold smiled. "Describe him to me, and I may tell you if you are right."

There was a little pause, and though she was looking past him, there was a certain raptness in her eyes that was new to him.

"He is a very ruthless man at heart," she said, speaking slowly; "hard and unbending, and terribly self-centered, but with eyes that see through all shams but his own. He thinks thoughts and would do deeds that would shock conventionality to a state of coma; and yet conventionality is his god. Am I right?"

Griswold took time to think about it. "Perhaps you are," he said, at length.

"I am going to assume it," she went on, "and ask him—the real Kenneth Griswold, you know—to lend me those hard, un pitying, all-seeing eyes of his. May I?"

"If I say 'yes' it is without prejudice to the right of protest."

She waved the condition aside in a quick little gesture of impatience, and what she said seemed altogether irrelevant.

"In your opinion, Mr. Griswold, how far may a father go in demanding the loyalty of his child?"

The question was so totally unexpected that Griswold had once more to take time to think about it.

"If you mean in the ethical field, I should say his right stops this side of wrong-doing."

"Thank you. Now supposing that the father of a young woman pressed his demands beyond that point; would she be justified in open rebellion?"

"In refusing, to be sure."

"No, but in rebellion—in open reprisals, I mean?"

"I don't know; possibly the circumstances in some particular case might justify open rebellion. But I can hardly conceive the conditions."

instead of being a bond between them, was a bone of contention. Do you follow me?"

"Perfectly."

She was looking past him again, and there was a certain quality of hardness in her voice that spoke of unsuspected depths of bitterness. Yet she went on steadily.

"Suppose when this child grew up she was compelled to choose between the mother who needed her and the father who could gratify her ambitions. Suppose, if you can, that she made some sort of compromise with the little speck of conscience she had and went with the father who, if he was brutal, was also strong."

She paused again; and he said: "Well?"

"I—I am afraid I am boring you." The eyes were downcast now.

"No, you are not. Go on."

"Well, let us say that after a time, this girl, who had some of her father's hardness and some of her mother's weakness, came to see that she had taken the winning side merely because it was the winning side; that she was helping her father to become harder and more pitiless than ever; that she was really helping him to ruin other people who couldn't fight as well. Then you are to imagine, if you find it possible, that her speck of a conscience rose up in rebellion; that the father tried to bribe her to be loyal, and that she took the bribe and afterward went about deliberately to upset all his plans for ruin—for getting the best of other people. Don't you think such a young woman would be an object of contempt to any really good man?"

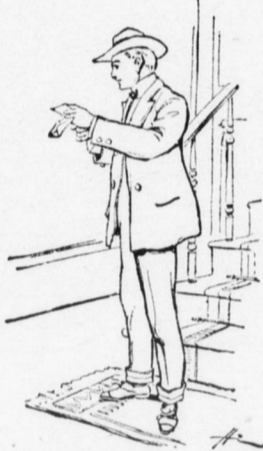
There was not any of the hardness with which she had dowered him in her description in the eyes that met hers. In the room of it, there was something she did not understand.

"It would depend somewhat upon the man," he said, slowly; "and much more upon a thing quite extrinsic to all these conditions you have been supposing for me."

"Yes?" she said, and she could no longer meet his gaze fairly.

"Yes. If the man, knowing all these hard conditions, still loves you, Margery—"

She interrupted him with a sudden, fierce energy. "Oh, but he couldn't, Mr. Griswold, indeed he couldn't!"



IT WAS FROM MARGERY.

Her hand was on the low dividing rail of the tete-a-tete, and he covered it with his own.

"The man loves you with all his heart, Margery, and will always love you, no matter what you tell him about yourself or your past."

"Oh, Kenneth!—may I call you Kenneth?—If I could only be sure of that!"

"You may be sure of it now and always. But—but, Margery, dear, you must cherish that speck of a conscience, for I happen to know that this mythical man sets great store by conscience—will be very unhappy if it is lacking in the woman he loves."

She was standing before him now, and her eyes were alight from within. But what she would have said is not to be here written down. For at that moment there was a heavy step on the gravel and some one came to interrupt. It was Andrew Galbraith, calling with old-school punctilio to see if his hostess had suffered in the accident on the lake.

CHAPTER XXXII.

When Griswold took his leave of Miss Grierson, which he did as soon as he could after Mr. Galbraith's coming, he did not go to Dr. Farnham's. On the contrary, he went to his room at Mrs. Holbrook's, and spent the hour before dinner tramping up and down with his hands behind him and with a sharper trouble than he had ever known gnawing ruthlessly at his peace of mind.

All through the talk with Margery, and up to the very instant of interruption, he had made sure that her thinly veiled hypothesis revolved about one Edward Raymer. But at the last moment, this conviction had trembled upon its pedestal and tottered to its fall. He thought he had come to know Margery pretty well—well enough to be sure that she would not misunderstand anything that he might have said. But when he came to weigh those sayings of his in the light of a possible misconception he was moved to grieve his teeth in a very manly agony of shame.

He had neither weighed nor measured them at the time—being so sure that Raymer was the man; but in that last little outburst of hers there was room for a most disquieting doubt; and since a man may be a knave of conscience and still be a gentleman, Griswold despised himself very heartily after the fact, going so far as to question his right to go to Charlotte until after this terrible doubt was drawn and quartered and

decently buried out of sight and beyond the possibility of a resurrection.

It was during this ante-dinner interval of self-recrimination on Griswold's part that two men met behind a closed door in a first-floor chamber of the summer hotel on the Point. One of them was Mr. Andrew Galbraith, but now returned from his call on Mrs. Grierson. The other was a shrewd-faced man, as yet in the prime of life; a man with a square jaw and thin lips and ferret eyes. Mr. Galbraith held a cigar between his fingers, but it had gone out. The other was smoking a Regalia, and its subtle fragrance filled the room.

"You think you are sure of your man this time, are you, Griffin?" said the banker.

The detective blew a smoke-cloud toward the ceiling and nodded slowly. "There isn't a shadow of doubt about his identity, now."

"Then, pardon me, Mr. Griffin, why do you come to me. Why don't you make your arrest and take the man to New Orleans? I'll be there to appear against him at the fall term of court."

"I don't rightly know why I have come to you." The detective's reply was as hesitant as his nod had been. "I've put the irons on some queer customers in my time, and I don't know as I ever hung back till now. But this fellow—"

"State your case," said the banker, briefly. "I can't conceive of anything which would come between you and your sworn duty."

"That's it; that's just it. Neither could I. But something has come between, this trip. First off, I got to know the fellow pretty well before I found out who he was, and—well, he sort of captured me, as you might say. He wasn't anybody's hold-up; he was just a nice, square, clean-cut gentleman, all open and above-board. Pretty soon after that, he did me a considerable of a good turn—took some trouble to do it. About that time I began to suspect who he was, and not to be owing him when it came to the handcuff act, I tried to even up on that good turn of his. That's where I fell down. Instead of squaring the thing, I got in deeper, and the cool-headed beggar saved my life, out and out. Now that's my hot-box, Mr. Galbraith. What would you do if the fellow saved your life?"

Andrew Galbraith answered off-hand, as a man will when the supposition is only an hypothesis which can by no means be transmuted into facts personal. "I should do my duty, of course. This would be an uncanny world to live in, Mr. Griffin, if we let personal considerations stand in the way of plain duty."

(To Be Continued.)

NOT TO BE TRIFLED WITH.

An Arab Wife Who Upheld Her Honor by Beheading Her Worthless Husband.

The Times of India tells the following story to show the character of the Arabs of Yemen, among whom there had been some disturbances, says London Telegraph. A man of Zaranik, who had several times cut the new telegraph lines, and who was punished more than once, was caught on one occasion by an Arab sheik in charge of the lines. The sheik intended to send him to Meedy for imprisonment, but the wife of the accused came in and stood as a guarantee for his future good behavior. The sheik accepted the bail and released him, but shortly afterward he again resorted to his old practice of cutting the wires, and bolted away to another village, at a distance of one day's march, where he had another wife. The sheik then sent for his first wife who stood security for him, and told her he would disgrace her among the Arabs if she failed to bring in her husband. The woman asked the sheik not to "spread the black sheet" (a custom of the country when anyone commits a breach of trust) until the following day. She started that night, taking a sharp dagger concealed under her clothes, to the village where her husband was staying. She found him asleep in his abode, and stabbed him, cut his throat, and carried his head back to her home. The next morning she went to the sheik and presented the head of her husband, saying: "Here is your criminal, and I am freed from the bail. Please do not affix the black sheet."

The Proper Place.

"What on earth," said a gentleman to his son, "are you doing up there, Johnny, sitting on the horse's back with a pencil and paper, when you ought to be at school?"

"Teacher said I was to write a composition on a horse," said the boy, "and I'm trying to; but it's awful difficult, 'cos he will keep moving so. I s'pose that's why teacher gave it to us to do, ain't it?"—Tit-Bits.

Discovery of Iron.

Teacher: "Can you tell me how iron was first discovered?" Johnny: "Yes, sir."

"Well, just tell the class what your information is on that point." "I heard pa say yesterday that they smelt it."—London Spare Moments.

The Ouly Way.

Cholly—By Jove, guide! I've bagged a bird at last.

The Guide—That's jest 'cos yer took my advice an' stopped aimin' at 'em. I've told yer right along dat by shuttin' yer eyes an' blazin' away at a flock you would sooner or later git one.—Judge.

Keep Away from the Clock.

Every time a lazy man looks at the clock the day becomes longer.—Chicago Daily News.

Sad Loss Indeed.

Representative Pearre, of Maryland, has a constituent who recently related to him a hard-luck story.

"I've lost two horses and my wife," said the stricken man. "It was a good span of horses, too," he added.—Des Moines Leader.

"Cure the cough and save the life." Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures coughs and colds, down to the very verge of consumption.

"If ev'ry man," said Uncle Eben, "was willin' to work as hard as he expects his mule to work, dar wouldn't be nigh so much complainin' in dis worl'."—Washington Star.

"I suffered for months from sore throat. Electric Oil cured me in twenty-four hours." M. S. Gist, Hawesville, Ky.

Early frost catches the budding genus.—Chicago Daily News.

We cannot control the evil tongues of others, but a good life enables us to despise them.—Cato.

"And you say Gittup's new production is a problem play?" "That's what." "What's the problem?" "Why, the problem is how Gittup can stand off the sheriff."—Baltimore News.

"A man kin allus tell what he would do if he was in another man's place," said Uncle Eben, "but de man dat gets de place is de one dat keeps a-doin' an' cuts out de tellin'."—Washington Star.

"I don't understand," remarked Miss Prettygirl, "how you men can go around in the woods and fields, shooting down poor, innocent little birds and animals."

"Weally, weally," replied Mr. Willieboy, earnestly, "I don't either; but I have a fellah who has promised to show me how to do it this week, don't you know?"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

An inconsistency.—"There's another thing I can't understand," said Mr. Sirius Barker as he laid down the paper and took a dyspepsia tablet. "What can that be?" asked his wife in a well-feigned tone of surprise. "Why, a woman will fuss over her husband brushing his coat and fixing his necktie and warning him when he needs a haircut, and then rave admirably over a football player."—Washington Star.

Placing the Hero.

"I'm goin' to be married, father," said a young woman the other day.

"Well, Rachel," responded the father, "so you're goin' to get married? Vat is he and who is he?"

"Oh, father, he is a fine young man, a fine young man."

"But vat is he and who is he?" persisted the practical father.

"Father, he is a fine young man; he is a hero," reiterated Rachel.

"Hero?" questioned the old man. "Vat for beensness is a hero? Makin' buttonholes is a beensness, but vat for beensness is a hero?"—N. Y. Herald.

THE TEST OF TIME.

Mrs. Clara J. Sherbourne, Professional Nurse of 257 Cumberland St., Portland, Maine, says:—

"I heartily wish those who suffer from some disturbed action of the kidneys would try Doan's Kidney Pills. They would, like me, be more than surprised. My back annoyed me for years. Physicians who diagnosed my case said it arose from my kidneys. When the grip was epidemic, I was worn out with constant nursing, and when I contracted it myself it left me in a very serious condition. I could not straighten nor do the most trivial act without being in torture. The kidneys were too active or the secretions were too copious, and I knew what was wrong, but how to right it was a mystery. It seems odd for a professional nurse, who has had a great deal of experience with medicines, to read advertisements about Doan's Kidney Pills in the newspapers, and it may appear more singular for me to go to H. H. Hay & Son's drug store for a box. But I did, however; and had anybody told me before that it was possible to get relief as quickly as I did I would have been loth to believe it. You can send anyone who wishes more minute particulars about my case to me, and I will be only too glad to tell them personally. As long as I live I will be a firm advocate of Doan's Kidney Pills."

Cure Confirmed 5 Years Later.

"Lapse of time has strengthened my good opinion of Doan's Kidney Pills, first expressed in the spring of 1896. I said then that had anybody told me that it was possible to get relief as quickly as I did I would have been loth to believe it. Years have passed and my continued freedom from kidney complaint has strengthened my opinion of Doan's Kidney Pills and given me a much higher appreciation of their merits."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mrs. Sherbourne 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.

HAMLIN'S WILD OR SORES, ULCERS. ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT.

Advertisement for 900 Drops Castoria. Includes text: '900 Drops CASTORIA A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN. Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC. Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHEE. A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP. Fac-Simile Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, NEW YORK. 35 Doses - 35 CENTS. EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.'

Advertisement for Castoria. Includes text: 'CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA. THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.'

Advertisement for Absolute Security. Includes text: 'ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. Must Bear Signature of Aunt Wood. See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below. FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR BILLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION. GENUINE. PURELY VEGETABLE. QURE SICK HEADACHE.'

Advertisement for Fine Service to Minneapolis and St. Paul. Includes text: 'FINE SERVICE TO MINNEAPOLIS AND ST. PAUL. ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD. NEW LINE FROM CHICAGO. Via Dubuque, Waterloo and Albert Lea. Fast Vestibule Night train with through Sleeping Car, Buffet-Library Car and Free-Reclining Chair Car. Dining Car Service en route. Tickets of agents of I. C. R. R. and connecting lines. A. H. HANSON, G. P. & A., CHICAGO. READERS OF THIS PAPER DESIRING TO BUY ANYTHING ADVERTISED IN ITS COLUMNS SHOULD INSIST UPON HAVING WHAT THEY ASK FOR. REFUSING ALL SUBSTITUTES OR IMITATIONS.'