

"PING-PONG."

The shades of night were falling fast As to the dining-room there passed A youthful pair, who gaily bore A box, on which was this—more— "Ping-pong."

A Knave of Conscience

CHAPTER XXXIV.—CONTINUED. "You're damned," he said. "You think you've got a lead-pipe cinch on all the soft-heartedness in this world, but you haven't. I've thrown up this job—threw it up before I came here to-night."

CHAPTER XXXV.

For a long time after the detective had gone Griswold paced the floor of the small office, treading out the winepress of humiliation and defeat, and trying, as a man may under such hard conditions, to decide upon a course of action which should be fair to all and decently fair for himself.

and the good doctor had waited a long half-hour for her at the hotel, he drove her home and was no wiser than he had been. She had had him go in with her to send her card to Mr. Andrew Galbraith, but beyond the fact that she had been closeted for a half-hour with the white-haired banker, the father knew nothing—nor did he seek to know, having perfect confidence in his daughter.

"No," he objected. "What I have to say may be said standing. Mr. Galbraith, did you ever see me before you came to Wahaska?" "The shrewd old face was unreadable by any, but if there was a certain glint of hardness in the eyes, it was tempered by the lines about the mouth."

"The fact that I found out an hour ago that I had made a good woman my accomplice after the fact. There can be no question about the sinfulness of that, so I am here to do what I may in the way of reparation."

"That remains for you to say. You may go and ring for the police, and I'll wait here till an officer comes; or if you don't care to be mixed up in it, I'll take the first train south and surrender myself in New Orleans."

eyes on ye before. Then ye'll have an old man's perjury on ye're soul to answer for. Na, na, lad; they call me a hard old skindfint, but after a' I'm just human. You've turned face about, and it's not old Andrew Galbraith who'll be piling stones in your way. Go you right away down to the doctor's and tell that brave lassie of yours what's come of it a', and tomorrow we'll see about the money matters. Maybe I'll make up my mind to let sleeping dogs lie, and set ye up as my resident manager at your iron works. Go on, ye loon, before I turn ye out."

"Hold on a minute, I forgot. There's a man here by the name of Griffin; he knows you are, and he'll be nabbing you." Griswold smiled. "No, he won't. He has thrown up the job, as he will probably tell you to-morrow."

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"No Satisfaction in That." "Yes," he explained, "she is very angry with him." "Why?" she asked. "Oh, he caught her dozing in the hammock and kissed her."

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