

The PRICE By FRANCIS LYNDE ILLUSTRATIONS by C.D. RHODES

SYNOPSIS.

Kenneth Griswold, an unsuccessful writer because of socialist tendencies, signs with his friend Bridgford at Chandler's restaurant in New Orleans and declares that if necessary he will steal to keep from starving.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

"Don't try that again!" he warned, angrily. "If you've got to take it out on somebody, I'm your man."

This was mutiny, and McGrath's remedy for that distemper was ever heroic. In a flash his big flat shot out and the crew looked to see its lighter champion go backward into the river at the impact.

The Belle Julie was forging ahead at full speed. Clearing the intervening obstacles in a hurdler's leap, Griswold raced aft on the outer edge of the guards and jumped overboard in time to grapple the drowning man when he was within a few feet of the churning wheel.

The help came quickly. The alarm had been promptly given, and the night pilot was a man for an emergency. Before the little-used yawl could be lowered, the steamer had swept a wide circle in mid stream and

"One Moment, if You Please." after your letter reaches New Orleans, you needn't doubt that. And the suppression of your name isn't cowardly; it is merely a justifiable bit of self-protection.

"What you must remember that I have been arguing from your point of view. My own is quite unchanged. It is your duty to do what you must do; it is my duty to avert the consequences to myself if I can manage it without taking an unfair advantage of your frankness."

"What will you do?" "It would be bad faith now for me to try to run away from the steamer, as I meant to do. So far, you have bound me by your candor. But beyond that I make no promises. My parole will be at an end when the officers appear, and I shall do what I can to dodge, or to escape if I am taken. Is that fair?"

pluck it out with their bills, and form it into a circular mound which has the property of retaining heat to an extraordinary degree. This down is removed, the duck supplies a second, and even a third lot from the same source.

and instantly risk his life in proof of the forgiveness, could not be a desperate criminal. Conscience pointed out the alternative. A little careful investigation would remove the doubt—or confirm it.

Charlotte worried over the wretched entanglement all day, and was so distraught and absent-minded that her aunt remarked it, naming it malaria and prescribing quinine. Whereat Charlotte dissembled and put on a mask of cheerfulness, keeping it on until after the evening meal and her aunt's early retiring. But when she was released she was glad enough to go out on the promenade just forward of the starboard paddle-box, where there were no after-dinner loungers, to be alone with her problem and free to plunge once more into its intricacies.

It was possibly ten minutes later, while she stood leaning against a stanchion and watching the lights of a distant town rise out of the watery horizon ahead, that chance, the final arbiter in so many human involvements, led her quickly into the valley of decision. She heard a man's step on the steeply pitched stair leading down from the hurricane deck. Before she could turn away he was confronting her; the man whose name on the Belle Julie's crew roster was John Wesley Gavitt.

Griswold's appearance was less fortuitous than it seemed to be. As a reward of merit for having saved the mate's life, he had been told off to serve temporarily as man-of-all-work for the day pilot, who chanced to be without a steersman. His watch in the pilothouse was over, and he was on his way to the crew's quarters below when he stumbled upon Miss Farnham. Mindful of his earlier slip, he passed her as if she had been invisible. She let him go until her opportunity was all but lost; then, plucking courage out of the heart of desperation, she spoke.

"One moment, if you please; I—I want to ask you something," she faltered; and he wheeled obediently and faced her.

"I think I know what you wish to say; you are quite at liberty to say it," he offered, when the pause had grown into an obstacle which she seemed powerless to surmount.

"I know what you are going to say—that I should have been willing to work, or even to beg, rather than steal. I was willing to work; I was not willing to beg. I know it is all wrong from your point of view; but I should be sorry to have you think that I did what I believed to be wrong."

"But you must have returned it in the end. You could never have been content to keep it."

pluck it out with their bills, and form it into a circular mound which has the property of retaining heat to an extraordinary degree.

"Then you know what it is that I must do?" "Assuredly. I knew it yesterday, when I saw that you had recognized me. It was very merciful in you to relieve me, even for a few hours; but you will pardon me if I say it was wrong?"

"I understand. We must guard against that at all hazards. You must not be dragged into it, you know, even remotely."

"I wrote a letter to—Mr. Galbraith," she confessed. "And you have not sent it?" "No. If I had, I shouldn't have spoken to you."

"To be sure. I suppose you signed the letter?" "Certainly."

"That was a mistake. You must rewrite it, leaving out your name, and send it. All you need to say is that the man who robbed the Bayou State Security is escaping on the Belle Julie; that he is disguised as a deckhand, and that his name on the steamer's books is John Wesley Gavitt. That will be amply sufficient."

"Why mustn't I sign it? They will pay no attention to an anonymous letter. And, besides, it seems so—so cowardly."

"They will telegraph to every river landing ahead of us within an hour on his knees, two men stole from the shadow of the nearest freight pyramid and flung themselves upon him. He fought fiercely for a moment, and though he was more than doubly outweighed, rose to his feet, striking out viciously and dragging his assailants up with him.

"I understand. We must guard against that at all hazards. You must not be dragged into it, you know, even remotely."

"I understand. We must guard against that at all hazards. You must not be dragged into it, you know, even remotely."

I shall be your grateful debtor for what you have done tonight. May I go now?" She gave him leave, and when he was gone, she went to her stateroom to write as he had suggested. An hour later she gave the newly written letter to the night clerk; and the thing was done.

In the ordinary course of things, Miss Farnham's letter should have reached New Orleans in time to have procured Griswold's arrest at any one of a score of landings south of Memphis. When the spires of the Tennessee metropolis disappeared to the southward, he began to think that her resolution had failed.

He had no means of knowing that she had given her letter to the night clerk within the hour of their interview on the saloon deck promenade; nor did he, or anyone else, know that it had lain unnoticed and overlooked on the clerk's desk until the Belle Julie reached Cairo. Such, however, was the pregnant fact; and to this purely accidental delay Griswold owed his first sight of the chief city of Missouri lying dim and shadowy under its mantle of coal smoke.

The Belle Julie made her landing in the early evening, and Charlotte was busy up to the last moment getting her own and her aunt's belongings ready for the transfer to the upper river steamer on which they were to complete their journey to Minnesota. Hence, it was not until the Belle Julie was edging her way up to the stone-paved levee that Charlotte broke her self-imposed rule and slipped out upon the port promenade.

One of the men was wearing a cap, and there was a small bundle hanging at his belt. She recognized him at once. At the mooring ring he was the one who stooped to make the line fast, and the other, a negro, stood aside. At that moment the landing stage fell, and in the confusion of debarkation which promptly followed, the thrilling bit of play at the mooring ring passed unnoticed by all save the silent watcher on the saloon deck.

While the man in the cap was still on his knees, two men stole from the shadow of the nearest freight pyramid and flung themselves upon him. He fought fiercely for a moment, and though he was more than doubly outweighed, rose to his feet, striking out viciously and dragging his assailants up with him.

"I understand. We must guard against that at all hazards. You must not be dragged into it, you know, even remotely."

"I understand. We must guard against that at all hazards. You must not be dragged into it, you know, even remotely."

"I understand. We must guard against that at all hazards. You must not be dragged into it, you know, even remotely."

quarrel with McGrath. The man was grateful and loyal according to his gifts, and Griswold's need was too pressing to stick at any trifle of un-intelligence.

"Mose, you'll go ashore with me on the spring line," he said, when he found his man at the heel of the landing stage.

"Yes, sah, Mars' Gravitt; dat's me, sholy."

"All right. You see this bundle. If anybody tackles me while we're making fast, I'm going to drop it, and you must get it and run away. Do you understand?"

"What'll mus' I do when I's done tuk out wid hit?" "Get away, first; then keep out of sight and hang around the levee for an hour or two. If I don't turn up before you get tired, pitch the thing into the river and go about your business. If you open it, it'll conjure you worse than any Ob-man you ever heard of."

"No, sah! I ain't gwine open hit, Cap'm—not if I's de' cunjah in hit; no, sah!"

"Well, there is—the worst kind of conjure this old world has ever known. But it won't hurt you if you don't meddle with it. Keep your wits about you and be ready to grab it and run. Here we go."

The pilot had found his wharfage and was edging the Belle Julie up to it. The bow men paid out slack, and Griswold and the black, dropping to the swinging stage, trailed the end of the wet hawser up to the nearest mooring ring. Griswold bade the negro keep watch and knelt to knot the hawser in the ring. While the negro sentinel was stammering, "L-lookout, Mars' Cap'm!" the trap was sprung.

In deference to the upcoming passenger from the Belle Julie, the two men catchers tried to do their job quietly. But Griswold would not have it so, and he was up and had twisted himself free when a blow from a clubbed pistol drove him back to his knees. Stunned by the clubbing, he still made shift to spring afoot again, to drop his handkerchief bundle and kick it aside, and to close with his assailants while the negro was snatching up the treasure and darting away among the freight pyramids.

He had no means of knowing that she had given her letter to the night clerk within the hour of their interview on the saloon deck promenade; nor did he, or anyone else, know that it had lain unnoticed and overlooked on the clerk's desk until the Belle Julie reached Cairo.

The Belle Julie made her landing in the early evening, and Charlotte was busy up to the last moment getting her own and her aunt's belongings ready for the transfer to the upper river steamer on which they were to complete their journey to Minnesota.

One of the men was wearing a cap, and there was a small bundle hanging at his belt. She recognized him at once. At the mooring ring he was the one who stooped to make the line fast, and the other, a negro, stood aside.

"I understand. We must guard against that at all hazards. You must not be dragged into it, you know, even remotely."

"I understand. We must guard against that at all hazards. You must not be dragged into it, you know, even remotely."

"I understand. We must guard against that at all hazards. You must not be dragged into it, you know, even remotely."

"I understand. We must guard against that at all hazards. You must not be dragged into it, you know, even remotely."

"I understand. We must guard against that at all hazards. You must not be dragged into it, you know, even remotely."

"I understand. We must guard against that at all hazards. You must not be dragged into it, you know, even remotely."

What It Costs Not to Be a Christian

By REV. HOWARD W. POPE Superintendent of Men, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

People sometimes refuse Christ because of the sacrifice involved. It costs too much and they are not willing to pay the price.

As surely as all things work together for good to them that love God, so surely does God work against the sinner.

Remember that money and popularity and power do not constitute success. One may have all these and yet be a consummate failure.

Remember that money and popularity and power do not constitute success. One may have all these and yet be a consummate failure.

Remember that money and popularity and power do not constitute success. One may have all these and yet be a consummate failure.

Remember that money and popularity and power do not constitute success. One may have all these and yet be a consummate failure.

Remember that money and popularity and power do not constitute success. One may have all these and yet be a consummate failure.



"Don't Try That Again," He Warned Angriely.



"One Moment, if You Please."



Griswold Knew That the Leveled Pistol Meant Surrender or Death.

RAISED FOR THEIR DOWN Eider Ducks Rigidly Protected by Law Because of the Value of Their Product.

The down of the eider duck is more highly esteemed and brings a higher price than any other down. In Iceland and the Vestmannaeyjar islands, where the duck nests, it is rigidly protected by law and by public sentiment.

Separate buildings on the Icelandic eider farms are devoted to the cleaning of the product. Down clings tenaciously to anything on which it is thrown, a circumstance that is utilized in cleaning it.

The price of down at the farm is about two dollars and fifty cents a pound.—Sunday Magazine.

Playing Out of Doors. This is the time of year when every man has within him a desire to get out of doors and play.

Good Night! He—Then you are not interested in my welfare? She—No; but if the two syllables were transposed I'd not only be interested but enthusiastic.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Church Never Old. I believe that the church is, or ought to be, as strong today, and as full of power and vigor, as it ever was; that it does not grow old at all; it is meant to be perpetually young, and always able to adapt itself to every age as it comes.—The Bishop of London.