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SYNOPSIS.

Kenneth Griswold, an unsuccessful writer, because of socialist tendencies...

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

"He ain't the man to get into hot water. He'll keep it to himself; and they'll go on bluffing you, same as ever."

Miss Grierson pulled on her gauntlets and made ready to go, leisurely, as befitted her pose.

"That is where you are mistaken," she objected, coolly. "It isn't very often I can give you a business tip, but this is one of the times when I can."

When she was gone, the president selected another of the overgrown cigars from a box in the desk drawer.



"That's Where You Are Mistaken," She Objected Coolly.

the indulgence helped him to push the Yellow-Dog period into a remoter past. After a time the smoke cloud became articulate, rumbling forth chucklings and Elizabethan oaths...

CHAPTER XII.

Loss and Gain.

Striving feebly as one who gathers up the shards and fragments after an explosion, Griswold remembered cloudily the supper of tasteless courses at the Hotel Chouteau.

NAPOLÉON AND LETTER "M"

Great Man Had Good Reason to Believe It Played an Important Part in His Life.

All human nature holds within itself self superstition in some greater or less degree. Perhaps no two persons have ever held the exact same fatalistic thought.

forehead. When complete consciousness returned, the dream impression was still so sharply defined that he was not surprised to find her standing at his bedside.

Before he could frame any of the queries which came thronging to the door of the returned consciousness, she smiled and shook her head and forbade him.

Later in the day the doctor came; and when the professional requirements were satisfied, Griswold learned the bare facts of his succoring.

It was characteristic of the Griswold of other days that the immense obligation under which the Griswolds had placed him made him gasp and perspire afresh.

Griswold looked long and earnestly at the face of his professional adviser. It was a good face, clearly lined, benevolent, and, above all, trustworthy.

"Tell me one thing more, doctor, if you can. What was the motive? Was it just heavenly good-heartedness?—or—"

"The doctor's smile was the least possible shade wintry. "When you have lived a few years longer in this world of ours, you will not probe too deeply into motives; you will take the deed as the sufficient exponent of the prompting behind it. If I say so much, you will understand that I am not impugning Miss Grierson's motives. There are times when she is the good angel of everybody in sight, Mr.—"

"The pause after the courtesy title was significant, and Griswold filled it promptly. "Griswold—Kenneth Griswold. Do you mean to say that you haven't known my name, doctor?"

"We have not. We took the Good Samaritan's privilege and ransacked your belongings—Miss Margery and I—thinking there might be relatives or friends who should be notified."

"And you found nothing?" queried the sick man, a cold fear gripping at his heart.

"Nothing but clothing and your toilet tools, a pistol, and a typewritten book manuscript bearing no signature."

Griswold turned his face away and shut his eyes. Once more his stake in the game of life was gone.

"There was another package of—of papers in one of the grips," he said, faintly; "quite a large package wrapped in brown paper."

"We found nothing but the manuscript. Could any other else make use of the papers you speak of?"

Griswold was too feeble to prevaricate successfully.

"There was money in the package," he said, leaving the physician to infer what he pleased.

"Ah; then you were robbed. It's a pity we didn't know it at the time. It is pretty late to begin looking for the thief now, I'm afraid."

He is Wahaska's best-beloved "Doc'tor Berré;" otherwise Doctor Herbert C. Farrham.

"Doctor Farrham?—not Miss Char—" He bit the name in two in the middle, but the mischief was done.

"Yes; Charlotte's father," was the calm reply. Then: "Where did you meet Miss Farrham?"

"I haven't met her," he protested instantly; "she—she doesn't know me from Adam. But I have seen her, and I happened to learn her name and her home address."

"Oh," said the small fitter of deduction pegs; and afterward she talked, and made the convalescent talk, pointedly of other things.

This occurred in the forenoon of a pleasant day in May. In the afternoon of the same day Miss Grierson's trap was halted before the door of the temporary quarters of the Wahaska public library.

"Shakespeare said 'child,'" he suggested mildly.

"And so shall I," she gibed—but the gibe itself was almost a caress. "Sometimes you remind me of an impatient boy who has been promised a peach and can't wait until it ripens. But if you must have a reason why I won't drive you this afternoon, you may. We are going to have a tiny little social function at Mereside this evening, and I want you to be fresh and rested for it."

"Certainly, I shall come, if you wish it," he assented, remembering afresh his immense obligation; and when the time was ripe he made himself presentable and felt his way down the dimly lighted library stair, being minded to slip into the social pool by the route which promised the smallest splash and the fewest ripples.

It was a stirring of the Philistine in him that led him to prefigure weariness and banality in the prospect. Without in the least expecting it, Griswold was a Brahmin of the severest sect on his social side; easily disposed to hold aloof and to criticize, and, as a man eastern-bred, serenely assured that nothing truly acceptable in the social sense could come out of the Nazareth of the West.

For this cause he was properly humiliated when he entered the spacious double drawing-rooms and found them so comfortably crowded by a throng of conventionally clothed and conventionally behaved guests that he was immediately able to lose himself—and any lingering trace of self-consciousness—in a company which, if appearances were to be trusted, was western only by reason of Wahaska's location on the map.

And the charming young hostess hitherto he had known her only as his benefactress and the thoughtful caretaker for his comfort. But now, at this first sight of her in the broader social field, she shone upon and dazzled him. Admitting that the later charm might be subtly sensuous—he refused to analyze it too closely—it was undeniable that it warmed him to a power and that it stronger life; that he could bask in its generous glow like some hibernating thing of the wild answering to the first thrilling of the springtide.

True, Miss Grierson bore little resemblance to any ideal of his past imaginings. She might even be the Aspasia to Charlotte Farrham's Saint Cecilia. But, even so, was not the daughter of Axiocchus well beloved of men and of heroes?

It was some little time afterward, and Jasper Grierson, staking like a grim and rather unwilling master of ceremonies among his guests, had gruffly introduced three or four of the men, when Griswold gladly made room in the window seat for his transformed and glorified mistress of the festivities.

As had happened more than once before, her nearness intoxicated him; and while he made sure now that the charm was at least partly physical, its appeal was none the less irresistible.

"Are you dreadfully tired?" she asked, adding quickly: "You mustn't let us make a martyr of you. It's your privilege to disappear whenever you feel like it."

"Indeed, I'm not at all tired," he protested. "It is all very comforting and homelike; so vastly—" he hesitated, seeking thoughtfully for the word which should convey his meaning without laying him open to the charge of patronizing superciliousness, and she supplied it promptly.

"So different from what you were expecting, I know. You have been thinking of us as barbarians—outer barbarians, perhaps—and you find that we are only harmless provincials. But really, you know, we are improving. I wish you could have known Wahaska as it used to be."

"It is all very grateful and delightful to me," he confessed, at length. "I have been out of the social running for a long time, but I may as well admit that I am shamelessly epicurean by nature, and an ascetic only when the necessities drive."

when she was not—Griswold was permitted to go below stairs, where he met, for the first time since the Grierson roof had given him shelter, the master of Mereside.

The little visit to Jasper Grierson's library was not prolonged beyond the invalid's strength; but notwithstanding its brevity there were inert currents of antagonism evolved which Margery, present and endeavoring to serve as a lightning arrester, could neither ground nor turn aside.

Griswold took away from the rather constrained ice-breaking in the banker's library a renewed resolve to cut his obligation to Jasper Grierson as short as possible. How he should begin again the moriant struggle for existence was still an unsolved problem.

Of the one-thousand-dollar spending fund there remained something less than half; for a few weeks or months he could live and pay his way; but after that. . . . Curiously enough the alternative of another attack upon the plutocratic dragon did not suggest itself. That, he told himself, was an experiment tried and found wanting. But in any event, he must not outstay his welcome at Mereside; and with this thought in mind he crept downstairs daily after the library episode, and would give Margery no peace because she would not let him go abroad in the town.

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless—what shall I say—patient, or guest, or friend?" she laughed, garbling the quotation to fit the occasion.

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"I know," she assented, with quick appreciation. "An author has to be both, hasn't he?—keen to enjoy, and well hardened to endure."

He turned upon her squarely. "Where did you ever learn how to say such things as that?" he demanded.

It was an opening for mockery and good-natured raillery, but she did not make use of it. Instead, she let him look as deeply as he pleased into the velvety eyes when she said: "It is given to some of us to see and to understand where others have to learn slowly, letter by letter. Surely, your own gift has told you that, Mr. Griswold!"

"It has," he acknowledged. "But I have found few who really do understand."

"Which is to say that you haven't yet found your other self, isn't it? Perhaps that will come, too, if you'll only be patient—and not expect too many other gifts of the gods along with the one priceless gift of perfect sympathy."

"When I find the one priceless gift, I shall confidently expect to find everything else," he asserted, still held a willing prisoner by the bewitching eyes.

She laughed softly. "You'll be disappointed. The gift you demand will preclude some of the others; as the others would certainly preclude it. How can you be an author and not understand that?"

"I am not an author, I am sorry to say," he objected. "I have written but the one book, and I have never been able to find a publisher for it."

"But you are not going to give up?"

"No; I am going to rewrite the book and try again—and yet again, if needful. It is my message to mankind, and I mean to deliver it."

"Bravo!" she applauded, clapping her hands in a little burst of enthusiasm which, if it were not real, was at least an excellent simulation. "It is only the weak ones who say, 'I hope.' For the truly strong hearts there is only one battle cry, 'I will!' When you get blue and discouraged you must come to me and let me cheer you. Cheering people is my mission, if I have any."

Griswold's pale face flushed and the blood sang lustily in his veins. He wondered if she had been tempted to read the manuscript of the book while he was fighting his way back to consciousness and life. If they had been alone together, he would have asked her. The bare possibility set all the springs of the author's vanity bubbling within him. There and then he promised himself that she should hear the rewriting of the book, chapter by chapter. But what he said was out of a deeper and wortlier underthought.

"You have many missions, Miss Margery; some of them you choose, and some are chosen for you."

"No," she denied; "nobody has ever chosen for me."

"That may be true, without making me a false prophet. Sometimes when we think we are choosing for ourselves, chance chooses for us; oftener than not, I believe."

She turned on him quickly, and for a single swiftly passing instant the velvety eyes were deep wells of soberness with an indefinable underdepth of sorrow in them. Griswold had a sudden conviction that for the first time in his knowing of her he was looking into the soul of the real Margery Grierson.

"What you call 'chance' may possibly have a bigger and better name," she said gravely.

Some little time after this Raymer, who had been one of the men introduced by Jasper Grierson, turned up again in the invalid's corner. Raymer suggested the smoking-room and a cigar, and Griswold went willingly.

From that on the path to better acquaintance was the easiest of short cuts, even as the mild cigar which Raymer found in his pocket case paved the way for a return of the smoker's zest in the convalescent. Without calling himself a reformer, the young ironmaster proved to be a practical sociologist. Wherefore, when Griswold presently indulged his own sociological hobby, he was promptly invited to visit the Raymer foundry and machine works, to the end that he might have some of his theories of the universal oppression of wage earners charitably modified.

"Of course, I don't deny that we're a long way from the millennium yet," was Raymer's summing up of the conditions in his own plant. "But I do claim that we are on a present-day, living footing. So far as the men un-

derstand loyalty, they are loyal; partly to my father's memory; partly, I hope, to me. We have never had a strike or an approach to one, or a disagreement that could not be adjusted amicably. Whether these conditions can be maintained after we double our capacity and get in a lot of new blood, I can't say. But I hope they can."

"You are enlarging?" said Griswold.

Raymer waited until the only other man in the smoking den had gone back to the drawing-rooms before he said: "Yes; I caught the fever along ago, and I'm already beginning to wish that I hadn't."

"You are afraid of the market?"

"No; times are good, and the market—our market, at least—is daily growing stronger. It is rather a matter of finances. I am an engineer, as my father was before me. When it comes to wrestling with the money devil, I'm outclassed from the start."

"There are a good many more of us in the same boat," said Griswold, leaving an opening for further confidences if Raymer chose to make them. But the young ironmaster was looking at his watch, and the confidences were postponed.

"I'm keeping you up, when I dare say you ought to be in bed," he protested; but Griswold held him long enough to ask for a suggestion in a small matter of his own.

Now that he was able to be about, he was most anxious to relieve Miss Grierson and her father of the charge and care of one whose obligation to them was already more than mountain-high; did Raymer happen to know of some quiet household where the obligated one could find lodging and a simple table?

Raymer, taking time to think of it, did know. Mrs. Holcomb, the widow of his father's bookkeeper, owned her own house in Shawnee street. It was not a boarding house. The widow rented rooms to two of Mr. Grierson's bank clerks, and she was looking for another desirable lodger. Quite possibly she would be willing to board the extra lodger. Raymer himself would go and see her about it.

"It is an exceedingly kind-hearted community, this home town of yours, Mr. Raymer," was the convalescent's leave-taking, when he shook hands with the ironmaster at the foot of the stairs; and that was the thought which he took to bed with him after Raymer had gone to make his adieux to the small person who, in Griswold's reckoning, owned the kindest of kind hearts.

CHAPTER XIV.

Broffin's Equation.

Having Clerk Maurice's telegram to stime the overtaking approach, Broffin found the Belle Julie backing and filling for her berth at the Vicksburg landing when, after a hasty Vicksburg breakfast, he had himself driven to the river front.

Going aboard as soon as the swing stage was lowered, he found Maurice, with whom he had something more than a speaking acquaintance, just turning out of his bunk in the texas.

"I took it for granted you'd be along," was Maurice's greeting. "What bank robber are we running away with now?"

Broffin grinned.

"I'm still after the one you took in the place of John Gavitt."

"Humph!" said the clerk, sleepily; "I thought that one was John Gavitt."

"No; he merely took Gavitt's place and name. Tell me all you know about him."

"I don't know anything about him, except that he was fool enough to pull Buck McGrath out of the river just after McGrath had tried to bump him over the bows."

"Of course, so far as you know, nobody on the boat suspected that the fellow who called himself Gavitt was anything but the 'roustie' he was passing himself off for? You didn't know of his having any talk with any of the upper-deck people?"

"Only once," said the day clerk, promptly.

"When was that?"

PRESERVED IN GLACIER

GRASSHOPPERS ENTOMBED IN MOUNTAINS OF MONTANA.

Story Which Has Long Been Considered to Be a Myth Found Correct, and Explanation Is Made by Scientists.

Grasshoppers on ice, in ice and of ice is the phenomenon to be found in Grasshopper glacier, once considered a myth, but the existence of which as one of the wonders of the West has been confirmed by geologists, natural forest officials and prospectors who have reached the upper headwaters of the East and West Rosebud rivers of the Beartooth mountains of Montana.

Investigation has shown that the "myth" of Grasshopper glacier is a fact. The grasshoppers, myriads of them, are frozen in a solid mass of ice. Many of the specimens are as perfect as if preserved in alcohol for exhibition.

In the opinion of scientists who recently made a first-hand study of the fabled glacier the insects were caught in a periodic southward flight and succumbed to the cold in their attempt to cross the mountain range. The huge ice mass, under whose crust the grasshoppers are buried, is virtually under the shadow of Granite peak, 12,842 feet high, the highest in Montana.

Only recently has its existence as a perpetual glacier been verified, though as long as 40 years ago it was traditionally known in early Montana mining camps and mountain towings. It was considered then merely a fanciful tale of pioneer prospectors and fur trappers who had penetrated to the upper reaches of this branch of the rugged Rockies.

J. C. Witham, deputy supervisor of the Beartooth national forest, one of the few men who have seen the Grasshopper glacier, brought back to civilization a small vial containing the nearly perfect remains of several grasshoppers found embalmed in the ice. These were forwarded to the Smithsonian institution, Washington, but unfortunately were badly broken in transit.

The Granites of Caribou county afford perhaps the most picturesque alpine scenery to be found in accessible parts of the United States. The Grasshopper glacier, which is one of a number discovered by the James P. Kimball survey, is thus described by Doctor Kimball:

"From observations made during the survey it was determined that grasshoppers brought to life on the prairie, when in periodic southerly flight in a direction toward the mountains, are compelled by successive stages to rise and surmount the massive barrier of the mountain range. On the summits they are combated by head winds and frequent violent high mountain air currents, the occasional terrific force of which to be thoroughly appreciated must be encountered on the summits of the range.

"Such portions of the grasshopper flights are so unfortunate as to be compelled to settle on the glaciers in order to seek shelter from the opposing insurmountable winds become chilled by contact with the snow and ice surface of the glacier and are overcome, remaining unable to rise for newly attempted flight. The glacier then becomes their sepulcher."

Aerial Drednaughts.

When Mr. Tennant spoke in the house of commons recently on the large aeroplanes used by Russia, he was alluding to what is known as the Sikorsky biplane, the dreadnaught of flying machines. This biplane is the largest heavier-than-air machine yet invented, and can carry at least twice the load of any known aeroplane. The dead weight of the machine is no less than three and a half tons, and it can carry a load of over a ton.

Nearly half a ton of fuel and oil is carried, and when on a war reconnaissance could carry a quarter of a ton of explosives, consisting perhaps of half a dozen giant bombs, each weighing 10 pounds, as compared with the one or two which aeroplanes now carry, or ten or a dozen 20-pound bombs. Although compared with a Zeppelin the Sikorsky biplane only carries about a quarter the amount of explosives, and has a much shorter range, it has the very great advantage of being much cheaper, easier to build, less at the mercy of the elements, and a smaller target. It was stated in 1914 that the Russian government had ordered five of these big biplanes.—London Times.

Smile in Court.

At a recent trial one of the witnesses was a green countryman, unused to the ways of the law, but quick, as it proved, to understand its principles. After a severe cross-examination the counsel for the prosecution paused, and then, putting on a look of severity, exclaimed:

"Mr. Kilkins, has not an effort been made to induce you to tell a different story?"

"A different story from what I told, sir?"

"That is what I mean."

"Yes, sir; several persons have tried to get me to tell a different story from what I have told, but they couldn't."

"Now, sir, upon your oath, I wish to know who these persons are."

"Well, I guess you've tried 'bout as hard as any-of-them."—Chicago Herald.

Prince Napoleon.

Prince Victor Jerome Frederic Napoleon, who has obtained permission of the Italian military authorities to go to the front, is the head of the Napoleon family. Ordinarily he lives in Brussels, having been expelled from France many years ago. He is a Parisian, however, by birth, and his sympathies with the allies are further cemented by the fact that his wife is Princess Clementine, daughter of King Leopold of Belgium, and his mother is a princess of the house of Savoy. It needed but the entry of Napoleon to make the cast complex.

—Dundee Advertiser.

Daily Thought.

I should never have made my successes in life if I had not bestowed upon the least thing I have ever undertaken the same attention and care that I have bestowed upon the greatest.—Dickens.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"You Have Many Missions, Miss Margery."

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normal volume at atmospheric pressure. It is therefore transportable in steel bottles as easily as oil or alcohol, and is usable in places where gas could not otherwise be readily supplied. For car heating or lighting, in welding and metal-cutting tools, for high-speed soldering, it is said to be invaluable.

It contains most of the same elements, although in different proportions, as ordinary illuminating gas, and is similarly made, but is without carbon monoxid, and therefore is non-

Blau Gas.

Blau gas, named after its German inventor, liquefies under pressure, shrinking to one four-hundredth of its