

The PRICE By FRANCIS LYNDE ILLUSTRATIONS by C. DRHODES

SYNOPSIS.

Annabeth Griswold, an unsuccessful writer because of socialistic tendencies, finds out Andrew Galbraith, president of the Haystack Security, in the president's private office and escapes with \$100,000 in cash.

CHAPTER XXII—Continued.

"The Federated Iron Workers, I suppose." "Not in a thousand years! They are only the means to an end."

and she might as well not have any father—better, perhaps. As God heats me, Raymer, I'm going to see to it that she gets a square deal.

ultimatum, which Griswold himself snapped out at the leader of the conspirators: "Tell your committee that it is unconditional surrender, and it must be made before five o'clock this afternoon."

would be dealt with as traitors and enemies. "It was between half-past four and five that Miss Grierson, driving in the basket phaeton, made a stop in front of the Farmers' and Merchants' bank."

shaking it down as you used to shake down the—she broke off short, and again the indomitable will got the better of the seething passions. "We'll let the by-gones go, and come down to the present. What if some of the things you are doing here and now would get into print?"

pered the remainder of his instructions. When she had finished he looked up and wagged his head apprehendingly "Yes; I see what you mean—and it's none of my business what you mean it for," he answered. "I'll get the evidence, if there is any."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Gates of Brass.

It was an hour beyond the normal quitting time on the day of ultimatums and counter-threatenings, the small office force had gone home, and the night squad of deputies had come to relieve the day guard.

Learning to Pray

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

TEXT—Lord, teach us to pray.—Luk. 11:1.



The disciples chanced one day to overhear the master's private devotion. So impressive was the scene, that when he ceased, they came to him, saying, "Lord, teach us to pray."



He Stepped Behind the Nearest Shade Tree and Tightened His Grip.

to the wheel of the phaeton. Two minutes after the boy's disappearance, Broffin came out and touched his hat to the trim little person in the basket seat.



"D'ye See That Felly Doublin' the Fence Corner?"

ye what honest workin' men has got to come to, these days. Didn't ye see him stittin' there on that castin'?"

BEAUTY SPOT OF BULGARIA Region That Has Combination of Charms Probably Unequaled in the Whole World.

dous rocks, passes, ravines and precipices, with scattered forests of walnut and chestnut, and other trees. Altogether it offers a combination of charms the like of which is probably not to be found in Europe, if indeed in the world.

where. They have bloomed there for centuries, but never so profusely as during the last two centuries. At certain seasons the air is almost oppressive with the scent of countless blossoms.

parts of the Old World, India and Persia having provided a goodly proportion of them—are thrown together in wild, though happy, confusion.

Spoonfuls or Spoon Full. Certain purists have risen in protest against "Three Spoonfuls."

"Three Spoon Full," as arousing the furious comment of the amateur pedant. The doctor orders us "three spoonfuls," but he does not mean that we should employ three spoons in the simple measurement.

A merely fallen enemy may again, but the reconciled one is truly vanquished.—Schiller.