

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

CHAPTER XXVI—Continued.

"I must be going," she said, rising. "You will give me my envelope?" She crossed to the safe and got it for her. His curiosity was still keenly excited, but he didn't back manfully. "I wish you wouldn't hurry," he said. "I wish you wouldn't hurry," he said. "I wish you wouldn't hurry," he said. "I wish you wouldn't hurry," he said.

"Not altogether on that account, I'm afraid he is in deep water of some kind. I never saw a person change as he has in the past week or so. You knew him pretty well, and what a big heart he has!" She nodded, half mechanically. "Well, there have been times lately when I've been afraid he'd kill somebody—in this squabble of ours, you know. He has been going armed—which was excusable enough, under the circumstances—and night before last, when we were walking uptown together, I had all I could do to keep him from taking a pot-shot at a fellow who, he thought, was following us. I don't know but I'm taking all sorts of unfair advantage of him, telling you this behind his back, but—"

"No," he said, "I'm glad you have told me. Maybe I can help." He put her into the low basket seat, and tucked the dust-robe around her carefully. While he was doing it he looked up into her face and said: "I'd love you awfully hard for what you have done today—if you'd let me." It was like her to smile straight into his eyes when she answered him. "When you can say that—in just that way—to the right woman, you'll find a great happiness lying in wait for you, Edward, dear." And then she spoke to the Morgan mare and distance came between.

As once before, in the earlier hours of the same day, Miss Grierson took the roundsabout way between the Raymer plant and Mereside, making the circuit which took her through the college grounds and brought her out at the head of upper Shawnee street. The Widow Holcomb was sitting on her front porch, placidly crocheting, when the phaeton drew up at the curb. "Mr. Griswold," said the phaeton's occupant. "May I trouble you to tell him that I'd like to speak to him a moment?"

Mrs. Holcomb, friend of the Raymers, the Farnhams, and the Oswalds, and own cousin to the Barra, was of the perverse minority; and, apart from this, she had her own opinion of a young woman who would wait at the door of a young man's boarding house and take him off for a night drive to goodness only knew where, and from which he did not return until goodness only knew when. So there was no stich missed in the crocheting when she said, stiffly: "Mr. Griswold isn't in. He hasn't been home since morning."

CHAPTER XXVII. The Quality of Mercy. On no less an authority than that of the great doctor who came again from Chicago for a second consultation with Doctor Farnham, Andrew Galbraith owed his life during the two days following his return to consciousness to the unremitting care and devotion of one person.

The sick man promised, and as she was going away she turned to repeat the caution. Andrew Galbraith's eyes were closed in weariness, and he did not see that she was standing with her back to the wall while she admonished him, or that, when she had gone to send the visitor up, the earpiece of the house telephone set had been detached from its hook and left dangling by its wire cord.

Miss Grierson went on into the library after she had met the detective at the door and had told him how to find the upstairs room. When the sound of a cautiously closed door told her that Broffin had entered the sick-room, she snatched the receiver of the library house phone from its hook and held it to her ear. For a little time keen anxiety wrote its sign manual in the knitted brows and the tightly pressed lips. Then she smiled and the dark eyes grew softly radiant. "The dear, dear old saint!" she whispered; "the dear, dear old saint!" And when Broffin came down a few minutes later, she went to open the hall door for him, serenely demure and with honey on her tongue, as befitting the role of "everybody's good angel."

"Did you find him worse than you feared, or better than you hoped?" she asked. "He's mighty near the edge, I should say—what? But you never can tell. Some of these old fellows can crawl back to the top o' the hill after all the doctors in creation have thrown up the sponge. I've seen it. What does Doc Farnham say?" "What he always says; 'while there's life, there's hope.'"

Broffin nodded and went his way down the walk, stopping at the gate to take up the cigar he had hidden on his arrival. "So Galbraith's out of it, lock, stock and barrel," he muttered, as he strode thoughtfully towardward. "I reckoned it'd be that-away, as soon as I heard the story o' that shipwreck. And now I ain't so blamed sure that it's Raymer a-holdin' the fort in them pretty black eyes. The old man talked like a man that had just been honeyfugled and talked over and primed plum' up to the muzzle. Why the blue blazes on the long tramp to the hills the events of the past few months marshaled themselves in accusing review. No human being, save one, of all those with whom he had come in contact since the day of dragon-bearing in the New Orleans bank had escaped the contaminating touch, and each in turn had suffered loss. The man Gavitt had given his name and identity; the mate of the Belle Julie had sacrificed what little respect he may have had for law and order by becoming, potentially, at least, a criminal accessory. The little Irish cab-driver had sold himself for a price; and the negro deckhand had earned his mess of fried fish. The single exception was Charlotte Farnham, and he told himself that she had escaped only because she had done her duty as she saw it.

And as the bedeviling thing had begun, so it had continued, losing none of its potency for evil. In the little world of Wahaska, which was to have been the theater of Utopian demonstration, the curse had persisted. The money, used with the loftiest intentions, had served only as a means to an end, and the end had proved to be the rearing of an apparently impassable wall of bitter antagonism between master and men. And the secret of the money's origin and acquisition, which was to have been so easily cast aside and ignored, had become a soul-sickness incurable and even contagious. Griswold was beginning to suspect that it had attacked Margery Grierson; that it had subconsciously, if not otherwise, thrust itself into Charlotte Farnham's life; and the days lately past had shown him into what depths it could plunge its wretched guardian and slave.

Now that the plunge had been taken and he had been made to understand that he must henceforth reckon with a base and cowardly underself which would not stop short of the most heinous crime, he told himself that he must have time to think—to plan. Caring nothing for its roughness, he followed the country road into a valley forest of oaks. After an hour of aimless tramping he began to have occasional near-hand glimpses of the lake; and a little farther along he came out upon the main-traveled road leading to the summer resort hotel at the head of De Soto bay.

Still without any definite purpose in mind he pushed on, and upon reaching the hotel he went in and registered for a room. Here he drew the window shades and lay down, and since the week of strife had been cutting deeply into the nights, when he awoke it was evening and a cheerful clamor in the dining room beneath told him that it was dinner time. It is a trite saying that many a gulf, seemingly impassable, has been safely bridged in sleep. Bathed, refreshed and with the tramping stamina regained, Griswold went down to dinner with the lost appetite regained.

Early on the following day he sent a note to Mrs. Holcomb by one of the inn employees; but the copy of the Daily Wahaskan laid beside his breakfast plate made it unnecessary to telephone Raymer. The paper had a full account of the sudden ending of the lock-out and the resumption of work in the Raymer plant, and he read it with a curious stirring of self-compassion. As he had reasoned it out, there was only one way in which the result could have been attained so quickly. Had Raymer taken that way, in spite of his wrathful rejection of the suggestion? Doubtless he had; and on the heels of that conclusion came a sense of deprivation perfect that even the microscope cannot detect the place of union.

When Glass Adheres. If sheets of glass are piled up horizontally to a considerable height without the precaution of separating them by sheets of paper, the glass in certain places adheres as tightly as if it were cemented, so that it is necessary to remove it bit by bit. This is due to the cohesion which is the property of bodies to adhere as soon as their molecules are in contact. It is almost impossible to make surfaces so smooth and to exert pressure so great that the molecules of the two surfaces will actually be in intimate contact, but in certain machines this does occasionally take place with both steel and lead, effecting a sort of welding so

that was fairly appalling, and the healthy breakfast appetite vanished. Griswold knew what it meant, or he thought he did. Margery Grierson was gone out of his life—gone beyond recall. After that, there was all the better reason why he should grapple with himself in the fallow interval; and for two complete days he was lost, even to the small world of the summer resort, tramping for hours in the lake shore forests or drifting about in one of the hotel skiffs, and returning to the inn only to eat and sleep when hunger or weariness constrained him. On the whole, the discipline was good. He flattered himself that the sense of proportion was returning slowly, and with it some saner impulses. Truly, it had been his misfortune to be obliged to compromise with evil to some extent, and to involve others, but was not that rather due to the ineradicable faults of an imperfect social system than to any basic defect in his own theories? And was not the same imperfect social system partly responsible for the quasi-criminal attitude which had been forced upon him? He was willing to believe it; willing, also, to believe that he could rise above the constraining forces and be the man he wished to be. That he could so rise was proved, he decided, on the morning of the third day, when he chanced to overhear the hotel clerk telling the man whose room was across the corridor from his own that Andrew Galbraith still had a fighting chance for life. In the pleasant glow of the high resolve the news awakened none of the murderous promptings, but rather the generous hope that it might be true.

It was late in the afternoon of this third day, upon his return from a long pull in the borrowed skiff around the group of islands in the upper and unfrequented part of the lake, that he found a note awaiting him. It was from Miss Farnham, and its brevity, no less than its urgency, stirred him apprehensively, bringing a suggestive return of the furtive fierceness which he promptly fought down. "I must see you before eight o'clock this evening. It is of the last importance," was the wording of the note; and the heavy underscoring of the "last," and a certain tremulous characteristic in the handwriting, stressed the urgency. It was still quite early in the evening when the inn conveyance set him down at the door of his lodgings in upper Shawnee street. To the caretaking widow, who would have prepared a late dinner for him, he explained that he was going out again almost at once; and taking time only for a bath and a change, he set forth on the cross-town walk. It lacked something less than a half hour of the time limit set in Miss Farnham's note, but he attached no special importance to that. He knew that the doctor's dinner hour was early, and that in any event he could choose his own time for an evening call.

It nettled him angrily to find that the premonition of coming disaster was still with him when he crossed the courthouse square and came into the main street a few doors from the Winnebago entrance. Attacking from a fresh vantage ground it was warning him that the town hotel was the stopping place of the man Broffin, and that he was taking an unnecessary hazard in passing it. Brushing the warning aside, he went on defiantly, and just before he came within identifying range of the loungers on the hotel porch an omnibus backed to the curb to deliver its complement of passengers from the lately met northbound train. Griswold walked on until he was stopped by the sidewalk-blocking group of freshly arrived travelers pausing to identify their luggage as it

was handed down from the top of the omnibus. Alertly watchful, he quickly recognized Broffin among the porch loungers, and saw him leave his tilted chair to saunter toward the steps. Then the fateful thing happened. One of the luggage sorters, a clean-limbed, handsome young fellow with boyish eyes and a good-natured grin, wheeled suddenly and gripped him. "Why, Griswold, old man!—well, I'll be dogged! Who on the face of the earth would ever have thought of finding you here? So this is where you came up, after the long, deep, McGinty dive, is it?" Then to one of his tall, low travelers: "Hold on a minute,

Deftly the Man Catcher Worked Them Open. Whoooping Cough. The Bureau of Laboratories of the New York board of health has been conducting an extensive investigation of whooping cough, and Dr. Paul Luttinger recently reported to the Medical association of the greater city of New York some of the results of that inquiry. Among the most interesting conclusions reached is that the early part of the disease is the most infectious. The bacillus that is believed to cause it is rarely found in the sputum after the first week of the paroxysmal or whooping stage, so "there would seem to be no necessity for the child to be kept in the house for more than a week after the whoop appears." Doctor Luttinger says physicians underestimate the seriousness of the disease and fail to report cases. Only 25 per cent of cases in a certain area were reported, and "probably not more than 10 per cent are reported in Greater New York."

Good Men Are Scarce. Col. E. Polk Johnson of Louisville, who fought for the Confederacy, read something in the dispatches from the front the other day that reminded him very much of what happened when he was serving in the western army in the Civil war. "I remember it was a wet, cold, rainy night in the middle of winter," said the veteran, "when a long, lean chap in my regiment was ordered to go on picket duty. He thought the situation over for a minute and then he turned to the sergeant who had brought the message. 'You go right straight back whar you come from,' he drawled, 'and tell the cap'n I jest natchly can't do it. I got a letter from Gin'ral Bragg this mornin', and he said good men was gittin' almighty scarce in this here army, and for me to take good care of myse!'"

Respirators for Air Raids. As a result of the police warnings advising people to keep all windows closed in the event of an air raid on London, and thus prevent the admission of deleterious gases, there has been a rash to buy respirators. Stores were sold out within an hour or two. The most popular form was that made of either noninflammable celluloid or rubber, except the mouthpiece. They have motor goggle fittings to protect the eyes.—London Globe

For Men of Forty. The United States public health service states that the expectation of life after the age of forty is less now than it was thirty years ago, owing largely to the increased prevalence of diseases of degeneration. It recommends as a remedy for this state of things: "Take exercise. Have a hobby that gets you out of doors. Walk to your business, to your dressmaker's, keep chickens, make a garden, play golf or any other game, but take two hours' exercise a day."

STATE NEWS BRIEFLY TOLD

The Latest Gleanings From All Over the State.

TOLD IN SHORT PARAGRAPHS

Child Incarcerated in Kennett Square Fire—Raise Men's Wages 10 Per Cent.—Farmer Reuts Highwayman.

Falling from a haymow, Thomas Aten, a Zenith farmer, aged sixty-nine, died as the result of internal injuries.

Principal Ross, of the Doylestown schools, is arranging to get the co-operation of business men in making the commercial course at their business centers.

Having run away from home, Richard, seventeen-months-old son of D. P. S. Boyer, Midvale, walked across a railroad track and his right leg was cut off by a train.

Lewis Martini and Joseph Nortini, after firing a shot in a breast at the Alaska collier, were blown many feet by an explosion of gas and probably fatally injured.

As the result of a fall downstairs, Mrs. Ann Kelly, aged 107, died at the home of her son, J. J. Kelly, Pittsburgh. Mrs. Kelly had resided in Pittsburgh seventy-five years.

I. C. M. Ellenberger, superintendent of Sunbury schools, declared that the school facilities are entirely too small, and told the school board that some of the pupils are quartered in a shack.

Governor Brumbaugh granted a respite staying the execution of H. E. Filler, of Westmoreland county, from the week of October 11 to the week of November 8.

J. B. Millard and Company, owner of limestone quarries in the vicinity of Anville, has announced a voluntary raise of 10 per cent in wages, effective at once. Forty men will be added to the pay roll.

Colonel Joseph B. Hutchinson, who recently resigned as chief of police, Harrisburg, will become head of the police department of the Pennsylvania Steel Company, at Steelton, it is reported.

A Pennsylvania Railroad train crashed into an automobile in charge of C. A. Wert, Mt. Carmel, the car having stalled on the crossing near Johnson City. Wert escaped by leaping from the machine which was wrecked.

Miss Mary E. Morgan was acquitted by a jury in the Blair County Court, at Altoona, of the charge of larceny, preferred by John A. Fox, manager of an Altoona furniture company, by which she had been employed as book-keeper for six years.

Jacob Innerst, a Jacobus butcher, held up at the point of a gun by a highwayman while on his way to market in York, handed over his small change, but A. Downs, a farmer, who followed him, slashed the road agent across the face with his buggy whip, and the latter beat a hasty retreat into a cornfield.

The stone tenement house on Howard Griffith's farm, Kennett Square, was destroyed by fire. It was occupied by Arthur Atwell and his family of eleven, all of whom escaped in their night clothes, except the youngest child, Irving, aged three, which was burned to death. The eldest daughter, Margaret, fifteen, was injured from jumping from a window and was taken to a hospital.

Without showing the slightest emotion, Mrs. Catharine Stringfellow signed a plea of guilty of murder in the second degree, thereby insuring herself a term in the penitentiary. At the same time, however, she made sure of her escape from the electric chair. Mrs. Stringfellow was charged with the murder of James A. Bowen in Chester on May 19, as the latter was leaving the home of Mrs. Charles Rostrom, a widow, whom Mrs. Stringfellow is alleged to have considered a rival for the affections of Bowen.

Six employees of the Reading Highway Department had a narrow escape from death when they were overcome by sewer gas in a trench sixty-five feet below the street level. James J. Galagher, forty-eight years old, and William M. Burleigh, aged thirty-eight, are in a serious condition at the Reading Hospital. The others were revived with a pulmonary.

After serving three months and nine days of a nine-months' sentence, imposed following his conviction of extortion of \$55, former Constable Seneor A. Phillippi was released on parole by Judge George W. Wagner, at Reading. Affidavits were presented to the effect that Phillippi's health had failed from imprisonment.

A complete set of by-laws has been made by the newly-formed Student Council at Ursinus College, which will give the students complete control over student conduct.

Mrs. N. Guiley Finch, of Allentown, accidentally threw a paper in which her diamonds were wrapped on the rubbish pile, and the ashmen, hauled them to the dump. The gems, worth several hundred dollars, were recovered.

Miss Annette Umbenhen, a public school teacher, daughter of Rev. J. H. Umbenhen, pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church, Pottsville, was married to George Wolf Ryan, a State forester. The ceremony was performed by the bride's father.



"He's Trying to Hide and That's What They've Been Waiting For."



Deftly the Man Catcher Worked Them Open.

FOUND HIMSELF UPSIDE DOWN British Aviator Lived to Tell of Weird Experience That He Had in a Cloud. A British naval aviator when flying seaward recently entered a thick white cloud and wholly lost his sense of direction. He only realized that he was upside down on finding that things were falling out of his pockets. Then his belt broke, and he had to hang on by his knees and elbows. At length he emerged from the cloud and saw the sea apparently over his head, but was able to right his machine and continue his flight. A young English aviator, the bullet notes in whose planes bore testimony to his repeated exposure to fire, had one narrow escape with an amusing ending. Mistaken for a German airman, he was fired at by the French and forced to descend through the puncturing of his petrol tank. When the mistake was discovered, of course, the aviator apologized were forthcoming.