

The PRICE

By FRANCIS LYNDE
ILLUSTRATIONS by C.D. RHODES

CHAPTER XXX—Continued.

"Margery," he began, when the interval of thoughtful heart-searching had done its illuminative work, "what would you say if I should tell you that your 'some day' has already come?"

She started as if he had thrust a knife into her. Then she slipped out of his arms and caught up his hand to cross it against her cheek.

"I should say, 'Whatever seemeth good in the eyes of my dear lord, so let it be.'"

"But think a moment, girl; if one has done wrong, there must be atonement. That is the higher law—the highest law—and no man may evade it. Do you know what that would mean for me?"

"It is the Price, boy, dear; I don't ask you to pay it. Listen: My father and I have agreed to disagree, and he has turned over to me a lot of money that he took from—that was once my mother's brother's share in the Colorado gold claims. What is mine is yours. We can pay back the money. Will that do?"

He was shaking his head slowly. "No," he said, "I think it wouldn't do."

"I was afraid it wouldn't," she sighed, "but I had to try. Are they still gnashing their teeth at you?—the dreadful things, I mean?"

He did not answer in words, but she knew, and held her peace. At the end of the ends he sprang up suddenly and drew her to her feet.

"I can't do it, Margery, girl! I can't ask you to wait—and afterward to marry a convict! Think of it—even if Galbraith were willing to withdraw, the law wouldn't let him, and I'd get the limit; anything from seven years to fifteen or more. Oh, my God, no! I can't pay the price! I can't give you up!"

She put her arms around his neck and drew his head down and kissed him on the lips. "I'll wait . . . oh, boy, boy! I'll wait! But I can neither push you over the edge nor hold you back. Only don't think of me; please, please don't think of me!—'Whatever seemeth good'—that is what you must think of; that is my last word: 'Whatever seemeth good.'" And she pushed him from her and fled.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Desert and the Sown.
Through streets in which the village quiet of the summer night was undisturbed save by the spattering linkle of the lawn sprinklers in the front yards, and the low voices of the outdoor people taking the air and the moonlight on the porches, Griswold fared homeward, the blood pounding in his veins and the fine wire of life mounting headily to his brain.

After all the dubious stumbings he had come to the end of the road, to find awaiting him the great accusation and the great reward. By the unanswerable logic of results, in its effect upon others and upon himself, his deed had proved itself a crime. Right or wrong in the highest ethical fields, the accepted social order had proved itself strong enough to make its own laws and to prescribe the far-reaching penalties for their infraction. Under these laws he stood convicted. Never again, save through the gate of atonement, could he be reinstated as a soldier in the ranks of the conventionally righteous. True, the devotion of a loving woman, aided by a train of circumstances strikingly fortuitous and little short of miraculous, had averted the final price-paying in penal retribution. But the fact remained. He was a felon.

Into this gaping wound which might otherwise have slain him had been poured the wine and oil of a great love; a love so clean and pure in its own well-springs that it could perceive no wrong in its object; could measure no act of loyal devotion by any standard save that of its own greatness. This love asked nothing but what he chose to give. It would accept him either as he was, or as he ought to be. The place he should elect to occupy would be his place; his standards its standards.

Just here the reasoning angel opened a door and thrust him out upon the edge of a precipice and left him to look down into the abyss of the betrayars—the pit of those whose gift and curse it is to be the pace setters. In a flash of revelation it was shown him that with the great love had come a great responsibility. Where he should lead, Margery would follow, unshrinkingly, unquestioningly; never asking whether the path led up or down; asking only that his path might be hers. Instantly he was face to face with a fanged choice which threatened to tear his heart out and trample upon it; and again he recorded his decision, confirming it with an oath. The price was too great; the upward path too steep; the self-denial it entailed too sacrificial.

"We have but one life to live, and we'll live it together, Margery, girl."

ALL ARE WELCOME TO CLUB
Doors of London Institution Open to Methodists of Every Country in the World.

A unique club has just been launched in London. It is called the Wesley club, and its headquarters are in the great Wesleyan Central hall near the houses of parliament, says the Christian Herald. It is the first club to be formed solely in connection with some religious body, and owes its inception

open box on the writing table and was calmly lighting it. There was nothing to be nervous about. "I'm waiting," he went on, placidly, when the cigar was going. "If you are an officer, you probably have a warrant, or a requisition, or something of that sort. Show it up."

"I don't need any papers to take you," was the barked-out retort. Broffin had more than once found himself confronting similar dead walls, and he knew the worth of a bold play.

"Oh, yes, you do. You accuse me of a crime; did you see me commit the crime?"

"No."

"Well, somebody did, I suppose. Bring on your witnesses. If anybody can identify me as the man you are after, I'll go with you—without the requisition. That's fair, isn't it?"

"I know you're the man, and you know it, too, d—n well!" snapped Broffin, angered into bandying words with his obstinate captor.

"That is neither here nor there; I am not affirming or denying. It is for you to prove your case, if you can. And, listen, Mr. Broffin—perhaps it will save your time and mine if I add that I happen to know that you can't prove your case."

"Why can't I?"

"Just because you can't." Griswold went on argumentatively. "I know the facts of this robbery you speak of; a great many people know them. The newspaper accounts said at the time that there were three persons who could certainly identify the robber—the president, the paying teller, and a young woman. It so happens that all three of these people are at present in Wabaska. At different times you have appealed to each of them, and in each instance you have been turned down. Isn't that true?"

Broffin glanced up, scowling. "It's true enough that you—you and the little black-eyed girl between you—have hoodooed the whole bunch!" he rasped. "But when I get you into court, you'll find that there are others."

Griswold smiled good-naturedly. "That is a bold, bad bluff, Mr. Broffin, and nobody knows it any better than you do," he countered. "You haven't a leg to stand on. This is America, and you can't arrest me without a warrant. And if you could, what would you do with me without the support of at least one of your three witnesses? Nothing—nothing at all."

Broffin laid the pistol on the table, and put the key of the safety box beside it. Then he sat in grim silence for a full minute, toying idly with a pair of handcuffs which he had taken from his pocket.

"By the eternal grapples!" he said, at length, half to himself, "I've a good mind to do it anyway—and take the chances."

As quick as a flash Griswold thrust out his hands.

"Put them on!" he snapped. "There are a hundred lawyers in New Orleans who wouldn't ask for anything better than the chance to defend me—at your expense!"

Broffin dropped the manacles into his pocket and sat back in the swing-chair. "You win," he said shortly; and the battle was over.

For a little time no word was spoken. Griswold smoked on placidly, seemingly forgetful of the detective's presence. Yet he was the one who was the first to break the strained silence.

"You are a game fighter, Mr. Broffin," he said, "and I'm enough of a scrapper myself to be sorry for you. Try one of these smokes—you'll find them fairly good—and excuse me for a few minutes. I want to write a letter which, if you are going down town, perhaps you'll be good enough to mail for me."

He pushed the open box of cigars across to the detective, and dragged the lounging chair around to the other side of the table. There was stationery at hand, and he wrote rapidly for a few minutes, covering three pages of the manuscript sheets before he stopped. When the letter was inclosed, addressed, and stamped, he tossed it across to Broffin, face up. The detective saw the address, "Miss Margery Grierson," and, putting the letter into his pocket, got up to go.

"Just one minute more, if you please," said Griswold, and, relighting the cigar which had been suffered to go out, he went into the adjoining bedroom. When he came back, he had put on a light top coat and a soft hat, and was carrying a small handbag.

"In your man, Mr. Broffin," he said quietly. "I'll go with you—and plead guilty as charged."

Wabaska, the village-conscious, had its nine-days' wonder displayed for it in inch-type headlines when the Daily Wabaskan, rehearsing the story of the New Orleans bank robbery, told of the voluntary surrender of the robber, and of his deportation to the southern city to stand trial for his offense.

Some few there were who took exceptions to Editor Randolph's editorial in the same issue, commenting on the surrender, and pleading for a suspension of judgment on the ground that much might still be hoped for from a man who had retraced a broad step in the downward path by voluntarily accepting the penalty. Those who objected to the editorial were of the perverse minority. The intimation was made that the plea had been inspired—a hint basing itself upon the fact that Miss Grierson had been seen visiting the office of the Wabaskan after the departure of the detective, Matthew Broffin, with his prisoner.

The sensational incident, however, had been forgotten long before a certain evening, three weeks later, when the Grierson carriage conveyed the

ing place than it has been for all members of the great Methodist family, numbers of whom come to London from all parts of the earth and visit the hall. The visitors' book shows many names from New York, Philadelphia and other American cities, as well as those of callers from Australia, Africa and even from Asia.

Politics will be barred in the Wesley club, and in the first line of members names prominent in all the British political parties appear. The club, in short, is intended to be a place

convalescent president of the Bayou State Security from the Grierson mansion to the south-bound train. Andrew Galbraith was not alone in the carriage, and possibly there were those in the sleeping car who mistook the dark-eyed and strikingly beautiful young woman, who took leave of him only after he was comfortably settled in his section, for his daughter. But the whispered words of leave-taking were rather those of a confidante than a kinswoman.

"I'll arrange the Raymer matter as you suggest," she said, "and if I had even a speaking acquaintance with God, I'd pray for you the longest day I live, Uncle Andrew. And about the trial: I'm going to leave it all with you! Just remember that I shall bleed little drops of blood for every day the judge gives him, and that the only way he can be helped is by a short sentence. He wouldn't take a pardon; he—he wants to pay, you know. Good-night, and good-by!" And she put her strong young arms around Andrew Galbraith's neck and kissed him, thereby convincing the family party in lower seven that she was not only the only man's daughter, but a very affectionate one, at that.

The little-changing seasons of central Louisiana had measured two complete rounds on the yearly dial of time's unremitting and unshifting clock when the best hired carriage that Baton Rouge could afford drew up before the entrance to the state's prison and waited. Precisely on the stroke of



"And You—You've Paid the Price, Haven't You?"

twelve, a man for whom the prison rules had lately been relaxed sufficiently to allow his hair to grow, came out, looked about him as one dazed, and assaulted the closed door of the carriage as if he meant to tear it from its hinges.

"Oh, boy, boy!" came from the one who had waited; and then the carriage door yielded, opened, closed with a crash, and the negro driver clucked to his horses.

They were half-way to the railroad station, and she was trying to persuade him that there would be months and years in which to make up for the loveless blank, before sane speech found its opportunity. And even then there were interruptions.

"I knew you'd be here; no, they didn't tell me, but I knew it—I would have staked my life on it, Margery, girl," he said, in the first lucid interval.

"And you—you've paid the Price, haven't you, Kenneth? But, oh, boy, dear! I've paid it, too! Don't you believe me!"

There was another interruption, and because the carriage windows were open, the negro driver grinned and confided a remark to his horses. Then the transgressor began again.

"Where are you taking me, Margery?—not that it makes any manner of difference."

"We are going by train to New Orleans, and this—this—very—evening we are to be married, in Mr. Galbraith's house. And Uncle Andrew is going to give the bride away. It's all arranged."

Dressed Up for High Occasions



A rich but simple coat for the small girl to wear upon occasions that allow her to be dressy is shown in the picture appearing here. It is a pretty pattern, which may be used for the child from four to eleven years old, and it is not difficult for the home dressmaker to manage, a matter which will be appreciated.

The coat is made of a light-colored or white moire. The body is plain and cut shorter at the waist in front than in the back. It has long shoulder seams and full coat sleeves. It is lined with a plain soft silk and may be interlined for greater warmth, or worn over a knitted jacket when cold weather demands extra warmth in the clothing.

The plain skirt is accordion-pleated and sewed to the body. It is finished

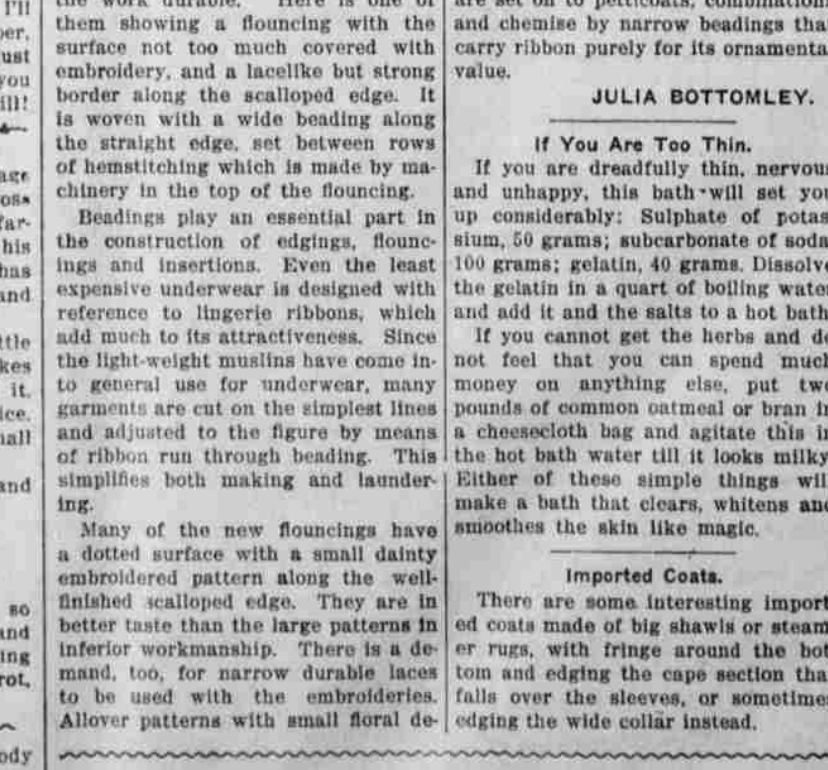
at the bottom with a two-inch hem put in by hand before the material is plaited.

The rolling collar, deep cuffs and wide belt, are covered with a braided pattern in soutache which may match the coal in color or be of a contrary color. The coat fastens with small high buttons of glass. Small crochet buttons would look as well.

The pretty hat is a shape covered with light silk plush and having a narrow ribbon band about the crown. A short upstanding fancy ostrich feather, usually in gay light colors, looks as if designed to please the eyes of the little wearer, and is therefore pleasing to everyone else.

Fancy shoes finish the details of the toilette and complete her readiness for presentation among other "dressed up" little ones.

For Those Who Like Embroidery



For those who like wide embroideries some new flouncings have been made in which the patterns are fine and pretty and both the material and the work durable. Here is one of them showing a flouncing with the surface not too much covered with embroidery, and a lacelle but strong border along the scalloped edge. It is woven with a wide heading along the straight edge, set between rows of hemstitching which is made by machinery in the top of the flouncing.

Beadings play an essential part in the construction of edgings, flouncings and insertions. Even the least expensive underwear is designed with reference to lingerie ribbons, which add much to its attractiveness. Since the light-weight muslins have come into general use for underwear, many garments are cut on the simplest lines and adjusted to the figure by means of ribbon run through beading. This simplifies both making and laundering.

Many of the new flouncings have a dotted surface with a small dainty embroidered pattern along the well-finished scalloped edge. They are in better taste than the large patterns in inferior workmanship. There is a demand, too, for narrow durable laces to be used with the embroideries. Allover patterns with small floral de-

signs, and eyelet work scattered over the surface of the fabric are cut into strips and used with narrow torchon or crochet lace for flouncings. They are set on to petticoats, combinations and chemise by narrow beadings that carry ribbon purely for its ornamental value.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

If You Are Too Thin.

If you are dreadfully thin, nervous and unhappy, this bath will set you up considerably: Sulphate of potassium, 50 grams; subcarbonate of soda, 100 grams; gelatin, 40 grams. Dissolve the gelatin in a quart of boiling water and add it and the salts to a hot bath.

If you cannot get the herbs and do not feel that you can spend much money on anything else, put two pounds of common oatmeal or bran in a cheesecloth bag and agitate this in the hot bath water till it looks milky. Either of these simple things will make a bath that clears, whitens and smooths the skin like magic.

Imported Coats.

There are some interesting imported coats made of big shawls or steamers rugs, with fringe around the bottom and edging the cape section that falls over the sleeves, or sometimes edging the wide collar instead.

For a Damp Room.

When papering a damp room the following hint will be useful: Take half a pint of alum and half a pint of glue-size. Dissolve each together in a pall of boiling water; take off the old paper and wash the wall once or twice with the solution; when dry it can be papered. No damp will ever show through the solution.

Jewelry Fancies.

Brooches are again very fashionable. Stones in rings are cut in designs running across the finger. Necklaces are narrow and tight with jeweled ornaments under the chin. Bracelets in narrow styles are set with diamonds and semiprecious stones. For evening wear elbow styles are favored. Watches are worn in bracelets, and will also hang pendant from the neck, the main ornament in the chain being next to the watch. Gold belt buckles, mounted on leather or

Temperance

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

LIQUOR TRAFFIC A PERIL.

Prohibition is inevitable in this country, says the Boston Advertiser. With practically the whole world conceding that alcohol is a bad handicap to any nation, and that the abolition of its use means a healthy—not an artificial—increase in the efficiency of the average producer, public sentiment in this country is going to wipe out the saloon, just as it has wiped out such nuisances as the polluted public or private water supply, or the manufacture of poisoned foods or of balmed meatstuffs. They were abolished because they were a danger to national safety and efficiency. And the saloon is certain to be abolished in precisely the same way and for precisely the same reason.

TWO PLAGUES.

The great white plague, tuberculosis, kills 100,000 persons a year; \$5,000,000 was spent last year to destroy it and prevent its further spread. All are working to destroy it. Plague two, the liquor traffic, kills yearly from 500,000 to 700,000. Suppose that 200,000 doctors, 200,000 nurses, 50,000 grave diggers, 10,000 casket and coffin makers, should petition congress, petition legislatures, demand of politicians that tuberculosis must not be stamped out. Their trades, professions, prosperity demand that the plague be left at liberty, just licensed and regulated. A world-wide cry of horror would arise. But that is what we do with the worse plague of the liquor traffic.—Exchange.

AS LIQUOR SELLER SEES IT.

Being interviewed by a newspaper reporter on the subject of prohibition—one which is on everybody's tongue—Barney Grogan, a well-known Chicago liquor dealer, had this to say: "If they voted the wet-dry question in Chicago some Sunday morning the whole city would go dry. It's the men and women who are wet personally who will finally decide the issue. They are flopping about and will try it as an experiment. Maybe they will go back—maybe not. They don't know exactly where they are at—especially the morning after pay day. But the prohibition wave is getting bigger every day."

POINT WELL TAKEN.

Last year the Illinois legislature voted to found a colony for epileptics. In a number of states these are already well established institutions. A home for these unfortunates is necessary, but why did we not likewise ten years ago establish a hospital for those wounded and maimed in the insane celebration of the Fourth of July? Instead, we instituted the sane Fourth and almost completely did away in a decade with any need of medical care whatever for our celebrants. Alcohol as a drink must go. It is an economic absurdity.—Charles F. Read, M. D., Illinois Medical Journal.

MODEL FARM.

A great model farm on which no liquor shall be sold, and where instruction in stock raising and farming shall be given for the benefit of the public, is provided for by the will of William R. Nelson, former editor and owner of the Kansas City Star. The clause relating to liquor reads, "No person shall, during the thirty-year period, sell on said lands any spirituous, malt or vinous liquors of any kind."

REDUCED TAXES.

The tax rate for Juniata county, Pa., has been reduced from 6 to 4 1/2 mills. As there was a decrease of \$33,000 in the debt of the county during one year of curtailed license and two years of absolutely no license, the county commissioners felt they could afford to grant this reduction to the taxpayers. Juniata county maintains no almshouse and finds little use for one even under the present business depression.

PATRIOTIC DUTY.

General Joffre, communicating his decree of prohibition for the French army to the newspapers at Nancy, said: "It is the duty of all patriots to fight alcoholism in all its forms. Everyone must understand that anything capable of diminishing the moral and material strength of our army constitutes a real crime against national defense in face of the enemy."

BARLEYCORN'S INFLUENCE.

"I have recently reported on a separate study of 269 murderers. Alcohol was used to excess by 41.5 per cent, while but 12.6 per cent were abstainers. Nearly half were under the influence of alcohol when the crime was committed and 27.9 per cent had a history of previous arrest for drunkenness."—Dr. Rock Sleyster in Every-body's.

CHAMPION OF ABSTINENCE.

The Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholasvitch, commanding the entire Russian army, stands six feet seven inches high, drinks no wine and is accredited with the abolition of vodka in the army. "A drunken soldier cannot shoot straight," he said when mobilization for the present war came up.

TEST OF PATRIOTISM.

That teetotalism is about to become a test of patriotism in Great Britain is the opinion of the Nation, a London publication.

INVISIBLE GOVERNMENT.

When the visible government puts an end to the liquor traffic it will discover that it has scattered the net in which was hatched the "invisible government" that causes so much trouble.

BANKS SHOW INCREASE.

The 934 state banks and trust companies of prohibition Kansas at the last report show larger deposits than at any previous time in the history of the state—an increase of \$24,000,000 in 12 months.