A Knave of Conscience

By FRANCIS LYNDE.

(Copyright 1900, by Francis Lynde.)

But Griswold made no move to go away. "Not a step till you release that man."

A murmur of savage disapproval ran through the group of determined ones and there were muttered imprecations including Griswold.

"'Tain't no use, Mr. Griswold," the spokesman went on. "We ketched him in the very act, and he's goin' to swing if ever' last one of us has to dance on nothin' to pay for it. It's him or us."

"Caught him in the act of what?" demanded Griswold.

The spokesman shuffled with his feet and hung his head. He was the ringleader of the malcontents; a burly molder but lately come to Wahaska, and there had been whispers pointing to a past of his which would not bear the light. Griswold remembered these rumors now, and saw this: that the man's following was a detail from the more desperate section of the strikers.

The pause was brief, but being surcharged with possibilities, seemed long. At length the man threw up his head.

"Come here and I'll show you," he said.

Griswold followed him a step aside, to the office front and to a breach in the palings of the high fence close at hand. Within the breach, and heaped against the wall of the frame office building, was a pile of chips and shavings, and there was a pungent odor of kerosene in the air. The man pointed in silence.

"You mean to say that he was going to burn us out?" asked Griswold.

"Them fixin's speak for theirselves, don't they?"

"But why?" Griswold demanded.

The big man snorted scornfully.

"'Tain't no use for you to play innercent that-a-way, Mr. Griswold. You know who he is, and what he is, and what he's here for."

Whereat Griswold lost his patience and swore angrily. "Have done with your mysterious bush-beating and say what's in you," he rapped out. "I don't know the man."

"You don't, eh? Well, he's a cussed Pinkerton, that's what he is; and he's here to make a case against us. S'pose the works takes fire and burns up, and he goes on the stand to swear we done it? Only he ain't never goin' to get the chance. He's goin' to quit right here and now. You go away, Mr. Griswold. There ain't no call for you to be a witness."

Who shall say what fierce and relentless temptation assailed this man who saw his single pursuer thus in the toils? He had but to turn his back and shrug, and say it was no concern of his, and this man Griffin, the only man of all men in the world who might send him to wear out his life in a Louisiana chain-gang, would go to his account, and all danger would be over—past for one Kenneth Griswold.

No one save the victim of such an onfall of devils battling for his soul may know what Griswold endured in that brief moment of hesitation. If Griffin himself suspected, he made no sign; indeed, he had looked on all through the colloquy as if the subject matter of it concerned him not at all. But now he spoke; three [illegible] devils were assaulting.

"You're a liar," he said, coolly, to the one; and to the other: "Could you oblige me with a cigar, Mr. Griswold?"

Now, however fiercely the devils of temptation had assaulted, Griswold had beaten them off; that and more; he had a plan of an attempt at a rescue half-formed, and this request of the man about to be hanged chimed in with it. He promptly tendered the cigar, and the striker who was pinioning Griffin's right arm mechanically loosed his hold that the prisoner might take it.

It was the moment for the attempt, if any there were to be, and there could be no more collusion between rescuer and captive than might be compressed into a single swift eye glance. But that sufficed. Griffin reached for the cigar, but did not take it. Instead, he converted the movement into a stinging side blow which felled the man at his left, and at the same instant sprang back out of the circle with Griswold to hold the infuriated ones at bay while he did it.

Any diversion Griswold could make was necessarily of the briefest. For some swift-passing second or so he delayed the rush by sheer moral bravado. The storm broke in a yell of rage and no two men might withstand it. Griswold did not try.

"Through that hole in the fence!—in with you!" he said, over his shoulder to the detective; and the thing was done so deftly that the yelling mob was for the moment nonplussed. Griswold made good use of the momentary respite.

"Follow me!" he commanded; and a minute later they had opened the darkened office by the back door.

When the door was shut and locked again, Griffin looked about him in the semi-gloom.

"It's out of the frying pan into the fire, isn't it?" he said. "They'll storm this place in about a minute—and take it."

The augmenting yells in the street told that the mob was increasing its numbers rapidly, and that the melee on the sidewalk would presently develop into a riot. Griswold stepped to the telephone, but the call bells were dumb.

"They've cut the wires," he said, coolly. "That means a fight. Are you armed?"

The detective laughed. "I'm like the Texas cowboy who was caught in swimming; my gun is safe enough at the hotel."

Griswold took down a Winchester repeating rifle from its brackets on the wall.

"Perhaps it is just as well. If you should show yourself, they would go mad again, and, anyway, in a tangle of this kind one man is sometimes better than two. Get down behind the desk and keep out of sight."

"What for? Hadn't we better try a back-alley bolt for it?"

"No. They have the place surrounded by this time. Do as I tell you."

Griswold peeped cautiously behind the window shade on the street side.

"They are going to rush the place and smash the window or the door, or both. I shall save them the trouble, if you will be good enough to do as I tell you."

The detective stepped behind the high desk and Griswold unlocked and opened the front door, flinging it wide. When the thing was done, the foremost rank of the rioters found itself looking straight into the sightless eye of the leveled Winchester. What the man with the gun had to say was said in the moment of surprised silence which ensued, and he said it quietly, as one who has weighed and measured all the possible consequences.

"You needn't trouble to break in, men; the door is open, as you see. But I give you fair warning; you'll have to kill me before you come in, and I'll kill some of you first."

The answer to this was a fierce yell of wrath and defiance, but Griswold held his ground. Then there was a rush surging up from those in the rear, but those in the front ranks held it back in deference to the one determined man in the doorway—the man and the leveled rifle. And so it went for what seemed to Griffin an interminable lifetime; cries, shouts, stones flung, a shot now and then from the outskirts of the crowd; pandemonium let loose in the mob; and fronting it all one man with his wits about him, and a steadfast determination to do or die, or to do and die, if need be, shining in the cool eyes of him.

And in the end the one man got the victory. For some soul-trying minutes, a score of them it might have been, he stood in the doorway in instant peril of his life, but he neither flinched nor spoke again. How long he could have kept the raging mob at bay he was not to know, for in its own leisurely time the alarm spread and help came from the town. A squad of freshly sworn-in deputies poured into the street, fought its way to the great gates and joined forces with the armed guard in the yard, and so the rioters were slowly pressed back and out of the street and dispersed. Then, and not till then, Griswold lowered his weapon and spoke to the man whose life he had saved.

"It is over for this time," he said. "We can make a circuit now and reach the hotel without difficulty, I think."

They went by a roundabout way, and neither of them spoke again till they stood beneath the portico of the St. James. Then Griffin thrust out his hand.

"I owe you another—a good deal bigger one, this time, Mr. Griswold."

Griswold seemed not to see the outstretched hand. "Do you? There shall be no charge in my book, Mr. Griffin."

"It's all right for you to say that; but I happen to be a man like other men, and I keep a set of books of my own."

Griswold was still ignoring the held-out hand. "If you think you owe me anything, you can pay it in an answer to a question. You are a detective, as those men said you were?"

"Yes."

"May I ask if you came here on account of this strike?"

"It wouldn't be past belief, would it?"

"No. But in that case, who sent you here?"

Griffin boggled at this, but said finally: "My chief."

"At whose solicitation? Not mine or Raymer's I am sure."

"No."

"Whose, then?"

"Perhaps there wasn't any request from anybody. Some of us are usually around when there is labor row on hand."

Griswold's lip curled in undisguised scorn. "Then the stories they tell of you and your fellow spotters are true; that if you can't find a case, you make one."

Griffin started back with an oath which was purely of astonishment.

"Good Lord! And you believed what that fellow said—that I was going to fire the office? And on top of that you saved my life? By the lord Harry, Mr. Griswold! what are you made of, anyway?"

"Of poor clay—like other men. But didn't that fellow Buckmaster tell the truth?"

"Good heavens, no! He laid the fire himself; was in the very act when I took a flashlight snap-shot of him and the whole gang. I did it because—well, because I thought I'd like to do you a good turn. I tried to save the camera in the tangle-up that followed, and that is how they came to down me."

Griswold grasped the hand which had not yet been wholly withdrawn, and wrung it heartily.

"I did you a very great injustice, Mr. Griffin, and I'm sorry. That's but a poor amend, but it's all that I can make."

And with that he turned abruptly and left the other standing at the hotel entrance.

(Continued next week.)

All signs indicate that winter is with us.

Miss Ida M. Snyder,
Treasurer of the Brooklyn East End Art Club.

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USES BITTER WORDS.

In His War Book De Wet Scores Boer and Briton.

Declares That Treachery of Burghers Saved England from Ruin—Says Providence Saved Him and His Soldiers.

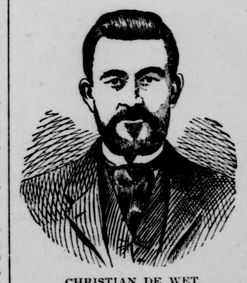
In his book, entitled "Three Years' War," Gen. De Wet, the noted Boer commander, uses vigorous language in referring to the results of the contest with Great Britain. In one passage he says:

"Had not so many of our burghers proved false to their own colors, England, as the great Bismarck foretold, would have found her grave in South Africa."

The book is dedicated by the Boer general "To my fellow subjects of the British empire." It is perhaps the most remarkable book by the most remarkable leader that any recent war has produced. The concise, simply told tale of the extraordinary campaign is marked throughout with the stamp of truth. The baldness of the narrative only serves to bring into strong relief the fiery passages in which a strong man literally blurts out his soul in pathetic regret or bitter denunciation.

In thus taking the public into his confidence De Wet loses nothing of the glamour with which his exploits in the field surround him. In criticising he spares no one; Boer and Briton come equally under the lash. De Wet declares that, whatever the English people may have to say in discredit of Gen. Buller, he had to operate against stronger positions than any other British general.

Throughout the work the Boer general has but slight praise for Lord Roberts, and little more for Lord Kitchener. Gen. Knox is almost the only British general who seems to have struck De Wet as a commander with real military genius. Of "Tommy Atkins" he has many kindly words to say, and declares



CHRISTIAN DE WET.
(Boer Hero Who Has Just Written on the South African War.)

"the British were far from being bad shots."

The comparative immunity of the Boers from harm De Wet constantly and most fervently attributes to the interposition of God.

"If any reader," he says, "is to know how it was I kept out of the enemy's hands I can only answer, although I may not be understood, that I ascribe it to nothing else than this—it was God's will that I should not fall into their hands. Let those who rejoice at my miraculous escapes give all the praise to God." Nevertheless the book teems with accounts of military ad other strategies by which De Wet outwitted his pursuers.

Frequently he recounts cases of desertion and panic among his own men when his entreaties and "sjamboking" were all of no avail. De Wet pays a tribute to Gen. Cronje for his bravery, but declares he lost at Paardeberg only on account of his fatal obstinacy in failing to leave the langer as he was advised to do by Gen. Botha and by the writer himself. Regarding his own forces, De Wet writes:

"It was far easier to fight against the great English army than against treachery among my own people, and an iron will was required to fight against both. Once, if only our orders had been carried out a little more strictly, and if only the most elementary rules of strategy had been observed in our efforts to break the British lines of communication, Lord Roberts and his thousand of troops would have found themselves shut up in Pretoria, where they would have perished of hunger. It was not the skill of their commander-in-chief that saved them."

Of the block houses De Wet is frankly contemptuous. "The blockhouse policy," he says, "might equally well have been called the policy of the blockhead." The so-called war again women and the misuse of the white flag by the British are denounced by the Boer general who says:

"That such direct and indirect murder should have been committed against defenseless women and children is a thing I should have staked my head could never have happened in a war waged by the civilized English nation, and yet it happened."

COUNTESS OF DUDLEY.

Charming Vicereine of Ireland Who Has Just Been Operated Upon for Appendicitis.

The countess of Dudley, upon whom Sir Frederick Treves has just operated for appendicitis, is the wife of the second earl of Dudley, at present lord lieutenant of Ireland. She was married to the earl in September, 1891, previously to which time she had been Miss

COUNTESS OF DUDLEY.
(Wife of the Present Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.)

Rachel Gurney, youngest daughter of Charles Gurney, a member of the well-known family of Gurneys who are noted for their scientific learning. The countess is now in the hands of her physicians at the lodge in Phoenix park, Dublin.

Insurance for Old Maids.

In Denmark there are companies which insure women who have a fear of becoming old maids. They pay stated sums every year, and should they marry before they are 40, what they have paid in goes to the less fortunate. After they are 40, they receive pensions for life.

A Rattlesnake Dinner.

A monster rattlesnake, fried, boiled and stewed, was the principal delicacy at a banquet given by Capt. Dabney, of Hot Springs, Ark. It was fattened on rabbits, chickens and larks. The guests pronounced it delicious.

ALBERT B. ANDERSON.

Appointed to Succeed Judge Baker on the United States District Bench of Indiana.

Albert B. Anderson, who succeeds Judge Baker on the United States district bench, is an eminent Indiana lawyer, a native of Indiana, and a graduate of Wabash college, where he distinguished himself as an orator and a scholar. Upon his graduation Mr. Anderson began to read law in Indianapolis with McDonald & Bolton, and in 1885 came to Crawfordsville, where

ALBERT A. ANDERSON.
(New Judge of United States District Court for Indiana.)

he formed a partnership with Benjamin Crane. One of his many important cases was the John C. New bank case, involving $100,000, wherein Mr Anderson excited public comment with the ferocity of his attack upon Mr New. The new federal judge is married, and has a handsome home in Crawfordsville.

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EASTWARD.—Read Downward. WESTWARD.—Read Upward.

Saturday Only.	Daily Ex. Sat. & Sun.	Daily Ex. Sunday.	Daily Ex. Sunday.	Distance from Balto.		NAME OF STATION.		Daily Ex. Sunday.	Daily Ex. Sunday.	Daily Ex. Sat. & Sun.	Saturday Only.	
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	Miles.				A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	
2.00	3.15	.....	7.00	.....	Lv.	Baltimore	Ar.	11.40	.....	9.00	7.50	.....
3.55	5.10	.....	8.55	25.09	Ar.	Love Point	Lv.	9.49	.....	7.09	5.40	.....
4.00	5.15	11.15	9.05	25.09	Lv.	Love Point	Ar.	9.32	10.23	5.58	5.05	.....
4.05	5.22	11.50	9.14	28.91		Stevensville		9.24	10.13	5.48	4.56	.....
4.10	5.25	11.45	9.21	30.44		Chester		9.21	10.08	5.43	4.52	.....
f 4.13	f 5.28	f11.49	f 9.23	.....		Narrows		f 9.18	f10.05	f5.38	f 4.48	.....
4.18	5.33	12.00	9.28	34.20		Winchester		9.11	10.58	5.33	4.43	.....
f 4.20	f 5.35	f12.03	f 9.31	35.82		Wallace		f 9.10	f10.54	f5.31	f 4.39	.....
4.25	5.40	12.10	9.37	38.67		Queen-Town		9.04	10.48	5.18	4.33	.....
4.45	5.58	12.25	9.55	.....	Ar.	Centreville	Ar.	8.55	.....	.....	.....	.....
4.00	4.50	.....	8.35	44.26	Lv.	Centreville	Lv.	9.25	10.40	4.50	4.00	.....
f 4.30	f 5.45	.....	f 9.44	40.40		Bloomingdale		f 8.59	.....	f5.48	f 4.18	.....
f 4.35	f 5.50	.....	9.52	43.21		Wye Mills		f 8.53	.....	5.01	4.11	.....
f 4.42	f 5.56	.....	10.00	45.75		Willoughby		f 8.47	.....	4.52	4.02	.....
.....	6.04	.....	.....	.....		D. & C. Junction		f 8.40	.....	.....	.....	.....
4.53	6.06	.....	10.12	50.49		Queen Anne		8.38	.....	4.39	3.49	.....
5.00	6.12	.....	10.20	53.68		Income		8.32	.....	4.30	3.39	.....
f 5.04	f 6.15	.....	f10.24	55.05		Tuckahoe		f 8.29	.....	f4.27	f3.37	.....
5.11	6.21	.....	10.33	57.59		Denton		8.24	.....	4.20	3.27	.....
5.17	6.27	.....	10.48	60.89		Robbs		8.18	.....	4.04	3.14	.....
5.26	6.35	.....	10.58	64.57		Hickman		8.10	.....	3.52	3.02	.....
f 5.30	f 6.39	.....	f11.02	66.46		Adamsville		f 8.06	.....	f3.47	f2.54	.....
f 5.35	f 6.44	.....	f11.08	68.55		Blanchard		f 8.01	.....	f3.37	f2.47	.....
5.43	6.50	.....	11.18	71.89		Greenwood		7.55	.....	3.20	2.40	.....
f 5.51	f 6.57	.....	f11.31	75.47		Owens		f 7.47	.....	f3.10	f2.31	.....
f 5.56	f 7.01	.....	f11.36	77.52		Oakley		f 7.43	.....	f2.55	f2.25	.....
6.04	7.08	.....	11.43	81.06	Lv.	Ellendale	Ar.	7.36	.....	2.38	1.58	.....
f 6.12	f 7.15	.....	f11.51	84.39		Wolfe		f 7.29	.....	f2.22	f1.52	.....
6.20	7.22	.....	11.58	87.57		Milton		7.22	.....	2.21	1.31	.....
f 6.28	f 7.30	.....	f12.08	91.57		Whitesboro		f 7.14	.....	f2.12	f1.21	.....
f 6.31	f 7.33	.....	f12.11	92.82		Overbrook		f 7.11	.....	f2.08	f1.18	.....
6.40	7.42	.....	12.20	96.82	Ar.	Lewes	Lv.	7.03	.....	2.00	1.10	.....
P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.					A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	

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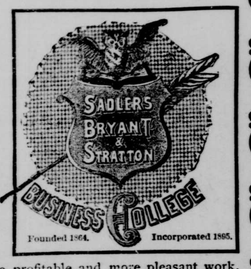

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7 25	3 20	Phila.	10 54	5 46
9 40	5 22	Clayton	8 50	3 46
9 49	5 31	Kenton	8 41	3 37
f9 58	f5 40	Hartley	f8 32	f3 28
f10 00	f5 42	Slaughter	f8 30	f3 26
10 07	5 49	Marydel	8 23	3 19
f10 13	f5 55	Henderson	f8 17	f3 13
f10 19	f6 01	Goldsboro	f8 11	f3 07
10 28	6 10	Greensboro	8 02	2 58
10 37	6 19	Ridgely	7 53	2 49
10 45	6 27	Queen Anne	7 44	2 40
f10 54	f6 36	Cordova	f7 35	f2 31
f11 00	f6 42	Chapel	f7 29	f2 25
11 12	6 54	Easton	7 20	2 16
11 26	f7 08	Trappe	f7 04	f2 00
11 35	7 17	Oxford	6 55	1 51

"f" stops to leave or take passengers on notice to conductor.

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