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Post-Office Bulletin.

Mails Close.

6 00 a m; D & C R R for Points North.
6 10 a m; Q A R R for Points West.
9.45 a m; Q A R R for Points East.
11:45 a m; Steamer for River Points.
1:00 p m; Stage for Preston.
1:00 p m. D & C R R for Points North.
3:35 p m; Q A R R for Points West.
6:20 p m. Q A R R for Points East.

Mails Arrive.

8:25 a m; Q A R R, from Points East.
10:10 a m; Q A R R, from Points West.
11:00 a m; Stage, from Preston.
11:30 a m; Steamer, from River Points.
11:45 m; D & C R R, from Points North.
3:35 p m; Q A R R, from Points East.
8:34 p m; Q A R R, from Points West.
7:45 p m; D & C R R, from Points North.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

County Officials.

Judges of the Circuit Court—James A. Pearce, Chief Judge; Edwin H Brown and William R Martin, Associates Terms—jury, 1st Monday in April and October; non-jury, 2d Monday in January, 4th Monday in June.

Clerk of the Circuit Court—Charles W. Hobbs.

County Commissioners—James B. Wright, President; Wesley Jarrell and Daniel J. Zacharias.

Treasurer and Clerk to the Commissioners Charles H. Whitby.

Judges of the Orphans' Court—John A. Sigler, Chief Judge; Thomas L. Day and Jesse T. Dennis Associates.

Register of Wills, Robert J. Jump.

School Commissioners—Thomas W. Jones, President; Henry C. Fisher and Albert W. Sisk.

School Examiner and Secretary—W. S. Crouse.

State's Attorney—Albert G. Towers.
Sheriff—Isaac L. Dukes.

Professional and Business Cards.

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State's Attorney for Caroline County,
Denton, Md.

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A Knave of Conscience

By FRANCIS LYNDE.

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Griswold, a young man of New Orleans, with rank socialistic tendencies, has written a book on the subject and after many weeks of fruitless search for a publisher, has about given up. Downcast and hungry, he meets an old friend, Bainbridge, who offers him a loan. Griswold refuses it, although he frankly says he will turn to stealing if nothing turns up soon.

CHAPTER II.—Bainbridge tells Griffin, a detective and an old friend, the story of Griswold's life, theories and hard luck.

CHAPTER III.—Two days later Griswold boldly forces the president of the Bayou state bank to give him $100,000 upon pain of death.

CHAPTER IV.—He safely leaves the bank, disguises himself as a sailor and eludes capture.

CHAPTER V.—He decides to go to some small town to work among the people and pursue his sociological studies. He goes to the levee and changes places with a laborer on a boat about to leave on a trip up the river. Just as they are about to start, Miss Charlotte Farnham, of Wahaska, Minn., boards the boat. Griswold recognizes her as a young lady who was in the bank when he committed the robbery. Her beauty and evident strength of character greatly impress him and he decides to see and learn more of her by going to her home town.

CHAPTER VI.—Charlotte reads of the bank robbery and recognizes Griswold as the robber. She decides to write to the bank president, telling him of her discovery.

CHAPTER VII.—Griswold fears that he has been recognized and decides to leave the boat.

CHAPTER VIII.—Charlotte cannot bring herself to send the letter telling of her discovery, as she has become interested in Griswold.

CHAPTER IX.—Her conscience greatly troubles her and she is just about to mail the letter when a heroic deed of Griswold's stops her.

CHAPTER X.—Next day they accidentally meet. She tells him of her intentions and he says he does not believe he did wrong. He silently hopes she will inform the authorities to uphold his high opinion of her. She does so and sees him taken away by the police at St. Louis.

CHAPTER XI.—With the assistance of a little of his money he makes his escape.

CHAPTER XII.—He again disguises himself and goes to a hotel.

CHAPTER XIII.—He arranges to go to Wahaska, resume his proper name and settle down. He intends to meet Miss Farnham, with whom he has fallen in love, and prove his theories to her.

CHAPTER XIV.—Margery Grierson, a young and pretty miss, is leader of one faction of Wahaska society. Her father is one of the town's leading citizens. The Raymers and the Farnhams belong to the older and more exclusive set, and Margery is intent on making them recognize her leadership. Griswold becomes seriously sick immediately upon his arrival at Wahaska.

CHAPTER XV.—Margery, with the aid of her father, who is president of the bank, arranges a scheme to humble the Raymers.

CHAPTER XVI.—Griswold gradually recovers and meets many of the people of the town, among them the Raymers. He becomes very friendly with Edward Raymer, manager of the iron works. He learns that they stand on the same ground regarding the problem of master and man.

CHAPTER XVII.—One evening Raymer tells Griswold of a business trouble of his and of his need of money. Griswold agrees to furnish the money, if Raymer will take him in partnership.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Griswold becomes a silent partner and is invited, with the Raymers, to dine with the Farnhams one evening. He meets Charlotte but she does not recognize him. After dinner he sees Grierson's launch pass on the lake near by and in it he recognizes Mr. Galbraith, the New Orleans banker whom he had robbed.

CHAPTER XIX.—Detective Griffin takes up the search for the robber. He suspects a woman in the case and for reasons finally traces Miss Farnham to her home.

CHAPTER XX.—He hears her story and believes the robber is in love with her, and thinking he may come to that town, decides to stay awhile. The Grierson-Raymer trouble has become very bitter; in addition to Raymer's troubles his men go out on a strike.

CHAPTER XXI.—Griswold, with Margery's assistance, prepares his book for publication.

CHAPTER XXII.—Griswold learns of a scheme of Grierson to sell Galbraith some practically worthless pine lands for a profit, and his conscience prompts him to warn Galbraith.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Griffin and Griswold become well acquainted and the former tells Griswold that Grierson is behind the strike trouble.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Charlotte tells Griswold Griffin's mission in Wahaska, although she does not suspect him. He learns from her speech that she loved the robber she had met on the boat.

CHAPTER XXV.—Griswold saves Griffin from being killed by the strikers for witnessing an attempt of theirs to burn the iron works. They charge him with the crime.

CHAPTER XXVI.

There was a somewhat sensational account of the riot at the iron works in the newspapers the following morning; rather more sensational than the facts known to the reporters justified, though less startling than it would have been if the Griffin episode had been given its due share in the recount.

Margery Grierson read the reporters' version of the affair over her cup of coffee, brought, a la Francais, to her bedside, and was moved thereby to bestir herself rather earlier than usual. One of Miss Grierson's revenges for an unlovely past was a certain lizard-like basking in the sunshine of affluence, and she was wont to deride the early morning habit of Wahaska, and to let her own morning begin in the middle of the Wahaskan forenoon.

But on this occasion she broke her rule, surprising her father by tripping airily into his private office a few minutes after the bank had been opened. At that hour, the president was alone and disengaged; an incidental happening which was favorable to Margery's purpose; and to make sure of uninterruption, she snapped the catch of the night latch as she closed the door behind her.

There was a great straight-backed chair at the end of the president's desk; a chair with high arms and uncomfortable angles designed to seize and hold a suppliant visitor to the end that he might be ill at ease, and so more easily amenable to reason — Jasper Grierson's reason. Margery was far enough above such purely adventitious hindrances, but this morning she avoided the chair, going to perch in one of the deep-bayed window seats.

Jasper Grierson swung slowly in his big pivot-chair, fanned a rift in the nimbus of cigar smoke with which he had surrounded himself, looked at his daughter with half-closed eyes and said: "Well?"

"I came to tell you it is time to quit," she said, slowly, meeting his gaze with level eyes.

"Time to quit what?"

"You know well enough. You have made all the trouble you need to for Mr. Raymer."

Jasper Grierson tilted his chair to a more comfortable angle and laughed; a slow, gurgling laugh, that spread from lip to eye and thence abroad through his great frame till he shook like a giant in mirth.

"Good Lord, Madge, have you just got around to that?" he said, chuckling again. "Why, I'd clean forgot all about your share o' stock in that deal, long ago; been buying it in on my own account for I don't know how long."

"I'm sorry you forgot. It's time to remember, now."

"What am I to remember?"

"That you were to turn around and help him when I gave the word."

"Oh, no; I guess not. It's business now, and no social tea-fight of yours."

She was tapping the toe of her boot with her riding whip, and she looked up suddenly.

"Does that mean that you intend going on till you have ruined him?" she asked.

"I'm going to break him, and that other fool friend of yours, if that's what you want to know."

For a swift instant there was a flash of sullen lightning in her eyes,

"WHAT AM I TO REMEMBER?"

but it went out suddenly as if at the bidding of a will stronger than any up-flash of passion.

"Please!" she said, beseechingly.

"Please what?"

"Please ruin somebody else, and let Mr.—let these two go."

"So you're caught at last, are you, my lady? I wondered if you wouldn't come out of that pool with the hook in your mouth. But you may as well pull loose, even if it hurts a little. These two fellows have got to come under. They've declared war, and by—they shall have war."

She looked across at him steadily, and the glow of rising passion came and went in her eyes. And yet she spoke softly.

"That is your last word, is it?"

"You can call it anything you like. I'm not on the quitting hand just now. I've shut 'em down, and they're going to stay shut down till their plant is a worthless rust heap."

"Then it is true what they are saying: that you are responsible for this strike?"

Jasper Grierson wagged his head, as one who knows a thing and will not admit it in so many words. "There's more ways of killing a cat than by choking it with lumps of butter," he said, sententiously.

"Answer me; is it true?"

"Oh, you go off and don't bother your head about these business affairs. You run your tea parties, and I'll run mine."

"Then it is true?" she persisted.

"What if it is?—mind, I'm not admitting it, but I say, what if it is?"

She slipped down from her perch in the window seat, crossed the room and stood before him, with her hands behind her gripping the riding whip.

"You have had pretty good luck here in Wahaska, haven't you?" she said, still speaking softly. "It has been a sort of triumph for you from the very first, and nobody has been able to stand against you or to outwit you. All that is going to be changed now."

"Why, Madge, girl, what do you mean?"

"I mean to give you your choice. You can make your peace with Mr. Raymer, or—"

"Or what?"

"Or I shall go over to the enemy. You haven't found anybody in this little onehorse town who can match you, but I can match you."

"Why, good Lord, Madge, daughter! You don't know what you're saying!"

"Yes, I do. And, as God Lives, I'll do it."

"No, you won't."

"I will."

"I say you won't. You can't turn on your old daddy that way."

"Can't I? I'll give you till to-morrow to think about it. If by to-morrow night nothing has been done to help the iron works people out of their trouble I shall know what to do, and you must take the consequences."

"Bah! You can't do anything."

"You have had your warning," she said, and with that she snapped the catch of the night latch and was gone.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The day after the riot—the day upon which Margery Grierson had asked her father for bread and got a stone—was fraught with other happenings to more than one of those whose trivial tale this is. The first of these fell upon Jasper Grierson, as we have seen, and was little short of a rebellion in his own household. The next was of import to one Andrew Galbraith.

The president of the Bayou state bank was spending a very pleasant vacation in the quiet Minnesota summer resort. The people at the hotel were chiefly from New Orleans, and hence congenial; the cooking was good, the weather perfect, and the few social doors of the town that Mr. Galbraith cared to enter were opened wide to him. Moreover, Mr. Jasper Grierson had been exceedingly kind to a crabbed old man who was without kith or kin to make much of him; and Miss Margery had quite neglected the younger men to be gracious to him.

It was in the forenoon of this day of happenings, while Mr. Galbraith was smoking his after-breakfast cigar on the great veranda which overlooks the lake, that a caller was announced. A bellboy brought the card from the office, and Mr. Galbraith adjusted his glasses leisurely and read the name.

"'Mr. Kenneth Griswold,' eh? I don't recall the name. Stop a bit—yes, I do. He is Miss Maggie's writer friend. Ask him if he will step out here, where it's cooler."

The bellboy disappeared, and presently returned, towing Griswold. The old man rose with the courtly good breeding of the elder generation and shook hands with his visitor.

"I am glad to met you, Mr. Griswold. Miss Grierson has often spoken of you. Sit down—sit down and be comfortable. If you could only have our Louisiana winters to put with your summers, this would be Paradise itself."

Griswold made shift to make some acknowledgment, sat down, and began to fumble for his cigar case. What he had come prepared to say to Mr. Galbraith was not made any easier by this instant hagging in of Margery Grierson as his social sponsor.

"A cigar?" said the banker, interrogatively. "Try one of mine; they are Cubans with a pedigree, and if I may toot my own pipe a bit, I'll say they are not to be duplicated this side of New Orleans."

Griswold took the proffered cigar and was still more ill at ease. While he hesitated, not knowing exactly how to begin the talk which should twist itself into a warning to the would-be purchaser of worthless pine lands, the old man leaned back in his chair, regarding him with kindly interest. But all at once he sat up very straight, and the kindly gaze became a sharp scrutiny.

"Have you ever been in New Orleans, Mr. Griswold?" he asked, abruptly.

Griswold was instantly on his guard, but in the thick of it he set his teeth upon a sudden resolve not to lie.

"I have; but not very recently."

"If I may ask how recently?"

"I was south for a few weeks last spring, and spent part of the time in New Orleans."

Andrew Galbraith sat back in his chair, and for all his apparent lapse into disinterest, Griswold could see the long upper lip twitch nervously.

"H'm; last spring, you say? We had quite a bit of excitement last spring, Mr. Griswold. Did you chance to hear of the robbery of the Bayou bank while you were there?"

Now Griswold knew that, notwithstanding the seeming abstraction of his questioner, he was under the sharpest surveillance that a pair of well-trained old eyes could bring to bear; knew this, and made sure that the slightest hesitation, the merest quivering of a muscle, would betray him. So, though his lips were parched and his tongue clave to his teeth, he answered with well-simulated nonchalance:

"I read of it in the newspapers on my way north," he said, with exact and literal truthfulness. "I remember thinking it was the most brazen thing I had ever heard of. I presume you know all the parties concerned?"

This was said with the mildest possible shading of decent curiosity, and was a very master stroke of evasion, which did its work effectually for the time. Andrew Galbraith smiled a sour little smile, and confessed that he knew one of the parties very well indeed, and went about to explain that the Bayou bank was his bank.

Griswold listened respectfully, said "Ah? it must have been a thrilling experience," and said no more. And if he had been from his earliest childhood the closest student of the various methods of averting a crisis he could not have done better.

A little interval of smokers' silence intervened, and Griswold was the first to break it. The thing he had come to say admitted no preface, so he began in the midst.

"What I came here this morning to tell you, Mr. Galbraith, may strike you as an odd thing with which to begin an acquaintance; but as we have no mutual friends, and as common justice is, or should be, more far-reaching than mere acquaintance, I felt it my duty to come. I happened to hear the other day that you were likely to become interested with Mr. Grierson in the Red Lake pine lands. Was my information correct?"

Andrew Galbraith's eyes looked their shrewdest at this, but he answered in the affirmative, and Griswold went on.

"Pardon me if I seem impertinent, but is the transaction concluded?"

The banker said it was, in effect; that it wanted but the passing of a check to its conclusion.

"It involves a good bit of money, doesn't it?"

"It does that, but it's a fine chance to make money."

"May I ask upon what you base that statement?"

"Why, my dear sir! upon the standing pine, to be sure. At the present rate of consumption, a five-year holding of a good-sized bit of virgin pine land will treble its value."

"Of virgin forest—exactly. But this particular tract you are buying has been culled and culled for ten years or more."

"Wha—what's that you're saying?" Andrew Galbraith staggered up out of his chair heavily, and Griswold saw again the terrified president of the Bayou bank as he had seen him on that momentous morning in the private office in New Orleans. But this time the start was only momentary. Mr. Galbraith sat down again, and picked up the cigar he had dropped in the shock of it; picked it up and wiped it carefully with true Scottish canniness.

"I think you must be mistaken, Mr. Griswold," he went on. "I have a file of expert reports thick enough to make a book!"

Griswold rose and held out his hand.

"I have done what I conceived to be my duty, Mr. Galbraith—a rather disagreeable duty at that—and I hope you'll pardon me if I have seemed unwarrantably meddlesome. But I also hope you will send an experienced land looker whom you can trust absolutely before you let that check pass. Good morning."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

In the matter of the armistice Margery was as good as her word—and a little better. She did not go over to the enemy promptly upon its expiration, as she had said she would. Instead, she gave her father another and a final warning.

"Oh, pshaw! what can you do?" was his rather contemptuous rejoinder when she reminded him that the peace protocol had expired by limitation.

"That is neither here nor there," she returned, coolly. "You will find out what I can do if you drive me to it."

"Bah!" said the man, "to do you've got to know. You don't know anything about my business."

"This is your last word, is it?"

"You can call it anything you like. Go ahead with your pigeon shooting any time you're ready."

Margery bit her lip, gave a little sigh, which might have been of disappointment or of renunciation, and said no more.

But the following morning, after a call upon some newly come guests at the resort hotel, she made it a point to stumble upon Mr. Andrew Galbraith, who was smoking a peaceful cigar on the veranda. The purpose of the stumbling was meant to be very obvious; was obvious, since she made it the occasion of inviting the banker to join the party in the launch for an afternoon on the lake. But after she had given the invitation and had left him, she went back to say:

"Oh, by the way, Mr. Galbraith, I think papa has heard something more about those pine lands—up at Red Lake, you know. They are not worth nearly as much as he thought they were. I think he is trying very hard not to believe it, but—"

She stopped abruptly, not because of any maidenly embarrassment, but because she had the rare faculty of knowing when she had said enough. Mr. Andrew Galbraith's smile was shrewdly inscrutable, and what he said touched upon the pine land matter only as it might be a double entendre.

"I thank you, Miss Margery. I shall be very happy to join your launch party."

From the summer resort hotel on the lake edge, Miss Grierson drove to the telegraph office and sent a brief message to a far-away mining camp in the Rockies. What she wrote on the square of yellow paper was well within the ten-word limit, but it was fraught with consequences to Jasper Grierson out of all proportion to its brevity. "He has broken faith, and you may come," was the message ticked off by the wires into western space. And when she had paid for it, and had seen it shot bullet-wise up the pneumatic tube to the operating room, she sighed again. It was another bridge burned; a bridge of price to a young person whose ambitions were chiefly social.

After this she drove home to don her simplest gown while the man was putting up the high-swung trap and the big English horse, and making ready the pony and the phaeton.

She made a long round in the phaeton, driving herself. It began on the manufacturing side of town, and ended there, and was a house-to-house visitation in the quarter occupied by the cottages of the iron works men. She saw few of the men; but she did better. She saw and talked with the wives of the men. What she said to the women, and what her saying of it was like to accomplish was set forth in a brief conference with Edward Raymer at the iron works office—a conference with which the morning of conferences ended.

She found Raymer alone in the office, and was glad enough for that.

"I don't know what you will think of me for meddling in this," she said, when she had told him what she had been doing.

"You may say very justly that it wasn't any of my business; but I saw, or thought I saw, a chance for a woman to do what all you men couldn't seem to do. So I did my part, and now if you'll do yours, I believe the trouble will stop right where it is."

Raymer evaded the business part of it, and gave praise where praise was due, taking her hand and letting his eyes say more than his words.

"I think you are the bravest little woman I ever heard of," he said, warmly. "I haven't the least doubt in the world as to the success of your appeal, and no one but a woman—no one but yourself—could have made it. You may be sure that Griswold and I will do our part."

"If you will, I think we may consider the strike settled." She rose and made as if she would go, but that was only because her courage threatened to fail her while yet the major half of her errand was undone. She fought a brave little fight, and then went back to sit down beside him.

"There is something else," she began, nervously, "and I don't know just how to say it. May I say anything I please?"

"Certainly. The privilege would be yours in any case, but you have just earned it a thousand times over."

"You—you have had some dealings with the bank, haven't you?"

"With your father's bank, you mean? Yes, we keep our account there."

"I didn't mean that; I meant—in the matter of—a loan."

"No, not lately."

She looked the surprise which she did not put into words.

"But you did borrow money, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"And you paid it back?"

"I did; or rather, we did. Mr. Griswold came into the firm just then, and put in enough capital to pay us out of debt."

She was twisting her handkerchief around her fingers, and otherwise displaying a degree of embarrassment which was quite foreign to her, or to Raymer's knowledge of her.

"Would you mind telling me how much it was?"

"Not at all; it was $95,000."

"So much as that? Somehow, I have never thought of Mr. Griswold as a—a capitalist. But it was a good investment for him, wasn't it?"

"It would have been if we had not had this strike."

She paused again, and again assaulted as one who will not be daunted.

"How much has the strike cost you, Mr. Raymer?"

"A great deal more than it would at almost any other time. We had a number of time contracts with forfeitures, and they have lapsed, of course. One hundred thousand dollars wouldn't more than make us whole again."

"So much as that! All of Mr. Griswold's money, and more." So much she said, and then she was silent until her nervousness began to be contagious to Raymer. At length she said: "You know Mr. Griswold pretty well, and love him; and I know him pretty well, too, and—and like him. Did he ever tell you how he came to have so much money?"

"Why, no. In fact, I never thought enough about it to be curious. From the little he has told me about himself I have gathered that he inherited something from his father, and that accounted sufficiently for his means."

Now Griswold had been more confidential with Margery than he had ever been with his business partner, so she knew the story of the slender patrimony, and of its spending. But what has here been written down of Margery Grierson has been ill-written if it has not shown her to be far more discreet than her sex or her

SHE RAN OUT.

age would bespeak. And because she was wiser than her generation, she went swiftly aside from Griswold's affair.

"I think that is all I had to say," she said, rising again. "All excepting one other thing, and that is harder to say than all the rest."

Raymer rose with her and took her hand again.

"After what you have done, it mustn't be hard for you to say anything to me, Miss Margery."

"But this thing is hard—for me, not for you. You say you keep your account at the Wahaska National. Keep it somewhere else, Mr. Raymer."

He bowed in ready acquiescence. "I'll transfer it at once—and without asking why I should do it," he agreed.

"But—but it is right that you should know why," she faltered. "My father does not like you. Need I say more?"

He pressed the hand he was still holding and smiled down upon her from his athletic height.

"You needn't have said that much. I have good cause to know it. And that makes your loyalty and goodness of heart all the more wonderful to me, Miss Margery. I hope the time will come when I can show you how much I appreciate—"

She snatched her hand away and turned from him. Though he meant it not, he was slipping into the conventional attitude and it was more than she could bear just then. "Good-by," she said, abruptly, and before he could offer to help her she ran out, sprang into the low phaeton and drove rapidly away.

Raymer stood at the office door and watched her out of sight. Then he went back to his desk and sat down to fall into a musing excursion which led him far away from the matter in hand—the matter of the strike and its probable composition in terms of peace. At the end of the reverie, one of its conclusions slipped into speech.

"They may say what they please about her—the mother and Gerty—and the most of the things they say are true; but away down deep in her heart, under nobody knows what a sandbank of trouble and hard-living, there is a vein of the purest gold. I guess I couldn't say that if I were in love with her; and yet—"

CHAPTER XXIX.

As it happened, the launch party in which Mr. Andrew Galbraith was to be a guest had to be postponed, after all, on account of the weather. Though there was no storm during the afternoon, there was a good promise of one; so Margery went about to ask the invited ones to save the afternoon of the following day for her.

While she was doing this, the good results of her morning's work among the wives of the strikers, culminated, first in a meeting of the men in Labor Hall, and a little later in a visit of a deputation of the strikers to the office of the iron works. Griswold and Raymer were both there, and when the trouble came to be discussed without heat, and with a mutual disposition to give and take, it was wonderful how the difficulties were surmounted each in its turn.

The upshot of the conference was a compromise duly acceded to by all concerned; and the following morning the hideous steam siren of the iron works announced to all and sundry within a radius of half a dozen miles that the long strike was ended.

It was characteristic of the two partners that the relaxing of the strain affected them in diametrically opposite ways. Raymer flung himself into the work of the office with all the joyous abandon of a schoolboy whose vacation has been over-long. But Griswold took a holiday, rioting in his release from the strain, and meaning to spend the better part of the day alone on the lake in his catboat.

Oddly enough, he was diverted from this plan not once, but a dozen times during the forenoon. First he had to go with Raymer to be present at the opening of the firm's account at the Farmers' and Mechanics' bank. Then he chanced to meet Griffin, and when he would have made a mere greeting of that, was drawn aside to smoke a social cigar with the detective in the lobby of the St. James.

A chat about everything in general and nothing in particular went with the cigar burning, and it was at the very end of it that Griswold noticed a most astonishing change come upon his companion! a change so marked that he thought Griffin was taken suddenly ill—thought it and said so.

Griffin shook his head in denial.

"I guess it must have been suggestion," he said, evasively. "You have a very vivid way of describing things, Mr. Griswold, and your telling me about that attack of typhoid gave me the sympathetic qualms."

This was what he said, but it was no more than half of the truth. It was not the fact of the fever, but some mention of the time of it that had moved him; and when Griswold was gone, he sauntered over to the clerk's desk to ask a question.

"You told me once, awhile ago, that Mr. Griswold was sick here in the house," he began. "Was that last spring, or was it late in the winter?"

"I don't remember, but I'll look and see," said the clerk. And he looked and saw, and this time gave his questioner the correct date of Griswold's arrival in Wahaska.

Griffin moved away with his hands deep in his pockets and his lips drawn into a thin, straight line. This was the last broken link in the chain of evidence, and Griswold's dropped word and the clerk's answer had welded it. Kenneth Griswold was the man who had robbed the Bayou bank, who had exchanged identities with John Gavitt on the "Belle Julie," who had talked with Charlotte Farnham and had fallen straightway in love with her, who had disappeared in St. Louis, only to reappear in Wahaska 12 hours later.

Truly, he was the man to whose finding Griffin had given many weeks of more or less valuable time. But, alas! for the ends of even-handed justice, he was also the man who had lately saved the life of one Griffin.

Griswold went his way from the hotel, little thinking that he had blown the forge fire for the welding of the broken link. It was so near noon that he thought he would go to Mrs. Holcomb's for luncheon before going out in the Sprite. But when he was fairly in sight of the Holcomb gate, he was again turned aside. This time it was Dr. Farnham, loosing his horse at the Digby's hitching post.

"You're worse than a stranger," said the good doctor, "and you haven't a busy man's excuse. Get in here and let me take you home for a bite of bread and butter. Charlotte was asking only this morning if you had left town."

Griswold did as he was told to do, thinking himself more and more a puppet of chance for that day. At the house on the lake brink he was made very welcome, notwithstanding he had not darkened its door since the night of the dinner party and the riot. Charlotte was cordial—nay, something more; was evidently glad to see him; this though he made sure that some remains of the barrier he had raised in his blundering was still between them.

After luncheon they all went out on the lakeside veranda; and later, when the doctor had driven away, and Miss Gilman had gone in for her siesta, Griswold made a bold proposal.

"The afternoon is perfect, Miss Charlotte, and the breeze has fallen to a 'Badygale.' Will you trust yourself to go out with me in the Sprite?"

Now Charlotte could be as conventional as Miss Grierson was reckless of the conventions; but there were many things waiting to be said to Mr. Kenneth Griswold, and she made the possible opportunity her excuse. So she put the conventionalities aside and said she would go.

Griswold left her when she went in to get ready, and had the cat-boat unmoored and around at the Farnham landing when she came out and ran down the lawn. He handed her into the boat and placed the cushions for her; and when he was shoving off, the Grierson launch put off from the Mereside pier with a gay party grouped under the red and white striped awning.

The two craft passed within a hundred feet of each other, and Griswold lifted his hat to Margery. A little later, Charlotte took her cue from the incident.

"You asked my advice about something a few evenings ago," she began. "Did you take it?"

"I made a consummate fool of myself a few evenings ago," was his reply.

"Did you?" she countered, with sweet frigidity. And then: "Am I to take that as an answer to my question?"

"No. My foolishness didn't go the length of an appeal to Miss Grierson."

"Didn't it? I thought, from a word or two that Edward let fall, that Miss Grierson was in some way responsible for the ending of the strike."

"So she was; but not at any asking of mine. In fact, I haven't seen her since that night—not to speak to her."

"What did she do?" asked Charlotte, mildly curious.

"I don't know; really. Raymer is as dumb as an oyster on that point. All he would tell me was that Miss Grierson had found a woman's way out of the trouble, and had taken it."

Charlotte was silent for a time, for so long a time that the cat-boat had made a good offing before she spoke again. And when she did speak, it was not of Miss Grierson, or of the strike; it was of the weather. Off in the west a little cloud was mounting, and she pointed it out.

"Does that mean more wind?" she queried.

"I think not," said Griswold. "But if it does, I'll run in at once."

"I am afraid you think I am a sorry coward of wind and water," she ventured after a little. "I used not to be. I used to have a boat of my own, and go out in almost any weather. But since the capsizing of the Mysie—"

"Were you here then?" asked Griswold. The sinking of the steam yacht Mysie with all on board in one of the sudden summer squalls some years before was the major tragedy of the lake, and it had had a full column in the New York papers.

"I was here, and—and I saw it. It happened just a little way out from our pier. Oh, it was dreadful!" she shuddered. "To see them drowning and not to be able to do one little thing to help them."

Griswold nodded in sympathy. "I can understand. Shall we go about?"

The cloud in the west, which had been no bigger than the 'Sprite's' mainsail had suddenly grown to half the width of the horizon, and cool little puffs of wind were coming across the lake.

"Do as you would if you were alone," she said. "I am not afraid—with you."

None the less, Griswold put the helm of the catboat down and stood in for the Wahaskan shore. For a few lengths the "Sprite" shot ahead, and then a dead calm, the lull before the approaching storm, came and sat upon the face of the waters, and the boat merely rose and fell with flapping sail. It was too late to retreat.

Griswold measured the possibilities in a swift backward glance at the darkened sky, put the tiller into Charlotte's hands and went to double-reef the mainsail. He would have scorned to do it had he been alone, but he was tender of Charlotte—tender of her fears.

When the last reef-point was tied, he took his place at the helm again, and they waited in silence while the black cloud climbed the sky-arch and blotted out the sun. Still the breeze did not come, and Griswold watched with growing anxiety, always with Charlotte's fears in mind.

While they waited, the Grierson launch came around the southern end of the island, gliding shoreward with a curling feather of spray under its cutwater and a broad wake of foam in its track. In midflight, however, the engines were stopped, and when they were set in motion again, the launch was made to sweep a short half circle to meet the coming storm, bows on. Griswold saw and shook his head.

"Whoever is responsible for that is a fool," he said, bluntly. And then, with sudden emphasis: 'Hold hard, and don't be afraid; here it comes!"

Almost as he spoke, the surface of the lake blackened and went flat under the broom-sweep of the squall, and a moment later the "Sprite" was buried in a smother of fierce-flying foam. The gallant little boat shook

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

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