

WITH THE SILENCE.

Far from the riot and rush of the throng—
Out where the Silence is singing a song—
Singing a song where the storm-thunders
cease,
Deep with God's peace!

Far from the plains where the red cities
gleam—
Out where the Silence is weaving a dream—
Dream of glad earth and true heaven above,
Great with God's love!

Far from the cares and the hopes and the
fears—
Out where the Silence is deeper than tears—
Glad of the solitude deep as the Night,
Lost in God's light!

—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

A Knave of Conscience

By FRANCIS LYNDE.

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CHAPTER XXV.—CONTINUED.

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 ketch'd 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 themselves, don't they?"

"But why?" Griswold demanded.

The big man snorted scornfully.

"Tain't no use for you to play innocent 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 hush-bending 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 words to his accuser, and a dozen to the man whom the 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 all through the colloquy as if the subject matter of it concerned him not at all. But now he spoke; three words to his accuser, and a dozen to the man whom the devils were assaulting.

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"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 a 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 snapshot 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 do 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.

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 recountal.

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 uninterrupted, 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, but it went out suddenly as if at the bidding of a will stronger than any up-flush 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.

[To Be Continued.]

CAUSE FOR AVOIDING CHURCH.

Long-Winded and Vociferous Bishop Found No Favor with a Child.

There is a certain bishop whose piety is unquestioned, but who has an unfortunate habit of preaching very long sermons. He has, besides, an exceedingly sonorous voice, and people living anywhere within a block of his church can hear him without taking the trouble to enter the sanctuary. A few Sundays ago he was announced to preach at a popular church and the family who entertained him had a little daughter who was very fond of attending service. When the family got ready little Elsie flatly refused to go with them, says a London paper.

"I don't want to go to church," she declared.

"What's the matter?" asked the mother, much surprised, "are you ill?"

"I don't like the bishop," confessed the child.

"Oh, Elsie, that's a wicked thing to say!" gasped the mother.

"I hate the bishop," insisted the little one.

"Tell mother why," said the hostess.

"Well," said Elsie, confidently, "the bishop preaches so long that I can't keep awake and he preaches so loud that I can't go to sleep." As the divine tells the story on himself, it is probably true.

MIGHT UNDERSTAND ENGLISH.

An Irish Woman's Consolation to a Priest Who Did Not Speak Gaelic.

A few weeks ago a visitor to a London workhouse found an old Irish woman in one of the wards very ill and thought it advisable that she should see the priest without delay, relates a London exchange. A few days afterward, when the old woman had rallied a little, the visitor said to her:

"Well, Mrs. O'Connor, did the priest come to you?"

She replied: "Yes, avie, but I was surprised to find a gentleman like him so ignorant!"

"Ignorant! What do you mean?"

"Shure, he knows no Irish." Mrs. O'Connor knew her prayers in Irish, but could not say them in English.

"Well, that is unfortunate," the lady replied.

"Yes," said the old woman, "and the crathur, he was so fretted about it I said to him: 'Well, never mind, father, God Almighty understands almost all languages, and who knows but he he might untherstand the English.'"

Roman Alphabet in Japan.

The Roman alphabet grows more and more in favor with the nations of the earth. The latest country to take steps toward its adoption is Japan. The government recently appointed a commission to draw up a plan whereby Japanese writing may be made to conform to modern English and French forms. In China progress in the same direction is reported, and missionaries there say that the old and inflexible sign-writing is sure to go. Germany is rapidly falling into line, and the number of books and pamphlets printed in Roman characters increases year by year. In Russian, however, the individual alphabet peculiar to that country still shows no sign of a change—the one country whose literature is almost inaccessible to the foreign-born student. But from a broad survey it seems inevitable that eventually the one alphabet—the Roman—will rule the world.—Harper's Weekly.

GOSSIP THAT IS OF INTEREST TO THE SPORTS AND ATHLETES