

COMRADERY.

Good comrade mine, I do not care  
Along what path our feet shall fare,  
So be we toss our burdens by,  
And wander free beneath the sky,  
Hale brethren of the sun and air.

A Knave of Conscience  
By FRANCIS LYNDE.

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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 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.

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.

"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 meet 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 lugging 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 tout 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 tale 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'm; may I 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.

"I'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?"

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.

"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 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 meddling. But I also hope you will send an experienced land looker whom you can trust absolutely before you let that check pass. Good morning."

"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 doubtful 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 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-swing 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 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.

"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 assailed 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.

"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—"

[To Be Continued.]

SUBDUING A BULLY.

How a Russian Lady Brought a Brutal Manchu Noble to Her Feet.

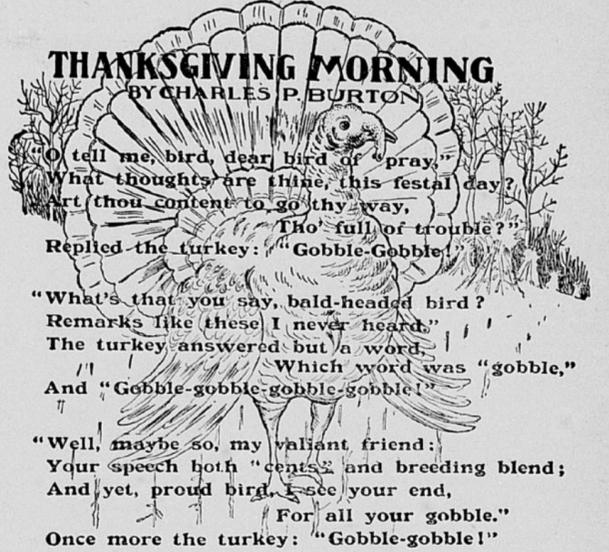
The Siberian railroad traverses the greatest wilderness that steam has ever been set to conquer. The taming of our western prairies and mountains was a small task compared to this subjection of the Siberian wastes.

An experience on a train, related by a writer in a Vladivostok paper, reminds one of the early stage coach days beyond the Mississippi, and seems even more violent because the participants in the adventure were not rough plainsmen and mountaineers, but a lady and a nobleman, says the Youth's Companion.

When the train pulled up at Tsitsikar in Manchuria, a Manchu noble, who had bullied all his fellow passengers, alighted at the station restaurant, after warning them that he would decapitate any of them who took his seat.

During his absence a smartly dressed young Russian lady entered the car, and, despite the alarmed expostulations of its occupants, calmly appropriated the seat.

When the noble returned he flew into a passion, and advanced threateningly with his curved saber drawn. But the young woman coolly covered him with a shining revolver.



EARLY THANKSGIVING Day of the Puritans Differed But Little from That of To-Day.

It Was a Time of Feasting and Mirth Rather Than of Fasting and Prayer—The First New England Thanksgiving.

THE first New England Thanksgiving was a Thanksgiving week, rather than a Thanksgiving day. And, though we are apt to think of it as a religious celebration, it was really, that first one, a season marked by feasting and jollity; very much as is our Thanksgiving of to-day.

The Plymouth Pilgrims, who had toiled arduously a whole twelvemonth from the time of landing, knowing little of relaxation save the rest required on the Sabbath, when the harvest for 1621 was in, agreed together the time to play had come.

It was decided that there should be held a period of general rejoicing and thanksgiving, and careful preparation was made for the event. Four hunters were dispatched for Gov. Bradford to bring in game for the colony, and these doughty followers of the chase returned with a day's spoils sufficient to provide the whole company for a week.

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by redskins, there being only 55 of the former. There were but four women and a few young girls to take part in the celebration, or in the preparations for the celebration. It is to be hoped some of the men were skilled in getting eatables ready, otherwise that small handful of women-folk must have been grievously overworked in providing refreshment for the merry-makers.

In 1623 a drought threatened the brave Pilgrim settlers, but the needed rain fell after a day spent by all in fasting and prayer; so the next Thanksgiving differed somewhat from the one of two years before in that it was observed in testimony of gratitude for answer to prayer.

In 1630, in February, on the day now celebrated as Washington's natal day, the first public Thanksgiving was held in Boston by the Bay colony. At this festival thanks were offered for "the safe arrival of food-bearing and food-bringing ships."

At first it was quite difficult to get the various localities to feel thankful at the same time, a Rhode Islander not always being in the grateful mood at the time the Massachusetts folk were, and they did not always agree on the subjects supposed to call forth thanks; now plentiful harvests arousing gratitude in one community, now deliverance from Indians in another, deliverance from disease in still another.

In 1680, there is good reason to believe, Thanksgiving was kept generally as an annual festival. During the revolution it became a national holiday, but after the Thanksgiving for Peace in 1784 it was omitted until 1789. In that year, Washington, according to advice from congress, appointed the last Thursday in November for national observance.

The west, largely peopled by easterners, has long been devoted to the keeping of Thanksgiving, but it was not until 1858 that the south adopted the Yankee holiday. To-day it is veritably a national institution, observed by Americans of all classes, of all localities. KATHERINE POPE.



Pride Goeth Before a Fall.