

REMEMBRANCE.

We think of long-past moments,
The day we say good-by;
The tear we do not care to show
Comes stealing to the eye;
The voice that lulled us long ago
Is treacherous and sad;
The busy city far away
Has lost the charm it had;
The peacock's cry is shrill, as though
Protesting, and her hands
Are pressed against her eyes, as we
Look back where mother stands.

With prayers to Him above us,
We hurry on the way,
And leave the ones who love us—
Too proud, alas, to stay!

We soon forget the heartache,
The tears soon cease to blind;
We soon forget to pray at night
For those we leave behind;
We hurry on to gain the height,
We strive for wealth and place,
And in our eagerness forget
The dear, pathetic face—
But some one's hair keeps turning white,
And while we push ahead
A prayer God first heard long ago
For us each night is said.

Though we forget they love us
And lose our old regret,
The God who reins above us
Knows that they ne'er forget.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

A Knave of Conscience

By FRANCIS LYNDE.

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CHAPTER XXX.—CONTINUED.

Andrew Galbraith was silent on the short run before the gale to the pier-head at the foot of Main street. For one thing, he was not a man of many words; and for another, he was chilled through and thoroughly uncomfortable.

None the less, he made shift to thank his rescuers in fitting phrase at the point of debarkation, and to intimate, as a gentleman might, that his gratitude would wait upon a fitting opportunity to take a more substantial form. Charlotte offered to walk home, that Griswold might see Mr. Galbraith safe to his hotel, but this the old man would by no means permit.

"Na, na," he said, relapsing, as he did now and then, into the Scottish mother-tongue. "I'm wet as any drowned rat, but I'm not that badly fashed. Take the ledly home, Mr. Griswold, and do you two be seeing after yourselves. You're as wet as I am."

Accordingly, Griswold accompanied Charlotte to her own gate, and then went home to change his clothes. Just what he meant to do afterwards was not very clearly defined, but during the changing interval he made up his mind with sudden determination. Whatever should come of it, the thing for which all other things must wait must be said. He had reached the parting of the ways; he knew, as he might have known from the moment of love-making on the "Belle Julie," that life without Charlotte to share it with him would henceforth be no more than a shadow of the real.

He had a good excuse for going straight away back to Dr. Farnham's. The very least he could do would be to call and ask if she had come through the adventure with no worse consequence than a shock and a wetting. And yet, when he had let himself out of Mrs. Holcomb's gate he did not go directly to the house on the lake's edge. Instead, he made a long detour, walking aimlessly and deeply buried in thought. This thing which he was about to do was not to be done lightly. So far from it, the more he pondered over it the more he realized that it was likely to prove the turning point in his life. Now, that he gave himself the backward glance which he had steadily refused since the morning of the Bayou bank incident to take, he saw that he had been living tentatively; passing from day to day as one who waits upon the event of the day; looking neither backward nor forward. Though he had worked faithfully, doing the thing that lay next to his hand, he knew now that his work, on his book or in the office with Raymer, had been purely extrinsic to any well-considered future. But now the future demanded thoughtful consideration—would have it, whether or no; and, as was inevitable, the past colored every forecasting picture.

For one thing, he had come to that stone of stumbling which he had forseen in his earliest imaginings touching his future relations with Charlotte. Without being unduly besotted, the hope that he should not plead with her in vain was almost an assurance. If he could gain his own consent to let the past lie buried in oblivion, the vista of the future opened out before him with all the barriers to happiness brushed aside. And yet, try as he might to resolve to hold his peace touching the past, he could not bring himself to the point of taking her conscience unawares. He was far enough from realizing that his own conscience was interposing this obstacle. He thought, when he allowed himself to think in that direction, that he had settled the conscientious scruples for himself once and for all. Nevertheless, there had been moments, brief, fleeting moments, for the most part, when he would have given the reversion of years of life to be as he had been before the pistol-drawing incident in Andrew Galbraith's private office. But these little upflashes of remorse had been but match flares, going out in a sudden whiff of the wind of finality. For the thing was done irrevocably and could never be undone.

In the aimless detour which led him from street to street and finally

into a road that brought him out upon the lake front far from town, these things all came up to a hearing, and he gave them room patiently, as a judge hears a plea that he knows well he must disregard. The storm was over, and the sun was setting in all the glory of the broken cloud rack in the west. Griswold had the artist's eye for nature's grandeur, and at another time the sunset would have held him spellbound. But now he plodded along with hands behind him and his head down, seeing nothing but the all too clear vista of the past, and that other vista of the future which had but now become a valley of shadows.

So plodding along the lake drive, he came at length to the boundaries of Jasper Grierson's domain, and almost before he knew it, he was climbing the path to Mereside. At the very veranda steps he came alive to some sense of what he was about to do, and would have stopped to weigh the consequences—to turn back, it may be. But a trim little figure slipped from a hammock at the corner of the veranda and Margery came to meet him.

"I'm so glad," she said, standing at the steps to give him both her hands in welcome. "I did so hope you would come."

CHAPTER XXXI.

However much or little Griswold ever meant to say to Margery Grierson on any of his visits to Mereside, she never suffered him to follow out any programme of his own. She did not do it now; and when he would have spoken about the loss of the launch and her own narrow escape from drowning, she turned him aside with a word.

"It was an accident, and accidents are always happening," she said, lightly. "Nobody was drowned, and I hope nobody will be silly enough to take cold. That wasn't why I was hoping you would come."

"No?" he said, following her as she led the way to a wicker tete-a-tete in the hammock corner.

"No. Sit down and be prepared to give me what I have never had; a good, sound flogging of advice—a cool-headed man's advice. You'll do it if I can make you understand how much I need it."

His smile was self-depreciative. "You have hit upon the worst possible man, I fear. I'm more in need of counsel myself than able to give it."

She regarded him with a curious little smile twitching at the corners of her piquant mouth. "Are there two of us?" she asked.

He saw beyond and behind the smile; saw troubled depths in the bright eyes, and was suddenly moved to pity, though why she should be pitted he could not guess. The pity was the first step on the way to other things, but this he did not suspect. He was conscious only of a certain pleasure in her nearness; flattered a little, too, as any man would be, by her implied promise to take help from him.

"I can't imagine your leaning on anyone," he said. "But if a broken reed will serve your purpose—"

"Hush!" she commanded. "That is conventional cant, and you know it. You are not living up to your pose here in Wahaska. You may think you are, but you are not."

"I don't know why you should say that."

"If I couldn't say it, I shouldn't be asking your advice," she retorted. "Not many people here know the real Kenneth Griswold, but I think I do."

Griswold smiled. "Describe him to me, and I may tell you if you are right."

There was a little pause, and though she was looking past him, there was a certain raptness in her eyes that was new to him.

"He is a very ruthless man at heart," she said, speaking slowly; "hard and unbending, and terribly self-centered, but with eyes that see through all shams but his own. He thinks thoughts and would do deeds that would shock conventional morality to a state of coma; and yet conventionality is his god. Am I right?"

Griswold took time to think about it. "Perhaps you are," he said, at length.

"I am going to assume it," she went on, "and ask him—the real Kenneth Griswold, you know—to lend me those hard, un pitying, all-seeing eyes of his. May I?"

"If I say 'yes' it is without prejudice to the right of protest."

She waved the condition aside in a quick little gesture of impatience, and what she said seemed altogether irrelevant.

"In your opinion, Mr. Griswold, how far may a father go in demanding the loyalty of his child?"

The question was so totally unexpected that Griswold had once more to take time to think about it.

"If you mean in the ethical field, I should say his right stops this side of wrong-doing."

"Thank you. Now supposing that the father of a young woman pressed his demands beyond that point; would she be justified in open rebellion?"

"In refusing, to be sure."

"No, but in rebellion—in open reprisals, I mean?"

"I don't know; possibly the circumstances in some particular case might justify open rebellion. But I can hardly conceive the conditions."

"Can't you? Let me see if I can suppose them for you. Picture to yourself an unhappy marriage—the unhappiest of all in a world of unhappy marriages. Let the blame of it lie where it may fall, on either side, but remember that the man was brutal and the woman was weak. Suppose there was a child, who, in-

stead of being a bond between them, was a bone of contention. Do you follow me?"

"Perfectly."
She was looking past him again, and there was a certain quality of hardness in her voice that spoke of unsuspected depths of bitterness. Yet she went on steadily.

"Suppose when this child grew up she was compelled to choose between the mother who needed her and the father who could gratify her ambitions. Suppose, if you can, that she made some sort of a compromise with the little speck of conscience she had and went with the father who, if he was brutal, was also strong."

She paused again; and he said: "Well?"

"I—I am afraid I am boring you." The eyes were downcast now.

"No, you are not. Go on."

"Well, let us say that after a time, this girl, who had some of her father's hardness and some of her mother's weakness, came to see that she had taken the winning side merely because it was the winning side; that she was helping her father to become harder and more pitiless than ever; that she was really helping him to—ruin other people who couldn't fight as well. Then you are to imagine, if you find it possible, that her speck of a conscience rose up in rebellion; that the father tried to bribe her to be loyal, and that she took the bribe and afterward went about deliberately to upset all his plans for ruin—getting the best of other people. Don't you think such a young woman would be an object of contempt to any really good man?"

There was not any of the hardness with which she had dowered him in her description in the eyes that met hers. In the room of it, there was something she did not understand.

"It would depend somewhat upon the man," he said, slowly; "and much more upon a thing quite extrinsic to all these conditions you have been supposing for me."

"Yes?" she said, and she could no longer meet his gaze fairly.

"Yes. If the man, knowing all these hard conditions, still loves you, Margery—"

She interrupted him with a sudden, fierce energy. "Oh, but he couldn't, Mr. Griswold, indeed he couldn't!"



IT WAS FROM MARGERY.

Her hand was on the low dividing rail of the tete-a-tete, and he covered it with his own.

"The man loves you with all his heart, Margery, and will always love you, no matter what you tell him about yourself or your past."

"Oh, Kenneth!—may I call you Kenneth?—If I could only be sure of that!"

"You may be sure of it now and always. But—but, Margery, dear, you must cherish that speck of a conscience, for I happen to know that this mythical man sets great store by conscience—will be very unhappy if it is lacking in the woman he loves."

She was standing before him now, and her eyes were alight from within. But what she would have said is not to be here written down. For at that moment there was a heavy step on the gravel and some one came to interrupt. It was Andrew Galbraith, calling with old-school punctilio to see if his hostess had suffered in the accident on the lake.

CHAPTER XXXII.

When Griswold took his leave of Miss Grierson, which he did as soon as he could after Mr. Galbraith's coming, he did not go to Dr. Farnham's. On the contrary, he went to his room at Mrs. Holbrook's, and spent the hour before dinner tramping up and down with his hands behind him and with a sharper trouble than he had ever known gnawing ruthlessly at his peace of mind.

All through the talk with Margery, and up to the very instant of interruption, he had made sure that her thinly veiled hypothesis revolved about one Edward Raymer. But at the last moment, this conviction had trembled upon its pedestal and tottered to its fall. He thought he had come to know Margery pretty well—well enough to be sure that she would not misunderstand anything that he might have said. But when he came to weigh those sayings of his in the light of a possible misconstruction he was moved to grind his teeth in a very manly agony of shame.

He had neither weighed nor measured them at the time—being so sure that Raymer was the man; but in that last little outburst of hers there was room for a most disquieting doubt; and since a man may be a knave of conscience and still be a gentleman, Griswold despised himself very heartily after the fact, going so far as to question his right to go to Charlotte until after this terrible doubt was drawn and quartered and

decently buried out of sight and beyond the possibility of a resurrection.

It was during this ante-dinner interval of self-recrimination on Griswold's part that two men met behind a closed door in a first-floor chamber of the summer hotel on the Point. One of them was Mr. Andrew Galbraith, but now returned from his call on Miss Grierson. The other was a shrewd-faced man, as yet in the prime of life; a man with a square jaw and thin lips and ferret eyes. Mr. Galbraith held a cigar between his fingers, but it had gone out. The other was smoking a Regalia, and its subtle fragrance filled the room.

"You think you are sure of your man this time, are you, Griffin?" said the banker.

The detective blew a smoke-cloud toward the ceiling and nodded slowly. "There isn't a shadow of doubt about his identity, now."

"Then, pardon me, Mr. Griffin, why do you come to me. Why don't you make your arrest and take the man to New Orleans? I'll be there to appear against him at the fall term of court."

"I don't rightly know why I have ever to you." The detective's reply was as hesitant as his nod had been. "I've put the irons on some queer customers in my time, and I don't know as I ever hung back till now. But this fellow—"

"State your case," said the banker, briefly. "I can't conceive of anything which would come between you and your sworn duty."

"That's it; that's just it. Neither could I. But something has come between, this trip. First off, I got to know the fellow pretty well before I found out who he was, and—well, he sort of captured me, as you might say. He wasn't anybody's hold-up; he was just a nice, square, clean-cut gentleman, all open and above-board. Pretty soon after that, he did me a considerable of a good turn—took some trouble to do it. About that time I began to suspect who he was, and not to be owing him when it came to the handcuff act, I tried to even up on that good turn of his. That's where I fell down. Instead of squaring the thing, I got in deeper, and the cool-headed beggar saved my life, out and out. Now that's my hotbox, Mr. Galbraith. What would you do if the fellow saved your life?"

Andrew Galbraith answered off-hand, as a man will when the supposition is only an hypothesis which can by no means be transmuted into facts personal.

"I should do my duty, of course. This would be an unenviable world to live in, Mr. Griffin, if we let personal considerations stand in the way of plain duty."

[To Be Continued.]

NOT TO BE TRIFLED WITH.

An Arab Wife Who Upheld Her Honor by Behaving Her Worthless Husband.

The Times of India tells the following story to show the character of the Arabs of Yemen, among whom there had been some disturbances, says London Telegraph. A man of Zaranik, who had several times cut the new telegraph lines, and who was punished more than once, was caught on one occasion by an Arab sheik in charge of the lines. The sheik intended to send him to Meedy for imprisonment, but the wife of the accused came in and stood as a guarantee for his future good behavior. The sheik accepted the bail and released him, but shortly afterward he again resorted to his old practice of cutting the wires, and bolted away to another village, at a distance of one day's march, where he had another wife. The sheik then sent for his first wife who stood security for him, and told her he would disgrace her among the Arabs if she failed to bring in her husband. The woman asked the sheik not to "spread the black sheet" (a custom of the country when anyone commits a breach of trust) until the following day. She started that night, taking a sharp dagger concealed under her clothes, to the village where her husband was staying. She found him asleep in his abode, and stabbed him, cut his throat, and carried his head back to her home. The next morning she went to the sheik and presented the head of her husband, saying: "Here is your criminal, and I am freed from the bail. Please do not affix the black sheet."

The Proper Place.

"What on earth," said a gentleman to his son, "are you doing up there, Johnny, sitting on the horse's back with a pencil and paper, when you ought to be at school?"

"Teacher said I was to write a composition on a horse," said the boy, "and I'm trying to; but it's awful difficult, 'cos he will keep moving so. I s'pose that's why teacher gave it to us to do, ain't it?"—Tit-Bits.

Discovery of Iron.

Teacher—Johnny, can you tell me how iron was first discovered?

Johnny—Yes, sir.

"Well, just tell the class what your information is on that point."

"I heard pa say yesterday that they smelt it."—London Spare Moments.

The Only Way.

Cholly—By Jove, guide! I've bagged a bird at last.

The Guide—That's jest 'cos yer took my advice an' stopped aimin' at 'em. I've told yer right along dat by shuttin' yer eyes an' blazin' away at a flock you would sooner or later git one.—Judge.

Keep Away from the Clock.

Every time a lazy man looks at the clock the day becomes longer.—Chicago Daily News.

Bowling--Football--The Races

Gossip on Three Subjects of Interest to the Athletes.

BOWLING



ERNEST FORSBERG.

To make a perfect score in bowling is the ambition of every roller. It is possible to score 12 straight strikes in a regulation game, and the feat has been performed in actual competition. But just now the bowlers are much exercised over the question, "Who is the original 300 man?" Ben Stell's recent score of 300 in a league competition series in Chicago gave that worthy young bowler a chance to resurrect his old photographs for use in the daily papers.

Investigation proves the right of Ernest Forsberg, of Rockford, Ill., to be called the "original 300 score man." That Forsberg's mark was made under conditions equally as good as Stell's cannot be doubted when consideration is given to the facts. It was March 7, 1902, that Forsberg rolled 300 and followed it with 171 and 208, an average of 226 for the evening. No one will attempt to disparage Stell's sensational rolling, but the fact remains that Rockford is entitled to credit just as much as Chicago.

In a scheduled contest between the Maroon and Columbia teams of the East Rockford Bowling league Friday evening, March 7, on Fred Johnson's regulation alleys, provided with official pins and balls of the required conditions, Forsberg, a member of the Maroons, rolled his perfect score. The foul line rule was in vogue and Reynold Rosene acted as foul judge. There can be no question that the score was bona-fide. Manager G. T. Swenson, of the alleys; F. S. Edmison, sporting editor of the Rockford Star, and H. S. Needham, another newspaper man, attested the score.

Inasmuch as Forsberg's mark was made early in the year and everything seems to point to the use of proper pins, well set up and with no reports of "sloppy" strikes, it might be well for followers of the sport to give the Rockford boy credit for being the first roller to make a perfect score in a league contest. The only authentic case of a 300 score with regulation paraphernalia ever made up to the time Forsberg got his was the work of Martin Kern, but his mark was not obtained in a league match. April 14, of this year, W. P. Mackey, with foul line judges and regulation paraphernalia, rolled a perfect score on the Colonial alleys in Chicago, but that was in a two-man tourney. The former record for a five-man team scheduled competition was held by Charles (Blitzen) Walters, of Brooklyn. He rolled 298 in a league game at home, in 1900. Stell came very close to missing his 300. He had a "sloppy" strike with his eighth ball, and the last ball, too, messed the pins. But all strikes look alike on the score board.

FOOTBALL



COACH YOST.

When I facetiously proposed for Coach F. H. Yost, of the football eleven of Michigan 'varsity, the following: Coat-of-arms—gridiron flamboyant; crest—a nose guard, and motto—"Mile a minute, point a minute," I did not know that an exultant Michigan alumni would take it up. But so great has been the success of "Hurry Up" Yost with the Wolverines that the men of the maize and blue are determined to give the big fellow all honor even if they have to frame up some ridiculous design in heraldry.

What of this instructor in gridiron tactics who is under the strongest

calcium light of the public? He began his football career at the University of Virginia, where he was on the 'varsity for two seasons. History sayeth not much about his work there, for he was like scores of other ambitious gridiron athletes—afraid that he might get called hard if he announced he had too much ambition.

But it was when he went to Lafayette and made the position of tackle on the best eleven this tight little school ever had that he began to shine. Lafayette defeated Pennsy 6 to 4 with Yost in the line-up for the school that has given Best and Yost as good samples of coaches. Singularly fortunate has Yost been in his tutelage. The first year he tried coaching he went to Ohio Wesleyan, 1897, and Wesleyan not only won the state championship but held Michigan to a tie score, 0 to 0.

The next year Yost drifted to Nebraska, where the whole community is now "football crazy," and with a lot of raw material he turned out a team that defeated the cornhusker's old rival, Kansas, 18 to 6, and captured the championship of the Western Intercollegiate league. Kansas wanted to "get back." She desired the pennant and wanted to defeat Drake, Missouri and Nebraska, and Yost was thought to be the man who could put the necessary ginger into the eleven. He was engaged and Dame Fortune once more smiled on Yost. Drake was removed from the sunflower boy's path, Nebraska was beaten in a terrific battle, 36 to 20, although Nebraska's scoring was done by one man, who dropped four goals from the field. Winning from Missouri, Kansas had a clear title to the western league pennant. The fame of Yost climbed the Rockies and Leland Stanford in 1900 got him to coach. For two successive seasons Stanford's rival, the University of California, had captured premier honors. But Yost commanded the Stanford team and his "hurry up" methods won out.

THE RACES



STARTER RICHARD DWYER.

It is a mystery to many who read of princely racetrack salaries why a man should get \$50, \$75 or \$100 a day for waving a little red flag and thereby starting fields of horses in running races. But large as the remuneration may seem, there is a dearth of men sufficiently qualified to earn the payment. That there must be a great deal more to the work than simply waving the flag and crying: "Come on, come on, boys," is apparent to the man who gives it a moment's thought. It may be that a man may spend 20 years of his life with horses and only last two months as a starter. Again he may be unable to earn the fee of the sorriest space writer in any other avocation but race track work.

"When you consider the responsibility of the starter's position," remarked "Dick" Dwyer to me the other day, "the pay of the starter is none too large. He must be able to bear the criticism of jockeys, judges, owners and the public. The latter makes and unmake a starter about as rapidly as it does a stage idol. Of course the latter-day starting with the barrier simplifies matters, but the barrier is the direct outgrowth of the change in conditions in the racing business."

"I have to start under two systems—the recall flag system and the one without the recall flag. There will always be a diversity of opinion regarding the value of the latter system, but in localities where owners and track promoters desire the no recall system it, of course, has to prevail. Personally I like the recall flag system better on the principle that no man can back himself to be infallible. Once a mistake is made in dispatching a field of boys in a big race, say, without the recall flag, the starter might as well let his red flag drop good and hard, for nothing that he can do will give him another trial. But with the recall flag a false break, that does not meet with his approval, can be stopped. The boys see the recall flag and come back to line up again. The work of dropping the flag is but a fraction of the duty of the starter. That comes after moments of delay and worry getting the boys in line. Then the tricks of the riders—the thousand and one things that the high-priced jockeys think of to get the best of a start—all have to be met by the starter."

E. G. WESTLAKE.