

A Knave of Conscience

By FRANCIS LYNDE.

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CHAPTER I.

In the days before New Orleans became a modern city with trolley cars and skyscraping buildings—was it yesterday or the day before?—there was a dingy little cafe in the newspaper quarter which was well beloved of journalists, notably of that wing of the force whose hours begin late and end early.

"Chaudiere's," it was called, though I know not if that were the name of that wizen little Gascon who took toll at the desk; and it was particularly for its gumbos, its stuffed crabs and its claret, which was neither very bad nor very dear. For the rest, it had a clean, sanded floor, marble-topped tables for two, and an old-world air of recreative comfort which is rarer now, even in New Orleans, than it was yesterday or the day before.

It was at Chaudiere's that Griswold, late of New York and the coasts of bohemia, had eaten his first breakfast in the Crescent city and it was at Chaudiere's again that he shared a farewell supper with Bainbridge of the "Louisianian." Six weeks lay between this and that; forty odd days of discouragement and failure superadded upon other like days and weeks and months. The breakfast, he remembered, had been garnished with certain green sprigs of hope; but at the supper table he ate like a barbarian in arrears to his appetite, recking not that he was another man's guest.

Bainbridge had just been billeted for a run down the Central American coast to write up the banana trade for his paper. He was boyishly jubilant over the assignment, which promised to be neither more nor less than a pleasure trip; and, chancing upon Griswold, in the first flush of his elation, had dragged him around to the cafe to play second knife and fork at a small parting feast. Not that it had required much persuasion. Griswold had fasted for twenty-four hours and he would have broken bread thankfully with an enemy, to say nothing of Bainbridge, who, if he were not a full-fledged friend, was at least a friendly acquaintance.

Now, a hungry man is but poor company at best; but Bainbridge, the elated, contrived to talk for two until he had relieved his mind upon the subject of his windfall.

Then it occurred to him that Griswold was rather more than usually unresponsive—a fault not to be condoned under the circumstances. Wherefore he protested.

"What's the matter with you tonight, Kenneth? You're more than commonly grumpy—and that's saying a good deal."

Griswold took the last roll from the plate and buttered it methodically.

"Am I? I was more than commonly hungry. But go on; I'm listening."

"That's comforting as far as it goes, but I should think you might say something more or less appropriate. You don't have a chance to congratulate lucky people every day."

Griswold looked up with a scowl that was almost ill-natured, and quoted cynically: "Unto everyone that hath shall be given; and from him that hath not, even that he hath shall be taken away from him."

Bainbridge laughed tolerantly. "By Jove, Kenneth, a man up a tree would say you envied me."

"I do," rejoined Griswold, gravely. "I envy any man who can earn enough to keep the ban-dog of hunger from biting him."

"Pshaw! anybody can do that," said Bainbridge, with the air of one to whom the struggle for existence is as yet a mere phrase.

"I know that is your theory, but the facts disprove it. I can't, for one."

It's your business to be conservative. I don't, and it's mine to be radical."

"What would you have? The world's as it is, and you can't remodel it."

"Yes, I and my kind can remodel it, and we will some day when the burden has grown too heavy to be borne. The aristocracy of rank went down in fire and blood in France a century ago; that of money will come to its end here when the time is ripe."

"That's rank anarchy. I didn't know you'd gotten so far along."

"Call it what you please; names don't change facts. Listen"—Griswold leaned across the table and his eyes grew hard and the blue in them was steely—"For more than a month I have tramped the streets of this accursed city begging—yes, that's the word—begging for work of any kind that would suffice to keep body and soul together; and for more than half of that time, I've lived on one meal a day. That is what we have come to—of the submerged majority. And that isn't all; the wage-worker himself is but a serf, a chattel among the other possessions of some fellow-man who has acquired him in the plutocratic redistribution of the earth and the fullness thereof."

Bainbridge applauded in dumb show with his thumb-nails. "Turn it loose and ease your mind, old man," he said, indulgently. "I know things haven't been coming your way lately. What is your remedy?"

Griswold was fairly started now, and ridicule was as fuel to the flame.

"The money people have set us under the example. They have made us understand that might is right; that he who has may hold—if he can. The answer is simple; there is enough and to spare for all, and it belongs to all—to him who has sown the seed and watered it as well as to him who has reaped the harvest. That is a violent remedy, you will say. So be it; it is the only one that will cure the epidemic of greed. There is an alternative, but it is only theoretical."

"And that?"

"May be summed up in seven words: 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' When the man who employs—and governs—uses the power that money gives him to succeed his fellow-man, the revolution will be indefinitely postponed."

Bainbridge looked at his watch. "I must be going," he said; "the Adelantado drops down the river at eleven. But in passing I'll venture a little prophecy. You're down on your luck now, and a bit hot-headed in consequence, but some day you will strike it right and come out on top. When you do, you'll be a hard master, or I'll lose my guess."

"God do so to me and more, if I am."

"That's all right; when the time comes you remember my little vaticination. But before we shake hands

let's get back to concrete things for the minute. How are you fixed for the present, and what are you going to do?"

Griswold laughed mirthlessly. "I am 'fixed' to run twenty-four hours longer. It was too late; but what the mother died, he took the child to his own eight-by-ten attic and nursed and fed it till the missionary people took it off his hands. He did that, mind you, when he was living on two meals a day himself; and I fancy he skipped one of them to buy milk for that kid."

"Humph! And he calls himself an anarchist, does he? It's a howling pity there ain't a lot more just like him," said the detective, sententiously.

"That is what I say," Bainbridge agreed. Then, with a sudden twinge of remorse for having told Griswold's story to a stranger, he changed the subject with an abrupt question.

"Where are you headed for, Griffin?"

The detective chuckled. "You don't expect me to give it away to you—a newspaper man—do you? But I will, seeing you can't get it on the wires. I am going down to Guatemala after Mortsen."

"The defaulter? By Jove! you've found him at last, have you?"

Griffin nodded. "It takes a good while, sometimes, but I don't fall down very often when there's enough money in it to make the game worth the candle. I've been two years, off and on, trying to locate that fellow; and now I've found him he is where he can't be extradited. All the same, I'll bet you five to one he goes back with me on the next steamer. Have a fresh smoke?"

"No? Then let's turn in; it's getting late."

Little Tommy sat way back in church with his mamma. It was his first experience. Everything was wonderful to him. By and by the collection was taken, but imagine the surprise of Tommy's mother, when the usher passed the plate, to hear Tommy say: "No, thank you, I've got some money of my own."—Detroit Free Press.

Knows by Experience.

When a town man makes a little garden, he thinks every farmer ought to be the happiest man on earth.—Washington (La.) Democrat

What is the proper diet for prize-fighters," asked Dukane. "Pound cake."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"Manish sort of girl." "Is she, really?" "Very. She used the telephone for the first time in her life to-day, and she didn't giggle once."—Philadelphia Press.

"Is he as devoted as he was before they were married?" "Yes, indeed. He has not even begun to think about whether they can afford things or not."—Indianapolis News.

Unheard-Of Extravagance.—"J. Pierpont Morgan has 700 books that cost him a million and a quarter." "Gosh! He must be a mighty poor buyer. I can take \$700 and buy a million and a quarter books with it."—Chicago Tribune.

Verification of Rank.—"Did the count speak to your father?" "Yes." "What was the result?" "Oh, papa is so cautious. I couldn't quite make it all out, but I think papa told him he wanted to see a properly certified abstract of title."—Chicago Post.

First Summer Boarder.—"Jenkins must be in some financial straits; I heard him say last night that he found a great many bills against him since he came down here." Second S. B.—"Oh, he merely referred to mosquitoes."—Ohio State Journal.

Working Him.—Boroughs—"Say, old man, can you break a twenty, so I can get a five-dollar bill out of it?" Markley—"Sure; here you are. Where's your twenty?" Boroughs—"Oh, you misunderstood me. I thought you had a twenty. Thanks! One five will do."—Philadelphia Press.

"Doing It Proper."—The reporter was interviewing the western millionaire. "Is it true that you are going to endow a chair in that university?" "Endow a chair?" He thundered; "why, b'gosh, I can give a whole set of furniture, an I'll do it, too. Say that in yer paper! There ain't nothin' cheap about me."—Baltimore Herald.

HOW CHOP SUEY IS MADE.

Famous Chinese Delicacy That is Becoming a Popular Dish in the United States.

Chop suey, the national dish of China for at least 25 centuries, bids fair to become a standard food in this country. There are some 60 Chinese restaurants scattered over the different boroughs of Greater New York whose chief attraction is this popular composition and several American restaurants have endeavored to take advantage of its popularity by adding it to their daily bill of fare. There is a ridiculous amount of mystery concerning the dish. It is simple, economical and easily made, according to the New York Post. The general formula is as follows: One pound of moderately lean fresh pork, cut into pieces a quarter of an inch thick, a half an inch wide and an inch long. Two chicken livers, chopped up to the size of dice, two chicken gizzards, cut into slices the size of nickel, and each ring pinked with the lines almost meeting in the center.

The heat of cooking causes the fibers to shrink, and converts the circle into a many-pointed star. A quarter of a pound of celery cut into slivers, a quarter of a pound of canned mushrooms, and a quarter of a pound of green peas, chopped string beans, asparagus tips, bean sprouts, or safsify. These are thrown into a frying-pan over a hot fire, covered with a cup of water, four tablespoonfuls of peanut oil, olive oil, or melted butter, a tablespoonful of chopped onion, half a clove of garlic, grated salt, white pepper and red pepper.

If the fire is hot enough, these will cook in five minutes. The contents of the pan should be stirred to prevent burning, and the moment the water boils out, fresh water should be added in small quantities to prevent frying. The dish should be served promptly, and is not only palatable but wholesome and easily digested. In place of pork, mutton can be employed, while chicken liver and gizzard may be replaced by those of turkey. Some Chinese cooks use the Indian soy, which is sweeter. The effect can be imitated by adding a teaspoonful of Worcester-shire sauce and another of brown sugar or a teaspoonful of molasses. An agreeable modification results from the use of asparagus tips along with the other vegetable ingredients, while the Singapore variety is obtained by stirring in a tablespoonful of curry paste. In the Chinese restaurants the cost varies from 10 to 25 cents a plate, the more expensive dish containing a fair amount of the best imported French mushrooms.

Between Friends.

"No, Mr. Dudleigh," said the beautiful girl with the old-rose hair, "I can never be your wife, but I shall always be your friend."

"Then before I go," rejoined the young man as he calmly lit a paper-covered coffin nail, "I have one last word to say to you as a friend."

"What is it?" she asked after the manner of the curious sex.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Last winter 1,129 women were studying in the German universities. The repairs to the battleship Oregon will cost almost \$3,000,000. There are some six Europeans in the Buddhist priesthood in Burma. A Russian prophet says that the millennium is to occur in three years.

Alfred G. Vanderbilt is one of the most simple-minded of millionaires. The amount of French capital invested in China exceeds \$100,000,000. Telegraphers throughout the country are organizing and will demand higher wages.

Five thousand iron and steel workers in South Wales have been granted an increase in wages. A strike of colliery lads in three Yorkshire (Eng.) districts has thrown some 10,000 miners idle.

The bubonic plague at Canton and Shemee is of a more malignant type than that of former years. Mexican servants are said to be almost worthless, judged by the American standard of good service. In Persia the man who laughs is considered effeminate, but free license is given to female merriment.

Recent analysis of the city water at Manila showed that it was not responsible for the cholera raging there. What was probably the first public library in the United States was started in Charleston, S. C., in 1749. The bamboo holds the record among plants for quick growth. It has been known to grow two feet in 24 hours. The University of California announces the addition of two courses in sugar technology to its curriculum.

In Liverpool, which is the densest and unhealthiest district in England, the population is 63,823 to the square mile. Tablets are to be put up to mark the sites of the first schoolhouse and the first courthouse in Buffalo. The schoolhouse was built in 1807, and was destroyed when the British burned the city in 1813.

A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

Lenox, Mo., Sept. 1st.—Mr. W. H. Brown, of this place, has reason to be thankful that he has at least one friend by whose good advice he has been spared much pain and trouble. He says:

"I have had backache for over twelve months. Sometimes I could hardly get up when I was down, the pain in my back was so great."

"I tried many things but could not get anything to help me or give me relief till a good friend of mine advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills."

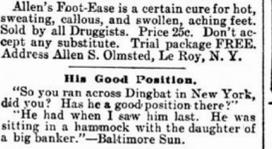
"After I had used two boxes the pain in my back had all left me and I was as well as ever I was."

"I am very thankful to Dodd's Kidney Pills for what they have done for me, and I will never forget my friend for having suggested this remedy."

FIFTY THOUSAND PEOPLE personally interviewed at their homes say Doan's Kidney Pills cured them. Thousands took advantage of this following free offer directly it was made. Friends heard of their cure; thus came the great fame of Doan's. They realized what they promised. By their direct action on kidney structure, backache, back, hip, and loin pain is removed. The conditions causing sleeplessness, heart pal-

itation, headache, and nervousness passes away; swelling of the limbs and dropsy signs vanish. They correct urine with brick dust sediment, highly colored, excessive pain in passing, dribbling, and frequency. These pills dissolve and remove calculi and gravel. They are free to readers of this paper for a few days. Cut out coupon, fill address plainly, and mail Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

You Get this Free by Cutting out this.



Booming Business. "That lobbyist seems to have a good deal of the 'long green' to blow," remarked the first congressman. "Yes," said the other, "he's working for an ordinance to allow automobiles unlimited speed."

It Cures While You Walk. Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for hot, sweating, callous, and swollen, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

His Good Position. "So you ran across Dingbat in New York, did you?" "Has he a good position there?" "He had when I saw him last. He was sitting in a hammock with the daughter of a big banker."—Baltimore Sun.

Visit the Old Home in the East. Take advantage of the low rate excursions via Erie Railroad to Indiana, Ohio and Western New York and Pennsylvania this month. One fare for the round trip Oct. 3rd to 6th. Return limit Nov. 3rd. For particulars address Erie Railroad Co., Chicago, or W. O. McNaughton, T. P. A., Erie R. R., St. Paul, Minn.

A Coincidence. It is worthy of note that Love and Justice are both represented as being blind, and that the victim of either seldom escapes.—Woman's Home Companion.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—John F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

That man is worthless who knows how to receive a favor, but not how to return one.—Plautus.

Stops the Cough and works off the cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25 cents. Any fool can attract attention.—Washington (La.) Democrat.

HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL DIPHThERIA. CROUP ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, N. Y. Please send me by mail, without charge, trial box Doan's Kidney Pills.

Name.....
Post-office.....
State.....
Name this paper.....

SAWYER'S EXCELSIOR BRAND Pommel Slickers

Keep the rider perfectly dry. No water can leak in on the saddle, extra protection at shoulder and knee. No water can get on the rider's clothes. No water can get on the rider's boots. No water can get on the rider's hands. No water can get on the rider's face. No water can get on the rider's eyes. No water can get on the rider's ears. No water can get on the rider's nose. No water can get on the rider's mouth. No water can get on the rider's throat. No water can get on the rider's chest. No water can get on the rider's back. No water can get on the rider's legs. No water can get on the rider's feet. No water can get on the rider's hands. No water can get on the rider's face. No water can get on the rider's eyes. No water can get on the rider's ears. No water can get on the rider's nose. No water can get on the rider's mouth. No water can get on the rider's throat. No water can get on the rider's chest. No water can get on the rider's back. No water can get on the rider's legs. No water can get on the rider's feet.



W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 & \$3.50 SHOES

W. L. Douglas shoes are the standard of the world. W. L. Douglas made and sold more men's Good-year Welt (Hand Sewed Process) shoes in the first six months of this year than any other manufacturer. W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES \$10.00 CANNOT BE EXCELLED.

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FREE TO WOMEN. We will mail Free Trial Packets to every woman who writes for them. Instructions enough to convince you that Paxtine is the best and most economical for local treatment of women's special ills. Its cleansing and healing power is unequalled. It is perfectly safe and does not irritate. It is sold by druggists or sent direct to you in a large box. Paxtine is guaranteed or money cheerfully returned. Send 5 cents for postage and packing on large Trial Packets—you won't be sorry. The S. Paxtine Co., Boston, Mass.

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