

PRICE FRANCIS LYNDE AND ADVENTURES OF CDR RHODES

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forehead. When complete consciousness returned, the dream impression was still so sharply defined that he was not surprised to find her standing at his bedside.

Before he could frame any of the queries which came thronging to the door of the returned consciousness, she smiled and shook her head and forbade him.

Later in the day the doctor came; and when the professional requirements were satisfied, Griswold learned the bare facts of his succoring. It was characteristic of the Griswold of other days that the immense obligation under which the Griswolds had placed him made him gasp and perspire afresh.

Griswold looked long and earnestly at the face of his professional adviser. It was a good face, clearly lined, benevolent, and, above all, trustworthy.

"Tell me one thing more, doctor. If you can. What was the motive? Was it just heavenly good-heartedness?—or—"

The doctor's smile was the least possible shade wintry.

"When you have lived a few years longer in this world of ours, you will not probe too deeply into motives; you will take the deed as the sufficient exponent of the prompting behind it. If I say so much, you will understand that I am not impugning Miss Grierson's motives. There are times when she is the good angel of everybody in sight, Mr.—"

The pause after the courtesy title was significant, and Griswold filled it promptly. "Griswold—Kenneth Griswold. Do you mean to say that you haven't known my name, doctor?"

"We have not. We took the Good Samaritan's privilege and ransacked your belongings—Miss Margery and I—thinking there might be relatives or friends who should be notified."

"And you found nothing?" queried the sick man, a cold fear gripping at his heart.

"Nothing but clothing and your toilet tools, a pistol, and a typewritten book manuscript bearing no signature."

Griswold turned his face away and shut his eyes. Once more his stake in the game of life was gone.

"There was another package—of papers in one of the grips," he said, faintly; "quite a large package wrapped in brown paper."

"I found nothing but the manuscript. Could anyone else make use of the papers you speak of?"

Griswold was too feeble to prevaricate successfully.

"There was money in the package," he said, leaving the physician to infer what he pleased.

"Oh, then you were robbing?" It's a pity we didn't know it at the time. It is pretty late to begin looking for the thief now, I'm afraid."

"Quite too late," said Griswold monotonously.

It was not until after the doctor had gone that Griswold was able to face the new misfortune with anything like a sober measure of equanimity. With or without money, he must relieve the Griersons of their self-assumed burden at the earliest possible moment.

This was the thought with which he sank into the first natural sleep of convalescence. But during the days which followed, Margery was able to modify it without dulling the keen edge of his obligation. What perfect hospitality could do was done, with out ostentation, with the exact degree of spontaneity which made it appear as a service rendered to a kinsman. It was one of the gifts of the daughter of men to be able to ignore all the middle distances between an introduction and a friendship, and by the time Griswold was strong enough to let the big, gentle Swede plant him in a Morris chair in the sun-warmed window, the friendship was a fact accomplished.

"You know, you're the most wonderful person I have ever known," he said to Margery, on the first of the Pauli days when she had come to prowl in the window seat opposite his return to the belief in destiny."

"Oh, brightly. Sometimes I think things out the way you do."

"How come out?"

"A patient, I remember, he went on me watching a lot of it—somehow near from start to gook the first he saw. In a road which was to lead edge. At 9:30 o'clock in the Chouthe spider, a half-jay past I took work by dropping tracked trail that a pine tree to another.

"Just the same, I'd like to know why, this time," he said to himself, as he crossed the street to the Manufacturers' club. "Miss Grierson isn't at all the person to do things without an object."

CHAPTER XIII.

The Convalescent.

After a few more days in the Morris chair—days during which he was contented when Margery was him, and vaguely dissatisfied

when she was not—Griswold was permitted to get up. He was not for the first time since the doctor had given him a check, the master of Mereside.

The little visit to Jasper Grierson's library was not prolonged beyond the invalid's strength; but notwithstanding its brevity there were inserted currents of antagonism evolved which Margery, present and endeavoring to serve as a lightning arrester, could neither ground nor turn aside.

Griswold took away from the rather constrained ice-breaking in the banker's library a renewed resolve to cut his obligation to Jasper Grierson as short as possible. How he should begin again the mordant struggle for existence was still an unsolved problem. Of the one-thousand-dollar spending fund there remained something less than half; for a few weeks or months he could live and pay his way; but after that, . . . Curiously enough, . . . alternative of another attack upon the plutocratic dragon did not suggest itself. That, he told himself, was an experiment tried and found wanting. But in any event, he must not outstay his welcome at Mereside; and with this thought in mind he crept downstairs daily after the library episode, and would give Margery no peace because she would not let him go abroad in the town.

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless—what shall I say—patient, or guest, or friend?" she laughed, garbling the quotation to fit the occasion.

"Shakespeare said 'child,'" he suggested mildly.

"And so shall I," she gibed—but the gibes itself was almost a caress. "Sometimes you remind me of an impatient boy who has been promised a peach and can't wait until it ripens. But if you must have a reason why I won't drive you this afternoon, you may. We are going to have a tiny little social function at Mereside this evening, and I want you to be fresh and rested for it."

"Certainly, I shall come, if you wish it," he assented, remembering afresh his immense obligation; and when the time was ripe he made himself presentable and felt his way down the dimly lighted library stair, being minded to slip into the social pool by the route which promised the smallest splash and the fewest ripples.

It was a stirring of the Philistine in him that led him to prefigure weariness and banality in the prospect. Without in the least expecting it, Griswold was a Brahmin of the severest sect on his social side; easily disposed to hold aloof and to criticize, and, as a man eastern-bred, solemnly assured that nothing truly acceptable in the social sense could come out of the Nazareth of the West.

For this cause he was properly humiliated when he entered the spacious double drawing-rooms and found them so comfortably crowded by a throng of conventionally clothed and conventionally behaved guests that he was immediately able to lose himself—and any lingering trace of self-consciousness—in a company which, if appearances were to be trusted, was western only by reason of Wahaska's location on the map.

And the charming young hostess Hitherto he had known her only as his benefactress and the thoughtful caretaker for his comfort. But now, at this first sight of her in the broader social field, she shone upon and dazzled him. Admitting that the later charm might be subtly sensuous—he refused to analyze it too closely—it was undeniable that it warmed him to a newer and a stronger life, that he could hark in its generous glow like some hibernating thing of the wild answering to the first thrilling of the springtide. True, Miss Grierson bore little resemblance to any ideal of his past imaginings. She might even be the Aspasia to Charlotte Farnham's Saint Cecilia. But, even so, was not the daughter of Aiochus well beloved of men and of heroes?

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"Are you dreadfully tired?" she asked, adding quickly: "You mustn't let us make a martyr of you. It's your privilege to disappear whenever you feel like it."

"Indeed, I'm not at all tired," he protested. "It is all very comforting and homelike; so vastly—" he hesitated, seeking thoughtfully for the word which should convey his meaning without laying him open to the charge of patronizing superciliousness, and she supplied it promptly.

"So different from what you were expecting, I know. You have been thinking of us as barbarians—outer barbarians, perhaps—and you find that we are only harmless provincials. But really, you know, we are improving. I wish you could have known Wahaska as it used to be."

"It is all very grateful and delightful to me," he confessed, at length. "I have been out of the social running for a long time, but I may as well admit that I am shamelessly epicurean by nature, and an ascetic only when the necessities drive."

"I know," she assented, with quick appreciation. "An author has to be both, hasn't he?—keen to enjoy, and well hardened to endure."



It is Pretty Late to Begin Looking for the Thief Now.

when Margery entered—and was not in the least dust-blinded by the library card in his hand.

"You are just in time to help me," she told him. "Do you remember the story of that daring bank robbery in New Orleans a few weeks ago?—the one in which a man made the president draw a check and get it cashed for him?"

Raymer did remember it, chiefly because he had talked about it at the time with Jasper Grierson, and had wondered curiously how the president of the Farmers' and Merchants' would deport himself under like conditions.

"If you should meet the man face to face, would you recognize him from the description?" she flashed up at Raymer.

"Not in a thousand years," he confessed. "Would you?"

"No, not from the description," she admitted. Then she passed to a matter apparently quite irrelevant.

"Didn't I see Miss Farnham's return noticed in the Wahaskan the other day?"

With Charlotte's father a daily visit to Mereside, it seemed incredible that Miss Grierson had not heard of the daughter's homecoming. But Raymer answered in good faith.

"They came up as far as St. Louis on one of the Anchor line—the Belle Julie—and even Miss Gilman admits that the accommodations were excellent."

She nodded absently and began to turn the leaves of the newspaper file. Raymer took it as his dismissal and went to the desk to get the orchid book. When he looked in again on his way to the street, Miss Grierson had gone, leaving the file of the Pioneer Press open on the reading desk. Almost involuntarily he glanced at a little puzzle headings, thrilling to a little shock of surprise when one of them proved to be the caption of another Associated Press dispatch giving a 20-line story of the capture and second escape of the Bayou State Security robber on the levee at St. Louis.

The reading of the bit of stale news impressed him curiously. Why had Miss Margery interested herself in the details of the New Orleans bank robbery? Why—with no apparent special reason—should she have remembered it at all—or, remembering it, have known where to look for the two newspaper references?

Raymer left the library speculating vaguely on the unaccountable tangents at which the feminine mind could now and then fly from the well-defined circle of the conventional usual. On rare occasions his mother or Gertrude did it, and he had long since learned the folly of trying to reduce the small problem to terms of known quantities masculine.

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CHAPTER XIV.

Broffin's Equation.

Having Clerk Maurice's telegram to the overtaking approach, Broffin found the Belle Julie backing and filling for her berth at the Vicksburg landing when, after a hasty Vicksburg breakfast, he had himself driven to the river front.

Going aboard as soon as the swing stage was lowered, he found Maurice, with whom he had something more than a speaking acquaintance, just turning out of his bunk in the texas.

"I took it for granted you'd be alone," was Maurice's greeting. "What bank robber are we running away with now?"

"Broffin grinned.

"I'm still after the one you took on in the place of John Gavitt."

"Humph!" said the clerk, sleepily: "I thought that one was John Gavitt."

"No, he merely took Gavitt's place and name. Tell me all you know about him."

"I don't know anything about him, except that he was fool enough to pull Buck McGrath out of the river just after McGrath had tried to bump him over the bows."

"Of course, so far as you know, nobody on the boat suspected that the fellow who called himself Gavitt was anything but the 'rustie' he was passing himself off for? You didn't know of his having any talk with any of the upper-deck people?"

"Only once," said the day clerk, promptly.

"When was that?"

"It was one day just after the 'man-overboard' incident, a little while after dusk in the evening. I was up here in the texas, getting ready to go to supper. Gavitt—we may as well keep on calling him that till you've found another name for him—Gavitt had been cubbing for the pilot. I saw him go across the hurricane-deck guards; and a minute later I heard him talking to somebody—a woman—on the guards below."

"You didn't hear what was said?"

"I didn't pay any attention. Passengers, woman passengers, especially, often do that—pull up a 'rustie' and pry into him to see what sort of wheels he has. But I noticed that they talked for quite a little while; because, when I finished dressing and went below, he was just leaving her."

Broffin rose up from the bunk on which he had been sitting and laid a heavy hand on Maurice's shoulder.

"You ain't going to tell me that you didn't find out who the woman was, Clarence—what?" he said anxiously.

"That's just what I've got to tell you, Matt," returned the clerk, reluctantly. "I was due at the second table, and I didn't go as far forward as the stanchion she was holding to. All I can tell you is that she was one of the half-dozen or so younger women we had on board; I could guess at that much."

Broffin's oath was not of anger; it was a mere upbubbling of disappointment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"You Have Many Missions, Miss Margery."

suggested the smoking-room and a cigar, and Griswold went willingly.

From that on the path to better acquaintance was the easiest of short cuts, even as the mild cigar which Raymer found in his pocket eased the smoker's zeal in the convalescent. Without calling himself a reformer, the young ironmaster proved to be a practical sociologist. Wherefore, when Griswold presently mounted his own sociological hobby, he was promptly invited to visit the Raymer foundry and machine works, to the end that he might have some of his theories of the universal oppression of wage earners charitably modified.

"Of course, I don't deny that we're a long way from the millennium yet," was Raymer's summing up of the conditions in his own plant. "But I do claim that we are on a present-day, living footing. So far as the men un-

people. They may have come originally from China or Malaysia, or from any of a dozen other regions. It is certain that they are an amalgamation of several races, but beyond this all is guesswork.

Shows Value of Panama Canal.

From New York to Sydney by the Cape of Good Hope the distance is 12,395 miles. By the Suez Canal it is 12,828 miles. By the Straits of Magellan, 12,159 miles, and by the Panama Canal 8,814 miles.

Origin of the Japanese.

It is impossible to be precise on the subject of the origin of the Japanese

genetics," writes Dr. C. C. Rucker, assistant surgeon general United States public health service, in the Journal of Heredity, "to stop promoting such legislation as that herein outlined (sterilization and restrictions on marriage) and to divert more of their energy to a broad, constructive policy for the betterment of genetics. They may, for example, very profitably help

can't deceive yourself. You have a job on your hands. You are not convinced of the fact, to break yourself of certain mean traits that crop out occasionally. You realize how persistently they return, you'll be surprised. Put yourself on probation for a full year. Report to yourself at intervals, and see if you haven't a job on your own probation office.—Babington

mitted to an honor strike, when he met for the first time since the Grierson had given him a check, the master of Mereside.

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CHAPTER XV.

How the man to go to his work when he gets into hot water, he goes to himself; and he'll find you, same as you'll find him.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHAPTER XX.

CHAPTER XXI.

CHAPTER XXII.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHAPTER XXV.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CHAPTER XXX.

CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

CHAPTER XXII.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHAPTER XXV.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CHAPTER XXX.

CHAPTER XXXI.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

LESSON FOR AUGUST 22

ASA'S GOOD REIGN.

LESSON TEXT—II Chron. 14:3 or at the reputed site of Xerxes' army are painfully silent in the face of the present European struggle where armies are reckoned by the millions. Abijah, Rehoboam's successor, easily defeated Jeroboam (ch. 13:13-30) because he "relied upon the Lord," and "Asa his son reigned in his stead."

I. Righteousness Exhorted, vv. 1-7. Returning from his wonderful victory over Zerah the Ethiopian, Asa is met by the spirit-anointed prophet, Azariah (v. 1). This man was taken possession of by the spirit of God (II Pet. 1:21; Num. 24:2; Judges 3:10; II Tim. 3:16). Thus it was that he commands even the king, "Hear ye me" (v. 2). His first words were encouraging ones, "Jehovah is with you," and the proof of his word was the victory Asa had just won, (ch. 13:8; Rom. 8:31; Deut. 20:1). That victory was a demonstration, it involved an obligation and had a lesson for the king as well, viz., that if he and his people would seek Jehovah they would find him, but if they forsook him "he will forsake you." The words recorded in verse three were a fearful indictment ("without the true God," Eph. 2:12) and they are a suggestive picture of this age that is so sadly in need of a "teaching priest" and is so constantly acting as though "without law" or "as if a law unto itself." But God was merciful (Ps. 103:8; 117:3), and in that time of testing was working in his good will. Thus it came that "in their great trouble" (v. 4) they sought Jehovah and "he was found of them." Neglecting him there was "no peace," and "great vexations" also (Isa. 48:22). Our Lord has prophesied even greater calamities in the last days of Israel's apostasy (Matt. 24:6, 7) and the present upheaval in Europe can be largely traced to apostasy and to the treaty of God's people Israel. God will remember his covenant (Deut. 4:7-31; Judges 10:16-18; Ps. 108:44; Heb. 14:13) even though Israel has forgotten him and has "no peace" anywhere upon the earth. All of this came from the hand of God (v. 6; Judges 2:4; Isa. 10:6) and was an exhortation (v. 7) that Asa should remember and that he should work as well. We, too, are taught to "despise not prophesying" (I Thess. 5:20) and to work. (John 5:28; Phil. 2:12; Matt. 21:28; II Thess. 3:10). At the same time there is for us a sure reward (v. 7; Matt. 10:41, 42; I Cor. 15:58; Col. 3:24; Heb. 6:10; 10:35).

II. Righteousness Executed, vv. 8-15. (1) The King's Part, vv. 8, 9. Asa had shown himself worthy of this special revelation from God: (a) his conduct (14:2, 3, 6); (b) his words of command and exhortation (14:4); (c) his care for and service in behalf of others (14:6, 7); (d) his reliance upon and zeal of God (14:11). Verse eight is suggestive of the way he received this revelation: (a) he "took courage"—a word of commendation will revive any weary heart. (b) He "put away the abominations," most thoroughly, which his great-grandfather Solomon had brought into Israel, and in accordance with the word of God (Deut. 7:5). There are many strange altars in our land today, forms of religion that stand not the test of God's word and which not alone deceive the very elect but are sweeping into their vortex the sons and daughters of the saints of God. Anything, no matter how esthetic or morally elevating or professedly religious, that measures not according to this word, should be torn down. (c) But Asa was constructive as well as destructive for he built again "the altar of Jehovah." 'Tis sad to think that so many homes and communities demand such a work in their midst today.

2. The People's Part, vv. 10-15. (a) They obeyed and gathered together at Jerusalem, at the proper time and place. (b) They "offered sacrifice unto the Lord." Heretofore their offerings had been to their selfishness or to strange gods. Their gift was a costly one and the Lord's treasury is always a standard whereby to measure the work of grace in the hearts of his people. (c) They made another covenant "to seek the Lord." (Ps. 105:3, 4; Amos 5:4, 6). Those who seek him find him (Ps. 14:2). To seek him is pleasing to him, but it must be as theirs, "with all their soul." We find God in Christ (John 14:6; I John 5:20). Whosoever sought him not were punished, even so will those who he now turn from him (John 16:8, 9; Matt. 25). (d) They gave public testimony of their determination (v. 14). Loud protestations are not always permanent, still there must be an open confession (Rom. 10:9, 10; Matt. 10:32). Their confession was accompanied by music. There is no joy like that which comes with a new faith, a new sense of God's love, a real revival. (e) Lastly, the people found "rest" or rather it was "given" to them. In verse five there was "no peace"; now, after having earnestly sought him (v. 15), "a rest was given" which they had not been able to find. This is ready for all who truly seek him (Judges 3:9; Matt. 11:28, 29).

Conclusion. Though Asa had a parental handicap (I Kings 15:13) and lived in a corrupt court still he yielded to the teaching of God's word and therefore wrought a great reformation.

Recognizing the source of power in his own life Asa taught the people the word of God, to seek God and to keep his commandments.

Asa's reformation was in reality a religious revival and such is the only kind that has any permanent

Conclusion. Though Asa had a parental handicap (I Kings 15:13) and lived in a corrupt court still he yielded to the teaching of God's word and therefore wrought a great reformation.

Recognizing the source of power in his own life Asa taught the people the word of God, to seek God and to keep his commandments.

Asa's reformation was in reality a religious revival and such is the only kind that has any permanent