state Securities, in the president of State Securities, in the president education of the president of the other and escapes with \$100,—

but and cry and goes abound fulls us a deckhand. Charlotte of Walneste, Minn., who had comb Gaibraith's cheek in the equiese him, and sends a letter of so Gaibraith anonymously. It unreaded on the arrival of the full train, but escape from his decides on Wahaska, Minn., finally to give all the reasons for her his money in Raymer's plant and mucces to rewrite his book. Griswold to disser at Dortor Farnham's and or sure that Charlotte has not recog-

CHAPTER XVIII-Continued.

a man-be was looking is window!" she returned in low "I thought I naw him once be but this time I am certain?" de sprang from his chair, and ment later was letting himself out was nothing stirring on the

fansiv through the half door. He was still groping among hes, and Miss Farnham bato the front door, when the docbusny appeared under the street and was halted at the home

tallo Str. Griswold; in that you?" the chosey one, when he saw trahenfed man heating the covers his front yard.

behaveld met his hest at the gate walked up the path with him. Charlotte thought she saw at one of the front windows." aminimed; and a moment afterthe daughter was telling it for

man him twice," she insisted: while we were at dinner, and met new. The first time I might be mistaken, but this

was laughing ellently and deriding his gifts when, unand the doctor's return, he Secont seknowledgments for bestrived and took his de On the pleasant summeralk to Upper Shawnee street somersitulating himself upot



a Man-He Was Looking in at the Window."

m guita complete fulfillment of if ahe were forgiving s left bygomes be bygomes, hold Moreover, sgain, what bayond me!" he danger there might have milliond, If the first was

to be presumed that much, if not all, of the complacency would have van-

listener in the Farnham sitting-room, dating from the time when little Miss Gfiman pattered off to bed, leaving the father and daughter sitting toasther under the reading lamp. At first their talk was entirely of the window apparition, the daughter insisting upon its reality, and the fa-

ished if he could have been an unseen

belief in the realities. Charlotte related the incident of the afternoon. By this time the good Doctor Bertie had become the indiguant Doctor Ber-

ther trying to push it over into the

limbo of things imagined. Driver

"We can't have that at all!" he sa incisively. "You did your whole duty in that bank matter; and it was good deal more than most young women would have done. I'm not going the stelen money over to bluffs out Broffin and not one minute! Where is this fullow stopping?

The daughter shook her head. don't know. He gave me his card, but it has the New Orleans address only." "Give it to me and I'll look him up

The card changed hands, and for a few minutes neither of them spoke. Then the daughter began again.

"I've had another shock this evening, too," she said, speaking this time in low tones and with eyes downcast. "This Mr. Griswold-did I understand you to say that he had lost all of his

"Yes; practically all of it," said the father, without losing his hold upon what a certain great London physician was saying through the columns of the English medical journal.

But afterward, long after Charlotte had gone up to her room, he remembered, with a curious little start of half-awakened puzzlement, that someone, no longer ago than yesterday, had told him that young Griswold was rich-or if not rich, at least "well

CHAPTER XIX.

Pitfalia. Within a week from the day when Raymer, angrily jubilant, half rescued his imperiled stock, it was pretty generally known that Kenneth Griswold.

the writing man, had become the fourth member in the close corporation of the Raymer Foundry and Machine works, and Wahaska was eagerly discussing the business affair in all its possible and probable bearings upon the Raymers, the Grieroons and and the newly elected directory of the Pineboro ratiroad. Of all this busning of the goesip bees

the person most scutely concerned ard little or nothing. Digging deeply in the inspiration field, Griswold speedtly became oblivious to most of his encompassments; to all of them, indeed save those which bore directly upon the beloved task. Among these, he counted the frequent afternoon visits to Mereside, and the scarcely less frequent evenings spent in the Farnham home. He was using each of the oung women as a foil for the other in the outworking of his plot; and he welcomed it as a sign of growth that the story in its new form was acquiring verisimilitude and becoming gratefully, and at times, he persuaded himself, quite rividly, human.

When he got well into the swing of it and was turning out a chapter every three or four days, he fell easily into the habit of slipping the last instailment into his pocket when he went to Mereside. Margery Grierson was adding generously to his immense obligation to her; hoping only to find a friendly listener, he found a helpful collaborator. More than once, when his own imagination was at fault, she was able to open new vistas in the humanities for him, apparently drawing upon a reserve of intuitive conclusions compared with which his own hard-bought store of experimental knowledge was almost puerfie.

"I wish you would tell me the secret of your marvelous cleverness," he exclaimed, on one of the June afternoons when he had been reading to her in for the character of the cool half-shadows of the Mercaide mother book. Moreover, she library. "You are only a child in did he get that idea?" years; how can you know with such ties; even as Margery Grier- miraculous certainty what other recole would think and do under con- so far as to describe the man. Oh. ditions about which you can't possibly can assure you Johnnie has an imagiup to nature and the pure know anything experimentally? It's nation: I've tested it in other ways."

dear boy; many, many things," shortly afterward he took his leave. her laughing rejoinder; from not stirred the sleeping | which it will be inferred that the epi- Broffin, from his post of observation on d serve only to widen burglar-proof had become an episode man cross the street and enter a hard the deckhand of keep continually nagging at you, your Signmons & Kleifurt's. What he saw the have been you are really in love-would degen- flective stroll around the public square.

mitted, putting his craftsman pride to handle the pistols.

telling me that the story, as a story,

"It is sood: it is a big story," she sasorted, with kindling enthusiasm. "The plot, so far as you have gone with it, is fine: and that is where you how you could ever think it out. And some of it. Your Fleming is as far beyond me as your Fidelia seems to him two of 'em." be beyond you."

you ever met Fidelia?"

"Not as you have drawn her-no. had a single shred of humanity about her, I should suspect you of meaning to fall in love with her, farther alongto the humiliation and despair of poor Joan, who, as you say, is a mere daughter of men."

"But how about Joan?" he fretted. git me." "Is she out of drawing, too?"

"Yes; you are distorting her the other way-making her too inhumanly worldly and insincere." Then, with an abruptness that was like a slap in the face: "If you didn't spend so many evenings at Doctor Bertie's, you would get both Fidelia and Joan in better drawing."

He flushed and drew himself up with stabbed amour propre prompting him to make some stinging retort contrasting the wells of truth with the



netantly the Primitive Instinct of Self-Preservation Sprang Alert.

brackish waters of sheer worldliness. Then he saw how inadequate it would be; how utterly impossible it was to meet this charmingly vindictive young person upon any grounds save those of her own choosing

"That is the first really unkind thing I have over heard you say," was the mild repreach which was all that the reactionary second thought would

"Unkind to whom?--to you, or to Miss Farnham?"

"Ask yourself," he countered weakly, and she laughed at him. Griswold did not reply to the laugh. He was gathering up the ecattered pages of his manuscript and replacing them in order. When he spoke again it was of a matter entirely irrelevant.

"I had an odd experience the other evening," he said. "I had been dining with the Raymers and was walking back to Shawnoe street. A little newsboy named Johanie Fergus turned up from somewhere at one of the street crossings and tried to sell me a pa per-at eleven o'clock at night! out so late; and from that on I couldn't home with me, talking a blue streak and acting as if he were afraid of something or somebody. I remembered afterward that he is the boy who takes care of your boat. Is there any thing wrong with him?"

Miss Grierson had left her chair and had gone to stand at one of the win-

"Nothing that I know of," she said "He is a bright boy-too bright for his own good, I'm afraid. But I can explain a little. Johnnie has taken a violent fancy to you for some reason. and he has fallen into the boylsh habit of weaving all sorts of romances around you. I think he reads too many exciting stories and tries to make you the hero of them. He told me the other day that he was sure somebody

was 'spotting' you." Griswold looked up quickly. Miss Grierson was still facing the window. and he was glad that she had not seen

" 'Spotting' me?" he laughed. "Where

"How should I know? But he had "I should think so!" said the man "There are many things beyond you who also had an imagination, and

An hour later the same afternoon Miss Faraham, subse- sode in the Farmers' and Merchants' the Winnebago porch, saw the writing ness and rec- forgotten-or at least forgiven. "You ware shop. Having nothing better to mat such distances as the knew men-a little; but when it comes do, he, too, crossed the street and, in should traverse in to the women . . well, if I didn't passing, looked into the open door of whirlpool. two heroines with neither of whom brought him back at the end of a rewan that the man erate into rag dolls. They would, ac- When he entered the shop the clerk her chair and cautiously parted the whelming that it could not be withwas putting a formidable array of leafy vine screen. "That's true; I can see it clearly weapons back into their showcase enough when you point it out," he ad- niches. Broffin lounged up and began those trees at the water's edge: de his own satisfaction, and was advanc- tlest thing!"

oue," he said, finit humorqualy. And then: "You must 've been having a mighty particular customer to get

so many of 'em out." "R was Mr. Griswold, Mr. Ed Raysomething that would be quick and expects to accomplish by keeping an way, Miss Madge. McMurtry said he

Broffin played with the stock long can't imagine." "You don't know Fleming yet. Have enough to convince the clerk that he tention of buying. "Took two of 'em. She is too unutterably fine. If she idid he?-for fear one might make him humorous grin still lurking under the man keeps on spying, as you see. hold your Mr .-- Griscom, did you call to you that I am not fit to criticize it." him?-up none after this. He might

> he wanted to know, he lounged again and went back to the hotel to in the porch chair which had come to thought, when he was unfatching the be his by right of frequent and long. gate and had shifted one of the newly continued occupancy.

.

Griswold had left the Meresics library considerably shaken, not in bla convictions, to be sure, but in his confidence in his own powers of imaginative analysis. For this cause it required a longer after-dinner stay at the Farnham's than he had been allowing himself, to re-establish the norm of self-assurance. Charlotte Farnham was never enthusiastic; that, perhaps, rould be asking too much of an ideal; but what she lacked in warmth was made up in cool sanity, backed by s moral sense that seemed never to waver. Unerringly she placed her finger upon the human weaknesses in his book people, and unfalteringly she

bade him reform them. For his Fidelia, as he described her she exhibited a gentle affection, terre pered by a compassionate pity for her weaknesses and waverings; an attitude, he fatuously told himself, forced upon her because her own standards were so much higher than any he could delineate or conceive. For Joan there was also compassion, but it was

mildly contemptuous. "If I dld not know that you are incapable of doing such a thing, I might wonder if you are not drawing your Joan from life, Mr. Griswold," she said, a little coldly, on this same evening of rehabilitations. "Bince such characters are to be found in real life, I suppose they may have a place in a book. But you must not commit the unpardonable sin of making your readers condone the evil in her for the sake of the good Please forget what I have said about your Fidelia and-and your Joan, You are trying to make them human, and that is an it should be."

Griswold could scarcely believe th evidence of his senses. He told him self flercely that he would never believe, without the convincement fact, that the ideal could step down from its pedestal. "You are meaning to be kind to

now, at the expense of your convictions, Miss Charlotte," he protested warmly.

"No," she denied gravely. "Listen and you shall judge. Once, only short time ago, I was brought face to face with one of these terrible compromises. In a single instant, and by no fault of my own, the dreadful shears of fate were thrust into my hands, and conscience-what I have been taught to call the Christian conscience—told me that with them I must only the thread of a man's life. And then chance threw us together. A new world was had thought that there could be no possible question between simple right and wrong, but almost in his first word the man convinced me that, whatever might think or the world might say. his conscience had fully and freely acquitted him. And he proved it; proved it so that I can never doubt it as long as I live. He made me do what my conscience had been telling me I ought to do-just as your Fleming makes Fidelia do."

"And he was taken?" he said, and he strove desperately to make the saying completely colorless.

"He was: but he made his escape again, almost at once. He is still a instantly the primitive instinct of

self-preservation, the instinct of the Pyke?" bunted fugitive, sprang alert in the

"How can you be sure of that?" he sounded like the clang of an alarm

most matter-of-fact tone:

"I know he is free; I have it on the best possible authority. The detectives lowed the huge hoof-prints of the breath of it get out. But that wasn't who are searching for him have been great English trap-horse to the drive all. Mr. Griswold was dreadfuly sick the liver.

annoyance past."

you see him?"

able to tell 'our apart I might buy sure that he could make out the to put the answer into effect when the shadowy figure of a man leaning

ering her voice; "Mr. Matthew Brof- | the chair next to Miss Grierson's. fin of the Colburne Detective agency. in New Orleans. He has a foolish idea And he was pretty particular; wouldn't I that I am in communication with the have anything but these new-fash- | man he is searching for, and he was loned automatics. Said he wanted brutal enough to tell me so. What he sure, and I guess he's got it-I sold absurd watch upon our house and dog- had an appointment with Mr. Galging everybody who comes and goes. I braith for three o'clock, and he had to

was only a counter lounger with no in- Griswold, anxious to learn how far this for me if you want to go back to town. new alarm fire had spread. .

"Certainly; and he has made his prosick, I reckon," he said, with the half- test. But it doesn't do any good; the drooping mustaches. "Automatic thirty- we have wandered a long way from twos, eh? Well, I ain't goin' to try to your book. I've been trying to prove

"No; you mustn't mistake me. haven't been coming to you for criti- wait." Whereupon, having found out what cism," was Griswold's rather incoherent reply; and when the talk threatened to lapse into the commonplaces, smoke another of the reflective cigara he took his leave. Oddly enough, as he purchased automatic pistols from his hip pocket to an outside pocket of the light top-coat he was wearing, the chadowy figure under the lake-shading trees had disappeared.

It was only a few minutes after the lingering dinner guest had gone when the doctor came out on the porch. bringing his long-stemmed pipe for a bedtime whiff in the open air.

"You are losing your beauty sleep little girl," he said, dropping into the chair lately occupied by the guest you find out anything more tonight? The daughter did not reply at once, and when she did there was a note of freshly summoned hardihood in her

"We were both mistaken," she at drmed. "Coincidences are always likely to be misleading. I am sorry ! told you about them. He has certainby been a present help in time of need 'n Edward."

As before, the good little doctor had recourse to his pipe, and it was not un til his daughter got up to go in that be said gently; "One other word. Charde, girl: are you altogether sure that she wish isn't father to the thoughtabout Griswold?"

"Don't be absurd, papa!" she said recorafully, passing swiftly behind his chair to reach the door; and with that answer he was obliged to be content.

CHAPTER XX.

Broken Links. It was on the second day after the pistol-buying incident in Simmons & Kleifurt's that Broffin, wishful for solitude and a chance to think in perspective, took to the woods.

A letter from the New Orleans of fice had reopened the account of the Bayou State Security robbery. mail communication was significant but inconclusive. One Patrick Sheehan, a St. Louis cab driver, dying, had made confession to his priest. For a bribe of two hundred dollars he had aided and abetted the escape of a criminal on a day and date corresponding to the mid-April arrival of the steamer Belle Julie at St. Louis. Afterward he had driven the man to an uptown hotel (name not given). He could not recall the man's name. But the destination address, "Wahaska, Minnesota," was submitted with the con-

Broffin felt himself short-sighted from the very nearness of things. The single necessity now was for absolute and unshakable identification. To eatablish this, three witnesses, and three only, could be called upon. Of the three, two had failed signally-Miss Farnham because she had her own easons for blocking the game, President Galbraith . . . That was an-Ather chapter in the book of failure. Broffin had learned that the president Tas stopping at the De Soto Inn. and he had maneuvered to bring Mr. Galbraith face to face with Griswold in ne Grierson bank on the day after the Matol-buying. To his astonishment and disgust the president had shaken als head irritably, adding a rebuke. 'Na, na, man; your trade makes ye fver suspicious. That's Mr. Griswold. the writer-man and a friend of the Priersons. Miss Madge was telling 'me about him last week. He's no more like the robber than you are. Haven't told ye the man was bearded like a

With two of the three eye-witnesses refusing to testify, there remained only Johnson, the paying teller of the asked, and in his own ears his voice Bayou State Security. Broffin was day in April. It was the very day on considering the advisability of wiring which popps met me on my way back for Johnson when he passed the last Again a silence fell, surcharged, this of the houses on the lakeside drive thirty train north that night. You one, with all the old frightful possi- and struck into the country road which hillies. Once more the loathsome led by cool and shaded forest windfever quickened the pulses of the man ings to the resort hotel at the head of at hay, and the curious needlelike the southern bay. Presently a vehicle gary! any number of people were pasprickling of the skin came to signal overtook and passed him. It was Miss gengers on that train. You surely the return of the homicidal fear-frenzy. Grierson's trap, drawn by the big Eng. wouldn't-" The reaction to the normal racked him lish trap-horse, with Miss Grierson herlike the passing of a mortal sickness self holding the reins and Raymer lace window hangings Broffin saw her when his accusing angel said in her lounging comfortably in the spare lift a warning finger. "What I am

Half an hour later Broffin had fol- strictest confidence; we mustn't let a here to see me-or, at least, one of way portal of the De Soto grounds and, of course, he couldn't tell us any- Stop after where they were lost on the pebbled thing about himself. But while he was dinner dis-The hunted one laid hold of the par- carriage approach. Strolling on delirious he was always muttering tress-cure ttal reprieve with a mighty grip and through the grounds into the lake something about money, money; mondrew himself out of the reactionary fronting lobby of the inn, he went in ey that he had lost and couldn't find, or search of Miss Grierson. He found "It is an outrage! I hope it is an her on the broad veranda, alone, and lose. Then when we thought he for the moment unoccupied. How to His companion leaned forward in make the attack so direct and so over- tie and I ransacked his suitcases for stood was the only remaining ques-"Look across the street-under tion; and Broffin had answered it to be came from. There wasn't the lit ing through an open French window

opportunity was spatched away. Raymer, his business apparently conclud-"That is my shadow," she said, low-I ed, came down the verands and took

Broffin dropped back into the writing-room alcove for which the one French window was the outlet and sat down to bide his time.

"It's a shame to make you wait this go to keep it. But he ought to be "You have told your father?" said down again by this time. Don't wait I can get a lift from somebody."

"That would be nice, wouldn't it?" was the good-natured retort. "To make you tie up your own horse in town and then leave you stranded away out here three miles from nowhere! I think I see myself doing such a thing! Besides, I haven't a thing to do but

Broffin shifted the extinct cigar he was chewing from one corner of his mouth to the other and pulled his soft hat lower over his eyes. He, too, could wait. There was a little stir on the veranda; a rustling of silk petticoats and the click of small beels on the hardwood floor. Broffin could not forbear the peering peep around the sheltering window draperies. Miss Grierson had left her seat and was pacing a slow march up and down. That she had not seen him became a fact sufficiently well-assured when she down again and began to speak to Life with great results and I always re-Griswold.

"How is the new partnership going, by this time?" she asked, after the time. I will gladly do all I can to help manner of one who rewinnews the chaff of the commonplaces in the hope of finding grain enough for the immedi-

partnership," laughed the ironfounder. "I can't make him galvanize an atom of interest in his investment. All I can get out of him is, 'Don't bother me; I'm busy."

"Mr. Griswold is in a class by himself, don't you think?" was the questioning comment.

"He is all kinds of a good fellow; that's all I know, and all I ask to know." answered Raymer loyally. "I believe that-now," said his com-

panion, with the faintest possible emphasis upon the time-word. Broffin marked the emphasis and the pause that preceded it, and leaned

forward to miss no word. "Meaning that there was a time when you didn't believe it?" Raymer

anked. "Meaning that there was a tume when he had me scared half to death." confessed the one who seemed always to say the confidential thing as if it were the most trivial. "Do you rememher one day in the library, when you found me looking over the file of the newspapers for the story of the robbery of the Bayou State Security bank in New Orleans?"

Raymer remembered it very well, and admitted it.

"Yes; I remember it all very clearly. Also I recollect how the second newspaper notice told how the robber escaped from the officers at St. Louis. But you haven't told me how you were scared." Raymor suggested.



"There Wasn't the Littlest Thing." "I'm coming to that. This escape we read about happened on a certain from Florida, and we took the eleven haven't forgotten that Mr. Griswold was a passenger on that same train ?" "But, goodness gracious, Miss Mar-

"Hush!" she said, and through the

telling you, Mr. Raymer, is in the money that he had found and couldn't

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Why Not? goes young again scooting around in his automobile. I wonder what would become of the boy if his father should anddenly lose all his money?" "Well he might drive a litney bus."

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already been in the thick of the fight. States, when those states belonged to watches at 30 seconds a week. This adverse influences is little short of peror Franz Joseph is master of them Ing in France, the King's Royal Rifle us, and was known then as the Six- means that the balance wheel shall marvelous, and justifies the claim that all. It is said that there are 60 vocaltieth (Royal American) Regiment of Foot. It is supposed to have been the first regiment to be armed with the riffe.--Pearson's Magazine.

of battle honors is one that has | originally raised in 1755 in the United | from true time, for its employees', piece of mechanism subjected to those | common in Austria-Hungary, and Emnot vary in its motion to the extent of one vibration out of every 20,000. Taking into consideration the various causes of disturbance to which a rail- Scientific American. way engineer's watch is subjected, the joits and jars, the changes of temperature and the magnetic influence inc dental to the proximity of large

the watch of today is the most wonderful piece of mechanism that the ingenuity of man has ever produced .-

Confusion of Tongues. Most people are so sparing of the use of languages other than their that they have little idea

laries in Brazil. In Mexico the Nahua is spoken in 700 dialects. There are hundreds in Borneo, while in Australia there is no classifying the complexities. According to the latest statistics. English is at present spoken by 130,000,000, German by 100,000,000, Russian by 70,000,000, French by 46 000,000, and Italian by 40,000,000, and

is constantly on the increase