THE PRICE

FRANCIS LYNDE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. D. RHODES

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CHAPTER XXX—Continued.

—like—

"Margery," he began, when the interval of thoughtful heart-searching had done its illuminative work, "what would you say if I should tell you that your 'some day' has already come?"

She started as if he had thrust a knife into her. Then she slipped out of his arms and caught up his hand to press it against her cheek.

"I should say, 'Whatsoever seemeth good in the eyes of my dear lord, so let it be.'"

"But think a moment, girl; if one has done wrong, there must be atonement. That is the higher law—the highest law—and no man may evade it. Do you know what that would mean for me?"

"It is the Price, boy, dear; I don't ask you to pay it. Listen: My father and I have agreed to disagree, and he has turned over to me a lot of money that he took from—that was once my mother's brother's share in the Colorado gold claims. What is mine is yours. We can pay back the money. Will that do?"

He was shaking his head slowly. "No," he said, "I think it wouldn't do."

"I was afraid it wouldn't," she sighed, "but I had to try. Are they still gnashing their teeth at you?—the dreadful things, I mean?"

He did not answer in words, but she knew, and held her peace. At the end of the ends he sprang up suddenly and drew her to her feet.

"I can't do it, Margery, girl! I can't ask you to wait—and afterward to marry a convict! Think of it—even if Galbraith were willing to withdraw, the law wouldn't let him, and I'd get the limit; anything from seven years to fifteen or more. Oh, my God, no! I can't pay the price! I can't give you up!"

She put her arms around his neck and drew his head down and kissed him on the lips. "I'll wait . . . . oh, boy, boy! I'll wait! But I can neither push you over the edge nor hold you back. Only don't think of me; please, please don't think of me!—'Whatsoever seemeth good'—that is what you must think of; that is my last word: 'Whatsoever seemeth good.'" And she pushed him from her and fled.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Desert and the Sown.

Through streets in which the village quiet of the summer night was undisturbed save by the spattering tinkle of the lawn sprinklers in the front yards, and the low voices of the outdoor people taking the air and the moonlight on the porches, Griswold fared homeward, the blood pounding in his veins and the fine wine of life mounting headily to his brain.

After all the dubious stumblings he had come to the end of the road, to find awaiting him the great accusation and the great reward. By the unanswerable logic of results, in its effect upon others and upon himself, his deed had proved itself a crime. Right or wrong in the highest ethical fields, the accepted social order had proved itself strong enough to make its own laws and to prescribe the far-reaching penalties for their infraction. Under these laws he stood convicted. Never again, save through the gate of atonement, could he be reinstated as a soldier in the ranks of the conventionally righteous. True, the devotion of a loving woman, aided by a train of circumstances strikingly fortuitous and little short of miraculous, had averted the final price-paying in penal retribution. But the fact remained. He was a felon.

Into this gaping wound which might otherwise have slain him had been poured the wine and oil of a great love; a love so clean and pure in its own well-springs that it could perceive no wrong in its object; could measure no act of loyal devotion by any standard save that of its own greatness. This love asked nothing but what he chose to give. It would accept him either as he was, or as he ought to be. The place he should elect to occupy would be its place; his standards its standards.

Just here the reasoning angel opened a door and thrust him out upon the edge of a precipice and left him to look down into the abyss of the betrayers—the pit of those whose gift and curse it is to be the pace setters. In a flash of revelment it was shown him that with the great love had come a great responsibility. Where he should lead, Margery would follow, unshrinkingly, unquestioningly; never asking whether the path led up or down; asking only that his path might be here. Instantly he was face to face with a fanged thing which threatened to tear his heart out and trample upon it; and upon he recorded his decision, confirming it with an oath. The price was too great; the upward path too steep; the sacrifice it entailed too sacrificial.

"We have but one life to live, and we'll live it together, Margery, girl, for better or for worse," was his apostrophic declaration, made while he was turning into Shawnee street a few doors from his lodgings; and a minute later he was opening the Widow Holcomb's gate.

The house was dark and apparently deserted as to its street-fronting half when he let himself in at the gate and ran quickly up the steps. The front door was open, and he remembered afterward that he had wondered how the careful widow had come to leave it so, and why the hall lamp was not lighted. From the turn at the stairhead he felt his way to the door of his study. Like the one below, it was wide open; but someone had drawn the window shades and the interior of the room was as dark as a cavern.

Once, in the novel-writing, following the lead of many worthy predecessors, Griswold had made much of the "sixth" sense; the subtle and indefinable prescience which warns its possessor of invisible danger. No such warning was vouchsafed him when he leaned across the end of the writing table, turned on the gas and held a lighted match over the chimney of the working-lamp. It was while he was still bending over the table, with both hands occupied, that he looked aside. In his own pivot chair, covering him with the mate to the weapon he had smashed and thrown away, sat the man who had opened the two doors and drawn the window shades and otherwise prepared the trap.

"You bought a couple o' these little playthings, Mr. Griswold," said the man quietly. "Keep your hands right where they are, and tell in which pocket you've got the other one."

Griswold laughed, and there was a sudden snapping of invisible bonds. He dismissed instantly the thought that Charlotte Farnham had taken him at his word; and if she had not, there was nothing to fear.

"I threw the other one away a little while ago," he said. "Reach your free hand over and feel my pockets."

Broffin acted upon the suggestion promptly.

"You ain't got it on you, anyway," he conceded; and when Griswold had dropped into the chair at the table's end: "I reckon you know what I'm here for."

"I know that you are holding that gun of mine at an exceedingly uncomfortable angle—for me," was the cool rejoinder. "I've always had a squeamish horror of being shot in the stomach."

The detective's grin was appreciative.

"You've got a good, cold nerve, any way," he commented. "I've been puttin' it up that when the time came, you'd throw a fit o' some sort—what?

"Put Them on," He Snapped.

Since you're clothed in your right mind, we'll get down to business. First, I'll ask you to hand over the key to that safety-deposit box you've got in Mr. Grierson's bank."

Griswold took his bunch of keys from his pocket, slipped the one that was asked for from the ring, and gave it to his captor.

"Of course I'm surrendering it under protest," he said. "You haven't yet told me who you are, or what you are holding me up for."

Broffin waved the formalities aside with a pistol-pointed gesture. "We can skip all that. I've got you dead to rights, after so long a time, and I'm goin' to take you back to New Orleans with me. The only question is, do you go easy or hard?"

"I don't go either way until you show your authority."

"I don't need any authority. You're the parlor anarchist that held up the president of the Bayou State Security bank last spring and made a get-away with a hundred thousand—what?"

"All right; you say so—prove it." Griswold had taken a cigar from the box on the writing table and was leisurely lighting it. There was nothing to be nervous about. "I'm waiting," he went on, placidly, when the cigar was going. "If you are an officer, you probably have a warrant, or a requisition, or something of that sort. Show it up."

"I don't need any papers to take you," was the barked-out retort. Broffin had more than once found himself confronting similar dead walls, and he knew the worth of a bold play.

"Oh, yes, you do. You accuse me of a crime; did you see me commit the crime?"

"No."

"Well, somebody did, I suppose. Bring on your witnesses. If anybody can identify me as the man you are after, I'll go with you—without the requisition. That's fair, isn't it?"

"I know you're the man, and you know it, too, d——n well!" snapped Broffin, angered into bandying words with his obstinate capture.

"That is neither here nor there; I am not affirming or denying. It is for you to prove your case, if you can. And, listen, Mr. Broffin—perhaps it will save your time and mine if I add that I happen to know that you can't prove your case."

"Why can't I?"

"Just because you can't," Griswold went on argumentatively. "I know the facts of this robbery you speak of; a great many people know them. The newspaper accounts said at the time that there were three persons who could certainly identify the robber—the president, the paying teller, and a young woman. It so happens that all three of these people are at present in Wahaska. At different times you have appealed to each of them, and in each instance you have been turned down. Isn't that true?"

Broffin glanced up, scowling.

"It's true enough that you—you and the little black-eyed girl between you—have hoodooed the whole bunch!" he rasped. "But when I get you into court, you'll find that there are others."

Griswold smiled good-naturedly. "That is a bold, bad bluff, Mr. Broffin, and nobody knows it any better than you do," he countered. "You haven't a leg to stand on. This is America, and you can't arrest me without a warrant. And if you could, what would you do with me without the support of at least one of your three witnesses? Nothing—nothing at all."

Broffin laid the pistol on the table, and put the key of the safety box beside it. Then he sat in grim silence for a full minute, toying idly with a pair of handcuffs which he had taken from his pocket.

"By the eternal grappies!" he said, at length, half to himself, "I've a good mind to do it anyway—and take the chances."

As quick as a flash Griswold thrust out his hands.

"Put them on!" he snapped. "There are a hundred lawyers in New Orleans who wouldn't ask for anything better than the chance to defend me—at your expense!"

Broffin dropped the manacles into his pocket and sat back in the swing-chair. "You win," he said shortly; and the battle was over.

For a little time no word was spoken. Griswold smoked on placidly, seemingly forgetful of the detective's presence. Yet he was the one who was the first to break the strained silence.

"You are a game fighter, Mr. Broffin," he said, "and I'm enough of a scrapper myself to be sorry for you. Try one of these smokes—you'll find them fairly good—and excuse me for a few minutes. I want to write a letter which, if you are going down town, perhaps you'll be good enough to mail for me."

He pushed the open box of cigars across to the detective, and dragged the lounging chair around to the other side of the table. There was stationery at hand, and he wrote rapidly for a few minutes, covering three pages of the manuscript sheets before he stopped. When the letter was inclosed, addressed, and stamped, he tossed it across to Broffin, face up. The detective saw the address, "Miss Margery Grierson," and, putting the letter into his pocket, got up to go

"Just one minute more, if you please," said Griswold, and, relighting the cigar which had been suffered to go out, he went into the adjoining bedroom. When he came back, he had put on a light top coat and a soft hat, and was carrying a small handbag.

"I'm your man, Mr. Broffin," he said quietly. "I'll go with you—and plead guilty as charged."

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Wahaska, the village-conscious, had its nine-days' wonder displayed for it in inch-type headlines when the Daily Wahaskan, rehearsing the story of the New Orleans bank robbery, told of the voluntary surrender of the robber, and of his deportation to the southern city to stand trial for his offense.

Some few there were who took exceptions to Editor Randolph's editorial in the same issue, commenting on the surrender, and pleading for a suspension of judgment on the ground that much might still be hoped for from a man who had retraced a broad step in the downward path by voluntarily accepting the penalty. Those who objected to the editorial were of the perverse minority. The intimation was made that the plea had been inspired—a hint basing itself upon the fact that Miss Grierson had been seen visiting the office of the Wahaskan after the departure of the detective, Matthew Broffin, with his prisoner.

The sensational incident, however, had been forgotten long before a certain evening, three weeks later, when the Grierson carriage conveyed the vice-president of the Bayou State Security from the Grierson mansion to the south-bound train. Andrew Galbraith was not alone in the carriage, and possibly there were those in the sleeping car who mistook the dark-eyed and strikingly beautiful young woman, who took leave of him only after he was comfortably settled in his section, for his daughter. But the whispered words of leave-taking were rather those of a confidante than a kinswoman.

"I'll arrange the Raymer matter as you suggest," she said, "and if I had even a speaking acquaintance with God, I'd pray for you the longest day I live, Uncle Andrew. And about the trial: I'm going to leave it all with you! Just remember that I shall bleed little drops of blood for every day the judge gives him, and that the only way he can be helped is by a short sentence. He wouldn't take a pardon; he—he wants to pay, you know. Good-night, and good-by!" And she put her strong young arms around Andrew Galbraith's neck and kissed him, thereby convincing the family party in lower seven that she was not only the only man's daughter, but a very affectionate one, at that.

* * * * * * *

The little-changing seasons of central Louisiana had measured two complete rounds on the yearly dial of time's unremitting and unhasting clock when the best hired carriage that Baton Rouge could afford drew up before the entrance to the state's prison and waited. Precisely on the stroke of

"And You—You've Paid the Price, Haven't You?"

twelve, a man for whom the prison rules had lately been relaxed sufficiently to allow his hair to grow, came out, looked about him as one dazed, and assaulted the closed door of the carriage as if he meant to tear it from its hinges.

"Oh, boy, boy!" came from the one who had waited; and then the carriage door yielded, opened, closed with a crash, and the negro driver clucked to his horses.

They were half-way to the railroad station, and she was trying to persuade him that there would be months and years in which to make up for the loveless blank, before sane speech found its opportunity. And even then there were interruptions.

"I knew you'd be here; no, they didn't tell me, but I knew it—I would have staked my life on it, Margery, girl," he said, in the first lucid interval.

"And you—you've paid the Price, haven't you, Kenneth? But, oh, boy, dear! I've paid it, too! Don't you believe me?"

There was another interruption, and because the carriage windows were open, the negro driver grinned and confided a remark to his horses. Then the transgressor began again.

"Where are you taking me, Margery?—not that it makes any manner of difference."

"We are going by train to New Orleans, and this—this—very—evening we are to be married, in Mr. Galbraith's house. And Uncle Andrew is going to give the bride away. It's all arranged."

"And after?"

"Afterward, we are going away—I don't know where. I just told dear old Saint Andrew to buy the tickets to anywhere he thought would be nice, and we'd go. I don't care where it is—do you? And when we get there, I'll buy you a pen and some ink and paper, and you'll go on writing the book, just as if nothing had happened. Say you will, boy, dear; please say you will! And then I'll know that—the price—wasn't—too great."

He was looking out of the carriage window when he answered her, across to the levee and beyond it to the farther shore of the great river, and his eyes were the eyes of a man who has seen of the travail of his soul and is satisfied.

"I shall never write that book, little girl. That story, and all the mistakes that were going to the making of it, lie on the other side of—the Price. But one day, please God, there shall be another and a worthier one."

"Yes—please God," she said; and the dark eyes were shining softly.

THE END.

Parrot Called Police.

A Philadelphia parrot screamed so that the police entered the house and found the mistress dead from drinking poison. "Get out!" wailed the parrot, when told what had happened.

Afternoon Dress for the Little Girl

A design in a dress and coatee for a little girl, which may be successfully made up in any sort of material is shown here. As pictured the dress is of Irish poplin with a border of ottoman silk in a wide bias band about the bottom of the skirt, and a jacket of the same silk as the band. But the model is just as well adapted to many of the new cotton fabrics. It might be developed in cotton gaberdine for the dress, and cotton corduroy for the jacket, in any of the light, staple colors that these new fabrics are made in.

As shown in the picture the skirt is set on to a belt of the poplin which is also the belt of the plain bodice. The bodice has a small yoke, opening at the neck in a shallow "V" and finished with little, buttonholed scallops. The coat is cut with long shoulders and short sleeves and is lined with the poplin. This is used also for the turnback cuffs and collar and appears in a piping about the edges of the little garment. Small pink frogs form the single fastening. A girdle is worn with the dress.

Among other pretty models for the little miss are full skirts of plaid material confined at the waist with several rows of shirring and set onto a plain belt of the plaid. Wide suspenders made also of the plaid material are set onto the belt. Such skirts are finished with a plain, three-inch hem and are only moderately wide. They are worn over thin blouses made of batiste or organdie or other sheer material. Short top coats or jackets of plain woolen goods, matching the dominant color in the plaid skirt, are worn with them. Together they make a smart looking outfit for the little girl.

Showing the Direction of the Millinery Wind

Here are two pretty dress hats which show which way the millinery wind blows. As to trimming it points to simplicity, but as to shape it continues to blow "every which way." In materials hatters' plush, velours and combinations of velvet with other materials are in steady demand and such combinations appear in these two hats.

At the top the picturesque shape is of velvet and plush, the velvet appearing on the upper brim and in a wide flange against the plush facing. The top crown is of velvet. A wide, handsome faille ribbon is laid in folds about the side crown and the ends are joined at the right of the front. Here an odd feather ornament is posed at an equally odd angle. Sprays of fine feathers, which look like frost-covered twigs, spring from a big cabochon of feathers and dance in every breeze that blows. At the left a ball and tassel of silk, fastened against the crown, give this model more than the usual allowance of ornament.

The brim in this shape is very irregular and the crown is eccentric in shape but both are made on good and becoming lines. Such shapes are not universally becoming, but when they do suit the face, they seem made especially for the wearers.

Below is a French sailor with the brim widened at the left front, which is an indication of the privilege accorded to brim by the mode. They do all sorts of unexpected things. The brim is of hatters' plush faced with velvet and has a narrow velvet binding. The top crown is soft and of velvet.

This hat, becoming to almost every face, has a band of the new, brilliant flitter-jet about the side crown. The sequins are small and set very thick, overlapping one another in a mass of brilliant scales. Two long "feelers" spring from a small oblong body of the flitter-jet, the little sequins or spangles extending a little way on each one. Two of the odd, stiff ornaments are set at the back—one on each side of it. The hat would be prettier without these, and measured by the season's standards would be amply trimmed.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

WOMAN REFUSES OPERATION

Tells How She Was Saved by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Louisville, Ky.—"I think if more suffering women would take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound they would enjoy better health. I suffered from a female trouble, and the doctors decided I had a tumorous growth and would have to be operated upon, but I refused as I do not believe in operations. I had fainting spells, bloated, and could hardly stand the pain in my left side. My husband insisted that I try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am so thankful I did, for I am now a well woman. I sleep better, do all my housework and take long walks. I never fail to praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for my good health."—Mrs. J. M. Resch, 1900 West Broadway, Louisville, Ky.

Since we guarantee that all testimonials which we publish are genuine, is it not fair to suppose that if Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has the virtue to help these women it will help any other woman who is suffering in a like manner?

If you are ill do not drag along until an operation is necessary, but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter wil be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

For Varicose Veins and Ulcers, Hemorrhoids (Piles), Eczemas, Painful Swellings, Abscesses, Sores, Etc., use

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MUCH OF AN ABBREVIATION

Youngster's Name Considerably Shortened From the One That Was Originally Given Him.

A northern man who was visiting in Baltimore stopped on the street one day to have his shoes polished. A bright-eyed little black boy stepped forward to give the desired shine. Becoming interested in the little chap, the Northerner asked his name, to which the boy promptly replied:

"Gen, sah!"

After a few moments of silence, the Northerner continued: "I suppose that is an abbreviation for General?"

The word "abbreviation" gave the little fellow pause; however, he was equal to the occasion, and recovered himself. "No, sah," he said, "'tain't 'xactly dat; ma shore 'nough name am 'Genesis 30:33, So shall my righteousness answer for me in time to come' Washington Carter, but dey jest calls me Gen for short."—Youth's Companion.

Painful Contrast.

"Who is that fellow fulminating against American bankers for being willing to lend Great Britain and France approximately $1,000,000,000?"

"That's Jibway. No wonder he's bitter."

"Why so?"

"He's been going around town for two weeks trying to borrow $50."—Exchange.

HARD ON CHILDREN

When Teacher Has Coffee Habit.

"Best is best, and best will ever live.' When a person feels this way about Postum they are glad to give testimony for the benefit of others.

A school teacher down in Miss. says: "I had been a coffee drinker since my childhood, and the last few years it had injured me seriously.

"One cup of coffee taken at breakfast would cause me to become so nervous that I could scarcely go through with the day's duties, and this nervousness was often accompanied by deep depression of spirits and heart palpitation.

"I am a teacher by profession, and when under the influence of coffee had to struggle against crossness when in the school room.

"When talking this over with my physician, he suggested that I try Postum, so I purchased a package and made it carefully according to directions; found it excellent of flavour, and nourishing.

"In a short time I noticed very gratifying effects. My nervousness disappeared, I was not irritated by my pupils, life seemed full of sunshine, and my heart troubled me no longer.

"I attribute my change in health and spirits to Postum alone."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum comes in two forms:

Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

ALL ARE WELCOME TO CLUB

Methodist Institution Open to Members of Every Country in the World.

The Wesley club, which has just been launched in London, is called the Wesley club. Headquarters are in the Methodist Central hall near the Westminster, near the Christian Science church. It is the first club in the world to be open to members with some claim to Methodism, its aim is to make the hall seem more of a gathering place than it has been for all members of the great Methodist family, numbers of whom come to London from all parts of the earth and visit the hall. The visitors' book shows many names from New York, Philadelphia and other American cities, as well as those of callers from Australia, Africa and even from Asia.

Politics will be barred in the Wesley club, and in the first line of members names prominent in all the British political parties appear. The club, in short, is intended to be a place where members of the Methodist body can indulge in that free-and-easy social intercourse which has been one of the good results of that outstanding Methodist characteristic—brotherliness.

to Sir Robert Perkes, who among other things revolutionized the underground railways of London, organized the Million Guinea fund which the Wesleyan Methodists raised some years ago, and made possible the erection of the magnificent hall which houses the new club.

The club is open to all Methodists—Wesleyan, Primitive, United and of both sexes—and whether they come from England or other parts of the globe. Indeed, one of its aims is to make the hall seem more of a gathering

Flour "Aged."

Bakers keep flour for about sixty days as a rule, allowing it to "age" before using. They sometimes point to this fact when bread loaves do not immediately increase in size in sympathy with a decline in the price of the miller's product.

FRIENDSHIP BRACELET A FAD

Pretty Idea Which at Once Met With Recognition and Is Spreading Among Young People.

There is a fad among young people for so-called "friendship" bracelets. Each of her friends, of either sex, furnishes the girl who is starting her bracelet with one flat link, upon which his or her initials are engraved. Then the links are slipped on to a flat velvet band and tied with a bow, or have a clasp which the girl herself has made, with her own initials engraved upon it.

Many dealers furnish the links from 25 cents up, according to size, material and weight, engraving the initials free of charge. If desired, one may have the links fastened together by little rings, doing away with the velvet band.

It is believed by the superstitious that a mole in the hollow of the cheek denotes a quarrelsome disposition.