

The PRICE

By FRANCIS LYNDE
ILLUSTRATIONS by C.D. RHODES

CHAPTER XXX—Continued.
—15—

"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 revelation 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 hers. Instantly he was face to face with a fanged choice which threatened to tear his heart out and trample upon it, and again he recorded his decision, confirming it with an oath. The price was too great; the upward path too steep; the self-denial 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 of 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, anyway," he commented. "I've been puttin' it up that when the time came, you'd throw a fit o' some sort—what?"

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."

Wahaska, the village-conscious, had its nine-days' wonder displayed for its nine-days' 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



"Put Them on," He Snapped.

open box on the writing table and was calmly 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 you?"

"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—noting 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 grapples!" 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.

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convalescent 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 unshaking 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



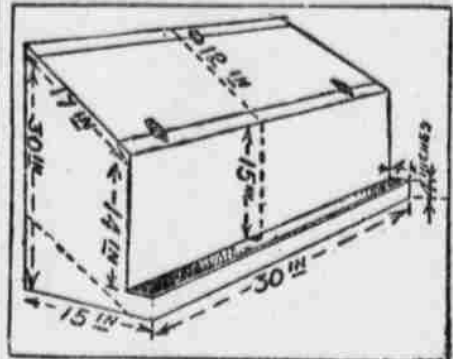
"And You—You've Paid the Price, Haven't You?"

POULTRY

FEED HOPPER FOR DRY MASH

Device May Be Made of Any Size to Suit Flock—Slanting Top Keeps Fowls From Roosting.

I find this to be a very good feed hopper for dry mashes. The dimensions given are those of my hopper, but it may be made in any size to suit the size of your flock, writes Mrs. Leo



Hopper for Mash or Grit.

H. Johnson of Langsville, O., in Farmers Mail and Breeze. It may also be made into two or more compartments by putting in partitions and so feed shells, dry mash, grit, etc., at the same time. Notice that it has a slanting top. By setting it against the wall the chickens cannot roost on it. It also has a slanting bottom which makes the contents work to the front.

LEARN TO FEED PROFITABLY

Most Difficult Period in Feeding Starts With Baby Chicks—Good Mixture for Dry Mash.

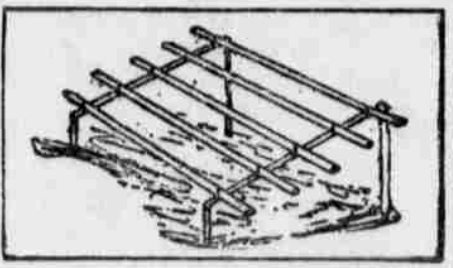
Profitable feeding is something every farmer and poultryman must learn. Without it the most vigorous chicks that were ever hatched could not develop into standard, mature birds. The most difficult period in feeding starts with the baby chicks. If stunted when small, it is "runty" forever; if fed and cared for properly when young it can rustle for itself to a limited extent later.

The baby chick should never be fed until forty-eight hours old, and then a mash of coarse bran and charcoal mixed with hard-boiled eggs is all it will need for two or three days. After the first few days it may be fed mixed grain five times daily, and the mash of bran and eggs three times daily. A good chick ration may be had by mixing ten pounds cracked wheat, ten pounds cracked corn (sifted) and ten pounds, "steel cut" oats. The dry mash is made up of ten pounds bran, ten pounds shorts, five pounds corn meal, five pounds meat scraps and two and one-half pounds charcoal. Feed sour milk if available, giving chicks all they will consume.

ROOSTS MADE VERMINPROOF

Gas Pipes Used for Supports, Instead of Wooden Timbers, Aids in Keeping Parasites Away.

One of the largest poultrymen uses gas pipes instead of the usual wooden fixtures to support his roosts, and thus makes them almost entirely free from mites and other parasites which are so troublesome to poultry raisers. The pipe is bent as shown in the illustration and to hold the roosts in



Gas Pipes Support Roosts.

place holes are bored at proper intervals, through which bolts are inserted, projecting far enough above the pipe to hold the roosts in position. The roosts are made as usual and are laid on the pipe without fastening, thus making it easy to remove them for cleaning, etc. The pipes need not be over three-fourths of an inch in diameter, and will be found to be one of the most satisfactory supports for roosts yet devised.

MAKING MONEY FROM SQUABS

Little Chance for Profit With Pigeons Unless Birds Are Kept Free From Insect Parasites.

There is very little chance of making money from squabs unless through cleanliness pigeons can be kept comparatively free from disease and insect parasites. The stock should be carefully watched and any sick birds removed from the breeding pen. The house should be kept dry, clean, well ventilated, and free from drafts. The yards should be kept clean either by scraping the surface and adding fresh sand or gravel or by cultivating the land and planting it to grain if possible. Only good, sound grain should be fed.

Lower Fowls Vigor.

With the general exception of well-cared-for, open-range flocks, the conditions under which practically all fowls are kept, result in a constant tendency toward the lowering of the birds' constitutional vigor.

When a rich man dies the people all say: "Well, he couldn't take any of it with him."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic.—Adv.

There are 1,369 Austrians and Hungarians, 1,027 Germans and 592 Turks in the French army.

Every woman's pride, beautiful, clear white clothes. Use Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers. Adv.

Reason Enough. Indignant Customer—Barber, why did you drop that towel on my face? Barber—Because it was hot, sir.

Not Gray Hairs but Tired Eyes makes you look older than we are. Keep your eyes young and you will look young. After the Movies always Murine Your Eyes—Don't tell your age.

A Good Furnace. "The body is a furnace and the food we take is fuel."

Very capable furnace, too. Some manage to keep it going on ice cream soda.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

An Improved Quinine, Does not Cause Nervousness nor Ringing in Head

The happy combination of laxatives in LAX-ATIVE-BROMO-QUININE makes the Quinine in this form have a far better effect than the ordinary Quinine, and it can be taken by anyone without affecting the head. Remember to call for the full name, Laxative Bromo-Quinine. Look for signature of E. W. Grove. 25c.

Soldiers' Wives as "Drummers." A new field of endeavor has been opened to women by the war. The wives of several hundred German commercial travelers, who are now at the front, have taken up the work of their absent husbands. Almost all of these female "drummers" are successful and will be employed after the war, if they so desire.

Helpful Hint. "Our baby weighs eleven pounds," confessed Proudpa, "and I am almost worn out walking the floor with him night after night." "I'm," returned old Balderson, the bachelor. "Why not see if you can trade him to the Skinnboneses for their sickly baby, which I understand weighs but six pounds?"

The Way He Felt. Robert, a North Hill youngster, likes apple dumplings. "When mother makes the kind that she bakes in a pan with a cup of maple sirup poured over them Robert doesn't care to notice anything else on the table, except the rich cream to pour over the top of the dumplings. After a feast of the delicious dumplings the other day Robert shoved back his chair with an ecstatic sigh.

"Gee, mamma," he exclaimed, "you couldn't make a dent in my stomach with a hammer."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Ideal Place. "You seem to have a model town here," remarked the visitor. "Yes, indeed," answered the proud citizen. "The town is well lighted, well paved and neat as a pin. Our street car system is excellent, our telephone service satisfactory, our police and fire departments above criticism. Furthermore, we have cheap gas, good water and Sunday moving pictures."

"Well, well!" "As a matter of fact" continued the proud citizen, in a confidential tone, "when a man makes up his mind to run for office here he has the dickens of a time getting enough planks together to make a platform."

HARD TO DROP But Many Drop It.

A young Calif. wife talks about coffee: "It was hard to drop Mocha and Java and give Postum a trial, but my nerves were so shattered that I was a nervous wreck and of course that means all kinds of ails. "I did not want to acknowledge coffee caused the trouble for I was very fond of it. At that time a friend came to live with us, and I noticed that after he had been with us a week he would not drink his coffee any more. I asked him the reason. He replied: 'I have not had a headache since I left off drinking coffee, some months ago, till last week, when I began again here at your table. I don't see how anyone can like coffee, anyway, after drinking Postum!'" "I said nothing, but at once ordered a package of Postum. That was five months ago, and we have drank no coffee since, except on two occasions when we had company, and the result each time was that my husband could not sleep, but lay awake and tossed and talked half the night. We were convinced that coffee caused his suffering, so he returned to Postum, convinced that coffee was an enemy, instead of a friend, and he is troubled no more by insomnia. "I have gained 5 pounds in weight, and my nerves have ceased to quiver. It seems so easy now to quit coffee that caused our aches and ails and take up Postum." 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.