



OUT OF THE SWIM.

His clothes hang on him in many a shred, He is out of the swim. He walks life's highway with sullen tread, He is out of the swim.

Once he had honor and friends, but now He is out of the swim. Men coveted then his lordly bow, He is out of the swim.

He has nothing to hold him now to life, He is out of the swim. Neither friends nor fortune, child nor wife, He is out of the swim.

The moonlight rests on a peaceful face, He is out of the swim. Dear God, forgive in Thy infinite grace, He is out of the swim.

Out of the temptations that so beset, Out of life's maddening roar and fret: God who made us will care for him, Out of the swim.

Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in Chicago Record-Herald.

SCOUNDRELS & CO.

By COULSON KERNAHAN Author of "Captain Shannon," "A Book of Strange Sins," "A Dead Man's Diary," Etc.

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CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

It was an indiscreet answer, for my companion evidently interpreted it as meaning that I was not altogether unaware of the fact that steps were to be taken by the syndicate to prevent Inspector Marten from paying his promised visit.

"But why should you suppose you were being watched at Southend?" he answered, suspiciously. "I didn't suppose," I answered; "I only wanted to guard against observation. But, as I was saying when you interrupted me, I swam out instead of rowing, and, being a bit cold after the long swim, I asked our host there to give me a drink before we got to business. He gave me one and was going to help himself, when suddenly, without a word of warning, he jumped up as if to make a murderous attack upon me, and then fell dead, as you saw, killed by his own fury. However, there it is, and it can't be helped; so now I think I will bid you good-night and get ashore."

"Not without a drink, at all events," said the councillor, with a singularly mischievous smile. "This is really a most unfortunate and unhappy affair, although I'm not a bit surprised at the sequel, for I've warned our friend there not once, but a dozen times, that his passion would cost him his life one day. But he was a hospitable man, and, as his friend, I stand in the place of host to you; so you must allow me to do the honors."

For all his protested politeness there was a look in his eyes as he spoke which convinced me that he meant to do me a mischief. If he believed that I was in possession of no dangerous information, he would surely have let me go about my business unmolested; but his pressing me to drink foreboded no good, and when I thought of the India-rubber ball I wished heartily that I were safe on shore again. The honest truth is that the strain to which I had been subjected was beginning to tell upon me and that my nerve was failing. I was possessed with a great desire to be done with the whole business and out in the open, so with a civil "Thank you; I won't take any more whisky to-night," I made a move towards the door.

He stepped forward hastily to intercept me and we stood for a moment almost breast to breast, each looking the other in the face with eyes of menace. "Will you allow me to pass, please?" I said, with freezing politeness. "Not till I have satisfied myself about your share in this business," he protested with equal determination, pointing as he spoke to the corpse, and advancing one leg, as if to plant that limb more securely, and thus more effectually to bar the way. In so doing he set his heavy heel right upon my naked foot, and with such force that the scar is there to this day.

Screaming with pain and maddened beyond endurance, I struck out at him with my clenched fist, catching him fairly between the eyes, and with such force that the back of his head cannoned against the door with a bang that set all the crockery on board rattling like a housewife's china closet after an earthquake shock. To say the "fur flew" during the next half minute would be—in view of my unclothed condition—an inaccurate metaphor; but all I know is that I was for that space of time as uncertain which of me was I and which of me was he, as if the pair of us had been a ball of string in the claws of a kitten. For one moment we untangled ourselves, so to speak, to get breath; and I well remember with what joy I caught sight of the livid, ugly lump between his eyes where I had struck him. The next instant we were at it again, rolling over and over upon the floor like wild cats and striving each to throttle the life out of the other. No one who has not fought for his life stark naked, as I did then, would believe how much I was handicapped by

the absence of clothing. There is not much protection, one would think, in coat, waistcoat and trousers; yet without them I felt as a mediaeval warrior might without his armour. The very buttons on my enemy's clothing fought for him. They were like so many claws that scored and scratched my skin; and when, while we were struggling, he got the upper berth, and knelt over me, with his knee pressed against my breastbone, I felt as if the chest of me was scarce stronger than a cardboard box. I was well-nigh gone that time, for he reached over and got such a vise-like grip upon my throat that my eyes stood out on their stalks; and my tongue was lolling from my head like a thirsty dog's. But if my lack of clothing disadvantaged me in one way it advantaged me in another, for no eel could have been more slippery to hold than I. Straining every sinew in my body in one supreme effort, I managed to roll him off, and upon his back, and wriggling from his grasp, I sprang to my feet on the look-out for a weapon. He caught at my legs to throw me, but snatching up the heavy whisky decanter by the neck, I whirled it aloft, and dealt him a blow behind the ear that put an end both to him and to the fight. At first I thought he was only stunned, but when I found that his heart had indeed ceased to beat (and small wonder, for I had hit him with terrific force, and upon a vulnerable spot), I stripped him, and, opening the brown bag, took out the weighted chain with which he had meant to sink the body of his victim. Then I lashed the pair of them—the man who was to have been murdered and the man who was to have murdered him—together, and, passing the chain around the ankles of both, I made it fast and dragged my double and ghastly burden upon deck, where I toppled it over into the water.

"And now," I said, "I'll dress myself in the clothes of my late antagonist and go ashore in the dinghy, taking with me the bag containing his disguise. In the pocket of his coat is a paper telling where and when the next meeting of the Syndicate of Scoundrels takes place. What's to hinder me from going there instead of him? He's my height, figure and complexion, and, dressed in his clothes and wearing the disguise which has been provided for him, there's no reason why anyone should suspect I am not he, especially as I know enough of his affairs to give a very good account of myself and of to-night's work. Anyhow, danger or no danger, discovery or no discovery, when the next meeting of the Syndicate of Scoundrels takes place I shall be there."

CHAPTER IV. MY REASON FOR DECIDING TO PERSONATE THE DEAD COUNCILLOR. Before relating the adventures which befell me on the occasion of my personating the dead councillor at the meeting of the syndicate, I ought, perhaps, to state the reasons which led me to decide to present. Those who have done me the honor of following my narrative thus far may not unaturally conclude that I

am a professional detective. In that, however, they will be mistaken. I do not know that I am a professional anything, unless it be a professional failure. Being possessed of some private means, I am in the fortunate position of being able to choose my occupation, and, as a matter of fact, I have, as they say in America, "sampled" several professions. As an Irishman, not, I hope, without an Irishman's versatility, I found something to interest me in each. But my dislike to what is called "shop" made it difficult for me to settle down definitely to any one pursuit.

The moody, run-in-a-circle "shop" chatter of the second-rate musician, who shambles yearful and morose at your side; the insistent, assertive "shop" jabber of third-rate actors who stalk the Strand, their hard, lined faces and bold eyes proclaiming them members of "the profession," as they arrogantly style their art; the inconsequent cackle of literary "at homes;" or the shamelessness of the self-advertising scribbler, touting, bagman-like, for reviews—all this I found and find insufferable. But, taking one thing with another—and since some amount of "shop" there appears to be in every profession—it seems to me that the craft of letters has, or should have, a tolerably wide "look-out." The "shop" of literature is, or ought to be, the world. It is because life is more fascinating than literature, that literature is so fascinating a profession. The man of letters is before all things a student of life. Hence he is never without resource, for all life interests him. He never loses the sense of wonder. He can fold his hands devoutly, and with bowed head repeat after Robert Louis Stevenson that General Thanksgiving that breathes a more childlike spirit of true and joy-

ous gratitude to the God and Giver of all than any Doxology: "The world is so full of a number of things I think we should all be as happy as kings." I had drifted into, rather than seriously adopted, the profession of authorship, but I was at all times ready to lay aside my pen for any enterprise that promised adventure; and here was adventure ready to hand, and calling for me to make the most of what it afforded. To play the spy upon such goundrels, to "confound their knavish tricks;" and to be the means ultimately of bringing them to justice, offered sport in plenty for my money; and would, moreover, give me an opportunity of putting to the test a long-cherished theory of mine. This theory is that a story-writer who has attained some proficiency in his art is in possession of several of the qualities that go to make a good detective. That I shall be accused by some persons of talking the very "shop" which I profess to dislike is quite possible, but I submit that to discuss the principles of the novelist's art is very different from discussing the price per thousand words and the personality of the artist.

I contend that the qualities of mind which are necessary for the construction of a successful story are not very different from those which are required for the planning of a successful crime. The novelist makes a rough draft of his story, just as the criminal maps out his lines of action, and both fill in details and fit them together in a similar way. The novelist has, on the first blush of it, the easier task, for he has only himself and his own characters to manage, whereas the criminal has other people to reckon with; but I am not sure that the novelist does not find his imaginary characters quite as difficult to deal with as the criminal finds his actual folks. And the novelist is no less liable to discover himself "in a corner" by reason of some unexpected development than is his fellow artist; and both are apt to court failure by neglecting to take probabilities into account, or by overlooking some unexpected and important factor.

Fortunately for the welfare of society, the average perpetrator of a crime is as wanting in originality as is the average perpetrator of a book; and if crimes were "reviewed" in the same way as stories, a critic might "slate" the two offences in almost identical words. For the commonplace misdoer only commonplace methods of detection are necessary. But for the more unusual criminal more unusual methods are required. And if my theory holds good, a novelist—other things being equal—is by no means badly equipped as a criminal-catcher.

He is, to begin with, well informed and observant, and he has—if his successes have not been entirely meretricious—considerable knowledge of character. He is a psychologist, and, given certain constitutional tendencies in conjunction with certain circumstances, can predict with tolerable precision the logical results. He has, if a capable novelist, the artist's power of entering into the lives of other people, or creeping, so to speak, into the criminal's brain. He can put himself into the criminal's place, see as the criminal sees, feel as the criminal feels, think as the criminal thinks, and consequently can determine with considerable accuracy the criminal's probable line of action. He can detect the weak point in a chain of evidence just as quickly as he can detect the weak point in the probabilities of a story; and he has the inventive and imaginative qualities which are so necessary for the construction and the following out of a theory that may account for an otherwise unaccountable crime.

In saying all this I am, of course, presupposing that the story-writer in question is a man of proved ability, and I am crediting him with capabilities to the possession of which I should no more think myself of laying claim than I should to the laureate's dogged determination, unwillingness to admit myself beaten, some luck, and perhaps a little natural capacity. I had been successful in one or two similar ventures; and, on the principle that every private soldier carries in his knapsack a possible field-marshal's baton, I saw no reason why I should not enter the lists.

WHERE PEACE REIGNS.

Money Is Not Needed and No Disapproval or Irregularity Permitted.

The long haired young reformers were holding an informal debate, and when they had agreed that the world was just about as corrupt and had a piece as it well could be, a grim-faced man arose, relates London Tit-Bits. "What you seem to want, friends," he said, "is a place where everyone has to be good by law."

"That's it!" chorused the reformers. "Where smoking ain't allowed, and such a thing as drink is unknown? Where no one need worry about food and raiment, and where money does not exist?" "We do!" "Where everyone has to go to church on Sundays, and everyone keeps regular hours?"

"That is just what we do want. Oh, to find such a place!" said a soulful young fellow, speaking for the rest of the group. "Well, I've just come from such a place."

"You have?" cried the soulful one. "Oh, tell us, tell us, man of wonderful experience, where it is, that we may also go!" "It's a place called prison!" said the grim man.

Bright's Disease Cured. Whitehall, Ill., Dec. 7.—A case has been recorded in this place recently, which upsets the theory of many physicians that Bright's Disease is incurable. It is the case of Mr. Lon Manley, whom the doctors told that he could never recover. Mr. Manley tells the story of his case and how he was cured in this way: "I began using Dodd's Kidney Pills after the doctors had given me up. For four or five years I had Kidney, Stomach and Liver Troubles; I was a general wreck and at times I would get down with my back so bad that I could not turn myself in bed for three or four days at a time. "I had several doctors and at last they told me I had Bright's Disease, and that I could never get well. I commenced to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and I am now able to do all my work and am all right. I most heartily recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills and am very thankful for the cure they worked in my case. They saved my life after the doctors had given me up."

Inconsistent. "I'm so glad you chose the subject of 'Chinese Women,'" said Mrs. Flusly to Mrs. Gushly, who had just finished reading her paper. "The subject is so interesting, I never tire of hearing about the poor things."

"Mercy," thought the author of the paper. "I hope no one else stops to congratulate me before I get home. These new shoes pinch me so I can't stand it another minute!"—Detroit Free Press.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

"This is where we part company," said the comb to the brush, as they were set out in the guest's bedroom.—Columbia Jester.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Mrs. Homeleigh—"Your husband is at his club a good deal, isn't he?" Lady Gading—"Yes. The poor boy hates being at home alone, you know."—Punch.

You can do your dyeing in half an hour with Putnam Fadeless Dyes. Charity and personal force are the only investments worth anything.—Walt Whitman.

"Patience," said Uncle Eben, "is what everybody thinks everybody ought to have, an' what nobody has much personal use for."—Washington Star.

It's curious how a woman who wouldn't diverge an iota from a receipt for making cake will always try to improve on the multiplication table.—N. Y. Press.

The speeding trains came together with a dull, sickening thud. A moment later the happy pair sat facing each other in the corn field far away. "Well, what are you crying for?" asked the man. The lady sobbed. "It—it is our first falling out, she sobbed.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

"That boy of yours has disgraced his self in school," remarked Farmer Thorpington, as he tossed the latest letter aside. "Laws sakes! What's he done now?" inquired his better half. "It ain't what he's done; it's what he ain't done. This here letter says he's been in five football games, an' come out without a scratch!"—Baltimore News.

BOY'S CUTTING COMMENT.

Was the Means of Curing Former Texas Governor of the Joking Habit.

Ex-Gov. Hogg, of Texas, who has a reputation for playing a practical joke every time he gets a chance, says he has been cured of the habit. The last time he was in New York the joke he tried to perpetrate was turned back at him in great style. It happened that he wanted a shoe-shine. The boot-black, a small-sized Italian, began to chatter at him after he had taken his seat in the high chair. Not being in a conversational frame of mind, the portly governor thought it would be a good plan to feign that he was deaf and dumb. So he responded by signs to everything the bootblack said.

This proceeding naturally caused the desired silence on the part of the Italian, and the governor was wrapped in his own thoughts, when suddenly a little newsboy ran up and asked him if he wanted a paper. Before he could reply the bootblack turned to the boy and said: "You nota talka to him. He deaf."

The newsboy looked him over, says the governor, and then remarked in a loud voice: "Well, say, he's a fat old hog, ain't he?"

The governor, who weighs 300 pounds, relishes telling the story, but he adds feelingly that he kept up his bluff after hearing the brutal comment of the newsboy.

In the Australian Bush. Zack Bedo was one of the tender-hearted, ready-handed pioneers whom Mrs. Campbell Praed has described in her book, "My Australian Girlhood." When Ryan, the fence's boy, got lost in the bush, it was Zack Bedo who tracked him for three days and two nights, and brought the little shoe the child had worn and a lock of his hair to the mother, and cried like a child when he gave them to her.

He dug out the boy's grave with his own hands and a tomahawk, and buried him quickly, before the father could get to the place, so that the poor mother might never hear described what he, Zack Bedo, had seen. And because he could think of nothing better, and could not bear to lay what the hawks had left in the ground without a prayer, he said the only thing that came into his mind at the moment—the remembrance, perhaps of something his own mother had taught him—"Suffer little children to come unto Me, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven."

That was the excuse he made when chaffed at the huts one night for having a prayer-book in his possession. "It was awful awkward," he said, "not to know any words for burying." He could recollect the Lord's prayer, he added, "but that hadn't seemed quite right, somehow."

Not Great-Grandmother. A story of Prince Edward of Wales shows him not in his most discreet mood, but at least a human one. The Tatler says that, when a very little boy, he was listening to his teacher, who was trying to give him some idea of Heaven.

"Everybody will be happy," said she. "Everybody will share happiness equally."

"Shall we all be really equal?" "Yes, my dear."

"All of us, really?" "Yes, all of us."

"Great-grandma," this being the queen, "and all?" "Yes, even her majesty."

"I am sure," said the young prince, decidedly, "that great-grandma won't like that at all. Quite sure!"

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BRIEFLY DESCRIPTIVE.

Not Many Words Required to Tell How the Whole Thing Happened.

"Trivate" John Allen, according to the New York Times, is responsible for this one: Last year there were a number of claims for damages brought against one of the railroads in Mississippi by the farmers in a certain county of that state. These claims arose out of the fact that many hogs had been killed by the trains of the railroads in question. A mixed commission was formed of railroad men and others to determine the equity of these claims. Among others questioned by this commission was an old dorky who claimed to have been an eye-witness of the annihilation of one hog.

Said the chairman of the commission to Zeph: "Tell us, in as few words as possible, how this hog was killed."

Old Zeph shifted a huge cud of tobacco from one cheek to the other, cleared his throat, and then replied: "Well, sah," said he, "as nearly as I kin make it out, it was dis way: De train tooted and den tuk him!"

Books She Admired Most. When Tolstoi was in the Crimea recently a rich American arrived in his yacht with a party of friends and asked permission to call on the great Russian. Leave was granted on condition that Tolstoi, who was quite weak from illness, should not be troubled with talk. One woman visitor could not restrain her conversational propensity, but said in gushing tones: "Leo Tolstoi, all your noble writings have influenced my life, but the one which taught me most was—"

Here she forgot the name of the book and Tolstoi asked, insinuatingly: "Was it 'The Dead Souls'?" "Yes, yes," was the eager reply. "Ah," observed Tolstoi, "Gogol wrote that book, not I."



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