



THE SONGS MY MOTHER SANG

I hear them in the whispering winds, The forests rhythmic strain, The chime of bells, that sink and swell, The patter of the rain.



CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

Number Two was speaking. "Come, hurry up with those tools," he was saying. "The police are pretty sure to keep an eye upon the place still."

"But now that I know the scoundrels have got possession of the dynamite, and that they intend to use it in blowing up Lord Cranthorpe's house, I will make it my business to see that they don't do anything of the sort; and, knowing what I do of them and their plans, I think I shall succeed, though I fancy I'm setting myself a risky job."

CHAPTER VIII. I BECAME A PAVEMENT ARTIST.

As the council was to meet again in seven days, the probabilities were that Number Two would take no further action until he had had an opportunity of consulting his colleagues.

In view of such a contingency, I deemed it wise to keep an unwinking watch upon the condemned house; and I did not think I could better effect my purpose than by buying out the business, good-will and stock-in-trade, of a "pavement artist," who had installed himself not far from Lord Cranthorpe's residence, but on the other side of the way.



I SAT UP, RUBBING THE BACK OF MY HEAD.

In widow's weeds, which bore the loyal and not unnecessary legend, "God save the Queen." Much as this portrait of Her Majesty was admired by patriotic passers, the most critical were of the opinion that, as a likeness, it was not quite up to the level of a portrait of a mackerel, which formed the companion picture.

But the gem of the collection—in the opinion of materially-minded folk at all events—was a rasher of bacon, in which even such detail as the section of sawn bone was pictured so faithfully that one patron of art declared that it made him hungry to think of it frizzling in the pan; while for lovers and people of poetic temperament, a moonlight scene done in dark blue chalk with white effects, a sunset that glared in crimson and yellow, and a shipwreck in black and gray with a white lifeboat putting out to the rescue, completed the exhibition.

Having disguised myself as a working man, I waited until I knew there would be many people passing, in order that I might ask the artist if he were willing to enter into negotiations for the sale of his business. He was sitting with his back to the railing, his cap being displayed beside him to invite the casual copper.

restness, which was not all assumed, for his hand was at his side-pocket, as if in search of a weapon. "I ain't no sneakin' 'tec. Strike me dead if I am! I'm a pore man like yourself, mate, and I don't like the 'tecs no better nor wot you do, for if they knew what lay I was on, they'd nab me and no mistake, they would, rot 'em!"

"What's your game, then?" he said shortly, but less aggressively. "Well, it's like this," I answered; "there's a man wot lives in this Square as I'm goin' to put a knife into. You're a pore man and I'm a pore man. See! So you won't peach on me, I know. This man—a lord he calls hisself—he's took the bread out o' my mouth and out o' my kiddies' mouths, and out o' the mouths o' my mates and their kiddies. That's wot he's done, the ——— Lord Cranthorpe's his name, and some of us—them as is men and not chickens—ave met on the quiet and talked over 'ow we could get even with 'im. We're men, we are, not dogs to be kicked and starved an' robbed, and our missises and kiddies starved, by the likes of 'im. And we've drawn lots which of us was to knife 'im, and I drawn the billet and got to do it. Well, my mates they sent the 'at round, and got a bit o' money together to 'elp me in doin' the job. So as your lay's just a-nigh 'is 'ouse, I want to buy out the business, so as I can 'ang around without 'avin' no perishin' 'p'leeman harskin' questions. Then I waits for my man when 'e's comin' in or goin' out when there ain't nobody by, and then I spikes 'im. See? You're a pore man and so'm I. Eh? That's right, ain't it? On the square, too. Well, 'ow much do yer want for it?"

"I don't want anything," he said. "I shall go straight away and put his lordship on his guard, and then set the police on you. That's what I shall do." "That's what you'll do, eh, is it, yer bloomin' monkey?" I said, with a great assumption of fury. "You give information to the p'lice, yer perishin' pavement spiler! No, yer wot, not much; not if I 'as to swing for yer!" "There! there! my friend! That's all right," he said. "I only wanted to see if you were made of the right stuff or not. How was I to know that you weren't a detective in disguise, and that all this talk of yours wasn't a plant to take me in? Now look here! If you are in earnest in all this, so am I. I have a bone of my own to pick with Lord Cranthorpe, and that's why I'm here. Can't we work together? Two heads are better than one, and I can put you up to a better way and a bigger way—a thundering sight bigger way—of sending Lord Cranthorpe to blazes than by putting a knife into him."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before I had jumped to the scoundrel's scheming. Number Two under whose direction Number Three was acting, had shifted the most dangerous part of his mission—the actual conveyance of the bomb to Lord Cranthorpe's residence—upon the shoulders of his subordinate, who, in his turn, thought to make use of me as his catspaw in the same manner.

To affect to fall in with his dastardly plan would be the surest way to induce the plotter to show me his hand; so, protesting with a profusion of oaths that I was ready to listen to anything that promised to make more terrible the vengeance that was to be meted out to Lord Cranthorpe, I invited him, in suitable language, to tell me what he wanted me to do. Evidently gratified, and perhaps not a little relieved by the success of the stratagem by which the decree which he dared not disobey could be carried out without risk to his own precious person, he took my arm, and leading me towards the shadow of some trees at the corner of the square, began to unburden his mind of the business. Scarcely had we got our heads well together, however, when suddenly, silently, and without a moment's warning, something whizzed between us. Though I was not conscious of any direct blow, I found myself flung forward as forcibly as if I had just been discharged from an enormous catapult, and after whirling, a confused tangle of arms and limbs, in a sort of human catherine wheel, and executing a couple of somersaults, I landed finally on the pavement, where I lay listening to the music of the stars that were singing in my ears as well as staggering away before my eyes. A bicycle, going at racing pace, had run into us, and had knocked the conspiring pair of us apart as neatly as a couple of "kissing" billiard balls are knocked spinning in opposite directions by the impact from a ball which comes piping hot from the stroke of the cue. I grieve to say that when I began to get some breath back in my body the first mouthful was put to no better use than the utterance—the emphatic utterance—of the single and sinful word, "Damn!"

"I quite agree with you," said a voice, the owner of which I was still too dazed to see. "A most sensible remark, I'm sure, and my own sentiments entirely. Say it again. It will do you good." I said it again. "Precisely," the voice went on; "it's not generally considered a word to make glad the heart of man, but in the present instance you couldn't have hit upon one to gratify me more. It was quite soothing in fact, for I thought at first I had killed you, and that word was the best assurance I could have that you hadn't yet gone to Heaven and become an angel. It was too human."

I sat up, rubbing the back of my head ruefully, and looked around. Number Three had gone—whether there was nothing to indicate; but a tradesman's cart had drawn up to the curb, and by the light of the lamp I saw standing over me, with what in spite of the levity with which he had spoken, was a face of concern, a tall, dark, determined looking man. Two of his fingers were clipping the under-cuff of his coat sleeve in order to

stretch the cloth sufficiently tight to form an improvised brush, with which he was gingerly scraping away at the dust on his brown bowler hat; and I saw that his hair, which he wore short, was, though thick and curly, quite gray. Whether his fresh complexion, bright eyes and black mustache suggested some sort of contradiction to his gray hair, and thus tended to make him look out of the common, I could not at first say, but as I stared up at him I was conscious that there was something unusual, if not of distinction, about the man.

"Well—now that you have got your senses back—don't you think that you ought to be ashamed of yourself for obstructing the thoroughfare, pitching me off upon my head, not to speak of the damage you've done to the bicycle and to my arm?" He held up his left arm as he spoke, and I saw that the sleeve was ripped up, showing an ugly gash at the elbow.

"I'm very sorry," I said, unmindful of my own hurts, and with a want of spirit which was probably due to the fact that my brain was still a bit confused. "Tut! tut! man," he stammered, as if disarmed by my meekness; "the fault was as much mine as yours, for I had no right to be traveling at such a pace. I hope you're not hurt? Let me lend you a hand up."

[To Be Continued.]

MARKED FOR MISFORTUNE.

Even the Wind Was Against Her When She Made Her September Trip.

The talk in the Harvest Circle had been of misfortunes and their effect on those who endured them, says Youth's Companion. "There's some that sweetens and some that sours under them," said Deacon Lawton's wife, with decision, "and I suppose it's meant in either case," she added, none too lucidly.

"It's something to do with the kind of misfortune as well as the kind of folks," said Aunt Polly Rhodes, with equal firmness. "Loss of hearing's more apt to wear on the temper, though not always, of course, whilst loss of sight often mellow the whole disposition. Dyspepsia's a dreadful trying thing to bear up under, and so is chilblains."

"Not knowing where your next penny's coming from is none too easy on the temper, nor neither is rheumatic joints," said Miss Sparrow, the village seamstress, straightening out the fingers of her right hand by the aid of her left.

"Sorrow and disgrace—those are the hardest trials," said the minister's wife, softly.

Mrs. Porter, ruddy with health, handsomely dressed, the wife of the popular storekeeper and mother of three lovely children, sat serenely in the center of the group.

"You've no knowledge of misfortune," said Miss Sparrow, turning to her prosperous neighbor with a touch of envy in her voice.

Mrs. Porter let her sewing fall to her lap and bent a reproachful gaze on the little dressmaker.

"Why, Rhody Sparrow," she exclaimed, "when you know—for you've heard me tell time and again—that every September, when I drive over to Shrubville to see Sister Lucy, I'm sure to have the wind southwest going and northeast coming home!"

A Conquering Fawn.

A sambar fawn I possessed in India, of the age of four to six months, made a practice of chasing all dogs that came into the compound, and did so with every appearance of considering it the greatest possible fun. The dogs, on the other hand, fled with their tails between their legs. This fawn evidently imagined itself to be the guardian and protector of the establishment. I have a vivid picture in my recollection of the gentle little beast transformed into a perfect fury, its coat bristling on end to make it look twice its usual size, head and tail defiantly erect, stamping sharply on the threshold with its dainty forefeet, demonstrations intended to frighten away two pariah dogs who cringed before it on the veranda, yet showed a great desire to intrude into the house. The dogs finally sneaked off, depressed and defeated, and the conquering fawn swaggered back into the room to be praised by me, either for once disdaining to chase its foes or deterred therefrom by its strong dislike to the noonday sun.—London Spectator.

An Irishman's Mistake.

Lord Snook's regiment was ordered to India; but before he went he gave orders to a local builder to erect a wall around a certain ruined castle on his Irish estate, which was being picked to pieces by excursionists. Then he went to India, feeling that, whatever happened, his ruin at least was secure. After long years he returned, and lo! the wall stood as he had ordered it; but the historic castle had vanished even as a beautiful dream. "Where, oh, where is my beautiful ruin?" he demanded of the man to whom he had entrusted the contract. "What!" cried that worthy, "do ye mane that tumble-down shanty that used to be here? Sure, I pulled it down, and built the wall wid the bricks."—London Answers.

Uncle Reuben Says.

So long as liberty was a persimmon growin' on de highest branch of de tree everybody looked up to it wid reverence. Now dat it has becom a pumpkin kickin' around under foot nobody pays any attenshun to it.—Detroit Free Press.



Many women are denied the happiness of children through derangement of the generative organs. Mrs. Beyer advises women to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered with stomach complaint for years. I got so bad that I could not carry my children but five months, then would have a miscarriage. The last time I became pregnant, my husband got me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking the first bottle I was relieved of the sickness of stomach, and began to feel better in every way. I continued its use and was enabled to carry my baby to maturity. I now have a nice baby girl, and can work better than I ever could before. I am like a new woman."—Mrs. FRANK BEYER, 22 S. Second St., Meriden, Conn.

Another case which proves that no other medicine in the world accomplishes the same results as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I was married for five years and gave birth to two premature children. After that I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it changed me from a weak, nervous woman to a strong, happy and healthy wife within seven months. Within two years a lovely little girl was born, who is the pride and joy of my household. If every woman who is cured feels as grateful and happy as I do, you must have a host of friends, for every day I bless you for the light, health and happiness Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has brought to my home. Sincerely yours, Mrs. MAE P. WHARRY, Flat 31, The Norman, Milwaukee, Wis."

Actual sterility in woman is very rare. If any woman thinks she is sterile let her write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., whose advice is given free to all would-be and expectant mothers.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

MINIMIZING THE PAIN.

He Wanted the Best Watch, But Didn't Like to Pay the Price All at One Time.

"What's that watch worth?" asked Mr. Kloe, pointing to one in the show-case. "Ten dollars," replied the jeweler. "I'll take it," said the customer, and after paying for it he went out, relates Youth's Companion. The next day he came round again. "This watch doesn't exactly suit me," he said. "What's that one worth?" pointing to another. "Fifteen dollars." "I'll take that instead of this one, if you don't mind." "Certainly." A day or two later he came again. "How good a watch have you got for \$25?" he inquired. "Well, \$25 will get a pretty good time-piece," said the jeweler, handing one out. "Here's one with a gold-filled case, and full-jeweled. The movement is warranted." "I'll take it." He paid the difference, took the watch and went away. After the lapse of a few days he made his appearance once more. "Have you got a first-class watch with a solid gold case that you can sell for \$50?" he said. "Yes. Here it is." "Well, I'll take it," said Mr. Kloe. "Here's the other watch and \$25. That's the one I really wanted at first, but I hated to pay out all that money at once." Capitalization has proved to be a somewhat unsatisfactory substitute for capital.—Puck.

COMPLETELY RESTORED.

Mrs. P. Brunzel, wife of P. Brunzel, stock dealer, residence 3111 Grand Ave., Everett, Wash., says: "For fifteen years I suffered with terrible pain in my back. I did not know what it was to enjoy a night's rest and arose in the morning feeling tired and unrefreshed. My suffering sometimes was simply indescribable. When I finished the first box of Doan's Kidney Pills I felt like a different woman. I continued until I had taken five boxes. Doan's Kidney Pills act very effectively, very promptly, relieve the aching pains and all other annoying difficulties. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box."

The FREE Homestead

Advertisement for Western Canada featuring "The Great Attractions" and "The FREE Homestead" with illustrations of a woman and a landscape.

Staggered as I was, however, I did not lose my presence of mind. "No! no!" I made haste to protest with ear-