

THE SONGS MY MOTHER SANG

- I hear them in the whispering winds,
 The forests rythmic strain,
 The chime of bells, that sinks and swells,
 The patter of the rain.
 I hear them in the vesper call
 Of birds from copse and tree,
 Each note prolongs the dear old songs
 That mother sang to me.

- I hear them in the ocean's voice,
 The prattle of a child,
 The dashing rill, the fountain's trill,
 The tempest fierce and wild.
 I hear them through the silent night
 In dreams they echo free,
 Since memory throngs with tender songs
 That mother sang to me.

- I heard them when a babe I lay
 Upon her loving breast,
 And when a child their charms begulled
 My eager brain to rest.
 I hear them now, and some last hour
 Across death's swelling sea,
 My soul shall wing, while angels sing
 The songs she sang to me.
 —Lalia Mitchell, in Farm Journal.



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. The only wonder is that they haven't left some one in charge. Good God! what's

And then I heard another and a

'Move a step, either of you, and I fire. They have left some one in charge Will you surrender quietly or shall-

The next instant there was the report of firearms, followed by a scuffling

noise and a cry.

I waited to hear no more. "I'm better out of this than in it, and for several reasons," I said to myself. explanation wouldn't satisfy either side, if I were called upon to make it. If the Syndicate of Scoundrels gets to know I've been playing the spy on them, there would be an other vacancy in the council, for the villains would never rest till they'd poisoned, or drowned, or knifed, or dynamited me. And I don't know that I should find myself altogether popular with the police if I had to tell them my story. Besides which, they mightn't believe it, and, for all I know, I might find myself in the dock along with the other two. So I'll leave you to settle your little difference among

yourselves, gentlemen." One can think in three seconds what cannot be written down in thirty. The report of the pistol was still ringing in my ears as I opened the door, and, stepping cut, walked away at a pace which, though it was not so rapid as to attract notice, was, I can promise you, smart. Very glad I was too when I had turned the corner of the square, but it was not until I found myself in crowded thoroughfare, and I knew that I had put a good 500 yards between myself and the place, that I began to

The evening papers had no more eager reader than I that night, and it was with no little consternation that I saw the following announcement in a late edition:

'A tragic discovery was made this afternoon at 89 Fassett Square, Dalston, the house in which a quantity of dynamite was recently discovered by the police. Constable X24 noticed when passing on his round that the front door was open, and on entering front door was open, and on entering and searching the premises, he discovered in the cellar the dead body of the policeman who had been left in The unfortunate man had been stabbed to the heart, but by whom that a struggle had taken place was clear from the fact that a revolver, one chamber of which had been discharged, and which has been identified as his property, was found lying beside him. It is, however, supposed that the crime was committed by some member, or members, of the gang by whom the dynamite had been concealed on the premises, and that they had revisited the house, not knowing that the police

the house, not knowing that had left anyone in charge."

And in the "Stop Press" space in the paper, which is devoted to late the paper, which is devoted to late news, I found the following—to me—

extremely significant announcement:—
"The police refuse to give any particulars in regard to the sensational murder of a policeman at Fassett Square, Dalston, Our representative however, succeeded this afternoon in obtaining a short interview with the wife of the murdered man, who has informed him of a curious circumstance in connection with the case. This is that an empty beer barrel, which was lying in the cellar where the body was found, had been very carefully taken to pieces, and this she is confident was not done by her husband, who she assured our representative had no tools

on the premises by which the work could have been accomplished."
"This is bad news!" I said to myself as I laid down the paper, "The scoundrels have not only got clean away, but they have evidently accomplished the object of their visit, and acceeded in taking the dynamite with them. It makes me feel very un-comfortable about the whole business; although even if I had gone down to the cellar I should not have been in e the poor fellow's life; and after all, if the police don't take proper steps to guard premises which they are in charge of, it's their affair, not

"But now that I know the scoundrels have got possession of the dynamite, and that they intend to use it in blowup Lord Cranthorpe's house, 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

CHAPTER VIII.

I BECOME A PAVEMENT ARTIST. As the council was to meet again in even days, the probabilities were that Number Two would take no further action until he had had an opportunity

of consulting his colleagues. But I knew him to be a consequential personage, ever ready to act on his cwn responsibility; and what was more likely than that so ambitious a man should go further than his instructions, and seek to strengthen his position as a candidate for the chieftainship by some master stroke which would confound and astonish his colleagues? If at the forthcoming meeting he could inform the council that not only had he performed the task entrusted to him, and had obtained possession of the dynamite, but that he had actually put the explosive to the use for which it was intended, and had blown up the house of the offending nobleman, his zeal in the cause could not fail to win the commendation of the executive.

In view of such a contingency, deemed it wise to keep an unwinking watch upon the condemned house; and did not think I could better effect my purpose than by buying out the bus-iness, good-will and stock-in-trade, of a "payement artist," who had installed himself not far from Lord Cranthorpe's esidence, but on the other side of the way. Plantagenet Square consisted of a circular space, laid out in grass plots and gravel paths, and bordered by trees and shrubs. The whole was framed in by four rows of solidly built, but exeedingly English looking and ugly uses, which constituted the "Square, the central enclosure being surrounded by high iron railings, that had a broad pavement running around them. Here it was that the artist in question, by dint of much chalking and finger mearing, had succeeded in producing highly-finished picture of a purple faced and apoplectic-looking person



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 re of the opinion that, as a likene was not quite up to the level of a cortrait of a mackerel, which formed he companion picture.

But the gem of the collection-in the pinion 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 vellow, and a shipwreck in black and gray with a white lifeboat putting out to the rescue, completed the exhibition.

Having disguised myself as a work ing man. I waited until I knew there would not 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 rail ing, his cap being displayed beside him to invite the casual copper.
"What is it?" he said suspiciously.

when I told him I wanted a word with

him.
"Nothin' much, mate," I replied. "Only I've got a little money laid by, and thought o' settin' up in your line myself and wanted to buy a business How much'll yer sell this yer showstand and all-for eh?"

To my surprise he leapt to his feet excitedly, and grasped the lapel of my coat, he peered into my face as if he expected to recognize me. Then he exclaimed in a voice hoarse with pas-

"Come, drop it! None of your tricks with me; I was prepared for some-thing of this sort! Who are you? A detective, eh? Speak up! for I'll stand none of your nonsense!"

It was getting dark, but not so dark that I did not see a peculiar twitching of the eyebrows, which I had noticed as the only sign of excitement that Number Three had betrayed when, at the drawing of lots in the gipsy wagon, he discovered that it had fallen to his ing possession of the concealed dynamite. Yes, it was Number Three unquestionably, and I had indeed made as pretty a mess of the business as was

Staggered as I was, however, I did

nestness, which was not all assumed, for his hand was at his side-pocket, as form an improvised brush, with which 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 his self—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 Lord Cranthorpe's done, the ---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 kiddie 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 Well, my mates they sent the 'at round, and got a bit o' money to gether to 'elp me in doin' the job. as your lay's just a-nigh 'is 'ouse, I want to buy out the business, so as I can 'ang around without 'aving no perishin' p'liceman harsking questions Then I waits for my man when 'e's comin' in or goin' out when there ain' nobody by, and then I spikes

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.'

You're a pore man and so'm I

"That's what you'll do, eh, is it, yer bloomin' monkey?" I said, with a great assumption of fury. "You give hinformation to the p'lice, yer perishin pavement spiler! No, yer won't, no much; not if I 'as to swing for yer!

"There! there! my friend! That' 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. 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

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 dastard-

ly 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, ha suitable language, to tell me what he wanted me to do. Evidently gratifræd, and perhaps not a little relieved 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, howwhen suddenly, silently, and without a moment's warning, something whizzed between us. was not conscious of any direct blow, 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" bil-liard balls are knocked spinning in opposite directions by the impact from 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.'

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

I sat up, rubbing the back of my head ruefully, and looked around. Number Three had gone—whither 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. not lose my presence of mind. "No! of his fingers were clipping the under-body pays any a no!" I made haste to protest with ear-cuff of his coat sleeve in order to troit Free Press.

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 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 con-

"Tut! tut! man," he stuttered, 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."

I took the proffered hand and leapt o my feet; but my haste cost me dear, for my right ankle twinged to such purpose that I squealed with pain, and speedily sank to the ground, where I at groaning and squirming till the pang passed.

[To Be Continued.]

MARKED FOR MISFORTUNE.

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

The talk in the Harvest Circle had een 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" nore apt to wear on the temper, though not always, of course, whilst loss of sight often mellows the whole disposition. Dyspepsia's a dreadful trying thing to bear up under, and so is chilblains. "Not knowing where your next pen-

ny's coming from is none too easy on the temper, nor neither is rheumatic joints," said Miss Sparrow, the village eamstress, straightening fingers of her right hand by the aid of

"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 misfor-

tune," said Miss Sparrow, turning to her prosperous neighbor with a touch of envy in her voice.

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

"Why, Rhody Sparrow," she ex-claimed, "when you know—for you've neard me tell time and again-that very 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 sambhur fawn I possessed in India, of the age of four to six months made a practice of shasing all dogs that came into the compound, and did o with every appearance of consider ing it the greatest possible fun. The pani 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 nicture in my recollection of the gentle little beast transformed into a perfect fury, its coat bristling on end to make it 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, ch, where is my beautiful ruin?" he demanded of the man to whom he had intrusted the contract. "What!" cried that worthy, "do ye mane that tumbledown 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 becum a pumpkin kickin' around under foot nobody pays any attenshum to it.-De-



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.

FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.

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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. loce, pointing to one in the show-case. Ten dollars," replied the jeweler. "I'll kke it," said the customer, and after pay-ing for it be went out, relates Youth's Com-

Ing for he by panion.

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

A day or two later he came again.
"How good a watch have you got for \$25?"

"How good a watch have you got for \$25?" he inquired.
"Well, \$25 will get a pretty good timepiece," said the jeweler, handing one out.
"Here's one with a gold-filled case, and fulljeweled. 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

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. Kloce.
"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 some-what 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

in the morning feeling tired and unre-freshed. My suffering sometimes was imply indescribe. terrible pain in my back. I did not know 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, re lieve the aching pains and all other annoying difficulties. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

With the cares of business behind him, and thoughts of wife and baby in his suburban home occupying his mind to the exclusion of everything else, Hilliop hurried down Chambers street to the ferry. He paused for a moment at a busy crossing just as a truck laden with kegs of tresh Vermont maple sirup backed heavily against the cut b. Down came a tub from the top-most tier and broke with a dull, sickening thud at Hilliop's feet. He looked in dismay at his sirup covered feet and trousers and exclaimed: "Here's a pretty mess!" "Well," responded the driver, "it's not on me."—X. Y. Times.

To err is human; but few men have enough divinity in them to forgive without saying: "Don't let it happen again!"—Puck.

It is natural for a cannibal to love his fellow man.—Chicago Daily News.

Coughing is an outward sign of inward disease. Cure the disease with Shiloh's

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