

## IN TWILIGHT LATE.

With drowsy stroke and loitering hum The steepled\_clock tells ten, And an after-hush of brooding calm Falls on the haunts of men.

Penciled against the steel-gray sky The poplars sway and swing; Where bird and bee sang "parts" by day, The leaves, now twittering,

Make for themselves a flickering tune. With many a minim and "rest."

As the breeze that stirs them passes on
To its home in the silent west.

No star appears in the distant depths, Nor moon with the crescent rim; 3ut darker, blacker loom the leaves Athwart the deepening dim.

Half-shaped to words the mellowed bars Hint at some song well known, And, floating on the changeful breeze, Sing it in soothing tone.

My mind, attured, interprets thus In the twilight, lingering late: "Love swells to more, Life sinks to less. Hate not; still wait—aye wait."

And eye and ear, in the quiet hour, Harvest their tale of rest; Hushed in my heart the message sleeps, And peace is my gracious guest.

G. J. C. Scott, in Chamber's Journal.

## 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 VIII.-CONTINUED. "So bad as that, is it?" said the collider. "Poor chap. How far off do you live?"

"A long way," I replied. "I couldn't get there if I traveled all night."

"Why? Where do you live, then?"
"Nowhere," I answered, thinking vaguely that it was possible Number Three might be lurking within earshot, and that I had best sustain the role I had assumed.
"Great heavens! And they call this

a Christian country! Never mind. We can make up a bed for you at my place, and then I'll see what can be done. Are you out of work?"

"Yes," I replied. "I was one of Lord Cranthorpe's mill hands and we're all out on strike."

"What!" he cried, "are you one of that rascally, skulking crew?-a set of ruffians who are driving the trade out of the country into the hands of Germans, and cutting their own throats into the bargain, at the bidding of a lot of scheming agitators who wouldn't be tolerated for a moment anywhere but in England. If I'd have knownbut there, I expect you're more fool than knave. That's my house just past the lamp-post. I am the blood-sucking tyrant, Lord Cranthorpe, who, according to your friends the agitators, am battening and fattening on the brow sweat of the starving poor. Here, lend a hand-you with the cart I mean—and we'll carry this poor chap over. We'll make up a bed for him somewhere in the basement, so that won't have to strain his foot by hobbling upstairs. You take his head and I'll take his feet. It's the first house past the lamp-post, and be careful how you go down the area steps."

My foot was so painful that I winced nervously as he stooped to raise me, but no woman could have been defter of hand or more tenderly considerate than he, and my transit was accomplished painlessly. They carried me through a sort of passage opening upon ously upon another chair. Then Lord and then, with a saucy nod to me, Cranthorpe explained the situation to the servants, telling them that I was to remain in the house until my foot was healed, and giving strict injunctions that they were to make me as comfortable as possible during my sojourn under his roof.

Comfortable, however, I cannot say I was, for, with one exception, the whole staff of servants appeared to resent my advent as an intrusion. They were civil enough in attending to my wants, and in their own phrase, passed the time of day with me" when they had cause to enter the room where I was located. But though I get upon good terms with them, they never seemed at ease in my company. This was especially noticeable in the matter of meals, for once or twice, when I asked to be allowed to take my food with them, their awkwardness and silence were most oppressive They watched me furtively, as if to get an opportunity of conveying fork. spoon or knife to their mouths at the precise moment when my attention was engaged elsewhere, and on one occasion I detected the cook in the act of taking lunch on the stairs rather than join a party of which I was a member. I tried to solace my vanity by telling myself that this might be due to some instinct which warned them that they and I were not upon the same social plane; but as the only member of the staff who was at all Enclined to accept my advances was a wisp of a scullery-maid named Amelia, whom the others persistently snubbed, and to whom I heard them allude as of "no class," it seemed likely that the diagnosis of the case should have been the other way about, and that T. as well as Amelia, was considered as wanting in "class"—whatever that

Amelia herself, however, was more than disposed to be friendly, and it was from her that I learnt certain facts which had no unimportant bearing upon my enterprise. The most significant was that she was engaged to marry a "hartist"—which engage-ment having only been recently formed, she was burning to communicate to some one.

"An artist?" I said with some sur-prise when she announced this piece of fashionable intelligence; "an artist eh? How did you come to meet bim?"

"Yes, he's a hartist," she replied, as-sertively. "He draws the most lovely pictures you ever see in chalk on the pavement, and his colors is hexquisite. I met him in the square one night, and he told me he'd fell in love with me right hoff."

Bit by bit I drew the story of her "hartist" lover from the silly but un-suspecting girl, and when I learnt that each night he entrusted to her care a parcel, which he called for early the following morning-which parcel was supposed to contain chalks-I began to feel that the case was develop-

"'Enery—did I tell you his name wos 'Enery—Mr. 'Enery Talbot—lives a long way hoff," she said, "so, 'e sed, wot's the good of 'is luggin' his chalks along with 'im hevery time? So 'e just leaves 'em for me to take care of at the harea door of a night, and as I'm up fust in the mornin' I gives 'em 'im out again when 'e calls. But it ain't so much to save 'isself trouble as to 'ave a word with me as he does it. 'E as good as told me so last night though 'e is mighty particular about his ole parcel all the same.'

I was beginning to get interested in that parcel; though I am free to confess, that had I known, during the three nights I had already passed under Lord Cranthorpe's roof, that his hospitality had been extended by proxy to articles in the possession of my friend Number Three, my slumbers would have been less childlike and peaceful.

My foot was practically healed, and I was only hanging on as Lord Cranthorpe's guest for my own purposes. But now that I knew that the basement of his lordship's house was being used as a sort of cloak room for the storage of parcels containing a deadly explosive, my natural delicacy made me feel how very desirable it was that I should not outstay my wel come, or trespass unduly upon my host's hospitality.

Hence I decided that the following morning should witness my departure, but as I preferred making my exit by means of my legs rather than with the assistance of dynamite, and as I proposed moving only to the next street, and not -- on this occasion at leastright away to the next world, I came to the conclusion that I should sleep more peaceably if, before retiring to rest, I could satisfy myself that on that particular night, at all events, Mr. Henry Talbot's parcel contained nothing more dangerous than chalks. So, instead of hobbling off at nine o'clock into the little room where my bed had been prepared, I remained chatting with prepared, I remained Amelia. By-and-by she began to get fidgety, being, as I could see, impatient for the moment when by carrying a lighted candle three times past the window, she could let her lover know, according to the signal which had been arranged between them, that the other servants were at supper and the coast clear.

The signal had scarcely been given before there came a gentle tap at the area door, and leaving me in the inner room, hurried out Juliet-like to greet her Romeo.

"Here's the parcel of chalks, pretty one," I heard Mr. Talbot say. them away carefully for me, darling and I'll call for them as usual in the morning.

Amelia had left the door leading into the passage slightly ajar, so that I had been able to play the eavesdropper without leaving my chair, which was fortunate, for the next instant she the street, to an inner room, where I stepped coquettishly into the room with was propped up on a huge wicker a brown paper parcel in her hand, chair, my injured foot resting luxuri- which she popped into an open drawer.

Her lover seemed to be in a hurry this particular evening, for I heard Amelia say, "Wot, you ain't goin' yet? Put down yer 'at and coat and give us a kiss."

Presumably the obedient Henry put down his hat and coat as directed, whereupon Amelia snatched them up playfully and running once more into the room where I was sitting, threw them upon a chair, and returning to Henry said triumphantly:
"There! you shan't 'ave 'em back

again till you be'ave yerself. A nice young man you are to walk out with did my best, for obvious reasons, to a gal, and never even want to give her

"That's soon put right," was the re ply, and from the sounds which reached my ears, I have cause to suppose that Henry was as good as his word. Presumably, however, preoccupation of some sort tended to make him less amorous than usual on this occasion, for when Amelia next spoke there was a ring of disappointment in her voice. "D'ye call that a kiss? Why don't

yer give us a real 'ug?" An ardent lover, when the object of his adoration thus coyly capitulates, and gives him to understand that the favors she has to bestow are his for the asking, might reasonably be expected to snatch her passionately to himself, and to cover her lips, hair and cheeks with burning kisses, but Jueen and two pawns, to wit Number Mr. Talbot's reply to Amelia's tempting invitation consisted, so far as I could gather, of a mumbled protest about having to be going now.

"Very well, Mr. 'Enery Talbot," snapped the slighted maiden, "I'll give you yer old parcel back and wish you good-hevening; and perhaps you'll find another young woman to walk out with another time.'

"O Lord love us, what a lot you wom-

en are!" groaned Mr. Talbot in a voice | which, though intended to be persuasive and conciliatory, sounded to me more like the voice of a man to whom it would have been an intense relief to tear his own and perhaps his com panion's hair. "Lord love us! I never knew such a fool as you are in my life. I didn't mean anything, my dear. know I love you better than-lump sugar, I do," and from the noises which ensued, I gather that he was bestowing "real 'ugs," with an ardor, which if assumed, was sufficiently ursine to satisfy the most exacting of maidens.

Here was my opportunity. Very quietly I reached over, and took Mr. Henry Talbot's parcel of chalks from the drawer. As I held the package, with a hand which haste and nervousness made none too steady, something metallic rattled ominously; and when with thumping heart, I laid my ear be side the thing to listen, I distinctly heard the clock-like beating of an in fernal machine. Repressing the insane but perhaps natural inclination mastering, by sheer will-control, the blind, unreasoning rush of panic-stricken impulses that sprang up within me, I tiptoed across the room, and lifting Mr. Talbot's coat, I stuffed the parcel into the pocket.

How long I sat in my chair, looking in a sort of frozen horror of calm at a dirty brown bowler hat and a grea soiled yellow overcoat, reeking of bad tobacco and stained with beer-neither of them objects to be associated readily with tragedy-I cannot say. To me. who fancied as I sat there that I could hear the stealthy working of that devil's plaything and hour-glass, ticking away the lives of human beingsof whom it was possible I might myself be one-it seemed a very eternity before Talbot said, "Now get me my coat and hat and I'll be off."

But when, some minutes after, a dull echoing roar, as of the distant discharge of musketry, set the windows rattling in their sockets like teeth in a skull, causing Amelia to drop a plate with a crash, and to scream out, "Wot hever's that?" I knew that Number I knew that Number Three of the infernal brotherhood had handed in his papers to no earthly chief, but to that arch-conspirator who is the master of every murderer.

> CHAPTER IX. A DIABOLICAL PLOT.

The day after the explosion was the day appointed for the council meeting, and as I intended to be present, I



HE FLUNG THE COAT FROM HIM.

bade adieu to Plantagenet Square and its master, and took train for Leigh.

The Syndicate of Scoundrels was fast resolving itself into an association of common-place criminals with very little claim to anything like originality. Under the direction of a master-plotter like Number One, it had no doubt been a formidable and powerful organization; but since that arch. coundrel had, through my instrumentality, been sent to his account, the whole company seemed falling to pieces for want of a capable head. assuming the dead chief's mantle, was clearly an unscrupulous rascal, but that he had any special gifts as an organizer and director had yet to be The fact that when arranging for the meeting which was about to take place, he had forgotten to give instructions upon such important points as the routes to be taken, was significant testimony of his incapability for details. Such an omission could never have taken place under the chieftainship of Number One. Had that artist in crime been at the head of affairs, it is very doubtful whether I should have been allowed to put foot inside the house at Fassett Square; nor would the little maneaver by which I had frustrated the attempt to wreck Lord Cranthorpe's residence have been quite so easy of accomplish-

I did not forget that Number One had not failed to discover my pres-ence in the Southend train on the very first occasion on which I had at-tempted to personate the dead conspirator, nor that he had penetrated my disguise at a glance; and though the struggle which had taken place between us that evening had resulted in his defeat, it was luck more than skill

that had constituted me the victor.

The game of chess which was being played between myself and the Syndicate of Scoundrels was at present in my favor, inasmuch as I had succeeded in removing from the board a One, Number Three and Number Seven. But as I had only one piece to lose, and as the contest became more difficult and more dangerous as the number of combatants grew less, I felt—when I knocked for the second time at the door of the gipsy wagon on the Leigh road—that I should have to be both wide-awake and wily were I to come out of the business alive.

I had scarcely joined the party, it.—Detroit Free Press,

which now consisted of five, including myself, when one of the conspirators, whom I recognized as Number Two, held up his hand, as a sign that he wished to address the meeting.

"Those of you who have seen the morning paper," he said, "will scarcely need to be told that our number is now complete. Death has removed another member of the council since our last meeting. On that occasion I undertook with the assistance of Councillor Number Three to obtain possession of the dynamite that was concealed at Fassett Square. I have kept my promise; but I regret to say that through some wretched bungling on his own part, my unfortunate assist-ant lost his life. You have seen in this morning's papers the account of a singular occurrence which happened last night. A man, carrying a coat over his arm, and walking somewhat hurriedly, was observed to stop suddenly -as if in alarm-and to feel in the pocket of the coat. The next instant he flung the coat from him and started to run, but he had not gone three paces before there was a tremendous explosion. As the affair happened somewhat late at night, the man carrying the coat was the only victim. But according to the newspapers, he blown to pieces so literally that identification is thought to be impossible. "Fellow councillors, there is every

reason to suppose that the victim of the explosion was our colleague Number Three. I had thought it wise, after securing the dynamite which was concealed at Fassett Square, to make two parcels of it, entrusting one to my collaborator and retaining the other myself, so that, in the event of either of us falling into the hands of the police, this council would still be in possession of sufficient dynamite to carry out any project which has been formed. Number Three was to have brought the explosive here to-night, and why he was carting it about the streets last night I cannot say. The only supposition I can put forward is based upon the fact that the explosion occurred quite close to Plantagenet Square; so I am inclined to think that Number Three had, upon his own responsibility, decided to make an attempt to anticipate the decree of the council, and to blow up Lord Cranthorpe's house—with what result you already know."

Except for something between a gasp and a groan on the part of one listener, and on the part of the others a simultaneous sigh which bore evidence to the painful interest with which they had heard the narrative, there was a dead silence for some time after Number Two had ceased. Then a councillor said somewhat uneasily-"And the dynamite which you re-

tained in your own possession?"
"It's here," replied Number shortly, holding up-with what I felt was quite misplaced and unnecessary energy-a brown leather hand-bag which he had been carrying in his hand.

[To Be Continued.]

A CHILD HEROINE.

Was Suffering from Terrible and Fatal Burns, But Even Then Thought Only of Others.

The heroic self-forgetfulness of the young girl whose tragic story is told by the New York Evening Telegram equals in bravery any tale of heroism that history can furnish. Although the girl, Anna McLaughlin, was only 13, the illness of her mother had made her the housekeeper of the family. While attending to her household duties she was burned by the explosion of a gas stove. Her brother Michael, older than she, ran to her aid, but was

too late to save her life.

As he wrapped his sister in a blanket she uttered no word of complaint, but cautioned her brother not to make a noise lest he disturb their mother. "It doesn't hurt much, Micky,"

said. "Don't burn your hands or make any noise. Don't let mamma know.' When they carried her to the ambulance she said to the doctor:

"Don't make any noise, please. If mamma hears you she will want to know what has happened. Please don't tell her. You know she'll worry about it, and it might make her worse

She had apparently no thought for her own sufferings, and when she knew that her injuries were fatal, she did not falter in her courageous thought for others. Almost her last words were to her brother, telling him to take care of their mother and "not to worry."

"It is good you were not the one, Micky," she said. "I never could have got along without you."

Thief Cleverness.

A magistrate's clerk has been known to have his tie pin stolen while in court, and one in Birmingham a few years ago lost his coat in the same way; but a more remarkable example perhaps, of a thief's cleverness under the very eyes of the police was that of the burglar at Clerkenwell, who managed to conceal two diamond rings while the police were searching him, and passed one of them to his wife in the cell while the police were looking on. The rings were under his tongue and one of them passed from his mouth to his wife's when he was kissing her good-by.-N. Y. Herald.

"I can't imagine anything more dreadful," said he, "than for a woman, after mending her husband's coat, to find in one of the pockets an old love letter from a former sweetheart.

"Fortunately, that could never hap-pen," said the lady. "The woman would find the letter first and then she would not mend the coat."—N. Y. Tribune.

A Little Ruse.

Mrs. Witherly-I bought this rug for the baby to play on.
Witherly—Well, don't let her know

To Avoid Tie Vote.

In the histry of our comic literature there have been many genuine "Irish bulls" recorded, but rarely one that is of a neater orand than that encountered a few mights ago at a political gathering on Locust street, above Broad, in Philadelphia, says the Record, of that eity. A convention of delegates had been called to revise the rules of the party and in order to expedite matters a delegate moved that a committee of 15 be appointed to draft the proposed rules. Before this was adopted another delegate suggested that a committee of 15 would be unwieldly and proposed an amendment, reducing the number to eight. This was agreed to, but before its adoption the aged delegate, with a rich Milesian brogue, arose and solemly proposed: "Mistner Chairman, I move yer that the committee be increased to noine, so that in case of a toic vote there ill be a majarity of wam."

Salzer's Home Builder Corn.

Salzer's Home Builder Corn.

So named because 50 acres produced so heavily, that its proceeds built a lovely home. See Salzer's catalog, Yielded in 1903 in Ind. 157 bu., Ohio 160 bu., Tenn. 98 bu., and in Mich. 220 bu. per acre. You can beat this record in 1904.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THESE YIELDS PER ACRE?

PER ACRE?

120 bu. Beardless Barley per acre.

120 bu. Salzer's New National Oats per A.

80 bu. Salzer Speltz and Macaroni Wheat.

1,000 bu. Pedigree Potatoes per acre.

14 tons of rich Billion Dollar Grass Hay.

160,000 lbs. Victoria Rape for sheep—per A.

160,000 lbs. Teosinte, the fodder wonder.

54,000 lbs. Salzer's Superior Fodder Corn

—rich, juicy fodder, per A.

Now such yields you can have, Mr.

Farmer, in 1904, if you will plant Salzer's

seeds.

JUST SEND THIS NOTICE AND 10c in stamps to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and receive their great catalog and lots of farm seed samples. [K. L.]

Kitty—"Do you think Nellie Breese is real nice?" Bessie—"I don't know; why?" Kitty—"I told her Fred Simmons gave me a very flattering compliment, and she said any compliment that Fred could give me must be flattering."—Boston Transcript.

Winter in California

winter in California
is winter only in name. Flowers, green
fields, oranges and orange blossoms, weeks
of sunshine, life out of doors, Golf, Tennis,
Driving and Automobiling, these are the attractions that ignore the calendar.

The Climatic and Industrial advantages
of California are pointed out in such books
as "The San Joaquin Valley," "The Land of
Opportunity," "California Industries,"
"California for the Settler," "California
South of Tahachapi," "The Sacramento Valley," "The Coast Line," (both in press) and
others. These are published by the Southern Pacific Company and are free of Agents.
"Sunset Route" to California via New Orleans and El Paso to Los Angeles. Write
W. G. Neimyer, General Agent, 193 Clark
St., Chicago, Ill.

Wife—"Now, don't you think my new bat

Wife—"Now, don't you think my new hat a perfect dream?" Husband—"Well, no be a perfect dream the bill attached to should also be merely a dream."—Philadel-his Proses.

The two greatest fodder plants on earth, one good for 14 tons hay and the other 80 tons green fodder per acre. Grows everywhere, so does Victoria Rape, yielding 60,000 lbs. sheep and swine food per acre. [K. L.]

JUST SEND 10c IN STAMPS TO THE John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and receive in return their big catalog and lots of farm seed samples.

Mrs. Parvenu—"My husband has so much taste, don't you think?" Mrs. Cutting—"Yes; it's a great pity there isn't a little of it that might be called good."—Philadelphia Press.

A Remarkable Discovery.

A German chemist has discovered a healing agent in coal oil which has created quite a sensation amongst sufferers wherever it has been tested, on account of the wonderful cures accomplished by its use. A few applications are sufficient to cure muscular Rheumatism, Neuralgia, headache, tooth, ear or backache, lameness, sprains, chilblains, in fact every severe pain. It is sold in drug stores as Dr. Bayer's Penetrating Oil in 25c. and 50c. bottles and warranted to cure or money refunded. A Remarkable Discovery.

It is always easy to forgive other people's enemies.—Chicago Tribune.

Are You Going to Florida?

Winter Tourist Tickets are now on sale via Queen & Crescent Route, Southern Hailway, and connecting times to points, South, Southeast and Southwest, good returning until May 31, 1904.

Tickets can be purchased going to Floridavia Lookout Mountain and Atlanta, and returning via Asheville and the Land of the Sky, giving a variable route. For information address, W. C. Rinearson, G. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

Many a man lives poorly in order to die rich.—Chicago Daily News.

## THREE YEARS AFTER.

Eugene E. Lario, of 751 Twentieth tion. Denver. Col., says:

"You are at liberty to repeat what I first stated through our Denver pa-pers about Doan's Kidney Pills in the summer of 1899, for I have had no reason in the interim to change my opinion of the remedy. I was subject remedy. I was subject to severe attacks of backache, always aggravated if I sat long at a desk. Doan's Kidney Pills absolutely stopped my back-ache. I have never had

a pain or twinge since."

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents

Worth All It Would Cost.

The Wife-I think we ought to have Lucy's voice cultivated, John, if it doesn't cost too much.

The Husband—It can't cost too much, my dear, if it will improve it.—Stray Stories.

Earliest Green Onions.

Enrilest Green Onions.

The John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., always have something new, something valuable. This year they offer among their new money making vegetables, an Earliest Green Eating Onion. It is a winner, Mr. Farmer and Gardener!

JUST SEND THIS NOTICE AND 16c. and they will send you their big plant and

JUST SEND THIS NOTICE AND 16c.
and they will send you their big plant and seed catalog, together with enough seed to grow
1,000 fine, solid Cabbages,
2,000 delicious Carrots,
2,000 rich, buttery Lettuce,
1,000 splendid Onions,
1,000 rare, luscious Radishes,
1,000 rare, luscious Radishes,
1 null over 10,000 plants—this great offer is made to get you to test their warranted vegetable seeds and
ALL FOR BUT 16c POSTAGE.

ALL FOR BUT 16c POSTAGE,

providing you will return this notice, and if you will send them 20c in postage, they, will add to the above a package of the famous Berliner Cauliflower. [K. L.]

There is no impossibility to him who stands prepared to conquer every hazard. The fearful are the failing.—S. J. Hale.

Stops the Cough and works off the cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25 cents

The whole family loves an eligible lover.—
O. Times-Democrat.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infalli-ble medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1990.

The best of prophets of the future is the bast.—Lord Byron.

SECURITY.

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Pac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.



FOR SALLOW SKIM. FOR THE COMPLEXION Price Purely Vegetable. Sure His

CURE SICK HEADACHE. 

900 DROPS The Kind You Have Always Bought AVegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regula-Bears the ting the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS CHILDREN Signature Promotes Digestion.Cheerfulness and Rest.Contains neither of Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC. Pacipe of Old Dr.SAMUELPITCHER A perfect Remedy for Constipa-tion, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea Worms, Convulsions, Feverish-For Over ness and Loss of SLEEP. Fac Simile Signature of Thirty Years Chatt Hatcher. NEW YORK Alb months and 35 Doses - 35 Cents

