



PRESCIENCE.

Love, hear the burden of my prayer: 'Twill not be always thine to woo, And lifeless fingers have no care...

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

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED. I am bound to confess that the council did not display the interest which might have been expected.

"And—as I don't want to join Number Three just yet awhile—quite securely packed, I assure you!" The man who had put his hand upon the latch, being thus relieved of his anxiety...

"Yes, gentlemen," continued Number Two somewhat inflatedly, "that bag contains the larger portion of the explosive of which you commissioned me to obtain possession."

"Oh, yes, you have scrambled through the business," said a long-faced, rather round-shouldered man, who was, I afterwards learned, Councillor Number Five.

"That was not my fault," retorted Number Two angrily. "It is due to the fact that this council is at present without a head."

"The moral of all of which is," put in Number Five dryly, "that you are trying to force the hand of the council in order that you yourself may be appointed to the post about which you are so eloquent."

had played in recent events, and was aware, too, that I was there that evening as a spy, in which case a terrible vengeance was in store for me.

Number Two's reply seemed to me an age in coming, as I stood there like a prisoner waiting for his death sentence, a cold sweat trickling down my forehead and into my eyes.

"See here, my friends—I happen to know the address to which our late chief was having his letters sent, and I have taken the liberty, as the senior member of this council, of obtaining them, and bringing them along to-night."

"No," said Number Five. "If your plan succeeds—though I don't think such a lot of it as you do—you'll take all the credit; and if it fails, as I believe it will, I shall have to pay the costs."

"Well, gentlemen, to come to business. The Strand, as some of you know, is to be decorated with festoons of colored celluloid balls stretched across the road."

"The moral of all of which is," put in Number Five dryly, "that you are trying to force the hand of the council in order that you yourself may be appointed to the post about which you are so eloquent."

"No doubt our fellow councillors are competent to estimate your motives and mine correctly," replied Number Five indignantly. "In the meantime, may I inquire how our dead chief's bag came into your possession?"

assassination that history can show if you want me to put the thing through, say the word, and I'm your man. I guess it'll bring the subscriptions in at such a rate that we shall all be able to chuck conspiracy and retire into private life to spend the pieces."

"There's no need for us to say anything," sneered Councillor Number Five, who seemed determined to maintain an attitude of opposition to everything that Number Two had proposed.

"I thought not," he went on when Number Five shook his head, "then in that case perhaps you will yourself undertake the carrying out of the plan which I have had the honor to submit to the council."

"I had not promised to meet my fellow-conspirator. I had not wasted the two or three days that intervened between the last council meeting and the great pageant, for in the wide, deep under-pocket of the cape which I wore over my evening dress I was carrying a celluloid ball of the same pattern as that which had been shown to us in the gipsy wagon by Number Two."

"I am not very superstitious, something tells me that your presence on the occasion would bring us ill luck. Is any other member of the council willing to assist me in the great blow I am about to strike?"

"Earl is about four years old. He went fishing recently in a small pond in the suburbs. He tied a bent pin to the end of a long string and waited for the unsuspecting minnow to come along and bite."

"The spades used by the king and members of the royal family of England on occasions when commemorative trees have been planted are preserved at the royal gardens at Frogmore. Many of them are of silver. There are the full-sized spades used by the king and the prince of Wales, and miniature spades used by the little princes and princesses."

Joining the cemetery at Tarborough. The town is fairly near London, and there are three different lines of railway. Let us arrange to meet there the night after the jubilee.

CHAPTER X. DEVILRY ON A HOUSE-TOP.



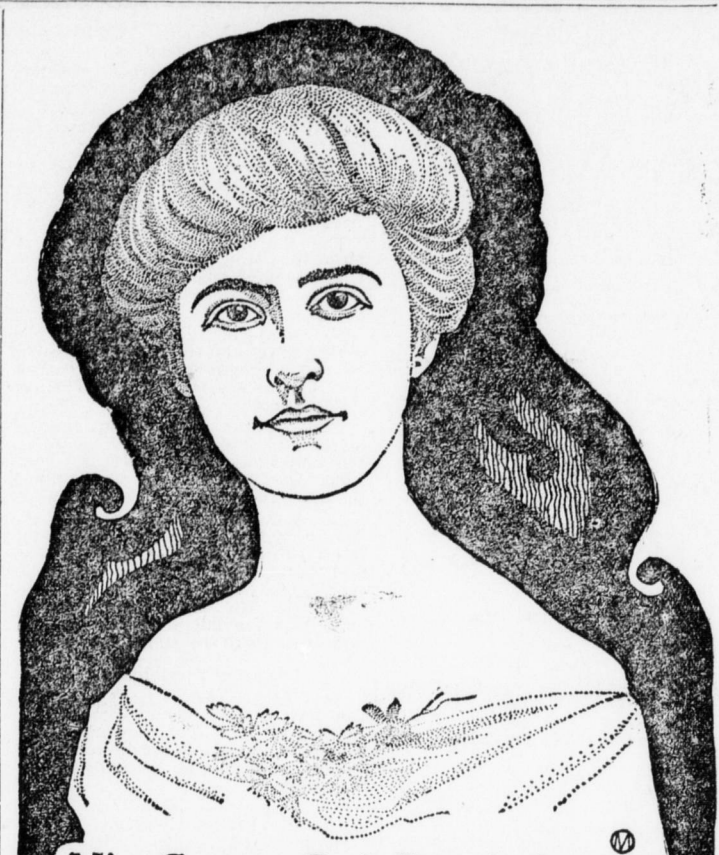
I KNOCKED THREE TIMES. three times at the door of the house where I had promised to meet my fellow-conspirator.

Grant Kissed Them Both. Will Carleton, the poet author, was speaking the other day of his last interview with Gen. Grant.

A Cordial Greeting. Earl is about four years old. He went fishing recently in a small pond in the suburbs.

Silver Spades. The spades used by the king and members of the royal family of England on occasions when commemorative trees have been planted are preserved at the royal gardens at Frogmore.

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