

#### LULLABY.

Oh, hush thee! my bonnie, my baby!
The wind sings a soft lullaby,
And the little stars peep
To see it you sleep.
Stealing out one by one, in the sky.

The daisies have put on their night caps,

And nodding is each dainty head,
While I'm sure if you look,
You will see in yon nook
Wee pansies asleep in their bed.

Sir Cricket is tuning his fiddle, While Katy-did strums his guitar, And soon we shall hear Their duet loud and clear, Screnading the evening star.

The twilight comes stealing so gently
To soften the moon's silver light,
And listen! I heard
A dear little bird
Twitter softly a sleepy "good night."

The firefiles are lighting their lanterns
To show little children the way
To the slumber land, oh!
Where gay popples grow,
And dream-fairles frolic at play.

Then hushaby, bonnie, my dearle,
And list to the wind's lullaby,
While the little stars peep
To see if you sleep,
And the lady moon watches on high.
—Marian Phelps, in Chicago Advance.



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## CHAPTER X .- CONTINUED.

The reader may be inclined to asl if it is not curious that success so often attended my little stratagems for the spoiling of the conspirators' plans,

ut I can assure him that it is surprisingly easy to fool a knave. No one is so capable of being tricked as your trickster, for he is so accustomed to suspecting everybody that he has long ago lost the God-given instinct which warns an honest man when to be on his guard. I would rather any day set my wits against a knave's against an honest man's. Your knave s so busy in fooling you that he has eyes only for his own plans; whereas the honest man's eyes are upon you all the time, and you get no chance to spy out the weak places in his armor.
All the same, I fully realized that it

was more than possible I might find no opportunity of effecting the change of balls-my sand and sawdust-stuffed plaything for Number Two's deadly bomb—in which case I had made up my mind to inform the police of the devilry which was hatching, and to have the villainous thing removed without an hour's delay.

But, being by no means desirous of making a police commissioner my father confessor, I was determined to do my best to frustrate unaided the proposed assassination; and so long as one can keep one's nerve and one's presence of mind, it is surprisingly easy, as I have said, to induce a rogue to tumble into the trap which one has laid for him.

The sound of my three raps had scarcely died away before the door was opened by Number Two, who looked at my expanse of shirt-front and carefully tied white bow with an unconcealed sneer.

"That's a nice costume to come through these crowded streets in," he "Been dining with your relative, the king of Ireland? You Irishmen are all related to kings, aren't you?"

"No," I replied, wondering how he had discovered my nationality, for, having been educated in England, I haven't the least suspicion of a brogue; "it was one of your royal relatives— the king of Darkness. He sent his remembrances, and hopes soon to see ling, in pursuing lines. you settled for good in his establish-

He laughed, and when the door was losed said: "That's not half so pressclosed said: ing an invitation as you and I are going to send to the royal family of England. Come along up on the roof

and let's get to business." Up on the roof we went accordingly. and I looked upon the parapet and saw below me, in the garish glare of the illuminations, the vast and packed multitudes, that, with elbows and shoulders at work wedged their way along grinning, gaping, singing, and cheering good-naturedly, in spite of their perspiring bodies and dust-choked throats. Then I lifted my head and looked up to the vaster and voiceless multitude of stars above, and as I did so the whole scene seemed to me like part of

some strange dream-drama.

"Now, my friend, we must be very careful," said Number Two, "for if by any chance you stumbled and kicked against this thing, or I should let it drop, there wouldn't be enough of either of us left for our own mothers to identify us by at the inquest.

As he spoke he put down the bag which he had been carrying, and opening it carefully, took out with both hands the red celluloid ball which he had exhibited to us in the wagon.

"The end of the wire rope supporting the festoons is fastened to the Venetian masts—not to the house, after all," he said. "But I watched my time a couple of nights ago when no one was passing, and tossed a ball of stout black thread—the end of which I secured here—over the middle of that farther festoon. Then I went out in-to the road and tossed the ball round farther festoon. Then I went out into the road and tossed the ball round and round the festoons several times, till it was firmly caught in the decorations, and then I chucked the ball up on 'this roof again. It took me a long time to arrange it, for people were constantly passing, but by watch—

got too many of 'em as it is. There's Enry Irving, and Wilson Barrett, and 'All Caine, and Marie Corelli, and George R. Sims, and Penley and Stantery at Tarbor to assemble a mc'—with another splutter of resentment—"I could 'ave told 'em who to put in."

IT WAS NOT IT WAS NOT IN TOWN IN TOWN

ing my opportunity I managed the business all right. So now we have a line direct from here to the center of the festoon, so that I can cut the thread fire of his grievance by a dispute.

and let the bomb down when the oid "All the same," put in a man of conlady passes without disturbing the of the decorations.

The end of the thread is tied to that rail. Will you go and untie it, and on: But don't let go when you have it undone, or everything will be spoilt. There will be people passing in the street the whole of to-night, and I should get no chance of fixing up as a distinguished the iconoclast, "but it you look at it separa'e-like, it's only a lot of 'uman beings like you and me dressed up in uniforms and riding by should get no chance of fixing up as a look at it separa'e-like, it's only a lot of 'uman beings like you and me dressed up in uniforms and riding by should get no chance of fixing up as a look at it separa'e-like, it's only a lot of 'uman beings like you and me dressed up in uniforms and riding by should get no chance of fixing up as a look at it separa'e-like, it's only a lot of 'uman beings like you and me dressed up in uniforms and riding by should get no chance of fixing up as a lot of 'uman beings' like you and me dressed up in uniforms and riding by should get no chance of fixing up as a lot of 'uman beings' like you and me dressed up in uniforms and riding by should get no chance of fixing up as a lot of 'uman beings' like you and me dressed up in uniforms and riding by should get no chance of fixing up as a lot of 'uman beings' like you and me dressed up in uniforms and riding by should get no chance of fixing up and the lock at the lock a other line."

For an instant I hesitated. Should I untie the thread and let the cord slip from my hand, as if by accident, and so balk him of his murderous purpose? Another moment's thought, however, convinced me that so clumsy and transparent an artifice was not advisable. It would, in the first place, arouse Number Two's suspicions, and might not, after all, avert the catastrophe I feared; for he was a man of resource, who would not be at a loss to devise some other method for carrying out his devilry.

So, under the pretense of trying to undo the fastening, I pulled it into an inextricable knot, at which I fumbled so long that, as I had hoped, Number

Two lost patience.
"Confound it all!" he growled. "If I had thought you were so clumsy a fool, I'd have had that other man to help me, after all. Here, come out of the way and let me do it! The thing's easy enough, if you only go about it the right way."

This was the sequel which I had been eading up to and hoping for, so I stepped back accordingly, and took my

As I had intended, he found the task a teaser. "You have made a mess of it and no mistake!" he snarled between his set teeth, as he bent over the tangle in a vain attempt to loosen the knot, at which I had tugged to such good purpose.

No sooner was his back turned than took the sand and sawdust-stuffed ball out of the pocket that was hidden in my cape, and placing it noiselessly on the ground, transferred the bomb

"Have you got a knife?" inquired Number Two a few seconds after I had eifected the exchange.

"Yes," I said. "Do you want it?"
"Yes. Open it and cut the string just above my hand while I hold on to it. That's right. Now bring that ball—carefully, for God's sake! and we'll string her on. Hold hard. Don't let go until I tell you. That's all right. There it goes—sliding down the string like a good 'un. You see, it's stopped ust over the center of the road, ready to drop in and make a morning call on her majesty when she's passing. Now I'll fasten the thread to the rail Then all will be in order for o-morrow, and you can go back and pay another visit to your royal rela-

### CHAPTER XI.

HOW A GREAT NATIONAL CATASTROPHE WAS AVERTED ON JUBI-LEE DAY.

Being desirous of seeing the play out I had secured—at a reasonable enough price—a front seat in the top window of the house exactly opposite to that from the roof of which Number Two hoped, with one snip of his "abhorred shears," to "slit the thin-spun life" of the royal family of England.

The morning of the jubilee saw ma take my place—not this time in my councillor's disguise—in my allotted seat, whence I watched with no little curiosity for the final act in what was meant to be a tragedy, but which ! had been the means of transforming into a farce.

Number Two was not astir as early as I was, and did not put in an appearance on the roof until the tail of the great procession was in sight. Meanwhile I sat looking down on the stal-wart fellows who went swinging along at quick march on foot, or upon the stately pacing and prancing of the cavalry that passed, clattering and jing-

My enjoyment of the pageant was however, considerably marred by the constant growling of a man sitting near me, whose natural moroseness of disposition was accentuated by the fact that he was dissatisfied with his seat.

"Who wants to see a lot of court flunkeys riding in double rows or driving in carriages?" he grumbled. "That's what most of 'em are, you know. It's bad enough for the nation to 'ave to pay for their keep—royal keep too—and pay 'em big salaries for doing nothing, without our 'aving 'em stuck up on a 'orse or in a fine carriage for us to 'ave to pay to see 'em go by If you and me were dressed up in those fine uniforms and 'ad 'orses found for us to ride on, we'd look just as fine men as they. Isn't that so, mister?"
"Oh, yes," I said, "it is quite possi-

"There you are, then. And who are they, after all? That's what I want to

"Who, indeed?" I made answer. "Now if they'd ask me," he went on, as though he had rather expected they would have done so, and felt aggrieved by the oversight, "if they'd 'ave asked me, I'd 'ave said, What you want is all the great people in the queen's reign—them as is living, of course. They 'ave got Roberts and Wolseley, and quite right too, but where's Gladstone, and Roseberry, and Dr. Parker, and W. G.? There's the president of the Royal academy and all the big doctors? Ain't they done a precious sight more good than all your flunkeys and princes? Princes! We've got too many of 'em as it is. There's

"Yes, there's a great deal in what shed. For what use it had orig-you say," I said, thinking it wiser to agree with him than to add fuel to the There was neither fireplace nor win-

it's an imposing sight.'

"It's imposing enough as a 'ole," admitted the iconoclast, "but it you —'im as married my cousin—a-riding by in the Lancers! That's 'im on the white 'orse with the black mustache. Fred—O! Fred 'Opkins! How are you, Freddy? See, 'e's a-looking this way. What yer Fred! How goes it, sonny? See 'im nod? He looked up and nodded, 'e did. Now 'e is what call a fine-looking chap. Fancy 'is being 'ere too! Well, I'm jiggered! I must tell 'em at 'ome as I see Fred 'Opkins in the percession, and that 'e coked up and nodded-not a bit proud like.

Just at this moment the sound of distant cheering from the west increased perceptibly in volume. It was no longer mere cheering, but the almost frenzied shout of a multitude swayed by some great emotion. It was cantagious. It seemed to run along the lines like kindling fire. It grew nearer—hoarser—louder—till it was almost upon us. Leaning forward with out-stretched head, I looked westward along the Strand. The great street itself seemed palpitating with excitement. The houses seemed to resemble avenues of trees, every leaf of which was a human being, all quivering-like the leaves of a forest in a storm-upder some supreme agitation.

And then, amid a whirling of waving hands and fluttering handkerchiefs, a string of carriages swept by. No one stayed to notice the mechanical, almost automatic, backward and forward swaying of the royal princesses Even the prince, the ever-popular prince, was deemed scarce worthy a dance by the eager, hungry eyes that that little lenely old woman who sat there, queenly of mien, and none the less queenly because on that sadlysmiling face, so schooled to royal selfpossession, the look of trembling wonderment-almost of fear-told how deeply moved was the widowed woman heart.

"Queen! Queen! God bless her! God save her!" burst from many thousand throats. With the cries ringing in my ears I switched my eyes upward -not without an effort-and looking across at Number Two, I saw that he was in the act of cutting the thread. Something fell, harmless and unseen

or, at all events, unnoticed, amid the uproar and excitement. Once more I turned my eyes upon the street and leaned out of the window with craned head. I caught a peep of a parasol, haû a glimpse of the patient and beautiful but coldly impassive and wearied, face of the Princess of Wales, and then the cavalry closed in behind the carriages, and the great pageant was already a thing of the past.

I drew in my head once more and

glanced across at Number Two, who was staring blankly, even stupidly, at the spot where the ineffectual ball had

Suddenly the fact that someone was looking at him—that at that moment, when every other head but his own was turned eastward for a last glimpse the queen, one person's eyes were fixed upon him-seemed in some way to make itself known to his consciousness. His own eyes swept the opposite house like a searchlight, and in another moment I saw that they were fixed upon mine. As I felt their fire con-centrating, so to speak, upon me, some instinct prompted me to make myself look as little like myself as possible. In the hope of masking my real personality and of preventing him from identifying me, I raised my shoulders almost to my ears and dropped my jaw, so as to give new character, or want of character, to my mouth. Then I drew back from his sight into the

whether he did or not, I have at least the satisfaction of knowing that I have been instrumental in avoiding a great catastrophe, and in preventing this day of national rejoicing from being turned into a day of national mourning."

## CHAPTER XII.

EXIT COUNCILLOR NUMBER FIVE. The next meeting of the council was arranged to take place, as the reader will remember, in a disused shed that



IT WAS NOT A CHEERFUL SPOT. stood on the brickfields near the cemetery at Tarborough. There we were to assemble at midnight, and thither I accordingly betook myself at the ap-

It was not a cheerful spot. Though fairly roomy, the building was a mere Telegraph.

dow. It consisted merely of four wooden walls, a roof and a clay floor. A ciliatory countenance who sat behind grave could not have been barer, for me, "all the same, you can't deny that from floor to ceiling there wasn't so much as a nail on which to hang one's hat. Someone had improvised a candlestick by jabbing the sharp point of a big pocket-knife into the wall. knife had a flat double-edge blade. upon which there stood a guttering

candle-end, which was our only light. As soon as the circle was complete. Number Two, who was the last to arrive, took up his place by the candle; perhaps that he might better see the faces of his comrades, perhaps because he fancied that nearness, even to this miserable emblem, constituted the place of precedence in the assembly.

"Fellow-councillors," he said, "I am here as promised to report progress, but I regret to say, as you must already have assumed, that there is no progress to report. Our glorious jubilee scheme has failed, not for want of care on my part, but because there has been traitor in our midst. The more I think of it, the more irresistibly am I forced to that conclusion. Gentle-men, how did our late chief, Number One, meet his death? We took it for granted—and I admit that I took it for granted—that the irreparable loss which the society sustained by his removal was the result of an accident. But does it not strike some of you as strange that, ever since that lamentable accident, things have gone wrong with us, and that some power seems to have been at work whose object apparently is to pull the linch-pin out of our most carefully planned projects? What about the unaccountable occurrence in connection with the punishment which we proposed to mete out to Lord Cranthorpe? Was that the result of another accident, or was it the deliberate foiling of our schemes by some one that knows our secrets? And now what about the jubilee flasco? I pledge you my word, brother councillors, that the project was carried out exactly as I had planned it. The celluloid ball, containing an explosive so deadly and so sure that a smart rap with the finger end would have sufficed to explode it, was hung, as I promised you it should be hung, exactly over the spot where the queen was to pass. And as she went by, I, with my own hand, cut the thread and saw the ball fall to the ground, scarcely a yard behind her carriage. What was the result? A miserable failure! But why? Because the ball had been tampered with. Because we have been fooled. Instead of coming here to-night flushed with success and proud to receive your congratulations, I am here feeling like and looking like a fool. And only be cause of treachery, black, hell-damned treachery!"

He stopped speechless with passion, and glared around the assembly like a madman. As for myself, the very heart of me went down into my boots No doubt his next words would be to denounce me. If, as he said, and said rightly, he had been fooled, and the ball had been tampered with, by whom could it have been done but by the councillor who had volunteered to assist him-myself, the so-called and supposed Number Seven?

[To Be Continued.]

KISSED BY THE EMPEROR. Unusual Mark of Approval Bestowed

by Chinese Ruler on an American Girl.

Archibald Little, the English novelist and secretary of the Tientsu Wui, or Anti-Foot-Binding society, of Philadelphia, gives a lively account of the return of the Chinese court to Pekin. Of the dowager empress we read that she is of "the type so well known in every land where society exists. Were she an English mother she would, one feels at once, marry all her daughters to eldest sons, irrespective of whether they were lunatics or confirmed dipsomaniacs." The emperor is of another disposition. At a party he reseatedly kissed a little American girl of seven years. How had the very idea of such a thing ever been suggest-"God knows, I don't. But ed to him? No Chinese man through-out the whole length and breadth of the vast Chinese empire ever kisses his wife or child, unless he has been taught to do so by a foreigner. No Chinese mother ever kisses her child. The nearest she gets to it is lifting her child's face to hers and, as it were, smelling of it. Yet here was the emperor of China evidently versed in the practice, so that directly he saw this foreign little girl he took her up and kissed her, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, while to the every-day Chinaman this would be a most unnatural, and, indeed, repulsive process. Of course, this little girl who received the imperial kiss was an American.

## No Vacancy.

The German idea that the place for women is in the house and not in the church, led recently to a curious complication. In a small town in Pennsylvania there is a female preacher. One afternoon she was preparing her sermon for the following Sunday when she heard a timid knock at the parsonage door. She answered it herself and found a bashful young German standing on the step. He was a stranger, but the minister greeted him pleasant ly and asked him what he wished.

"Dey say der minister lifed in dis house, ney?" "Yes, sir."

"Yess? Vell, I vant to kit marriet."
"All right; I can marry you."
The German jammed his hat on his head, turned and hurried down the

walk. "What is the matter?" called the

what is the matter? called the parsoness after him.
"You kits no chance mit me!" he called back. "I don't vant you; I haf got me a girl alreaty!"—Philadelphia

## MEDICAL EXAMINER

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and Endorse Pe-ru-na.

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A constantly increasing number of physicians prescribe Peruna in their practice. It has proven its merits so thoroughly that even the doctors have overcome their prejudice against so-called patent medicines and recommend it to their patients.

it to their patients.

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Robert R. Roberts,

"Through my own experience as well as that of many of my friends and acquaintances who have been cured or relieved of catarrh by the use of Hartman's Peruna, I can confidently recommend it to those suffering from such disorders, and have no hesitation in prescribing it to my patients."—Robert R. Roberts.

The sum of the word of the first state of the first eatarrh remedies I know of."—M. C. Gee, M. D.

prescribing it to my patients."

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He—Do you think my mustache hears.

"He—Do you think my mustache hears."

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—M. C. Gee, M. D.

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He-Do you think my mustache becoming?
She (meditatively)—Well, it may be eming, but it hasn't come yet.—Stray Stories.

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