



IT'S YOU.

Dear, I saw a bunch of lilacs  
In a picture yesterday,  
And a wave of mem'ry caught me  
And it bore me far away,  
And I stood among the blossoms,  
Purple blooms a-drip with dew,  
And a sweetheart stood beside me  
And I looked—and it was you!

And the perfume of your presence  
Was a sweeter thing to me  
Than the bloom of many lilacs  
Or their sweet perfume could be!  
Dear, the eyes that looked in my eyes—  
Dear a white, white soul shone through:  
Dear, a sweetheart stood beside me,  
And I looked—and it was you!

And I walked ways of our knowing,  
And I heard the waterfall  
In the peaceful, happy valley  
That once held us in its thrall!  
Dear, why ever did we leave it!  
Leave its slopes all gemmed with dew?  
Mem'ry brings it all back to me—  
Wooded slopes, and streams, and you!

Strange how just a bunch of lilacs,  
Feather-sprayed, dew dripping blooms  
Brings old ways we walked together,  
Brings old loved and lost perfumes  
Far across the ways that part us,  
Till I go old ways I knew,  
Till a sweetheart walks beside me,  
And I look and lo! 'tis you!

Mem'ry opens my heart's scarred portals—  
How their rusted hinges creak!  
And a soft perfume envelops me,  
And a soft hand smooths my cheek—  
Oh, my heart is older, older,  
Than the heart that erst you knew!  
But 'tis full, dear, of a mem'ry  
Of a sweetheart—dear, 'tis you,  
—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

**Scoundrels & Co.**  
By COULSTON KERNAHAN  
Author of "Captain Shannon," "A Book of Strange Sins," "A Dead Man's Diary," Etc.  
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CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

"There is no pond anywhere near," said Number Two, with a curiously hard note in his voice. "But I'm answerable for the woman's death, and I'll be answerable for the disposal of the body. The fact is, my friends, I came here to-night determined that the person who played us false should pay the price of his treachery. And when I've made up my mind to a certain course of action I make my preparations beforehand accordingly. That's the only way to carry a crime through successfully. It's your criminal who does things in a hurry who plays into the hands of the police. Sometimes unforeseen circumstances compel one to act in a hurry, and I rather flatter myself I'm as good as most people in an emergency. But, as I say, I prefer to take my time to fix things up scientifically. I knew that there'd be a body to dispose of to-night, for I knew that when you had heard what I had to tell you, you would decide that the person who played us false should not leave here alive. That person didn't come by his, or rather her, death in the way I had intended. I'd arranged a much surer and comparatively safe method of doing the painful business. But the thing has been taken out of my hand, as you all know, and we needn't discuss it. Nor need we trouble ourselves about the body. I came here, as I said, knowing that there would be a body to dispose of, and it was my duty, therefore, to look round the place and make the necessary arrangements beforehand. They are quite simple. I've been in the cemetery close by to-day, and I see that they have been digging a grave ready for a funeral to-morrow. It's a deep grave, and if we lay the body at the bottom and put enough earth over to cover it, no one is likely to notice that the grave is slightly shallower. It is surprising the little notice people take of things, unless, of course, they have a reason for being suspicious. You'll find that the coffin will be let down on the body there to-morrow, the service read, the grave filled in without any living soul suspecting that they have hidden away our ugly secret for us. If some one will volunteer to lend me a hand, we'll have the whole thing done in a quarter of an hour. Who will do so? There's practically no risk. What do you say, Number Seven? You and I worked all right together in the jubilee business. Do you feel like throwing in your lot with me again?"

For one moment I hesitated. Notwithstanding his assurance that the minimum of risk was practically nil, I foresaw that were anything unforeseen to upset his calculation I might as a result find myself in the dock on a charge of murder. As a matter of fact I was beginning to realize the tremendous responsibility I had taken upon myself when I first embarked on this venture. What I ought then to have done was to inform the police of the facts which had come to my knowledge while I was secreted in the fo'castle of the Sea Swallow, so that they might have surrounded the meeting-place of the conspirators at Leigh and effected the arrest of the rascally gang. Were individual members of the community, to whose cognizance the actual committal or the proposed committal of a crime has come, to constitute themselves, as I did, private detectives, the results would be deplorable. My own plea is that I entered upon the business thoughtlessly and while the itch for adventure was on me, and that once having become involved I saw no way out at present.

Even while Number Two was speaking that adventurous spirit stirred again within me. Sooner or later the psychological moment would come for calling in the police, and bringing the ruffians, red-handed, to justice. Un-

til that psychological moment arrived I preferred to steer clear of Scotland yard and to do my detective work after my own methods.

By falling in with Number Two's proposal I might learn something important about the personality of the man who was practically the leader of the gang. That decided me. I opened my mouth to say, "Yes, I will do as you wish," but before I could do so Councillor Number Six forced himself to the front and said roughly—"Come along, gov'nor. I'm your man. And let's get to business."

"Thank you," replied Number Two. "Then, gentlemen, I need detain the rest of you no further. The day after to-morrow we meet at midnight at the old place. Good night."

CHAPTER XIII.

A BIT OF "BOUNCE" THAT SENT SIX POLICEMEN OFF ON A FALSE SCENT.

As he spoke we heard the grating of wheels on the shingly high-road that skirted the cemetery. In an instant Number Two had blown out the candle and opened the door softly.

It was a bright moonlight night, and we could distinctly see a trap, from which seven men got out noiselessly. They stood a moment, and then, in obedience to a muffled word of command, each produced something that, from the way in which the moonlight glanced upon it, appeared to be polished metal.

"Don't move, any one, on your life," said Number Two, in an imperative whisper. "We're betrayed, and by that woman; but I see a way out of it. I'm going to bluff them. It's the only way. I'm going to send all but one or two of them—all but one if I can manage it—off on a wild goose chase. The one that's left I shall find an excuse to bring in here. The instant he crosses the door you must 'down' him. One crushing blow on the head first, and then finish him off while he's unconscious. Now, I'm going out to them to pretend I'm the informer. It's an impudent bit of bluff, but it's our only chance. Even if it fails, we shan't be any the worse off than we were."

As he spoke he ran forward to meet the advancing constables.

"Why are you so late?" he called out excitedly. "They're gone. Four of them drove off in a trap ten minutes ago, along the road there, to catch the midnight express from Stolby. I wouldn't leave here for fear of missing you, but I wish you'd come earlier. The other has gone to catch the last train up from here. If one of you comes with me we can secure him all right. Two of us will be enough for that job. Hadn't the rest of you better drive after the other four? You'll be six to four, but remember they're armed. If you are quick about it, you'll get to Stolby station as soon as they will. But there's not an instant to lose. If they catch that train they'll be in London before you can telegraph, and the game'll be up."

It was, as he said, an "impudent bluff," but it succeeded, as impudence often does.

"Tumble in, lads. Sharp as you can. I wouldn't miss 'em for a thousand pounds," yelled the man in command of the constables. "You stay with him, as he suggests. Brown, and secure the fifth man. We'll get the other four right enough. But don't let the informer there get out of your sight, mind. His evidence is too valuable to run the risk of losing it."

The boldness of Number Two's ruse and the unsuspecting way in which the police had "tumbled" to it fairly took my breath away. Before I had got it back, the trap containing the six defenders of the peace was tearing along the Stolby road like a fire-engine.

"They'll catch them all right," said Number Two gleefully to the constable who had been told off to assist him in the capture of the conspirator who was supposed to have gone to Tarborough station. "And now you and I'll make sure of the other man. We'll have the whole six of them safely lodged in stone walls to-night. Come along—there's no time to lose. If one of 'em's left at large, my life wouldn't be worth a moment's purchase when they know who's turned informer. But stop a minute; my bag's in the shed, and as it contains the documents that prove their guilt, the inspector there won't thank us for leaving it behind us. I'll run back and get it."

"Not without me," said the constable knowingly. "My instructions were not to lose sight of you, my friend; and though it's all square, I've no doubt, I'm bound to obey instructions."

"Oh, come, by all means," said Number Two indifferently.

"Yes, I mean to," was the policeman's answer, as he took his companion's arm.

The words were the last he uttered, for, as he stooped his head to enter the shed, Number Six, who was standing in the shadow of the door, struck him a terrific blow with a brick he had snatched up from the floor.

It crushed in the poor devil's skull as easily as a tap from a spoon crushes the shell of an egg, and he went down without a cry.

"That'll do," said Number Two. "You did it quite scientifically, my friend. Now, gentlemen, I think we'd better make ourselves scarce. We shall not have time to attend to this lady's funeral service, after all. You're satisfied now, I hope, that it is this woman who was the traitor. It's a lucky thing for us it was so. If a man was going to turn informer he'd have taken care to do the thing properly, and to have taken time about it, not have gone in some hysterical moment to a set of booby country hobbies. She could only have laid information just before the meeting, or they'd have telegraphed to town, and got the London detectives down. Those who came were all Tarborough men. And now I'm going to take you

all in my confidence. It isn't safe for us to try to get away from here to-night. That's why I bluffed the bobbies, instead of showing fight or making a run for it. There's no train we could catch now, and even if we could do so, the stations will no doubt be watched. And if we tried to get away on foot, or to hire a trap, we should be traced to a certainty in an hour or two, and the whole lot of us just swept up into a dustpan by the broom of the law, as easily as a woman sweeps up the pieces of a broken china jug."

"You talk about it damned lightly," said Number Six; "but if that's so, the hangman's noose is as good as round our necks."

"Not at all," said Number Two. "Trust yourself to me, and you are perfectly safe. It so happens that I've lived near Tarborough a long time, where I am looked upon as a respectable, if eccentric, member of society, and I shall never be suspected of harboring criminals or of being one myself. My house is only a mile or two away. It's a little old-fashioned place, where I and my one man-servant—no woman shall ever set foot in house of mine—have lived on and off for ten years. My man's as safe as I am—I'll go bail for him. In fact, I was going to propose him for one of the three—there are three now—vacancies on the council. You must all lie low at my



LONDON AND LOCAL PAPERS INFORMED US.

house for the present, and when the hue and cry is over you can get away one at a time. And while you are there we can scheme out our plan of campaign together. You see, I'm giving myself away to you entirely by letting you know where I live and breaking the secret of my identity. But I trust you, and I promise you that you are safe in trusting me."

"Stop a minute," said the irrepresible Number Six. "Do you think that woman peached on us to spite you? If so, she knows who you are, and most likely where you live; and in that case to go home with you would be walking right into the lion's den, as, if she's told the police, they'll make for your house first."

"I don't believe she did know who I am," answered Number Two. "Our late chief kept all our identities secret. She may have guessed that I'm a man she knew ten years ago, but in that case she knew me under another name. Still, there is the chance that she knows, and she has told the police. You never know how to reckon when you're dealing with women. But I'm going to chance it, and go back to the house; and you'll have to make up your minds pretty quickly, unless you want to stay here till those bobbies find out they've been fooled, and come back for us. Which is it to be, friends? Are you coming with me or not?"

"Yes, we're coming with you," was the answer.

"All right, come along. If the bobbies know who I am they'll make straight for my house, and it'll be there almost as soon as we shall. So we shan't be wanting excitement this trip, anyway. Come along. Here goes to try our luck! If they are there, the best we can do is to die hard. I'd rather be shot or clubbed in a tussel than be fed up like a Michaelmas goose to have my neck twisted on a scaffold. Mind, if we are caught, every man jack of us here will play a game of swing at Newgate, with a hangman to push us off."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BURGLAR, MR. PAUL AND SOME "BOBBIES."

Number Two was not mistaken in believing that his identity was unknown to the police, and that his house was, therefore, a secure hiding-place. Excepting that a constable called to inquire whether Mr. Hall—as we learned our host's name was—had seen any suspicious characters in the neighborhood or about his premises, they left us entirely unmolested, although the affair had, as the London and local papers informed us, created a sensation. From them we learnt that Number Two was right in supposing that the information had been laid hurriedly, and only a short time before the meeting took place. Late on the evening in question a letter had been received at the Tarborough police station, stating that the writer was a member of a gang of five criminals who were to meet that night in a disused shed in the brick-field close to the cemetery. The letter then went on to say that the writer wished to turn informer, and that if the police would surround the shed and make prisoners of those there assembled, the writer would then make himself known to the authorities, and would place at their disposal whatever evidence was necessary to procure the conviction of his accomplices.

Under ordinary circumstances the police would have treated the letter as

a joke, and either taken no action, or sent, perhaps, a single constable to inspect the shed. But since the discovery of dynamite at Fasset Square, and the subsequent murder of the caretaker, the authorities at New Scotland yard had instructed the provincial police that there was reason to believe some treasonous plot was hatching, and that a sharp eye was everywhere to be kept upon suspicious strangers.

Hence the Tarborough police superintendent had decided to act upon the assumption that the letter was genuine, and had mustered the entire strength of the local constabulary to effect an arrest.

The newspaper account then went on to say that the police had arrived at the shed, only to discover that the birds had flown; for, with the exception of the informer, who was impatiently awaiting them, they had found the place empty.

This, I may remark in parenthesis, was a touch of that adroit "official" garbling of reports or of evidence with which the country—and, I fear, sometimes the town—policeman, who is more anxious to make out a case for himself and to convict somebody than to see justice done, contrives to keep his own blunder or oversight from coming to light. As a matter of fact, as the reader knows, the police did not find the shed "empty," for the very good reason that they had not looked to see if any one were there, but had let themselves be hustled off in pursuit of the supposed runaways.

So far as one could judge from the newspaper report, no suspicion that the police had been set off on a wild-goose chase had occurred to them. They accounted for the fact that they had been unable to find any trace of the four men or of the trap by the theory that they had been betrayed, had driven a short distance away, and had then returned to the shed to be revenged upon the betrayer. This theory was supported by the circumstance that the dead bodies of a person whom the police apparently took to be the informer, as well as of the constable in whose charge he had been left, were found lying together within the shed. No mention was made in any newspaper report of the fact that, though dressed as a man, the dead informer was in reality a woman; so it is to be presumed that the police had some reason for wishing the secret of the informer's sex to be suppressed.

Mr. Hall, though a scoundrel, was, I am bound to confess, a hospitable scoundrel, and made the three of us—Number Four, Number Six and myself (the so-called Number Seven), who with himself now constituted the council—very comfortable during our enforced stay at Heath Cottage, as his home was named. It was a two-storied house, but Hall had transformed the space immediately under the roof into an eccentric, but by no means uncouth, apartment, which reminded me of a cross between a barn loft and a billiard-room.

[To Be Continued.]

The First Lexicographer.

Dr. Johnson, even if we except his predecessor Bailey, was not the father of lexicographers. In the latest volume issued by the Historical Manuscripts Commission on Manuscripts in the Welsh Language, it is stated that the idea of illustrating the meaning and correct use of words by actual quotations from the literature of a living language seems to have been first put in practice by Griffith Hiraethog, the herald bard of Wales, who died in 1564. It was not till the days of Dr. Johnson, 200 years later, that a similar idea took root in English soil. An abbreviated copy of Griffith Hiraethog's Welsh Dictionary was made by his pupil, William Llyn, between 1567 and 1573, and is now in the free library at Cardiff.—London Globe.

Identified.

One of the financial magnates of the country is so immersed in business that he cannot make the rounds of his show-places with any regularity. One day, however, he had an hour of idleness, and strolled through the great stables of one of his country estates. In a corner he came upon a little boy—the head coachman's son—at play with a fox-terrier. They admired the terrier for a while together, and then the financier said, casually: "Do you know who I am?" "Yes, sir," said the child, "of course I do."

"Well, who am I?"

"Why, you're the man that rides in my father's carriages."—N. Y. Tribune.

The Court's Little Joke.

A justice of one of the Brooklyn courts is credited with a splendid and entirely successful effort to lighten the tedium of a trial.

A suit for damages for assault was recently tried before him. The plaintiff had been knocked down by the defendant and severely handled while he was prostrate. One of the witnesses was reluctant to answer the questions put to him and the court upheld him.

"Your honor does not seem to see the underlying principle in this case," expostulated the attorney for the plaintiff.

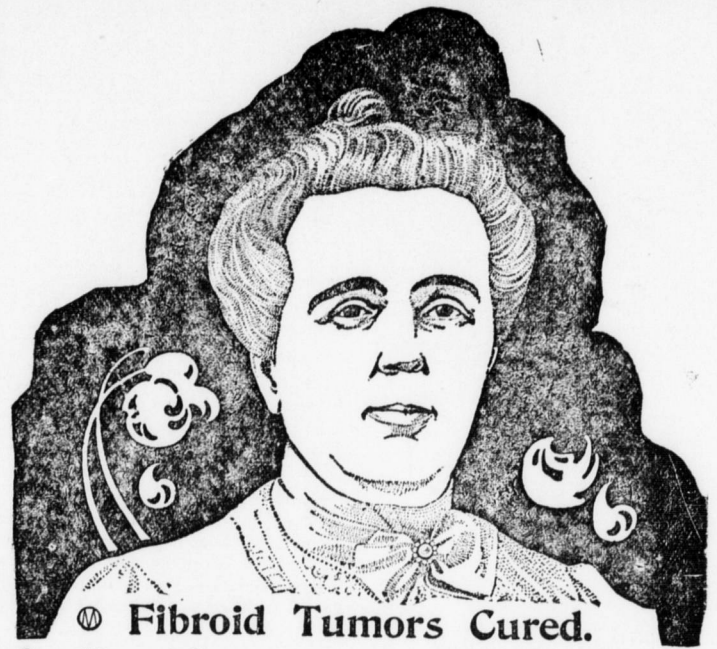
"It seems to me," replied the justice, "that the underlying principle in this case is the jury."

The Unexpected.

A southern woman, on returning home from a protracted absence, was surprised at her old-fashioned colored serving-woman's queer idea of "a place for everything."

"Mr. Maury tells me that he has to buy new socks every few days. What becomes of them, Aunt Lucy?"

"Why, Miss Alice, I put 'em in de sugar-bucket, ob co'se." And with a reproachful air the faithful servant brought out a well-scoured wooden bucket filled with neatly-laundered socks.—Judge.



Fibroid Tumors Cured.

A distressing case of Fibroid Tumor, which baffled the skill of Boston doctors. Mrs. Hayes, of Boston, Mass., in the following letter tells how she was cured, after everything else failed, by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. Hayes' First Letter Appealing to Mrs. Pinkham for Help:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been under Boston doctors' treatment for a long time without any relief. They tell me I have a fibroid tumor. I cannot sit down without great pain, and the soreness extends up my spine. I have bearing-down pains both back and front. My abdomen is swollen, and I have had flowing spells for three years. My appetite is not good. I cannot walk or be on my feet for any length of time. "The symptoms of Fibroid Tumor given in your little book accurately describe my case, so I write to you for advice."—(Signed) Mrs. E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley St., (Roxbury) Boston, Mass.

Note the result of Mrs. Pinkham's advice—although she advised Mrs. Hayes, of Boston, to take her medicine—which she knew would help her—her letter contained a mass of additional instructions as to treatment, all of which helped to bring about the happy result.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Sometime ago I wrote to you describing my symptoms and asked your advice. You replied, and I followed all your directions carefully, and to-day I am a well woman.

"The use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound entirely expelled the tumor and strengthened my whole system. I can walk miles now.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is worth five dollars a drop. I advise all women who are afflicted with tumors or female trouble of any kind to give it a faithful trial."—(Signed) Mrs. E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley St., (Roxbury) Boston, Mass.

Mountains of gold could not purchase such testimony—or take the place of the health and happiness which Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound brought to Mrs. Hayes.

Such testimony should be accepted by all women as convincing evidence that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound stands without a peer as a remedy for all the distressing ills of women; all ovarian troubles; tumors; inflammations; ulceration, falling and displacements of the womb; backache; irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation. Surely the volume and character of the testimonial letters we are daily printing in the newspapers can leave no room for doubt.

Mrs. Hayes at her above address will gladly answer any letters which sick women may write for fuller information about her illness. Her gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is so genuine and heartfelt that she thinks no trouble is too great for her to take in return for her health and happiness.

Truly it is said that it is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that is curing so many women, and no other medicine; don't forget this when some druggist wants to sell you something else.

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

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will be gladly paid to anyone who will furnish convicting evidence against imitators and substitutes who try to sell you worthless preparations when CASCARETS are called for. Don't ever take substitutes, but insist on having

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