

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.

The shadows long and derksome Around a schoolhouse lay; The sun was slowly setting At close of weary day.

A little child sat sadly
At work, while blinding tears
Fell on her task neglected.
For close to eyes and ears
A bobolink was singing
Outside the schoolroom door,
While dealers While dancing sunbeams quivered Across the dusty floor.

She saw the blossoms nodding. Heard streamlets singing low To the mountains, grand and lofty, As at their feet they flow.

Outside, all things are calling, Her home and loved ones wait, But still the task unfinished Keeps the little maiden late.

At last, her work accomplished, The child, with dancing feet, Goes forth in joy unbounded To home and comfort sweet.

Alone among the shadows
My spirit sits today;
For all my life's dear comrades
Have long since gone away.

Perchance some task is waiting, Our Teacher planned for me, And I must toil so lonely Till He shall set me free.

But when it is all ended,
May I with pure delight
Go home to greet my loved ones,
Ere falls the dreary night.

—Dora Annie Chase, in Boston Budget.

Scoundrels & Co.

Author of "Captain Shannon," "A Book of Strange Sins," "A Dead Man's Diary," Etc. Copyright, 1899, by Herbert S. Stone & Co.

By COULSON KERNAHAN

CHAPTER XIV.-CONTINUED.

Of the existence of this room no one but Hall and his man Hubbock had any suspicion, the entrance to it being very cunningly contrived. In most houses of the sort, where the space under the roof has been utilized as a loft for the storage of lumber-or possibly for the placing of a cistern-access to this loft is generally betokened a small trap-door in the ceiling, either of the landing or of an upper apartment. In Hall's house there was no such trap-door, and the unbroken stretch of whitewashed, but evidently ancient, plaster on the ceilings of the upper rooms and the landing, was the best possible answer to an inquiry whether the house had an additional chamber, or even a lath and plasterfloored loft under the roof.

But had any one opened the very ordinary-looking cupboard in Hall's bedroom, and pressed in a particular way one of the pegs upon which clothes were hanging, pushing one hand at the same time against the top of the cup-board, that person would have been surprised to find that the cupboard top opened upwards on hinges, and that by letting down a rope ladder that had been tossed backward ready for use he could clamber easily into a chamber, the existence of which he would never otherwise have suspected. The rooms of Heath Cottage were all small, but by pulling down the central partition in the space under the roof Hall had improvised one apartment that stretched the entire length and width of the house. Around the sides, where, owing to the slope of the roof, it was not possible to stand upright, low and luxurious lounges, resembling eastern divans, were arranged; and in the center of the room was a billiard table, upon which-in spite of the fact that it had been brought thither in parts, and put together by Hall and his man—one could play a surprisingly good and true game. The sides of the apartment were draped with lengths of gorgeously colored and superbly superbly worked Indian fabric, which, following the line of the roof, were caught together, tentwise, overhead, whence hung several exquisitely wrought eastern lamps, that threw soft but sufficient light upon the table below.

A more bizarre, but at the same time more cosy, apartment I have never seen in all my wanderings. Curious and out of place as the billiard table looked amid its oriental surroundings, it served to wile away agreeably many an hour which might otherwise have hung heavily on our hands; for to the "prophet's upper chamber," as our host styled the room, my colleagues and myself were confined during our stay with him.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, when he came up to apprise us of the constable's visit, "will you be surprised to hear that that polite man the superintendent of the Tarborough police has sent round specially to inquire about your health?"

Number Six, who was in the act of playing a ball and had not noticed Two's entrance, missed the stroke badly and let the cue fall rat-tling upon the floor as he turned round to face the new-comer.

"God forgive us!" he gasped. "You don't mean to say we're found out?"

"God may forgive you, but I won't, if you cut the cloth of my table," was the answer. "Found out? No, and never will be, if you'll only refrain from throwing cues about in that silly way. The constable merely called to know whether I had seen any suspi-cious characters about. You are safe enough here. It would take a cleverer man than any one they've got in the Tarborough force to find out this

You seem to have a poor opinion of the local constabulary," I said.

got no opinion of them. Nor would you if you'd seen the way they muddled the burglary at my friend Paul's not long ago.

"Tell us about it," I said. "A yarn will be a change after so much bil-

"Oh, there isn't much to tell," replied our host; "but if you'd like to hear it I'll tell you, if only to give you an idea of the way the Tarborough Sherlock Holmes goes to work.

"Paul is a scientific friend of mine, a bachelor and good fellow, but the most nervous of men. There's a big orchid-growing establishment here, and as Paul is writing a book about orchids, he has taken rooms in the town for a month of two, while he's pursuing his studies. As I said, he's the most nervous man I ever knew, and one of his special nightmares is burglars-why I can't think, for he has nothing that's worth any one's while to burgle. All the same, whenever he's changing his lodgings (and he's frequently changing them) he makes it a condition that he himself shall be allowed to lock up the house every night, to assure himself that all's right, having a castiron conviction that every maid-servant is either a fool, to whom the would-be burglar makes love for his own nefarious purpose, or else that she is nothing more than a thief herself and the accomplice of thieves.
"Anyhow, before taking rooms here

Paul made the usual-stipulation about being allowed to lock up, and, al-though the people of the boarding-house thought it queer, they raised no objection, especially as Paul pays promptly and never disputes a bill. Such a thing as a burglary is almost inknown in Tarborough, but one night there was a burglary at the boardinghouse, and whether it was what the German poet Heine called the satire of the Almighty, or whether the thief was a humorous cuss (as some of our profession occasionally are), and having heard about Paul's little fad, thought he'd have a joke as well as a burgle, you must decide for yourselves. All I can tell you is that every single article that the thief of thieves took away belonged to poor Paul—his new great-coat, his boots, his umbrella, his clean linen just home from the laundry, his slippers and his stick, yea, everything that was his. Of course, he got no sympathy. The landlord though very upset about such an unheard of thing happening at his house could scarcely refrain from smiling; the servants giggled whenever they passed Paul on the landing, and the other lodgers chaffed him unmerci-. The only person who looked solemn was our friend the constable. who came down at once when Paul sent word to the station. Paul is always afraid of the powers that be. Officialism overawes him, and when the pompous policeman fixed a sternly official eye upon the poor little chap and put two or three searching questions, my friend got so confused and selfconscious that he afterwards confided to me he more than fancied that the officer suspected him of being the thief himself. However, he did his best to concilate the representative of the law by inviting him very respectfully into the sitting-room, where he pulled forward his snuggest chair, brought out his best 'Scotch,' and 'placing a syphon of soda and a box of fragrant Havanas upon the table, invited Mr Policeman to 'help himself.' This the legal sleuthhound condescended to do -pretty liberally, too-and while Paul in his apologetic way particularized his losses, the Tarborough luminary sat with knitted brows and pursed lips, looking as learned as a judge. Finding the cigars so good and the whisky so much to his liking, he expressed a wish—when he had heard Paul out that the officer next above him should be consulted. The maid was duly dispatched to request the presence of the official in question, to whom on his arrival his colleague passed the cigars and whisky, with the request that Paul

would 'run over the details again.' "The newcomer, after some consideration, was convinced that nothing could be done without Sergt. Davis. Once more the housemaid was put into requisition, once more Paul told his story, once more the cheering cup went round, and once more the soothing weed was kindled. The sergeant made a very serious business both of the whisky and of the robbery. He shook his head solemnly at the decanter as each detail was related, and declared, after hearing Paul to the end, that the matter was too serious for him to deal with, and that the su perintendent must at once be sent for

"Well, to make a long story short poor Paul had the entire staff of the station at his place, where they stayed knocking their heads together and punishing his whisky and his weeds until the decanter was empty and the fire-place was strewn with cigar stumps. "Then the superintendent took Paul

aside with the air of a cabinet minister communicating a state secret and told him not to be uneasy, for, though he wasn't, for official reasons, at liberty to go into particulars just then, he might tell Paul in confidence that they'd got their eye upon some one; but as they did not get any other por-tion of their anatomy upon the thief for detaining purposes, poor Paul never

"And all the time the thief, as might have been supposed, was living in the same house. He turned out afterwards to be a humorous rascal of an Irish-man—an impecunious devil who rented a room on the third floor, and had come to Tarborough to give singing lessons. The police did search his room, it is true, but, of course, they found nothing, for after securing the stolen goods the fellow had opened a ground-floor window, to give the place the appearance of having been burgled, and had then carried his booty to his bedroom, where he made it into a parcel, which

"Poor opinion! Why, man alive, I've | away by an accomplice. Of course, the police found footmarks on the flower-bed next morning, and this confirmed the burglar theory. Hence no further suspicion attached to the other lodgers, suspicion attached to the other lodgers, a circumstance of which the Irishman took advantage by wearing openly the that the woman who betrayed us has only stolen article he had retaineda pair of brown boots, which he blacked When he disappeared soon over. after, he left them—worn to the up-pers—behind him, with a short note to Paul complaining of the quality of semblance of secrecy. Personally I am the leather. He sent his love to the not, and never was, very keen on dispolice, and advised Paul if ever he guise. That sort of thing may, and found himself getting shabby about often does pass muster in the street, police, and advised Paul if ever he the feet to borrow somebody's brown or in the presence of people who have boots and 'Try Day & Martin's blacking'!

"That's the story, gentlemen. It wasn't worth the telling, except for the welcome assurance it gives you that we have nothing to fear from the Tarborough police. And now, with your permission, we'll come to bus-

CHAPTER XV.

NUMBER TWO'S LITTLE PLAN FOR PUTTING A THOUSAND POUNDS APIECE IN EACH OF OUR POCKETS.

"You have seen my man Hubbock Well, I am venturing to propose that he be elected to fill one of the three vacancies on the council. It seems to when an outsider gets to know as much as, under the imperative circumstances, we could not prevent Hubbock from knowing about our busi--that one of two things must



ALL MADE UP ALIKE.

happen. That person must either be more committed—must, in fact, be not only an accessory to what we have done or propose doing, but must be our actual accomplice—or else we must protect ourselves from the possibility of that person doing us mischief or of turning informer by taking the one and only effectual way of shutting his mouth. Hubbock has been with me for four years, and I can go bail for his trustworthiness. I've sounded him and find him ready and eager to be elected. He will be a distinct acquisition to the council, for an abler fellow or a man of more resource I don't know. Are you or are you not willing that he should join us? I don't want to force my candidate upon you against your own judgment or your will, so if any of you have anything to on the matter I hope you will not hes itate to speak out."

"All I've got to say," said Number Six, "is that I'm glad to hear that the chap's ready to become one of us. I don't fancy having people knowing as much about me as he does, unless they are all in the same boat. What do you say, mates?"

My colleague and myself assenting to this view, Hubbock was summoned and informed of the decision of the council. He was a short, squat man, the grossness of whose appearance did not prepare one for his apish imitation of fine speech and fine manners. lumpy, bridgeless nose, deep-set, prypig's eyes, coarse-grained and pimply complexion, and huge mouth, hat when he grinned stretched al most from lobe to lobe of his flapping elephant-ears, seemed ludicrously out of keeping with his mincing way of speaking. Being always self-conscious in regard to his superiority, and anxious to impress everyone with his aloofness from the common and "h"-less herd, he accentuated the aspirate, and the "t" in such words as "often," as aggressively as if they were testimonials to his own education and breeding. The effect of this was heightened by his habit of introducing into his conversation—no matter how irrelevantly—any grandiloquent phrase or high-sounding word which he had picked up, and probably only imperfectly understood.

"I am happy, gentlemen, to be thus honored," he said, with a series of stately bows. "It has from time immemorial been my heart's wish to be a member of some such honorable society. But I have for long entertained grave apprehensions ("grave apprehen-I may remark, was a phrase which had appeared—apropos of the health of some distinguished invalid in the papers that morning), yes, I have, I repeat, for a long time entertained grave apprehensions that I should never find myself thus favored, and I thank you from all my heart.'

"Spoken like an orator of one of the good old 'immoral' times," said Hall, slapping Hubbock on the back. "Now, if you'll sit down, I've got one or two matters of business that I'd like to put before the council of which you

are now a member."

There was a nasty gleam in Hubbock's little eyes, which told me that the fact of his being ridiculed was neither lost upon nor relished by him. but with a smile which displayed an expanse of false teeth, reminding me

"Gentlemen," our host went on, "I think that the time has come when it is no longer desirable nor feasible for us to attempt to nceal our identity informed the police that we are all dressed and disguised alike. But even were it not so, now that we are all thrown together in this way, it seems to me childish to keep any further semblance of secrecy. Personally I am no cause for looking at the disguised person too closely, or for suspecting him to be other than he seems. But practical as false hair and false beard may be for ordinary purposes, or for deceiving strangers—I am bound to admit that I never yet met the criminal whose abilities for 'making up' were so wonderful that he could enter unsuspected into conversation with any one who had reason to be suspicious. I have read of such criminals in books, where you have to take the author's word for it that the thing happened as you are told it happened, and I have seen them in melodramatic plays, where the person who is supposed to be impenetrably disguised is placed far enough away from the audience to maintain the delusion. But, as far as my experience goes, a practiced criminal or clever detective is too knowing in the matter of disguise to be deceived by false hair and false beard. You can see the join too plainly. When the man who has been in the habit of wearing hair on his face shaves it off, or the man who has worn none lets it grow, the disguise is often extremely effective. And when he adds to the change in his appearance by a change in dress, or by skillfully darken-ing his skin (although, unless he darkens the whole of his body there is always a risk of being found out), the disguise is greatly assisted. But for us, at any rate, to keep up among ourselves the pretense of a disguise would, it seems to me, be idle, especially as there is the possibility, and even probability, as I have already said, that the woman who betrayed us has informed the police of the fact that we are all made up alike. I think we shall only be courting discovery by continuing the practice.' "I say ditto to that," said Number

Six. "Them as is of the same opinion

will oblige by hoisting a paw.
"Carried unanimous," he remarked, turning to Number Two. "There's unity for you. The liberal party ain't in it with us, for pulling together ami-cably. Now I've got a word of my own to say, and it's this. It's more than time this syndicate had a leader. We're not like the liberal party in that. They can do without one seemingly, but we can't, and the sooner we've got a head the better. Well, that head don't want much looking for. It's right between your shoulders—Number Two. Hands up, those who vote for Number Two. [To Be Continued.]

Prepared for the Worst.

Mr. Brown's enemies say that there is nothing else in the world he enjoys so much as finding fault and putting other people in the wrong. When engaged in this pleasing occupation he oses all hold on a sense of which is none too keen at other times

Not long ago he and his wife were taking a trip through the White mountains, and at one place they were to be called at 5:30 in the morning to take an early train. Mr. Brown wakened first, and after a glance at his watch fell back on his pillow with groan that frightened his wife out of her slumbers.

"Here it is on the tick of 5:30," grumbled Mr. Brown, in response to his wife's troubled questions, "and if they don't call us within five minutes we sha'nt have time enough to get dressed and eat breakfast! But it's no more than I expected."—Youth's

"At Home" Same Day.

Two of the most eminent lawyers at the Philadelphia bar were the late Benjamin Harris Brewster and his half Both had held the office of attorney general for the state, and the first had been attorney general of the United States. They had not been on friendly terms for many years. It is said that on one occasion a mutual friend tried to bring them together, and finally Frederick C. consented to bury the hatchet and sent Benjamin H. a card containing his name, with the words written underneath, "At home on Monday evening, May 1." By the same messenger Benjamin H. sent a card in return, which read: "Benjamin H. Brewster also at home Monday evening, May 1." This ended negotiations.-Kansas City Journal.

Rectifying the Record.

The following incident is related as having occurred in South Africa: One of the soldiers who had been reported killed in a certain battle and against whose name in the regimental books a note to that effect had been made afterward turned up and reported himself. Then the sergeant made another note in the book: "Died by mistake." The man was placed in the hospital and a few weeks later succumbed to the injuries he had received. This fact was communicated to the sergeant through the colonel of the regiment and then a third note was made: died by order of the colonel."-Chicago Chronicle.

Wanted Judgment Suspended. An East Indian, who had been fined in court, wrote to the judge about it. "Your honor," wrote the appellant, "may be right, I may be wrong; I may be right, your honor may be wrong Let your honor give me back the fine and then, at day of resurrection, when all hearts will be opened, if I am wrong, I will most gladly, sir, rehe dropped out of the window into the garden below, whence it was carried affectedly and relapsed into a seat. turn your honor the money."

AND HE GOT IT.

But It Proved to Be Something He Did'nt Care to Hold Very Long.

An indulgent mother of the Tuxedo colony was traveling on a local train one day in company with her three-year-old son, his nursemaid, and a copy of a society, magazine which absorbed her attention, relates the New York Times. The son was occupying the seat behind her with his attendant, who attempted every once in awhile to curb his restless and rebellious spirit by a gentle denial of his latest whim, but each time the mother, noticing only that some argument was in progress, and without looking up from her book, would remark: "Let him have it."

her book, would remark: "Let him have it."

The nursemaid thereupon would yield to this double demand.

Finally a strong and rather venomous looking wasp flew against the window pane, and the youthful hunter reached out to grasp it, and wailed dejectedly when he was once more restrained by the watchild caretaker. Again the fond mother, without rassing ker eyes, exclaimed:

"Oh, do let him have it!"

And the howl which followed the nurse's compliance caused an amused smile to pass around the car.

The U. S. Dept. of Agriculture

A Remarkable Discovery.

A German chemist has discovered a heaing 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.

Failure is a spur while success may be a snare.—Chicago Tribune.



Miss Nellie Holmes, treasurer of the Young Woman's Temperance Association of Buffalo, N.Y., strongly advises all suffering women to rely, as she did, upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

table Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: — Your medicine is indeed an ideal woman's medicine, and by far the best I know to restore lost health and strength. I suffered misery for several years, being troubled with menorrhagia. My back ached, I had bearing-down pains and frequent headaches. I would often wake from restful sleep, and in such pain that I suffered for hours before I could go to sleep again. I dreaded the long nights as much as the weary days. I consulted two different physicians, hoping to get relief but finding that their medicine did not seem to cure me. I tried your Vegetable Compound



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