



THE HOMESTEAD ON THE HILL

Fair, fertile fields and grassy meads, And orchard slopes between, A verdant lawn and garden rare, Enshrined by forests green, Morn's earliest sunbeams gild thy brow, And spring's first kisses thrill, All nature loves thee well, I trow, Fair homestead on the hill.

For many years I've wandered far, And scenes and faces new, Yet memory shone like constant star Still pointing back to you, Each lovely spot some story holds, And all my pulses thrill, With memories of past days and loves, Sweet homestead on the hill.

These rocks my dear grandparents loved, - These flowers their beauty gave, To festive scenes or days of grief, To bridal or to grave, Each duty, sorrow, hope, or joy That a woman's life may fill, You've seen my mother meet them all, OSE homestead on the hill.

This tree my brother set with care, As though to leave some sign, Some symbol ever pointing where The stars in splendor shine, Still speaks of hope to hearts bereft, Still whispers: "Peace, be still!" - Though he for Heaven's home has left The homestead on the hill.

We meet but seldom round thy board, Nor oft thy welcome share; And many rooms are vacant now, New footsteps press thy stair, But when life's checkered curtains fall, And evening shades grow chill, May Heaven's peace rest over all - Dear homestead on the hill, - Irene Pomerooy Shield, in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Scoundrels & Co. By COULSON KERNAHAN Author of "Captain Shannon," "A Book of Strange Sins," "A Dead Man's Diary," etc. Copyright, 1924, by Herbert S. Stone & Co.

CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED.

Of that money I was determined by some means to possess myself, if only to prevent it from falling into the hands of either the syndicate or the strikers. That the former would put it to no good use, needs no demonstrating. Nor—conservative and imperialist as I am—did I feel that it would be much better employed in the hands of the strikers. Number Two had stated—and I saw no reason to disbelieve him—that the money had been sent to England by Germany, and for so sinister a purpose as to prolong a strike, and so to cause English trade to drift irrevocably into the hands of the Germans. In that case, by preventing the money from coming into the possession of the strikers, I should be serving the cause of my country. I had often enough had to make excuses to myself for the means by which I obtained money. For once in my life I was in the position of being able to steal, not only with a clear conscience, but with a glow of virtuous self-righteousness. The only question that troubled me was how I was to go to work. I was at first strongly tempted to take some one—say my brother—into my confidence, and to get him to undertake to switch off the electric light at the critical moment, so that I myself might be on the spot when the bag was thrown out, and make off with it before Hubbock could lay hands on it. It would, of course, be necessary to disguise myself, so that my fellow conspirator should not recognize me, but that need not be very difficult. The meeting was purposely arranged to commence at nine o'clock, in order that working men of all sorts might have a chance to be present; and as there was no lamp in the yard behind the hall, and night would by that time have fallen, I might easily escape identification. Thrash my brain as I would, however, I could hit on no plan for so concealing myself in the yard as to escape Hubbock's notice. The place was nothing more than a bare, gravelled patch, some few feet square and surrounded by four high walls so that it would have been next to impossible to find a shelter in which to conceal so much as a cat. Besides this, I was disinclined to broach even to a brother the business on which I was engaged. Half-consciousness would be no use in such a case, and unless one were prepared to make a clean breast of it, the thing had best not be spoken about at all.

Not often have I been so hard put to it for a way out of a difficulty, but in the end I decided that the following was the only feasible plan. If immediately after turning off the light I slipped round to the side door that led to the yard, I should be in ample time to cut off Hubbock's retreat. His only way out from the back would be along the side passage, and as the bag could not be thrown out of the window until the light had been turned off and the bomb exploded, the chances were that I should be able to be on the spot in time to get first snatch at the bag. And even should I find it in Hubbock's possession, my superior height, strength and weight would give him no chance in a tussle. To have that bag I was determined, and if Hubbock showed fight, so much the worse for him.

Now that I had decided upon my line of action—unsatisfactory though that line of action was in many respects—I began to feel easier in my mind, and after switching the light on and off several times, to make sure that everything was in working order, I looked up the hall, and went in search of force. Number Two had told me that the key was hanging to me was only a duplicate, and that, as the care-taker had one of his own, I need not con-

cern myself about returning it; so I had the whole afternoon in which to arrange about a disguise and to attend to the batch of letters which I found awaiting me at my chambers. Evening was creeping on when I sallied forth again to make my way to the hall, which I reached some half-hour before the advertised time of the meeting. Number Two had omitted one detail. Admission to the meeting was only to be had by ticket, and as he had forgotten to supply me with the necessary pasteboard, I was at first refused admittance. It was fortunate that I happened to have in my pocket the proof of an article I had been writing, which I produced in evidence of my claim to be a representative of the press. Otherwise, so inexorable were the guardians of the gate in their refusal to admit any one without a ticket, that I might have been left outside altogether; in which case the lights would not have been extinguished and the \$5,000 might by this time, like the proverbial bread which is "cast upon the waters," have found its way back again to the German pockets whence it emanated.

CHAPTER XVII.

"HELL—WITH THE FIRE OUT."

The "British workman," of whom we hear so much, but whom we see—at work—so seldom, is by no means to be confounded with that honest, decent, deserving citizen, the British working man. When the latter is not at his work he is to be found at home. Nor to seek the former need we go far. Hyde park on Sunday afternoon and the public-house during the rest of the week appear to be his permanent addresses. Of the British working man there was no sign at this meeting, but that that amiable representative of sweet reasonableness, the long-suffering, toil-exhausted, tyrant-oppressed British workman, was present could be both seen and smelt.

The entrance of the chairman, the strike committee, and the delegates was hailed with tumultuous applause, which rose to a frenzy when, at a sign from Number Two, the care-taker of the hall pulled a string that communicated with what looked like a bundle of dirty linen that was screwed up close to the roof over the chairman's head, but when loosened resolved itself into the respective flags of Germany and England intertwined. Again and again the building echoed with patriotic cheers, varied by "Rule, Britannia!" and the inspiring strains of realistic imitations of a German band playing slightly out of tune, this last being no doubt intended as a delicate compliment to the great nation which supplies the soulless Englishman with music, and on this occasion, and "for one night only," as they put it in the theatrical profession, had supplied him also with money.

Then the serious business of the evening commenced. "Seldom since our race was created," said the chairman, "had the inhabitants of this planet gathered together on an occasion which marked so great an epoch in the history of mankind and did such honor to the human heart." (Vociferous cheers and cries of "Good old heart!") "Personally I was proud to think that he had lived to see this day—this glorious day, this never-to-be-forgotten day—when two great nations had combined to unfurl the flag of the brotherhood of man, and had planted it on the watchtower of civilization for all the world to see." (A voice: "Never mind the flag, old chap. Have you got the money there? That's what we want to see.")

"Yes," responded the chairman, with an indulgent smile, as if saying to himself, with Pecksniffian philosophy: "Let us humor these good creatures, these dear creatures. It is natural that they should wish to assure themselves, by a sight of the gift that has come from Germany, that their dream of brotherhood is indeed realized."

"Yes, the money is here safe enough, my friends," he said. "It is in that satchel which is now held by my honored co-laborer and colleague, Mr. Rolandson Hall, and which he will soon have the honor of presenting on behalf of the people of Germany, and I of accepting on behalf of the people of England."

This statement was followed by a scene of the wildest enthusiasm and uproar, each member of the audience expressing his approval in his own way. When order, or something like order, was restored, other speakers followed the chairman, some exulting in a rapidly approaching millennium, some speaking less inflatedly, and some with sound common sense, but all more or less pointing to the fact that the combination of the working classes of two great nations was an assurance that the day was not far distant when the working men of all nations would follow the splendid example which had been set by the working men of Germany in coming to the rescue of their oppressed fellow-workers in England. As Number Two was now on his legs, and the moment for turning off the lights would soon be arriving, I edged my way out and watched the rest of the performance through the couple of tiny oval-shaped windows, which were set, like a pair of eyeglasses shining out from an expressionless countenance, high up on the face of the swing doors. I saw him hand over the satchel to the chairman, who worked up his audience to a state approaching delirium by opening it and waving a bundle of crisp bank notes over his head. Next he plunged a fist in, and bringing up a handful of gold, he let the yellow discs slide back again—a cascade of shining coins—into the bag, which he closed with a snap and replaced upon the table. Then Number Two gave the signal, and in another instant I had done my part and turned off the lights. A friend who was present told me afterwards that the scene inside—if a

scene it can be called when there was no light by which to see—was indescribable. He said he could liken it to "hell on a busy night—with the fire out."

Almost immediately afterwards the lights were turned on—by whom I do not know—and my friend, who is economical of speech, described the scene then presented as "hell on a busy night—with the fire on." Worse was to follow. Number Two, white with passion or with face powder, I cannot say which, was seen to leap upon the table, with one hand pointing to the door, and with the other hollered round his mouth so as to form a sort of speaking-trumpet. "Shut the door!" he thundered. "The money! the money! It's gone! Let no one out! The thief must still be in the room!"

My friend, who is a traveler and a "hunter of big game," says never to the end of his life shall he forget the terrible fury of the trumpeted cry of a wild cow elephant when she turned upon her pursuers from the dead body of her bull calf, which they had slain. But he assures me that the cry of a thousand wild animals of the wood could not equal in fury the yell that went up from these wilder animals of the slum and the city when they heard that the money was gone.

How he extricated himself from that seething mass of human beings, fighting like wild-cats one with the other, he does not know. But he tells me that within two minutes from the announcement of the robbery there was scarcely a man, either among the speakers or among the audience, who had a coat on his back or a whole skin to his body.

CHAPTER XVIII. A "SCRIMMAGE" IN WHICH I PLAY THE PART OF FOOTBALL.

The lights once switched off, I felt that there was not a moment to lose if I wished to be on the spot to get first snatch at the bag when it was tossed through the window.

Walking quietly out, I worked my way unobtrusively to the gate which closed the passage leading to the yard at the back of the hall. Fortunately



"LET ME GO, YOU DOTARD!"

for me, the hubbub inside the building, and the sudden putting out of the lights, had served to distract the attention of the loungers inside the railings and of the crowd outside, so I was able to open the gate and to slip through unobserved. Closing it silently after me, I hurried along the passage, but before I had gone a dozen paces I came upon some one walking slowly in the same direction, whom, when he turned on hearing my footsteps, I found to my dismay to be the old care-taker.

"Where are you going, young man?" he inquired gruffly.

Perhaps my momentary hesitation in search of a plausible excuse aroused his suspicion, for when I said that I was only taking an airing, as the heat of the hall had made me faint, he answered, none too genially—

"Then you take an airin' somewhere else. These ain't infirmity grounds, and if you feel faint the best thing you can do is to nip round to the Red Cow and get two penny'orth of brandy."

"Oh, I shall be all right in a minute, my friend, thank you," I said, thinking it best to humor him. "I don't care to go out into the street for the present, it's too crowded; but don't you bother about me, I shall be all right when I've had a stroll round in the air for a few minutes;" and with that I essayed to slip past him, being impatient of this unlooked-for hindrance.

"Well, you can't stroll round here," he said, barring the way with his bulky figure. "We can't have no strangers along this passage. It's private property; so out you go and sharp."

Finding him thus obdurate, I did what I ought to have done at first, and slipped a coin—half a crown I thought it was—into his hand. His fingers closed upon it in an instant.

"I don't want to be disagreeable when a gentleman ain't feeling quite well," he began. "All the same—" Then he stopped disgusted. "Why, it ain't a crown. It's a penny—not so much even as the price of a drink. If you think—"

hand darted round the corner, and jumping lightly over the prostrate pair of us, passed through the gate, which he banged behind him.

"Let me go, you dotard!" I shouted to the care-taker. "Let me go before I strike you. I must follow that man at all costs."

The old fellow was a man of spirit, notwithstanding his years, and held me so stoutly—I could not bring myself to strike him—that some seconds passed before I could shake off his grip.

When at last I managed to wrench myself free and leaped up to follow Hubbock, it was only to find that I had left the frying-pan for the fire.

From the open door of the hall a swaying throng was now surging like devils vomited from the mouth of hell. Some of them must have heard the meaningless cry of "Stop him! stop, thief!" with which the old care-taker saluted my flying figure. All I know is that for the second time that evening I was reminded of my football days, only on this occasion it seemed to me that I was the football and the center of the scrimmage, and that some two dozen of devils—mad for blood, and pounding and bashing at me with hands and sticks, as well as with feet—were the players.

The old man's meaningless cry of "Stop, thief!" had led them, no doubt, to suppose that I was the stealer of the money, and that, if they were only quick enough about it, they might secure the booty for themselves.

It did not take long to undeceive them, for in less than half a minute I hadn't as much as a rag to my back; and I was allowed to drag myself, bleeding, breathless, naked, and trembling in every limb, to a corner, where I lay feeling as one might who had been snatched from the ravening jaws of a pack of hungry wolves.

It was some days before I was sufficiently recovered to journey to Tarborough to claim my share of the money and to hear how Number Two had fared. I had telegraphed to say I was coming by the three o'clock train, and Hubbock was there with the trap to meet me.

"Well, is the money safe, Hubbock?" I said, as we drove off from the station.

"Yes, sir. I took care of that. Your share is waiting for you all right. Rather cheaply earned, sir, wasn't it?"

"No," I answered, gruffly. "It struck me as rather dear. Where's your master?"

"In bed, sir—what's left of him. And a bad attack, too."

"Attack—what of?"

"A catching complaint, sir. You appear to have suffered from it, too—universal brotherhood, the master calls it. What did you say, sir?"

"But what I said about universal brotherhood is not fit for publication. (To Be Continued.)"

An Element of Danger. It was after a day's shooting and sport had been good, but, on comparing notes in the smoking-room after dinner, the inevitable grumbler had something to say.

"Well, after all," said he, "what is there in shooting a lot of harmless, timid birds? I don't call it sport at all. Now, chasing the lordly lion, or tracking the treacherous tiger to his lair in the jungle, or facing the wild elephant as he charges wildly through the undergrowth—that, now, is real sport. I call nothing sport that has not plenty of danger in it."

"Ach, mine goot friend," exclaimed a little bespectacled German who had been attentively listening to the brave sportsman, "you like ze danger mit your sport? Zen you comes shoof mit me. Ze las' time I go shoot I vas shoot mine brudder-in-law!"—London Tit-Bits.

Sure Way to Foretell Weather. A very curious method of making weather predictions has been discovered by an old French farmer.

"On Christmas eve," he says, "when the bells begin to ring for midnight mass, take 12 onions and place them in a row on a table. The first onion will represent January, the second February, and so on. Next make a large slit in each onion and pour some salt into it.

"If at the end of an hour you find that the salt in the March onion has melted, you will know that there will be much rain in March, and, on the other hand, if the salt in the April onion is not melted, you may be certain that April will be a dry month.

"Moreover, if the salt in any onion is melted at the top, but not at the bottom, the first fortnight of the month will be wet and the second fortnight dry."—N. Y. Herald.

Not Dangerous. A New York clogman, who was one of the guests at a beautiful seashore home, was asked to supply the pulpit on Sunday. He had done so the year before, during his visit, and the congregation had been large.

On Saturday afternoon, as he sat in his room, he heard two of the grooms talking as they returned to the stable after having delivered two riding horses at the front door.

"I don't know but I'll go to 'ear 'im at the afternooon service," said one of them.

"There! I knew you'd come around," said the other, in a tone of approval. "He's a well-meaning man, and as I told you, I've heard him twice, and what harm has it done me?"—Youth's Companion.

Professional Advice. Dr. George M. Shady, of New York, met one of his fashionable patients, a woman who believes she is always ailing, on Fifth avenue the other day. Immediately she began to pour out her troubles. "Oh, Dr. Shady," she exclaimed, "I'm completely exhausted. I can hardly walk. What shall I take?" "Take?" said the doctor, suavely, as she waited breathlessly for a prescription, "you might take a cab."

WESTERN CANADA'S RESOURCES.

Farming Very Successful.

By Western or Northwest Canada is usually meant the great agricultural country west of Ontario, and north of Minnesota, North Dakota, and Montana. Part of it is agricultural prairie, treeless in places, park like in others, part is genuine plains, well adapted to cattle ranches; part requires irrigation for successful tillage, most of it does not. The political divisions of this region are the Province of Manitoba and the territorial district of Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, Alberta and Athabask. At present, however, the latter is too remote for immediate practical purposes.

The general character of the soil of Western Canada is a rich, black, clay loam with a clay subsoil. Such a soil is particularly rich in food for the wheat plant. The subsoil is a clay, which retains the winter frost until it is thawed out by the warm rays of the sun and drawn upward to stimulate the growth of the young wheat, so that even in dry seasons wheat is a good crop. The clay soil also retains the heat of the sun later in the summer, and assists in the early ripening of the grain. It is claimed that cultivation has the effect of increasing the temperature of the soil several degrees, as well as the air above it.

Western Canada climate is good—cold in winter; hot in summer, but with cool nights. Violent storms of any kind are rare. The rainfall is not heavy. It varies with places, but averages about 17 inches. It falls usually at the time the growing crops need it.

The department of the interior, Ottawa, Canada, has agents established at different points throughout the United States who will be pleased to forward an Atlas of Western Canada, and give such other information as to railway rate, etc., as may be required.

That agriculture in Western Canada pays is shown by the number of testimonials given by farmers. The following is an extract made from a letter from a farmer near Moose Jaw:

"At the present time I own sixteen hundred acres of land, fifty horses, and a large pasture fenced containing a thousand acres. These horses run out all winter and come in in the spring quite fat. A man with money judiciously expended will make a competence very shortly. I consider in the last six years the increase in the value of my land has netted me forty thousand dollars."

New Fad in French Society.

The latest thing in "lettres de faire part" in France is nothing less than a divorce notification. A friend of mine received a neatly engraved card—Monsieur Paul D. has the honor to inform you that his divorce was pronounced in his favor December 12, 1903, against Mme. Louis R. J. Sincere felicitations were sent immediately.

The Most Common Disease.

Yorktown, Ark., Feb. 29th.—Leland Williamson, M. D., a successful and clever local physician, says: "There is scarcely another form of disease a physician is called upon so often to treat as Kidney Disease. I invariably prescribe Dodd's Kidney Pills and am not disappointed in their effect for they are always reliable. I could mention many cases in which I have used this medicine with splendid success. For example, I might refer to the case of Mr. A. H. Cole, Age 31, greatly emaciated, some fever, great pain and pressure over region of kidneys, urine filled with pus or corruption and very foul smelling and passed some blood. Directed to drink a great deal of water, gave brisk purgative and Dodd's Kidney Pills. The pills were continued regularly for three weeks and then a few doses every week, especially if patient felt any pain in region of kidneys. Cured completely and patient performed his duties as farm laborer in four weeks."

Dr. Williamson has been a regular practitioner for over twenty years, and his unqualified endorsement of Dodd's Kidney Pills is certainly a wonderful tribute to this remedy.

Nothing Serious.

"Is it true," asked the Ludlow youth, "that a woman insists on having her own way in everything?" "I don't know," replied the Cumminsville sage, "but even if it is she changes her mind so often that it breaks the monotony."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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?

120 bu. Beardless Barley per acre. 80 bu. Salzer's New National Oats per A. 310 bu. Salzer's Speltz and Macaroni Wheat. 1000 bu. Pedigree Potatoes per acre. 14 tons of rich Billion Dollar Grass Hay. 60,000 lbs. Victoria Rape for sheep—per A. 160,000 lbs. Teosinte, the fodder wonder. 54,000 lbs. Salzer's Superior Fodder Corn each, 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.]

Hollie—"So you've broken with Bertha Bryd? You used to say she was a peach." Schuyler—"So I do now. But she's of the chingstone variety. Refuses to give up that diamond engagement ring."—Boston Transcript.

TORTURING, DISFIGURING

Humors, Eczemas, Itchings, Inflammations, Burns, Scallings and Chafings Cured by Cuticura.

The agonizing itching and burning of the skin, as in eczema; the frightful scaling, as in psoriasis; the loss of hair and crusting of the scalp, as in scalded head; the facial disfigurements, as in pimples and ringworm; the awful suffering of infants, and anxiety of worn-out parents, as in milk crust, tetter and salt rheum—all demand a remedy of almost superhuman virtues to successfully cope with them. That Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills are such stands proven beyond all doubt by the testimony of the civilized world.

Her Idea of It. Mrs. Newed—"I'm afraid my husband has ceased to love me." Mrs. Homer—"What change do you find?" "None; that's just the trouble. He has quit leaving any change in his pockets."—Chicago Daily News.

Millions of Vegetables.

When the Editor read 16,000 Plants for 16c, he could hardly believe it, but upon second reading finds that the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., than whom there are no more reliable and extensive seed growers in the world, makes this offer. This great offer is made to get you to test Salzer's Warranted Vegetable Seeds.

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 blanching, nutty Celery, 2,000 rich, buttery Lettuce, 1,000 splendid Onions, 1,000 rare, luscious Radishes, 1,000 gloriously brilliant Flowers.

There Are Others.

Biggs—"What's your private opinion of Slyers?" Diggs—"Oh, he's one of those chaps who never think of shaking your hand unless they want to pull your leg."—Chicago Daily News.

\$30.00 St. Louis to California \$30.00 via The Iron Mountain Route.

These tickets will be on sale daily during March and April, when Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars will be operated daily between St. Louis, Los Angeles and San Francisco. Particulars from any Agent of the Company. H. C. TOWNSEND, G. P. & T. Agent, St. Louis.

"Name the bones of the skull." The candidate for his newly devised, best-selling, stammers: "Excuse me, sir, it must be my nervousness; but for the life of me I can't remember a single one—yet I have them all—in my head."—London Medical Press and Circular.

Nothing More Dangerous

Than Cutting Corns. THE FOOT-EASE SANITARY CORN PASTERS cure by absorption. Something entirely new. The sanitary oils and vapors do the work. Ask your Druggist to-day. Large box sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Alton S. Olmsted, Lo Ho, N. Y.

Miss Gausp—"I understand that you are as good as married to Miss Koxley." Mr. Bachelier—"Just as good and even better. I'm not going to be married to anybody."—Philadelphia Press.

\$30.00 St. Louis to California \$30.00 via The Iron Mountain Route.

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Wigg—"I always try to make my money last." Wagg—"I try to make mine first, and then make it last."—Philadelphia Record.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Many a rich father has discovered that it is easier to get a daughter off his hands than to keep a son-in-law on his feet.—Philadelphia Record.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbins, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Behavior is a mirror in which everyone displays his image.—Goethe.

Economy is the road to wealth. Puffinam Fadesless Dye is the road to economy.

Borrowing is not much better than begging.—Lessing.



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