

THE CROWN UNWON.

"Whose endureth to the end," So long ago, the word was spoken Hearts fail, and bowed heads earthy

bend,
bend,
then the shall say the pledge is broken?
Brave eyes may read the promise still,
Though writ in lines of pain and loss,
The path lies onward up the hill,
Though every milestone be a cross.

Long time ago my soul and I Converse and counsel held together, When clear and bright youth's morning

sky
Flushed rosy in the summer weather;
"Soul," said I, "many a pathway fair,
Waiting thy choice, before thee lies;
Think long, choose well, then proudly dare
Thine utmost might to win the prize."

And so we looked, my soul and I.

And many a fair, false joy refusing,
Beheld at last, serene and high,
The crown of her supremest choosing,
And on it fixed our steadfast gaze.

While the bright, joyous wizard, Hope,
Through all those bounteous summer
days,
Drew one delicious horoscope.

But summer hours fade fast away,
And the dear crown, above my winning,
Here in the twilight of my day
Gleams far as in my bright beginning;
And now Hope's eyes are dim and sad,
And Doubt and Grief walk close beside;
And many a joy that erst I had
In this long toil has drooped and died.

And yet I know my soul's true good Lies still, lies ever, there before me; I could not turn me if I would, Though clouds and darkness gather

o'er me.
And though I fail and though I die
Far from my goal, my crown unwon,
No meaner star can tempt the eye
That once has known the steadfast sun

So on I press up that steep slope, Behind whose brow that sun is setti I walk with Faith, and not with Hop Despairing not and not forgetting; But, when the last brief breath is spe I shall per grice, if this way write.

I shall not grieve if this man write:
"He strove—he failed—and he is dead,
True always to his highest light."
—Barton Gray, in Atlanta Constitution.



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CHAPTER XIX.

FISTS AND FINGER-NAILS AND HOB-NAIL BOOTS.

Hubbock was quite right in observ ing that Number Two had had a "bad The poor man's face was patched like an old coat, he wore a green shade over one eye, and was sit ting up painfully in bed and as stiffly

as a sawdust doll.
"How are you, Number Seven?" he said with a feeble smile. "Excuse my not getting up to receive you. I have to move an arm or a leg all of a piece like a pump-handle, and even then l wince and sometimes squeal aloud with pain. How do I look, do you think

"Like a stuffed Guy Fawkes on a barrow," would have been my answer had I felt called upon to adhere to the truth. As it was, I answered cheerfully that he was "looking a bit chippy, but that a day or two would no doubt set him on his legs."
"Set me on crutches you mean, don't

you?" he groaned. "Oh! what a maul-The voice of the people may be the voice of God, but how the people's fists and fingernails and hob-nail boots? How did

"I should have 'got on' well enough. I replied, ruefully, "if only I could have got off.' But I couldn't. The people saw me switch the light off, and two or three of them strolled up to interview me after"

"Ah!" he said, trying to screw himself round the h grinning hideously, but whether from pain or from gratification at finding a fellow-sufferer I could not say. "Ah! so you, too, have been interviewed by the people, have you? And how did you fare at their hands?"

"It wasn't their hands I objected to so much as their feet," I said. "Tearing one's clothes off one's back and bashing at one's head with half-bricks and sticks may have been only their playfulness. But when it came to knocking a poor devil down and dancing on his stomach, not to speak of kicking him in the ribs, why, then I began to feel that there was such a lic dearly loves some sort of Aunt Sally to shy at, and in a general way the Aunt Sallies are not very much the thing as having too much of the people.

"I believe you," he groaned. "There is such a thing, and I've had it-Lord knows. However, there's one consola-tion. We did the devils out of their £5,000, though I wouldn't go through such an experience again for £500,000. Your share's in that writing-desk on the table there. You'll find a bunch of keys in the top pocket of those trousers hanging at the foot of the bed. The little key's the one. Open the desk and take out the parcel with a big 'seven' upon it.

I obeyed, and found, a little to my but greatly to my satisfaction, that he had not misled me. There, sure enough, was a parcel marked "seven," containing no less a

After I had expressed what he appeared to consider unnecessary thanks, I asked him whether our fellow con-

them, not to let any one notice your're flush of cash, either by paying it into a bank or by blueing it too prominently. That sort of thing always arouses spicion, and has led to the discovery of many a crime.'

"Have they gone for good, then?" I asked.

"More likely for bad," he laughed. "Crime, like poverty, brings one into strange company. How you, and, for the matter of that, how I came to row in such a galley I can't think. I don't know anything about you personally, Number Seven, for Number One, who 'put you up' for election to the council. didn't take me into his confidence on the subject; but I fancy, as I've said to you before, that you were meant for a gentleman."

Even had there been no note of interrogation—as of one inviting confi-dence—in his voice, I should have taken the last part of his sentence less as an involuntary compliment than as an intentional "draw" to lead me to talk about myself. Piqued apparently by my non-committal reply of "You're ery kind," he changed the con ersation abruptly.

"A meeting of the council is to be held here to-day week at five in the afternoon. Until then I need not burden you with my company, as I have nothing afurther to discuss. If you choose to remain here until then as my guest, you are at liberty to do so. Or you are at liberty to go. Which is it to be-stay or go?"

Under the circumstances I felt that it had better be "go," and said so.

"Quite so," he assented curtly. "The social attractions of Heath cottage are not, I am aware, great, especially when the host is laid on his back. To-day week, then, we shall have the honor of welcoming you again. If you will come down by the same afternoon train, Hubbock will meet you with the The time and route by which trap. the other two are coming have been arranged. I wish you speedy recovery from your hurts. Good-day!

"I wish you the same," I said, and so we parted.

CHAPTER XX.

THE MUSICAL BOX THAT PLAYED

Number Two was sufficiently recov red to preside at the reassembling of he syndicate. After greetings been exchanged and inquiries had been made in regard to his health, he came to the point without further delay.

"Our newly-elected councillor, Mr. Hubbock, who celebrated his advent to the council by successfully_accom-plishing the carrying off of the money which had been sent from Germany to furnish sinews of war for the dock strike, is apparently not content with that exploit, but is burning to distin, guish himself still further in the serv ice of the council. cated to me a project which I have



PRIDE THEMSELVES ON BEING BO HEMIANS

promised him to put briefly before you It is, as you know, most necessary that we should impress our numerous subscribers in this country and in America with our activity. Unless we keep ourselves well before them and before the public, subscriptions will assuredly fall off. Nothing has been done for some time in the way of striking a blow at the monarchy or at the aristocracy, or at any of the other figure-heads which we set up before our own particular public—just as a showman sets up the ever-familiar figure of Aunt Sally at country fairs—in order that the public in question may dump down money for shying at it. The pubworse. But a wise showman who wishes to keep the coin coming in, humors his public, and takes care that every now and then one of the many cudgels that are thrown shall catch the old lady full in the face, and perhaps bash her features as well as break the pipe in her mouth. That makes the throwers feel that they are getting something for the money, and it keeps the coin coming in.

"Well, we've had two tries at the popular 'Aunt Sallies' lately, and each time we have missed. The first time was when we tried to blow up that best-hated man in England, Lord Cranthorpe, and the second was the failure of our jubilee programme for hoisting the queen and the royal family sky marked "seven," containing no less a sum than £1,000 in gold and small bank notes.

After I had expressed what he are high. treachery, and if any proof were needed that it was so, it is, I think, to be him whether our fellow cons were "upstairs."

ne said fervently, "they're hank goodness. They were hank goodness. They were hank goodness. They hank goodness the fact that the very first ing the money which was tossed out enterprise we undertake, after we have of the window the other day. He hopes and I hope that the fact that he

money, I must warn you, as I warned a member of this council when we don, honor. But he is anxious still planned to lay hands upon the £5,000 further to prove his zeal by striking that was sent to the strikers by Gerwhat I am bound to confess seems to many-if she had been a member of the council and in our secrets, the money would not be in our pockets to-day.'

Number Two paused for breath, and a murmur of unmistakable approval and applause hummed through the room

"Well, my friends," he went 'Hubbock has devised a plan for retrieving the failure at Lord thorpe's and the failure at the jubilee. Here it is.

"Some years ago Hubbock was chef at the Ishmael club. Have any of you ever been there? No? Then the Ishmael club, you must understand, is a coterie of travelers, actors, artists, authors, journalists, musicians and so on, who pride themselves on being Bohemians. They are popularly supposed to be in revolt against conventionality of every sort, and in suburban and society a member of the provincial Ishmael club is looked upon as a dreadful upsetter of the order of things and as one who stands for all that is 'advanced' in thought and manners and morals.

"As a matter of fact the members of the Ishmael club-'Brother Ishmaelites,' as they call themselves-are just as sober and solvent a set of respectable, law-abiding, custom-following taxpayers and citizens as you will find outside the precincts of the clubs of actual fogeydom. It is true that the members who founded the Ishmael club some 50 years ago were a Bohemian harum-scarum lot, but the club as it now stands is simply living on its past tradition and reputation. The present members do their best to delude themselves and the public into the belief that they are a dare-devil crew, and they take their club and themselves so seriously that I verily believe most of them are persuaded that no four walls in the world contain such a gathering of sad dogs as is to be seen in the dining-room of the Ishmael on their 'house dinner' night. They stick their heads, like so many ostriches, into the sands of the past, and refuse to see that the old order changeth and that the members of the Ishmael are Ishmaelites no longer. All that, however, doesn't concern us. If they like to play at Tom and Jerry they are quite welcome to do it, and if they can make believe so well as to persuade themselves that they are the original and only Toms and Jerries, why, let 'em in Heaven's name, and be' hanged to 'em. Our interest in them doesn't hinge on that; but there is one custom of theirs that has been handed on from what Mr. Hubbock calls 'tim immoral' which does concern us and

which I must describe to you. "One of their rules-a very excellent ne—is that of 'no long speeches.' minutes is the maximum of time which is allowed to any man, guest or member, prime minister or paragrapher and to keep this golden rule inviolate the original Ishmaelites initiated a cusom which is still religiously followed. At every meeting of the club there is placed on the table in front of the hairman a little metal cube about the size of a pint-pot. When any one rises to speak, the chairman presses a spring at the top of the cube which ets an inside piece of mechanism in motion. This piece of mechanism is timed to run for exactly ten minutes, and if by that time the speaker has not finished and the chairman has not reversed the action, a bell strikes, at the sound of which the speaker, whoever he may be, must sit down. It is a rule that might with advantage e introduced into other institutions To be interrupted or called to order by a member of one's audience—even by one's chairman-is not pleasant. But no one, no matter how touchy, can accept a pull up from an irre consible piece of dead mechanism other than good-humoredly.

"But what has all this to do with us, you say. Well, I'm coming to it.
The 15th of next month is to be a field day with the Ishmaelites, and they have succeeded in nobbling the prince of Wales as their guest. And man? A gentleman who has been honored with a considerable amount of attention from the syndicate already—no less a personage than our friend Lord Cranthorpe. Gentlemen, wouldn't it be tempting Providence, who has, so to speak, delivered these two men into our hands, to let slir such an opportunity of retrieving the failure which attended our previous attempt on the life of Lord Cranthorpe and the royal family? The idea is not mine, but our excellent friend Hubbock's; but I am bound to confess that if he succeeds, as he believes he can, in effecting the assassination of the prince and of Lord Cranthorpe at one stroke, he will have struck a blow at the powers that be, the powers with which we are at enmity, that would immeasurably encourage the anarchist spirit which it is so much to our interest to foster, and that will bring in the subscriptions as nothing else we have attempted lately has done."

"How is it to be managed?" I asked; and who's to do it?"

"Hubbock offers to take the sole re sponsibility and the sole risk upon his own shoulders," was the answer. "He knows that it has been a rule of the syndicate that every new councillor shall qualify for the honor and commit himself irrevocably to the responsibility attending a place on the council by undertaking the first piece of risky work that is to be done after his election. It is true that Hubbock has already qualified by undertaking the task of securing the bag containgone, thank goodness. They were restless to be off as soon as they had pocketed the money; and as the hue and cry about the murder in the shed has blown over, I let them go—one at they at time, of course. But talking of the

me a peculiarly daring and deadly blow at royalty and at the aristocracy. who constitute this council are paid to wage a war against the upper classes and the capitalists, and if Hubbock succeeds, I think it will go far to satisfy our clients and subscribers that we are giving them something for their money.'

"Yes! yes!" interposed Councillor Number Six rather testily, being annoyed, perhaps, at the reference which had been made to him. "It seems to me there's too much jaw about these meetings. You don't need to explain all these things to us over and over again as if we were a pack of schoolboys. Ever since we lost our old chief. you jump at any chance of lecturing us, same as some old women do who want to hear their own voices. all know that to blow up the prince of Wales and the other aristocratic perisher, Lord Cranthorpe, along with him will set business moving in the subscription line and we don't want to be told it all over again at every council meeting. The show ain't a prayer-meeting. The point is, can tho things be done? If so, how?"

Number Two took the interruption

in better part than I had expected. "Very well, my friend," he said, good-humoredly, "I don't want to inflict too many details upon you, I'm Only as we all share the resure. sponsibility as well as the profits, it seemed only right to me that councillors shall be fully acquainted with what was being done in their name. When you know beforehand how the thing is to be done, you will be able to judge the better whether Hubbock has acquitted himself capably and is deserving of further confidence and trust. I'm very sorry if I have overburdened you with detail. Shall I spare you all the details of Hubbock's scheme? In that case we can merely empower him to act and let the details make themselves known by results.

I did not at all approve the turn that things had taken. It was only because I had been apprised beforehand of the conspirators' line of action that I had on more than one occasion been suc cessful in frustrating their projects. But if secrecy were maintained in regard to their proposed operations, the game would be up as far I was conerned, for unless I knew what move they were about to make, I should not know how to go to work to checkmate them.

ITo Be Continued.1

What Bess Said. "What's that?" said the old gentle-

man as he entered while the eldest daughter was saying things confidentially to her mother.

"Bess was just telling me that the young man that visited the Broketons last summer has written her and that he sent love and kisses."

"He did, did he? The impudent puppy. Write him and squelch him at once or you're no daughter of mine. Let him know, so there is no possible chance of a misunderstanding, you have the utmost resentment for such conduct, and if he ever comes here again I'll kick him out of the

"Well, did you attend to that matter, Bess?" asked the old gentleman at breakfast next morning.

'Yes.'

"Good. What did you say?" "I told him very distinctly that if be didn't know any better than to seed such things in a letter, instead of bringing them in person, I would have to forego the pleasure of his acquaint-

For the next five minutes the family ere under a conviction that the head of the household had burst a blood vessel.-Stray Stories.

Didn't Want to Worry God.

There is a young boy in a near-by city aged eight, and named Todd. is wholly human, and he has a careful and religious mother who strives constantly to bring him within speaking distance of her ideal of what a boy should be. To this end he is admonished to pray every night that he be a better boy. One night recently he climbed into bed without saying his prayers. His mother asked him if he had forgotten to say them, and he answered that he had not forgotten, but that he did not intend to pray that night. His mother inquired the reason for his determination. Todd, from his comfortable pillow, made answer: "Well, mother," said he, "I'll get up and say my old prayers if you want me to, but I don't want to do it a bit. Here I've been asking and asking God to make me a good boy and I think I've done it enough. God will attend to it when he gets 'round to it and I don't think it's nice for me to make a nuisance of myself. I've pretty near worried the life out of him about it already."-Chicago Chronicle.

Wisdom's Whispers. A man usually magnifies the impor-

ance of what he does. When a woman takes up physical

culture there is a suspicion that she is older than she pretends. Women find a sentiment in flowers

which is unknown to men.

Men regard wrinkles on the face with little in the way of horror. Some women show the upstart in their composition without an effort. Because a man dislikes to be called

old it is not convincing evidence of vanity. The woman who continually complains wonders why hard lines appear

on her face. When a man is popular the danger of a fall is greatest.

Woman's wit appeals to a man's

sense of humor for its rarity. Many men's reputations have been made by a blind venture.—Philadelphia New Excuse.

New Excuse.

In the Portland municipal court recently a woman got to the limit of excuses by saying that an apparent drunkenness was in reality only a desperate attempt on her part to break in a pair of new shoes and at the same time to walk on ice. Judge Hill smiled but gave her 30 days.—Bangor New Landon Park 1988.

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"How's the new organist?" asked one of the parishioners.

"Oh, he flirts beautifully," replied the soprano of the church quartet.—Chicago Post.

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"Oh, I thought they were your twin
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