

LITTLE MISS SNOW, SPINSTER.

Little Miss Snow is on the trot From end to end of the village street. Whenever you open the blind you mee Her sunny face and her smile so sweet I wonder if she is here to stay. To visit the sick and poor alway?

A beaded bag dangles down beside

Every door is open to her, She with her step so short and quick, She with her shoes that clickety-click Along the walk for the poor and sick. She with her way so soft and mild. Soothing the grown folk and the child

Under her little gray cloak is hid A heart that's tender and good and true; Under the peak of her hood of blue. A pair of clear eyes look out at you. And she smiles when passing, when-ever you find. Her face when you look beyond the blind.

The tap of her fingers is soft and low When she comes to the door where sick folks are. She never brings bother, or fret, or jar-

Nothing to hurt and nothing to mar— Only quiet, comfort, release From brooding pain—and her medi

Many a day and many a year
Out of the shadow she comes to delight,
Out of her cot that is cosy and white,
Out of her gate in the dead of night.
Out of her garden of roses to bring
A smile to drive away sorrow and

Little Miss Snow, our spinster sweet,
Tender and good and true—and great!
Open her door and wide her gate.
Ever on hand, early or late.
You scutter sunshine wherever you go,
Dear little spinster, little Miss Snow!
—Horace Seymour Keller, in N. Y. Sun



right, 1899, by Herbert S. Stone & (

CHAPTER XXIII .- CONTINUED.

When it was all over, there was a deadly silence for half a minute, and then we knew that the game was up. "Did you hear that, Stocker?"

a voice in the room below. "Did you hear that? And if so, what d'ye make

Stocker's mumbled reply was not audible, so we were not enlightened specting his views.
"Quite so," went on the voice. "It

didn't sound human, did it? And if I'd heard it at night, I should have said that this house was haunted, that's what I should have said. But being ir the daytime, it can't be that. What that you say? Very likely a bird that's got a nest in the roof? Don't tell me. qui Birds don't make noises like that brought home from his travels either Hubbock, and he's wild enough from all showing. Only I don't call him an golden hair, and wore trousers made animal. I call him a murdering, savage brute. Anyhow, I'm going to see what's under that roof, if I break my neck doing it. There's a ladder leaning against one of the fruit trees in the orchard, and if we stick it up on top of the portico, we ought to be able to reach the roof. Anyhow, we'll have a try, so come along."

Councillor Number Six, the Silent Councillor, Hall and myself must, I suppose, while this was going on have been looking the reproaches which we dare not speak, for as soon as the policemen were out of hearing, Hubbock said snappishly-

"It's quite incompatible that you askance at me as it I was infected with African leprosy was in no way cognizant of committing mischief."

"Quite so, Hubbock," assented Number Two; "you couldn't help sneezing, my good man, any more than you can help getting the African leprosy, which I trust you never will. The only mercy you didn't yawn, for yawning, lik the African leprosy, is catching, and speezing isn't. But the question we've now to consider is, 'What's to be

I think," said the appeased Hubbock more deferentially, "if the council doesn't think the course too ignominious, that it would be advisable to the policemen climb up on the roof and extract a tile to look in, they can't see us there, and they may conclude that

the room is uninhabited.' "By extracting a tile, our friend doesn't mean annexing somebody else's hat," explained Number Two goodhumoredly; "all the same, I think he's right. They couldn't see us under the table, and if they come to the conclusion that the room's empty, they may decide to sheer off altogether, or to leave one on guard here, while the other goes on to Tarborough to report progress to the superintendent. caused by the letting go by The situation is not very serious at the worst, for it would be the easiest thing in the world for us to overpower the two bobbies, and either silence them two bobbies, and either silence them pulling down with him one of the pulling down with him one of the table. This and tied up, while we make off. i lamps that lighted the table. This don't know that the former course lamp, though of oriental and ancient

here for a fad, and that they couldn't find the entrance to, and that as Hubbock and I seemed away, there's nothing to be done but wait until we come back to arrest our friend here. Apparently it's he they want, not me, whom they still appear to look upon as a reputable member of society. think our friends outside are propping the ladder against the wall, in which case it will be time to adjourn to un-

der the table.' Before very long we heard the sound of some one clambering from a ladder to the roof, and cautiously picking his way, apparently on hands and knees, towards the top. By-and-by the sound of a moving body ceased, and then we heard the working and wrenching, which told us that the newcomer was engaged in removing some Meanwhile we "lay low," csonced ignominiously, as Hubbock phrased it, well out of sight under the billiard table. The position was so cramped that I was, if anything, relieved to know, by an exclamation of astonishment from the "extractor of tiles" overhead, that the secret chamber of Heath cottage was a secret no

"Hi! Stockers! are you there? called an excited voice which I recognized as the sergeant's.

"I'm here, sir," came the reply from below

"I always did think that Hall was a bad lot, for all his seeming so quiet and respectable," said the sergeant. "It's always the quietest ones as is the worst. What d'ye think he's got up here?

'Fowls?' suggested Stocker lamely He was not a man of many ideas, and having lately covered himself with glory by the brilliant arrest and conviction of two small boys who were robbing a henroost—the prevention o poultry pilfering filled a very important place in his conception of duties of a constable. "Yes, fowls, ! expect," he added more confidently; 'leastway, stolen ones that he's kep up there to be out of the way. ounded like fowls when we heard that noise just now."
"Fowls!" retorted his superior of

ficer contemptuously; "fowls, you fool You've got fowls on the brain since you got those boys convicted. No, it's something worse than fowls, I can tel you. I always did think that Hall wasn't all he should be. And him so quiet too! Well! well! there's no quiet too! knowing what any one's character is till he's found out. It's a harem, that's what it is. I've seen a picture of one in the Windsor Magazine, and recoghize it easy. There's hanging lamps that don't look as if they was meant to burn respectable oil in decent houses. And there's couches without any legs, like a bed made up on the floor—divans, don't they call 'em?—all in stripes and gaudy colors, and heaped up with soft pillows. Down-right heathenish, I call it. There's a big table in the middle that's got a big white cloth flung over it as if there was something on it that was too wicked even for Hall to look at long. shall find something pretty there I'll promise you, when we get down

"Is there any women there?" in quired the intelligent Stocker, with more interest than he had previously manifested. "A harem's a place wher they keep a lot of lovely women, ain't when I went to London. They had couches and looked cross

"No, that's what I can't make out," men, but there soon will be, you mark my words. Hall and Hubbock have gone to fetch 'em now they have got it all ready. That's why there's no one at home to-day. A pretty pair of rascals they are, a bringing their Ro-mand Catholic ways into a Christian country. I'll harem 'em before I've done. You go and see if you can find me a bit of rope so as I can fasten it to the chimney stack and let myself down into the room. I'm going to see what's on that table, harem or no

The search for a rone was appar ently successful, and as the sergean had in the meanwhile been working large enough to admit his body, he bade Stocker come up and hold on to the end which was hitched to the chimney stack, while he lowered himself into the room.

Curiosity getting the better of discretion, I very guardedly inclined my head outward an inch or two beyond the projecting rim of the table, and twisting my neck round, looked up.

The sergeant, hanging on to the rope had just got clear of the hole in the ensconce ourselves under the table. If roof, and was preparing to lower himself down hand-over-hand. Through the opening over his head, the red and bovine face of Stocker was staring. He was watching the sergeant's progress with eager interest, but the movement of my withdrawing head apparently attracting his attention, he craned through the aperture, and catching sight of me, pointed down with an excited yell to where I was

lying Whether the shout so startled the about this coat, is there, except that it sergeant as to cause him to lose his is buttoned close, as all my coats are. hold, or whether what happened was The situation is not very serious at the worst, for it would be the easiest thing pulling down with him one of the lamps that lighted the table. This wouldn't be the kindest, for the room manufacture, had been prostituted by might never be discovered, and unless they could manage to make theruselves of paraffin; and as artificial light was heard, they'd stand a good chance of a necessary, even during the day-time, dying by slow starvation. But if we in our prophet's chamber, the lamp can work things to get clear away without coming to blows with the bobbies, I'd rather that it were so. They may think this is only an ordinary of fire—against the wall, which, as

Indian fabrics. The room, being di- fault. rectly under the roof, was always hot, and this fabric had evidently become as dry and inflammable as tinder.

CHAPTER XXIV. "FIRE!"

There was, as I have twice already

mentioned, a strong wind blowing outside, and this doubtless played no little part in bringing about what followed.

I remember that as the lamp fell, a licking tongue of fire ran-like a monkey running up a rope—along the drapery, and that before I had time to out from under the table, almost before the gaping face of Stocker had disappeared from the hole overhead, the entire roof was one sheet of flame. he and Hubbock had set about constructing the secret chamber. The intelligent British workman to whom the was entrusted had made a heavy additional charge in the bill for what he called "weather-proofing" the roof, by a method of his own inventing, upon which he greatly plumed himself. In the matter of keeping rain out, this system of weather-proofing gave Hall every satisfaction, but, viewed from another standpoint, it caused him considerable uneasiness, for he had recently discovered that the material used for wadding the interstices between the tiles, was a kind of skein oakum, which, being saturated with tar, was highly inflammable. Like every wise man, Number Two had a horror of fire, and he at once decided substitute an asbestos preparation for the oakum. The asbestos had been procured, and the work of substitution commenced, when the unexpected advent of the conspirators, and their in-stallment at Heath cottage, put a stop to a work which the fates had de-creed should never be finished, for within three minutes from the falling of the lamp, the upper part of Heath cottage was a royal roaring furnace. "Warm work, that!" gasped Number

Two, breathlessly, when he, Hubbock the silent councillor, Number Six, and myself-coughing and choking and not all unsinged-found ourselves out side. "Warm for the bobbies, too poor devils. The man on the roof was in the thick of the fire, and must be a hurt himself when he fell; anyhow, We'd better be off, and by separate ways. The neighbors will be here in no time. But we must settle some place of meeting first. Where shall t be, and when? To-morrow morning at 12, by the bookstall at St. Pancras station. I'll secure a carriage to ourselves by the Southend train, and we can talk things over going down. one will notice us there, and if they do, they'll only think we are going to a bean-feast party. So we are, for we're going to give some of them beans' before we've done with them aren't we? Now I'm off, and you'd better do the same.'

As the other four struck across the field I made for the high road. I had snatched up my hat when leaving th ottage, and as there was nothing if my dress to attract attention, and I had no reason to believe that I was known personally to, or wanted by, the police, I thought my safest plan would be to go boldly ahead.

After I had walked a mile or so. I a black-bearded man dressed as if for bicycling and wearing a cloth cap.

"Can you tell me," he said, politely, which is the shortest way to a house called Heath cottage, in the occupation of a Mr. Hall? "No," I replied, "I can't."

"Then you are a stranger in this reighborhood?" he asked.
"I'm a stranger to you," I said, curt-

ly, resenting his inquisitiveness. "I see. Then when you said just now that you couldn't tell me my way to Heath cottage, you meant that you didn't want to?"
"If you like," I answered. "Take it

either way. It's none of your business."

"Oh, yes, it is," was his off-hand re-"I happen to be a police officer, you see, and I shall have to trouble you to return with me as far as Tarborough.

Then he burst into a laugh. "Don't upset yourself, Number Seven. I only vanted to satisfy myself that the disguise was all right, and it certainly seems to be so, since you didn't recognize your chief and late host."

"Yen took me by surprise," I said, feeling and looking rather foolish, "and gave me a bit of a fright into the bargain. I recognize you now easily enough. But to meet you coming in this direction and in a disguise was enough to deceive any one. How on earth did you manage it in the time You haven't been into the cottage again, surely?" "Easiest thing in the world, my dear

fellow," he said, lightly. "My motto is, 'Always be prepared for an emergency.' When you saw me last, some 20 minutes ago, 1 was wearing a pepper-and-salt coat and trousers. my clothes are all made with two sides them. There's nothing unusual But if you turn it inside out, it would be pepper-and-salt again instead of blue serge. I always wear stockings instead of socks, and the arrangement of my own by which I can change trousers into knickerbockers is simple, and works so well, that I think of pat-

This council is getting a ghastly farce.

simply deadheads. Perhaps it's my I begin to realize that I was mistaken in thinking I could handle the team as Number One did. That man was a positive genius. His organizing power was marvelous. The six of us worked together under him like oarsmen in a boat. There was no waste effort. He used the whole of us, and put out his men when he had any little scheme on, like a captain placing his team in the cricket field. Now everything's changed. One or two of us bring the brains and do the work, and the rest just look on, and take no risk nor part in the business except sharing the profits. It's not like the same thing it used to be. You weren't a member of the syndicate in those days. Then it was a power in the world. Then things were planned and carried out on a big scale. Number I learnt afterwards from Number Two One was a genius and worked the six that he had the house retiled before of us, for what we were worth, so that we were all like so many wheels in one big perfectly acting machine. Now we are just a gang of vulgar criminals. with nothing in common between us either in mind or methods except that we share the plunder alike. The syndicate has gone to pieces since the chief's death. I thought I could step into his shoes, and take it up and carry it on from the point he left it at; but 've found out my mistake by now, and I can see no good and a precious lot of danger in our hanging together any longer.

"But I'm going to make just one more attempt to carry a big scheme through, upon the lines the chief used to go upon, so that each member of the council bears his part. If it fails I shall chuck it, and retire from the syndicate altogether. You and I and Hubbock could run the show better vithout the other two men than with them, and there'd be only three instead of five to share the profits. I fancy you'll see your way to join us, and to throw those two fools over. That's all I have to say to you, and I'm going now. But think it over, and if you feel inclined to stand in with us, put a flower of some sort in your button-hole to-morrow."

ITo Be Continued.1

Her Heart Is Musical. Prof. Reitter of Vienna, recently stonished the medical society of that city by saying that one of his paients had a musical heart. She is woman, and ever since her fourth year she has suffered from palpitations. While still very young she noticed that a harmonious and thrilling sound came from her chest whenever she breathed, and a year or two later this music became so distinct that any one who was in the same room with her could ear it. As she grew older it became more shrill and closely resembled a human voice. At present this curious music consists of only two notes, which are described as being very sweet and clear. Prof. Reitter and the other mempers of the medical society are now studying this singular phenomenon, and the result of their investigations is awaited with interest by physicians throughout Europe.-Stray Stories.

Failed in Beating Clothes.

Canon Marriott, of Bermuda, spent the latter part of the summer at Len-The canon is exceedingly fond of music, and his acquaintance with musicians is extensive. The canon told one day a story

about Offenbach. "Offenbach," he said, "once had an

unusually good valet. The man could shave, cook, tailor, market, doctor do, in a word, a thousand Offenbach nevertheless dis--do, in a word, things. charged him.
""Why,' his friends said, 'did you

dismiss a servant so apt?'
"'Oh, because, said Offenbach, pettishly, 'in beating my clothes outside my door he would never keep in time,' "—N. Y. Tribune.

An Outspoken Priest.

Monsignor O'Hea, the wealthy Ro-man Catholic priest whose death at 90 is reported from Australia, might have stepped out of the pages of Lever He was a member of an Irish soldier family (an ancestor went into exile with the Stuarts and died French general), and he himself was originally intended for the military profession. Once he was greatly dis pleased at the smallness of the collection after a special charitable appeal.
Next Sunday he soundly rated the conpregation for their failure to rise to he occasion and incidentally remarked: "I might have been a general in the British army to-day, instead of a preacher to a parcel of skinflints like ou."-Westminster Gazette.

A Literal Scholar.

Prof. Ernest Huffcut, of the Cornell law school, told an amusing story not long ago of a freshman who was called from the way of knowledge before his

The students had been answering questions in moot-court, and the subect under discussion was a cow which had been killed by a railway train. Each student was required to fill out a paper on the case.

This brilliant youth," said Prof. Huffcut, "wrote with all seriousness after 'Disposition of the Carcass': 'Mild and Gentle.'"—Youth's Compan-

Both Got Pretty Hot.

John Smith, an independent-minded farmer in Perthshire, was at work one day in his field when the factor came and works so well, that I think of patenting it one day. The beard and the cap I carry in my pocket, so I made a dressing-room of the first secluded place I came to, and here I am, very much at your service.

To see min. They distribute to see min. They much at your service.

"Now look here, Number Seven," he went on, changing his tone abruptly, went on, changing his tone abruptly, farmer thought this was going rather far, but, putting his hand to his mouth form, he cried after him: in trumpet form, he cried after him: "An' I dinna want t' see yours till the You and I and Hubbock can work to- last day, an' then pretty weel ower I' Billiard room that I've contrived up the reader knows, was draped, tent- gether all right, but the other two are the afterno, "-Scottish American.

Might Have Been Worse.

"John!" whispered Mrs. Swackhammer, hoarsely. "John, wake up! In the basement—hear them—they're—they're working in the basement—" "Wh-wh-what!" gasped dived under the pillow and clutched his pocketbook. "What is it?" "B-b-burglars!" chattered poor Mrs. Swackhammer. "Don't you hear them

"Aw, rats!" said Swack as he lay down and prepared for sleep again. "You scared me nearly to death. I thought it was plumbers."—San Francisco Bulletin.

A Wonderful Discovery.

A Wonderful Discovery.

Broadland, S. Dak., March 28.—Quite a sensation has been created here by the publication of the story of G. W. Gray, who after a special treatment for three months was prostrate and helpless and given up to die with Bright's Disease. Bright's Disease has always been considered incurable, but evidently from the story told by Mr. Gray, there is a remedy which will cure it, even in the most advanced stages. This is what he says:

"I was helpless as a little babe. My wife and I searched everything and read everything we could find about Bright's Disease, hoping that I would be able to find a remedy. After many failures my wife insisted that I should try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I praise God for the day when I decided to do so, for this remedy met every phase of my case and in a short time I was able to get out of bed, and after a few weeks' treatment I was a strong, well man. Dodd's Kidney Pills saved my life."

A remedy that will cure Bright's Disease will cure any lesser Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills are certainly the most wonderful discovery which niodern medical research has given to the world.

If a young man says one clever thing a irl is charitable enough to overlook the 99 other things he says.—Chicago Daily

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What men want is not talent, but pur pose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.—Bulwer.

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plant and seed catalog. [K L.]

A man may be perfectly square and

A man may be perfectly square and move in the best circles.—Philadelphia Record.

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Sue—"Do they act as if they were engaged?" Prue—"Well, Mabel does."— Brooklyn Life.

Brooklyn Life.

A million Babies have been saved from suffering and death by Hoxsie's Croup Cure. It cures Coughs, Colds and Pneumonia. 50 cts.

Signature

Genius is partly inspiration, but mostly perspiration.—Edison.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes color more goods, brighter colors, with less work than others.

Tombstone epitaphs don't fool the recording angel.—Chicago Daily News.



A prominent Southern lady, Mrs. Blanchard, of Nashville, Tenn., tells how she was cured of backache, dizziness, painful and irregular periods by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM : - Gratitude compels me to acknowledge the great merit of your Vegetable Compound. I have suffered for four years with ir-

have suffered for four years with irregular and painful menstruation, also dizziness, pains in the back and lower limbs, and fitful sleep. I dreaded the time to come which would only mean suffering to me.

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