

### GOOGLY-GOO.

Of mornings, bright and early,  
When the lark is on the wing  
And the robin in the maple  
Hops from her nest to sing,  
From yonder cheery chamber  
Cometh a mellow coo—  
Tis the sweet, persuasive treble  
Of my little Googly-Goo!

The sunbeams hear his music  
And they seek his little bed,  
And they dance their prettiest dances  
Round his golden curly head;  
Schottisches, galops, minuets,  
Gavottes and waltzes too,  
Dance they unto the music  
Of my googling Googly-Goo!

My heart—my heart it leapteth  
To hear that treble tone;  
What music like thy music,  
My darling and mine own!  
And patiently—yes cheerfully  
I toll the long day through—  
My labor seemeth lightened  
By the song of Googly-Goo!

I may not see his antics  
Nor kiss his dimpled cheek;  
I may not smooth the tresses  
The sunbeams love to seek;  
It mattereth not—the echo  
Of his sweet, persuasive coo  
Reverbereth to remind me  
Of my little Googly-Goo!

And when I come at evening,  
I stand without the door  
And patiently I listen  
For that dear sound once more;  
And oftentimes I wonder,  
"Oh, God! what should I do  
If any ill should happen  
To my little Googly-Goo!"

Then in a fit I call him—  
I hear his gleeful shouts!  
Be gone, ye drear forebodings—  
Dost thou yonder loiterest?  
For with my arms about him,  
My heart warms through and through  
With the googling and the googling  
Of my little Googly-Goo!

—Eugene Field, in Chicago Record.

## THE OLD MILL MYSTERY

By Arthur W. Marchmont, B. A.

Author of "Miser Headley's Secret," "Madeline Power," "By Whose Hand," "Isa," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked.

"You seem out of sorts. What is it? Anything wrong at home?"

"No, not more than usual," he said.

"Your father's not worse, is he?"

"No. He was asking for you, though.

He misses you when you let a day pass without coming in. He always says there's something about you that seems to make his pains less racking," and he smiled in a pleased way to the girl, who smiled back.

"That's his way. He's a wonder to bear pain, and no mistake. I'll go in to-night. But if it's not that that's worrying you, what is it?" "Is it about the mill?"

"Yes. It's that lazy fellow, Gibeon Prawle, again. I wish the fellow were out of Walkden Bridge altogether. You know the way he can talk to the folk, and how he can turn them this way and that. Well, he's got the sack to-day, and he vows he can bring out the men unless Gorringe takes him on again. And you know Gorringe."

"He's the last man to give way in such a thing."

"That's as plain as a loom, but I'm thinking there may be trouble," and Tom's brow was puckered with a good many frowns of perplexity.

"What was Gibeon discharged for?" asked Mary Ashworth.

"Why, because he's a lazy, loafing, do-naught; and Gorringe, who does know when a man works and when he loaf, swears he won't have him about the place doing naught but getting the rest of the hands all in a tangle. So he paid him off to-day and bundled him out of the place neck and crop."

"So he is a lazy fellow, everybody knows that," said Mary, energetically, "and most will be glad he's gone."

"He's not gone yet, and that's the mess."

"But what is it to you or to anyone else, Tom, whether Mr. Gorringe keeps him on or sends him away?"

"Oh, if you belonged to the union you'd know how to answer that question yourself. This is how it stands: Gibeon has got the ear of all the officers of the society, except me, and he can make them believe that Gorringe has sacked him, not because he's an idle chap, but because the boss knows he is powerful in the society, and is aiming a blow at the union through Gibeon. Do you see that? Well, if he succeeds in that—and I'm pretty well sure he will—he may easily get 'em to make it a union job, and then there'll be mischief. Now you see why I'm a bit worried."

"But why does it affect you so much, Tom?" asked the girl. "You surely aren't deceived about Gibeon being idle and a loafer?"

"No, not likely. But, then, don't you see, a fellow must stick by the union. Even if your cause isn't as good as you'd like it to be, you must take the good yarn with the bad in that matter. You see, as local secretary, I'm scarcely a free agent, my lass, in such a matter. I'm no champion of Gibeon; but, then, I see that I can scarce go against the society. It's pull devil, pull baker in my case, and no mistake."

"But you can tell them your opinion, can't you, Tom?" asked the girl, who had grown grave at the way her companion had spoken.

"Yes, I can do that; but I haven't the gift of the gab that Gibeon has, nor a tithe of the influence he has, either."

"What shall you do?"

"I'm thinking I shall stand out against Gibeon, at any risk, lass; and that's the truth, though if things came to a pass I shan't fancy playing 'knobstick.' I reckon that's only another name for traitor."

"I don't see why a man's a traitor for doing what he thinks is right," said Mary Ashworth, firmly. "I know if I were sure a certain course were the right one, I'd take it in the face of anything."

"Oh yes; you girls are always so jolly firm about doing what's right—when you don't have to do it," answered Tom Roylance, a little irritably.

To him, it was a very great matter

even to think of taking sides against his fellow unionists.

"I didn't mean to annoy you," said Mary, gently—seeing at once that her answer had grated on him. "I only hoped to strengthen you in doing right. I know it will be a big wrench for you to go against the rest."

"I don't say that I shall do that. There may be no cause."

"When is it to be decided?" asked Mary.

"We've a meeting to-night; and it's close on time, too." They had turned in their walk and were now near to Walkden Bridge again. "There's Gib-

eon."

The man of whom they had been speaking, Gibeon Prawle, caught sight of them at the same moment, and, crossing the road, came towards them.

"Will you go round and see father, Mary?" asked Tom, hurriedly, before the other man joined them. "And don't tell him aught about this busi-

"Good evening, Mary; good evening, Tom," said Gibeon Prawle, as he joined them. He was a good-looking man of some six and twenty, with bold, regular features, under a mass of curly fair hair. "You're coming to the meeting, of course, Tom?" he said and then turned to Mary. "I suppose Tom here's been telling you I'm in disgrace"—he laughed noisily as he said this—"and that Reuben Gorringe thinks he can kick me out of the mill. The hound! But the man who kicks a stone wall mayhap will break his foot rather than the wall. He's just like a beggar set on horseback, but instead of riding to the devil he wants to make the horse kick other folk there. It's only the other day he was a hand himself, for all his curish pride. But it's strange to me if I don't make him sorry he ever interfered with me;" and an angry, malignant expression made his face anything but pleasant to look upon.

"I hope you won't hurt others in your plan to revenge yourself, Gibeon," said Mary, firmly.

"That's like you, Mary. Always hard on me;" and he tried to laugh lightly to cover a real vexation. "You never would give me credit for anything but doing the wrong thing in the wrong way. Besides, as Tom will tell you, this is not my question only; it's a society matter. Gorringe knows I've worked hard for the union, and he's got a knife into me in consequence. He hates the union like poison."

Tom and Mary interchanged rapid glances.

"It seems to me it's a question between you and Mr. Gorringe, and nobody else," answered Mary; "and if you bring anyone else into it you'll be doing what you have no right or call to do."

"Yes, that's a woman's view of all society bothers," answered Gideon Prawle, lightly. "But Tom here knows better, don't you, Tom?"

"Tom agrees with me," said Mary, quietly; and at the reply Gibeon cast a rapid and rather vindictive glance at the other man, and said, shortly:

"Well, it's not for you or Tom here to settle, but for the society to decide; and it's time for the meeting. Good night, Mary. Better feelings to you, and less bitterness;" and with that they separated.

### CHAPTER III. THE THREATENED STRIKE.

Tom Roylance had not at all underestimated the strength of Gibeon Prawle's influence over his fellow workmen. He told the facts of his dismissal in a skillful manner, so as to leave as far in the background as possible the manager's real motive in discharging him; and he cleverly made the most of every grievance of which he had ever heard.

In addition to this he primed one or two of his special friends to back him up, and to declare that the society had no choice but to make his quarrel theirs and to insist upon his being taken on again.

"I haven't paid my money to the society for ten years and more," said one, "to be trod on like this; and I ain't going to stand it. We are not worms, are we, for Gorringe to tread on us; nor slaves, for him to thrash just as he likes? What I say is this; that the life of a man ain't worth living if he's got to feel as a manager can just take the bread out of his mouth and leave his wife and young 'uns without bite or sup, just when he pleases. And it comes to this, as we aren't safe, not one of us, if we're to be bullied here and sacked there as a manager chooses. A man's a man, I say, and ought to be treated as such," and the approbation that greeted the speaker showed that he represented the views of several who were present—the majority, as it seemed to Tom.

But the next instant she repented the question; for Gibeon Prawle seized her hand in his and ran his arm round her waist, holding her close to his side while his words came thick and fast.

"It's you, Mary. I've tried to make you feel it, to make you know that you are more to me than all the world besides. I love you, Mary, my darling. You can do with me what you will. If you love me, and will be my little wife I'll work hard for you as I have never worked yet. Ah, Mary, my—"

But as soon as Mary recovered from her astonishment she struggled to free herself from his grasp. "Don't, Gibeon. Let me go! Leave me alone. Don't touch me! I've never said aught to you to make you speak in this way to me. Don't touch me again," she cried, as he tried to take her again in his arms. "Or you'll make me hate you," and she shuddered with an involuntary gesture of repugnance.

"Do you mean that?" he asked, looking at her steadily.

"Yes, I do. Of course, I do. When did I ever say a word to make you think I could marry you?"

"Then you won't marry me? And you mean to quarrel with me? You'd rather do that, eh?"

"I don't want to quarrel with you or with anyone, Gibeon. But I can't marry you."

"You mean to marry Tom Roylance?"

"I know that well enough," and Tom looked resolutely round at a number of the men who murmured and muttered their objections, and then turned and faced Gibeon, who jumped to his feet eagerly to contradict what was said. "Let me speak," said Tom, "you've had your turn. All that has been said about the other matters is right enough, no doubt, but it's naught to do with Gibeon. I speak for myself, and I say I've always had good pay from Gorringe for good work, and there ain't a man can say otherwise."

"I don't mean to ask you who I am to marry, and if you weren't a coward you'd be ashamed to say such a thing."

the job for himself; and I shall stand by the boss."

There was some little applause when he sat down. Pluck will always win a cheer, and it was a plucky speech, and made one or two who thought with him speak their minds.

But there were more on the other side, and after some rather heated talk they appointed a deputation to see the manager on the next day, to try to get Gibeon Prawle reinstated.

Reuben Gorringe met the men readily enough; but would not give way at all.

"No, no, my men. You know me and you know my ways. When I say a thing I mean it. Gibeon Prawle's a loafer and not a worker, and there's no room in any mill or shed in my care for men who shirk their work. This is a matter between him and me, and the society's got naught to do with it. All the other little things you've mentioned we can talk about, and I'll do all I can to meet you. But I won't take Gibeon back. Mr. Coode"—this was the proprietor of the mill—"and I was the proprietor of the mill—"and I have talked over this matter of Gibeon, and he's left it to me absolutely; and my answer is this, if I shut the old mill up it drops in ruins, I won't have him back."

And from this position nothing could move him.

And the men went away with grave faces and consulted, and then came back and began to talk of striking.

"You can strike if you wish. Tomorrow if you like," said Gorringe, resolutely. "It'll make no difference to me. Every hand who's ever been in the place knows that for good work I give good pay; and that in every matter I can meet you in, I meet you. But you shan't force me to take back a lazy, loafing loafer. It's not right. I've no quarrel with the society; and if you force me on me I shall fight you."

When they pressed for arbitration, he said it was not use. He would not consent to agree to any arbitrator who tried to prevent him from getting rid of a lazy workman.

But he saw that many of them were on the side of the discharged man, and he made his arrangements accordingly. He judged as accurately as he could how many of the men were likely to go out, and he arranged to bring a number of non-unionists from a distance to take their places.

There was much debating, and long and anxious discussion; but at length it was resolved to send in the notices. There were several dissentients, and among them Tom Roylance, who was encouraged in his attitude by Mary Ashworth.

Before the climax was reached and the struggle came to a head, Gibeon, who heard of this, sought her out to try and gain her to his side.

"Mary, why are you against me?" he asked her, when he met her as she was leaving the mill, one evening.

"I am not against you, Gibeon. What do you mean?"

"Yes, you are; and you're trying to set others against me, too, Tom Roylance."

"It is not against you I am acting," she said, "but I want to prevent you having the chance to hurt others. This is your quarrel, and yours only; and you know it. Trying to bring others into it will do you no good and will injure them."

"I know that you are against me, lass, and seem to have been so always. Why don't you like me?"

"I've given you no reason to think that," said Mary, simply. "I hope I have not been unkind to you, or to anyone."

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