

## FIVE SONGS OF MONEY.

**FIRST SONG.**  
It jingled, it tinkled—it warmed the cold palms  
Of a miser. A man, singing pentecost psalms  
In rags of wretched linen—bowed down to the  
soot,  
Heard the chime of the dollars and smiled, and  
thanked God!

**SECOND SONG.**  
It jingled, it tinkled—it flashed through the  
night  
To a beggar who knelt near a mansion of  
light;  
And he said: "I shall win her, if life will but  
hold!"  
And he climbed to her heart on a ladder of  
gold!

**THIRD SONG.**  
It jingled, it tinkled: A man heard the sound,  
And over him gathered the darkness profound;  
And he said: "There is never a God that shall  
not!"  
As he struggled the life in the sleeping man's  
throat.

**FOURTH SONG.**  
It jingled, it tinkled: A woman made wild,  
Flushed in her mad bosom the cries of a child;  
And she said: "How the black night falls hate-  
ful and cold!"  
And the wolf at the door would have virtue for  
gold!"

**FIFTH SONG.**  
O, world with thy splendors, thy hopes and thy  
fears;  
Thy plenty of charity—plenty of tears!  
We know there's a rainbow for every dark  
sky—  
We know there's a love that no money can  
buy!  
But the rainbow still lingers—the love may be  
lost.  
While the tradesmen still cavel and cast up the  
cost.  
It jingles, and tinkles, in rags and in lace:  
But we kneel and thank God for the smile of  
His face!  
—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

## THE OLD MILL MYSTERY

By Arthur W. Marchmont, B. A.

Author of "Miser Hoadley's Secret," "Madeline  
Power," "By Whose Hand,"  
"Isa," etc., etc.

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### CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

"Stand back there!" he cried, in a  
threatening tone. "If you try to at-  
tack me I'll raise every soul in the vil-  
lage. I know your game, Jack Dil-  
worth; but it won't do with me."  
"Come on, Jack," cried another of  
the men. "Leave the scallywag alone.  
We shall have a chance yet of squaring  
things up with him."

"I shan't," replied the man, dogged-  
ly. He had been drinking. "I mean  
to have a go at him now. Look out  
for yourself, you young devil," he  
called to Tom, and as he spoke he  
made a savage run to the latter, struck  
furiously at him, and tried to wrest  
awh, his stick.

But he reckoned without his host.  
Tom brought down the stick with a  
heavy blow on his assailant's arm, and,  
parrying the blows aimed at him,  
struck out with his fist, and caught  
him on the chest and sent him stag-  
gering back.

The man changed his tactics then,  
and, stepping back a pace or two, made  
a running kick at Tom with all his  
force. Tom stepped aside and avoided  
the kick, and then struck the other  
with all his strength on the leg. With  
a cry of pain and foiled rage, he fell  
to the ground, crying to the others to  
help him.

They were enraged, and, seeing the  
issue of the struggle, with a few  
muttered threats they closed round  
Tom to attack him.

"Kill the young devil," shouted the  
man who had been knocked down.  
"If you don't silence him there may  
be no end of trouble out of this job.  
Here, help me to get up, I'll soon do  
'or him," said he, with a horrible oath.  
"Don't you think you five bullies  
have about done enough?" said a calm,  
even voice, just at this juncture.

All the men looked up at the words  
and found that they were being  
watched from the upper window of  
one of the cottages by a man who was  
observing the whole scene leisurely.

"Who's that?" growled the man who  
was lying on the ground.  
"Oh, you know very well who it is,  
Jack Dilworth, just as well as Dick  
Crook there, or young Tom Roylance  
himself. You'd better give this kind  
of game up, all of you. You, Tom,  
needn't be so handy with that bit of  
oak of yours. You might have broken  
Jack's leg," and the speaker, Peter  
Foster, a clog and boot maker, laughed.  
"Jack'll bear ye a grudge for that;  
see if he don't. You're not the lad to  
forget you've been knocked over, Jack,  
are you?"

The man whom he addressed growled  
out an oath by way of answer, and his  
companions coming to the conclusion  
that it was no use carrying the scene  
any further lifted the fallen Dilworth  
and helped him away, leaving Tom  
alone and master of the field.

"You'd better go home, Tom Roy-  
lance," said the old clog-maker, with a  
dry laugh, "and be thankful that you're  
able to walk the distance instead of be-  
ing carried, clogs foremost."

"Aye, you've saved me a cracked  
skin, Pete," said Tom, and with a  
cheery good night he walked away  
homewards with some words of warn-  
ing from the old man.

After that, bad blood and black  
looks were to be seen in many direc-  
tions. Tom said nothing to either  
Mary or Savannah for fear they should  
be alarmed on his account; but he be-  
gan to take precautions lest he be be-  
gained attacked. The only person he  
told was Reuben Gorringe.

"Some of the strikers are getting a  
bit restless," he said.  
"How do you mean?" asked Gorringe,  
looking keenly at him. "Have you  
heard anything outside?"

"Last night there was an attempt to  
give me a thrashing," and Tom told  
him briefly what had happened.

"Do you know the men?" asked Gor-  
ringe.  
"Oh, yes."

"Then we'll prosecute them. I care  
nothing for their threats, but when it  
comes to attacking those who stand  
by me, it's a different thing. Look  
here." He gave a short laugh as he  
took out from a desk half a dozen  
threatening letters, written to all some

of angry language and threatening  
violence if he did not give way to the  
strikers.

"They little know me," said Reuben  
Gorringe, his eyes glistening with a  
hard light as he spoke. "By heavens,  
if they pulled the mill down stone by  
stone, and threw every spindle in a  
different direction, aye, and limbed  
me into the bargain, I wouldn't give  
in, now."

"I don't care to prosecute," said  
Tom. "I'm for not giving way now;  
but Jack Dilworth got a good bit more  
than he gave me, and I don't want to  
stir up more bad blood than's neces-  
sary."

"What, are you afraid of 'em, then,  
if you go too far?" asked Gorringe,  
with a sneer.

"No, I'm not afraid," answered  
Tom, quietly. "But I'm none too fond  
of running for police help."

"Yes, but I wish to make an example  
of some of them," returned Gorringe.

"Then you'll have to find somebody  
else than me. I'll stand firm enough  
by you while the strike lasts; but I'm  
not going to be the means of putting  
those chaps in prison."

Reuben Gorringe looked after him  
with a gleam of anger in his eyes.

"All right, you obstinate young pup-  
py. Take your own line now, while  
you can. You'll pipe a different tune  
by and by when things are a bit riper.  
I wish they'd broken his thick don-  
key's skull for him. If they'd knocked  
the life out of him at the same time, it  
would have saved a lot of trouble, too,"  
he muttered.

The attack on Tom came to the ears  
of the two girls in a roundabout fash-  
ion. Mary's mother heard of it and told  
the girls.

"No, they didn't hurt him, but he  
hurt that Jack Dilworth. Pretty hard  
broke his leg, so they tell me," said  
Mrs. Ashworth.

Mary was very frightened at first.

"He said nothing to me when I saw  
him at dinner time; but I thought he  
looked ill and worried. Do you think  
he is hurt and won't say so, mother?"  
she asked.

"Should think not," answered the  
old woman, with a short laugh. "I  
never knew the man yet that didn't  
shout loud enough when he had ever  
so tiny a tittle of ache or pain."

"But Tom's not like others in that,"  
said the girl. "He might think I  
should be afraid."

Savannah lowered her head at this  
so that her face was hidden from the  
other's eyes.

"I wonder why he hasn't come in to-  
night?" continued Mary. "It's the  
first night he's missed for a long while.  
I hope he's not ill."

"Afraid of his skin, I should think,"  
sneered Mrs. Ashworth, who did not  
like him, and had always tried to get  
Mary to marry Reuben Gorringe.

Mary made no reply, but Savannah  
spoke.

"He's very wise if he does keep in,"  
she said.

"Savannah," cried Mary, indignant  
at what sounded like an imputation of  
cowardice to Tom.

"I mean it," she said; "for Gibeon  
Prawle and the men with him mean  
worse than you think. They mean  
murder!" She spoke deliberately, and  
her soft voice, full and sweet, seemed  
to vibrate through the little room.

"You can't read these men as I read  
them. Gibeon Prawle has a murderer's  
thoughts."

"Savannah!" said Mary again.

"It is true," she continued. "I know  
the man by instinct. He is dangerous.  
I have caught his look fixed on Tom,  
and read it in murder. I have listened  
to his voice, and I heard in it cruelty  
and death. I know what I say—he  
means murder."

She looked at two scared, wondering  
faces that were fixed on her, and then  
laughed, strangely.

"You think this queer talk for me.  
But it's true."

"Lor! girl," said Mrs. Ashworth,  
shuddering. "Whatever puts such  
thoughts in your head? You make me  
feel creepy all down my back."

"Why do you fix on Gibeon Prawle?"  
asked Mary. "He wasn't one of those  
who attacked Tom."

Savannah looked quickly at the  
other girl, and was on the point of say-  
ing something of what she and Tom  
had overheard, when she checked her-  
self and answered somewhat irritably.

"Nonsense, Savannah," cried Mrs.  
Ashworth, angrily. "It's rank down-  
right absurdity to talk in that way.  
Anyone to hear you rant would think  
you mad, that they would."

Savannah started violently at the  
words, and bent on Mrs. Ashworth such  
an eager, piercing look that both  
mother and daughter were startled.  
They had never seen so strange a light  
in her eyes; and in Mary the fear  
which she had felt on first seeing the  
other revived.

**CHAPTER VIII.**  
**DOUBT AND DANGER.**

The alarm which Mary had felt at  
Savannah's strange words and even  
stranger conduct caused her some un-  
easy wakeful thoughts during the  
night, and she resolved to tell her  
lover what had passed and what her  
fears were.

She found an opportunity that even-  
ing. When she left work he was wait-  
ing by the mill gates. He was really  
waiting in the hopes of seeing Savan-  
nah, and when Mary came out alone  
his face fell a little with disappoint-  
ment.

"Well, Mr. Truant, this is good of  
you to wait for me," she said, joining  
him, her face alight with pleasure and  
love. "I think I shall have to begin  
and call you Mr. Roylance if I don't  
see more of you than I did yesterday."

Where were you last night, sir?" she  
asked, smiling trustfully and happily  
into his face.

The question bothered him. He had  
always been so open and frank with  
her that the new necessity for prac-  
ticing deceit perplexed and worried  
him. Yet he could not tell her the true  
cause of his absence.

So he said something about having  
been kept away in consequence of the  
trouble at the mill, and the girl was  
too glad to be with him to observe

anything strange or hesitating in his  
manner.

"Well, I have you now at any rate,"  
she said; "and as I have heaps I want  
to say I shall just take possession of  
you," and she linked his arm in his to  
walk away.

"Where is—where's Savannah?" asked  
Tom.

"Oh, we don't want her for a bit,"  
answered Mary, "for to tell you the  
truth it's about her I want to say a  
word or two. Look here, Tom, I want  
to ask you a riddle that has been bor-  
thering me. What special reason can  
Savannah have for thinking Gibeon  
Prawle means to do you mischief?"

"What do you mean, lass?" he asked,  
somewhat anxiously.

"Does that puzzle you?" she asked.  
"It puzzled me, I can tell you. Savan-  
nah thinks that Gibeon has some great  
spite against you, and that he is reck-  
less enough to be dangerous. Can she  
have any reason? Does she know any-  
thing special about him? What can it  
be?"

"How shall I tell, Mary?" answered  
Tom Roylance somewhat uneasily.

"You've seen more of her than anyone  
else in Walkden Bridge and ought to  
know." He colored a little at thus  
evading the question.

"I don't know anything of her in  
that way," answered the girl, drawing  
closer to his side and taking a firmer  
grip of his arm, as if growing more  
confidential. "But I'm going to make  
a little confession to you. Do you  
know, Tom, I think I'm afraid of Sav-  
annah."

"Afraid of her!" cried Tom Roylance  
with a laugh. "Afraid of Savannah!  
Why, she's one of the gentlest crea-  
tures that ever breathed," he cried, en-  
thusiastically.

"She may be; and I daresay I'm very  
stupid and ridiculous, as you say, but  
I don't—I can't trust her. She—I don't  
know how to explain the effect she  
has on me. She sets my teeth on edge  
sometimes, and I shudder and am afraid  
of her."

"It's not like you to be so foolish,  
lass," said Tom. "I thought you and  
Savannah were such good friends; but  
you women folk are always curious."

"No, I know I'm stupid; but I can't  
help feeling as I do. Just think what  
she said about Gibeon last night." And  
then she told him what Savannah had  
said, and the strange way in which she  
had said it.

"It was only a strong way of putting  
her dislike and distrust of the fellow,"  
was Tom's comment. "We all distrust  
him, and know that he is a hot-tem-  
pered chap, likely to kick up no end of  
a fuss if he can do it safely. She must  
have heard that said a hundred and  
fifty times about the place."

"But what could she mean by saying  
she could read murder in his looks, and  
all that?"

"Why, just what a gypsy might mean  
by saying she could read all sorts of  
rubbish in the palm of your hand. Re-  
member, Mary, what gentle ways  
she has, and what kindness she has  
shown to my father."

"If you had seen her last night you  
wouldn't have thought she looked very  
gentle," said Mary, who was anything  
but pleased to find Tom taking the oth-  
er's part so readily.

"Surely, you don't wish to turn me  
against the lass," said Tom. "It's not  
like you to set folks by the ears."

"I am sorry I mentioned it at all,"  
replied the girl, and after that said no  
more on the subject.

Tom, finding that Savannah did not  
come home from the mill, soon began  
to get restless and fidgety, and rose  
to go, thinking that she had possibly  
gone to sit with his father.

"Must you go now?" asked Mary,  
feeling disappointed, and showing it  
in her looks.

"Yes," said Tom, fidgeting with his  
cap. "I have to get back to my fa-  
ther; and I—I have to go back to the  
mill. There's something that Gor-  
ringe wants me to meet him about  
there."

"Very well. Of course, you know  
best," she said, as brightly as her dis-  
appointment would let her.

He left then, and as soon as she was  
alone something of her old misgivings  
troubled her. He had gone away with-  
out kissing her. But she tried even in  
thought to find excuses for him and  
consolation for herself.

"The trouble at the mill makes him  
so anxious and worried," she told her-  
self, "that he has no time even for her.  
Though I think he might have remem-  
bered to kiss me once. Heigho," and  
then she sighed, as she put her hat on  
to go for a walk by herself.

She had not taken many steps when  
she met Reuben Gorringe, walking  
quickly, and carrying a small hand-  
bag.

"Ah, Mary," he cried, as they met.  
"I am glad to meet you. I wanted to  
see Tom before he left the mill, but I  
didn't catch him. Tell him I've had  
information that he had better take  
care of himself, and not go wandering  
about too much by himself. I can't  
stop now, as I've to catch the seven-ten  
for Presburn. Will you tell him?"

"Yes, Mr. Gorringe, I'll tell him. Do  
you think there's anything serious  
meant to be done?"

"Oh, no, nothing very serious. But  
now that I've taken the fortunes of  
you two into my care, I want to make  
sure that you don't run risks through  
sticking to me. Don't be frightened."

"Is there no chance of things being  
settled?" she asked.

"Well, you're a stanch lass and I  
can trust you. I have good reasons to  
think that in a day or two the best  
part of the strikers are coming in.  
Don't say anything about it. But I  
can trust you, I know."

"Yes, Mr. Gorringe, you may. I'll  
say nothing. May I tell Tom?"

"Yes, if you like. But don't tell  
that girl who's with you, Savannah  
Morbyn. I don't trust her. Good  
night, Mary," and he hurried off.

Mary hurried in the direction of  
Tom's cottage to tell him what she had  
heard.

It pleased her also to think that as  
Mr. Gorringe was going to Presburn,  
Tom would not be wanted at the mill,  
and would be able to go with her for  
her walk; and in anticipation of this

she walked quickly and happily to his  
cottage.

But Tom was not at home, and old  
Mr. Roylance did not know where he  
had gone.

"I hope he has not gone far. I don't  
like his being out much just now. I  
wanted to see him about that."

The old man laughed—a confident,  
easy, proud laugh.

"You may trust the lad to give a  
good account of himself. I'll warrant  
these, lass. 'Tisn't on his account  
you've any call to fear, so much as for  
them as touches him. Ask Jack Dil-  
worth, eh, ask Jack Dilworth," and the  
old man chuckled.

"Aye, that may be, where it's one to  
one or two to one, and the fighting's  
fair and square and in daylight; but  
it's another thing when you're slink-  
ing about in the dark, and four or five set  
on one," answered Mary.

"But 'twere in the dark last time,  
weren't it; and there were four or five  
to one, weren't there, and Tom slogged  
'em, didn't he—aye, and would do it  
again. Have no fear for him, lass."

"I shall go and see if I can meet  
him," she said.

"Where's Savannah?" asked the in-  
valid, as she was going.

"I don't know. Hasn't she been  
here?"

"Not these two days," said the old  
man, rather dismally. "Tell her I miss  
her bonny face."

When she left the cottage she did  
not know which way to go. Tom had  
told her that he wanted first to go to  
his father, and then that he might have  
to go to the mill. But he had not at-  
tempted to stay with his father, while,  
as Reuben Gorringe had left the town  
by train, there could be no necessity to  
go to the mill. Where was he, then?  
He must have had some other reason  
for not staying with her, and she asked  
herself what it could be.

She walked slowly in the direction  
of the mill, but saw nothing of Tom,  
and, though she lingered about, chat-  
ting and keeping her eyes about her  
all the time, she saw nothing of him.  
Then she went out into the outskirts  
of the village when the dusk had  
grown into darkness, and traversed  
some of the paths and byways that ran  
round about the mill.

But she saw nothing of her lover;  
and when twilight faded into dark her  
nervousness deepened into serious  
alarm on his account. She resolved to  
go back to his cottage, and if he had  
not returned to cause some inquiries to  
made.

When she formed this decision she  
was walking in a little frequented foot-  
path. It was a warm night, but dark,  
the air a little heavy, though very  
calm and still. The girl's thoughts  
were all of Tom, and she was adding  
largely to her fears by imagining many  
causes of harm.

Suddenly she stopped. The sound of  
men's voices fell on her ears, voices  
deep, gruff and angry, speaking words  
which riveted all her attention in-  
stantly. For she heard her lover's  
name uttered threateningly and  
coupled with violent curses.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### DESERVED TO LOSE IT.

From Behind the Counter a Good Place  
to Study Human Nature.

A bare-headed bodey rushed out the  
carriage entrance yesterday and looked  
wildly about; then, dashing along for a  
hundred yards, she stopped and touched  
a woman who had a child by the hand  
upon the shoulder.

"Did you just come out of that store?"  
she asked.

"Yes," the woman answered tartly.  
"What department were you in?"

The woman started and jerked the  
child, who was restless.

"I mean," said the breathless blonde,  
"what were you buying?"

"Handkerchiefs!" snapped the shop-  
per, shortly. "What's that to you?"

"Why," said the saleslady, "I think  
you left some of your money," and she  
held up a bill.

"Well, for goodness' sake, why didn't  
you tell me before I got out of the  
store?" demanded the owner of the  
wealth, and she took possession of her  
cash and started off without a thank  
you.

The pretty money finder looked at  
me and blurted out: "Well, did you  
ever?"

I assured her I never had.

"Why," she continued, "it wasn't her  
change, you know. She was taking her  
pocketbook out of her bag and she  
drew the bill with it. I was not wait-  
ing upon her, but I happened to notice  
it, and flew after her as fast as I could."

"I tell you we have an awful lot to  
put up with. You never know until  
you get behind a counter how many  
strange and unreasonable people there  
are in the world. I got a breath of  
fresh air, anyway," said she, and smil-  
ingly went back to the shop.—Chicago  
Journal.

**Spilling the Salt.**

Spilling the salt is usually held to be  
a very unlucky omen. Something evil,  
it is believed, will happen to the fam-  
ily or the person spilling it. According  
to a general supposition this sign dates  
back to the time of the last supper,  
when one of the disciples—perhaps  
Judas—overturned the saltcellar. An  
old English paper contains the follow-  
ing lines:

"We'll tell you the reason  
Why spilling of salt  
Is esteemed such a fault:  
Because it does everything season.  
The antiques did opine  
'Twas of friendship's sign  
To serve it to guests in decorum:  
And thought love decayed  
When the negligent maid  
Let the saltcellar tumble before them."

It is generally believed that the evil  
consequences of an accident of this  
sort may be averted by eating a pinch  
of what was spilled or throwing it in  
the fire or over the left shoulder.  
Many persons will not be helped to  
salt because they keep in mind the old  
saw: "Help to salt, help to sorrow." A  
gentleman renting a house in Wales  
and purchasing part of the furniture  
of the former occupant, was advised to  
buy the salt box, which he did, no one  
bidding against him. He was after-  
ward told that ill-luck would have fol-  
lowed him if he had not bought it.—  
Washington Post.

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