

## FIVE SONGS OF MONEY.

### FIRST SONG.

It jingled, it tingled—it warmed the cold palms  
Of a miser. A man, singing penitent psalms  
In rags of wretched linen—bowed down to the  
rod,  
Heard the chime of the dollars and smiled, and  
thanked God!

### SECOND SONG.

It jingled, it tingled—it flashed through the  
night  
To a beggar who knelt near a mansion of  
High Royance,  
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 tingled: 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 strangled the life in the sleeping man's  
throat.

### FOURTH SONG.

It jingled, it tingled: A woman made wild,  
Bushed 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.

• world with the splendors, thy hopes and thy  
fears;  
Thy play 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 cavet and cast up the  
cost.  
It is jingle, and jingle, 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 "Miss Houlday's Secret," "Madeline  
Power," "By Whose Hand,"  
"Isa," &c., &c.

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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  
away 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 staggering  
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  
Crock there, or young Tom Royance  
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.

"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.

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 nigh  
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 acho 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  
tonight?" 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,"  
snapped 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.

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CHAPTER VIII  
DOUBT AND DANGER

The alarm which Mary had felt at  
Savannah's strange words, and even  
stranger conduct caused her some une-  
asy 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 Savannah,  
and when Mary came out alone  
her 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. Royance 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.

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 both-  
ering 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 Royance 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.

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