Don't Ki k.

Here's a piece of advice I'll give to you, bub, Old mau, old woman or chick; No matter what comes, no matter what goes, Don't pormit yourself ever to kick.

If the world as it gravely goes jogging along, Throws the thorns in your path, fast and thick, Dodge all you can, and step on the rest, But of all things, I pray you, don't kick.

If you throw yourself into political strife, And get hit with a political brick, You will show your good sense by holding your jaw And never once making a kick.

It you play for a winning and draw out a blank, And some other chap makes the thing stick, Just swallow the dose like a good little man And for goodness sake, don't make a kick.

Take things as they come, they'll be right in the

If you're hungry, rich, beggar or sick, You'll only be wasting your valuable time If you use it in making a kick.

And if, in the end, when you pass in your checks, You're gobbled right up by old Nick, And go where there's fire and nothing to drink, You'll be a darned fool if you kick.

Bed Strange

[CONCLUDED]

There were no trap-doors, the room was impregnable. Still I did not care to disregard the girl's warning, so lay myself down upon the bed, determined to keep awake. But I could not and soon fell asleep.

I suppose my sleep had lasted half an hour or so, when I woke with a violent start, to find a hand on my shoulder and a white face bent close to my own. It was Joyce.

"What is it? What do you want?" whispered.

"I want to save you from a dreadful death!"

I could not speak; I could only ask with my eyes what she meant.

"Do you remember what the master said just now? 'Those who sleep in the Green Bed always sleep sound."

I nodded. She smiled-a smile which made me shiver.

"Ay, they sleep sound enough-for they never wake."

"Good heavens! What-" "Hush! I cannot tell you; I will show you. Come."

I was off the bed in a moment. She took me by the wrist-the touch of her icy fingers thrilled my veins-and, taking the candle in her other hand, led me from the room to the landing outside. Noiselessly opening the door of the chamber

next to mine, she signed to me to enter. It was of about the same size as that I had just left, and apparently used as a lumber room, as it contained no furniture but a dismantled bedstead, a rickety table and one or two broken chairs. In the wall which divided it from the room I had occupied were the folding doors of a large cupboard, about four feet wide, opening at about as many feet from the floor, and extending to within a few inches offthe ceiling. Setting down the candle on the table, Joyce opened the doors, which were not looked, and disclosed an unusually shallow cupboard, its depth little more than the thickness of the wall, without any shelves, and containing nothing but a large, heavy, thickly-stuffed pillow or cushion. She removed it-I saw her shudder as she touched it-and then, putting her hand to an angle of the wall at the back of the cupboard, revealed that it was no wall, but a door. On pressing a spring it opened inwards, leaving an aperture as large as the cuphoard itself, through which I saw, half lost in shadow, the room I had just left.

Joyce trimmed the light, and raised it and then I made a discovery which startled me. This door was, in fact, the back of the bed on which I had been lying, which opened on concealed hinges just an inch or two above the level of the bolster. Putting in my hand, I touched the pillow which was still warm from the contact of my head.

I began to understand, and felt myself turning a shade paler as I looked inquiringly at my companion. She set the candle down again.

"Those spirits they gave you," she began, "were--,"

"Were drugged?" I said, quickly. She nodded.

"There was no more of the stuff in the house—that was what made the master so angry when I upset the table. Suppose you had taken the spirits; suppose you

were lying there in a deadly stupor-" She broke off, and the remainder of her revelation was made in dumb-show. She pointed to the spot where my head had been lying a few moments before, and then, taking the heavy cushion, leaned over the sill of the door, put the cushion softly and stealthily down onto the spot, and held it down tightly, pressing on it with all her weight. It was only that of a slight girl; but suppose that murderous pillow had been held in its place by two pairs of hands, and those the hands of powerful men-pressed down upon my upturned face, as I lay there, helpless and insensible!

Leaving the door open, Joyce approached

"Do you understand?" she whispered. I nodded, and, half unconsciously, drew a little away from her. She noticed the involuntary movement, and a faint color flushed for an instant over her pale face. After a few moments I turned and looked

"And, knowing this horrible secret,

knowing what devil's work goes on be- you to suffer a worse fate than that from neath this roof, you can remain under its which you have rescued me? If I go, shelter?"

of violence; another was found in the

ing here before it was light he had missed

with the rest. But one stormy night last

Packerton market—came here to sleep;

gave him too little, I suppose. Anyhow,

when they opened the door he was awake,

and there was a dreadful struggle. I

fighting together; he had a knife, and was

defending himself. He was a strong man

one see me, and when I came to myself-

body had been found in the river close by

dreadful secrets quite openly before me-

that is how I came to know all I have told

you-but I listened and understood, and

I swore to myself that they should never

have another victim." She paused a min-

ute. "Even before you entered the house

and look at Reuben. I knew then that

the time was come to keep my vow." She

paused a minute and her voice sank still

lower. "If you had been coarse and

when you defended me, and afterwards

touched me-me, a poor half-witted

drudge, as tenderly as if I had been your

my hand in both her own and kissed it

words of sympathy, a trifling act of kind-

burst into an agony of tears.

Hark! Did you hear a noise?"

Beckley."

wered, quickly and firmly-

one? Do not waste time; go-go."

told you it was nine miles to Beckley-

sister-or-or your sweetheart-"

head."

you must go too." "As Heaven is above us," she inter-"No, no. They will miss me before we rupted, clasping her hands, and speaking can get away, and then-"

with passionate earnestness, "I did not Let them come; I have a bullet for Fine even suspect it until last month, the last each of them." I returned grimly.

time they—it happened. I have been here "No, no," she reiterated. "Your pis- Teas. three years. More than once travellers tols are gone. The master took them have come to the house at night whom I when he came back to fasten the window. have not seen go away in the morning; One man unarmed against two, both if I asked after them the master said they stronger than yourself, what could you had left early, before I was up. The do?"

body of one of them was found days after-"I could at least die in defending you. wards in a lonely part of the heath, and But we shall have yet time if you will it was thought that he had been waylaid come at once. Come, or it will be too and murdered, though there was no sign late."

"It is too late already!" she breathed. stream, and it was supposed that on leav-

I listened, and heard the staircase door

his footing and fallen in. I believed it open. "They have missed me!" she said, month a man-a farmer coming from breathlessly. "The master is coming to look for me! In another moment he

they drugged him, no doubt, but they will be in the room! Go-go!" "By Heaven, I will not leave you!" "You must-you shall! There will be time. I can make an excuse for being heard the noise and came down They found here; he will suspect nothing till were half in and half out of the door, all you are safe away. Go!"

> "If you go-not else." I threw my arms around her, and tried to drag her away.

and might have been too much even for them, but, while he was struggling with "No," she said, in a vehement whisper; Reuben, the master took up that iron bar | "if he misses me he will suspect—we shall in the corner there, and-" She stopboth be lost-two lives instead of one! ped, shuddering. After a slight pause she He is coming up-stairs-oh, for Heaven's resumed—"I did not see the blow-I

could not look-but, oh, Heaven, I heard She threw herself at my feet, and raised it-I hear it still!" She covered her eyes her clasped hands in a dumb agony of enwith both hands, and leaned against the treaty. I hesitated. One hope remained table, trembling from head to foot. In a -a chance of safety for us both. I few minutes she went on wiping her damp pointed towards the secret door.

forehead with her apron-"1 was very ill "How long will it be before they open after that night-I believe I was mad for it?" a time; but they kept me close, and let no

"I do not know-it is uncertain; they may come at any moment. The master not myself as I was before, for that I shall has been up already to see if your candle never be again-I heard that the farmer's was out."

"Then they will not attack me while the Beckley Bridge; he had fallen against the light burns?"

rocks, it was said, and so wounded his "No, they will wait till—he is coming down the passage!" she broke off, and, "And you let this belief pass uncontra- staggering to her feet, thrust the candle dicted? You did not denounce these into my hand. "Quick-in at the door!" Putting my hands on the ledge, I vaulted

"They kept me a prisoner, and cowed through, alighting on the bed. me with threats—at least the master did; The next moment the door closed upon besides my illness seemed to have stupified me, and I heard her shut that of the cupme. I went about like one in a dream, board just as Blacklock entered the room feeling dazed and stunned. They thought Pressing my ear against the back of the I had turned idiotic, and talked of their bed and listening intently, I heard his rough voice harshly questioning, and hers in reply, making some explanation which appeared to satisfy him. I heard them leave the room, traverse the landing, and descend the stairs. Then all was silence.

While the light still burns, they will not to-night I believe the master resolved you attack me. How long will it burn? should never leave it alive. He saw your looked at it-a long attenuated tallow pack and guessed you would wear a watch | candle ; about half remained. A glance and carry money, and when he took off at my watch told me that it had been your overcoat I saw him feel your pocket | burning rather more than an hour; it would last another hour, no doubt.

Suppose I left the house as Joyce had suggested, rode to Beckley, and returned with assistance? Should I have time bebrutal to me, as they are, I should have fore the candle was burned out? I made saved you all the same at the risk of my a rapid calculation-twenty minutes to own life; but when I heard you speak so go, twenty minutes to obtain the mounted gently, when you looked at me so pitifully reinforcement, twenty to return-yes, it could be done! But could I-dared I leave Joyce meanwhile at the mercy of these miscreants? Suppose I was delayed by some unforeseen accident; suppose Her voice broke; her breast heaved; the candle did not last so long as I anticithe warm color rushed over her face from pated; or suppose they opened the door chin to forehead, completely tranfiguring before it was burnt out? It was an awful it; her eyes softened; suddenly she caught risk.

I hastily drew on my boots, which Joyce passionately, and then, covering her face, had brought up stairs, and, placing the precious candle, on which a life depended All my repugnance was gone; nothing in a sheltered corner out of the draught, but compassion remained. What a life opened the casement to its widest, scrammust hers have been if a few commonplace | bled through on to the ledge, hung by my hands for an instant, and then let myself ness, should excite such passionate wondrop gently into the snow-covered yard. How I managed to saddle Polly in the

dering gratitude! I drew nearer to her, and would have put my arm about her, dark I do not know; managed it was, but, controlling herself by an effort, she however, and we set off a headlong gallop. raised her head and put me away from On we rushed, and the deep and rapid stream rushed with us, making a hollow "I have stayed too long," she said. murmur between its icy banks.

"They think I am still in the kitchen; at At length I heard the rush and thunder any moment they may miss me, andof Beckley Fall, and presently came in sight of it. At this point the river takes We both listened; no, all was still. "I a sudden reckless leap over the rocks have more to say to you," she continued which bar its progress, and, alighting in a -"the most important of all. If you cloud of spray nine or ten feet below its wish to leave this house alive, you must former level, rushes onwards, foaming and leave it at once. Listen. The master turbulent.

There was the Fall, where was the bridge? that is false. Sim let out the truth; it is I drew rein, and sat looking blankly at not more than five. The road crosses the the stream. The bridge was gone. The stream by the old wooden bridge just upright timbers which had supported it above Beckley Fall. The window of your were still standing, but of the bridge itself room is not above nine feet from the only a few loose planks remained; the ground; drop into the yard, saddle your rest had been loosened and swept away by horse, and lead it out by the side gate- the swollen stream.

the snow will muffle the sound-you will The first moments of stupefaction past, see the road straight before you, and in I soon recovered myself. There was no less than half an hour you will be at time to hesitate; on the loss of a second might depend a life. I gauged the stream "And you? While I am riding away with my eye-it was about twenty feet in safety, what will become of you? wide, as near as I could judge at a hasty When they open the door and find the glance. The opposite bank was a foot or bed empty—the bird flown—they will at two lower than this one, which was an once suspect you of having warned me, advantage. I backed the mare across the road, so that the whole width of it lay be-She shuddered involuntarily, but ans- tween her and the river, and, bringing my "I am prepared for the worst; I have at the leap. Like a mad thing, she rushed expected it. What does it matter? Of at the leap, cleared it at a bound, alighting what value is my life to myself or any safe and sound on the opposite bank, and tore onwards down the road without a "And you think I will leave you—leave | moment's pause.

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