GAMBLING WITH FATE

By WILLIAM WALLACE COOK

Author of "The Gold Gleaners: A Story of the Cyanide Tank," "Willy's Dash," "His Friend the Enemy," "Rogers of Butte," Etc., Etc.

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Continued from 1st page.

hind the horse was an old, ruinous log hut—evidently a relic harking back to earliest pioneer days.

Darrel advanced closer to the horse, which whinnied again and tramped impatiently. A shock of surprise passed through him when he came near enough to see that it was the "calico cayuse" ridden by the man in corduroys.

What was there about the easterner that kept him constantly in Darrel's mind? Was it the subtle working of destiny?

On approaching Gryce in the War Eagle trail Darrel had taken note of the dull suspicion in the foreman's mind, and the man in corduroys was first to occur to the fugitive as a foil. Now, standing beside the peculiarly marked horse, a weird sensation rippled through Darrel's nerves.

After a brief pause he passed to the hut. The door was closed and he halted and listened.

No sound came from within. The silence was intense and even the deep breathing of a sleeper might have been heard.

Pushing open the door Darrel stepped quickly across the threshold. Through an unglazed opening the moonlight fell and trailed across the rotting floor, but everywhere else hovered mysterious and ominous shadows.

Darrel groped his way forward and ran against a table. After a pause he took a match from his pocket and struck it against the tabletop.

In the dim light he saw the old traveling-bag open before him. Clean linen met his startled gaze, a razor and shaving materials, a sole leather case containing toilet articles and a small round mirror.

A bit of candle, planted in its own drippings, stood in the center of the table, while two other candles, unused, lay near it. Darrel applied the flickering match to the candle-wick and then, from sheer weariness, fell on an old stool at the table side.

For a space he rested, his eyes taking in the objects spread out before them and growing keen for the slightest detail. One-half of the opened traveling-bag lay over some papers. Pushing the bag aside he saw a small heap of letters and a red morocco book, well worn and marked in tarnished gilt: "Junius McCloud."

His gaze roved elsewhere and in an instant he was brought up standing, limbs rigid and eyes staring. Near the papers, and lying so that it had been hidden by the opened traveling bag, was a revolver whose ebony stock was carved with a death's head.

Murgatroyd's! Sudden strength swept through Darrel's body and he plucked the candle from the table-top and whirled around, holding the light above his head.

At the other end of the room was a bunk built against the wall. Beside the bunk, across another stool, were the corduroys, neatly folded.

A form lay in the bunk—a still form whose wide, unmoving eyes seemed fixed upon the intruder. Darrel heaved a deep breath. The form was not that of Murgatroyd but of the easterner.

How came Murgatroyd's revolver there? There were a dozen things Darrel wanted to do, all at once, but he set his hand to the thing nearest him.

Picking up the revolver he examined it. That it was the same weapon he had held in his hands a few hours before five cartridges, their lead tips marked with an "M," convinced him beyond all peradventure.

The weapon was a .45 and the empty shell of the sixth cartridge lay under the hammer. Darrel's breath came hard and quick as he laid the revolver back on the table.

He knew it. Murgatroyd had committed the murder for the purpose of involving him and fate, working cir-



PICKING UP THE REVOLVER HE EXAMINED IT.

cuitously, had developed Murgatroyd's guilt through the agency of Junius McCloud, otherwise the man in corduroys.

Life is a game of chance, Darrel reasoned, and every man plays it through with Fate for an opponent. It is perforce an "honorable game," for Fate will tolerate none of your short-card gentry.

[illegible]eaks of the [illegible]ay not be [illegible]ciated by me. Whatever you do in their behalf will serve to fill your mind and withdraw it from your own misfortunes.

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In turning away, Darrel saw a paper bag on a shelf near the head of the bunk. The bag contained food. Famished as he was he began eating at once, carrying the bag to the table and clearing a place in front of him.

McCloud, Darrel reflected, had been a fastidious person. The fugitive recalled his furtive wiping of the dishes at the Half Way house and wondered to note that even then, as he lay in the bunk, his face was cleanly shaven and his hair neatly brushed.

There were no marks of violence on McCloud's person and it must be that he had taken something to hurry himself out of the world. His burden of guilt had been greater than he could bear and he had made his preparations and left life like a gentleman.

In the midst of his meal, Darrel heard the impatient whinnying of the horse. The animal was probably in need of water and Darrel went out at once, pulled up the picket-pin and led the horse to the creek. Then, after seeking out a fresh range, he drove the pin into the ground once more and returned to the house.

A bold expedient had suggested itself to Darrel. Sweeping the uneaten food aside he picked up the diary and opened it.

A third of the leaves were gone, having been torn raggedly from the book and undoubtedly destroyed. On the remaining leaves there was not a scrap of writing.

A sigh of disappointment escaped the man and he laid down the book and drew the little heap of letters in front of him. Suddenly he paused.

What right had he to read that correspondence? He boasted of being honest and honorable; was there anything honest or honorable in reading another's letters, even though that other were dead?

It was a fine point and it is to Darrel's credit that it occurred to him. There is a time, however, when necessity makes its own laws and Darrel, with a half-apologetic look in the direction of the bunk, was soon deep in the matter before him.

CHAPTER VIII.

DARREL AND THE LETTERS OF JUNIUS.

First, Darrel arranged the letters in sequence according to their dates. Then he began his perusal with the earliest, following through each one down to the last.

The most frequent writer was one Lawrence Ormsby whose name was as often abbreviated to "Lorry" or "L. O," as signed in full. He appeared to be a devoted friend of McCloud's.

The very first letter was from Ormsby, bore date at New York and the envelope showed it had reached McCloud in St. Paul. Part of it was especially significant.

* * * We still have faith in you, Junius, for God knows how much those unfortunate spells, over which you have no control, has helped in your undoing.

It is not so hard to live down the past. Other men have done worse and have retrieved themselves. Simply renounce all intercourse with this man who has been your ruin. That is the first and most important step. Then, if there is anything holy for you on earth or above it, swear by that never to stake another dollar at play. * * *

You say this man has a strange influence over you—a weird and malign power which you cannot fight against—and that it is impossible for you to keep away from him. Nonsense! Brace up, my boy, and be a man. If you cannot do this for yourself, do it for the sake of your family, for love of the girl who is to link her fate with yours. If all these influences are powerless to sway you, then certainly you must go your own course and forfeit the esteem of all who know you, including that of your friend,

LORRY.

"Unfortunate spells." The words rang in Darrel's brain. A clew to their meaning was found in a brief letter bearing, in its upper, left-hand corner, the card of a New York physician.

You question me as to the cause and eventual result of those recurring conditions you find it so difficult to understand. The phenomena are sensory. Nerves are like harp-strings; played upon too freely by an excitement so intense as you develop, they grow suddenly mute, the melody of life dying out of them. Again and again the music will come creeping back, then finally fail to return from those mysterious regions whence all life comes and whither, at the last, it flies for all time.

This is your knowledge and your warning, and if I write in unprofessional terms, I am yet sure that you will understand. Save yourself while there is time!

The haunting phrases of this letter appealed to Darrel. He had a soul for poetry and had occasionally set his hand to verse.

Although he read and re-read the written words for the mere pleasure they gave him, as a clew to the "unfortunate spells" they remained only a clew and nothing more.

Among the other missives were two from a sweetheart. The heart of a woman, laid bare in the opening words of the first letter, gave Darrel pause.

His own heart smote him for prying thus into the very core of McCloud's privacy. Yet had he not the right?

That revolver proved a connection with Murgatroyd, and Murgatroyd, to Darrel's mind, stood all but convicted of the murder of Sturgis. The fugitive read on.

The first letter was all that a lover might expect from his betrothed, but the second throbbed in every line with bitter anguish, broke the golden chain of love and released him from his vows.

For all that the letters revealed bearing upon Darrel's affairs they might have been left unprofaned by stranger eyes. A sickening horror pulsed through the fugitive's veins and he hastened his reading.

At the very last was this, from Ormsby:

* * * I have taken the liberty to refer to you, under a communication of even date herewith, a Miss Elsie Avery and her aunt, Mrs. Gorton. They will arrive soon in Anaconda on a peculiar mission. Any aid you may render Miss Avery and Mrs. Gorton will be gratefully received by them and deeply appreciated by me. Whatever you do in their behalf will serve to fill your mind and withdraw it from your own misfortunes.

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Presently Darrel's white face was as smooth and clean as a child's and he studied it in the mirror and compared it line by line with the delicate features of the man in the bunk. There was a striking resemblance.

Who says that fate does not favor the bold? Or that a man's fortunes are ever at so low an ebb she does not blow a straw of hope across his path?

Darrel was more than satisfied. A swim in the creek and a brisk rub with a rough towel sent the blood tingling through his bruised and weary limbs.

Already he was a different man. But the transformation was not yet complete.

Neatly laundered linen and fresh silken undergarments were among the stores of the old traveling bag. He dressed himself slowly and deliberately, by and by standing forth in the dead man's shoes and corduroys, apparelled completely from head to heel.

In the pockets of the garments he found many things. A silver cigar-clipper, a cigar case, a seal purse containing $500 in bills, a card case, a key ring, a pen-knife and a magnificent gold watch, fob and seal.

His mud-splashed, brier-torn garments he left on the chair in lieu of the corduroys, disturbing nothing that had been his own. Reckoned dollar for dollar he was leaving twice the amount in valuables that he was taking.

"In stepping from one life into another," he said to himself, "there must be a fair exchange. But this is better than fair. I leave with him more personal property than I appropriate and a better reputation than he has to give. I am an innocent man believed to be guilty, while he is guilty, but supposed to be innocent. His innocence must shield me while I work out my own salvation."

Standing beside the bunk, Darrel gave the calm face and stony, staring eyes a long farewell look. McCloud was a young man to have "stepped aside" so early in the game of life.

He had come west to live down misdeeds of the east. There was nothing strange in that, for many a man had done likewise.

But he had relatives, near ones and dear friends, a sweetheart—wealth, no doubt. Darrel sighed and closed the lids over the staring eyes. He longed to cover the young face, with its evidence of suffering, but he dared do no more.

Circumstances had placed Darrel in his present unpleasant plight. From now on he must pay due regard to circumstances and at all times consider them well.

Moodily he paced the confines of the hut, the figurative terms of the doctor's letter running through his brain. Gradually his face grew rapt and ecstatic.

He could add something to the tragic circumstances under which the body would be found. In a moment he had dropped down at the table.

Tearing a yellow scrap from the paper bag that had contained the luncheon, he fumbled through the unaccustomed pockets until he had found a pencil.

Then he wrote:

Flight of star, or shivering beam
Falling athwart the storm-cloud's wrack,
Follow and find is it truth or dream,
Lamp of the gods or a glow-worm's track.

N. D.

He was not a poet—he could not lay that flattering unction to his soul. A poet is not a man who feels but a man who can write what all men feel.

This quatrain was as near as Darrel could come to analyzing, in words, the emotions of the moment. McCloud had gone into the unknown of death while this other fugitive was steering towards the unknown in life.

Over the head of the bunk Darrel left his verse, impaling it on a sliver of wood. Then he packed McCloud's belongings in the traveling bag and started from the hut. At the door he paused and turned, his eyes on the still form in the bunk.

"I leave you here, Nathan Darrel," he said, "an innocent, well- meaning man who fared ill at the hands of others and who tried to be honest but could not be honorable. Now let us see how well Junius McCloud retrieves himself."

Half an hour later he was riding through the gray dawn, mounted on the calico cayuse and with the old traveling bag fast at the saddle-cantle.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson in the International Series for May 1, 1904—Prayer and Promise.

THE LESSON TEXT.
(Luke 11:1-13.)

1. And it came to pass, that, as He was praying in a certain place, when He ceased, one of His disciples said unto Him: Lord, teach us to pray, as John also taught his disciples.

2. And He said unto them: When ye pray, say: Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in Heaven, so in earth.

3. Give us day by day our daily bread.

4. And forgive us our sins; for we also forgive every one that is indebted to us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil.

5. And He said unto them: Which of you shall have a friend, and shall go unto him at midnight, and say unto him: Friend, lend me three loaves.

6. For a friend of mine in His journey is come to me, and I have nothing to set before Him?

7. And he from within shall answer, and say: Trouble me not; the door is now shut, and my children are with me in bed; I cannot rise and give thee.

8. I say unto you: Though he will not rise and give him, because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as many as he needeth.

9. And I say unto you: Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

10. For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

11. If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent?

12. Or if he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion?

13. If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?

GOLDEN TEXT.—Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find.—Luke 11:9.

OUTLINE OF SCRIPTURE SECTION.

Parable of Good Samaritan.....Luke 10:25-37
Jesus' Visit to Mary and Martha.....Luke 10:38-42
Discourse on Prayer.....Luke 11:1-13

TIME.—Soon after Jesus' Return from the Feast of Dedication and about four months before His death.

PLACE.—Not known, except that it was somewhere in Perea.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

"As he was praying:" One of the most important phrases in the whole section for any to-day who are troubled by the philosophical problems of prayer. Jesus prayed. He needed to pray. At all the great crises of His life we find Him spending not minutes but hours in prayer. "Lord teach us to pray," etc.: The request was prompted (1) by Jesus' example and (2) by the custom of John the Baptist. The rabbis frequently taught prayers to their followers. "When ye pray, say," etc.: This does not mean that the disciples were always using the same words, but rather indicates the class of things to be prayed for and the spirit of prayer. The time devoted to this lesson is not long enough to make a careful study of each phrase of the Lord's Prayer and also of the teachings which follow it. We give here Stevens and Burton's analysis of the prayer and then go on to the next paragraph. The elements and objects of a Christian's prayer, judging from Jesus' model are: "(1) A universal recognition of God's presence and character; (2) the establishment of fraternal human relations through the better relations of men to God; (3) the satisfaction of legitimate physical needs; (4) personal fellowship with God through the forgiveness of sins; (5) protection from temptation." Compare this prayer with the similar one given in Matt. 6: 9-13.

The first of Jesus' illustrations teaches by a contrast, not by a comparison; if the lazy—and lazy almost always means selfish—neighbor would grant his friend's request because of his earnest and persistently expressed desire, was it not reasonable to think that the infinitely kind and infinitely thoughtful Father of us all would regard the earnest prayer of His children's hearts? "Ask and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find," etc.: A truth that applies to all life as well as to answers to prayer. The ones who win are those with noble purposes and indomitable wills, who ask till they do receive, who seek till they find, who knock till the door is flung open to them.

The thought of God as a father was not Jewish. The common names for Him had always been those that spoke of His power, majesty, righteousness or His special relation to the one nation. Jesus knew God as no one else had ever done. Others had had partial views of Him; some had seen one thing and some another; Jesus saw Him as He was. He saw that the relation of God to men was more like that of the true human father to his children than any other relationship known to men. "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts," etc: Is it reasonable to think that God is less loving or less able to do for His children than the earthly father? "How much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him:" The Holy Spirit is spoken of as the best of all the good things that the Father could bestow.

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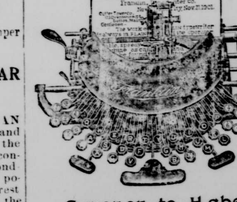
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1	Second Prize		1,000.00
2	Prizes—$500.00	each	1,000.00
5	Prizes— 200.00	"	1,000.00
10	Prizes— 100.00	"	1,000.00
20	Prizes— 50.00	"	1,000.00
50	Prizes— 20.00	"	2,500.00
250	Prizes— 10.00	"	2,500.00
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1	First Prize		$2,500.00
1	Second Prize		1,000.00
2	Prizes—$500.00	each	1,000.00
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10	Prizes— 100.00	"	1,000.00
20	Prizes— 50.00	"	1,000.00
50	Prizes— 20.00	"	2,500.00
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2139	PRIZES,	TOTAL,	$20,000.00

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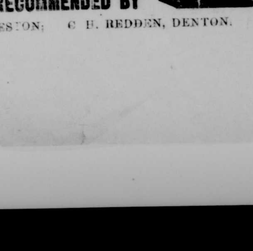
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So frequently settle on the lungs and result in Pneumonia or Consumption. Do not take chances on a cold wearing away or take something that only half cures it, leaving the seeds of serious throat and lung trouble.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

Cures Coughs and Colds quickly and prevents

Pneumonia and Consumption



CONSUMPTION THREATENED

C. Unger, 211 Maple St., Champaign, Ill., writes: "I was troubled with a hacking cough for a year and I thought I had consumption. I tried a great many remedies and I was under the care of physicians for several months. I used one bottle of FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR. It cured me, and I have not been troubled since."

HAD BRONCHITIS FOR TWENTY YEARS AND THOUGHT HE WAS INCURABLE

Henry Livingstone, Babylon, N. Y., writes: "I had been a sufferer with Bronchitis for twenty years and tried a great many with poor results until I used FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR which cured me of my Bronchitis which I supposed was incurable."

THREE SIZES, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Refuse Substitutes

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY

PRESTON PHARMACY, OF PRESTON; C. B. REDDEN, DENTON.

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