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County Commissioners—Wesley Jarrell, Pres.; James B. Wright, Franklin P. Medford.

Judges of the Orphans' Court—John F. Dawson, Chief Judge; J. Olan Clark, Wm. H. Deen, Associates.

School Commissioners—Thomas W. Jones, President; Henry C. Fisher and Albert W. Sisk.

School Examiner and Secretary—W. S. Crouse.

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FACTS FOR PHILATELISTS.

In 1869 there was a 15-cent stamp issued which bore a picture of the landing of Columbus.

A specialist who collected the stamps of France and her colonies recently sold his collection for $11,000.

It takes a stamp collector to tell where are Ancash, Antofagasta, Apurimac, Chiapa, Diego Suarez, Damra, Yca, Wadwhan, Gediad, Dhino, Ujong, Faridkot, Nabha and Obock.

It requires more than forty large albums to house the collection of United States stamps owned by the earl of Crawford. This collection of United States stamps is thought to be the most complete in existence.

The credit of originating adhesive stamps is generally given to James Chalmers, of Dundee, Scotland. He first advocated them in 1837, and in accordance with a legislative enactment of December 21, 1839, they were issued for public use in England, May 6, 1840.

A letter mailed at Columbus, Wis., on October 23, 1903, and addressed to a Manitowoc girl, has only recently been delivered to her. The letter bore the postmark of Johannesburg, Africa. It is presumed that the parcel was included, by mistake, in a foreign mail pouch. It traveled a long distance before being returned to the state from which it was mailed.

No less than fifteen million postal cards are used annually in the transaction of the world's business. The honor of their invention belongs to Prof. Emanuel Herman, of Vienna. One January 26, 1869, he wrote a letter to the Neue Freie Presse in Vienna, in which he suggested the use of a postal card to cost two kreutzers. The result was that on October 1, 1869, the first postal card ever issued was put on sale in Vienna. Some years later German, adopted the idea, and gradually other countries made use of them. The United States was one of the last nations to adopt them, but now uses them by the million.

WHAT THE LAW DECIDES.

The penalty of double the illegal interest paid, imposed for the taking of usurious interest, is held, in Second National bank vs. Kitzpatrick (Ky.), 62 L. R. A. 599, to be twice the entire amount of interest paid, and not merely twice the excess above the legal rate.

A proviso for paid-up insurance, in a statute governing the adjustment of claims upon policies forfeited for nonpayment of premiums, is held, in Nichols vs. Mutual Life Insurance company (Mo.), 62 L. R. A. 657, not to mean paid-up temporary insurance for the full amount of the policy.

The fall of a building because of an explosion in a burning building in the vicinity is held, in Hustace vs. Phoenix Insurance company (N. Y.), 62 L. R. A. 651, not to be within the protection of a policy insuring against direct loss or damage by fire, where the policy also provides that the insurer shall not be liable for loss caused directly or indirectly by explosion of any kind.

A gas company giving strangers permission to take cinders from the end of its dump, which is reached by a track laid over the cinders, is held, in Chandler vs. Kansas City Gas company (Mo.), 62 L. R. A. 474, not to owe its employes the duty of anticipating that the licensees may take them from beside the tracks, so as to undermine it and make it unsafe for use, and of taking precautions against such conduct.

IMPERTINENCES.

When a man is really hungry, his wife is apt to be a good cook.—St. Paul Globe.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed." "I suppose so; a quit claim deed."—Brooklyn Life.

"Some folks' idea of bein' busy," said Uncle Eben, "is standin' aroun' an' findin' fault wif yuthuh folks eat's workin'."—Washington Star.

When you lose a dollar somebody else finds one. But when somebody else loses a dollar you do not find one. Thus do we detect the wabble in the scales of fate.—Chicago Tribune.

GAMBLING WITH FATE

By WILLIAM WALLACE COOK

Author of "The Gold Gleaners: A Story of the Cyanide Tanks," "Wilky's Dan," "His Friend the Enemy," "Rogers of Butte," Etc., Etc.

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CHAPTER XIV.

DARREL CONTINUES HIS TALK WITH LENYARD.

The young man was shaken to the depths of his being. A swift sympathy surged into the look Darrel fastened on him.

"I recall the occurrence," said Darrel, hiding his own feelings under an assumed coldness of voice and manner. "Sturgis was shot by a scoundrel named Darrel."

Lenyard straightened his lithe form in a moment.

"Darrel was no scoundrel," he retorted hotly.

"He was a gambler. How could he be that and not be everything else that a man could lay tongue to?"

"You shall say nothing against Darrel to me," cried the young man. "I owe him my life and my honor—he befriended me at a time when it required courage and skill and he suffered dishonor and lost his own life because of it. Do you hear me?" Lenyard's voice rose excitedly. "I will not hear a breath against him."

"Very well," said Darrel, in a pacificatory tone. "Please lower your voice—you are attracting attention this way. Circumstances all point to the fact that Nate Darrel killed Sturgis, as you must know."

"Circumstances!" sneered Lenyard. "All I can say is that circumstances lie, and I shall prove them a lie and—" He broke off sharply, the old distrust in the look he flashed at Darrel.

"I have heard, too," persisted Darrel, "that Darrel and Murgatroyd had a murderous feud, based upon some of their rascally practices, no doubt."

"I have looked into that," returned Lenyard with an obvious desire to parry every thrust at Darrel's reputation. "The rascally practices were all on Murgatroyd's part. Darrel, as I happen to know, acted like an honorable gentleman."

"You surprise me!"

"It is the truth, whether you are surprised at it or not. Murgatroyd, under a false name, had laid his plans to marry a young woman in Denver. The young woman was of good family and her father was one of the wealthiest mining men in Colorado. Murgatroyd had his eye on the money and his schemes would have succeeded but for Nate Darrel."

"Darrel meddled in the matter, I suppose?"

"Murgatroyd took him into the plot and Darrel went with it to the girl's father."

"An informer, eh?"

"Who would not have been an informer under such circumstances? Murgatroyd was given 24 hours to get out of Denver and has never dared to go back there since. It was then he swore to shoot Darrel on sight, and he'd be equal to it—if he could."

"Strange that the woman in the case should have been taken with Murgatroyd, in the first place. Don't you think so? These gambling gentry usually show what they are."

"Murgatroyd has a way with women, and with men, too, that's hard to understand. He's a success at gambling as well as at other lines of business, all through some infernal power which he wields over his dupes. He's a thoroughbred villain, if there ever was one. Now that I have set you right concerning Darrel I'd like to know if you have finished your talk with me?"

"I haven't yet touched upon the matter that spurred me on to seek an interview. There is a misunderstanding between you and Elise Avery, is there not?"

"That is none of your affair, Mr. McCloud," was the sharp and threatening answer.

"You defend this gambler, Darrel, for interfering in a love affair and now you question my right to trench upon a subject of the same kind?"

"It is not the same kind and you are not Darrel." The young man got up. "Is that all?"

It would not have been all had not Darrel's gaze encountered a familiar figure just entering the door. A tall, square-shouldered man with sloe-black eyes and overhanging brows.

"That will be all for now, Mr. Lenyard," said Darrel. He did not deign the youth another glance, but watched the tall man with cat-like intensity.

"You may be done with me, Mr. McCloud," said Lenyard, leaning across the table, "but I'm not done with you."

With this enigmatical remark Lenyard walked away. The tall man peered around the room, caught sight of Darrel and advanced upon him with slow deliberation. Darrel's hand dropped beside him into his coat pocket.

One, two, three, four—Darrel counted the tall man's steps as he crossed the room. Presently he was at the table, looking down at the man in the chair.

"You will come with me, McCloud," said the tall man, at last. His black eyes seemed to burn as they looked into Darrel's. "You will come with me."

"Very well, Mr. Murgatroyd."

Murgatroyd turned slowly and walked away, Nate Darrel following him.

CHAPTER XV.

DARREL'S FIGHT WITH MURGATROYD.

Darrel was a man of quick wit. Following the cards wheta a man's faculties and makes them keen and alert.

In a second his mind had explored the depths of Murgatroyd's singular action and had evolved a startling conclusion. McCloud was known to be a stranger in that part of the country, yet he had had Murgatroyd's revolver and Murgatroyd, in calling Darrel by the assumed name, showed that he was acquainted with the easterner.

The conjecture which swept over Darrel with the force of supreme conviction was this: Murgatroyd was the man whose uncanny powers had worked the great ill to Junius McCloud.

So Darrel followed in the track of but halted and whirled around to see what his companion was doing.

Darrel had not changed his position and still had his elbow on the desk and his chin in his hand. A sparkling gem on Darrel's finger drew Murgatroyd's eyes and brought an exclamation to his lips.

The circlet was a coiled serpent with diamond head—a ring Darrel had worn for years. Murgatroyd had seen it often and knew it well.

Recognition came with a rush. Murgatroyd's hand dropped to the pocket that held the revolver and Darrel's leaped to the letter-opener, and there was an overturning of chairs as the men hurled themselves at each other.

A lurid oath broke from Murgatroyd but was strangled under the gripping white fingers of his adversary. The revolver was not drawn nor the letter-opener used; from the first shock of contact necessity threw them back on their bare hands.

Neither spoke. Each felt that this was to be their final battle and the sharp, hard breath came from their lips as they clinched and fought.

Then followed a terrible half-minute. Murgatroyd was like a wolf, remembering only the injury suffered at the hands of one whom he had believed to be his friend. Darrel was calmer, but none the less determined.



THERE WAS AN OVERTURNING OF CHAIRS AS THE MEN HURLED THEMSELVES AT EACH OTHER.

Chairs were tipped over, the desk and lamp barely escaped, and then, in a frenzy of brute force, they fell against the mineral cabinet, dropping to the floor with the cabinet on top of them.

Darrel was no match for his antagonist in such rough work and he was underneath. A feeling flashed through him that he had failed, and that the victory would be Murgatroyd's, but the block of galena, tipping with the cabinet, struck the stronger man on the back of the head and crashed to the floor.

Murgatroyd's fingers relaxed; with a stifled groan he straightened out and lay like one dead. Excited and breathless, Darrel drew himself out from under the cabinet and rose to his feet.

Murgatroyd was at his mercy and what should he do with him? As he debated the question he heard a quick tread of feet in the hall below.

Acting on a quick impulse, he flew to the vault, pulled open the inner doors, dragged the unconscious Murgatroyd inside and had closed him in and turned off the combination when the marshal burst open the hall door and flung into the room, followed by the thick-set man.

Darrel, leaning against the wall, eyed the newcomers calmly.

CHAPTER XVI.

DARREL ACCUSED AS McCLOUD.

"Ah, the marshal," said Darrel, relieved to find that the officer was one of the first to be drawn to the scene. "I am glad you have come."

The marshal pushed farther into the room, followed by his companion.

"What's been going on here?"

"Murgatroyd and I were settling an old score," answered Darrel, pulling his disarranged clothing into shape, "but I am glad to say that it did not result seriously."

"Where is Murgatroyd now?"

The officer had peered about the place and had even cast a hasty glance into the inner office.

"I have him—safe," Darrel smiled grimly. "Who is this gentleman?" he asked, turning to the thick-set man with the leather case under his arm.

"That's Doc Payton," replied the bewildered marshal.

"Not the same gentleman who had charge of the body of Sturgis?"

"I am the coroner," spoke up Payton, "and held the inquest."

"Better and better," said Darrel. "Naturally, gentlemen, you are curious. You see me follow Murgatroyd upstairs to this place and later you hear sounds of a scuffle and come to investigate. What you see merely increases your curiosity and suspicion. I want to talk with the two of you and beg of you to set a couple of those chairs upright and be seated."

As he finished, Darrel settled himself comfortably on one corner of the desk. The marshal was inclined to parley on Murgatroyd's account.

"I want to understand this thing," he began, aggressively, and Darrel interrupted him with:

"Precisely! The quickest way to understand it is by listening to what I wish to say. If anything has gone wrong, I am here to be held to account."

"He's right about that, Merrick," said the doctor, righting one of the overturned chairs and seating himself in it. "Let's hear him."

Merrick had an uncomfortable feeling that matters were strangely wrong, somehow, and he picked up the lamp and stepped apart to survey the other room. He came back directly and again set the lamp on the desk.

"I don't like the looks of things," he grumbled as he sat down, "and we seem to be leaving the whole matter to you entire. But I reckon you can fire away."

Darrel, fearing interruption from the vault, plunged into the subject at once.

"What was the verdict of the coroner's jury in the Sturgis case, doctor?" he asked.

"It was found that Sturgis met his death by a bullet, 45-caliber, fired by one Nathan Darrel, of San Francisco," returned the doctor.

"Were the proofs of Darrel's guilt quite conclusive?"

"The jury found them so."

"But you, in your own mind; were you quite convinced?"

"I don't recognize your right to ask such a question. I am the coroner and I have repeated to you the jury's verdict."

In spite of this Darrel could see plainly that Dr. Payton had an honest doubt.

"What's the use of splittin' hairs?" said the marshal. "And what has the murder of Sturgis got to do with your row with Murgatroyd?"

"Just this, Mr. Merrick," returned Darrel, steadily; "Murgatroyd killed Sturgis—"

"What!" exploded Merrick, starting up.

The doctor was less amazed, although not a little startled.

Darrel repeated his words.

"Why," exclaimed the marshal, "Sturgis and Murgatroyd was friends!"

"Murgatroyd would have no motive," added the doctor.

"Murgatroyd and Darrel were not friends," said Darrel.

"That's no news," came from the marshal. "It don't bear on Murgatroyd and Sturgis, anyhow."

"Yes, it does," persisted Darrel; "Murgatroyd killed Sturgis in such a way that they would hang Darrel for it."

"Preposterous!" declared Dr. Payton.

"You're a fool," averred the marshal, frankly. "Do you think Murgatroyd would shoot a friend down in cold blood just for the sake of having Darrel hung?"

"Did you ever know Murgatroyd to make a play that wasn't cruel, crafty and safe?" asked Darrel. "He's a snake and would trail his slimy length over any friendship for the sake of getting his fangs into an enemy's throat."

"Be reasonable, young man," said the doctor, impatiently, "be reasonable."

"Talk's cheap," supplemented the marshal. "It would take strong proofs to make me believe anything like that."

"Gentlemen," resumed Darrel, "I happen to know that Nate Darrel came to this town on the day the murder was committed. He came to Sandy Bar to settle his differences with Murgatroyd and, directly after he reached the camp, made straight for this office.

"Murgatroyd was out in the hills and Darrel went into that private office and wrote a line for him. Murgatroyd had forgotten his revolver and left it behind—it was lying on the desk in front of Darrel as he wrote his note.

"Before leaving the room Darrel marked every cartridge in that gun—"

It was then the doctor's turn to leap from his chair.

"You know Darrel did that?" he interrupted.

"I do."

"Why did he do it?"

"Because he feared Murgatroyd would shoot him down from behind."

"Still," returned the doctor, sinking back into his chair, "I can't see—"

"In his pocket-book Darrel placed a slip of paper stating that, if he met with foul play, the coroner would please recall that Lester Murgatroyd had sworn to shoot him on sight; and that, if the bullet that took Darrel's life bore the letter 'M,' it would be found to correspond with other cartridges in Murgatroyd's revolver."

Dr. Payton drew a deep breath and

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