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THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

There are only about 90 daily papers in Russia.

The police department of New York has issued orders that a stenographer shall be sent to take in full all speeches made in public by anarchists. The reports will be filed in the department records and will be used, if necessary, in prosecutions that may be commenced. All the speeches of John Turner, the English anarchist, now in the city, are being recorded in this way.

Thomas A. Edison offers this in explanation of his ability to do the enormous amount of work he performs: "I eat just about a pound of food per day—three meals, but just enough to nourish my body. My diet consists of meat, vegetables, eggs or anything else that I want, but in small quantities. People eat and drink far too much. Indeed, I know men and women who are food drunk all the time. I hardly ever take any outdoor recreation, but I live abstemiously, as my father did before me. If people would diet themselves and drop drugs many common ailments would disappear."

Owners of summer cottages along the Atlantic shore and in contiguous inland resorts are not renting them so readily this year as has been their wont. Ordinarily the early days of March have seen most of such places engaged, many persons leasing the best on speculation and then subletting at a profit. This year quite a number of cottages are still in the market and not a few seem likely to remain untenanted during most of the summer. Dullness and losses in Wall street are said to be responsible for this state of things, hundreds of speculators and brokers finding it necessary to curtail expenses.

KNIGHTS OF THE PEN.

On an average it takes Henrik Ibsen about two years to write a play.

P. L. Schriftgiesser, founder and publisher of many German newspapers in the United States, is 80 years old.

According to a London publisher, the society craze for the game of bridge has caused a great falling off in the demand for books.

George W. Cable was driven to writing with his left hand through a fear of writer's cramps in the other. His manuscript is microscopic and a marvel of neatness. On one occasion he hurriedly finished a story while traveling to meet his publisher. On turning over his manuscript he apologized on account of its unwonted departure from extreme regularity. The editor looked over the pages and said: "Well, Mr. Cable, I'll send this to the printers as it is, and if they have any trouble with it—why, I'll discharge every one of them."

Mark Twain is not studying Italian; he does not consider it necessary, even though he is domiciled in Florence for some time to come. "I cannot speak the language," he recently explained; "I am too old now to learn how, also too busy when I am busy, and too indolent when I am not; wherefore some will imagine that I am having a dull time of it. But it is not so. The 'help' are all natives; they talk Italian to me, I answer in English; I do not understand them, they do not understand me, consequently no harm is done and everybody is satisfied. In order to be just and fair I throw in an Italian word when I have one."

THE STAMP ALBUM.

The first mention of stamps is in the letters of the old Bishop Synesius, of Cyrene, on the Greek coast of Africa, 400 years after the Christian era.

The best way to start a collection is by the purchase of a packet of foreign stamps, all different. A packet of 500 can be purchased for a dollar or two.

Greek stamps that were printed in Paris can easily be recognized by the shadowing on the cheek, which is much lighter than on the ordinary Greek stamps.

GAMBLING WITH FATE

By WILLIAM WALLACE COOK

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

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CHAPTER XVII.

DARREL UNMASKED.

Darrel's amusement equaled the marshal's and the doctor's. So firm was his belief in Murgatroyd's guilt that he had heretofore left McCloud entirely out of his calculations.

Before Lenyard could follow up his startling announcement with an explanation, the sallow-faced clerk rushed into the room, paused, and looked around him, aghast at the disorder.

"Where's—where's Murgatroyd?" he asked.

"We don't want Murgatroyd now," said Lenyard and drew close to the clerk and whispered to him.

The clerk whispered a reply, five words of which Darrel happened to overhear—"down the hall—tuckered out." Who was down the hall and tuckered out? Darrel roused himself with freshened interest.

"This is most astounding, young man," said he to Lenyard, with jeering incredulity.

"The truth comes that way, sometimes," returned Lenyard.

"But your accusation is arrant nonsense," persisted Darrel, feigning angry impatience. "These gentlemen"—he waved his hand toward Payton and Merrick—"will not believe you. I have already proved my case against Murgatroyd."

"Not exactly proved it," qualified the doctor. "The revolver has yet to be found and examined. In this country five loads don't often remain in a gun for a month. I'm not very hopeful about your end of it, although Darrel's ruse was a clever one."

"What was the ruse?" asked Lenyard.

The doctor told him, with now and then a word from Merrick.

When the recital was finished, expressive looks flashed between the clerk and Lenyard.

"The marking of those bullets," declared Lenyard, "proves that McCloud killed Sturgis."

"Why in the fiend's name should McCloud kill Sturgis?" asked Merrick. "It wasn't McCloud that quarreled with Sturgis in Hawkbill's."

"There couldn't have been any motive," spoke up the doctor, who seemed to be a stickler on that phase of the question.

"You'll not find Murgatroyd's revolver in Murgatroyd's possession," insisted Lenyard doggedly. "If you find it anywhere you'll find it in McCloud's pocket. Look and see."

"Come on, Merrick," said Darrel, getting up and raising his hands above his head.

"You'll not find it," remarked Lenyard while the marshal was making his search; "he wouldn't be so willing to let you look, if he had it. He's got rid of it somewhere."

"Any one would know the old man's gun," observed the clerk; "there ain't another like it in the hull of Montana."

"I've seen it a dozen times," said the marshal as he returned to his chair without finding the weapon. "You've opened this up, Lenyard, and it's up to you to make good."

"Yes," said the doctor, "and be very careful, Roy. It's a very serious matter."

"It was serious for Darrel," answered the young man warmly, "to have his good name taken away from him."

"Good name!" echoed Darrel derisively. "A gambler, gentlemen," he went on, turning to the doctor and the marshal, "a man who follows the cards for a living. This boy has a peculiar way of looking at things."

Lenyard grew angry.

"McCloud," said he, "I told you in Hawkbill's that I wasn't done with you."

"Give us your proof," said Darrel, shortly.

"Dr. Payton," continued the young man, "you know how hard I have worked to clear Darrel's name during the last month because I felt sure of his innocence. I did not go to you with what I had discovered because I was waiting to find this man McCloud.

"On the night Sturgis was murdered, McCloud was in that private room, there, with Murgatroyd. Murgatroyd had been very late in getting back from the hills and he had found a letter from Darrel that made him savage and desperate. He looked out of the street window and saw Darrel returning to Hawkbill's after having gone with me to the hotel.

"Telling McCloud to remain where he was, Murgatroyd rushed out of the room, but did not take his revolver with him. Don't forget that point, gentlemen. Strange as it may seem to you, Murgatroyd was so excited he did not take his revolver.

"McCloud picked up the weapon and stepped to the open window. He leaned out, and down the street, in the glare of light from the dance-hall opposite, he saw Darrel confronted by Sturgis. He raised the revolver, sighted carefully, and fired. Then he rushed away, pushing the weapon into his pocket; rushed out through this very room, I'm telling you, and failed to see Jim Glenn who was standing here, a foot from the door leading into that other room. Isn't that so, Glenn?"

Lenyard appealed to the sallow-faced clerk, who was leaning against the wall picking nervously at the sleeve of his coat.

"That's so," said Jim Glenn, "but it will cost me my job, and maybe, a whole lot of trouble besides, when the old man hears what I've told."

Merrick hitched his chair alongside of Darrel's and the doctor turned a piercing look on the clerk.

"Why did you keep this information to yourself, Glenn?" he admonished. "Don't you know that it caused us to tie the crime on an innocent man? It drove him to his death, that is just what it did. Why didn't you come to me, or to Mr. Merrick, and tell of this?"

"The old man gave me $100 to keep my mouth shut."

"Ah!" cried the doctor; "and why did he do that?"

"Because he wanted Darrel hung."

"Accessory after the fact!" exclaimed Payton triumphantly. "It means the penitentiary, anyhow."

"That's what," assented the marshal. "Blamed tough on Darrel, though. I reckon I'd better put these on you, McCloud."

Merrick drew a pair of handcuffs from his pocket and leaned toward Darrel. At that juncture a faint rattling was heard from the vault.

"What's that?" came in startled tones from Payton as every eye was turned on the vault door.

"It's Murgatroyd," said Darrel. "It's getting close in there and he must want to get out."

"How long has he been in there?" queried Glenn.

"Ever since the doctor and the marshal came."

"It's a wonder he ain't smothered to death!" exclaimed the marshal.

"He plays in too much luck for that," returned Darrel grimly. "In our struggle here in the room we knocked over that cabinet of minerals and that piece



MURGATROYD CAME CHARGING OUT, REVOLVER IN HAND.

of galena fell on Murgatroyd's head. The safe happened to be open and I hauled him into it, closed the doors and turned off the combination. I heard you gentlemen coming, you know, and thought it might be some of Murgatroyd's friends. I didn't want the fellow to get away until the marshal had a chance at him. I may have been wrong in some of my surmises, but Mr. Lenyard has made it plain that Murgatroyd will have to share in the punishment even as he has shared in the taking out of poor Sturgis. Don't put those on me just yet, Merrick. I'm unarmed and you can sit close. I can't escape. Open the vault, Jim Glenn, you know the combination, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Dr. Payton," pursued Darrel as Glenn moved to the vault door and began rattling the knob, "you and Lenyard stand ready to catch Murgatroyd as he comes out. Have a care, for he is armed. He has probably heard nothing of our conversation out here. Brick and mortar and two thicknesses of steel would prevent that."

The marshal put his arm through Darrel's and Payton and Lenyard ranged themselves close to the vault door when Glenn swung it open. As the knob of the inner doors were turned, Murgatroyd came charging out, revolver in hand.

He was caught by Payton, Lenyard and Glenn and, for a space, struggled furiously but fruitlessly, dazed by resistance and blinded by the light.

"Hands off!" he shouted, quieting a little when he saw the uselessness of his efforts. "Let me at that man! I'll kill him!"

"No, you won't!" cried Merrick. "I've got charge of this man, Murgatroyd, and there'll be no gun-play. Take the weapon away from him, doc."

The weapon was wrenched from Murgatroyd's clutch.

"Is that you, Merrick?" asked Murgatroyd, ceasing all attempts to get away and brushing a hand across his eyes.

"Big as life," answered the marshal. "How is it that you and all these others are here?"

"We heard the row and rushed up to see what was going on."

"You came in time, Merrick. Nate Darrel wasn't killed by that explosion!"

"Hey?"

"I say," declared Murgatroyd, "that Nate Darrel wasn't killed by that explosion on the War Eagle trail. Take charge of him, for there he sits beside you. He's not McCloud but has shaved off his beard and is masquerading in McCloud's clothes. I know McCloud and I know Darrel, and I swear to you that that man is Darrel!"

The marshal, too far gone for words, dropped back in his chair.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DARREL'S DOUBLE.

A bomb, suddenly exploded in the midst of those in the office, could not have caused greater consternation than the furious words of Murgatroyd. The case had been proved against Murgatroyd, then shifted to McCloud, and now McCloud was said to be Darrel and Darrel was known to be innocent.

Merrick, as soon as he had recovered himself a little, gave vent to a hollow groan. Lenyard stared at Darrel as one in a trance.

"Gentlemen," said Darrel, who was the first to speak, "if Mr. Merrick will put the irons on Murgatroyd, we will make him prove what he says."

Darrel arose, but tossed the handcuffs to Glenn.

"Snap 'em onto him, Glenn," said he. "I'll stay right here until we can get head and tail to this Chinese puzzle. Different things have been happening so quick that I'm blamed if I know whether I'm afoot or horseback. Mebby Sturgis wasn't killed at all; and if he was, here's Doc and me left yet. I'm expecting some one to blow in and prove that we did it."

In some trepidation, Jim Glenn snapped the bracelets about his employer's wrists. Murgatroyd was then seated near the light and Merrick handed one of his revolvers to Lenyard.

"Get close to him," said the marshal, "and if he makes a move to bolt, shoot him."

Like one in a dream Lenyard took the revolver and placed himself at Murgatroyd's side. Murgatroyd was deeply perplexed. Darrel himself seemed to be the only one in the office who had kept his head.

"You say I am Nate Darrel, Murgatroyd," said he. "How can you prove it?"

"Hold up your left hand," said Murgatroyd, "there, in the lights."

Darrel did so.

"Anyone who knows Darrel," went on Murgatroyd, "will know that ring. There isn't another like it in the United States."

"It's—it's Darrel's ring," gasped Lenyard. "I saw it that night in Hawkbill's when Darrel played that game for me."

He took a half-step towards Darrel, his face bloodless and his eyes bright.

"Watch your man, Lenyard," said the marshal grimly.

"Keep back, Roy," said Dr. Payton. "This man may be McCloud, after all. The testimony of the ring is not sufficient. It may have been stolen."

"Then," said Darrel calmly, "let me shield McCloud's reputation to the extent of saying the ring was not stolen. It is, perhaps, the only ring of its kind in the United States, and it has not been out of my possession during the last six years."

"Then you are Nate Darrel?" asked Lenyard huskily.

"Yes."

This avowal sent the marshal off on another tack.

"Sure he says he's Darrel. Why not? As McCloud he stands convicted of the murder of Sturgis. Under those circumstances most anyone would rather be Darrel than McCloud. We'll have to have better proof than the ring. Murgatroyd knows the ring, and Lenyard seems to; but the balance of us don't."

"Supposing you are Darrel," said Payton, "why did you assume that disguise?"

"It was convenient," answered Darrel; "and besides, directly after that explosion, it was handy safe for me to go anywhere as my true self."

"How did you escape the giant powder?"

Darrel eased their minds in this respect.

"Jupiter!" muttered the marshal, wagging his head. "That's too miraculous to be true."

"Now tell us how you came to pose as McCloud," said Payton.

Darrel did so, at length, and on his auditors the wonder grew. The marshal was derisive in his unbelief.

"Now, look," said he, expatiating, "Here goes off a powder explosion, out of which Mr. Man, there, is snaked by the lines and hits of the runaway bronks. That's a hard one to take down, but it ain't the hardest. He's in pretty bad shape, you see, with people hunting after him to lynch him, but ourstanding themselves that he was' ground into powder and scattered over about all outdoors.

"It's a pretty hard row of stumps for this man Darrel, but he walks from the powder explosion right into an old shanty where there's a dead man—a complete stranger, mind you, but lookin' enough like that same Darrel to be the other half of a twin combination. Not only is Darrel's double in the shanty, but they's letters to show who he is, and shaving things for Darrel to fix himself up with, and clothes for him to wear, and a cayuse for him to ride. The whole lay-out couldn't have been made to order any better, could it, now? It was altogether too neat, and things don't happen that way."

"Don't you think I'm Nate Darrel?" asked Darrel.

"If you are," and the marshal snapped his lean jaws, "it's dollars to dimes you never found no dead man in no shanty."

"Then, how did I get this outfit?"

"How, you say? Why, pilgrim, it's just possible you bushwhacked the stranger as he was coming along the trail, laid him out for reasons specified and which anyone can understand."

Payton had been examining the ebony-handled revolver taken from Murgatroyd. Seemingly he paid little attention to the line of argument pursued by Merrick.

"I didn't expect to find it so," said the doctor, "but the bullets in this gun



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shal. "How would that man know about the marked bullets, Merrick, unless he was Darrel, and did the marking himself?"

Merrick squirmed uneasily. Murgatroyd, suddenly brought back to his own situation, paled a little and shook his manacled hands.

"What's this for?" he asked. "What have I done to be treated like this?"

"You paid Jim Glenn $100 to keep away from the coroner's jury when his testimony would have proved Nate Darrel's innocence."

This from the docter, with a hard look.

"Does Glenn say that?" stormed Murgatroyd, his snapping black eyes on his clerk.

Glenn raised a trembling hand to his forehead and began to whimper out an excuse.

"It's false," cried Murgatroyd, "and you know it's false. Sturgis was a friend of mine—why, he dealt faro for me in Hawkbill's!"

Lenyard caught Glenn's eye and nodded towards the hall. The gesture was understood and the clerk left the room with alacrity.

"If we can prove Glenn's story," said Lenyard, "we make it plain that Darrel did not shoot Sturgis."

"And if you can prove this man's story," put in the doctor, nodding at Darrel, "you make it plain that he is not McCloud and, therefore, an innocent and injured man."

"I think we can do so," returned Lenyard briefly.

A silent anticipation of some momentous event fell over the group in the office, heightened by the gradual approach along the hall of shuffling, painful steps. Then the stroke fell and brought every man up, standing.

Glenn came in supporting a drooping, dishevelled form—a piteous spectacle, truly, unshaven, unkempt, ragged and dust-covered. With his month's growth of beard, the tottering man resembled Darrel, and Darrel's clothing heightened the deception. But the bearded cheeks were hollow and the eyes bloodshot.

"A chair!" said Glenn, for the form had pitched forward as though about to fall. The clerk held the swaying man while Darrel pushed a chair forward and helped, with strange gentleness, to lower the man easily into the seat.

A racking sob burst from the man and his head drooped forward into his shaking hands.

"Who are you?" asked Lenyard in a pitying tone. "Please tell us who you are?"

"Junius McCloud," came the almost inarticulate response. "I—I have come to—to give myself up. I am the one who killed Sturgis."

concluded next week.

SCIONS OF ROYALTY.

Prince Eitel Fritz, second son of Kaiser Wilhelm, will make a visit to England shortly.

Peter of Servia has had a crown made, said to be one of the finest in existence, from an artistic standpoint.

King Edward has conferred the rank of royal highness upon the children of his brother, the duke of Connaught.

Prince Cetewayo, grandson of the famous Zulu king who was captured by the British in south Africa 22 years ago, is a student in London, devoting much of his time to law and history. He likes England and the English, he says, but hates their way of dressing. The immaculate trousers, frock coat and tall hat are to him a sore affliction, but he finds relief at night, when he strips and rolls himself in a blanket.

Andrew Carnegie has the best collection of autographs of crowned heads and famous persons in contemporary history. These are frequently not only signatures, but also letters written to him on various subjects. He has compiled them with a great deal of care and they form one of his most valued possessions. Nothing has ever been learned of what became of the collection of the late Dr. Evans, of Paris, which was one of the most extensive in Europe.

Princess Marie del Pilar, the little 12-year old princess whom rumor has assigned as a partner to the young king of Spain, is the third child of Prince Louis of Bavaria. Her mother is Infanta Maria de la Paz, an infanta of Spain, so there are already close ties of kinship between the two. The pretty little princess is, however, still in pinafore and short skirts and several years must elapse before she blossoms out into a full-blown young lady.

The eldest brother of Grand Duke Serge, Prince Eitel Fritz, are much dissimilar in character and disposition, the latter being extremely reserved, and greatly impressed with the necessity for complying with parental authority. The crown prince on the contrary, on several occasions has suffered rather severely for disobeying his father.

The best story about Prince Eitel was "a very good boy but not the stuff that kings are made of."