

points of the game. He played moderately well, occasionally winning, and sweeping in the chips with the greatest glee. After a half hour's play, when Rev. Go-Lightly was greatly excited, Harkness produced a new pack of cards and suggested that they try a modest little game with a dime as the limit. He looked inquiringly at Rev. Go-Lightly, who, however, showed no special concern, but merely said:

"I have no objections to an innocent little game, provided that we restrain ourselves and do not carry it too far."

The first hand the Rev. Go-Lightly refused to bid after the first round had been played. The second hand was interesting. All of the players dropped out except Harkness and Rev. Go-Lightly, both of whom continually raised the other. The limit was raised to a quarter. Finally Rev. Go-Lightly called. He had reached the limit of the collection taken up at the evening service, and his pile was exhausted. Harkness triumphantly showed his hand. He held three aces. Rev. Go-Lightly showed a straight, smiled gently and calmly and raked in the pile, twenty-five dollars to the good.

A limit of a dollar was suggested and set. All of the six men held hands. The bidding was rapid and spirited. Strange to say, no one dropped out. Rev. Go-Lightly observed this and took note. When he reached the limit of his pile he drew out a check-book. Writing a check for fifty dollars he laid it down and drawing out an equal amount of cash that he had already stacked up he resumed his playing. Four of his opponents dropped out at once, as he had gone to the limit in raising their bets. Harkness also hesitated a moment, then he covered the bet and raised. His opponent covered and called. Rev. Go-Lightly showed three ten spots and Harkness held a worthless hand. He had tried a game of bluff, but failed.

By common consent the other four withdrew themselves from the table and stood looking on. Harkness was piqued in losing in the way he did, and consequently angry. Rev. Go-Lightly had raked in the pile. Two hundred and fifty of this he stacked up and the rest he put in his pocket. Then he requested that the chips be dispensed with. Harkness smiled, comprehending his meaning, and gave his consent.

They started again. In the first few games neither cared to bid high, as all limits had been removed. Both were cautious, although Harkness talked constantly, while Rev. Go-Lightly kept his own counsel. Finally Harkness, after shuffling the cards long and carefully, using an undue amount of time in so doing, drew a hand that suited him and made the astonishing bet of a raise of five dollars to begin with. Rev. Go-Lightly politely refused to bid any farther and sacrificed. He shuf-

fled the cards in turn awkwardly and slowly and dealt.

Harkness bid low and Rev. Go-Lightly raised him slightly. Then the bidding mounted upwards, having resolved itself into a challenge on both sides. The stakes grew constantly, finally passing the hundred dollar mark. Neither showed a sign of weakening, and of the two Harkness seemed the more confident. The two hundred dollar mark was reached. Harkness was talking wildly and hastily poured a glass of whisky and gulped it down. Rev. Go-Lightly preserved a discreet silence, as he sat with lips closely pressed together. As often as his opponent made a bet he met it and raised it. When Rev. Go-Lightly had reached the limit of his pile, Harkness put his hand into his inside pocket and drawing out a roll of bills flashed them in his face. The Rev. Go-Lightly was not yet cornered, however. Duplicating Harkness' movement and hauling out a roll he laid it on the table to the great surprise of the former. Neither spoke and the game proceeded.

The bidding became fast and furious. Harkness raised constantly, hoping to take his opponent by surprise. But Rev. Go-Lightly met all his bets and raised each of them slightly in return. Harkness set the pace. All was excitement. The four spectators stood motionless, charmed by the nerve-racking contest between them. Rev. Go-Lightly sat looking earnest, calm, and dignified. Harkness was pale and nervous. He played as though hardly realizing what he was doing, but seeming to have confidence that he would finally win. Both of their piles were melting away, and it was evident that one of them must call soon. Rev. Go-Lightly's pile ran out first. Meeting Harkness' last bid he called. Harkness flashed his hand triumphantly in his opponent's face. He had four kings. Rev. Go-Lightly smiled and slowly raised his hand as if pronouncing a death sentence. He had four aces and the game was his. He lost no time in raking in his gains. He was richer by twelve hundred dollars.

For a moment Harkness turned deathly pale. Then his eyes blazed and he leaped to his feet, fairly screeching:

"You infernal old hypocrite, you've stacked the deck. Give up those stakes or I'll shoot you like a dog."

He reached for his hip pocket, but Rev. Go-Lightly was too quick for him. Springing up he dealt him a crushing blow on the jaw, knocking him over his chair. Then after smashing the light he broke for the door, hurling aside one of the fellows who tried to clutch him. Gaining the stairway, he clattered down and was gone.

Next morning the town was in an uproar. A group of men stood in front of the postoffice and talked angrily. The news of Rev. Go-Lightly's scandalous degeneracy had been published widely. Harkness was there, and he was there for business. He held in his hand a long buggy whip. There were also a number of other stalwart fellows equipped in the same manner. As a result of their deliberations it was decided to whip the Rev. Go-Lightly out of town as a more civilized alternative than tar and feathers. They proceeded down the street to Rev. Go-Lightly's humble dwelling, followed by practically all the juvenile population and dogs of the town. Arrived there Harkness stepped up to the door and knocked. No one came. He turned the knob and the door opened. Looking round the scantily furnished room he found a note on the table. Opening it, he read:

"Knowing that godless men who regard not the sacred traditions of the church have conspired to do me evil, I have concluded to depart to another community to work in the interests of the holy church. Owing to my haste in departing I have not the opportunity of letting Mr. Harkness, the young man of wrath, know that it would be useless for him to attempt to lay hands on the money that he presumes I have in his father's bank, for I drew it out the other evening. Give my regards and fond farewell to the ladies who have aided and succored me. Peace be with you,

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