

CHAPTER VI.

The astonishment of Preble Key on recognizing the gateway into which the mysterious lady had vanished was so great that he was at first inclined to believe her entry there a mere trick of his fancy. That the confederate of a gang of robbers should be admitted to the austere recesses of the convent, with a celerity that bespoke familiarity, was incredible. He again glanced up and down the length of the shadowed but still invisible wall. There was no one there. The wall itself contained no break or recess in which one could hide, and this was the only gateway. The opposite side of the street in the full moonlight stared emptily. No! Unless she were an illusion herself and his whole chase a dream she must have en-

But the chase was not hopeless. He had at least tracked her to a place where she could be identified. It was not a hotel which she could leave at any moment unobserved.

Though he could not follow her and penetrate
its seclusion now, he could later—thanks to
his old associations with the padres of the his old associations with the padres of the contiguous college—gain an introduction to the lady superior on some pretext. She was safe there that night. He turned away with a feeling of relief. The incongruity of her retreat assumed a more favorable aspect to his hopes. He looked at the hallowed walls and the slumbering peacefulness of the gnarled old trees that hid the convent, and a gentle reminiscence of his youth stale over gentle reminiscence of his youth stole over him. It was not the first time that he had gazed wistfully upon that chaste refuge where, perhaps, the bright eyes that he had where, perhaps, the bright eyes that he had followed in the quaint school procession under the leafy Alameda in the afternoon were at last closed in gentle slumber. There was the very grille through which the wicked Conchita—or was it Dolores?—had shot her Parthian glance at the lingering student. And the man of 35, prematurely gray and settled in fortune, smiled as he turned

and settled in fortune, smiled as he turned away, and forgot the adventuress of 30 who had brought him there.

The next morning he was up betimes and at the college of San Jose. Father Cipriano, a trifle more snuffy and aged, remembered with delight his old pupil. Ah! it was true then that he had become a mining president, and that was why his hair was gray, but he trusted that Don Preble had not forgot that and that was why his hair was gray, but he trusted that Don Preble had not forgot that this was not all of life, and that fortune brought great responsibilities and cares. But what was this, then? He had thought of bringing out some of his relations from the states, and placing a niece in the convent. This was good and wise. Ah, yes. For education in this new country one must turn This was good and wise. Ah, yes. For education in this new country one must turn to the church. And he would see the lady superior? Ah! that was but the twist of one's finger and the lifting of a latch to a grave superintendent and a gray head like that. Of course he had not forgotten the convent and the young senoritas, nor the discipline and the suspended holidays. Ah! It was a special grace of our lady that he, Father Cipriano, had not been worried into his grave Cipriano, had not been worried into his grave by those foolish muchichos. Yet, when he had extinguished a snuffy chuckle in his red bandana handkerchief. Key knew that he would accompany him to the convent that

It was with a slight stirring of shame It was with a slight stirring of shame over his claborate pretext that he passed the gate of the Sacred Heart with the good father. But it is to be feared that he speedily forgot that in the unexpected information that it elicited. The lady superior was gracious and even enthusiastic. Ah, yes, it was a growing custom of the American cabalieros—who had no homes, nor yet time to create any—to bring their sisters, wards and nieces here, and—with a dove-like side glance toward Key—even the young sener-tias they wished to fit for their Christian brides! Unlike the caballero, there were business men so immersed in their affairs that they could not and time for a personal examination of the convent—which was to be regretted—but who, trusting to the repu-tation of the Sacred Heart and its good friends, simply sent the young lady there by some trusted female companion. Notably this was the case of the Senor Rivers—did Don Preble ever know him?—a great capitalist in the Sierras, whose sweet young sister, a naive, ingenuous creature, was the pride of the convent. Of course it was better that it was so. Discipline and seclusion had to be maintained. The young girl should look upon this as her home. The rules for visitors was necessarily severe. It was rare indeed—except in a case urgency, such as happened last nightof urgency, such as happened last night—, that ever a lady, unless the parent of a scholar, was admitted to the hospitality of the convent. And this lady was only the friend of that same sister of the American capitalist, although she was the one who had brought her there. No, she was not a relation. Perhaps Don Preble had heard of a Mrs, Barker—the friend of Rivers of the Sierras. It was a queer combination of Sierras. It was a queer combination of names. But what will you? The names of Americanos mean nothing. And Don Preble knows them not. Ah! Possibly?— good! The lady would be remembered, being tall, dark and of a fine presence, though sad. A few hours earlier and Don Preble could have judged for himself, for, as it could have judged for himself, for, as it were, she might have passed through the visitors' room. But she was gone—departed by the coach. It was because of a telegram—those heathen contrivances that blurt out things to you, with never an excuse, nor a smile, nor a kiss of the hand. For her part she never let her scholars receive them but opened them herself and ceive them, but opened them herself and translated them in a Christian spirit, after due preparation, at her leisure. And it was this telegram that made the Senora Barker go, or, without doubt, she would have of herself told to the Don Preble, her compatriot of the Sierras, how good the con-

compatriot of the Sierras, how good the convent was for his niece.

Stung by the thought that this woman had again evaded him, and disconcerted and confused by the scarcely intelligible information he had acquired, Key could with difficulty maintain his composure. "The caballero is tired of his long pascar," said the lady superior, gently. "We will have a glass of wine in the lodge waiting room." She led the way from the reception room to the the way from the reception room to the r, but stopped at the sound of approaching footsteps and rustling muslin along the gravel walk. "The second class is going out," she said, as a gentle procession of white frocks, led by two nuns, filed before the gateway. "We will wait until they have passed. But the senor can see that my children do not look unbappy."

my children do not look unhappy."

They certainly look d very cheerful, although they had halted before the gateway with a little of the demureness of young people know they are overlooked by authority, and had bumped against each other with affected gravity. Somewhat ashamed of his useless deception and the guileless simplicity of the good lady superior, Key hesitated and began: "I am afraid that I am really giving you too much trouble," and sud-denly stopped.

For as his voice broke the demure silence one of the nearest—a young girl of apparently 17—turned toward him with a quick and an apparently irresistible impulse, and as quickly turned away again. But in that instant Key caught a glimpse of a face that might not only have thrilled him in its beauty its fresheess but in some varies. beauty, its freshness, but in some vague suggestiveness. Yet it was not that which get his pulses beating; it was the look of joyous recognition set in the parted lips and sparkling eyes; the glow of childlike, innoent pleasure that mantled the sweet, young cent pleasure that mantled the sweet, young face; the frank confusion of suddenly realized expectancy and longing. A great truth gripped his throbbing heart and held it still. It was the face that he had seen in the hollow. The movement of the young girl was too marked to escape the eye of the lady superior, though she had translated it differently. "You must not believe our young ladder are all "You must not believe our young ladies are all so rude, Don Preble," she said dryly; "though our dear child has still some of the mountain freedom. And this is the Senor Rivers' sister. But possibly—who knows?" she said gently, yet with a sudden sharpness in her clear eyes, "perhaps she recognized in your voice a companion of her brother."

Luckily for Key the shock had been so sud-tien and overpowering that he showed none of the lesser symptoms of agitation or em-public one in what must be a surreptitious escape? And might she not have cluded evengelist.

barrassment. In this revelation of a secret that he now instinctively felt was bound up with his own future happiness he exhibited with his own future happiness he exhibited none of the signs of a discovered intriguer or unmasked Lothario. He said quietly and coldly: "I am afraid I have not the pleasure of knowing the young lady and certainly have never before addressed her." Yet he scarcely heard his companions' vices and answerd mechanically, seeing only before him the vision of the girl's bewitching face in its still more bewitching consciousness of his presence. With all that he now knew or thought he knew, came a strange delicacy of asking further questions, a quick impatience asking further questions, a quick impatience of his present deception; even his whole quest of her seemed now to be a profanation for which he must ask her forgiveness. He longed to be alone to recover himself. Even the temptation to linger on some pretext and wait for her return and another glance from her joyous eyes was not as strong as his con-viction of the necessity of cooler thought and action. He had met his fate that morning, for good or ill; that was all he knew. As soon as he could decently retire he thanked the lady superior, promised to communicate with her later and taking leave of Father Cipriano found himself again in the street. Who was she, and what was she, and what meant her joyous recognition of him? It is to be feared that it was the last question that affected him most, now that he felt-that he must have really loved her from the first. Had she really seen him before and had been as mysteriously impressed as he was? It was not the reflection of a conceited man, for Key had not that kind of vanity

and he had already touched the humility that

the procession that morning and even now be concealed somewhere, waiting for the darkness to make her visit? He concluded to patrol the block next to the hotel, yet near enough to intercept her before she reached it, until that hour came. The time passed slowly. He lottered before shop windows, or entered and made purchases with his eye on the street. The figure of a pretty girl—and there were many—the fluttering ribbons on a distant hat, or the flashing of a cambric skirt around the corner, sent a nervous thrill through him. The reflection of his grave, abstracted face against a shop window, or the announcement of the workings of bis own mine on a bulletin board, in its incongruity with his present occupation, gave congruity with his present occupation, gave him a hysterical impulse to laugh. The shadows were already gathering when he saw a slender, graceful figure disappear in the confectioner's shop on the block below. In his elaborate precautions he had over-looked that common trysting spot. He hur-ried thither and entered. The object of his search was not there, and he was compelled to make a shamefaced, awkward survey of the tables in an inner refreshment saloon to satisfy himself. Any one of the pretty girls seated there might have been the one who had just entered, but none was the one he sought. He hurried into the street again sought. He hurried into the street again—
he had wasted a precious momeent—and resumed his watch. The sun had gone down, the
angelus had rung out of a chapel belfry, and
shedows were darkening the vista of the Alameda. She had not come. Perhaps she
had thought better of it; perhaps she had
been prevented; perhaps the whole appointment had been a trick of some day scholars
who were laughing at him behind some
window. In proportion as he became conwindow. In proportion as he became con-vinced that she was not coming, he was conscious of a keen despair growing in his heart and a sickening remorse that he had ever thought of preventing her. And when he at last reluctantly re-entered the hotel he was as miserable over the conviction that she was not coming as he had been at her The porter met him hurrledly in the hall.

"Sister Seraphina of the Sacred Heart has been here in a hurry to see you on a matter of importance." he said, eyeing Key some-what curiously. "She would not wait in the public parior, as she said her business was confidential, so I have put her in a private sitting room on your floor. Key felt the blood leave his cheeks. secret was out for all his precaution.

is at the base of any genuine passion. He had established the identity of the other woman as being her companion in the house in the hollow on that eventful night; but it



HE AGAIN GLANCED UP AND DOWN THE LENGTH OF THE SHADOWED, BUT STILL VISIBLE WALL

have been one of the robbers—perhaps the one who accompanied Mrs. Barker to San Jose. But it was plain that the young girl had no complicity with the actions of the gang, whatever might have been her companion's confederation. In the prescience of true love he knew that she must have been deceived and kept in utter ignorance of it. There was no look of it in her lovely guileless eyes; her very impulsiveness and ingenuous-ness would have long since betrayed the secret. Was it left for him, at the very outset of his passion, to be the one to tell her! Could he bear to see those frank, beautiful eyes dimmed with shame and sorrow? His own grew molst. Another idea began to haunt him. Would it not be wiser, even more manly, for him-a man over twice her years—to leave her alone with her secret, and so pass out of her innocent young life as chancefully as he had entered it? But was t altogether chanceful? Was there not in her innocent happiness in him a recognition to think himself? It was the last conceit of the humility of love.

He reached his hotel at last, unresolved,

perplexed, yet singularly happy. The clerk handed him, in passing, a business-looking letter, formally addressed. Without opening It he took it to his room, and, throwing him-self listlessly on a chair by the window, again tried to think. But the atmosphere of his room only recalled to him the mysterious gift he had found the day before on his pillow. He felt now with a thrill that it must have been from her. How did she convey it there? She would have entrusted it to Mrs Barker. The idea struck him now as disastefully as it seemed improbable. Perhaps she had been here herself with her compan-ion—the convent sometimes made that concession to a relative or well known friend He recalled the fact that he had seen Mrs. Barker enter the hotel alone, after the incident of the opening door, while he was lean-ing over the balustrade. She was alone then, and had recognized his voice; and he had not known it. She was out again today with the procession. A sudden idea struck him. He glanced quickly at the letter in his hand and hurriedly opened it. It contained only three lines in a large formal hand, but they sent the swift blood to his cheeks.
"I heard your voice today for the third time. I want to hear it again. I will come

at dusk. Do not go out until then." He sat stupefied. Was it madness, audacity. or a trick? He summoned the waiter. The letter had been left by a boy from the confec-tioner's shop in the next block. He remembered it of old—a resort for the young ladies of the convent. Nothing was easier than conveying a letter in that way. He remembered with a shock of disillusion and disgust that it was a common device of silly but inocent assignation. Was he to be the ridiculous accomplice of a school girl's extravagant escapade, or the deluded victim of some infamous plot of her infamous companion? He could not believe either; yet he could not check a certain revulsion of feeling toward

her, which only a moment ago he would have Yet whatever were her purpose he must Yet whatever were her purpose he muss for Mrs. barker had gone out. I did not prevent her coming there at any hazard. Her visit would be the culmination of her folly, or the success of any plot. Even while he was fully conscious of the material effect. folly, or the success of any plot. Even while he was fully conscious of the material effect of any scandal and exposure to her, even while he was incensed and disillusionized at her unexpected audacity, he was unusually stirred with the conviction that she was unusually streed with the conviction that she was wronging herself, and that more than ever she demanded his help and consideration. Still she must not come. But how was he to prevent her? It wanted but an hour of dusk. Even if he could again penetrate the convent on some pretext at that inaccessible hour for visitors, the angelus, how could be her on the way and persuade her to return

but she must be kept from entering the He seized his hat and rushed downstairs But here another difficulty beset him. It was easy enough to take the ordinary road to the convent, but would she follow that

was her profile that he had seen at the win-dow. The mysterious brother Rivers might was resolved, and seizing this last straw, he was resolved, and seizing this last straw, he hurriedly mounted the stair determining to do battle at any risk for the girl's safety and to perjure himself to any extent. She was standing in a room by the window The light fell upon the coarse serge dress with its white facings, on the single girdle that scarcely defined the formless waist, on the huge crucifix that dangled ungracefully almost to her knees, on the hideous white winged coif that, with the coarse but dens white veil was itself a renunciation of al human vanity. It was a figure he remem-bered well as a boy, and even in his excitement and half resentment, touched him nov as when a boy, with a sense of its pathetic isolation. His head bowed with boyish deference as it approached gently, passed him a slight salutation, and closed the door that he had forgotten to shut behind him. Then, with a rapid movement, so quick that he could scarcely follow it, the coif, veil, rosary and crucifix were swept off and the young pupil of the convent stood before

For all the somber suggestiveness of he For all the somber suggestiveness of her disguise and its ungraceful contour, there was no mistaking the adorable little head, tumbled all over with silky tendrils of hair from the hasty withdrawal of her coif, or the blue eyes that sparkled with frank delight beneath them. Key thought her more beautiful than ever. Yet the very effect of her frankled with result to the control of the control o her frankness and beauty was to recall to him all the danger and incongruity of her

"This is madness," he said, quickly. "You may be followed here and discovered in this costume at any moment!" Nevertheless he caught the two little hands that had been extended to him and held them, tightly, and with a frank familiarity that he would have wondered at an instant before.

"But I won't," she said, simply. "You see I'm doing a 'haif retreat,' and I stay with Sister Seraphina in her room, and she always sleeps two hours after the angelus, and I got out without anybody knowing min her clothes. I see what it is," she said and I got out without anybody knowing me in her clothes. I see what it is," she said, suddenly bending a reproachful glance upon him, "you don't like me in them. I know they're just horrid, but it was the only way I could get out."

"You don't understand me," he said eagerly. "I don't like you to run these dreadful risks and dangers for—" He would have said "for me," but added with sudden humility—"for nothing. Had I dreamed that you cared to see me I would have arranged it easily without this indiscretion, which might make others misjudge you. Every instant that you remain here—worse, every moment that you are away from the conwent in that disguise, is fraught with danger. I know you never thought of it."
"But I did," she said quietly; "I thought of it, and thought that if Sister Seraphina woke up and they sent for me you would take me away with you to that dear little hollow in the bills where I for the said they hollow in the hills where I first heard your voice. You remember it, don't you? You were lost, I think, in the darkness, and I used to say to myself afterward that I found you. That was the first time. Then the second time I heard you was here in the hall. I was alone in the other room, for Mrs. Batker had gone out. I did not after that I didn't think of anything but coming to you, for I knew that if I was found out you would take me back with you, and perhaps send word to my brother where we were, and then—" She stopped suddenly, with her eyes fixed on Key's blank face. Her own grew blank, the joy faded out of her clear eyes, she gently withdrew her hand from his, and without a word began to resume her disguise.

a word began to resume her disguise. (To Be Continued.) A dozen raw with a bottle of Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champagne is an after theater

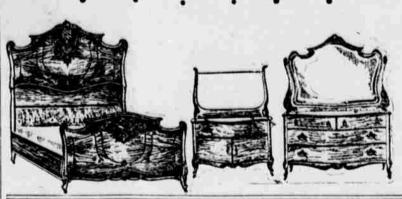
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to be, I have since discovered, a fair specimen of the average of his class, says the New York Herald. Occasionally one rises above the level, and becomes—or is naturally—some- and had worked about horses. He had also thing heroic. But as a rule the "killer" is a You will understand the advantage of set-

ting at least 300 yards between yourself and but we got along with him. the man considered, in making such a statement. Relying on matters of aim and range and the expulsive force of powder, some men have considered 100 yards enough. But 300 is better. For the man with a record, or ambitious to

attain one, as "quick with a gun," a "killer," a "dangerous character," must of necessity often shoot without giving due and sufficient notice of his intention. In the nature of things it is the unexpected which must happen, or in self-defense some intended victim might end his fame and life with a single

The "bad man" needs no ground of quar-We saw Dan Scott, pistol in hand, at the door. But the thing was so sudden and so fortune should make it appear a matter of feeling at the tensor of the tragedy, Scott was gone.

ANOTHER SCORE.

I believe some attempt was made to catch him, but it was not successful.

Two years later I met him in Deadwood.

We saw Dan Scott, pistol in hand, at the door. But the thing was so sudden and so fortune should make it appear a matter of the trip was done to apprehend him. When the train was finally stopped and the crew had learned of the tragedy. Scott was gone.

ANOTHER SCORE.

I believe some attempt was made to catch him, but it was not successful.

Two years later I met him in Deadwood.

We saw Dan Scott, pistol in hand, at the door. But the thing was so sudden and so force tourage, and walked up to Scott with courage, and walked up to Scott with street, Omaha, Neb., will cheerfully give all about coolly, for he must have been a man of great courage, and walked up to Scott with out a word.

As he approached, towering somewhat because of his superior size. Scott retreated. Ha advanced, pushing back the employees when tried to detain him, and evinced so strong a purpose to reach and grapple with that coward that Scott was utterly demoralized. He walked backward, shouting out collected. rel. He must be a person of uncertain mools, if he is to be feared. Of course, he prefers fortune should make it appear a matter of self-defense, for that feeds apology, instead of vengeance. It leaves a better feeling at the scene of past killing, and this grows into something which he regards as distinguished reception when he returns.

of business without either of these qualities, I losing. The say Dan Scott was a fair type of his class. say Dan Scott was a fair type of his class. DAN SCOTT'S ENTRANCE.

The first time I ever saw him was at the THE BEGINNING OF A BAD MAN second class—as far as Green River, in Wyoming. It was all his fault I did not enjoy his company further.

But the five-hour wait in Omaha, and the

close acquaintance on the train, convinced mothat Dan Scott was a surly scalawag of the complaining type, which is often encountered and never liked. He didn't approve of Omaha, or the depot, or the weather, or anything e'se. He told me in a confidential aside that two other members of the party were bad-not "bad" in the sense which he finally achieved, but by no means gentlemen. I have no doubt he expressed similar opin ons concerning me. worked in a carriage factory. But he disap-proved of labor and told some stories which indicated his contempt for toll or any other equivalent for wealth. We all disliked him,

At Cheyenne he wanted a door open when the brakeman—and every one elseshut. They had some words. Scott's face flamed and his ready tongue coined the epithets of his class. But the matter dropped there. Several times later I noticed the exthought little of it. In fact I rather hoped he would provoke a conflict, for the brakeman seemed a very capable man. I never thought of bloodshed. We had waited two hours at Green River,

and just at sunset climbed on the cars for another night ride. Nearly all our party was shoard. Suddenly there was a burst of profanity from the platform and then a shot. The brakeman staggered back and fell dead in the alsie of the car.

We saw Dan Scott, pistol in hand, at the

THE DEPOT'S KILLING EFFECT | wants to shoot. And he can dispense with fair play. And he can become quite famous without any courage.

And because he managed to do a good deal And because he managed to do a good deal And because he managed to do a good deal losing. The banker twirled the wheel and night. He was playing roulette, and He was trying to draw another revolver.

The banker twirled the wheel and In falling both were discharged and both

> Scott reached for the stack, and a man across the table stopped him.
> "No you don't," said the stranger. "That's

> "It isn't. It's mine," growled Scott.
> "Not much. That's my system. I always
> play seven, twenty-one and thirty-five. Don't
> I?" And he appealed to the dealer.

There was just half a minute more of such disputing and then Scott turned away with an oath of disgust. The next instant he whirled all conditions favor your efforts. The opporand shot. The stranger threw up both hands, tunities for the man of modest means, in this

number of his victims. But grow with a little exploiting.

wants to shoot. And he can dispense with The barkeeper told me he was a "bad man" | frightful oaths, struck his heels on a pile of misplaced furniture and fell. THE GERMAN VICTOR BY LUCK.

> bullets went clean through him. The Ger-"Twenty-one in the red," and set a stack of chips on the number-winnings for a bet be persuaded to give up his purposed punish-

From beginning to end Dan Scott was a type of the man who, twenty years ago, was "handy with a gun."

In seeking the best chance to do well, to better your condition, if you have only a small amount of money, it is a duty to carefully investigate the merits of any location in sending a shower of chips all over the room. Part of the country, to get ahead are becom-He was dead in an hour. To the end he ing scarcer every year. As the men become clutched a knife in his left hand and his imore acquainted with the never-failing will was good for a struggle to the very last, means of making a living easily and surely.

The knife and his ravings saved Dan Scott each year in such a region as Orchard Homes, lots of trouble. He made a winning along and consider how little money is needed to toward morning and insisted on paying the establish themselves there, it is no wonder the state of the sta funeral expenses, though he did not attend the they are anxious to see for themselves this ervices.

A letter came from a friend in Winnipeg now. A delightful climate that has no sudthe following summer that Dan Scott had just den changes—a summer season as cool and succeeded in escaping from Manitoba after pleasant as the winter is mild and equable. killing his eighth man. I always doubted the naturally attracts the homeseeker. A soil But these things whose generous qualities pay the grower of fruit or vegetables from \$200 to \$400 per acre He died in Fargo. The way it happened was this: He had come into town with some money and was opening a gambling room.

A man he had known in Deadwood came in and Dan, disliking him. ordered him out. The man, a meek looking German, glanced at the incomplete arrangements, remarked he would come back when the games started man of small capital, but who has intelligent

and turned to go.

He tripped over a bit of furniture, and, as he stooped quickly to recover himself, a bullet from Dan Scott's revolver went through his left arm. But for the stumble it would have gone through his heart. He turned about coolly, for he must have been a man of small capital, but who has intelligent energy and industry, the qualities that will energy and e