

## THE CHINESE MANDARIN.

He sits on the shelf by the little blue

clock,
And nods his head when it says "tick,
tock,"
For the not a word of English he knows,
He's polite from his queue to the tips of
his toes.

There's a far-away look in his slanting eyes, Is he dreaming, I wonder, of sunnier

skies,
Of cherry blooms and fragrant tea
In a flowery land across the sea?

Of tall bamboos asway in the wind, And a dark-eyed sweetheart left behind; Of a golden moon and fireflies' glow, And lanterns hung in branches low?

Ah me! who knows or who can tell What sorrows in his bosom dwell? But a dear, brave-hearted little Chinee Is this mandarin quaint from the land of

For he says not a word as he sits and

dreams

Of the music of birds and silver streams
But hiding his grief from the little blue clock,
Gaily nods when it says "tick, tock,"

-Olo Smith, in Good Housekeeping.

## **GAMBLING** WITH FATE By WILLIAM WALLACE COOK of "The Gold Gleaners: A Story

CHAPTER II .- CONTINUED.

Picking up the weapon, Darrel pressed a spring and turned the barrel down, revealing the cylinder. cartridges nestled murderously under

He listened intently. The scratch, scratch of the clerk's pen came to him monotonously.

One by one he extracted the cartridges and then, by means of a sharp pointed steel letter opener he embedded deeply in each leaden slug the ini-To replace the cartridges and return the revolver to its original place by the inkwell took but a mo-

Next, Darrel recovered the pen and continued his writing.
"In the event that Mr. Nathan Dar-

rel, in whose pocketbook this message is placed, should be made a victim of foul play, he respectfully suggests the following for the coroner's considera-

First-The fact that Lester Mur gatroyd has sworn to shoot Nathan Darrel on sight. Second-The fact that a covert at-

tack has ever been preferred by Lester Murgatroyd to a meeting in the open. Third-The fact that the builets in Lester Murgatroyd's revolver have been

marked with the letter "M."—Note: The letter "M" might be mistaken for "W" and technicalities have mor than once saved Murgatroyd. A word to the wise, etc.

Folding the sheet Darrel placed is in a red Morocco purse taken from his Immediately pocket.

wards he got up and passed into the

"Get through?" asked the sallow faced young man.

said Darrel. With a pleasant "good afternoon" he left the office and turned his steps in the direction of one of the two hotels which the town

## CHAPTER III.

DARREL'S GAME AT HAWKRILL'S Properly equipped with a stony dis-regard for human greed and frailty any observer could have loitered in Hawkbill's on and after ten p. m. and been certain of exciting entertainment. have seen more than enough to point a moral and adorn a tale and perhaps have retreated with a discouraged sense of man's inhumanity to man

Darrel could be indifferent and hard, or sympathetic and yielding. Deep in his heart was ever a feeling that stirred at another's misfortune and his moods varied with the characters of the players as well as with the play.

He stood close to a table, facing the door and dividing his attention between the fall of the cards and the who entered. An old, old game familiarly known as "two pluck one" was in progress, wherein a pair of merciless campaigners were taking money from a beardless and rash youth who sat between them.

Cheating, on the part of the gamblers, was constant and flagrant. But the boy had eyes for only his own cards and was playing with absorbed and tremulous intensity.

"They'll have headlines on me in the eastern papers," he recklessly averred, "unless I make a big winning to-night."

There's no telling when the luck 'il turn," answered one on blers insinuatingly, "shifting a cut" puickness, "It's all with lightning quickness. "It's all chance, you know. Up to now I've won, but from this out it may be your

The youth clenched his teeth and whitened, for he had a loser's grudge against a winner's assumed superior ity. He wagered the last of his money dozen crisp bills marked with "C" in one corner.

He lost. Rising from the table with the quiet remark, "I'm done, gentle-men," he walked steadily out into the darkness, far beyond the glare of the

red lamps.

It was the old story of the moth and the flame. Darrel knew it well, but get so well that familiarity bred any-

He was at the youth's back in time o snatch a six-shooter from his convulsive hand.

"Come, come," he said, as the boy gave a startled cry and turned on him. Where is your manhood, young fel-

"Manhood!" was the bitter response, 'ask the red, white and blue chips at Hawkbill's. Give me that, or by—"
With a plunge he sought to catch the

weapon and tear it from Darrel's grasp.
"Softly!" warned the other, clutching
his hand. "If I get your money back for you will you promise never to touch

another card so long as you live?"
"Who are you?" gasped the youth. 'My money is gone and I am ruined. can you get it back for me?"

"Follow me and you will find out. As to who I am, that is beside the question. Have I your promise?"

'Yes; but I should like-"Here's your revolver. I'd throw it

away, if I were you."

Darrel pushed the weapon into the young man's hand, turned sharply and retraced his steps to Hawkbill's. two gamblers were still at table.

What Darrel purposed doing called for skill and courage. Both qualities were his and he sought the issue with that airy confidence to which others had often attributed his success.

It was by meddling in a somewhat similar way that he had earned the hatred of Murgatroyd. Yet that had not cured him of the dangerous habit He had observed the gamblers care-

fully. One was past middle age and had iron gray hair and beard; the other was but little older than the man they had victimized.
"Well, Sturgis," the younger man

was saying as Darrel came up, "if we could find some one else with a roll this night's work would break the rec-'You're never satisfied, Cliff," re

turned Sturgis, tossing off the contents of a glass just brought by a waiter.

"May I sit in with you, gentlemen?" nquired Darrel, pleasantly. At that moment he looked the un-

sophisticated and ingenious eastern gentleman, caring nothing for a little



NOW THEN, MY BUCK," CRIED A VOICE WITH PASSION, "WE'LL SETTLE OUR DIFFERENCES MAN

money and desirous only of whiling away the time. As he spoke, he displayed a large roll of bills.

'I had thought of quitting," said Sturgis, shooting a glance at his confederate, "but still, if you want a round, I guess I could accommodate you. Do you want to take a hand?" he added, carelessly, to the other gam-

"I might," returned Cliff, with apparent reluctance. "I'm not having much luck to-night, though."

"Three will make it more interesting," observed Darrel, dropping into a chair that placed him so he could still watch the entrance

Thereupon the playing began, the outh whose battle ing, approaching the table and watching eagerly. Darrel allowed the two harpies to win enough of his money to give them confidence then careless. ly proposed that they play for a stake consisting of all the money they had about them.

agreed, and from that moment to the end of the game Darrel showed himself the veteran player have no self the veteran player he was. Sturgis purposely dealt him three aces and himself four queens, the younger man set a trap for him and beaten him ard dropped out in feigned despair and and his confederate at their own game Darrel plucked a diamona stud from his shirt and laid it on the heap of gold and silver.

From various parts of the room a general movement of the idly curious had set in towards that particular table, which made it necessary for Darrel to request, in his politest tones, that those between the table and the door should draw aside in order that he might watch for the entrance of "a

man he was waiting for." The request was complied with. Behind his chair Darrel could hear the sharp, tense breathing of the boy.

Sturgis asked how much the diamond stud was worth and, when informed, borrowed \$500 from Hawkbill Henderson, \$200 to meet Darrel's bet and \$300 to "raise" him. Darrel took a magnificent watch from his vest pocket, the gold case studded with geins.

"I am a stramger here," said he, quietly, "and this is as far as I can go. What have you?" Sturgis exultantly spread out his four queens. Darrel laid down four

"Take your money," said he, turning

to the boy.
A growl of rage came from Sturgis. Catching up his opponent's discard he turned the pasteboards over.
"Tricked!" he shouted, springing

thing but deeper and more consuming carded two! Hawkbill, I demand the

Henderson, red-faced, bull-necked and corpulent, swaggered closer.
"This place is on the square," he said wheezingly to Darrel. "and if

you've juggled the cards the stakes go to Sturgis. Leaning forward with a quick move ment, Darrel swept his hand under the edge of the table in front of Stur-Sturgis tried to stop the hand.

but was not quick enough.

The hand reappeared with a small, nickel-plated contrivance known as a table "hold out." A murmur passed A murmur passed through the crowd.

"Sturgis has been using that all evening," remarked Darrel, coolly. "He cheated that boy out of his money

With an imprecation, Sturgis hurled himself towards Darrel, a gleaming object in his mind. Hawkbill threw himself in the way and ordered Sturgis to keep back.

It was evident that the baffled gam-

bler had friends who would rally to his side and Darrel swept the stakes into his hat, clapped the hat on his head and caught the boy by the arm and hurried him out.

At the hotel the young man's money

was returned to him. Tears stood in his eyes as he thanked Darrel and the latter, gruffly bidding him remember his promise, went out into the dark street intent on returning to Hawk-bill's and waiting for Murgatroyd.

CHAPTER IV. DARREL'S ENCOUNTER WITH STURGIS.

As time mellows the perspective of past events, so it blurs and modifies the characters of those who made them. Much of the glory of Anaconda has departed and Sandy Bar has gone the way of the "played out" mining camp, yet tradition deals generously with the exploits of Nate Darrel-often too generously.

The strange features of his feud with Murgatroyd were sufficiently incredible in cold truth; and when the outline of the facts faded with a lapse of years, imagination was drawn upon to sharpen the reminiscences. The added material was not always to Dar-

Yet no one who now remembers Darrel will ever tell you that he tried to be anything but a gentleman. If the part was beyond him, it was solely the fault of his unfortunate vocation.

In any other walk of life his sterling qualities of mind and heart would have claimed their tribute of respect and social position. A man who believed that his fate was of his own making could hardly have been ignorant of this; but passion for play was too deeply in-grained in his nature. The notoriety he had courted and won, in any other profession would have been the millstone that pulled him under.
The recovery of the boy's money

aptly illustrates Darrel's character He could not see anything wrong in turning the tables on the blacklegs was a pleasure for him to be able to do it.

He played an "honorable" game; and he considered it honorable to worst a couple of sharpers at their own tac tics.

As he made his way back along the straggling street toward Hawkbill Henderson's he was warity watchful. Recent events had taken his attention somewhat from his main purpose in coming to Sandy Bar and the murderous Murgatroyd might be lurking any where in the shadows or dogging his steps.

The wheezy tones of flddles, guitars and a bass-viol, accompanied by hoarse shouts, laughter and a fall of dancing feet echoed from a building across the way. Other buildings along the street were aglare with light and rife with a clink of glasses, a rattle of poker chips and boisterous cries of drinkers and players.

There were few on the street at that moment and Darrel passed rapidly on in the direction of the gambling place. Abruptly a form hurled itself across path from a dark two shanties on his left.

Instantly a revolver was in his hand. 'Now then, my buck," cried a voice sharp with passion, "we'll settle our differences man to man."

"We have no differences to settle, Sturgis," returned Dariel, relieved and

The gambler was in a blind, unreasoning fury. In the light of later events it was patent that Darrel had trap for him and beaten him

When a man like Sturgis has such a grievance there is but one way in which the score can be settled. gis was fiercely determined and Dar rel was quick to comprehend his peril. A flaring lamp in front of the dance

hall opposite cast a dim light over the scene. The field was clear for the encounter, no one being abroad in the street apart from the two concerned. Rigidly erect the two men stood, re-volvers ready and swinging at their

ment. "You're either the devil himself or else you're—Nate Darrel of 'Frisco,' said Sturgis, between his teeth. "No man could play the game you did without being one or the other. It was Darrel's discard you threw into the deadwood, and you sat between Cliff and me and helped yourself to just

sides, their eyes alert and watching catlike each other's slightest move-

what you wanted out of the pack Darrel laughed a little at that. It wasn't the first time his phenomenal skill had led a gambler to confound him with the arch fiend.

"You're a bungler, Sturgis," said he, "and have yet to learn the first rudiments of your profession. I have taught you a lesson and if you want to live long enough to profit by it you'll put that gun in your pocket and take "He had three aces and dis- yourself off."

An exasperated cry feil from Sturgis' lips. Recklessly he threw himself forward, raising the six-shooter to a

level with his eyes.

There was no blood on Nate Darrel's hands. In his whole career he had never found it necessary to protect his

life by taking another's.

His ready wit and his wonderful strength—which his slight form in a manner belied-had times out of mind been his bulwarks of self-defense. He had a horror of bloodshed and carried a revolver in humble demonstration of the theory that leads great nations to build great navies-hoping to make the arbitrament of war still more remote.

By coming to Sandy Bar in quest of

Murgatrovd he had faced an issue at direct variance with his inclinations. He was well aware that fatalities were almost certain to result; if he were the victim, no aching void would be left in the world, while if Murgatroyd fell the cause of humanity would be advanced.

But he wanted no exchange of shots with Sturgis. He had threatened, but it was with the forlorn hope of avoiding a clash.

As the irate blackleg plunged forward. Darrel threw himself to one side. At that precise moment a shot rang out from some point at Darrel's rear, a bullet fanned his cheek and Sturgis, with an agonized cry, tossed his hands in the air, reeled and fell face downward on the sidewalk.

Darrel was stunned by the sudden-tess of the tragedy. In a second he had whirled to look back up the street, but saw no one. Then he did the worst thing possible for himself by hastening to the prostrate form and

making an examination. Sturgis was already dead. The bullet had penetrated his heart and a stream of blood flowed from the wound and

formed a pool beneath him.

The shot and the tortured cry of the dying man had aroused the people. From the dance hall they came on a run, and from Hawkbill's and other resorts a half-drunken mob charged for the scene.

Darrel was found standing over Sturgis revolver in hand. Sturgis was dead and the habitues of Hawkbill's knew that Sturgis and Darrel had

quarreled at cards.
Only one inference was possible. Darrel drew it as quickly as those

around him. "Where's the marshal?" he asked.

his voice perfectly steady. His hand tightened a little on the evolver and he retreated slowly until his back was against the wall of the nearest building, the half circle of threatening faces in front.

"We don't need the marshal," said Cliff, savagely. "Jack Sturgis is dead and you're the one that killed him.
Do we need the marshal, boys?"

He appealed to the crowd. A snarling negative passed through the ranks of the crowd and the half circle began to contract.

I'To Be Continued.]

RUFUS CHOATE'S ADVICE.

holoric Client Concluded to Follow It and There Was No Further Trouble.

It seems always to have lain within the power of the distinguished lawyer and humorist, Rufus Choate, to lead a choleric client from ways of anger into the paths of peace. Just before the war a southern gentleman was dining with a friend in one of the best hotels of Boston. He was of French creole extraction, and his name was Delacour, says a writer in Lippincott's Magazine. The waiter was a colored man, and the southerner gave his orders in a very domineering fashion, finding fault freely with what was put before him and the way in which it was served. Finally the waiter be-came incensed and told Mr. Delacour to go to a place warm and remote.

The latter sprang furiously to his feet and would have shot the offender dead if he had not been restrained by his

wiser friend, who said: You can't do that sort of thing here. You will have to remember

where you are.' "Do you suppose that I am going to put up with such insolence and not be revenged?" said the enraged man.

"Certainly not. But do it by proess of law. The landlord was first interviewed and the waiter discharged. That was not sufficient to satisfy the wounded feelings of Mr. Delacour. He asked who was the best lawyer in the and was told it was Rufus Choate Making his way to his office, he said:
"Mr. Choate, I want to engage you

in a case. What will your retaining fee be?' "About \$50." The check was made out and handed

"Now," said the lawyer, "what are the facts of the case?"

He was told. Said Mr. Choate,

thoughtfully: "I know the United States law on the subject well, and I know the law of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, and I can assure you, sir, that there is no power on earth strong enough to force you to go to that place if you don't want to go. And

if I were you I wouldn't.' "Well," said the southerner, accepting the situation, "I think I'll take your advice," and they parted good

Unfavorable Impressions

Once upon a time a man, who was traversing the public highway, saw an automobile approaching him, and stood, intending to speak to the rider if he knew him; but when he saw that he was a stranger, he started on his way, though not quickly enough to get out of the way of the machine, which struck him, bruising him quite

Moral-Strangers sometimes strika us unfavorably .- N. Y. Herald.

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