

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

The bearded foreigner approached
The register at the hotel
And took the pen, his name to write—
It seemed most difficult to spell,
For, with a writhe, and jerk, and twitch,
He wrote: "Ivan Boslovoskitchivanoboffskyskollovitch."

The next guest came, and ere he wrote He read the other name and smiled; It seemed a funny thing to him That any one would so be styled. And then he took the pen and spelt: Hans Laudenslogger Von Derfelt-enschlissenhoffenobervelt."

The third guest was a dapper man, With slender, flowing, black mustache— He chuckled at the other names, And then, with sweeping curve and

dash, He spread beneath the others there

lis name: "Jean Paul Anthine Eclaire Henri le Poisson Vendemaire."

Last came a man with carpet sack
And heavy boots that bumped the floor.
"Well, what a bunch of crazy names!"
He said—his laugh rose to a roar.
"If I had such a name as that,"
He cried, "I'd change it—bet your hat."
And then he scribbled: "Bemus Spratt,"
—Chicago Daily Tribune.

GAMBLING WITH FATE By WILLIAM WALLACE COOK

CHAPTER VI.-CONTINUED.

After the meal Gryce invited his friends into the other part of the tavern once more and drank so many glasses to the success of the Sandy Bar men that it was necessary to help him out and boost him to his seat on

the mountain wagen. With a wild whoop he rolled out of sight along the cross trail that led to-ward the War Eagle, Dynamite and Terror on the keen jump.

"Shouldn't wonder if Uncle Ab set

off that load o' his," remarked Ben Chickworthy, his eyes following the vanishing cloud of dust. "It was crim-inal carelessness fer the super at the War Eagle ter send such a man after blastin' material."

Another cloud of dust had appeared along the south trail and presently a dozen mounted men broke out of it, plying their lathered mounts with quirt and spur. It was the Sandy Bar contingent and they reined in their

horses at the door of the tavern.
"We're hot after the fellow," said one of the pursuers in response to a question from Cliff. "He's been seen twice; once by Kasper, between here and the Bar, and later by Neb Hawley, a mill-hand at the Eagle. When Hawley seen him he was footing it west along the Eagle trail. We'll overhaul him, Cliff. Get your horse if you want to be in at the finish."

Cliff hurried to get his mount under saddle and take his place in the ranks of the pursuers. The horsemen thereupon darted away at the same stirring

Meanwhile the under foreman had been trying clumsily to get his flying team under control. Gryce was not so far gone in drink that he failed to estimate the dangers of such a killing pace with such a load, but his awkward work with the reins would have proved unsuccessful had not a man stepped into the road in front of the horses.

A thick tangle of brush bordered the trail and the appearance of the man was as surprising and unexpected to the bronchos as it was to Gryce. team halted abruptly, thrown far back in the harness

The under foreman got a fresh grip on the lines and brought up the bronchos well in hand. "Good afternoon," said the stranger

courteously.

"Howdy," said Gryce.

The stranger wore clothes of good quality, but they showed evidence of recent hard usage. He was on foot, also, and a vague suspicion worked sluggishly into Gryce's brain.
"Have you come from the Half Way

house?" queried the stranger.

"That's me." hiccoughed Uncle Ab wondering how he could go to work and capture the man. Handicapped with a fractious team and 500 pounds freight that was still more unreliable, as well as possessing a head that was far from well balanced, the old man yet thought it possible that he might be able to do something.

"Have you seen anything of a smooth-faced man in corduroys?" was the stranger's next question.

Uncle Ab pricked up his ears. Possiniy he was mistaken in the smoothvoiced stranger, after all. "Ridin' a calico cayuse?" demanded

the under foreman

'Yes," replied the other, with brightening eve

"Thunder! So that's the yap that's wanted over Sandy Bar way. I seen him, sure; and he was lopin' off this piece of War Eagle trail about three this mornin', when I was pikin' fer Anacondy ter git this load o' high ex-An' ter think that I was as clost ter him as me an' you is, an'

didn't know he was wanted an' never raised a hand. Shucks!" Uncle Ab was morbidly disappointed. Which way was he going?" asked

the stranger. was the answer. "Say, friend, jump up here with me an' I'll

The stranger thanked Gryce for his ting. offer and climbed up on the seat. At "Did the gian a word from the driver the bronchos Gryce?" he asked.

plunged away at their usual break-

neck speed.

The War Eagle trail, west of the Half Way house, threaded a very rough ection of country. With a clear head, firm nerves and steady drivers the way vas sufficiently dangerous, but with Gryce in his half-tipsy condition, the bronchos charging pell-mell and the boxes of giant powder leaping around in the rear of the wagon, the risk might have been denominated extra-

hazardous.
"Whoa, consarn ye!" yelled Gryce, sawing at the reins. "Dynamite, ye're the wust infernal trouble-maker ever hitched ter a pole! An' ye're sawed off'n the same piece, Terror. Drat 'em! They'll have us sky-rocketin' before we know what's struck us."

A lurch of the mountain wagon all but hurled Gryce from his seat. lines slackened and would have dropped had the stranger not grabbed them as they rippled over the dashboard.

"Bear down on 'em, friend!" shouted the old man, making frantic attempts to keep himself in the wagon. "They've taken the bits in their teeth an' we'll go up like a couple o' shootin' stars if ye can't hold 'em in.'

A clatter of galloping hoofs could be heard behind, broken now and again by a distant shout. The stranger threw a look over his shoulders and, instead of holding the horses in, leaned forvard with loosened reins and urged hem on.

Directly ahead the trail made a sharp urn around a shoulder of rock. the present rate of speed it looked very much as though the careening wagon would be thrown from its wheels in taking the bend. With grinding teeth and hands con-

vulsively gripping the seat, Uncle Ab abandoned himself to wild profanity. Around the curve raced the bronchos, the inner wheels of the wagon scraping the rocks and the outer wheels whirring in the air.

The seat was lifted from the wagor and cast to the outer side of the trail. the old man going with it. Darrel saved himself for a few moments by dropping to his knees and, with a quick move ment, winding the lines across his

Then 200 feet from the spot where the under foreman had fallen and was lying unconscious, the bronchos werved slightly. In a moment the forward wheels struck a bowlder, a erash followed, the team broke away from the wagon and the stranger was jerked over the dashboard and hauled a hundred yards along the rough trail before he could disentangle his hands from the reins.

As he lay, bruised and dazed, in the roadway, the frenzied team vanished in the distance, a roar as from a hundred cannons came from behind him. The very hills seemed shaken to their foundations, a lurid glare flashed skyward and the sun was darkened with a cloud of rocks, dust and debris.

CHAPTER VII.

DARREL FINDS THE MAN IN COR-

Darrel's senses had not been taken away by the fall from the wagon or the dragging along the trail, but for a noment after the explosion his con-



WHEN HE STAGGERED TO HIS FEET LOOKED BACK THE MOUN TAIN WAGON HAD DISAPPEARED, AS IF BY MAGIC.

sciousness left him. When he staggered to his feet and looked back, the mountain wagon had disappeared as if by magic, not a splinter of wood or piece of twisted iron being left.

A huge hole had been scooped out of the trail and great bowlders had been riven and tossed about in every direc-tion. Beyond the ragged pit lay the form of Gryce, close to the seat of the

The old man lay still and silent and. after a few moments spent in collecting his scattered wits. Darrel started towards him. He had not however, when he heard the hoof falls of horses and instantly remembered the party of mounted men which had

alarmed him a short time before Turning sharply to the right, Darrel plunged into the undergrowth that bordered the trail. Ascending the steep slope of a hill for a dozen yards he halted in a thicket and crouched there

with his eyes on the road below. Gryce was sitting up on the ground, rubbing his forehead in a confused way and peering around. The men of Sandy Bar, riding around the spur,

came suddenly upon him. Darrel watched and listened intent-What would be the next move of

his enemies? he was asking himself. The horseman gazed about them in take ye along as fur as the Eagle, any- astonishment. Cliff dismounted and walked to where the old man was sit-

"Did the giant powder let go,

happened," replied the under foreman.
"I seem to be all here, but, my! wasn't

Just as he felt that he must sink to it awful? I got the roar in my ears

"How does it come you're settin' there with the seat of the wagon?" asked another of the Sandy Bar men.

"Got throwed out o' the wagon," said Gryce, "an' it's the best thing that ever happened ter me. S'posin' I'd been in the old trap along with that other feller? I'd be where he is now, an' that's tellin'." "That other fellow went up with in the moonlight.

the wagon, did he?" inquired Cliff. "Sure. He was hangin' to the lines when I shot out o' the wagenbox with the seat. He stayed with the wagon

and the high explosive, all right, an' I reckon he's still with 'em. Got blowed ter atoms, that's what he did.

take in the havoc wrought by the explosion.

"Don't ye know, Uncle Ab, that was the chap that killed Sturgis and gave is the slip at the Bar, last night?"
"Ye don't mean it!"

"It's the truth," returned Cliff. "We aw you just before you took that turn in the trail and we knew the man in a minute.'

"Then," returned Gryce, after a period of reflection, "that's why he et the bronks out inst'id o' pullin' 'em in after he looked back an' saw you He got up painfully. "Well," he added, "it's all right; five hundred bounds o' high explosive is as good as a tree and a rope, only mebby not so satisfyin'. Wonder how I'm goin' ter et myself right with the super, at the

The Sandy Bar men were not conerned with Uncle Ab's troubles and dismounted to make a more thorough examination of the surroundings. From the thicket above, Darrel watched them moving here and there searching for any gruesome relics that might have been left.

All that was found was the crown of derby hat deep in a clump of torn and

twisted hazels.
"It's Darrel's," said Cliff, walking towards his companions and holding the object up for inspection. "There is no doubt about it, boys. Fate has taken this matter in hand and avenged the murder of Sturgis. Darrel is dead." "It would be a heap more satisfyin" if we could find some remains ter prove it," averred one of the men. "Would it possible for a man to be blown off

the face of the earth like that?' "Why not," rejoined CHff, impatienty. "If the wagon and its load were slown to atoms, the same fate must have happened to Darrel.'

"Let's have a look around before we settle on that," answered the doubter. 'It seems as though we ought to find somethin'.' Like a wraith Darrel turned and

glided away. A grim humor filled him. "They believe I'm dead," he thought. Let them think so; it's the safest way out of this trouble, for me.'

was bruised in body and limb, but life was at stake and he counted his small injuries as nothing. Through the hills that bordered the trail he ook his course, keeping steadily westward.

last, completely fagged, ropped down on a rock to rest. He ad not had a mouthful of food since scaping from Sandy Bar and the exctions called forth by his flight had eft him weak and nerveless.

What was he to do now? he inter-ogated himself? To don a disguise and get out of the country would be comparatively easy, but he had desire to get out of the country. but he had no

There was still that unsettled score with Murgatroyd. He was doggedly determined that nothing should come between him and that.

But that must be secondary, now. His first work, if he could devise a way, must be to prove his innocence of the murder of Sturgis.

In his secret heart he had persuaded himself that Murgatroyd had slain hospitality which is forced upon one is tion of involving him-Darrel. It was a fearful suspicion to hold against a man, but none knew Murgatroyd's secunning and desperate methods better than Darrel.

Now, if ever, was Darrel's time to take his fate in his hands and make of it what he would. The very audacity of the measure appealed to the fugi-

As he sat there and rested a puzzling thought came to him. It had to do with the explosion of the giant powder.

Just what had set off the explosive? It could not have been the shock caused by the collision of the front wheels of the wagon with the boulder, for the says the London Matl. When on a effect would then have been instantaneous.

The bronchos had dragged him by the bits out of harm's way between the moment of the collision and the mo-ment of the explosion. The time required had been brief indeed, yet long showing above the long grass, their enough to convince him that something aside from the wrecking of the wagon had set off the powder.

It was not until some time afterward that he learned the truth. Gryce was hauling to the mine giant powder that ed with important issues. There was had long been in storage—so long that it had become crystalized. And every

"I'm jest tryin' to figger out what fim'ts almost refused to support him, Just as he felt that he must sink to

the ground and lie there for the rest of the night, the whinnying of a horse reached his ears. The sound did not come from the trail, but from some point on his left.

Turning in that direction he made his way painfully through a coulee whose steep banks flung a heavy shadow about him. The passage was short and he came out abruptly into a cleared space lying full

Before him stood a horse secured by stake-pin and a length of rope. Behind the horse was an old, ruinous log hut-evidently a relic harking back to earliest pioneer days. Darrel advanced closer to the horse.

which whinnied again and tramped impatiently. A shock of surprise passed The Sandy Bar men exchanged through him when he came near glances, then swerved their eyes to enough to see that it was the "calico through him when he came near cayuse" ridden by the man in corduroys.

What was there about the easterner that kept him constantly in Darrel's mind? Was it the subtle working of destiny?

On approaching Gryce in the War Eagle trail Darrel had taken note of the dull suspicion in the foreman's mind, and the man in cordurovs was first to occur to the fugitive as a foil. Now, standing beside the peculiarly marked horse, a weird sensation thrilled through Darrel's nerves.

After a brief pause he passed to the nut. The door was closed and he halted and listened.

No sound came from within. The silence was intense and even the deep breathing of a sleeper might have been

Pushing open the door Darrel stepped quickly across the threshold. Through an unglazed opening the moonlight fell and trailed across the rotting floor, but everywhere else hovered mysterious and ominous shadows. [To Be Continued.]

"THE PARTING GUEST."

an Instance Which Illustrates the Advisability of "Speeding' Him at Times.

Never was there more hospitable people than the Burnhams; but the ersons who most willingly admitted their open-heartedness and the warmth of their welcome were the shyest of testing their hospitality. The reason was, relates Youth's Companion, that one could never tell when one would escape from it.

Merrifield came out one afternoon to keep a dinner engagement with the Burnhams, explaining in advance that for once he must beg the tramp's privilege to "eat and ruh." A business man with whom his firm had close associations was in the city over night, and it was important that he, Merrifield, should see him that But the Burnhams laughed at the idea.

"Spend the rest of the week with your old Texan, if you want to," Mrs. Burnham said. "But we don't get you out to Lakeside very often, and now we have you we're going to keep you. Keep him they did, and Merrifield missed the stranger, and by that means lost a good deal of money.

Miss Carr dropped in at the Burn-hams' one day, shortly after her engagement was announced. She had appointed to lunch with her fiance, but gushing Mrs. Burnham would not hear of an abbreviated call, and so "hung to" the guest that she was too late to meet the young man.

"I don't believe I shall ever go to the Burnhams' again," Miss Carr confided to her nearest friend. "They are responsible for the first quarrel Dick and I ever had.'

So the Burnhams bungle blithely along, breaking their friends' engagements and making them miss trains and lose money and offend other persons, and apparently not even the fact that people begin to avoid them can open their eyes to the truth that almost alway unwelcome

Even in old Homer's time the obligation to "speed the parting guest" was as clearly perceived as was the duty to "welcome the coming." is a busy world, and seasible folk make plans for the next week, or the next day, or sometimes the next hour. tactful hostess helps such plans instead of hindering. Her guests are not afraid to come again.

Shooed Off the Lions.

Few people, even among hunters of big game, have met with an adventure so exciting as befell a ship's officer, who, fortunately, has survived and shooting trip in the interior of east Africa, accompanied only by a native boy, he suddenly came to a standstill. "Immediately facing us, scarcely 25 paces distant," he says, "standing quite still, their heads and shoulders ears cocked forward, their eyes fixed straight on us, were four full-grown lions." It was a thrilling moment. He was at once face to face with a no cover, and if he attempted to retreat all the animals might spring upon him. If he fired he would make

"FE-RU-NA, A VALUABLE PREPARATION,"
WRITES DR. KEMBALL. WRITES DR. KEMBALL.



Female Sex are Due to Catarrh of the Pelvic Organs.

Rachael J. Kemball, M. D., 334 Virginia St., Buffalo, N. Y., is a graduateofthe University of Buffalo, class 1884, and has been in the pracice of medicine in that city since I then. She writes as follows:

"My conviction, supported by experience, is that Peruna is a valuable preparation for all catarrhal affections. I have taken one bottle of Peruna myself and just feel fine. I shall continue to take it."-Rachael J. Kemball, M. D.

Peruna has cured thousands of cases of female weakness. As a rule, howof female weakness. As a rule, how-ever, before Peruna is resorted to several other remedies have been tried in vain. other remains have taken local treatment, submitted themselves to surgical operations, and taken all sorts of doctor's stuff, without any

result.

The reason of so many failures is the fact that diseases peculiar to the female sex are not commonly recognized as being caused by catarrh. These organs are lined by mucous membrane is subject to eatarrh. Catarrh of one organ is exactly the same as catarrh of any other organ. What will cure catarrh of the pelvic organs.

Most of the women afflicted with pel- Ohio.

An Animal Mirage.

An Animal Mirage.

In a speech before the curtain in a western town a few nights ago Ezra Kendall announced that he was writing a book of information for "Rounders Who Go the Cocktail Route."

"Did you ever awaken in the morning," he asked his hearers, "and see an animal mirage? It is a dissolving caravan, with everything in it from four paws to no paws. The doctor says that my mirages are caused from eating animal crackers when a child—and then preserving them in alcohol as I grew up."—N. Y. Times.

K. C. S. Almanac for 1904.

The Kansas City Southern Railway Company's Annual Almanac is now roady for distribution. It contains the usual monthly calendars, many useful household hints and information concerning the Country in Missouri, Arkansas, The Indian Territory, Texas and Louisiana. Write for a copy to, S. G. Warner, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt. K. C. S. Ry., Kansas City, Mo.

The Patagonians object to being photographed. A glance at the picture of one explains why they should entertain these objections.—St. Louis Republic.

Tom—"Are you on the water wagon now?" Dick—"No; but my milkman is."—Town Topics.

The oil stove is more useful than the ice tream freezer.—Washington Star.

"Life is full of trials," said the melancholy citizen. "Yes," answered Mr. Grafton Grabb, and the worst of it is that a
whole lot of the trials are resulting in convictions."—Washington Sar.

"Consider the porous plaster, my son,"
remarked the philosopher, "and don't get
discouraged. Everybody turns his back on
it, yet it hangs on and eventually achieves
success by close application."—Chicago
Daily News.

Daily News. A current magazine contains a long article by Korogo Takahira on "What Japan is Fighting For." What's the use of an article, when a map of Asia under the same caption would tell the story?—Indianapolis Journal.

"Oneshelf of the world doesn't know

"One-half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives, you know." "Well," she answered, "it's the ignorant half's own fault. Everybody has a chance to go around and find out when the 'for rent' signs are put up."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"A man in your position is subjected to many temptations, isn't he?" "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "Every now and then he feels like letting his sympathies get the better of him and missing chances to make money. But the only thing to do is to be firm."—Washington Star.

miner knows how "freaky" crystalized giant powder is. It will sullenly submit to the roughest handling or will incontinently explode for the slightest of reasons, or for no reason at all.

The sun was low when Darrel got up and staggered on. He must have food and had hopes that he could secure it in some covert way at the War Eagle mine.

Still pushing from covert to covert through the rough country that paralleled the trail, he kept persistently westward. The sun went down and darkness began to fall but, although his head swam for weariness and his a lion."

"You're Goin' to Git Up!"

A southern Missouri exchange tells of a traveling man who stopped one night in a hotel in a small Ozark county town and asked to be called at 3:30 o'clock so that he emight catch a train. In order to accede to the might catch at the might catch at train. In order to accede to the guest's request the landlord had the proposal of the lions asked to be called at 3:30 o'clock so that he could see the might catch at traveling man who stopped one night in a traveling man who stopped one night in a select to the guest's request the landlord had the might catch at rain. In order to accede to the might emight applied to be called at 3:30 o'clock so that he decided that it would be madness to fire. Unfastening his case of field glasses, he caught it by the strap and, rushing forward with a loud yell, hurled it at the enemy. The field glasses won the day and all four lions turned tail and bolted, yelping ar they went. "Thus ended," he says. "my first, last and only chance of baggins had no alternative time that traveling man who stopped one night. The value for the survivors? The hunter's brain worked to the guest's request the landlord had to be the guest's request the landlord had to be dealed at 3:30 o'clock so that he will have be called at 3:30 o'clock so that he will have be able to be called at 3:30 o'clock so that he will have be able to be a seally asked to be called at 3:30 o'clock so that he will have be able to be called at 3:30 "You're Goin' to Git Up!"

vic diseases have no idea that their

vie diseases have no idea that their trouble is due to eatarrh. The majority of the people think that catarrh is a disease confined to the head alone.

This is not true. Catarrh is liable to attack any organ of the body; throat, bronchial tubes, lungs, stomach, kidneys and especially the pelvic organs.

Many a woman has made this discovery after a long siege of useless treatment. She has made the discovery that her disease is catarrh, and that Peruna

her disease is catarrh, and that Peruna can be relied upon to cure catarrh wherever located. If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a

full statement of your case, and he will

be pleased to give you his valuable ad-What will cure catarrh of the head will also cure catarrh of the pelvic organs.

Peruna cures these cases simply because it cures the catarrh.

Vice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus,





50,000 Americans FARMS IN Western Western Ganade **Ganada**



They are settled and settling on the Grazing Lands, and are prosperous and satisfied. ROOM FOR MILLIONS

FREM Homestends given away. Schools, Churches, Hall-ways, Markets, Climate, every-thing to be desired.