



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

The bearded foreigner approached the register at the hotel...

The next guest came, and ere he wrote he read the other name and smiled...

The third guest was a dapper man, with slender, flowing, black mustache...

Last came a man with carpet sack and heavy boots that bumped the floor...

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...

With a wild whoop he rolled out of sight along the cross trail that led toward the War Eagle...

Another cloud of dust had appeared along the south trail and presently a dozen mounted men broke out of it...

"We're hot after the fellow," said one of the pursuers in response to a question from Cliff...

Cliff hurried to get his mount under saddle and take his place in the ranks of the pursuers...

Meanwhile the under foreman had been trying clumsily to get his flying team under control...

A thick tangle of brush bordered the trail and the appearance of the man was as surprising and unexpected...

The under foreman got a fresh grip on the lines and brought up the bronchos well in hand...

"That's me," hiccupped Uncle Ab, wondering how he could go to work and capture the man...

"Uncle Ab pricked up his ears. Possibly he was mistaken in the smooth-voiced stranger, after all."

"Yes," replied the other, with brightening eye.

"Thunder! So that's the yap that's wanted over Sandy Bar way. I see him, sure; and he was lopin' off this piece of War Eagle trail about three this mornin'...

Uncle Ab was morbidly disappointed. "Which way was he going?" asked the stranger.

"West," was the answer. "Say, friend, jump up here with me an' I'll take ye along as far as the Eagle, anyhow."

plunged away at their usual break-neck speed.

The War Eagle trail, west of the Half Way house, threaded a very rough section of country.

A lurch of the mountain wagon all but hurled Gryce from his seat.

"Bear down on 'em, friend!" shouted the old man, making frantic attempts to keep himself in the wagon.

A clatter of galloping hoofs could be heard behind, broken now and again by a distant shout.

Directly ahead the trail made a sharp turn around a shoulder of rock.

With grinding teeth and hands convulsively gripping the seat, Uncle Ab abandoned himself to wild profanity.

The seat was lifted from the wagon and cast to the outer side of the trail.

Then 200 feet from the spot where the under foreman had fallen and was lying unconscious, the bronchos swerved slightly.

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.

CHAPTER VII. DARREL FINDS THE MAN IN CORDUROYS.

Darrel's senses had not been taken away by the fall from the wagon or the dragging along the trail...

At last, completely fagged, he dropped down on a rock to rest.

What was he to do now? he interrogated himself. To don a disguise and get out of the country would be comparatively easy...

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

In his secret heart he had persuaded himself that Murgatroyd had slain Sturgis, and with the deliberate intention of involving him—Darrel. It was a fearful suspicion to hold against a man...

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...

The bronchos had dragged him by the bits out of harm's way between the moment of the collision and the moment of the explosion.

It was not until some time afterward that he learned the truth. Gryce was hauling to the mine giant powder that had long been in storage...

"Did the giant powder let go, Gryce?" he asked.

"I'm jest tryin' to figger out what happened," replied the under foreman.

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

"That other fellow went up with the wagon, did he?" inquired Cliff.

"Don't ye know, Uncle Ab, that was the chap that killed Sturgis and gave us the slip at the Bar, last night?"

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

The Sandy Bar men were not concerned with Uncle Ab's troubles and dismounted to make a more thorough examination of the surroundings.

All that was found was the crown of a 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.

"Let's have a look around before we settle on that," answered the doubter. "It seems as though we ought to find something."

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."

He was bruised in body and limb, but life was at stake and he counted his small injuries as nothing.

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limits almost refused to support him, the fugitive continued to struggle on.

Turning in that direction he made his way painfully through a small conlee whose steep banks flung a heavy shadow about him.

Before him stood a horse secured by a 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.

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 corduroys was first to occur to the fugitive as a foil.

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

Pushing open the door Darrel stepped quickly across the threshold. Through an unglazed opening the moonlight fell and trailed across the rotting floor...

"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 persons who most willingly admitted their open-heartedness and the warmth of their welcome were the shyest of testing their hospitality.

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 run."

"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."

Miss Carr dropped in at the Burnhams' one day, shortly after her engagement was announced.

"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."

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."

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 now relates the story in the Field.

Shooed Off the Lions. A current magazine contains a long article by Korogo Takahira on "What Japan is Fighting For."

"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."

"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 country town.

They are settled and settling on the Grain and Grazing Lands, and are prosperous. Schools, Churches, Real Estate, etc.

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



Most of the Ailments Peculiar to the Female Sex are Due to Catarrh of the Pelvic Organs.

Rachael J. Kemball, M. D., 334 Virginia St., Buffalo, N. Y., is a graduate of the University of Buffalo, class 1884, and has been in the practice of medicine in that city since then.

"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."

Peruna has cured thousands of cases of female weakness. As a rule, however, before Peruna is resorted to several other remedies have been tried in vain.

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.

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

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50,000 Americans Were Welcomed to Western Canada during last Year.

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