

THE LAND OF NEVER WAS.

Ho, the Land of Never Was!
How beautiful it seems,
Lying, as we know it does,
So near the Port of Dreams.
Roses flash beside the ways,
Luring us afar,
Laughing sunshine fills the days,
Night shows every star.

In the Land of Never Was
The air is filled with song,
Joy of birds, and crooning buzz
Of bees that float along.
There we find the rainbow's end—
There we know the truth
Of the legends dim that lend
Luster to our youth.

Land of Never Was—the place
Where all our treasures lie.
Mile on mile the road you trace,
Through the By and By,
Through the Wood of Make-Believe,
Down the leafy aisles
Past the fairy folk who weave
All the After Whiles.

In the Land of Never Was—A fabled land, indeed,
Such a land as Nod or Uz—
The pleasant pathways lead
Always through the meadow land
By the singing streams,
Where the weary understand
They may live their dreams,

Land of Never Was—it lies
Somewhere within the heart,
With its ever sunny skles
All built of fancy's art—
Built on something yet undone,
Something yet unsaid;
Built on prizes to be won
In the days ahead.
—W. D. N., in Chicago Daily Tribune.

GAMBLING WITH FATE By WILLIAM WALLACE COOK

Author of "The Gold Gleaners: A Story of the Cyanide Tanks," "Wilby's Dan," "His Friend the Enemy," "Rogers of Butte," Etc., Etc.

(Copyright, 1903, by William Wallace Cook)

CHAPTER X.

DARREL AGAIN AT THE HALF WAY HOUSE.

Darrel tarried for breakfast at the Half Way house. Here he had the first opportunity of testing the effectiveness of his disguise.

The shrinking personality of the man in corduroys was well assumed. In dismounting at the stable, Jimmie, the hostler, wished him a brusque "howdy," then averted his face, winked at a friend standing near by and thrust his tongue in his cheek.

Dislike was written large in the proprietor's face when Darrel entered the office. Darrel gave small heed to this and dropped into a chair with his eyes on a second man who happened to be in the room at that moment.

This man was none other than the youth whose money Darrel had saved at Hawkbill's and who had so well repaid the debt. The young man's keen glance swept the fugitive then turned away without the slightest sign of recognition.

"The sheriff went up War Eagle way last night," said the proprietor, resuming his conversation with the young man.

"With the intention of investigating the explosion?'

"I reckon that's it. He wants to make out whether the Sandy Bar chaps told the facts or jest rung in a version of the 'Rabian Nights onto him.'

"I've been up the trail and looked over the ground and there can't the slightest doubt of what happened." There was an undertone of regret and sadness in the young man's voice. "Here's the p'int," returned the pro-

prietor, argumentatively. "Is it possible to snake a man off'n the earth in that a-way?

"Five hundred pounds of dyna-

"I know about that. There ain't, no question in my mind but that that much giant powder 'u'd lay out a rigiment, but here: would it wipe out the remains of a rigiment, or of even one man? It don't seem sensible, not ter

"There wasn't a trace of the wagon left; and if the wagon was sporged out so effectually why not Darrel?" was the same argument used by Cliff and it was unanswerable.

'Well," was the dogged answer, "I'll allers have my doubts, anyways. One thing's sure: Uncle Ab was in luck ter git jounced out'n the wagon hefore the blow-up, an' the team was in luck ter break away from the wagon an' git out o' range. The sheriff is comin' back this afternoon an' then maybe we'll know more. Wonder who Murgatroyd's thousand dollars?" "It isn't likely that any one will get

"Hardly, that's a fact. It was quick action, don't ye think?" The proprietor laughed jestingly. "The Sandy Bar boys were saved a bad job that might have looked ugly for them before they got through."

They'd have lynched Darrel if they had caught him.

'Wouldn't they, though? They'd have hung him higher'n Haman an' 'tween you an' me, it would have been good enough fer 'im."

"That's where you're wrong," said the youth, warmly; "no mob ever yet had a moral right to lynch a man-

Oh, shucks! "And if the Sandy Bar boys had been able to carry out their lawless designs they'd have hung a man whose guilt had yet to be proved.

'You're plum crazy!" declared the

proprietor.

Where the discussion would have led the two is problematical. Just then the Chinaman walked through the of-Ace with his song,

and began hammering out the alarm in front of the door.

When Darrel sat down at the table the proprietor posted himself at the dining-room entrance and watched him ominously. The fugitive's identity was not suspected, but the proprietor had heard of the extra plate-cleaning the day before and wanted to see if the insult would be repeated.

It was not. Darrel made a halfmovement to take the plate from the table, but dropped it again after a quick glance at the man in the door-

The food was brought on, Darrel began to eat and the proprietor went away with a grim smile. Breakfast over, Darrel asked for a sheet of paper and an envelope.

In a few moments he had written the

following:
"For the Sheriff: If you will call at the old cabin in the coulee to the left of the War Eagle trail, not far from the mine, you will find something that will interest you."

He did not sign the communication, but put it into the envelope, sealed it and addressed it to "The Sheriff, on his way back to Anaconda," and left it with the proprietor for delivery.

When he rode away from the tavern Darrel was reassured. His new personality had withstood the test and he knew that he could trust it until such time as it ceased to be service-

But one thing made him uneasy, That was the doubt, now twice expressed, that giant powder could be so comprehensive in its destructive powers.

To settle his question what could be better than to have the sheriff visit the hut in the coulee? The body of a smooth-faced man would be found, but evidences would be at hand to show that a beard had been removed.

Everything would point to a sudden act of self-destruction. It would be supposed that Nate Darrel, overcome with the hopelessness of his case, had done away with himself.

The fact that the fugitive had es-

caped the explosion in some remarkway would silence the doubters. Shortly before noon Darrel rode into Anaconda, turning aside and making for the livery barn nearest the Blackfoot trail. The hostler came grinning out to receive the horse.

"The calico carried you all right, eh?" the man inquired. "Very well indeed. How much do

I owe you for him?' The hostler stared.
"Why," he answered, "you bought

him from the old man. Don't want to pay for the brute twice, do you?" Darrel was quick to take care of the emergency.

"I mean for his keep," he answered, with a shade of annoyance.

keep him here for nothing?"
"You'll have to see the old man about that. He's gone home to dinner

Darrel untied the traveling-bag from the cantle and walked down the street



IN THE AFTERNOON HE READ AN ACCOUNT OF HIS DEATH IN A DAILY PAPER.

He passed the "Colonel's Own," silent and almost deserted, at that hour, and was soon at the hotel where he had put up during his brief stay in town a short time before.

"How do you do, Mr. McCloud." said "You're a little the clerk, affably. ahead of schedule, aren't you?"

"A little."
"I understood you to say you wouldn't be back until to-morrow Two ladies called to see you, this morning, and left a card."

Darrel took the card as the clerk handed it over. "Mrs. Marian Gorton," ran the printed text, and underneath was written, in pencil: "and Miss Elise Avery."

"Did they leave any word?" asked Darrel, quietly.

"Said they'd call to-morrow afteroon—I told them you'd be back then.' This dilemma had been anticipated and Darrel knew it was not to be shirked. It was the one point of weak-

ness in his new armor. 'We've kept your old room for you,' went on the clerk. "I'll have the boy take up your satchel."

The boy was called and took pos ession of the traveling-bag. The clerk handed him a key and then Darrel followed him up stairs.

CHAPTER XI. DARREL FACES THE ISSUE.

There was a sole-leather trank in McCloud's room. It was locked but a small key ring in a pocket of the corduroys held a key that gave access to

No papers were found. There were two suits of clothes—both of the best here and are very grateful to quality—a supply of clean linen, cra- by for directing us to you."

"Breakfus' leddy," he announced, vats and other things usually found in

a gentleman's wardrobe.

Darrel closed the trunk disappointedly and carried his search through the closet and dresser drawers. There was nothing there, all McCloud's belongings, apart from what he had taken with him in the traveling-bag, having been put away in the trunk.

The eastener had told the clerk he intended to return on the morrovs but it was perfectly evident that he had imagined he might be detained much longer. Had he left Anaconda with the deliberate intention of destroying him-

When he went down stairs to dinner Darrel was revolving this question in his mind. In the afternoon he read an account of his death in a daily paper and gave diligent attention to the grue some details.

It was a long article and began with an account of the murder of Sturgis, the arrest of Darrel and his night es cape from the Sandy Bar jail. followed a summing up of all the known facts connected plosion on the War Eagle trail.

Nothing new was brought forward but the author of the account was not a doubter for he dwelt exhaustively on the vicarious methods of justice and pointed the whole affair with a moral Next morning another paper had more to say on the subject. Scatterly had returned from the hills after a personal investigation and gave it as his opinion that the escaped murderer had been hurled into eternity in substantially the manner described

by the men from Sandy Bar.

Abner Gryce's bronchos had run the wagon had collided with a boulder beside the trail, the horses had broken loose and the shock of the collision had set off the crystalized giant powder: That explained the arrival of the run-away team, practically uninjured, at the War Eagle mine.

Abner Gryce had been thrown from the wagon when it took the turn, but the murderer had stayed with it. Conequently there was but one inference to be drawn.

Thus far Darrel read with amused indifference. The paragraphs that followed, however, startled him and filled him with consternation.

The report went on to state that Scatterly, in returning from the War Eagle mine, had had a communication handed to him at the Half Way house Usually he took no notice of anony mous letters, but in this particular case he had made an exception.

The communication had requested him to call at Kansas Joe's old cabin in Lost Horse coulee. He had gone there but, aside from evidences that the hut had been recently used, he had found nothing and no one. The letter was, therefore, looked upon as a hoar and Scatterly's aversion for unsigned messages was intensified.

Darrel threw aside the paper, lighted a cigar and leaned back in his chair, throbbing fear was leaping along his nerves.

The cabin empty! Had Scatterly made a mistake and gone to the wrong While possible this was hardly prob-

able. Yet, if the sheriff had made no mistake in the cabin, what had become of McCloud? Darrel got up and walked out of the notel into the cooler air. His situa-

tion had become greatly complicated and the issue confronting him was very trying even to his iron nerves. Should he retreat? he asked himself. t would be easy to close his account

at the hotel and proceed to some other part of the country. But to do that he must abandon his designs against Murgatroyd, Murgatroyd, the real murderer, would be left

immune by Darrel's withdrawal from the scene. That was the point that decided the fugitive. He would face the issue, hoping that Scatterly had made some mistake, hoping that no interruption would come before Murgatroyd's guilt had been proved, hoping that the ladies he was soon to meet would request nothing of him that would lead to his dis-

covery-hoping everything, in fact, that seemed impossible. When he re-entered the office he was his same calm, resolute self and had made up his mind to fling his defiance in the very teeth of Fate.

Early in the afternoon the coming of Mrs. Gorton and Miss Avery was announced by the clerk. Darrel was in his room and went at once to the public parlor on the second floor.

The two ladies were alone in the apartment and were seated near window overlooking the street. One was rather stout and with a tinge of gray in her dark hair: the other was young, slender and with a face of rare loveliness.

Both rose and turned toward Darrel as he entered. The elder advanced a

'Mr. McCloud?" she asked. "At your service, madam," he swered with a bow.

"I am Mrs. Gorton," went on the elder lady, presenting her hand with a cordial smile, "and my companion is my niece, Miss Avery."

There was a settled sadness in Miss Avery's face which touched Darrel to the heart and made him ashamed of the part he was playing. The difficul-ties of his assumed role were to commence with this moment, as he knew

full well. He barely touched Miss Avery's small white hand.

"It gives me great pleasure," said he 'to meet the friends of Lorry Ormsby.' "You have received Mr. Crmsby's tter?" queried Miss Avery. "That came to hand several days

"Here is another, Mr. McCloud," said Mrs. Gorten, tendering him a letter; "after you have read it, if you can spare the time we will tell you nature of our errand to this part of the country. We are entire strangers here and are very grateful to Mr. Orms-

drew a chair near and excused himself while he read the communication from The envelope was sealed, Ormsby. which Darrel accounted strange if it contained simply a letter of introduc

tion. As he read, the eyes of the two la lies stole furtively to his face. They were not prepared for the sudden whiteness they saw there, the sharp, almost imperceptible compression Darrel's thin lips, the convulsive movement of the slim, white fingers that held the sheet from which he was seading. Puzzled and interrogative glances passed between the elderly lady and her niece.

Darrel seemed abstracted. He held the letter long enough to have read it half a dozen times. The writing ran

as follows:

Deaf Junius: This will be handed you by Mrs. Gorton and Miss Avery. There is something about the man whom they are seeking which they do not know and which I do not care to have them know—yet awhile. In your own time and when you think best you may give them the information. Through private sources I have learned that the man has taken another name, and when these lactics are resorted to it is clear that something is wrong. Miss Avery has experienced much sorrow and I would not care to add one straw to her burden, if it could be helped. You understand, do you not? You will help them, I know, and please be a little tactful in what you do. The name now used by the one they desire to find is Sturgis, Jack Sturgis. He was last heard of at Sandy Bar, near Anaconda.

"Is there any bad news from Mr. Ormsby, Mr. McCloud?" asked Mrs. Gorton, In an agitated tone.

"We must not anticipate, Mrs. Gorton," answered Darrel, with an encouraging smile, as he put the letter away. "If you will tell me in what way I can serve you, I shall be most happy to do all I can."

"Thank you," came from Miss Avery, in a low voice. Then she looked to-ward her aunt as though desiring that she should make the necessary explanations.

"We have come here to find Elise's father," said Mrs. Gorton. "He has been absent from home for five years and during the last year no word whatever has been received from him. Naturally we can draw but one inference"—she cast a hasty glance in her companion's direction-"yet, in the absence of any positive knowledge, we cannot but have some hope.

[To Be Continued.]

AN APPEAL TO HONOR.

Bandit Chief Received and Entertained as a Gentleman Takes His Departure as One.

Treat a man as if he were a gentleman and he will rarely disappoint you. In illustration of this truth Mr. Crosse author of "Round About the Carpathians," tells a good story of a robber chief in Hungary. A few years ago the Carpathian mountains were infested with organized bands of robbers, and neither life nor property was safe. At this time a lady of great wealth, the Countess Z., who lived not far from the main highway between Budapest and Vienna, received a polite note one morning, informing her that 12 gentlemen would dine with her at midnight. She understood what it meant.

It was impossible to summon help, and well she knew that every approach to the castle would be guarded, to pre-vent communication. In this dilemma made ready for her uninvited she guests.

At midnight up rode an armed band. 12 men in all. Immediately the gate of the outer court and the entrance door were thrown wide, as if for the most honored and welcome guests. The countess stood at the entrance to receive them, richly dressed. She bade the chief and his men a gracious welcome, gave orders that their horses be cared for, and then, taking the arm of her guest, led the way to the dining hall. Here a goodly feast was spread and all the gold and silver plate of the castle was lavishly displayed.

The leader of the robber band started back in surprise; but recovering his self-possession, he seated himself beside his charming hostess, who engaged him in merry talk of the gay world at Vienna, with which they were both familiar. At length, when the feast was nearly ended, the chief took out his watch and said:

"Countess, the happiest moments of my life have always been the shortest. I have another engagement this night. Bad as I am, none ever appealed to my honor in vain. You have received me as a gentleman, and I shall take my departure as one. As for you, my men," he said, looking sternly round with hand on his pistol, "I charge you who disobeys me dies that instant." to take nothing from this house.

The chief then asked for pen and paper and wrote some words upon a sheet, which he handed to his hostess. "This, madam, will serve to protect you in future. You have but to show it and it will save you from any moestation or loss."

The name of the robber chief was afterward known. He was an impoverished cadet of one of the noblest families in Hungary. His fate was sad enough; he was captured a few months after the incident which has been related here and ended his life at the hands of the common hangman.

The Thrifty Lady.

It was in the court of Judge Garland, in the Eastern district. The ragamuffin had handed up the amount of her father's fine. Yet still she lingered near.

After a time the justice noticed the cowering form standing shrinking by the desk 'Well, what are you waiting for?" he

inquired. "Maw said maybe you'd give tradin' stomps when I paid yer."-Baltimo."

They resumed their seats and Darrel THE COST OF LIVING. LARGE MEETING

HIGHER NOW THAN IT HAS BEEN SINCE THE WAR.

Increase of Expense on Some Necessaries of Life Ranges from 33 to 100 Per Cent.-All Commodities Higher.

Washington (D. C.) Special.

Carroll D. Wright, commissioner of the bureau of labor of the department of commerce and labor, who is one of the recognized statisticians of the world, has undertaken in a bulletin, which has just been issued, to throw light on the question of the increased cost of living in 1903 over the preceding 13 years.

Wright has made his comparisons with wholesale figures since they are regarded as the more substantial basis and his report includes 260 series of quotations, covering farm products, food and clothing, fuel and lighting, metals, implements, lumber and building materials, drugs and chemicals, house furnishings and miscellaneous goods.

In making his report the statistician

adopted the method pursued by all leading authorities of the world, and in comparing prices for 1903 with former years he reduces the price of the preceding 13 years to the average price for that period. He places this average price always at 100. The difference between 100 shows the decrease or increase in cost for 1903.

The first table shows the average relative prices of all commodities higher in 1903 than at any time since and including 1890. Farm products reached lowest average in 1896 and the highest in 1902. Cloths and clothing were the lowest in 1897 and the highest in 1890. Fuel and lighting were the lowest in 1894 and the highest in 1903. Metals and implements were the lowest in 1898 and the highest in 1900. Lumber and building materials were the lowest in 1897 and the highest in 1893.

Statistics show a decrease in the price of beef from 1902, but the relative price



CARROLL D. WRIGHT. (He Proves in Figures That Cost of Living is Higher Than Ever.)

compared to the period since 1890 shows an increase in cattle of 4.7 per cent. Under the head of farm products 16 ar-

ticles show increases as follows:
 Wheat
 5.1 Hides
 24.8

 Steers
 6.9 Oats
 31.7

 Timothy hay
 19.2 Hogs
 37.0

 Corn
 21.1 Cotton
 44.7

 Barley
 21.2 New York hops
 59.5
 There was a decrease of 1.3 per cent.

in sheep, 2.5 per cent, in rye, 5.9 per cent. in flaxseed. Fifty three articles of food are given, and on 35 there is an increase over the average for the preceding 12 year ranging from five per cent. on bread in the Washington market to 72 per cent. on

pepper from Singapore. The following increases in percentage are shown:

Decreases are shown as follows:

Sugar 1.2 to 5 | Vinegar Soda crackers 9.5 | Evapo'a'd fruits Flour 6.4 | Coffee

Of 70 articles of clothing, the prices of 56 for 1903 are higher than the average price for the preceding period since 1890. Increases ranged from three per cent. for ginghams to 20.8 per cent, for sheetings, Women's dress goods were 14.3 per cent. higher; overcoatings, 17.3 per cent. higher; and blankets, 17.9 per cent.

higher. The table on fuel and lighting shows an astonishing increase in cost to the consumer during 1903 over the average price the preceding ten years. The result fol-

The only item in this class showing a decline is parlor matches, which fell off 14.4 per cent. The average increase for 1903 over the period since 1890 was 49 per cent.

The lowest price of anthracite egg coal was in September, 1895, the wholesale rate being \$2.82. In the latter part of 1902 and throughout 1903 the wholesale price was \$4.95. George's creek bituminous f. o. b. in New York leaped from \$2.10 in 1899 to \$8.28 in 1902.

Egyptian Brides Are Very Sly.

It is usual for the Egyptian bride to ffect shyness and embarrassment. On no account must the eyes be lifted from the ground. The bride is led about by her nurse-a functionary who plays a prominent part at the wedding, and one whom it is the flance's interest to "tip" liberally-and two other attendants, while a couple of slaves fan her continually to cool the burning blushes which are supposed to mantle her maiden cheeks,

roceedings of the Thirty-first General Conference of the Methodist

Episcopal Church. Los Angeles, May 18.—Action on two important matters was taken by the general conference of the Metho-dist church at Tuesday's session. The report of the committee on episcopacy, recommending that the con-ference elect eight bishops, was adopted. At the close of a heated debate between Dr. James M. Buckley and Dr. Thomas B. Neely, the two foremost parliamentarians of the Methodist church, the conference Methodist church, the conference adopted the report of the special com-mittee, which finds that the confer-ence has no authority to district the

episcopacy.

Los Angeles, Cal., May 19.—The crowd that besieged Hazard's Pavilion yesterday seeking admittance to the Methodist conference in order to observe the balloting for bishops, which had been fixed as the special order of the day, was unusually large. Upon reassembling after recess Bishop Hamilton, who presided, asked the delegates to devote ten minutes to prayer, seeking divine guidance in the important duties before them. Tellers were then appointed and the first ballot for bishops was east bishops was cast.

On the first ballot for bishops only one was elected, J. F. Berry, who received 531 votes out of 730 cast. One hundred and twenty other men were

Los Angeles, May 20,-Three additional bishops were elected Thursday at the Methodist general confer-Dr. W. F. McDowell and ence. Henry Spellmeyer on the second ballot, which was announced at the morning session, and Dr. J. W. Bash-ford, chosen on the fourth ballot in The third ballot rethe afternoon.

sulted in no election.

Four of the eight bishops to be elected have thus far been chosen, as follows

Dr. J. F. Berry, Chicago; Dr. Henry Spellmeyer, Newark, N. J.; Dr. William F. McDowell, New York; Dr. James W. Bashford, Delaware, O.

The fourth ballot, which resulted in he election of Dr. Bashford, presented Dr. William Burt and Dr. T. B. Neely at the head of the list in the or-der named, with 460 and 440 votes respectively The fifth ballot was taken just before adjournment and as a result of

lt, it is reasonably certain that Dr. William Burt is elected as the fifth bishop, and perhaps Dr. T. B. Neely a sixth. The report of the committee on in-

ternational and industrial peace, which was read at the morning session, will doubtless provoke an animated debate when it comes up for consideration next Tuesday as the special order of the day.

The report recommends three areas The report recommends three agencies as the means to accomplish universal arbitration and the settlement of industrial disputes, namely, The Hague peace court, a United States permanent national industrial peace

court, and a permanent periodic inter-national peace congress. Los Angeles, Cal., May 21.-When the Methodist general conference adjourned last night seven of the eight bishops to be elected had been chosen, and the ballot taken just before ad-journment probably had elected the eighth, although its result has not yet eighth, although its result has not yet, been announced. The three bishops chosen Friday were: William Burt, of Rome, Italy; Luther B. Wilson, of Baltimore, and Thomas B. Neely, of Philadalphia.

Philadelphia. WILL SUE FOR DAMAGES.

Grain Shippers Intend to Make Trouble for the Lake Carriers' Associa-

tion. Milwaukee, Wis., May 21.-The Journal says: An entirely new fea-ture has been added to the trouble between the Lake Carriers' association and the Masters and Pilots' associa-tion. The Lake Carriers' association (the vessel owners) had relied on what is called the "strike clause" in the bills of lading. This clause provides that, in case of a strike, the vessel owners shall not be liable for damages during the strike. Relying on this clause the vessel owners have felt confident in their position, believ

ing no damage suits could be brought. F. R. Morris & Co., who now have a boat load at the dock at Milwaukee waiting for a settlement of the trouble, have notified the owners of vessel that the owners will be held liable for all delay and damages that may result from the non-delivery of the grain at its destination. Morris & Co. assume that this trouble is not a strike, but that it is a condition brought about by the vessel owners themselves and partakes more of the nature of a lockout.

The action of the F. R. Morris Co. will be followed by similar action on the part of grain shippers throughout the country and may bring about a settlement of the trouble.

Expelled From the Exchange.

New York, May 20 .- Andreas S. Floyd and Frank B. Crawford. prising the brokerage firm of Floyd, Crawford & Co., whose suspension was recently announced, were yester-day expelled from the Consolidated stock exchange and Petroleum exchange. This action was taken by the governors after repeated efforts had been made to bring Messrs. Floyd and Crawford before them.

A Battle in Santo Domingo. Cape Haytien, Hayti, May 20 .- Do-

government troops, comminican manded by Gen. Cabrera, and minican revolutionary troops, led by Gen. La Sala and other generals. met recently at Guayacanes, Santo Domingo. In the fighting which followed the government force had men killed or wounded and the revo. lutionists lost heavily. Five revolu-tionary generals sought refuge in the French and Venezuelan consulates here and later embarked on the French steamer Olinde Rodriguez, bound for Porto Rico.