

#### STRIKES.

Mr. Jones struck oil.

And his men, so they say,
Struck for eight hours' wor
And for nine hours' pay.

The clock had struck five; He was wet to the skin; From his blue flannel shirt The color struck in.

Some baseball players Struck up a shout; The batter struck a pose, And then he struck out.

Jones struck a bargain,
But soon struck a snag—
For it struck off his profits
And he struck his flag.

And now you have struck
On this history true,
How, striking a balance,
Does it all strike you?
-Edwin L. Sabin, in St. Nicholas.

#### **GAMBLING** WITH FATE

By WILLIAM WALLACE COOK r of "The Gold Gleaners: A Story e Cyanide Tanks," "Wilby's Dan," "His Friend the Enemy," "Rogers of Butte," Etc., Etc.

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CHAPTER XIX .- CONTINUED.

A mild sensation was caused by this

"Why should Murgatroyd ask you to help him in such a criminal proceeding?" went on Payton.

"Because I had helped in other criminal proceedings, I suppose," was the

"Don't go outside of the Sturgis matter, McCloud," said the doctor, by way of warning. "We only care to know about this."

"I am a wreck and will soon be beyond the pale of any earthly law. What I am I owe to Murgatroyd and I would like to have everything known. Where did you first meet Murga-

'In Denver. Physicians sent there for my health. I am the victim of a strange malady and physicians were puzzled and could give me little except advice and suggestions. They

sent me to Denver.' Professional curiosity manifested itself in Dr. Payton's manner.

"What sort of a malady, McCloud?"

"It is nervous, they tell me. Undue excitement throws me into a condition that resembles death-but it is not death, although it has led me close to it. I can see and hear all that goes on around me, but there is no notice-able beating of the heart and all the evidences of death, even to rigor mor-tis, may be detected."

"Rare, but not unique," muttered the "The attacks come on at in-

Excitement brings them on. They have been more frequent of late than formerly." McCloud turned to Dar-rel. "When I fled from Sandy Bar, that night, I was beside myself with apprehension and remorse. I took refuge in that deserted cabin, and feeling that an attack was upon me, and not knowing but it would be the last, I made a few preparations and stretched myself out in the bunk, covering myself with blankets I carried with me.

"Then you came, Nate Darrel. Up to the time you closed my eyes every move you made inside the cabin was seen by me; every word you spoke i

'What did Darrel do?" asked Payton, bent on proving Darrel's story.

set them forth.

"What were your feelings, Mc-Cloud?" continued Payton. The utter silence of the room was

broken only by the low tones of the speakers and an occasional burst of

music from the dance hall.
"I was glad," said McCloud, "glad that Darrel could save himself by impersonating me. My hope was that I might die and be found, after a time, and mistaken for Darrel—just as he intended. But fate spared me for this final act of reparation. I recovered and, for the last four weeks, have been living with a prospector in the hills."

Again he addressed Darrel. "I have what you wrote and placed over me," said he. Taking a Morocco purse from his pocket, he brought from it a ragged slip of brown paper. "Read it, doctor," he added. "It will prove that Nate Darrel is a man of fine feel-

Payton took the slip and read it "Is there another paper in the pocketbook?" he asked. "This."

It was the writing which told of the marked bullet and a deep breath escaped the listeners when its contents

were made known to them. "Let us come back to your relations with Murgatroyd," proceeded Payton. "You say they began in Denver?"

"Yes; in a gambling house in Den-er. I played there night after night, forging checks to cover my losses.

Murgatroyd took the stolen money and, finding me an apt pupil, taught me how to play with him and help him fleece others. I went from bad to worse. Friends paid the amount of the forged paper, hushing the matter up. From that hour, however, I was lost. twisted sense became clear.

derstand his power then and I do not understand it now-but it was an invincible weapon and he used it merci-For that monster I have renounced everything I hold dear in life and see how I am repaid!"

In the brief, hovering stillness that followed there was not one but looked upon McCloud in pity and upon Murgatroyd with horror and loathing.

"So," said Payton, softly, "you came to Sandy Bar, met Murgatroyd in that private room, heard him read the note from Darrel and was asked to help him commit a murder!"

asked," returned McCloud, hoarsely, "commanded! Perhaps I should have obeyed him but for what happened. Murgatroyd stood at the office window, looking down into the street. He saw Darrel walking slowly in the direction of Hawkbill's. Spinning around, Murgatroyd said to me:

'There is my man now; he is going to Hawkbill's, but he shall never reach there alive. I will spring out into his path suddenly, from between the buildings. When I leave you take that revolver on the desk, McCloud, step to this window and shoot from it in case I need you. Darrel's back will be toward you and it will be an easy shot.

"Then Murgatroyd hurried away. picked up the revolver from the desk and stepped to the window as directed.
I could see Darrel plainly and recognized him as a man I had met earlier in the day at the Half Way house, on the trail from Anaconda.
"While I stood watching a form

lea; od from the buildings and con-fronted Darrel. I could not make out the form distinctly, owing to the shadow of the buildings, but a revolver gleamed in the man's hand. I could not kill Darrel, but the thought struck me that I could kill Murgatroyd and sweep the incarnate devil forever from my path. I sighted the gun carefully and fired. My God, gentlemen! when I found out later that Darrel had been imprisoned, accused of the murder of Sturgis-when I learned that I had slain the wrong man with such terrible consequences to another, the earth slipped away beneath me and I thought I should die! I thought—"

The words trembled on his lips and faded away to silence. With a wild tossing of the arms McCloud stood up. his eyes gazing on a point above Payton's head.

"That's a lie, McCloud, and you know it," came the cutting words of Murgatroyd. He had risen behind the doctor and stood like a statue, his manacled hands stretched toward Mc-Cloud and his burning gaze fixed on his face. "Tell these men that you have spoken a lie! Tell them you are trying to revenge yourself against me and have-

A deep oath and a sudden rush of feet interrupted the speaker: then a brawny fist leaped out like light ing and struck him down.

"It's the act of a coward to strike a man in irons," said Merrick, turning blackly from his work, "but that cur deserved it. There, Darrel-McCloud -quick!"

McCloud, with a feeble moan, pitched forward, but Darrel caught him and eased him to the floor. His form became rigid, his eyes staring, and he was again as Darrel had seen him in Kansas Joe's old hut, just off

#### CHAPTER XX.

DARREL COURTS THE MUSE.

Murgatroyd was taken to jail-not he one in which Darrel had been confined, but another, where escape could not be facilitated by the drifts from Eponay creek—and a man was posted to guard him. Poor McCloud was borne away to a cabin and kept under the constant surveillance of a deputy marshal. Payton, interested professionally, as-

sumed personal charge of McCloud, but nevertheless Merrick thought an officer should be near him.

Darrel would not return to the Grand Central. He told Lenyard that he had McCloud recited Darrel's actions in deceived Mrs. Gorton and Elise by Dosing as McCloud; also that he was not the sort of man such women should know and he would never see them again.

Lenyard fought Darrel's arguments strenuously, but could not shake him. Before they parted, in the early morning hours, Darrel laid a friendly hand

on the young man' shoulder.
"You have fought a good battle for me, Lenyard," said he, "and I could be almost happy if you would go to Elise, talk with her and level the bar-rier that is keeping you apart. She is a prize, my boy, and she loves you— there is no doubt of that. You must tell her of her father's fate, but first let the joy of a reconciliation with you prepare her, in a measure, for the evil news. For years I have been a firm believer in luck, but here there is no luck-it is Providence."

"Where will you go, Darrel?" asked Lenyard, after a short pause. "Any place where I can be quiet and

to myself."

"I board at such a place and will take you there."

The boarding house was kept by a widow, a motherly woman, who was glad to receive Darrel and give him a comfortable room. He slept fitfully for many hours, awake betimes and living over the past. If he could live his life over, guid-

ing himself by his present experience, he would have done differently. But now he was—what he was. Change was impossible. The words of the Mexicana at the

Half Way house came to him continually. "You may be honest, but you can never be honorable." These words brought up the rest

of her enigmatical prophecy and the The fetters of Murgatroyd's devilish "You are to die and after that you influence were things from which I are to live." Had he not died as Dar-

sould not free myself. I did not un- rel and lived as McCloud?

"The second time you live you prove your innocence of a crime by fastening it upon yourself." As McCloud he had fastened the murder of Sturgis upon himself and proven the innocence of

And the queen of hearts who was to link her fate with his! Was that not Elise Avery?

But the Mexicana was wrong. The girl's fate and his had not been linked together and never would be.
As this occurred to him, he also re-

membered how he had curtly cut the fortune-teller short. It is possible she

he was to be—and do.

And then the other was saying: "Beware of three knaves and two red sevens, senor."

"When you hold that hand you never leave the table alive!"
At the Half Way house he had scoffed at the oracular words. Yet here, at Sandy Bar, with a month be-

tween him and the fortune-teller, he did not scoff. He believed. Early in the afternoon he arose, dressed himself with care, had his landlady bring him a light breakfast and then sat at a window, smoking and

His thoughts were tinged with melancholy and took figurative forms. Drawing his chair to a table he put them on paper to the best of his abil-

There was a happy light in the young man's face as he took Darrel's hand. When he had finished and had lighted another eigar and leaned back with contemplative eyes on his work a rap fell on the door. In answer to his request Roy Lenyard entered.

"Bless you, my lad," murmured Dar-el. "You've done it, haven't you?" "I have made my peace with the dearest girl in the world!" exclaimed

'And you will be happy. Elise Avery is a woman to make any man hap-py-especially a man as deserving as

Please do not overrate me.' "I couldn't do that. Sit down."
[To Be Continued.]

## BETTER THAN NONE.

Poor Company, But He Kept the Un-Get Even with Him.

When a now famous actor was a young man he was one day, while driving, asked by a pedestrian how to get to a certain village, relates London

"You go." said the young actor, 'down this road, and then you turn to the left, and afterwards—but I am going in that direction myself, will you get in and let me drive you?"

"Oh, I suppose so," said the stranger.
"Poor company is better than none." He climbed up and took his seat. He was tall and thin, with a very gruff, rude manner.

The actor tried to entertain him and to get him to talk, but he would say little. Once he drew out a well-filled case, selected a cigar, and returned the case to his pocket again. He was insufferable.

The young man whipped up his horse and mile after mile was covered in silence. It was beginning to grow

"How about that road to the left that I was to take?" exclaimed the exclaimed the stranger, suddenly. "Ain't we come to

"Oh, we passed it six miles back," said the other. "Why didn't you tell me?" said the

stranger. "Because I didn't want to lose your society. Poor company, you know, is better than none," said the young man.

#### PRECOCIOUS CHILD.

But When Thirty-Eight She Was Not Quite So Good at Figuring.

The clerk who was registering the pupils in the evening school was obliged to ask each rupil his age, "How old are you?" Le asked of a woman well past middle age, relates the New York Times.
"I'd rather not tell," she answered,

"But every one who attends this evening high school must give his or

her age," insisted the clerk.
"I think it's foolish to have to tell," replied the woman; "besides, I'm not really in need of a high school educa-I graduated from a seminary I just thought I'd come to brush up my learning.'

'How old are you?" said the clerk, "Well, I guess 38 will do," said the woman without blushing.

The clerk was used to such answers, so he wrote down 38 with a question mark after it. "And when did you graduate from this seminary?"

"In 1871," she replied promptly.
"What a precocious child you must have been," said the clerk gently, "to graduate from a seminary when you were only six years old."

#### What Ailed Het Polse.

Little Bessie was recovering from 8 Fittle Bessie was recovering from #
"run of fever," and her appetite had
begun to assert itself. "Can't I have
more than this, mamma?" she asked.
looking at the meager slice of toast
and the "shadow tea" that had been
brought to her bedside. "This isn't
half enough."

'I am afraid to give you more just "Your yet, dear," said her mother. fever is not quite all gone. Your pulse

# Russo-Japanese ..War Specials..

RUSSIANS LOST 1,200 MEN.

Che Foo, June 23.-A well informed Chinaman of Che Foo who has interutterance if he had given her time.

The Mexicana was right. Cards had made him what he was and it was consistent that cards should tell him what arrived here from Port Arthur and of these 50 at the outside were provided with food or had money. The Rus-sians provision the junks leaving the port, allowing each passenger enough bread made of ground corn to last three days. The Chinamen say that all their countrymen and almost all the Russians now in Port Arthur are tiving on this bread, the prices of rice and flour being prohibitive. The Chinamen have not tasted meat since the investment of the port. Junks attempting to take in provisions are seized by the Japanese.

While the Japanese are keeping close watch on Port Arthur, both on land and sea, their advance towards the fortress is not being pushed so vigorously as during the early days of June. Chinese arriving from points on the Liao Tung peninsula say that firing is not heard as frequently. the result of which they do not know,

occurred on June 14, 16 and 20.
St. Petersburg, June 23.—The emperor has received the following dispatch from Vice Admiral Skrydloff dated June 21:

"A division of torpedo boats which was sent out June 15 on an expedition along the coast of Japan returned to Vladivostok to-day. Several trading and transport schooners were cap-

London, June 23 .- A dispatch to the Daily Mail from New Chwang says: While a Russian force of 8,000 under Gen. Kondradovitch was travers-ing Wafungko ravine, nine miles southeast of Kai-Chou, June 19, it was surprised by concealed Japanese ar-tillery. The Russians lost heavily, their casualties being 1,200 in num-

Kai-Chou, June 23 .-- Japanese scouts have appeared two miles from Seu-Chen. The main columns of the enemy are three miles in their rear. Gen. Samsonoff, with the Russian rear guard, is falling back with the Japanese advance.

A number of men missing after the battle of Vafangow have rejoined their regiments. The Russian losses are expected to total 3,500.

Liao Yang, June 23.—The Japanese army base at Siu-Yen is evidently strongly established along a line from Kai-Chau to Yentai.

#### A FIGHT AT PORT ARTHUR.

Chicago, June 24 .- A special to the Daily News from Che Foo says: Reconnoisance in force of the approaches to Port Arthur was made Wednesday by a Japanese flotilla of three destroyers and four torpedo boats. As the flotilla steamed along it was heavily engaged with the forti-fications, but apparently suffered no fications, but apparently suffered no damage, although a signal mast of one of the torpedo boats was knocked out of shape as if struck by a shell. The operation was backed at some distance by two cruisers. Shortly afterward heavy firing began on the land side, lasting until dusk.

#### ANOTHER DEMONSTRATION.

Berlin, June 25 .- Col. Gaedke, the correspondent of the Tageblatt in the far east, telegraphing from the Russian headquarters, says that on June 22 the Japanese occupied Kai Chau, and that a decisive battle of the united armies of Gen. Oku and Gen. Kuroki with the Russian main army is expected shortly.

Chicago, June 25.—A special to the Daily News from Che Foo says:

Another demonstration took off Port Arthur on Thursday. began from the forts about 10 a. m and continued until 1 p. m. The program was about the same as on the previous day. The destroyers and torpedo boats pursued the same tac-tics and an auxiliary cruiser lay off the islands until the firing had ceased, when it proceeded eastward at full speed. At 8:30 the same evening firing began heavily from the bluff, with much activity of the searchlights, indicating the approach of torpedo craft. A little later the sound of more distant firing was heard, evidently from the land side of Port Arthur, continuing until 2:30 Friday morning, with a brief renewal at 5. a. m. During that period there was an almost uninterrupted thunder as of field guns and volley firing punctuated

with crashes of siege guns.
Tien Tsin, June 25.—New entrenchments are being thrown up east of the Liao river. The Chinese have been expelled from their houses, which are expelled from their houses, which are to be used by the Russian troops. A new proclamation has been issued forbidding the exports of foodstuffs north of New Chwang. It is reported that large bodies of troops are eight miles from New Chwang, under command of Gen Kuropatkin mand of Gen. Kuropatkin.

#### A National Bank Suspends Washington, June 22.-The Medina

national bank, of Medina, N. Y., has been closed by direction of the acting comptroller of the currency on the report of an examination made by Examiner Schofield, showing the bank to be insolvent. National Bank Examiner Robert Lyons has been appointed receiver. Earl W. Card is president and Robert W. Clark, cashier. The failure of this bank, the actis still too quick."

"But don't you see, mamma," urged ier. The failure of this bank, the acting comptroller says, is due to excessive loans to the president and cashmakes my pulse so quick?"—Youth's ier, principally to the former, and to speculation by them in stocks.

#### Business Cards.

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12:25 P. M. (Emporium Junction) daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 7:32 p. m.; New York, 10:23 p. m.; Baltimore, 7:30 p. m.; Washington, 8:35, p. m. Vestibuled Parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

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10 30 A. M.—Daily for Eric and week days for Du-Bois and ntermediate stations.

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			NECTIONS. (Week days.)				
SOUTHWARD.			Stations.	NORTHWAR			
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