

THE UNSEEN

In glamorous summer days.
When the wind a soft tune plays,
What is sweeter to the car
Than to hear

The merry sound of laborers a-field Gathering up the harvest yield!

Such music of the Earth
Is blent with peace that fills the heart
Of him who slumbers 'neath the silent
sky,
Or wakes betimes to hear some song of
worth

That draws his soul apart To wonder at Life's mystery.

And often as the song . Of man or bird Is heard,

Is heard,
It genders thoughts that in their passing
bring
A never-ending throng
Of pulses from a world unseen,
That comes as on the wing
And pass; yet he, who will, can glean
Therefrom a mystic Word to feed his
soul



Copyright, 1903, by William Wallace Cook CHAPTER XX.-CONTINUED.

"Elise and her aunt want to come, went on Lenyard, seating himself.

"You have told them about-Stur-"Yes. It was hard, Darrel, to mar

her happiness, but Elise is bearing up nobly. She had expected the worst and that prepared her, in a way." 'Yet you did not tell her the worst?"

"That her father had changed his name and had become a gambler? No. I spared her that.'

'It was best that you did so.' "I told Elise how you helped me, Darnel; told her how I had come out to this country entrusted with money by some eastern friends who reposed faith in my integrity and was to exam-Hine a mine and close a deal for its purchase. She knows that I was false to my trust and lost the money at the gambling table and that you won it back for me. That is why she wants to see you and thank you. We are all leaving to-morrow for Anaconda and the east. Won't jou go with me now to the hotel?"

Darrel shook his head. "Don't urge me, Lenyard. You have repaid me a hundredfold for everything

I did for you. Lenyard leaned forward and laid a friendly hand on Darrel's knee

'What of the future, Darrel?" he asked. "Let us not talk of my future, but of

yours. 'I must speak what is in my mind and I trust you will take no offense You are fitted for better things, Dar rel, and why not try for them?

"In other words you think I should reform?

"So far as card-playing goes, yes."
"No, I will not. My reputation would cling to me. You remember that Old Man of the Sea that fastened himself to Sinbad's neck? That is the sort of a reputation I would have if I tried to reform. I would rather be

"But a man can live down a reputa-

"Some kinds; not one like mine, at once, Why, my lad, I am the author of a brave play in poker. It is known as 'Darrel's discard.' Every blackleg in the west knows of it." He laughed. "The notoriety pleases me, for it takes the play went on. Darrel lost. nerve to discard aces."

Lenyard tried to argue, but Darrel reached for the written sheets that lay and rising. "I shall have to—" beside him on the table.

His words were lost in a sharp re-

"After all," he said, settling back in his chair, the sheets in his hand, "what does it matter? It takes all kinds of and bowed forward. men to make a world and I am not so sure that a gambler has not his uses in the great universal scheme. I have some verses here, Lenyard. They are very poor, but sometimes my thoughts come in rhymes and I jot them down to get them out of my head. I am go-ing to call this doggerel 'N'Importe!' and you shall listen to it, for it reflects my mood to-day."

Then, with the smoking cigar between his slender white fingers and the lieved. The third man came on duty feathery vapor creeping around his handsome face, he read:

handsome face, he read:

A sage I knew once biew and blew
Upon a pipe of clay,
And from that pipe a bubble ripe
And perfect, dropped away.
Then, as I gazed, a rainbow blazed
Across the bubble's face,
And meads were seen, and hills of green,
And life in ev'ry place;
And lot a play, in brave array,
We saw as we stood by;
And on the stage there stood the sage,
And near the sage, stood I.
What work we made, or how we played,
It boots not here to tell,
Yet hopes and fears, and smiles and tears,
That bubble-world befell.
Then, as we wrought, with sudden
thought,
The sage blew'out his breath,
And in a mist, ere one could list,
That bubble died the death.

Then spake the sage: "Man's beritage

Then spake the sage: "Man's heritage Of happiness and woe, Is like the things our fancy brings, For fancies come and go.
Time wears apace, and into space A throbbing ball is hurl'd, And on the ball live motes who call That throbbing ball a world. But countless globes in starry robes Are thrown across the sky. So what is earth, whose feeble girth The earthly magnify?
And what the cares of man's affairs, For better cr for worse?

As man to sphere, our sphere's career
Is to the universe.
For like a dream where things but seem,
Or like a house of glass,
Or like a mist the winds have klss'd,
This bubble-world shall pass!"

Lenvard never forgot that talk with Darrel. When the young man started back to the hotel the gambler shook his hand, bade him remember his promise and said "Good-by." "Oh," returned Lenyard, quickly, "I

shall see you again.'

"Perhaps," said Darrel, with a queer smile. He intended leaving early for Anaconda, much earlier than Lenyard could leave with Mrs. Gorton and Elise. He would post a letter to Lawrence Ormsby, in Anaconda, telling him of his friend McCloud, then he would return to the old life in San Francisco.

Lenyard went away, strangely de-

CHAPTER XXI.

DARREL YIELDS THE GAME TO FATE.

At ten o'clock that night Nate Darrel was in Hawkbill's, playing. Luck

was against him. He was a pleasant loser, however. Again and again he laughed as he bought the little red, white and blue

columns and again and again he laughed as they were taken from him. 'Fate makes or mars us, gentlemen. said he, directly reversing his old philosophy; "we have little voice in the matter. Fortune is a coy goddess and

one never can be sure of her.' At last he picked up a hand of three knaves and two aces. *Following his time-honored custom he discarded the

What he found in his two-card draw drove the blood from his cheeks and held him rigid in his chair. "What are you doing?" asked the next player.

'It's up to you."

Darrel slid the cards together and laid them face down on the table. am asking your forbearance for a few minutes, gentlemen," said he, and then turned calmly to a waiter and asked

for an envelope and a sheet of paper.

They were brought to him and he took a pencil from his pocket and



WORDS WERE LOST IN A SHARP REPORT ACCOMPANIED BY CRASH OF GLASS.

wrote a few words, shielding the writing with his hand from the curious eyes of the others.

Folding the sheet, he placed it inside the envelope, sealed the flap and wrote the address: "Mr. Roy Lenyard, Grand Central hotel."

"Will you deliver this?" he asked, laying a silver dollar on the letter and handing it to the waiter.
"Certainly, sir," said the waiter,
reading the address. "I'll take it over

"The quicker the better," returned

The other players supposed it was a request on some friend for a loan and

"Excuse me, gentlemen," said Darrel, shoving the cards away from him

port, accompanied by a crash of glass. Darrel sank slowly back into his chair

Murgatroyd was showing himself a model prisoner. He was along in the jail and was making the guard no trouble whatever.

He had been incarcerated in the early morning hours and Merrick proposed holding him in Sandy Bar until the Anaconda stage made its next trip, which would be on the following day.

The single guard had been twice reat ten o'clock.

Five minutes after he had posted himself in front of the building Cliff

"Did ye bring it?" the guard asked, hoarsely. "Give me the key," said Cliff,

sharply.

"Money first!" "Is your horse ready?"

"If ye've got the stuff I'll be away in three minutes." "Five thousand," said Cliff, peering

hastily about him into the gathering shadows and shoving something into the guard's hand. "Now, the key."
"Wait!" The guard stepped to
where a light was shining through one

of the barred windows and thumbed the bills with trembling fingers. "All right," he said, coming back. "Here's away."—N. Y. Times.

Like a wraith he faded into the

troyd, starting up from beside a

and here's a revolver and you'll find a horse waiting in the creek bottom, directly north of here. Hustle, now. The coast is clear, but there's no telling when Merrick will show up."

Murgatroyd started for the door. "Where's Darrel?" he asked, sud-

"He's over at Hawkbill's. But never mind Darrel; you've got yourself to think about. Clear out, old man. That's your cue. I've done all I can

Murgatroyd opened the door and stepped out of the jail a free man.
Passing around the building he started north, toward the Eponay. But, when in the deep shadow and out of Cliff's sight, he turned east and approached Hawkbill's from the rear.

Gliding from one uncurtained window to another along the side of the structure, he finally came to a halt and drew his revolver.

The marshal was passing along the street toward the jail and heard the report, the crash of glass and the cries of alarm from those in the gambling den. Whirling about he saw a figure plunging rapidly away into the night. "Halt!" he cried, giving pursuit and

jerking a weapon from his belt as he ran; "halt, or I'll shoot!" The form was merely a blot of shadow in the night and Merrick could

see it still moving away from him. Another instant and the marshal had paused, crooked his arm before his face, laid the barrel across it and

pulled the trigger. The moving blot sank downward, seemingly into the earth.

As Roy Lenyard stood at the door of the Grand Central hotel a man approached him and handed him a letter "From Mr. Darrel," he said.

Drawing back into the lighted office, the young man opened the envelope. drew out the inclosed sheet, unfolded it and read:

it and read:

Dear Lenyard: I have drawn two
sevens. This gives me a hand of knaves
and red sevens and I shall not leave
the table alive. Please send a letter to
Mr. Lawrence Ormsby, Anaconda, stating
that McCloud is here, in Sandy Bar.
Ormsby is McCloud's friend and will look
after him.

DARREL.

Before he had finished reading ounds of shooting came from down the street and people began running in the direction of Hawkbill's.

Lenyard, without pausing a second. ran out and hurried with them.

[THE END.]

REAL HORSE SENSE.

Tale of a Cossack Horse That Understood His Master's Peculiarities.

My maternal over grandfathers, Van der Meerschaut, had a little Cossack horse captured from the Russian invaders in 1814, relates a writer in Forest and Stream. The old gentleman was lame in one leg as the result of a hunting accident, but withal a good horseman when once in the saddle. When out on his trips in the country on business and coming home at night he would frequently fall asleep in his commodious Cossack saddle. The horse would make a beeline for home, at an easy but swift pace. Arriving there it would rap at the front door with its foot until the watchman would open the porch and take the old gentleman out of the saddle. My grandmother told me this happened almost every week. Horse and master under-stood each other. Not being able to walk very well, he would hunt from horseback, the horse following the setters and coming to a standstill when one of them was on a point, the old gentleman guiding him entirely by pressure of the knees and voice, and having both hands free for his fowling piece. The horse died of old age on the place, as most of our servants. Peace to his ashes.

A Neat Retort.

Dean Farrar, soon after he went to St. Margaret's, Westminster, was din-ing at Prof. Jowett's, and towards dessert took up the parable against Dives. His voice rose higher and higher, he spread silence around him and he was heard thundering out: "What I complain of as a clergyman is that I have to do what no layman has to do have to beg and beg in vain. Fashionable ladies come to my church glittering with precious gems, and yet they will not sacrifice one diamond from their grand tiaras in order to save some erring sister from destruction."
When he finished the silence grew All the hearers looked gloomily at their plates. Then Jowett, who had been looking as though he meant mischief, squeaked out: "What I object to as a clergyman is that I have to exaggerate so!"—St. James' Gazette.

Wanted to Read the Sign.

Skating weather brings with it memories of the old farmer in Maine who still clung to the invigorating pastime. He used to be the first one in his village to put on skates and was anxious always to see ice formed on the surface of the pond. One day he visited a pond to which he had not gone in some time, and was surprised to see a pole sticking through the ice with a board nailed on it, and some thing looking like painting on the board. "It says something on that ere board," said Mr. Farmer. "Just my luck, that my sight's poor and I ain't got my glasses. Howsomever, it's only a pleasant little skate to the post." Later they had to fish him out

At It Again.

Cliff unlocked the door and stepped naide.
"Is it all right, Cliff?" asked Murga"Is door and stepped fact that my family came over in the Mayflower."
"Indeed!" rejoined Miss Youngbud.

"but then I suppose you were too young at the time to remember much about "Right as a trivet. Here's money the trip."-Cincinnati Enquirer.

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