

Dice of Destiny

By JACKSON GREGORY

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"WHO THE DEVIL ARE YOU?"

Synopsis—Don Antonio de la Guerra, a fine old Spaniard living on his ancestral estate on the American side of the Mexican border, is informed by his American lawyer, Despatch, that there is a technical error in his will. Thereupon signs a new will, without reading it. While this is going on, his adorable granddaughter and heiress, Senorita Teresa, is out on her rose-covered balcony, listening to American low-making from Billy Stanway's room. Pedro, the Rock ranch, Teresa goes to join her grandfather and finds him gone, with the drawing room in disorder and blood on the floor. The American takes command of the situation.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

"Twenty-five," replied Gaucho promptly.

"Good," cried Stanway. "Take twenty men with you; search the other five to the house. Pronto, Gaucho. Gaucho turned and ran, calling to his vaqueros as he went.

"Pedro," called Stanway to the chief of the house servants.

"Agui, senor."

"Have the doors and windows shut. The shutters closed. When Gaucho sends the five men, put one of them upon the senorita's balcony, the others at the windows, especially the south windows. Pedro. Then put out the candles and be silent, all of you.

"No one goes to bed again tonight. Each one, man and woman, and a gun of some sort. I do not think that there is danger, but remember that the border is just there, remember that they have taken the good sense from you, remember that we are leaving the senorita in your protection."

He spoke swiftly and turned to follow Gaucho out into the dark. Teresa, who had been watching him in silence, came to him and put her hand upon his arm.

"Senor Billy," she whispered. "You are going with Gaucho and the rest?"

"Yes," he answered shortly. "You are safe here; they do not dare open an attack in United States territory. And no doubt we shall be back before morning."

"What have they done with him?" she was asking, trying to speak steadily.

"What do you think—did they—"

She broke off. He could see her lips trembling. One of the Indian women, through habit beginning to tidy the room, moved the rug Stanway had placed by the table, discovered the stain, went down on her hands and knees, and then rose with a shriek.

"Sargre!" she cried. "Jesus Maria! 'Sta muerto! He is dead. They have killed him. The beloved senor, who was so good—"

Stanway strode back to her, taking her by the shoulders and commanding her to stop her noise and go help Pedro lock the doors and windows. "You are safe here," he said, and all heard. She stood very still then, looking tall and slender and white.

"Go to the doors and windows as the American senor commands," she said excitedly. "I have no light to show that anyone is awake. Do whatever Pedro tells you to do, in swift and silence. I shall come to see what you are doing in a moment now. Go."

They left as she commanded, in swiftness and silence. The door closed behind them, and Teresa turned her great eyes, full of dread and suffering, upon Stanway.

"You saw it before?"

He nodded.

"You think that they have—killed him?"

"No," he cried, more assurance in his voice than in his heart. "It means nothing if there is a little blood after men have struggled as they have fought here. And if they killed him, then why carry the body with them? He is alive; he must be."

"Yes," she answered. "I should feel that. Her hands were pressed tight upon her breast. 'Now go with them, Senor Billy. You are good to us.'"

"Good to myself," he laughed back at her, trying to speak easily.

Stanway passed out into the patio, running toward the corner where he had left his own horse saddled under a live oak. As he ran, he heard the girl's voice calling to him:

"Remember, Senor Billy, that you are riding across the border tonight into Mexican territory. There is danger there. And—well, perhaps there is one who will pray for your speedy and safe return."

He saw the flutter of her gown through the misty moonlight, swept by his last called back a cheer, and ran on.

He saw a group of men mounted on mules, now at the corral, and knew Gaucho and his vaqueros were ready. He could see the glint of the moonlight upon the rifles in their lean brown hands.

He found his own horse, a tall, restive sorrel, swung into the saddle, called sharply to Gaucho, and then realized suddenly that something was

keeping the men at the corral gate, that their voices were raised excitedly. Giving his mount the spur he dashed down to them.

"Que est?" he called, half angry at the momentary delay. "What is it, Gaucho?"

"'Til answer for Gaucho," came a deep, sonorous voice, unmistakably southern in accent. "It is I, Senor."

"And you," snapped Stanway. "Who the devil are you?"

"One who is not accustomed to being addressed as 'he' were a mestizo," with a certain haughtiness which rode well upon the deep music of the voice. "Senor Don Eduardo Ramon Torre, at your service, senor."

"Oh, he!" grunted the American under his breath. And then, riding into the heart of the excited group, reining in his sorrel close to a deep-chested black animal, its hide glistening with sweat, he said shortly: "Well, Torre, what is it? We are in something of a hurry."

Torre laughed.

"We? So you are one of us, senor? Bueno. It is a pleasure to know."

"He has met up with the riders, Senor Stanway," Gaucho started. "He was riding this way from across the river. He is wounded, see?"

Stanway saw that there was blood upon the young Spaniard's cheek, that there was a long cut which might have been made by a grazing bullet.

"Small reason we should loiter here," he said quickly. "What way did they go, Torre?"

"South," naturally, senor," replied Torre evenly.

"Gaucho!" cried Stanway then. "Scatter your men out as we ride so that we make a line a mile long when we come to the hills just across the river. Let them keep a sharp lookout, and fire if they see the rebels. We must not get too far apart, or we shall not be able to do anything. How many of them were there, Torre?"

"I forgot to count, senor. I should say fifty, perhaps."

"We are twenty. That is enough. You are not coming with us?"

"I think not. Why, with so competent a leader as you, should I come along? No, I think," and he turned his horse toward the white walls of

Torre's house.

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Shortly before midnight they had come upon three men, rugged, ugly-looking Mexicans, sleeping about a camp fire which was fast dying. The men knew nothing or professed at ignorance, Stanway could not tell what they were.

After that nothing, although they had pushed many miles into the Mexican country until they realized the utter uselessness of riding farther.

"We may as well go back, Gaucho," Stanway said at last. "They will wait ransom, I suppose. When they speak we'll know what to do."

And reluctantly, his face black with the wrath upon him, Gaucho Morales called to his men to turn back.

The sunset lay bright and warm upon the oranges and their blossoms when they rode back to the rancho, Stanway threw himself from the saddle, a bit stiff from long hours of hard riding.

Then, walking slowly now, loath to greet Teresa de la Guerra with news of their failure, he came into the patio. She was there waiting for him.

"Nothing," he blurted out. "We have found nothing."

"I don't know how," he returned. "I have done nothing. You have not been molested here?"

She hesitated. He saw a quick frown gather her brows. Then, speaking lightly, she replied, saying:

"No. But come; you must be hungry and tired out. Coffee is ready."

He went with her to the broad-open doors.

"There is here?" he asked, his eyes intent upon her face.

The frown came again, and was gone quickly. But he had seen it. "He is here, yes. Asleep, I think. He was wounded. You know?"

"He is not badly hurt?"

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Cleaning Suits at Home.

Summer suits made of Palm Beach cloth, which is of strong, plain weaves in cotton that by that name are cool and serviceable and they are very popular. But they require frequent cleaning, and cleaning done by professionals has become expensive. The Palm Beach suit is apt to prove a costly luxury unless it can be cleaned at home. The process which follows is about the same as that used by professionals, except that they have special facilities for pressing. But if one has a sleeve board the pressing ought not to present any very great difficulty.

Before washing, garments should be run in gasoline to remove grease or oily matter of any kind, allowing them to remain for five minutes. For washing, make a suds of lukewarm water and a good neutral soap. Wash in this suds for about fifteen minutes and rinse three times thoroughly.

After washing the suits should be carefully examined for remaining stains, such as grease, paint, varnish and stains from automobile seats. Stains of this nature should be scrubbed with a brush and a good quality of soap. A few drops of carbolic tetrachloride should be dropped on the stain and worked into the soap.

Fruit stains should be treated with a warm perborate of sodium solution, using one ounce of perborate to a pint of warm water. The spot is immersed in this solution from five to fifteen minutes. Ink stains should be treated with a weak solution of household acid (ten drops of a pint of cold water), then placed in a warm

solution of perborate of sodium until the spot has turned pale brown. Then touch with a crystal of oxalic acid, and rinse. Dye stains are often found on this class of goods, such as red from plush-covered seats on railway trains. This stain yields a perborate of sodium treatment.

After the garments have been rinsed they should be only partially dried before they are pressed. Iron with moderately hot iron on the wrong side and use hangers for both coats and skirts when they are put away.

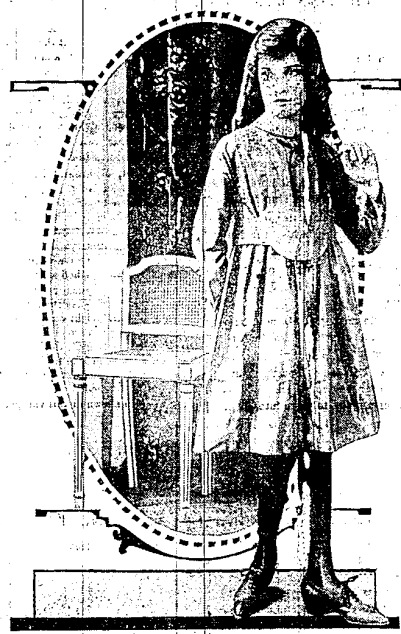
Vails Return With Small Hate.

The veil is very much in demand for wear with the small hat or the toque, particularly a large square style with a silk hexagonal mesh in black, maroon, beige, or blue, and a border more or less lavishly embroidered in chain stitching. One of these veils has a hexagonal mesh, bordered with a row of large embroidered tassels, and is a square meshed foundation in a flat pattern, surrounded by a large Greek border embroidered in silk.

Pretty and Practical Hat.

A practical black hat which may be worn with white summer frocks or with dark costume has a brim of shirred black tulle and a French blue plaid ribbon is tied around the crown and made into a small bow across the back. Blue and rose-colored flowers and sheaves of maize-colored grain give color to the hat.

SILK FROCK FOR A JUNIOR MISS



There is no haphazard designing of clothes for girls and misses these days. Styles for the several stages of childhood, from six to twenty years, are definite. These are the school years, and designers that give all their care and attention to the needs of the young are not to be despised.

That is correct for all her activities and occasions. The average busy mother cannot better than to buy ready-made clothes for her daughters. They will not suffer by comparison with school or college (where they must be outfitted for study and for athletic and social activities) with any of their classmates.

"Silk," she said, "I had thought of that. I looked last night carefully after you had gone."

"Nothing that I could understand," she answered quietly. "Something I could not."

He looked up at her quickly, his eyes full of question.

"This," she answered, not waiting for him to speak.

She placed a folded paper before him. He glanced at it, frowned, looked again, and turned once more to her.

"It is his will. Dated last night. But my him he made a new one."

"Read it," as quietly as before, though her eyes were brightening with some surge of emotion he could not guess.

Stanway to Torre: "You can't get away with a thing like this. Explain it!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

What is a Mutualist?

"Mutualist" is a Hindu word meaning "the provincial or rural districts" as opposed to the towns. The Ganges flows in India at its mouth, forming an extensive tract of very rich soil. The whole phrase refers to those rich, fertile districts near the towns and villages, and their soil is so rich that great quantities of rice are grown.

IMPROVED UNION INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. F. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

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LESSON FOR SEPTEMBER 14

THE JUDGMENT OF THE NATIONS.

LESSON TEXT—Matt. 25:31-46.

QUESTION TEXT—For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ.

—II Cor. 5:10.

The subject selected by this lesson committee is "The Future Life," but at best such a statement would be the use of the term in an approximate sense. According to legitimate textual and contextual significance it is the judgment of the living nations, which lies still in the future (v. 32). The idea of a general judgment which is of such frequent occurrence in religious literature and teaching is a fundamental error. It is not once found in the Bible; neither the idea which it is intended to convey. Doctor Pentecost most distinctly says, "It is a mischievous habit that has led the Christian world to speak of the judgment as being one great event taking place at the end of the world, when all human beings, saints, sinners, Jews and Gentiles, the living and the dead, shall stand up before the great white throne and there be judged. Nothing can be more wide of the scriptures. The Bible speaks of different judgments, different in respect to the subjects to be judged, the place of judgment, the time of judgment and the result of the judgment. This is not the judgment seat forth in Revelation 20:11-14, but precedes that one at least one thousand years."

I. The Judge (v. 31).

It is the Son of Man, the one who came and died to redeem the human race, and who now being clothed with majesty and power will act as Judge. Those who accept him now shall not come into the judgment (John 5:24).

II. The Time (v. 31).

This will be when the Lord comes in his glory, accompanied by a retinue of glorious angels. This will take place after he has gathered the elect remnant of Israel. There will be no resurrection in connection with this judgment.

III. The Place (v. 31).

It will be on his glorious throne. This throne will be most surely in the land of Israel. The Prophecy of Joel, third chapter, and Zechariah 14:5, make it to be in or near Jerusalem. The angel said to Mary, "Whom shall I call his name Jesus; he shall be great and shall be called the son of the highest; and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David; and he shall reign over the house of Jacob forever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end." (Luke 1:31-33). Just as there was a literal place and a literal king there shall be a literal throne.

IV. The People Judged (vv. 32-45).

These will be the living nations upon the earth after the church has been translated (I Thess. 4:16, 17). These are the nations to whom the gospel of the kingdom shall be preached, just prior to the coming of the end. "And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come" (Matt. 24:14). This gospel is distinguished from the gospel of the grace of God which is now being preached. The preachers of this gospel will be Jews (Rev. 7 and Rom. 11). These are the brethren in the flesh of the Lord, they that were among the nations of the world with the startling message of the news of the Lord's approaching kingdom. Some of the nations will gladly receive the message and most kindly receive the king's messengers, giving them clothing, food, shelter, etc. Others will persecute them, thrusting them into prison, etc. Here the former will visit them messengers of the king and provide for their wants. At this time the judge will separate the nations, placing the sheep on the right and the goats on the left. The "sheep" are those who have given proper treatment to Christ's brethren. The goats are those who rejected and ill-treated his brethren. If these three classes, the "sheep," "goats," "brethren," be kept separate all confusion will be avoided.

V. The Issues of the Judgment (v. 46, cf. 34:41).

1. The sheep enter upon the inheritance of a prepared kingdom (v. 34).

2. The goats go into an everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels (v. 46). This judgment shall determine their destiny.

The Secret of Comfort.

The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us, and in prudently cultivating our undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.—Sharp.

Love Thy Neighbors.

I would treat out of my own heart if it had no better disposition than to love only myself and laugh at all my neighbors.—Pope.

Live by the Day.

The secret of a sweet and Christian life is learning to live by the day. It is the long stretches that tire us.

A Hope Begun.

Immortality does not consist of an argument completed, but in a hope begun.—Newell Dwight Hillis.

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