

**Satan Sanderson**  
By **HALLIE ERMINE RIVES**,  
Author of "Hearts Courageous," Etc.  
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**Chapter 7**

**H**ARRY SANDERSON as he walked slowly back from a long ramble in knickerbockers and Norfolk jacket over the hills was not thinking of the sights and sounds of the pleasant evening. He had tramped miles since sundown and had returned as he set out, gloomy, unrequited, a follower of baffled quest.

Set back from the street in a wide estate of trees and shrubbery stood a great white porch. Not a light twinkled from it for nearly a year. The little city had wondered at first, then by degrees had grown indifferent. The secret of that prolonged honeymoon Harry Sanderson and the bishop alone could have told, for the bishop knew of Hugh's criminal act. He was named executor of the will that lay in the Korean chest, and him David Stires had written the truth. His heart had gone out with pity for Jessica, and understanding. The secret he locked in his own breast, as did Harry Sanderson, each thinking the other ignorant of it.

Since that wedding day no shred of news had come to either. Harry had wished for none. To think of Jessica was a recurrent pang, and yet the very combination of the safe in his study he had formed of the letters of her name! In each memory of her he felt the fresh assault of a new and tireless foe—the love which he must deny.

Outcast and criminal as Hugh was, castaway, who had stolen a bank's money and a woman's love, he was still her husband. Hugh's wife! What could she be to him? And this fevered conflict shot through with yet another pang, for the waking smart of compunction which had risen at Jessica's bitter cry, "You helped to make him what he has become!" would not down. That cry had shown him in one clarifying instant the follies and delinquencies of his early career reduplicated as through the facets of a crystal, and in the polarized light of conscience Hugh—loafer, gambler and thief—stood as the type and sign of an enduring accusation.

But if the recollection of that wedding day and its aftermath stalked always with him—if that kiss had seemed to cling again and again to his lips as he sat in the quiet of his study—no one guessed. He seldom played his violin now, but he had shown no outward sign. As time went on he had become no less brilliant, though more inscrutable; not less popular, save perhaps to the parish heresy hunter, for whom he had never cared a straw. But beneath the surface a great change had come to Harry Sanderson.

Tonight as he wended his way past the house in the aspens, through the clatter and commotion of the evening, there was a kind of glaze over his whole face—a shell of melancholy.

Tomorrow began Harry's summer vacation, and he had planned a month's pedestrian outing through the wide ranch valleys and the farther ranges, and this should set him up again.

Now, however, as he walked along he was bitterly absorbed in thoughts other than his own needs. He passed more than one acquaintance with a stare of nonrecognition. One of these was the bishop, who turned an instant to look after him. The bishop had seen that look frequently of late and had wondered if it betokened physical illness or mental quiet. More than once he had remembered, with a sigh, the old whisper of Harry Sanderson's early wildness. But he knew youth and its lapses, and he liked and respected him. Only two days before, on the second anniversary of Harry's ordination, he had given him for his silken watch guard a little gold cross engraved with his name and containing the date.

At a crossing the sight of a knot of people on the opposite side of the street awoke Harry from his abstraction. They had gathered around a peripatetic street preacher, who was holding forth in a shrill voice. Beside him on a short pole hung a dripping gasoline flare, and the hissing flame lit his bare head, his thin features, his long hair and his bony hands moving in vehement gestures. A small melodeon on four wheels stood beside him, and on its front was painted in glaring white letters:

**HALLELUJAH JONES.**  
Suffer me that I may speak, and after that I have spoken mock on.—Job xxi, 2.

From over the way Harry gazed at the tall, stooping figure pitilessly betrayed by the thin alpaca coat, at the ascetic face burned a brick red from

ing eyes, the impassioned earnestness. He paused at the curb and listened curiously, for Hallelujah Jones with his evangelism mingled a spice of the zeal of the socialist. In his thinking the rich and the wicked were mingled inextricably in the great chastisement. He was preaching now from his favorite text: "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion!"

Harry smiled grimly. He had always been "at ease in Zion." He wore sumptuous clothes. The ruby in his ring would bring what this plodding exhorter would call a fortune. At this moment Hede, his dapper Finn chauffeur, was polishing the motor car for him to take his cool evening spin. That very afternoon he had put into the little safe in the chapel study \$2,000 in gold which he had drawn, a part for his charities and quarterly payments and a part to take with him for the exigencies of his trip. The street evangelist over these preaching paradises and perdition to the grinding yoke often needed a square meal and was lucky if he always knew where he would sleep.

The thread of his thought broke. The bareheaded figure had ended his harangue. The eternal fires were banked for a time, while, seated on a camp stool at his melodeon, he proceeded to transport his audience to the heavenly meads of the New Jerusalem.

Two, three verses of an old-fashioned hymn he sang, and after each verse more of the bystanders, some in real earnestness, some in impious hilarity, shouted in the chorus:

"Palms of victory!  
Crowns of glory!  
Palms of victory I shall wear!"

Harry walked on in a brown study, the refrain ringing through his brain. At the chapel gate lounged his chauffeur awaiting orders.

"Bring the car round, Hede," said Harry, "and I shan't need you after that tonight. I'll drive her myself. You can meet me at the garage."

The study was pitch dark, and Rummy halted on the threshold with a low, ominous growl as Harry fumbled for the electric switch. As he found and pressed it and the place flooded with light, he saw a figure there, the figure of a man who had been sitting alone, beside the empty hearth, who rose, shrinking back from the sudden brilliancy.

It was Hugh Stires.

**Chapter 8**

**H**ARRY SANDERSON stared at the apparition with a strange feeling, like rising from the dead. The aristocratic features were ravaged like a nicked blade. Dissipation, exposure, shame and unbridled passion had each set its separate seal upon the handsome countenance. Hugh's clothes were shabby genteel and the old sinking grace of wearing them was gone. A thin beard covered his chin, and his shifty look, as he turned it first on Harry and then nervously over his shoulder, had in it a hunted dread, a dogging terror, constant and indefinable. From bad to worse had been a swift descent for Hugh Stires.

The wave of feeling ebbed. Harry drew the window curtains, swung a shade before the light and motioned to the chair.

"Sit down," he said.

Hugh looked his old friend in the face a moment; then his unsteady glance fell to the white carnation in his lapel as he said, "I suppose you wonder why I have come here."

Harry did not answer the implied question. His scrutiny was deliberate, critical and inquiring. "What have you been doing the last year?" he asked.

"A little of everything," replied Hugh. "I ran a bucket shop with Moreau in Sacramento for awhile. Then I went over in the mining country. I took up a claim at Smoky Mountain. That's worth something or may be some-time."

"Why did you leave it?" Hugh touched his parched lips with his tongue. Again that nervous, sidelong look, that fearful glance over his shoulder.

"I had no money to work it. I had to live. Besides, I'm tired of the whole thing."

The backward glance, the look of dread, were tangible tokens. Harry translated them.

"You are not telling the truth," he said shortly. "What have you done?"

Hugh flinched, but he made sullen answer: "Nothing. What should I have done?"

"That is what I am now inquiring of myself," said Harry. "Your face is a book for any one to read. I see things written on it, Hugh—things that tell a story of wrongdoing. You are afraid."

Hugh shivered under the regard. Did his face really tell so much?

"I don't care to be seen in town," he said. "You wouldn't either, probably

under the circumstances." His gaze dropped to his frayed coat sleeve. In his craven fear of something that he dared not name even to himself and in his wretched need he remembered a night once before when he had slithered into town drunken and soiled to a luxurious room, a refreshing bath, clean linen and a welcome.

"You're the only one in the world I dared come to," he said miserably. "I've walked ten miles today, for I haven't a red cent in my pocket, not even decent clothes," he ended.

"That can be partly remedied," said Harry after a pause. He took a dark coat from his hook and tossed it to him. "Put that on," he said. "You needn't return it."

Hugh caught the garment. In an other moment he had exchanged it for the one he wore and was emptying the old coat's pockets.

"Don't sneeze!" said Harry with sudden contempt. "Don't you suppose I know a deck of cards when I see it?"

The thin scar on Hugh's brow reddened. He thrust into his pocket the pasteboards he had made an instinctive move to conceal and buttoned the coat around him. It fitted sufficiently.

"Look here, Harry," he began, "you were a good fellow in the old days. I'm sorry I never paid you the money I borrowed. I would have but for what happened. But you won't go back on me now, will you? I want to get out of the country and begin over again somewhere. Will you loan me the money to do it?"

Hugh was eager and voluble now. The man to whom he appealed was his forlorn hope. He had come with no intention of throwing himself upon his father's mercy. He had wished to see anybody in the world but him.

"If you will, I'll never forget it. Harry!" he cried. "Never, the longest day I live! I'll use every dollar of it just as I say! I will, on my honor!"

"Honor!" he said. "Have you enough to swear by? You are what you are because you are a bad egg. You were born a gentleman, but you choose to be a rogue. Do you know the meaning of the word honor or right or justice? Have you a single purpose of mind which isn't crooked?"

"You're just like the rest, then," Hugh retorted. "Just because I did that one thing you'll give me no more chance. Yet the best thing I did with that money was to save myself. I paid every debt of honor I had. That's why I'm in the hole now. But I get no credit for it, even from you. I wish you could put yourself in my place."

Harry had been looking steadily at the sallow face with its hoof print of the satyr, not seeing it, but hearing his own voice say to Jessica: "I was my brother's keeper. I see it now." And out of the distance, it seemed, his voice answered:

"Put myself in your place! I wish I could! I wish to God I could!"

The exclamation was involuntary, automatic, the cumulative expression of every thrope of conscience Harry had endured since then, the voice of that remorse that had cried insistently for reparation, dinning in his ears the fateful question that God asked of Cain. Suddenly a whirl of rage seized him, unmeasured, savage, malleous. He had despised Hugh, now he hated him—hated him because he was Jessica's husband and, more than all, because he was the symbol of his own self-abasement. A daredevil side of the old Satan Sanderson that he had claimed and barred rose up and took him by the throat. He struck the oak wainscoting with his fist, feeling a red mist grow before his eyes.

"So you paid every 'debt of honor' you had, eh? You acknowledge a gamester's honor, but not the obligation of right action between man and man! Very well. Give me that pack of cards. You want money—here it is!"

He swiftly turned the clicking combination of the safe, wrenched open the door and took out two heavy canvas bags. He snapped the cord from the neck of one of these, and a ringing stream of double eagles swept jingling on the table. He dipped his hand in the yellow pile. A thought mad as the hoofs of runaway horses was careening through his brain. He felt an odd lightness of mind, a tense tingling of every nerve and muscle.

"Here is two thousand dollars—yours if you will—it for you shall play for it, you gambler, who pays his debts of 'honor' and no other! You shall play fair and straight, if you never play again!"

Hugh gazed at Harry in a startled way. This was not the ministerial Harry Sanderson he had known—this figure with the white, infuriate face, the sparkling eyes and the strange, veiled look. This reminded him of the reckless spirit of his college days, that he had patterned after and had stood in awe of.

"How can I play," he said, "when you know very well I haven't a sou' mark?"

Harry stuffed the gold back into the bag. He snatched the cards from Hugh's hand and a box of waxen envelope wafers from his desk. There was a strange light in his eye, a tremor in his fingers.

"It is I who play with money!" he said. "My gold against your counters! Each of those hundred red disks represents a day of your life—a day, do you understand—a red day of your sin! A day of yours against a double eagle! What you win you keep. But for every counter I win you shall pay me one straight, white day, a clean day, lived for decency and for the right!"

Hugh's eyes were fastened on the gold in Harry's fingers. Two thousand dollars! If luck came his way he could go far on that—far enough to escape the nameless terror that pursued him in every shadow. Money against red wafers? Why, it was plenty if he won, and if he lost he had staked nothing

**Chapter 9**

**H**ALLELUJAH JONES had finished his labor for the night. The crowd had grown restive and finally melted away, and his audience gone, he folded the camp stool, turned off the gasoline flare, shut down the lid of his melodeon and trundled it up the street.

As he pushed up the street he came to a great motor car standing at the curb under the maples. There was no one in it, but somewhere in its interior a muffled whirring throbb beat evenly like a double metallic heart. He stopped and regarded it inquisitively. A rich man's property, to be sure!

He looked up. It was at the gate of the chapel. No doubt it belonged to the fashionable rector who had been pointed out to him on the street the day before. He remembered the young, handsome face, the stylish broadcloth. Yet it was a beautiful edifice that wealth had built there for Christ. He saw dimly the stone angel standing in the porch and, leaving his melodeon on the pavement, entered the gate to examine it.

He noticed now a dim flicker that lit one corner of the great rose window. Moving softly over the cropped grass, he approached, tilted one of the hinged panels and peered in. Two men were there, behind the altar railing, seated at the communion table.

Hallelujah Jones started back. There on the table was a bag of coin, cards and counters. They were playing—he heard the fall of the cards on the hardwood, saw the gleam of a gold piece, the smear of melted wax marring the polished oak. The reddish glow of the candle was reflected on the players' faces. They were gambling! At God's holy altar and on Christ's table! Who would dare such a profanation?

He craned his neck. Suddenly he gave a smothered cry. The player facing him he recognized—it was the rector himself! He bent forward, gazing with a tense and horrified curiosity.

Five times, ten times, the cards had changed hands, and with every deal Harry lost. The gold disks had slipped steadily across the table. But he had seemed to be looking beyond the ebb and flow of the jettons and the pale face opposite him that glowed over its yellow pile. Though that pile

grew larger and larger, Harry's face had never changed. Hugh's was the shaking hand when he discarded the convulsed features when he scanned his draw, the desperate anxiety when for a moment fortune seemed to waiver. He had never in his life had such luck! He swept his winnings into his pockets with a discordant laugh as he noted that of the contents of the opened bag Harry had but one double eagle remaining.

Harry paused an instant. He snapped the little gold cross he wore from its silken tether and set it upright by him on the table.

His hand won, and the next, and the next. Hugh hoarded his gold; he staked the red wafers—each one a day! He had won almost a thousand dollars; but the second bag had not yet been opened, and the vampire intoxication was running molten hot in his veins. The untouched bag drew him as the magnet mountain drew the adventurous Sladbad—he could have snatched it in his eagerness.

But the luck had changed. His red counters diminished, melted. He would soon have to draw on his real winnings. Cold beads of sweat broke on his forehead.

Neither saw the face pressed against the aperture. Neither guessed the wild and terrible thoughts that were raging through the mind of the solitary watcher as he peered and peered.

Scarce knowing what he did, he closed the panel softly and ran across the chapel lawn. On the pavement outside he met a man approaching. It was the bishop. The excited evangelist did not know the man, but his eye caught the ministerial dress, the plain, sturdy piety of the face. In his zeal he saw an instrument to his hand. He grasped the bishop's arm.

"Quick! Quick!" he gasped. "There's devil work going on there! Come and see!" He fairly pulled him inside the gate.

The puzzled bishop saw the intense excitement of the other's demeanor. He saw the faint glow in the corner of the rose window. Were there thieves after the altar plate?

He shook off the eager hand that was drawing him toward the window. "Not there. Come this way," he said and hurried toward the porch. He had a key to this in his pocket. He inserted it with caution, opened the door noiselessly and went in, the street preacher at his heels.

What the bishop saw was photographed instantaneously on his mind in fiery, indelible colors. It ate into his soul like hot iron into quivering flesh, searing itself upon his memory. The evangelist of the pave had been horrified, shocked to word and action; the bishop was frozen, inarticulate, impaled. For any evil in Hugh Stires he was prepared—since the forger. But Hugh's companion now was the man whom he himself had ordained and anointed by the laying on of hands with the chrism of his holy ministry. An irrepressible exclamation burst from his lips.

With the sound both men at the table started to their feet. Hugh, with a single glance behind him, uttering a wild laugh, leaped the railing, dashed through the study and vanished into the night. Harry, as though suddenly turned to stone, stood staring at the accusatory figure, with the eager form of the evangelist behind it.

To the bishop it seemed the attitude of guilt detected.

What was Harry Sanderson thinking as under that speechless regard he

mechani cally gathered the scattered cards and lifted the little cross and the unopened bag of double eagles from the table? Where was the odd excitement, the strange exaltation, that had possessed him? The spindles in his brain had stilled, and an algid calm had succeeded as abrupt as the quiet, deadly assurance with which his mind now saw the pit into which his own feet had led him.

He blew out the candle, replaced it carefully in its altar bracket, made shift to wipe the wax from the table and slowly, half blindly and without a word, went into the study.

The bishop came forward, drew the key from the inside of the study door, closed it and locked it from the chapel side. Harry did not turn, but he was actually conscious of every sound. He heard the door shut sharply, the harsh grate of the key in the lock, and the sound came to him like the last sentence—the realization of a soul on whom the gate of the good closes forever.

In the dark silence of the chapel Hallelujah Jones smote his thin hands together approvingly as he followed the bishop to the outer door. There the older man laid his hand on his shoulder.

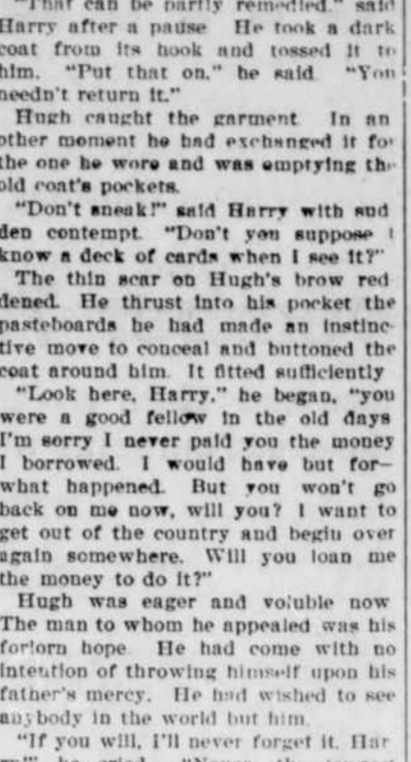
"Let him that thinketh he standeth," he said, "take heed lest he fall! Let not this knowledge be spread abroad that it make the unrighteous to blaspheme. When you pray for your own soul tonight pray for the

What a fool Harry was! Harry saw the shrewd, calculating look that came to his eyes. He caught his wrist.

"Not here!" he said hoarsely. He flung open the chapel door and pushed him aside. He seized one of the altar candles, lit it with a match and stuck it upright in its own wax on the small communion table that stood just inside the altar rail, with the cards, the red wafers and the bags of coin. He dragged two chairs forward.

"Now," he said in a strained voice, "put up your hand—your right hand—and swear before this altar, on the gambler's honor you boast of, win or lose, to abide by this game!"

Hugh shrank. He was superstitious.



"I swear I tell!" he said. The calculating look had fled. He glanced half fearfully about him—at Harry's white face—at the high altar with its vases of August lilies; at the great rose window, now a mass of white, opaque blotches on which the three black crosses stood out with weird distinctness; at the lurking, unlighted shadows in the corners. He looked longingly at the gold, shining yellow in the candle light. It fascinated him.

He lifted his hand. It was trembling. "I swear I will!" he said. "I'll stand by the cards, Harry, and for every day you win I'll walk a chalk line, so help me God!"

Harry Sanderson sat down. He emptied one of the bags at his elbow and pushed the box of wafers across the table. He shuffled the cards swiftly and cut.

"Your deal!" he said.

Bees Laxative Cough Syrup always brings quick relief to coughs, colds, hoarseness, whooping cough and all bronchial and chest troubles. Mothers especially recommend it for children. Pleasant to take, gently laxative. Sold by **Dr. Hood**.

**NOTICE.**  
The undersigned having qualified as Executor on the estate of J. A. Price deceased, hereby notifies all persons having claims against said estate to present the same to me duly verified on or before the 30th day of October 1909 or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery; and all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment.

This 26th day of Oct. 1908.

Mrs. L. Jane Price,  
Executrix.

**TRUSTEE'S AUCTION SALE OF**  
A valuable tract of land, in Johnston County, N. C., containing 375 acres, more or less, upon which there is a heavy growth of timber estimated at two million feet; the tract of land is situated about four miles North of Princeton, N. C.

By virtue of a deed of trust from Maud A. McEwan, & husband, dated 25th Mar. 1908, and of record in the office of the Register of Deeds for said County in Book C. No. 10, p. 294, default having been made in the payment of a part of the debt therein secured, and being required by the beneficiary thereunder to do, I shall sell at public auction, on the premises, on **MONDAY, the 26th day of November 1909, at 11 o'clock a. m.** the said tract of land, described in said deed of trust as follows: that certain tract of land, in Johnston County, N. C., adjoining the lands of Walter Baker, Wm. Boykin, Elizabeth Edwards & others, and bounded as follows: beginning at a stake in Wm. Boykin's corner in Elizeth Edwards' line, and running thence 47 3/4' E. 6 1/2 poles to a stake in said Edwards' corner, thence with her line S 89° W. 5 1/2 poles to a pine stump, (said Edwards' corner); thence S 70° E. 9 1/2 poles to a pine stump, with Perimeter trees on the right; thence S 22° W. 103 poles to a pole; thence S 34° E. 50 poles to a stake, with pine pointers; thence S 2° W. 5 poles to a stake; thence S 13° W. 110 poles to a stake, (Walter Baker's corner); thence with his line N 74° W. 205 poles to a stake, with Holly pointers on the East Bank of Little River; thence up the water course of said river to a stake in said Edwards' corner; thence S 89° E. 90 1/2 poles to a stake in Holt's corner; thence S 3° E. 187 poles to a Poplar; (said Holt's & Boykin's corner); thence with his line S 2° E. 196 poles to the beginning; being the same fact of land conveyed to said Maud A. McEwan by H. F. Edgerton, & wife, by deed dated the 25th, Jan. 1908, and of record in said Register's office in Book W. p. 461.

This sale will be made, however, subject to a prior mortgage deed securing a debt of \$1570.00, with interest thereon from the 15 day of November 1903 until paid; said deed being of record in the office of said Register in Book S. No. 8 p. 504, and the debt there secured was paid on the 24th of Mar. 1908, by J. T. Revel; **TERMS:** FOR CASH, as to the expenses of executing this trust, including the commission allowed the trustee under said deed of trust; any taxes that may be due and to pay a note for \$1000.00, with interest from Mar. 28th, 1908 to date of sale; the residue on credit as follows: \$1000.00 on the 25th Dec. 1908, with interest thereon from the 28th, Mar. 1908, and \$1000.00 on the 28th, Mar. 1909; with interest thereon from 28th, Mar. 1908, and the balance of the purchase price at such time as shall be announced at the day of sale; the credit payments to be secured by a deed of trust upon the said property.

A. K. THOMAS, Trustee.

**NOTICE.**  
The undersigned having qualified as Executor on the estate of Levin Cole, Sr. deceased, hereby notifies all persons having claims against said estate to present the same to me duly verified on or before the 20 day of November 1909, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery; and all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment.

This 14 day of November, 1908.

**EDDIE COLE,**  
Executor.

**NOTICE.**  
The undersigned having qualified as Administrator on the estate of Henry Holt deceased, hereby notifies all persons having claims against said estate to present the same to me duly verified on or before the 20 day of November 1909 or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery; and all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment.

This 17 day of November, 1908.

**CHAS. H. HOLT,**  
Adm.

**DR. G. A. HOOD,**  
TREASURER OF JOHNSTON COUNTY,

Will be in his office at The Bank of Smithfield, every Saturday until 1:30 o'clock and every 1st Monday and Court Week. Parties having business with him can get it attended to at other times at The Bank of Smithfield.

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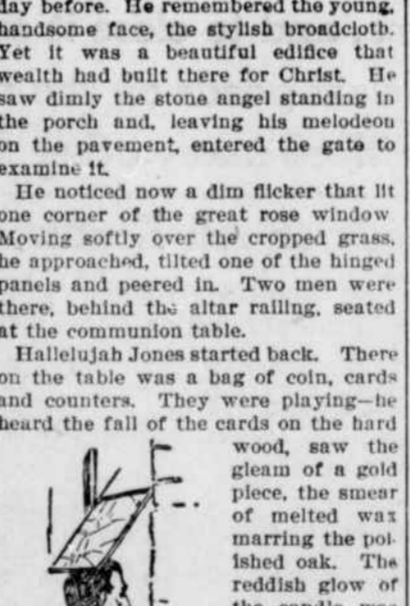
He shook off the eager hand that was drawing him toward the window. "Not there. Come this way," he said and hurried toward the porch. He had a key to this in his pocket. He inserted it with caution, opened the door noiselessly and went in, the street preacher at his heels.

What the bishop saw was photographed instantaneously on his mind in fiery, indelible colors. It ate into his soul like hot iron into quivering flesh, searing itself upon his memory. The evangelist of the pave had been horrified, shocked to word and action; the bishop was frozen, inarticulate, impaled. For any evil in Hugh Stires he was prepared—since the forger. But Hugh's companion now was the man whom he himself had ordained and anointed by the laying on of hands with the chrism of his holy ministry. An irrepressible exclamation burst from his lips.

With the sound both men at the table started to their feet. Hugh, with a single glance behind him, uttering a wild laugh, leaped the railing, dashed through the study and vanished into the night. Harry, as though suddenly turned to stone, stood staring at the accusatory figure, with the eager form of the evangelist behind it.

To the bishop it seemed the attitude of guilt detected.

What was Harry Sanderson thinking as under that speechless regard he



**NOTICE.**  
The undersigned having qualified as Executor on the estate of J. A. Price deceased, hereby notifies all persons having claims against said estate to present the same to me duly verified on or before the 30th day of October 1909 or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery; and all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment.

This 26th day of Oct. 1908.

Mrs. L. Jane Price,  
Executrix.

**TRUSTEE'S AUCTION SALE OF**  
A valuable tract of land, in Johnston County, N. C., containing 375 acres, more or less, upon which there is a heavy growth of timber estimated at two million feet; the tract of land is situated about four miles North of Princeton, N. C.

By virtue of a deed of trust from Maud A. McEwan, & husband, dated 25th Mar. 1908, and of record in the office of the Register of Deeds for said County in Book C. No. 10, p. 294, default having been made in the payment of a part of the debt therein secured, and being required by the beneficiary thereunder to do, I shall sell at public auction, on the premises, on **MONDAY, the 26th day of November 1909, at 11 o'clock a. m.** the said tract of land, described in said deed of trust as follows: that certain tract of land, in Johnston County, N. C., adjoining the lands of Walter Baker, Wm. Boykin, Elizabeth Edwards & others, and bounded as follows: beginning at a stake in Wm. Boykin's corner in Elizeth Edwards' line, and running thence 47 3/4' E. 6 1/2 poles to a stake in said Edwards' corner, thence with her line S 89° W. 5 1/2 poles to a pine stump, (said Edwards' corner); thence S 70° E. 9 1/2 poles to a pine stump, with Perimeter trees on the right; thence S 22° W. 103 poles to a pole; thence S 34° E. 50 poles to a stake, with pine pointers; thence S 2° W. 5 poles to a stake; thence S 13° W. 110 poles to a stake, (Walter Baker's corner); thence with his line N 74° W. 205 poles to a stake, with Holly pointers on the East Bank of Little River; thence up the water course of said river to a stake in said Edwards' corner; thence S 89° E. 90 1/2 poles to a stake in Holt's corner; thence S 3° E. 187 poles to a Poplar; (said Holt's & Boykin's corner); thence with his line S 2° E. 196 poles to the beginning; being the same fact of land conveyed to said Maud A. McEwan by H. F. Edgerton, & wife, by deed dated the 25th, Jan. 1908, and of record in said Register's office in Book W. p. 461.

This sale will be made, however, subject to a prior mortgage deed securing a debt of \$1570.00, with interest thereon from the 15 day of November 1903 until paid; said deed being of record in the office of said Register in Book S. No. 8 p. 504, and the debt there secured was paid on the 24th of Mar. 1908, by J. T. Revel; **TERMS:** FOR CASH, as to the expenses of executing this trust, including the commission allowed the trustee under said deed of trust; any taxes that may be due and to pay a note for \$1000.00, with interest from Mar. 28th, 1908 to date of sale; the residue on credit as follows: \$1000.00 on the 25th Dec. 1908, with interest thereon from the 28th, Mar. 1908, and \$1000.00 on the 28th, Mar. 1909; with interest thereon from 28th, Mar. 1908, and the balance of the purchase price at such time as shall be announced at the day of sale; the credit payments to be secured by a deed of trust upon the said property.

A. K. THOMAS, Trustee.