AT THE CITY CHURCHES

Pastors will please follow the style of the notices indicated below, giving the name of the church first, then its location and then the name of the pastor. Notices must be made as brief as possible, and must be in the city editor's office by Friday evening in order to insure publication.

Baptist.

First Baptist Church, corner Twelfth and Taylor streets, A. S. Coats, D. D., acting pastor—Morning prayer, 10:15; sermon, 10:30, topic, "The Lord's Remembrances;" Sunday school at close of morning services; B. Y. P. U. services, 6:30 P. M. In the evening Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, of New York, will conduct a union evangelistic service in this church.

Christian Science.

First Church of Christ, (Scientist), Twenty-third street, near Irving.—Services will be held at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. The subject of the sermon is "Is the Universe, Including Man, Evolved by Atomic Force?" Children's Sunday school meets at 12:10.

Second Church of Christ (Scientist), Auditorium building, Third street between Taylor and Salmon streets—Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 8 P. M.; subject, "Is the Universe, Including Man, Evolved by Atomic Force?" Sunday school at 12:15 P. M.

First Christian Church, corner Park and Columbia streets—Rev. F. Ghormley will preach at 10:30 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Sunday school, 12:15 P. M.; Christian Endeavor, 6:30 P. M.

Congregational.

First Congregational Church, Madison and Park streets, Rev. E. L. House, D. D., pastor—Preaching at 10:30 A. M., subject, "Is There a Broad and a Narrow Way?" At 7:30 P. M. there will be another special service of song, and an address upon the subject, "The Unanswerable Question."

Highland Congregational Church, corner Sixth and Prescott streets—First services in the new church at 7:30 P. M., preaching by Rev. D. B. Gray.

Evangelical Association.

German Church, corner Clay and Tenth streets, A. A. Engelbart, pastor—Preaching at 10:45 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday school at 9:30 A. M.; Bible study at 7 P. M.

Episcopal.

Trinity Chapel, Nineteenth street near Washington, Rev. Dr. A. A. Morrison, rector—Services, holy communion, 8 A. M.; morning prayer and sermon, 11; evening prayer and sermon, 7:30; Sunday school 9:30 A. M.

St. Matthew's Episcopal Church, corner First and Caruthers streets, Rev. W. A. M. Breck, in charge—Morning prayer and sermon, 11; Sunday school, 9:45 A. M.

Lutheran.

St. James' English Lutheran Church, corner West Park and Jefferson streets, J. A. Leas, pastor—Services at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M., conducted by the pastor; Sunday school meets at 10 A. M.; meeting of the Luther League at 6:45 P. M.; class for catechetical instruction meets at 6 P. M.

Norwegian Lutheran Church, 45 North Fourteenth street, Rev. J. M. Nervig, pastor—Services at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M.; Sunday school will meet at 9:45 A. M.

Swedish Lutheran Immanuel Church, 428 Burnside street—Services at 10:30 A. M. and 8 P. M.; Sunday school meets at 12 M.

Methodist.

Taylor-Street Methodist Church, Dr. H. J. Talbott, pastor—Preaching, 10:30 A. M.; Sunday school, 12:15 P. M. There will be no evening service, the congregation uniting with Chapman services at First Presbyterian Church.

Clarke Methodist Episcopal Church, corner North Eighteenth and Raleigh streets, Henry T. Atkinson, pastor—Morning service at 11; subject, "Allied with God"; Bible school, 12:15 P. M.; Epworth League, 6:30 P. M.; 7:30 P. M. pastor's sermon, "God's Eternal Nature, and How It Concerns Man."

Methodict (South).

Methodist Episcopal Church (South), 171½ Second street—Preaching, 10:30, by pastor, E. A. Mowre, subject, "Why God Puts So Great Value on Humanity"; Sunday school, 11:30. At the conclusion of the preaching service the official board for the year will be named.

Missions.

Berea Mission, Second and Jefferson streets, Rev. J. H. Allen, pastor—Sermon, 10:30 A. M., "Personal Testimony for Christ"; 7:30 P. M., "The Fullness of Him That Filleth All Things."

Men's Resort, 66 North Sixth street, Rev. A. D. Soper, superintendent—2:30, stereopticon Sunday school; the 4 o'clock men's meeting gives place to the men's mass meeting at Marquam Grand Theater, to be addressed by Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman. No evening service.

Immanuel Mission, 247 Couch street, has been turned over to Peniel Mission Workers. Evangelist Ed Smith and wife are in charge and will conduct meetings at 3 and 8 P. M.

Millennial Dawn, Sixth street, near Main—Services, 3 P. M., subject, "The Tabernacle."

Home of Truth, Hall 300, Allsky building—Services, 11 A. M. All are cordially invited.

Advent Christian (not Seventh day), hall Harrison and Third streets—Sunday school 10 A. M.; gospel services, 11 and 7:30; Young People's meeting, 7 P. M. F. W. Brampton will preach at 11 A. M., Charles Haffenden at 7:30; morning subject, "The True Vine."

Spirit of Truth Society, Willamette Hall, 170½ Second street, near Yamhill, meets at 7:45 P. M. Mrs. S. B. Seip and Mrs. C. Cornelius.

People's Christian Union.

People's Christian Union, 201 Allsky building, Morrison street, corner of Third—11 A. M., devotional service; address by Ram Swami, of India, subject, "Truthful Spirit." Following the address there will be a conference as to future work; 12:15, school of religion, theme, "Dedication of the Temple"; 7:30 P. M., the Harmony Club literary and musical programme, including a paper by Harold Swain on "The Power of Personal Influence."

Presbyterian.

Calvary Presbyterian Church, corner Eleventh and Clay streets, Rev. W. S. Gilbert, pastor—Morning service, 10:30 A. M., subject of sermon, "More Blessed to Give Than Receive." Frank Dickson, the singing evangelist with Dr. Chapman, who was formerly a member of this church, will sing; also music by chorus choir. There will be no evening service on account of the union services at the First Baptist Church.

Spiritualists.

First Spiritualist Society, Artisans' Hall, Abington building, Third street, near Washington street—Conference at 11 A. M. and at 7:45 P. M. Ram Swami, of India, will lecture on "Sin, Its Diagnosis, Cause and Cure."

Swedenborgian.

Portland New Church Society Chapel, 228 Sixth street—Sunday school at 10:30; lay service, 11 A. M.

Unitarian.

First Unitarian Society, Yamhill and Seventh streets, Rev. George Croswell Cressey, D. D., pastor—Service at 11 o'clock. Dr. Cressey speaks on "Hudson's Law of Psychic Phenomena"; Sunday school at 12:30; fraternity meeting, 6:45 P. M.

United Evangelical.

United Evangelical Church, Corner Fargo and Kerby streets, Rev. J. Bowersox, pastor—Preaching at 11 A. M. on "Christian Service," and 7:30 P. M. on "Soul Security." Sunday school at 10 A. M.; K. L. C. E. 6:45 P. M.

Y. M. C. A.

Marquam Grand Theater, 3:30 Sunday afternoon—Meeting under the auspices of the Sunday Club. Address by Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman; music by Knox-Kantner Concert Company, Frank Dickson, gospel singer; Lauren Pease, tenor, and a male chorus. Free. Men only.

Boys' meeting—Rev. J. R. T. Lathrop, D. D., will address the boys' meeting in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium on the subject "Giant Killers," at 3:30 P. M. Cornet solo by Miss Bessie Dateeman. Free to all boys over 12 years of age.

EAST SIDE.

Baptist.

Second Baptist Church, East Seventh and Ankeny streets, Stanton C. Lapham, pastor—Services 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. The I B C's meeting at noon; Bible school at noon; Young People's Union meeting at 6:30 P. M. The fourth address of the series "Scripture Lessons of the Sea," will be given in the evening, topic "The Anchor;" Mrs. Vera Edwards, a talented dramatic reader and impersonator, will give the touching story by Elizabeth Stewart Phelps, entitled "Jack the Fisherman."

Calvary Baptist Church, corner East Eighth and Grant streets—Sunday School, 10 A. M.; preaching, 11 A. M., by Rev. Myron Cooley; Young People's meeting at 6:45 P. M.; preaching, 7:30 P. M., by E. A. Smith, acting pastor, subject, "The Man With a Purpose."

Central Church, Woodman of the World building, East Sixth and East Alder streets, William E. Randall minister—Morning worship 10:45, sermon subject, "Types of Devotion; The Religion of Love; The Religion of Service;" Bible school, 12 M; Christian endeavor, 6:45. The pastor's topic at 7:30, "Man's Place in Creation: A Study in Relative Values." Miss Virnie Welch will sing at the evening service.

Christian.

Rodney Avenue Christian Church, corner of Rodney avenue and Knott street, Albyn Esson minister—Special order of services for the day. Three sermons by Evangelist Holmes. Old fashioned basket lunch. Members and friends are invited to come and spend the day at the church. Bible school, 9:30 A. M.; sermon at 10:50 A. M., 3:00 and 7:30 P. M.; Christian endeavor at 6:30 P. M.

Congregational.

Sunnyside Congregational Church, corner of East Taylor and East Thirty-fourth streets, Rev. J. J. Staub, pastor—Sunday school, 10:00 A. M., Mr. S. C. Pier, superintendent. Preaching by the pastor at 11 o'clock; subject of children's sermon: "Not Black Clear Through;" subject of regular sermon: "Another Chance for Life." Miss Margaret Ostrander will lead the meeting of the Young People's Society at 6:30 P. M. A service of special interest has been arranged for 7:30 o'clock, at which addresses will be delivered by Rev. D. B. Gray and Rev. H. N. Smith. Choice music will be furnished by the chorus choir.

Hassalo Street Congregational, East Seventh, North, and Hassalo streets, Chas. E. Chase, pastor—Service at 10:30 and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday school at 12:00 M.; Christian endeavor at 6:30 P. M.

Episcopal.

St. Paul's Church, Woodmere, Rev. W. R. Powell in charge—Service and sermon 10:45 A. M.

St. John's Memorial, Sellwood, Rev. W. R. Powell in charge—Sunday school, 11:00 A. M.; evening service and sermon, 7:45 P. M.

Church of the Good Shepherd, corner Vancouver avenue and Sellwood street, Upper Albina—Sunday school, 10:00 A. M.; morning prayer and sermon, 11:00 A. M.; evening service at 7:30 o'clock. Rev. W. E. Potwine, of Pendleton, will conduct both services.

St. David's Episcopal Church, East Twelfth and Belmont streets, George B. Van Waters, D. D., rector—Holy communion, 8:00 A. M.; Sunday school, 9:45 A. M.; morning prayer and sermon, 11:00 A. M.; evening prayer and sermon, 7:30 P. M.

Church of Our Saviour, Woodstock—Morning prayer and sermon at 11 o'clock; Sunday School at 10.

Evangelical Association.

First English Church, corner East Sixth and Market streets, G. W. Plumer, the pastor, will preach at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. Morning subject, "The Tongue, Its use and abuse;" evening theme, "One of the Master's Last Messages to the World." Sunday school meets at 10 A. M.; Junior Alliance will not be held Sunday afternoon; Young People's Alliance, 7 P. M.

Latter Day Saints.

The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, corner North Union avenue and Morris street—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. by D. A. Anderson; Sunday school at 10 A. M.; Z. R.—L. S. at 6 P. M.

Lutheran.

Swedish Lutheran Church, corner Rodney avenue and Stanton street, Albina—Service at 3 P. M.

Scandinavian Evangelical Lutheran Synod Church, corner East Tenth and East Grant streets—Sunday school at 9:30; services at 10:45 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

Methodist.

Sunnyside M. E. Church, East Thirty-fifth and Yamhill streets—Rev. W. H. Selleck will preach on "Isaiah's Vision and Call," and at 7:30 P. M. on "The Man With One Talent." The Epworth League meets at 6:30 P. M.

Trinity Methodist Church, corner East Tenth and East Grant streets, Rev. Harold Oberg, pastor—Sunday school at 10 A. M.; sermon, 11 A. M.; Epworth League, 6:30 P. M.; sermon, 7:30 P. M.

Centenary Methodist Episcopal Church, corner East Ninth and East Pine streets, W. B. Hollingshead, pastor—Class meeting at 9:30 A. M. and 12:15 P. M.; preaching at 10:30 A. M. on "The Holy Spirit"; evangelical service, 7:30 P. M.; Sunday school, 12:15 P. M.; Junior League, 4 P. M.; Epworth League, 6:15 P. M.

Sellwood M. E. Church—The presiding elder, D. A. Walters, will occupy the pulpit at 11 A. M., and after the sermon will conduct the Sacramental service. At 7:30 P. M. the pastor, C. A. Lewis, will preach on "The General Judgment." Epworth League at 6:45 P. M.

Presbyterian.

First Cumberland Presbyterian Church, corner East Twelfth and East Taylor streets—Rev. E. Nelson Allen will preach at 10:30 A. M.; Sunday school, 12 M.; Junior Endeavor, 3:30 P. M. There will be no preaching in the evening on account of the Chapman meetings. Members and friends are asked to join in the service at the First Baptist Church.

United Evangelical.

First United Evangelical Church, corner East Tenth and Sherman streets, Rev. L. Myron Boozer, pastor—The pastor will preach in the morning on "Conditions of a Successful Revival." The evening services will be dismissed in order that the congregation may unite in the Chapman meeting.

Universalist.

First Universalist Church, East Couch and East Eighth streets, Rev. W. F. Small, pastor—Services at 11 A. M., with sermon on theme, "Does It Matter What You Believe, So Long as You Do Right?" Sunday school at 12:15 P. M.

PEGGIE NIVEN

By Josiah Flynt and Frances Walton.

LATE one evening, when the persons of this story were many years younger than at present, Lisle Prankerd was making his way to his lodgings along one of the ill-lit streets in the outskirts of Omaha. He carried in his waistcoat pocket his last bank note, and hadn't an idea in his head where the next bank note was to come from. When at an obscure corner he was summoned to "t'row up" his hands he laughed aloud, but he obeyed.

"Keep 'em up now, young man, keep 'em up," commanded the knight of the road. "I got some more dates tonight, an' I can't linger with you long.'

"Hope they'll bring you in more than this one, answered Prankerd, while the stranger rifled his pockets, taking from him his lone bank note and gold watch.

"You might be fatter," the robber admitted, stepping back with the plunder in his left hand. "Beggars can't be choosers though, can they?"

"Don't you want to give me back that watch? My best girl gave me that."

"I'd like to accommodate you, pard, but I need it in my business. Besides, you'd prob'ly hock it tomorrow, you're so hard up. So long, blokey; glad I met you; take care o' yourself!"

"I guess that won't be hard now that you've got all I had that was worth taking care of. If it's just the same to you I won't mind if we don't meet again."

What measures the following day Lisle Prankerd took to fill his pockets need not be told. The point is that for the time being they were wholly unfruitful, and that that evening also he stepped lightly and briskly homeward humming a bit of a tune. He had not a cent in his pocket, but he had dined—by invitation—and he had telegraphed "collect" for money, which would be delivered to him in the morning. Having at the moment nothing to lose, he had nothing to worry about, and when at the same obscure corner he was once more summoned to "t'row up" his hands he laughed even louder than before.

"You're a merry one, too," said the robber, advancing to inspect Prankerd's pockets. "Keep yer han's up; I can go t'rough you without help."

"Seems to me that I have heard that voice before," returned Prankerd.

"P'raps you have; let's swap looks at each other under this glim here." And the robber drew Prankerd toward the street lamp. "W'y, you're the bloke 't I touched last night," the stranger exclaimed on verifying his suspicions. "Y' oughtn't to keep such late hours."

"You oughtn't either, pard," said Prankerd, "if you don't get any more for your pains than you'll get from me tonight."

"Can't tell, my boy, till I've looked you over. Ain't sewed everythin' up in the linin' of your coat?"

Again the robber rifled Prankerd's pockets, but this time without getting even a cent of plunder.

"You are dry," the robber exclaimed, still covering Prankerd with the revolver. "I almost feel sorry for you. Come nearer the lamp an' lemme get a good squint at you. Say, you ain't such a bad sort. Ain't you got no one you can touch?"

Prankerd laughed. "No, I'm up against it all right. Suppose you let me put my hands down."

"Not on your life; you're more comfortable with 'em where they are! You're young, too, ain't you?"

"Not so young as you."

"Pard, don't get passin' them remarks about or I might get generous. Say, on the level, are you really busted?"

"If I hadn't an invite tonight I couldn't 'a' dined."

"Is that straight?"

"Straight as I can make it."

The robber lowered the revolver and drew a $5 bill from an inside coat pocket. "Dine on me tomorrow, pard," he remarked, handing Prankerd the bank note. "The watch I needed in my business, as I told you, but I ain't goin' to have you runnin' around hungry on my account. When you're in luck, p'r'aps I'll touch you up again. Take care o' yourself."

"Same to you," said Prankerd, and the two separated again.

A year later Lisle Prankerd consulted with his wisdom and dined accordingly—he had found his fortune; he was at least at the moment hard in pursuit of it as fast as the New York-Chicago express could bear him. It was a momentary check to his satisfaction that he found as the train was drawing toward Columbus that he had lost his purse. Columbus is no place for a man who has found his fortune and lost his purse, and Prankerd knew it, and he told the conductor that he knew it. He told him also that he knew the general superintendent, and that this gentleman would not be pleased to hear that passengers on his train were deprived of their purses. Fortunately for the conductor the detective of the division was on the train and he was immediately advised of the theft.

"How much dough was in that purse?" he asked Prankerd.

"What has that to do with you?" Prankerd counter-questioned. "All you need to know is that I have been 'touched,' and that I want my purse back."

"Think you'd know your leather again if you saw it?" Izod queried with justifiable sarcasm.

"Find it and see," said Prankerd.

The first thing that a "wise copper" on a train does on learning that a passenger has been "touched" is to go through the train and see whether he recognizes among the passengers any known thieves. Izod began in the smoking car and went through the train to the last Pullman. In the last seat of the last Pulman he saw and recognized his old acquaintance, Peggie Niven. He bowed, shook hands and sat down beside her, not at her invitation. "Wise" detectives get on without invitations.

"Suppose you've thrown the leather out o' the window, haven't you, Peg?"

"What leather?" demanded Peg.

"That leather 't you pulled up in the next car."

"Sir," she said, "if you do not leave me instantly I'll call the conductor. I'll call him anyhow. Conductor!" she called. He came. "This man is insulting me, and I wish you would order him away."

It was a poor "front," but the woman was at bay, and she had to take big chances. The conductor was soon advised by Izod how matters stood, and was told to ask "the gent that had been touched" to come and "size up the slick Moll."

"Did you see this woman in your car?" asked Izod of Prankerd.

Prankerd admitted that he had. "She sat for a while in the seat behind me, and later she asked me to rise from my seat while she looked for her gloves."

"Now, Peg," continued Izod, "you better cough up an' have no rows, 'cause I've got you dead to rights. You just dive down in that stockin' o' yours an' haul out the roll. If I can, I'll fix it up an' let you mooch."

Peggie knew of nothing better than to keep up her "bluff," and she kept it up with vigor and with force.

"Want me to pinch you?"

"Oh, pinch your old clapper-tongue, will you, an' shut up."

"All right, then," said Izod, "put up your dukes while I put the cuffs on 'em."

Peggie had no more than seen the handcuffs when she changed her "bluff"; she screamed and wept like a woman in a fit of hysterics. Prankerd pushed his way through the gathering, and he and the woman looked each other full in the face. Suddenly the woman again changed "front."

"Aw! git away, it's my pal," she said, laughing, and grabbed Prankerd's hand.

"You've got me, my good woman."

"That's what I had in Omaha; don't you remember Omaha?"

"Yes, I remember Omaha, but what's that got to do with pal?"

"Don't you remember the two nights you were held up out there? I'm sure you're the bloke. Ain't forgotten, have you, how the fellow that held you up divvied with you? He had on a brown coat, don't you recollect, an' talked with you 'bout dinin'? You wouldn't send a fellow like that over the road, would you?"

"Well, I'll be d—d!" was all Prankerd could say.

"Sure. We're pals. Shake," said the woman, not meaning to assent to Prankerd's expressed opinion, but to his unexpressed recognition.

"Seems to me you've changed since Omaha days," said Prankerd, accepting the invitation and laughing.

Prankerd meditated; he liked Peggie. "Divvy and divvy, turn about's fair play. Hand out the roll and I'll split it with you; I'll give you half."

Peggie produced the roll from her stocking and handed it to Prankerd. He counted it and handed her back half.

"You're a man," she said.

"So are you—sometimes!"

The detective viewed the exchange with greedy eyes, but said nothing; there was nothing for him to say. By rights, as rights go in such circumstances, there was nothing for any one to say, but one Edwin Parlby, also a passenger, thought otherwise. Edwin Parlby had a Calvinist somewhere among his forbears; he did not know just where, but no matter for that; he spelled government and justice in "large caps" and had ideas of public spirit. He stepped forward and addressed Prankerd.

"I beg your pardon; do I understand that you mean to allow this woman to go free?"

Prankerd looked at the speaker with exasperating good humor. "I'm sure I don't know what concern that is of yours," he said.

"Although you know absolutely that she has picked your pocket?"

"Although I know absolutely that she has picked my pocket. I repeat, I don't know what concern it is of yours. The pocket was not your pocket. The lady happens to be a friend of mine; she is at liberty to pick my pocket whenever she likes; indeed, she has exercised that privilege from the first time she met me!"

"I'll soon make it some concern of mine!" said the virtuous Parlby. "Detective, I call on you to arrest that woman as a thief, and the man as a witness, or worse, leaving the state. If you don't, I'll do it myself; and I'll make it damned hot for you."

. . . .

Fate, which makes history, and is much concerned to make it worth reading, ordained that ten years after Edwin Parlby's exhibition of public spirit the three actors in the little scene in the railway carriage should find themselves settled in the same municipality. The place was in the Far West, and need not be designated otherwise than as the City of Blank.

The three had prospered greatly in the interval. Edwin Parlby had recently got the leading bank of the City of Blank where he could squeeze it, and had squeezed. Lisle Prankerd was one of the directors; it had been in the City of Blank that he had found his fortune. He resigned from the board and parted with his interests in the bank when Parlby was elected. Peggie Niven was the local queen in the City of Blank of the Under World. She was 22 years old when she first introduced herself to Prankerd. She had shifted from New York to the West out of motives of personal shyness; the metropolis wished to show her public courtesies which she would have found embarrassing. The police had made her acquaintance, had demanded and secured a photograph of her none too attractive countenance; had given her a number in their gallery of celebrities, and were eager upon the first opportunity to show her still other marks of their esteem.

It chagrined her very much to be told in Columbus by the judge before whom Stockholder Parlby succeeded in bringing her, that it was the will of the commonwealth that she settle in its penitentiary for five years. "It's my last trip East," was her resolution on receiving the sentence, which was shortened by good conduct to three years and nine months—time enough, however, for her to come to some conclusions, the most important of which was, "Graftin' doesn't pay," and that she was "go'n to chuck it." On her return to the West she "took a fresh deal in the game," and her name appeared in the tax collector's books in the City of Blank as that of the owner of certain temples where men sacrificed to Fortune and to other heathen deities whose worship is not extinct.

If a gambler "went broke," he betook himself to Peggie for a fresh "stake"; and if a friend got "pinched" Peggie was the one to bail him out. It is even reported that the Upper World levied upon her for contributions to charity, and got them. It is not reported, however, that she was ever seen in an Upper World drawing-room. In the words of an Under-World song, "She wouldn't be a lady if she could."

At the time when the directors of the Bank of the Occident discovered that they had long wanted Edwin Parlby for president the citizens of the municipality of Blank were universally occupied in a game of beggar-my-neighbor, which cannot have been gambling, because there was and is an ordinance against gambling in public places duly passed and made a part of the effective law of the city. It makes all the difference that town-lots are played for instead of chips, and that the expanse of heaven itself serves as walls and ceiling of the gambling-hell. Every one had begun to assure every one else that "good times" were coming, when every one would say in chorus that he believes the price of real estate is going up, and by a flat of lies would increase its value and make something out of nothing.

Lisle Prankerd was one of those whom the last division of savings had made happy. When he said that "good times" were coming his words were bandied from mouth to mouth, and every one who heard them, instead of being rationally sorry and tightening his purse strings, was irrationally glad. This cheerful unreason in a community is called a spirit of business enterprise. When it was known that he had bet "good times" were coming and had staked almost all he had realized on his interests in the Bank of the Occident—that he had quietly bought options on bits of town and suburban property for which there had hitherto been no market—the cheerful unreason became more cheerful and there was an instant disposition to back his bet.

What checked their cheerfulness for a moment at least was not that they perceived its unwisdom and that backing Prankerd's bet was precisely the way to make him win it and win it from themselves, it was that Parlby had made a bet on the other side. He had for a long time bought in whatever realty was offered at forced sale in and about the city and was become the largest holder in the county. When the "spirit of business enterprise" stood erect because of Prankerd's investments Parlby reduced it at a stroke to a state of limp dubiety and surmise; he began to offer his holdings for sale at any price, at whatever he could get. Prankerd was admitted to be shrewd, but it was just possible he was "losing his grip;" it was quite certain Parlby had "done" him in the matter of the Bank of the Occident.

Lisle Prankerd did not want the property which Parlby offered; that was why he hid it in. It was also why Parlby offered more and yet more for sale, and why Prankerd continued to bid it in; until it became plain that if the "good times" really did not come, and that suddenly, the last man that any one need wish to become would be Lisle Prankerd.

When matters were in this posture a card was brought one morning to Prankerd at his office.

"Yes, it's me," said Peggie entering; "always on hand when I'm wanted, and sometimes when I'm not. I've come to talk business and you can send away that young man if you don't want him yourself as a protection or a witness; I want to place some 'dough'; I want to know on the level what all this shindy means between you and Parlby. The town's a good town, an' I believe in it. I want to buy some lots."

"And you come to me for advice? I advise you to hold off. The boom's coming, all right; but it won't come till Parlby wants it to. Parlby's got me treed."

"You mean it's just a case of freeze-out?"

Prankerd laughed.

"You speak as if a case of freeze-out were easy. Yes, it's just a case of freeze-out."

"Damn Parlby," said Peggie.

"Just my sentiments, only much more elegantly expressed," said Prankerd.

"All right; I guess I know all I want to," said Peggie.

"So do I," said Prankerd.

"Yes, I guess you do; but I give you a pointer. I don't know whether I'm going to take a hand in this game or not. I don't mostly tell what I'm going to do beforehand, it mightn't be convenient; but just you don't cash in your chips before you have to."

And with this oracular metaphor she started to take her leave. She paused at the door.

"I owe that Parlby one from way back; it's about time his luck took a tumble."

Immediately after Peggie's interview with Prankerd there was a second fund in the market to oppose Parlby; Peggie had strained her credit, which was considerable, to the utmost, and become a reckless buyer of options.

A few days later a rumor ran like mad through the town, in especial through the Under World, that the Bank of the Occident was not safe, and depositors in a passion of haste to withdraw their accounts fought on the bank floor for priority. The story ran that the bank had been robbed in open day; the story was scoffed at in the streets and in the clubs; the deliberate opinion was that Parlby had overreached himself, and that the robbery was a "fake;" and the deliberate opinion was confirmed when it came to be understood that after a hasty meeting of the directors Parlby was held to have overdrawn his personal balance, and was in the opinion of his associates discredited. Parlby, the deliberate opinion was, had been sacrificed, justly enough because of his private ventures, to save the bank. After a day or two a definite account was made public, but the account was too "sensational" to obtain immediate belief. What had happened in the Occident was this:

On the morning of the day when the panic had occurred, a low, thick-set man with shaggy whiskers and a hand bag entered the Occident as if it belonged to him and demanded to see the president. The president's sanctum in those days was a space apart walled off by slabs of plate glass a quarter of an inch thick and screened from vulgar gaze by silk curtains in baby blue. The visitor announced that he had business of importance to both of them and requested Mr. Parlby as they entered the sanctum, to give orders that they might be uninterrupted. When this order had been given and the door of the sanctum was closed the visitor dropped his hand bag in front of his chair and with one hand covered Parlby with a revolver in excellent condition and with the other produced a pint flask.

"I guess I got the drop on you, pard, all right; don't move, 'cause I'm kind o' nervous in m' fingers and this here gun's got a blamed easy pull. Besides, this flask's full o' nitro-glycer-i-line an' I might drop it, an' you an' me an' the bank 'ud all make our bow in hell together. Sit down careful like, so's not to set off no electric buttons nor alarms; there's no knowin' how little 'ud make me lose my hold on the bottle. There now, that's real homelike and comfortable—reminds me o' mother. Suppose we talks."

Parlby was not a coward; he said so afterward, but he remembered that he was president of the bank and a citizen of value in the community, to say nothing of his being engaged at the moment to marry Miss Ansted of the San Francisco Ansteds. It was Parlby's steady practice in life to say nothing of private motives when public motives could honestly be put forward; and the man certainly did look as if he meant business, and nitro-glyceri-i-ne is not to be despised.

"It's up to you to do the talking," said Parlby, putting up a creditable front.

"As far as I see, you've made an ass of yourself, whoever you are. All I've got to do is just to sit quiet; you can't get out of the bank; you couldn't win clear in the street if you did get out of the bank; you'll go to the pen for this morning's joke. If there's anything to be said, it's you can say it."

"Sure! I'll say it fast enough. But you can come off your perch just the same. If I was leary of the pen I shouldn't be here, an' you know it. I'll talk business with you, if that's what you want; I'm on my uppers—see? Either I get the dough I want or I croak; an' if you don't give me what I want we croak together. You're my last card, an' I'll play you, by God! What you say o' just sittin still 's tommyrot; you make out a check payable to yourself for the sum I name, an' have the stuff brought in here an' stowed away in that bag, or you've seen your luck an' ke'll both of us know what's what."

Parlby's visitor had been speaking with a fierce intentness that was convincing; Parlby thought him mad. Perhaps that was why he attempted to reason with him.

"Even if I got you the stuff and stowed it away in that bag, you couldn't get away with it. You'd better talk sense, if you've got any. I'm not to be bullied in my own office with 40 clerks in call, armed as well as you. That's the last word I have to say, and be damned to you."

"Mr. Parlby, you will take up that pen and write what I tell you. I take my chances of getting away, once the stuff is in my hands. You won't give an alarm till I've got clear of the bank; I can throw a flask on the floor outside as well as here, an' you're much too careful of your skin to take any risks. You put up a bluff that I'm bughouse; well!—I'm not so bughouse but I can see you're so scared of me you can't sit in that chair without holdin' on. You take up that pen an' write what I tell you; an' be quick about it: I'm kind o' nervous, as I said, an' this gun's got a blamed easy pull an' the outside o' this flask's kind o' slippery."

Parlby shrugged his shoulders, dropped his eyes—and searched for a pen.

. . . .

It is said that the special officer of the bank and half a dozen clerks started in pursuit before the man with the handbag had fairly reached the pavement. There must have been two men with handbags; such coincidences happen. Possibly the coincidence was not accidental. At all events they assailed a man with a handbag, and so quickly did the police patrol respond to the private alarm from Parlby's office that the man was not yet overpowered when the wagon arrived. When he was taken into custody he proved to be the wrong man, and the handbag proved to be the wrong handbag. It is possible that this mistake might not have been made if Parlby had personally superintended the chase, but he remained in his office; he was accurately acquainted with the properties of nitro-glycerine, which is quite as effective in a paved street as in a marble-floored building, and though he may have had no regard for his own life, he had other things than himself to think of. He thought of them.

The next day there was found in an alleyway at the rear of the bank a suit of clothes, a revolver, and a flask, all identified by Parlby as belonging to the robber. The flask was found to contain sweet-oil. In the minds of some of Parlby's fellow citizens this discovery confirmed the notion that he had himself contrived the robbery; in the minds of others it served simply to make him ridiculous; in the minds of all it still further discredited him. The directors began to suspect they had been mistaken in their idea that Parlby was just the man they had long wanted for president. Certainly, as it afterward turned out, he had made a great blunder in parting with his real estate.

Peggie was never again heard to say that she would get even with Parlby. In the City of Blank there was little of anything that she was again heard to say; she soon closed out her interests there at a great profit and left the place, disappearing into the beyond, where she still remains.

It is just possible that she feels she has got even with Parlby, though it is questionable whether she would hold her hand if the chance should offer itself to get even with him again. All things considered, it is doubtful whether Peggie's ruling trait is gentleness.—(Copyright, 1903, by McClure, Phillips & Co.)

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Are you less vigorous than you once were? Do you notice a gradual decline of sexual strength at times? Do you have lame back, loss of energy, failing memory, loss of ambition, etc.? Do you have difficulty in concentrating your thoughts, a desire to shun society, feeling of despondency, etc.? If you have any or all of the above symptoms, there is not a day to lose before securing reliable treatment that will make a man of you. Don't forget that the above weaknesses cause more domestic unhappiness and discontent, more suicides and divorces, than all other diseases combined.

If suffering from this weakness you should not marry. You owe it to your future wife as well as to yourself to be made sound and well in every respect before taking that most important step that will either make or mar your whole future. It is your duty to yourself also to be cured as soon as possible, and with the return of your strength will come that pride and confidence that comes to every man with the restoration of his physical, mental and sexual powers. You will feel yourself to be a true man in every sense, well fitted in every way to perform the duties and enjoy the blessings of life. Why suffer longer? Now is the time to be cured.

SPECIFIC BLOOD POISON

Is the most terrible of all Blood Diseases. It may be either hereditary or acquired. When hereditary it causes eczema, rheumatic pains, swollen joints, eruptions on the skin, etc. When acquired by exposure the first symptom is a small pimple or ulcer, followed by sore mouth and tongue, swollen tonsils, falling hair and eyebrows, enlarged glands, bone pains, copper-colored spots on the body, and, later, if the poison is allowed to continue its deadly work in the system, such symptoms as Paralysis or Locomotor Ataxia, loss of voice or sight, cancerous growths, decayed bones and flesh result, and make you an object to be shunned like a leper by even your dearest friends. Remember the truth of the old saying, "A stitch in time saves nine," and have the poison driven from your system forever. Don't waste your time and money taking Mercury and Iodides, which merely suppress the symptoms while you are using them, only to have them break out again with renewed force after the treatment is discontinued and you believed yourself cured. There is but one rational way of freeing the blood of this poison, and that is by using THE NEW SYSTEM TREATMENT that drives the virus from the blood for life. All symptoms are overcome by my treatment in from one to three weeks and a permanent cure effected in from 30 to 90 days. After I treat a case of Blood Poison and dismiss it as cured the patient is never again afflicted with any of the symptoms. He is cured to remain cured. I have cured thousands of men who had failed to receive a cure either from other physicians or by going to Hot Springs. I can do the same for you. Call today and have a friendly talk with me. It will cost you nothing, and may be the means of saving years of suffering as well as money. Don't delay a single day longer. Call today.

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STRICTURE

Is an abnormal growth of tissue narrowing one or more points of the Urethral Passage, sometimes causing a complete closure of the canal. It may be congenital or acquired. If the latter, it is usually due to some of the following causes: Strains, blows, strong injections, and very frequently from the injudicious use of instruments, such as sounds, etc. The symptoms are: Burning sensation, retention of urine, twisting, lack of force, and there is always more or less inflammation along the Urethral Canal, and this extends in many cases up into the Prostate Gland and Bladder, thus causing serious complications, which many times result fatally.

I can point with pride to hundreds I have CURED, after many specialists had failed to give even the slightest relief, if painful, or if not, were unable to effect the slightest improvement in the condition after months of continuous treatment at the cost of the poor sufferer, both physically and financially. Don't be experimented on any longer. I can cure you with my guaranteed cure.

REASONABLE PRICES

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I want you men afflicted with any of the above diseases to come to my offices and I will give you the most thorough examination you have ever received; go over the various points of your case with you and explain my method of curing these diseases. I invite in particular you who have become dissatisfied with treatment elsewhere, I will explain to you why you have not been cured, and will also demonstrate why I can cure you Safely, Quickly and Forever. My counsel will cost you nothing, and if I find your case curable and accept it for treatment I will give you my guarantee, backed by abundant capital, to secure you. Call at once. Don't delay longer and allow further complications to form.

SUFFERING WOMEN EVERYWHERE

Help is at hand if you will only reach out to accept it. Don't delay; the sooner you are made well the greater happiness will pervade your household. Many otherwise happy homes are made wretched by sick, nervous women, who are always finding fault and making others almost as miserable as they are themselves. It is not your fault; you can't help it. The wonder is that you are able to stand up under the terrible strain, bodily and mentally, from which you are suffering. Come and see the old doctor and you will feel better after talking to him. Your woman's intuition will show you that he understands your case thoroughly. His treatment will produce wonderful results. In place of the broken-down, nervous wreck, a healthy, rosy-cheeked, vigorous woman who casts rays of sunshine in her path will be the substitute, making husband and children happy. Nature never intended you to be sick, and when you are there is a cause. Find out the cause, remove it and build up the nervous system and the woman once more is prepared to take her proper place in the home and society. I prefer at least one visit from each patient, but if it is not possible for you to call, perhaps living at a distance, write, giving a full description of your case. I have cured thousands that I have never seen, and if your description of the symptoms are correct, I can cure you. For every disease there is a remedy, and yours is no exception to the rule.

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