

ay, November 27th, 1924

and Mrs. Smith, of Northampton, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Smith. The Smiths have all returned from a number of fine days in the country. Mrs. Frank Taylor and Mr. and Mrs. Vm. McKenney, of Belmont, visited Mr. and Mrs. Smith on Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Smith and daughter, of London, Sunday with Mr. Robt. Willis, degree team of Arkess Rebeke, journeyed to Belmont on Friday and conferred the Rebeke on a number of candidates. Rebekah lodge there.

and Mrs. Harry Downing, of Belmont, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Smith. and Mrs. Emerson McTaggart, of Belmont, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. McKenney.

Tyler Leeson reports the loss of a fowl by the night raider on Friday night.

G. M. Harris is enjoying a visit with his sister.

Henry Young underwent an operation in Victoria Hospital last week. Strong hopes are entertained for a speedy recovery.

Wm. Adams has returned from a month's visit in Ohio. He is one of the finest assortment of Xmas confectionery imaginable.

Viola Philpott has resumed her duties at the school after her recent illness.

and Mrs. Geo. Stewart motored to Chatham last Friday to attend the funeral of Mr. Stewart's aunt. and Mrs. Arthur Huelling and Mr. and Mrs. Plymouth, Michigan, spent the week-end with the former.

Christmas entertainment in the Congregational Church will be held on December 1st. An exceptionally fine program is being prepared. Santa Claus will be present and the Christmas Tree will be decorated.

Gifts for all kinds of Christmas and Christmas baking.

Bayham

Monday morning while Mr. D. D. D. was starting his mill, he was struck by one of the beams and sustained some bruises and scratches. His wife stood beside him and helped him to get free. Dr. E. E. called in and soon made the man more comfortable.

Sam Todd passed away at his home Monday morning at the old age of 81 years. His wife died about two years ago.

ry Godwin returned from a woods and brought a fine deer. Arthur Parker also brought a fine deer. They report snow deep in the north.

s. A. Sigh, of Chatham, spent the day with her mother, Mrs. C. M. C. Shackleton spent Sunday at Winter's.

s. Bailey, of Yarmouth, is the daughter of Mrs. C. L. Laing. C. Godby is doing a business these days in chickens. Two trips to Pt. Stanley day.

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SATAN SANDERSON

—BY—
HALLIE ERMINE RIVES

CHAPTER X The Game

Harry Sanderson stared at the apparition with a strange feeling, like rising from the dead. There flashed into his mind the reflection he had seen once in the mirror above the mantel—the face on which fell the amber ray from the chapel window, shining through the figure of the unrepentant thief—the face that had seemed so like his own!

The likeness, however, was not so startling now. 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 slinking 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 said.

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

"Why did you leave it?" Hugh touched his parched lips with his tongue—again that nervous, side-long 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 wrong-doing. 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 sidled into town drunken and soiled—to a luxurious room, a refreshing bath, clean linen and a welcome. Abject drops of self-pity started in his eyes.

"You're only one in the world I dared come to," he said miserably.

"I've walked ten miles to-day, for I haven't a red cent in my pocket. Nor even decent clothes," he ended.

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

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

"Don't sneak!" 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. His eyes avoided the well-set figure standing in white negligee shirt, Norfolk jacket and leather belt. As they had been wont to do in the comfortable past, they fixed themselves on the little safe.

"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. In his urgent need, he had a wild thought of appealing to Jessica, or at worst to get speech with Blake, the old butler who many a time of old had hidden his backsliding from the parental eye. But he had found the white house in the aspen closed and desolate, the servants gone. Harry Sanderson was his last resort.

"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!"

But the sight of the poker deck had been steel to Harry's soul. It had touched an excruciated spot that in the past months had grown as sensitive as an exposed nerve. The pictured squares were the ironic badge of Hugh's incorrigibility. They had ruined him, and the ruin had broken his father's heart, and wrecked the life of Jessica Holme. And out of this havoc a popular rector named Harry Sanderson had emerged pitifully the worse.

"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 of justice? Have you a single purpose of mind which isn't crooked?"

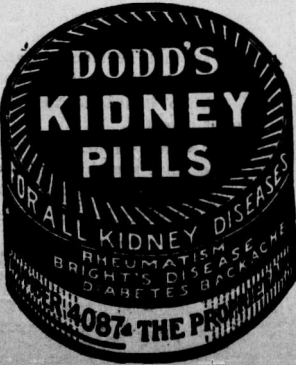
"You're just like the rest, then," Hugh retorted. "Just because I did that one thing, you'll give me no more chance. Yet the first thing I did with that money was to square myself. I paid every debt or honor I had. That's why I'm in the hole now. But I get no credit for it, even from you. I wish you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

Harry had been looking steadily at the sawtooth 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 throes 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, malicious. 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 side of old Satan Sanderson that he had chained 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



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, and for every counter I win, you will pay me one straight white day, a clean day, lived for decency and for the right!"

He was the old Satan Sanderson now, with the blood bubbling in his veins—the Satan Sanderson who could

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