



THE WHISTLER.

Throughout the sunny day he whistled on his way. On high and low, and gay and sweet, The melody rang down the street— Till all the weary, worn and gray, Smiled at their work, or stopped to say: "Now God be thanked that youth is fair, And light of heart and free from care."

GAMBLING WITH FATE

By WILLIAM WALLACE COOK

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CHAPTER XVI.

DARREL ACCUSED AS McLOUD.

"Ah, the marshal," said Darrel, relieved to find that the officer was one of the first to be drawn to the scene. "I am glad you have come." The marshal pushed farther into the room, followed by his companion. "What's been going on here?" "Murgatroyd and I were settling an old score," answered Darrel, pulling his disarranged clothing into shape, "but I am glad to say that it did not result seriously."

"Murgatroyd would have no motive," added the doctor. "Murgatroyd and Darrel were not friends," said Darrel. "That's no news," came from the marshal. "It don't bear on Murgatroyd and Sturgis, anyhow."

"You know Darrel did that?" he interrupted. "I do." "Why did he do it?" "Because he feared Murgatroyd would shoot him down from behind."



MURGATROYD CAME CHARGING OUT, REVOLVER IN HAND.

thrust his hands into his trousers' pockets and peered at Darrel through half-closed eyes. "The bullet that killed Sturgis bore such a mark," said Payton, slowly. "I probed for it myself and it hasn't been out of my possession since."

had to look after. There was a fight of some kind, as you can see. Merrick nodded toward the overturned cabinet—and Doc and I breezed in. But that don't make no difference. Here we are and if you've got a card up your sleeve now's your chance to play it."

CHAPTER XVII.

DARREL UNMASKED.

Darrel's amazement equaled the marshal's and the doctor's. So firm was his belief in Murgatroyd's guilt that he had heretofore left McCloud entirely out of his calculations. Before Lenyard could follow up his startling announcement with an explanation, the saw-toothed clerk pushed into the room, paused, and looked around him, aghast at the disorder.

"The marking of those bullets," declared Lenyard, "proves that McCloud killed Sturgis." "Why in the fiend's name should McCloud kill Sturgis?" asked Merrick. "It wasn't McCloud that quarreled with Sturgis in Hawkbill's."

"I've seen it a dozen times," said the marshal as he returned to his chair without finding the weapon. "You've opened this up, Lenyard, and it's up to you to make good."

"Dr. Payton," continued the young man, "you know how hard I have worked to clear Darrel's name during the last month because I felt sure of his innocence. I did not go to you with what I had discovered because I was waiting to find this man McCloud."

foot from the door leading into that other room. Isn't that so, Glenn?" Lenyard appealed to the saw-toothed clerk who was leaning against the wall picking nervously at the sleeve of his coat.

"That's so," said Jim Glenn, "but it will cost me my job, and maybe a whole lot of trouble besides, when the old man hears what I've told."

"Blamed tough on Darrel, though, I reckon I'd better put these on you, McCloud." Merrick drew a pair of handcuffs from his pocket and leaned toward Darrel. At that juncture a faint rattling was heard from the vault.

"He plays in too much luck for that," returned Darrel grimly. "In our struggle here in the room we knocked over that cabinet of minerals and that piece of galena fell on Murgatroyd's head. The safe happened to be open and I hauled him into it, closed the doors and turned off the combination."

"The doctor told him, with now and then a word from Merrick. When the recital was finished, expressive looks flashed between the clerk and Lenyard. "The marking of those bullets," declared Lenyard, "proves that McCloud killed Sturgis."

The First Hunting Dog.

It is, by the way, a curious thing that the setter should not have been used with the gun until long after the pointer's utility in this way was recognized. The sportsman of Edward III's time who caught pheasants and partridges in nets depended for assistance in finding his game on a dog of some sort which was taught to "sit" or "set," but not until the middle of the eighteenth century or thereabouts was the setter much used with the gun.

Lean as Pharaoh's Kine.

A good story of an old crofter who appeared before the commission to apply for a reduction of rent has just been told at a meeting in Glasgow. The number of cattle on the farm led Sheriff Brand to observe that surely the croft could not be in such a bad way as its owner would seek to show.

Court Etiquette Illustrated.

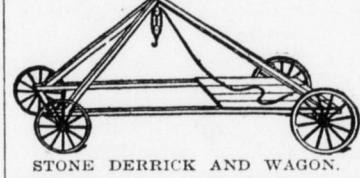
Ambassador Choate, at a dinner given by an American resident of London, illustrated the intricacies of court etiquette with a little story about King Edward.



A STONE-HANDLING DEVICE.

It Will Save in Every Day's Use a Week's Time and Labor and Is Easily Built.

Having so many large stones and heavy stumps to handle, I contrived a device as shown in the illustration. The frame is made of heavy pieces, and set on wagon in the ordinary way. The frame is floored over at the rear to hold



STONE DERRICK AND WAGON.

stones or stumps to be swung onto it by the block and tackle. The upright pieces holding the tackle should be made of 2x6-inch hardwood pieces, all being securely screwed and bolted together. Such a frame can be built of rough material in an hour or two, and will save in every day's use fully a week's time and labor.—P. U. Simpson, in Farm and Home.

MISTAKES TO BE AVOIDED.

Cultivation of Drilled Corn Is Not Effective Unless the Work Is Done Right.

It is generally conceded that more corn can be grown on an acre in drills than in hills, but in weedy land the great trouble is to keep drilled corn clean and free from weeds. The great mistake in cultivating drilled corn usually is made at the first working, when shovels of medium size are used and small furrows left close to the rows. We find it no harder to keep drilled corn free from weeds than it is to keep hill corn clean, by using the smoothing harrow across the rows just as soon as the corn is up.

PLEASANT WORK FOR GIRLS.

Government Will Give Help Free to Those Who Want to Try Silk-Worm Culture.

The department of agriculture is investigating the possibilities of silk-worm culture in the United States. To persons wishing to experiment, and who can furnish proper food for the worms, the department is distributing free of charge a small quantity of silk-worm eggs, and also a manual of instructions. The proper food for silk-worms consists of leaves from the different varieties of white mulberry tree and the Osage orange. The paper mulberry (with the fuzzy leaves) is not suitable, nor is the common red mulberry. As the season is now open applications for the eggs should be made at once, and must be accompanied by a statement as to the number and kind of mulberry trees or the amount of Osage orange which the applicant possesses, otherwise the eggs will not be sent.

No Use Trying.

He—Suppose I should ask your father if I could marry you? No you think I would stand any chance? She—No; your case would be hopeless. "Do you think he would really say 'no'?" "Not that; but he would leave it to me."—Stray Stories

A Skeptic.

"He's too honest to use money on an election." "Well," said Senator Sorghum, "I don't know. Maybe he's too honest and then again, maybe he's too economical."—Washington Star.

Rice to Go Up.

Patience—Now, I see there is a rice trust. Patience—Just as if there were not already enough obstacles in the way of marriage!—Yonkers Statesman.

We had a cow ourselves once who swallowed an almanac and gave creamed dates. Kettlebec (Me.) Journal.

TURN OVER TIME

When Nature Hints About Food.

When there's no relish to any food and all that one eats doesn't seem to do any good then is the time to make a turn over in the diet, for that's Nature's way of dropping a hint that the food isn't the kind required.

Farmers as Business Men.

Successful farmers must be business men. There is no more reason why they should succeed with careless methods than should the manufacturer. It is just as important that the farmer know how much it costs him to raise a hog and to care for a horse or produce a bushel of corn or oats as it is for the wagon maker to know what it costs to manufacture a wagon. When this part of the business is looked after more carefully, there will be less foundation for complaints of unprofitable seasons, mortgaged farms and the unprofitableness of agriculture in general.—American Agriculturist.

The Gopher as a Plowman.

Darwin concluded that the earth worm in five years brings up soil enough to cover the ground one inch thick, and that, therefore, the result of its labor is of vast importance. I reckon that the pocket-gopher does this in five months. It does not do it in the same way or so effectively, because the earthworm actually digests the substance of its castings; but it is evident that the pocket-gopher's method answers the purpose of fully disintegrating and mixing the dead vegetation with the soil to produce a rich and fertile black loam.—Ernest Thompson, in Century.

CALIFORNIA DOG PAINTER.

Painted the Animals So Well That They Had to Have Chains on Them.

"Yes, sir. For instance," said a painter, relates the San Francisco Post, "there's a mammoth winter storm landscape I've just finished for Mr. Mudd; the bonanza king. It's called 'A Hailstorm in the Adirondacks,' and a visitor who sat down near it the other day caught a sore throat in less than 15 minutes. The illusion is so perfect, you understand. Why, I had to put in the finishing touches with my ulster and arctic overshoes on."

"Fact, sir; and then there's a little animal gem I did for Gov. Perkins the other day—portrait of his Scotch terrier Snap. The morning it was done a cat got into the studio, and the minute it saw the picture it went through the window like a 10-inch shell."

"Did, eh?" "Yes; and the oddest thing about it was that when I next looked at the canvas the dog's hair was standing up all along his back, like a porcupine. Now how do you account for that?" "Dunno."

Elegant Train Service of the Nickel Plate Road.

The thorough development and maintenance of the up-to-date passenger service of the Nickel Plate Road leaves nothing to be desired by people who travel. Ladies traveling alone or accompanied by children will appreciate the clean and well-lighted coaches, made so by the corps of colored porters in uniform who attend the wants of both first and second-class passengers without extra charge. The dining car service of the Nickel Plate Road has become very popular with the patrons on the line and one of pride to the management. This service is conducted under the system of individual club meals. Carefully prepared menus are compiled into booklets, containing suggestions for breakfast, luncheon or supper that will not cost you more than thirty-five cents and on up to one dollar, which is the limit, hence the disbursement may wait for the appetite. Meals are also served "a la Carte." As no excess fare is charged on any train, it will be to your advantage to purchase your tickets via the Nickel Plate Route, where rates are lower than via any other line.

MADE A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

Government Official Was Bound to Get Right, But Again Got Wrong.

"Whenever an unknown person of distinguished appearance enters my office, I am reminded of the experience of Frank Vanderlip," said a senator's secretary, according to the Washington Star. "When Vanderlip was Secretary Gage's private secretary, before he got well acquainted, he paid little attention to the people he did not know. One day a member of the cabinet called on Secretary Gage and was ignored for some time by Vanderlip, finally going into the private room unannounced. The cabinet officer complained to President McKinley, and the president mentioned it to Secretary Gage, who thereupon reprimanded Vanderlip. "The next day, Vanderlip turning over a new leaf, one of the first persons to enter was a distinguished looking old fellow with a patriarchal beard. Vanderlip received him with great consideration, handed out a chair, which the old fellow took with gravity and some wonderment. Seating himself opposite, Vanderlip asked, with a most engaging smile, 'What can I do for you, sir?' "Oh, nothing," replied the visitor. 'I just came to wind the clocks.'"

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