

CITY BIRD AND COUNTRY BIRD.

[Lines suggested by the sight on street in New York, of a bird drinking from the water in the gutter.]

The city bird drinks from the muddy

stream
That flows by the curbstone down;
The country bird drinks from the brook-

let clear, Nor thinks of the bird in town.

The city bird chirps in the lonely trees
That cheer with their green the street;
The country bird's song in the woodland
cool

Is joyous and free and sweet.

The bricks and the stones and the build-

ings high,
The city bird's nest surround;
The country bird lives amongst waving

trees, Where beauty and peace abound.

Amid the bustle and traffic and din, The city bird's strain will be heard, For God who is pledged the sparrows to Will slight not the city bird.

And the country bird's song from the

forest tree
Will be heard by God above;
For the city and country bird alike
Shall share in the Father's love.

Oh, read then the lesson that's written

here,
Just as plain as plain can be:
Wherever our lot, let us do our best
And be sure that the Lord will see!
-J. A. O., in N. Y. Observer.



or of "The Gold Gleaners: A Story e Cyanide Tanks," "Wilby's Dan," "His Friend the Enemy," "Rogers of Butte," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XVII.-CONTINUED.

He was caught by Payton, Lenyard and Glenn and, for a space, struggled furiously but fruitlessly, dazed by resistance and blinded by the light.

"Hands off!" he shouted, quieting a little when he saw the uselessness of his efforts. "Let me at that man! I'll kill him!"

'No, you won't!" cried Merrick. "I've got charge of this man, Murga-troyd, and there'll be no gun-play. Take the weapon away from him,

The weapon was wrenched from Murgatroyd's clutch.

"Is that you, Merrick?" asked Murgatroyd, ceasing all attempts to get away and brushing a hand across his

"Big as life," answered the marshal. "How is it that you and all these others are here?"

"We heard the row and rushed up

to see what was going on."
"You came in time. Merrick, Nate
Darrel wasn't killed by that explosion!

"I say," declared Murgatroyd, "that Nate Darrel wasn't killed by that explosion on the War Eagle trail. Take charge of him, for there he sits beside you. He's not McCloud but has shaved off his beard and is masquerading in McCloud's clothes. I know McCloud and I know Darrel, and I swear to you that that man is Darrel!"

The marshal, too far gone for words, dropped back in his chair.

CHAPTER XVIII. DARREL'S DOUBLE.

A bomb, suddenly exploded in the midst of those in the office, could not have caused greater consternation than the furious words of Murgatroyd. The case had been proved against Murgatroyd, then shifted to McCloud, and and Darrel was known to be inno

Merrick, as soon as he had recovered himself a little, gave vent to a hollow groan. Lenyard stared at Darrel like one in a trance.

"Gentlemen," said Darrel, who was the first to speak, "if Mr. Merrick will put the irons on Murgatroyd, we will make him prove what he says."

Merrick would not leave Darrel's side, but tossed the handcuffs to Glenn. "Snap 'em onto him, Glenn," said he, "I'll stay right here until we can get head and tail to this Chinese nuzzle. Different things have been hap-pening so quick that I'm blamed if I know whether I'm afoot or horseback. Mebby Sturgis wasn't killed at all; and if he was, here's Doc and me left yet I'm expecting some one to blow in and

prove that we did it." In some trepidation. Jim Glenn snapped the bracelets about his employer's wrists. Murgatroyd was then seated near the light and Merrick handed one of his revolvers to Len-

Get close to him," said the marshal, "and if he makes a move to bolt,

Like one in a dream Lenyard took the revolver and placed himself at Murgatroyd's side. Murgatroyd vas deep-ly perplexed. Darrel himself seemed to be the only one in the office who

had kept his head. You say I am Nate Darrel, Murgatroyd," said he. "How can you prove

"Hold up your left hand," sa'd Murgatroyd, "there, in the lights." Darrel did so.

Anyone who knows Darrel, went on Murgatroyd, "will know that ring. There isn't another like it in the United States

"It's-it's Darrel's ring," gasped Len-"I saw it that night in Hawk

till's when Darrel played that game for me.

He took a half-step towards Darrel his face bloodless and his eyes bright. "Watch your man, Lenyard," said the marshal gruffly.

'Keep back, Roy," said Dr. Payton. "This man may be McCloud, after all. The testimony of the ring is not sufficient. It may have been stolen."

"Then," said Darrel calmly, shield McCloud's reputation to the extent of saying the ring was not stolen. It is, perhaps, the only ring of its kind in the United States, and it has not been out of my possession during the last six years."

"Then you are Nate Darrel?" asked Lenyard huskily.

This avowal sent the marshal off on another tack.

"Sure he says he's Darrel. Why not? As McCloud he stands convicted of the murder of Sturgis. Under those circumstances most anyone would rather be Darrel than McCloud. We'll have to have better proof than the ring. Murgatroyd knows the ring, and Lenyard seems to; but the balance of us don't."

'Supposing you are Darrel," said Payton, "why did you assume that disguise?"

"It was convenient," answered Darrel; "and besides, directly after that explosion, it was hardly safe for me to go anywhere as my true self."
"How did you escape the giant pow-

der? Darrel eased their minds in this re

"Jupiter!" muttered the marshal, wagging his head. "That's too miraclous to be true."

'Now tell us how you came to pose

as McCloud," said Payton.

Darrel did so, at length, and on his auditors the wonder grew. The mar-shal was derisive in his unbelief.

"Now, look," said he, expatiating.
"Here goes off a powder explosion, out of which Mr. Man, there, is snaked by the lines and bits of the runaway bronks. That's a hard one to take down, but it ain't the hardest. He's in pretty bad shape, you see, with people hunting after him to lynch him but pursuading themselves that he was ground into powder and scattered over about all outdoors.

"It's a pretty hard row of stumps for this man Darrel, but he walks from the powder explosion right into an old shanty where there's a dead man



"IT'S FALSE," CRIED MURGATROYD
"AND YOU KNOW IT'S FALSE."

-a complete stranger, mind you, but enough like that same Darrel to be the other half of a twin combination. Not only is Darrel's double in the shanty, but they's letters to show who he is, and shaving things for Dar-rel to fix himself up with, and clothes for him to wear, and a cayuse for him to ride. The whole lay-out couldn't have been made to order any better, could it, now? It was altogether too now McCloud was said to be Darrel neat, and things don't happen that

> "Don't you think I'm Nate Darrel? asked Darrel.

"If you are," and the marshal snapped his lean jaws, "it's dollars to limes you never found no dead man in no shanty.'

Then, how did I get this outfit?" "How, you say? Why, pilgrim, it's just possible you bush whacked the stranger as he was coming along the trail; laid him out for reasons specified and which anyone can understand.

Payton had been examining the ebony-handled revolver taken from Murgatroyd. Seemingly he paid little attention to the line of argument pursued by Merrick.

"I didn't expect to find it so," said the doctor, "but the bullets in this gun are marked." He turned to the mar-"How would that man know about the marked bullets, Merrick, unless he was Darrel, and did the marking himself?'

Merrick squirmed uneasily. Murgatroyd, suddenly brought back to his wn situation, paled a little and shool is manacled hands.

"What's this for?" he asked. "What have I done to be treated like this?" "You paid Jim Glenn \$100 to keep away from the coroner's jury when his estimony would have proved Nate

Darrel's innocence." This from the doctor, with a hard

"Does Glenn say that?" stormed Murgatroyd, his snapping black eyes or

Glenn raised a trembling hand to his forehead and began to whimper out an

"It's false," cried Murgatroyd, "and you know it's false. Sturgis was a friend of mine—why, he dealt faro for me in Hawkill's!"

Lenyard caught Glenn's eye and acaded towards the hall. The gesture thing, here and now, Mr. McCloud, or Detroit Free Press.

room with alacrity.

we can prove Glenn's story," said Lenyard, "we make it plain that Darrel did not shoot Sturgis."

"And if you can prove this man's story," put in the doctor, nodding at Darrel, "you make it plain that he is not McCloud and, therefore, an innocent and injured man."

we can do so," returned Lenyard briefly.

A silent anticipation of some momentous event fell over the group in the office, heightened by the gradual approach along the hall of shuffling. painful steps. Then the stroke fell and brought every man up, standing,

Glenn came in supporting a drooping, disheveled form-a piteous spectacle, truly, unshaven, unkempt, ragged and dust-covered. With his month's growth of beard, the tottering man resembled Darrel, and Darrel's clothing heightened the deception. But the bearded cheeks were hollow and the eyes bloodshot.
"A chair!" said Glenn, for the form

had pitched forward as though about to fall. The clerk held the swaying man while Darrel pushed a chair forward and helped, with strange gentleness, to lower the man easily into the

A racking sob burst from the man and his head drooped forward into his shaking hands.

'Who are you?" asked Lenyard in a pitying tone. "Please tell us who you

"Junius McCloud," came the almost inarticulate response. "I—I have come to—to give myself up, I am the one who

CHAPTER XIX.

DARREL'S INNOCENCE PROVED.

There followed a long pause during which the wild music and hilarious shouts from the dance-hall were wafted to the group in the gambler's office. In the presence of suffering like Mc-Cloud's the festive sounds were incongruous and brutal. "Did you know this all the time

Roy?" asked Payton, in a low tone.
"I did not know he was McCloud," answered the young man. "He was in a stupor, apparently, and we could get little out of him. We thought he was

Lenyard ran to Darrel and took him by the hands.

"How wonderfully this has come about, Mr. Darrel," he went on, in a voice full of emotion. "I believed in you all the time and did what I could to establish your innocence, but it was not until this afternoon that the cards were placed in my hands that helped me win this game for you. McCloud walked into camp and Glenn was among the first to see him. Glenn thought he was you, and took him to his own lodgings and made him as comfortable as possible, then came to me, knowing I was about the only friend Nate Darrel had in the camp.

'We could get nothing out of Mc-Cloud and I also thought he was your-self. Your arrival on the Anaconda stage-you, whom I thought to be Mc-Cloud-all but carried me off my feet. I followed you covertly and arranged for Dr. Payton and the marshal to wait in front of Kaliper's after you and Murgatroyd had come up here.

"Glenn had told me-spurred to remorse at sight of the man we thought o be you-of his discoveries here on he night of the murder. It was our ntention to confront you and Murgatroyd with Darrel and do what could to get the whole truth. (knows, Darrel, how much this moment means to me.

A mist was in the young man's eves He averted his face and would have withdrawn his hands had not Darrel clung to them.

"And I know, for the first time," reurned Darrel with feeling, "the worth of a true friendship."

He shook the young man's hands and released them. Turning to the doctor and the marshal he added: "Gentlemen, you have doubted my words-

that remark to Merrick broke in the doctor; "I was more than half convinced all the time." "Thank you," said Darrel. "There

is an opportunity, now, to prove everything I have said. As to the explosion on the War Eagle trail, the mere fact that I am here is evidence that that part of it is true."

Darrel sat down and all eyes were fixed on McCloud. Murgatroyd leaned limply back in his chair and gazed vacantly at the ceiling.

Merrick paid little attention to Dar-

rel. Passing over to McCloud he raised his head and endeavored to press a flask of liquor to his lips strength, McCloud sudden

pushed the flash aside.
"I don't want that," he said huskily.
"Whisky and cards have been the ruin of me-whisky, and cards and-Murgatroyd. Murgatroyd dropped his eyes from

the ceiling and fixed them on McCloud with a sneering smile. "Keep your devilish looks off of me!" muttered McCloud, in a passion. "Take that man away," he went on,

addressing the others, his voice quivering with excitement. Murgatroyd was not taken away but Payton drew his chair in front if him.
"You say that you are Junius Mc-

Cloud?" said the doctor. "Do you know Jack Sturgis?"

"You know he was murdered?" "It's that that has haunted me and made life a hell for the last month," was the sighing, helpless response.
"You were in these rooms on the

night the murder was committed?" was in that private room, there, with Murgatroyd, the night Sturgis was shot." He fluttered one hand toward the other apartment.

"Are you willing to tell us every-

would you like to consult a lawyer

I want no lawyers," said McCloud, decisively, " and if everything is not told now it may never be."

"Get pen and paper, Lenvard," said Merrick, "and sit at the desk."
"That's right," said Payton. "Take

down everything, Roy."
In a few moments Lenyard was ready and had jotted down the sub-

stance of what had already been said. "You were talking with Murgatroyd, you say, Mr. McCloud?" resumed Dr. Payton.

"You came here by appointment?" was in Sandy Bar and Murgatroyd sent for me; told the stage driver to tell me that I was to come here

at once. "What was Murgatroyd doing when you entered the room?"

"Walking up and down like a caged animal. He had a letter in his hand." "Did he tell you anything about the

"He read it to me. It was from Nate Darrel and said that he-Darrelwas in town awaiting Murgatroyd's pleasure, and could be found at Hawkbill's.'

McCloud seemed to gather strength he proceeded. Excitement was buoying him up for the ordeal. "You knew there was a feud be-

tween Murgatroyd and Darrel?" "Murgatroyd told me. He said that Darrel was in Sandy Bar and must not get out of the camp alive. He said that I was to help him put Darrel out of the way."

[To Be Continued.]

NO CAUSE FOR COMPLAINT.

The Roof Was Not Leaking on the Captain, It Was Only the Lamp.

Capt. W. S. Cowles, of the new battleship Missouri, was talking the other day of the inferiority of European to American railroads, says the Washington Times.

"The stuffy little European carriages are lighted with electricity now," he said, "but I remember when they were only lighted with oil. I have cause to

remember this. "One night in Germany, during a violent storm, I was riding toward Berlin in a first-class carriage, when a leak Drop after drop, warm and

dirty, fell upon my hat and coat. waited till the guard came through. It was a long wait. One is always undergoing long waits for guards on European roads.

the rain is coming in through the lamp hole and trickling down my clothes. "The guard made an investigation.

"'Look here, guard,' I said at last,

Then he said, reassuringly: "'Oh, that is not rain; it's only oil. The lamp leaks a little, but the roof is quite sound, I assure you.'

"Then the whistle blew, and he rushed away."

An Unfortunate Remark. If a certain prominent New York physician ever writes his autobiography, the following incident will un-

doubtedly be omitted: Not long ago the physician in question was called to a boarding house to attend a man very ill with pneumonia. The man died. The keeper of the boarding house, a woman, was very much distressed, the man having been the first boarder to die under her roof. "It's so unfortunate that he should have died," said she, with self-inter-

ested sympathy. "I do hate to have a funeral here."
"It won't be necessary," said the doc-

tor, consolingly. "The funeral can be at the undertaker's." "But I don't even know of an undertaker," said the unnerved woman. "I do," said the doctor. "Just around the corner is a good one, to whom I

send all my patients.' "All?" gasped the landlady, and the doctor wondered why she turned pale. -N. Y. Times.

The battle was over, and the moon-light lay like a silvery pall upon the battlefield. The soldier whose gallant charge at the head of a mere handful of men had turned defeat into a glorious victory stood in the presence of the great Napoleon, who, forgetting reserve, commended in his wonted glowing words the deed of the brave cavalryman. "It was a desperate charge, a gallant charge!" he cried, ar-"But for your valor the lilies of France this eve would lie in the dust. But tell me," he continued, fixing his piercing eye upon the soldier, "had you no thought of fear as you charged so madly?" The soldier modestly bent his head. "Sire," he replied, humbly, "I am deeply honored by your commendation. No fear was in my heart at the time, for it was not the first fearless charge of my life. Before I took up arms for la belle France, sire, I was a plumber."-Woman's Home Companion.

Humorous Swabians

Max Nordau was talking recently to an American woman about humor. "Next to the Americans," said Nor-dau, with a polite smile, "I think that the Swabians are the most humorous people in the world. A Swabian, if he has nothing funny to say, keeps silent. Stupidity is unknown among this race. One night in Swabia, in 1919 early youth, I called on a Swablan maiden. She was very pretty. Perhaps I stayed longer than I should. Suddenly, at any rate, the young girl's mother called in a loud voice from up-

'Gretchen! Gretchen!'

"'Yes, mother,' Gretchen answered.
"'Gretchen, it is very cold here. Wili you ask that young man to shut the front door from the outside?"

Forbidden Fruit.

A request was once made to the authori-ties of one of the colleges at Cambridge that room might be found on the spa-cious lawns of their garden for the lady students of Girton College to play lawn tennis.

tennis. Guessing clearly enough what would be the result of the admission of these students of the fairer sex among the undergraduates, the master replied that it was ordered in the statutes of the college that the gardens must be devoted to the purposes of floriculture, and must not be used for husbandry.—Spare Moments.

Johnny Was On.

"Johnny." said his employer, "my aunt died yesterday and I shall be absent from the office to-day. I want you to look after taings."
"All right, sir," replied Johnny. "I hope you'll see a good game."—Boston l'ost.

Old Soldier's Story.

Sonoma, Mich., June 13.—That even in actual warfare disease is more terrible than bullets is the experience of Delos Hutchins, of this place. Mr. Hutchins as a Union Soldier saw three years of service under Butler Barke in the Louisiana swamps, and as a result got crippled with Rheumatism so that his hands and feet got all twisted out of shape, and how he suffered only a Rheumatic will ever know.

For twenty-five years he was in misery, then one lucky day his druggist advised him to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. Of the result Mr. Hutchins says:

"The first two boxes did not help me much, but I got two more, and before I got them used up I was a great deal better. I kept on taking them, and now my pains are all gone and I feel better than I have in years. I know Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Rheumatism."

She Had Hopes.

She Had Hopes.

Husband—When I see all these bills I am tired of life. Do you think the time will ever come when we shall be out of debt?

Wife (cheerfully)—Why not, darling?
You know that you are carrying an exceptionally large life insurance.—Stray Stories.

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 thrty-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.

As the summer approaches scientists will, of course, offer the customary re-Plate Road.

As the summer approaches scientists will, of course, offer the customary reminders that kissing and ice water are dangerous. It is safe to say that ice water will nevertheless receive appreciative attention, as usual.—Washington Star.

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hot aching feet. At all druggists; 25c. Acept no substitute. Trial package FREE.
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Several St. Louis hotels are adding new
stories to their height, while all of them
are adding new stories to their price
rates.—Pittsburg Gazette.

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Some women have nerves, while some others merely have nerve.—Chicago News.

Do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—J. F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900. Nearly all business transactions in Co-ombia are based on American money.

TOLD IN CALIFORNIA.

Helping the kidneys is helping the whole body, for it is the kidneys that remove the poisons and waste from the body. Learning this simple lessor has made many sick men and wom-

en well. Judge A. J. Felter of 318 South E St., San Bernardino, Calif., says: -" For 18 years my kidneys were not performing their functions properly. There was some backache, and the kidney secretions were profuse, containing also considerable sediment, Finally the doctors said I had diabetes. Doan's Kidney Pills wrought a great change

in my condition and now I sleep and feel well again."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Judge Felter will be mailed to any part of the United States, Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Sold by all dealers. Price 50 cents per box.

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healthy condition.

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tions, Watery Blisters, by giving pure, healthy blood to affected parts.

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