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R. A. BAILEY, Agt.

TRAIL-DOG JACK.

He had mushed us with his outfit for many years, us three;
Old leader Spot, great chap to pull; Wrangel, and Jack—that's me.
And we trudged the earth beside him through sun and icy blast,
And as he shared his feastings with us, so we shared his fast.
You think I loved that man? You bet your boots! as miners say.
Common trail-man he, I loved him in common trail-dog way.
Yet living, though I mushed it silly willy by his side,
I loved him well enough to die for him—and so I died!

How cruel cold that winter was when grub was lacking; when
The trail was lined with bleaching bones of horses, dogs and men!
Old leader, Spot, great chap to pull, was first to lose his grip;
A few days later Wrangel dropped from his apprenticeship.
But I—that's Jack—I thought I'd try to see the old man through
Till he struck pay; and so, though bellypinched I drew
The load; I felt that I had years of work in me, were food,
Scraps, anything to mush it on, in that vast solitude.

A Chinook wind was blowing softly; we came to a stand;
I saw my master take his shooting iron in his hand.
"I cannot let him starve to death!" I heard him mutter. Then,
"It's not in my heart to kill him," dropping his gun again.
Now common dogs have common sense, even if their tongues are dumb.
And tho' my life was half unlived I knew my time had come.
He could not kill me, nor could I allow him to, and so
I just stretched out, like Spot and Wrangel, stark upon the snow.

That's all. 'Tis said that dumb beasts have no souls, and when they die
They die. Only the One who made us knows, not you or I!
And yet for creatures that are faithful on life's trail I think
In the great shining tent of the celestial camp some chink
Will open. Then I'll just crawl in and seek my master out.
He's in it on discovery, you bet—I mean, no doubt!
I'll wag and rub against his knee, my cold nose in his hand,
And he'll cry, "Mush it, you old dog Jack!" And God will understand
—Marguerite Merington in The Criterion.

Detective's Wife a Valuable Aid

I.

"Every man's honesty is doubted here," said Horace Allen, the popular detective, as he pushed a box of cigars over to my side of the table.

"I have heard it stated," he resumed, "that there is no man without his price, and I am almost inclined to believe it in our business."

"Then years ago, when old Fox Daring was still at large, the department received a severe test. Time after time we had him where we could lay our hands on him, and only waited to take his tools and paraphernalia at the same time.

I perceived a well-marked gash.

"I am reminded, in connection with Daring's capture, of one of the most remarkable mysteries that ever came up for our investigation. The latter had been traced to the north, and men had been detailed to Birmingham, Manchester and Newcastle. There was no clue to his exact location, but forged notes had been discovered in each of the cities mentioned, probably circulated by different members of the gang he controlled. Daring's successful capture, in a short time, was a matter of extreme importance. Presently Scotland Yard received intelligence that he had been spotted in Manchester as he was boarding a train for Liverpool. One of our officers had just succeeded in identifying him when he purchased the railway ticket.

"Everything, apparently, worked nicely. Our officer found a man on the train answering the description, and traced him to a hotel in Liverpool, where he registered as Mr. James Galloway.

"Soon Galloway gave up his room in the hotel and rented a furnished house in a side street. Just at this time a telegram was received in London from Preston, one of our men stationed in Newcastle. It read: 'Daring is now here in Newcastle.' As soon as we received this important communication all our men but two, who were left in Liverpool to see that nothing was removed from the suspicious house, were sent immediately to Newcastle. Upon arrival Preston was missing. They inquired at the hotel where he had been stopping, and learned that he had left the day before with his baggage, and did not say when he would be back.

"Of course, they tried to get some clew to Daring's whereabouts, but could do nothing without Preston. In the meantime there were lively occurrences in Liverpool, from which place the two watchers barely escaped with their lives. They were attacked by a gang of men, at about three o'clock in the morning, bound, gagged and confined in the very house they had been left to guard.

"Moreover, they were sure Daring was the chief of the gang who perpetrated the deed.

"Naturally, Preston was accounted the whole cause of the trouble. We could not doubt that he had turned traitor, although he was the last man we should have suspected.

"We heard that he had been seen with a woman, tall, dark, and handsome, on frequent occasions before his departure. The woman could not be found.

"The crisis was considered important, and I left London for Liverpool. It was my purpose to deal with Daring alone. We undoubtedly had many trusty men in the department; but, since Preston's treachery, I could not bring myself to rely on any of them.

"When I arrived at Liverpool I thought best to assume a disguise, as my face was probably well known to Daring.

"Then I began the rounds, stopping at the various hotels, and glancing

He was dazed by the fall.

over the paper until I had time to size up the occupants.

"At the third place, rather a respectable inn for the quarter, two suspicious individuals attracted my attention. They glanced about occasionally, as if expecting some one, and presently they were joined by a third party. The new arrival was a thickset individual, better dressed than his companions, and treated by them as a superior, although he did all he could to make their conversation appear natural.

"I had never seen Daring, but I could not doubt, from the description I had of him, that the newcomer was the man. I wanted to get a better look at him and see if I could detect the scar over the right eye which I knew him to possess, and for this purpose I went to the bar and ordered a drink, standing close beside them. Sure enough, when he turned I perceived a well-marked gash that disfigured his otherwise handsome face.

II.

"Daring was furthest from me, and the man directly on my right came in for a share of my attention. There was something familiar about him and I began casting about among the counterfeiters I had known for a clew to his identity. Their conversation stopped, unfortunately, at my approach, and I was just contemplating returning to my seat again when Daring moved off toward the door, and I caught a suggestive signal to the men to follow him. What was my surprise to receive from the man next me a decided nudge in the ribs before he moved away.

"Daring left first and the others after him. As I reached forward to push open the swinging doors, they were flung back in my face, and before I had time to collect myself the man who had entered so hastily exclaimed:

"'Don't follow us, Allen! You'll spoil the game. Wait here, and I will come back.'

"'Preston!' I cried. But, with a warning finger on his lips, he vanished.

"At this moment I sincerely regretted that I had come alone. Preston had proved himself more than a match for me, for he had penetrated my disguise, though I had failed to recognize him in his clever make-up.

"There had been something in Preston's tone that made me hope that he would keep his word and return, though I could not imagine his motive in doing so.

"There could have been no other reason for his telegram from Newcastle but to throw us off Daring's track, and the results had been too disastrous to permit of any more charitable solution.

"At the end of half an hour Preston came back, minus his disguise, and, without any explanation, told me to gather my men together and follow him.

"In spite of all my previous doubts I could not help but believe in him. Fortunately I knew where I could lay my hand on three of my men immediately.

"Then Preston led us through several streets and stopped in front of an old mansion. He informed us that the gang were playing cards in the house, and, at a given signal, the alarm would be given from the inside. The occupants would try to make their escape by an underground passage to a hut in the rear, outside the stone wall surrounding the premises. All the men were dispatched to their various positions, except us two, who remained on the opposite side of the street.

"Preston was almost immediately seized with a violent fit of coughing, and then proceeded to light a cigar. I was about to remonstrate with him on the advisability of betraying his presence with a light, when I perceived that this was a signal to one of the occupants of the house.

"The curtain of the second-floor window was raised and instantly lowered again. I had just time to catch the figure of a woman at the window in the interval while the shade was up. Preston seized my coat-sleeve and fairly dragged me round to the hut.

"Our plan was to wait until they were all caged, and to emerge from our hiding places and surprise them. Several figures were discernible in the dim light of a lantern, and we were just ready to close in on them when a shot was fired somewhere in front of the house.

"A second shot was heard, and I waited no longer, but bolted in the direction of the sound. I came out some distance above the house, and was conscious of a figure running towards me. I could have fired, but another plan suggested itself.

"Acting on the impulse, I threw myself on the ground in front of the rapidly advancing figure, and a heavy man stumbled over me and fell full length on his face. I was upon him before he could recover, and my two men beside me. The light of a dark lantern revealed the scarred countenance of Daring. He was dazed by the fall, and, leaving him in the hands of the men, I hurried back to the hut.

"In a short time Daring and the gang were safely locked up, and I was comfortably discussing the events of the evening with Preston and the handsome woman, who turned out to be his wife.

"Preston had a story to tell about his meeting with his wife. She had been a trimmer in the millinery department of a large shop, but when they were married she decided to accompany him wherever his duties called him.

"Then came a long spell of waiting, with nothing to do and Preston began to wish for something to turn up in which he could distinguish himself in the eyes of his new wife. Daring was the prize on which he had set his heart but, as he was detailed to Newcastle, there seemed to be no chance of assisting in his capture. It passed through his mind that he had worked successfully on several occasions without orders, and, hearing that Daring was in Liverpool, he determined to go there.

"Only waiting to send a last report to headquarters, he left with his wife. Upon arrival he learned through the papers of the attack on the men who had been watching Daring's house. He knew by sight the man he was after, and on the second day was fortunate enough to meet him in the street.

"It was then that his wife, knowing the importance of success, suggested that she should take an active part in the proceeding, and insisted upon becoming a member of the gang. She counted on her availability as a means of getting rid of the forged notes, and on this ground hoped to interest Daring. Her plan to meet him was a simple one; she contrived to be caught in the act of stealing an overcoat from his hall rack.

"It worked, and after she had passed the hundred-pound note she was firmly established and learned all the secrets of the house. The next step was to introduce her husband.

"'About this time, and within a few days of my arrival in Liverpool,' said Preston, 'I penetrated your disguise, and plotted to secure your assistance and capture them at once.'

"'But,' I rejoined, 'I fail to understand why you sent that telegram from Newcastle which threw us all off the scent.'

"'Why, I merely stated that Daring was not in Newcastle,' he explained.

"'Not in Newcastle,' I said, as I produced the telegram; 'it seems to me the import of that message is directly the opposite.'

"He took the telegram, and was at first greatly surprised, but the puzzled expression suddenly vanished from his face and he observed:

"'I have often thought that the method of joining words in a telegram might lead to misunderstanding. In this instance the lack of proper division has completely misled you. I wrote: "Daring is nowhere in Newcastle," but the word "nowhere" is strung out to such an extent that it certainly looks like two words, and has caused you to read it, "Daring is now here in Newcastle."'"—London Answers.

A Smart Lawyer.

Mrs. Caroline Bock has a suit on trial in the Supreme Court against the New York Central railway, alleging deafness from an accident. She claims to be deaf in the right ear. Attorney L. B. Williams pulled out his watch and held it to her right ear.

"Can you hear that?" he asked.

"No."

"Can you hear it now?" holding it to the other ear.

"Yes."

"Now?" holding it three feet away.

"Yes."

Mr. Williams opened the watch and showed the jury that it had no works and consequently could not tick.—Syracuse (N. Y.) Dispatch to New York Sun.

A Bad Break.

Mrs. Groundfloor—What was that awful racket I heard in your flat this morning.

Mrs. Upperflat—Oh, that was my husband. He fell over the coal bucket and broke one of the commandments.

AMERICAN LEGENDS.

(Gleaned from various sources, by CHAS. C. JAMES.)

THE LEGEND OF THE ORIGIN OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

In the country about the Ohio river at its mouth, in ancient times, it was not divided except by clear streams. It was a happy hunting grounds for two strong tribes who for many years had dwelt in peace. To each of the leading chiefs a son was born. Their advent occurred on the same day. They grew up friends, hunted, fought and smoked the calumet of peace together. If you had lifted the curtain over the door of their wigwams you might have seen many a trophy of victory and prize of daring adorning their walls.

Yatoba was featured with lines, that told of coarseness and a mighty passion that swayed him. The spirit of revenge had chiseled deeply on the face, his presence there.

Hawakitah was a typical son of the forest, limbs beatiful in form, every contour of body spoke the music of action. Yet there was marked upon his countenance, lines that told of passions. Also there was photographed in his eyes a generous and faithful heart.

They both loved the same heart. It was the beautiful Wynona. She had listened to their woolings, their pleadings for her love, she had given the oath of her heart's allegiance to Hawakitih. Yatoba was inwardly displeased, yet no muscle moved an outward expression on his stolid face. The still water of revenge ran deep in his soul, many moons came and went. The hour of rejoicing was at hand. On a hill at whose base now flows the mighty Mississippi, they stood. Like a canopy over them were the gnarled and twisted boughs of a giant oak. Hawakitah had come to claim his bride. After a silence a murmer went through the assembly, "Where is Yatoba?" It was answered by the war cry of his hosts—he at their head. Wynona seeing death only for her lover and husband, throwing herself upon Hawakitah's breast, would have saved his life. But the Great Spirit, not willing to accept a vicarious sacrifice of such worth, caused, with a deafening roar, the hill top to divide, making a deep and wide channel, separating the lovers from their enemies, through which now flowed a wide and muddy stream.

Thus the lovers were preserved and the "Father of Waters" was formed.

So let us learn that hatred and revenge are not loved of God, and man should not allow them soil room in the heart.

SOME LEGENDS OF THE CREATION.

The Gulches of Guatamala have some beautiful conceptions of things when the world was created.

The Father and Mother of life formed the heavens and everything found there, from the tiniest star to the ever shifting panorama of clouds, with their artistic creations of mountains, cliffs, beautiful figures and the noise of thunder, whose rumbling shakes the earth. The four winds blew. There were neither men, birds, fish, trees, or green herb. The heavens had not smiled on the earth's face, because the earth had not been seen. There was nothing but a peacefully sleeping sea. When the bright God of the day smiled upon the waters, the sea rippled in laughing wavelets at the heavens above.

The silence was oppressive, so the Father and Mother of life called the earth into being. Then the plants grew and assumed the color of a loving mercy, a beautiful green. The four winds blew upon the rustling leaves and created a lyre from whose chords came a murmuring lullaby of praise. This pleased the creators so that animal life came into existence.

Then went forth a decree "Let all we have made praise us." The animals could not comply with the decree, so the Father and Mother of life despised them. For many ages they sought to create animals that could speak and praise them, but they failed.

After much effort, covering many centuries, they succeeded in making men. They looked up and smiled on the heavens and said: "Hail! O, Creator! Thou that hearest and understandest us! Abandon us not! Forsake us not! Give us to walk always in an open path, in a road without snares, to lead quiet, happy and peaceful lives, free from all reproach."

These men multiplied under the god's care. The time came when they forgot to render homage to the gods. Great waters fell. Only one man, his wife, his sons and his sons' wives were saved. They were lodged in a large canoe. Coming to Tulan when the rain ceased, their language was all mixed, so they scattered over all the earth. So was the earth peopled.

This legend lays upon us the thought that God demands of all men praise for his goodness and mercy.

(Continued next week.)

A good rain Saturday afternoon did great good to all our growing crops.

We saw some as fine wheat last week, judging by the number and size of shocks, as ever grew in Bates county or anywhere else.

Dad Cooper has sold his house and lot in the northeast part of Rich Hill to Orville Schack. Of course Orville won't occupy the house alone.

Mrs. Effie Swarens, 29 years old, died at her home at New Home, July 5th. She was the widow of Eli Swarens. She left a son and two daughters, all grown. She was greatly esteemed for her many excellent qualities as a parent, neighbor and friend.

Our market was never better supplied with good berries than it has been this year and prices have been very reasonable, and a good demand for all the market afforded. Our berrymen have done very well both by themseved and their customers.

The New Home Coal Co., has struck coal at a depth of 241 feet on the Girard Wilson land. The vein is reported to be 5 feet, 8 inches thick and of a superior quality. It has an excellent slate roof and the coal is of a rich shiny black, free from slate and of the best burning quality. The discovery will be celebrated by a grand basket picnic on July 25, when it is expected a great good time will be enjoyed by everybody and his friends. This is only another confirmation of what we have always claimed that there is coal under every square mile of Bates county soil.

CHEAP COLORADO SUMMER RATES.

Commencing June 1st, the Burlington Route makes remarkably cheap round trip summer rates to Colorado and Utah resorts—Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Glenwood Springs, Salt Lake City. The daily rate is about half rate, except from July 1st to 10th, when it is even less than half rate.

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