There is use one like my lassic: Her brow a snawdrap is, And her lips they are red cherri That aye invite a hiss.

There is nae one like my lassie; Her hair is sunshine curled. And her e'en are surely brighter Than onie in the world.

Her voice it is sae clear That I straightway dream o' angels When its siller tones I hear.

There is nae one like my lassie, And she's good as she is fair; E'en heaven will seem more holy When her spirit enters there. Susie M. Best in Philadelphia Ledger.

SAVED BY A HAIR.

It was a dark and stormy night without, and I drew my chair closer to the hre as I sipped my tea and regaled myself with the news of the local paper. As the storm and sleet rattled furiously against the window and pedestrians hurried by anxious to reach a place of shelter, I felt thankful that I was not obliged to leave my comfortable home for the

"What's this?" I said, as my eye alight

ed on a startling paragraph.
"Mysterious murder! Mr. John Ran dolph, one of our old and wealthy citisens, was this morning found dead in his room, having been murdered during the night by some unknown person. Edgar Morton, a clerk in his employ, and who, report says, was soon to be married to his daughter, has been arrested for the murder, and circumstances are said to be strongly against him."

Now, although I am usually among the first to hear of criminal news, from the nature of my business, this was the first intimation I had received that such a murder had been done. This seemed very strange, as I was on the very best bed and of terms with Mr. Randolph and his turbed. whole family.

"And so this is the way that Edgar Morton repays the benefactor of his youth and soon to be father! Yet, no," I cried, "I will stake my life on that young man's innocence.

As I spoke there came a gentle tap at the door, followed almost immediately by the entrance of a lady deeply veiled, who at once threw aside her veil, disclosing to me the features of my deceased friend's daughter, Cecil Randolph.

"Excuse me, Mr. Ferguson, for entering uninvited, but urgent business must be my only excuse.

"Be seated, Miss Randolph," I said. rising and handing her a chair. "Oh, Mr. Ferguson!" she sobbed forth.

burying her face in her hands, "that I should ever be obliged to come to you on such an errand as this!"

I endeavored to quiether, and partially succeeded, when I drew from her what few facts she knew regarding her father's

"He retired last night at the usual hour apparently in good spirits, and no sound was heard during the night to suse any alarm. In the morning, as he failed to appear at breakfast, a servant was dispatched to summon him. Knocking at the door and receiving no answer, be finally opened it and advanced into the room. What a sight did he then behold! My poor father lay upon his bed, with his throat cut from ear to ear! Beath must have come to him suddenly -so suddenly as to prevent any outcry and the unknown assassin had no rouble i

ng his escape." "But." "I can't see why any one shound respect Edgar of the mur-

t mysterious part of the sad affair. This morning, when Edgar was told of the murder, he turned very pale, reeled, and would have fallen to the ground had not support been given him. Some of the ignorant behelders of this scene thought his actions denoted guilt, and an officer was summoned, who at once insisted on searching his room. A razor, on which was several spots of blood, was found concealed under the carpet, together with an old suit of clothes belonging to Edgar, which was bespattered with blood. This was considered sufficient evidence to warrant his arrest, and he now lies in jail charged with the awful crime of murder. Oh, Mr. Ferguson, if you can do anything to save him, and at the same time bring the guilty perpetrator of the deed to justice, I will amply reward von.

"Do you know of any enemies of your father, or of Edgar, who would be likely to commit such a crime, either for rob-

bery or revenge?" I asked.
"Oh," she replied, "it was not done for robbery, as everything in the room was as my father left it the night before. His watch and pocketbook, the latter containing a good sum of money, were found under his pillow, where he always placed them; so that the crime must have been committed to gratify a fiendish thirst for revenge.

"Now, then, who of all your acquaint-

ances could do such a thing? "I cannot possibly say. My father had not an enemy in the world, to my knowledge, or Edgar either—unless, perhaps, it might be Conrad Smithers, my father's bookkeeper and head clerk. But it would of fashion.—Washington Star. be impossible for him to do such a deed." "What reason have you for suspecting

that he is not Edgar's friend?" "Only this: Some time ago Conrad, whom we have always regarded as one of the family, proposed for my hand, and I told him it was not mine to give. 'I suspected as much,' he muttered. And then, while his face grew dark as night and his features assumed an ap-pearance perfectly fearful, he continued, *But you shall never become the wife of Edgar Morton while I have life to prevent it.' He then turned and abruptly left my presence. I was much alarmed and thought of speaking to my father about it, but during the after-noon he returned and begged my forgive-ness for the words he had used, and made

murder. Now, then, I want to see the body of your father and the room in which the deed was done."

"Well, Mr. Ferguson," she said, rising and preparing to accompany me, "you will find everything as it was when first discovered. The officer decided not to disturb anything until after the inquest. which takes place tomorrow forenoon.

Wrapping myself up in my greatcoat we set out, and after a brisk walk of ten minutes reached the handsome residence of my companion. I was at once shown to the room of the murdered man, and then began making such an examination as only a detective knows how to make. Circumstances of the most trivial character, which would be overlooked by an ignorant person, are often seized upon by a skillful detective, and sometimes constitute the most damaging evidence of guilt. In this case, however, everything had been done in the most skillful manner, and I could not succeed in making any discovery

I was about to leave the room in despair when, glancing toward the bed, I noticed what appeared to be a slight scratch on the neck of the murdered man just above the gaping wound which had so cruelly let out his life's blood. On ex-

ination I found it to be nothing more n a hair, which had in some manner abably become loosened from the head of the assassin and had settled on the neck of the victim, where it now lay, a silent yet truthful witness, pointing out the guilty wretch to the eye of justice. The hair was of a deep red color, which was totally unlike that of any of the household. It was, indeed, the same color and shade as that of Conrad Smithers.

I placed it carefully in my pocketbook. and saying nothing to any one of my discovery, started for the residence of Smithers, intent on doing a little acting. I found him, as his attendant said, ill in bed and on no account must be be dis-

"This sickness is but a stratagem." thought. "to divert suspicion."

Telling the woman that I wanted to see him but for a moment on the most urgent business, she finally reluctantly consented to my entrance. I found him lying upon a bed, apparently in great pain. In my youth I had studied medicine and was consequently well informed in such matters, and saw at once with a quick glance that he was only feigning sickness. He started up somewhat angrily as I entered, but I silenced him with a motion of my head.

"Conrad Smithers, this is a desperate game you are playing, but it will avail

you nothing.'

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed. springing to his feet, his illness all gone. "I mean that the game is up and the murderer of John Randolph is discov-

Thrown completely off his guard, as I had anticipated, he sank into a chair, and burying his face in his hands sobbed out, "Lost! lost!"

"Do you confess the murder, then?" "I do," he answered, "now that concealment is no longer of use." I took him at once into custody a

soon had the satisfaction of seeing him change places with Edgar Morton. Conrad Smithers was tried for the murder and, knowing that any defense would be useless after his confession to

me, he pleaded guilty and threw himself upon the mercy of the court, which sentenced him to imprisonment for life. It needs scarcely to be explained that the villain Smithers had found an opportunity of visiting Edgar Morton's room in his absence and possessed himself of the razor and the articles of clothing.

on of

posited the blood stained evidences of his crime, thus incriminating Edgar. About a year after I received an invitation to the wedding of Cecil Randolph and Edgar Morton, who live most hap pily together and never ceased thanking me that Edgar was saved by a hair .-New York Evening World.

The coal mines near Dresden have long been celebrated for the production of fungi which emit a light resembling pale moonlight. It is phosphorescent in its nature. Another species furnishes a useful color for dyeing; another is employed for making ink; another is utilized for stupefying bees, for stanching blood and for making tinder; another serves the Laplanders to destroy hedbugs, for which | denly came to a ledge of bare rock. The purpose it is smeared upon the walls and bedposts, and another is valued by the fully, but could see nothing to indicate Kamschatkans for manufacturing an intoxicating liquor.

The "polyporous squamosus" makes a razor strap far superior to those com-monly sold. For this purpose it must be cut from the ash tree upon which it grows, in the autumn, when its juices he called attention to the fine moss which have been dried and its substance has covered the rock, and that by close become solidified. It is then to be flat scrutiny gave evidence of having been tened out for twenty-four hours in a pressed by the foot, an indication so ly, and every slit that is free from damage by insects glued upon a wooden stretcher. In quite ancient times this fungus was so employed, and it seems

A Geometry Examination

Three elderly gentlemen, all college graduates, were discussing the effects of time in obliterating early training at school. One of them, Mr. A, asserted that they had all forgotten nearly everything they learned at school, and this the second gentlemen, Mr. B, as stren-

uously denied. "For instance," said Mr. A to Mr. B, "what do you know about geometry

now? Anything at all?"

"Certainly," said B, "a good deal."

"Well," said the third man, Mr. C. breaking in, "let's have a little examination. A, what is the shortest distance

between two points called?"
"A railroad," said Mr. A. promptly

HIS OCCUPATION GONE

NOWADAYS THERE IS VERY LITTLE FOR A SCOUT TO DO.

The Railroad and the Telegraph Have Taken Away His Avocation-Importance of the Scout of Former Times

The scout of the frontier is like the typical cowboy-a mythical personage in these days of steam and electricity. The recent Indian war was conducted without him, and the travelers on the prairies do not need his services. Trailing is as much an art as is painting or sculpture. and almost as few become proficient in it as in the handling of brush or chisel.

It is impossible to realize nowadays the importance of a scout of former times. No party dared cross the plains alone without a professional trailer to lead it, and no maranding band of Indians or whites could be overtaken unless they were tracked across the boundless wastes of sod.

A traveler across the plains of New Mexico relates to the writer that one day while riding with a guide he stopped and pointed to a clear and well defined

bear's track in the sand. The guide looked at it attentively a moment, then, without dismounting, declared: "You are mistaken: it is not a

"Isn't it?" said the American. "Then I never saw one.' "Yes, you have seen many, but this

isn't one. Quickly alighting, the American pointed out the heel and toes of the

track as clear and well defined as if made a few minutes before. "Well," said the guide, "if it does look like a bear's track, still it isn't one. The marks you imagine to be the heels

and toes are made by those spires of

grass, which, bent by the wind, scoop

out the sand in the manner you see. "You ought to have seen that your self," he went on, "but you didn't stop to think. You Americans never do. Americans travel with their eyes shut and their mouth open. An Indian or Mexican will travel all day without speaking a word to any one unless absolutely necessary, but nothing escapes his observation, while an American will talk continuously and see nothing but the general features of the country

through which he travels." The guide was probably right, for few Americans become adepts at trailing either men or animals across the plains of the west.

bear's track.

FOILOWING A TRAIL. It is impossible to learn the art from books, though there are a few general rules which can be observed. For instance, every scout knows that to overtake a party which has perhaps run off some stock, provisions must be taken to last several days; that the start must be made slowly and the course followed persistently and at a moderate pace, giving the horses the nights to rest in and start at daylight in the mornings.

Then, when the pursuers come near the pursued, it is the scout's business to tell the number and condition of the enemy, and how many hours have elapsed since they passed the spot on which you are standing, for it may become necessary for you to remain con-cealed until you decide upon the manner of attack, for if the party be made up of Indians they will scatter before you can capture them.

Again, any scout can tell whether the trail be that of a war party or not, behad returned to the apartment and de- them on the warpath; hence no lodge poles drag behind the ponies. If there is no trace of these it is safe to consider that a war party is on the rampage.

One of the difficult things to determine is the age of the trail, and to do it correctly requires much practice. If the track is very fresh it will show moisture where the earth is turned up, which after a few hours becomes dry. Should rain have fallen the edges will be less clear and will be washed down some-

The expert Mexican scout can tell by a glance what tribe of Indians has made a given trail, its age, and every particular about it as truthfully as though he had himself seen the cavalcade pa

A party following an Apache trail during the Indian difficulties of 1883 sudofficers of the troops examined it carewhere the tribe had gone. But the scout led them for two miles across it as unerring as though the trail had been made

When asked what told him the way press, after which it should be carefully slight that it would have been passed rubbed with pumice, sliced longitudinaldred, yet his keen eye detected every footprint as easily as could be wished. In the grass a trail can be seen for a long time, as the blades will be bent in strange that it has gone so entirely out of fashion.—Washington Star. the direction followed by the party, and even after it has recovered its natural position an expert trailer will detect a alight difference in the color of the grass that has been stepped on and that growing around it.

So the appearance of the tracks will also show him the gait at which the party was traveling, and he thus knows how to regulate his pace in order to

It is rare to find a white person who can retrace his steps for any great distance in the open country, but it is simply impossible to lose an Indian. No matter how circuitous the route by which you have reached a certain place the Indian will find his way back to the place of starting by the most direct route, and without hesitating for a moment which course to recover the course of the course of

noon he returned and begged my forgiveness for the words he had used, and made such professions of sorrow in regard to them that I freely forgave him, and have since thought no more of the matter."

"The fact is quite clear to me," I said.
"I know this fellow well and the sort of company he keeps, and I shall not be between two points called?"

"A railroad," said Mr. A. promptly

Mr. B laughed heartily.

"Well, B." said C. "perhaps you can tell me what the shortest distance be tween two points called?"

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"Well, B." said C. "perhaps you can tell me what the chances are that he will not reply at all. No matter how affable and entertaining he may prove in camp, he will talk little while en route.—Chicago

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