

SONG.

There is nae one like my lassie  
Her brow a snawdrap is,  
And her lips they are red cherries,  
That aye invite a kiss.

SAVED BY A HAIR

It was a dark and stormy night without, and I drew my chair closer to the fire as I sipped my tea and regaled myself with the news of the local paper.

"What's this?" I said, as my eye alighted on a startling paragraph. "Mysterious murder! Mr. John Randolph, one of our old and wealthy citizens, was this morning found dead in his room, having been murdered during the night by some unknown person."

"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.

"He retired last night at the usual hour apparently in good spirits, and no sound was heard during the night to cause any alarm. In the morning, as he failed to appear at breakfast, a servant was dispatched to summon him."

"That is the most 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."

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

"Oh," she replied, "it was not done for robbery, as everything in the room was as my father left it the night before."

"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 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.

"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

surprised to find that he committed the 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.

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.

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

"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 he be disturbed."

"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 discovered."

"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 and 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 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. After the commission of the murder he had returned to the apartment and deposited the blood stained evidences of his crime, thus incriminating Edgar."

Uses of Fungi.

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 purpose it is smeared upon the walls and bedposts, and another is valued by the Kamachatkans for manufacturing an intoxicating liquor.

The "polyporus squamosus" makes a razor strap far superior to those commonly sold. For this purpose it must be cut from the ash tree upon which it grows, in the autumn, when its juices have been dried, and its substance has become solidified. It is then to be flattened out for twenty-four hours in a press, after which it should be carefully rubbed with pumice, sliced longitudinally, 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 strange that it has gone so entirely out of fashion.—Washington Star.

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 strenuously 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.

"Well, B," said C, "perhaps you can tell me what the shortest distance between two points is?"

"A telegraph line, of course," said Mr. B, triumphantly.—Youth's Companion.

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—His Wonderful Eyesight—Indian Trails.

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.

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.

"You are mistaken; it is not a bear's track," declared the American. "Then I never saw one."

"You ought to have seen that yourself," he went on, "but you didn't stop to think. You Americans never do."

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The Dalles Chronicle

is here and has come to stay. It hopes to win its way to public favor by energy, industry and merit; and to this end we ask that you give it a fair trial, and if satisfied with its course a generous support.

The Daily

four pages of six columns each, will be issued every evening, except Sunday, and will be delivered in the city, or sent by mail for the moderate sum of fifty cents a month.

Its Objects

will be to advertise the resources of the city, and adjacent country, to assist in developing our industries, in extending and opening up new channels for our trade, in securing an open river, and in helping THE DALLES to take her proper position as the

Leading City of Eastern Oregon.

The paper, both daily and weekly, will be independent in politics, and in its criticism of political matters, as in its handling of local affairs, it will be JUST, FAIR AND IMPARTIAL.

We will endeavor to give all the local news, and we ask that your criticism of our object and course, be formed from the contents of the paper, and not from rash assertions of outside parties.

THE WEEKLY,

sent to any address for \$1.50 per year. It will contain from four to six eight column pages, and we shall endeavor to make it the equal of the best. Ask your Postmaster for a copy, or address.

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THE DALLES.

The Gate City of the Inland Empire is situated at the head of navigation on the Middle Columbia, and is a thriving, prosperous city.

ITS TERRITORY. It is the supply city for an extensive and rich agricultural and grazing country, its trade reaching as far south as Summer Lake, a distance of over two hundred miles.

THE LARGEST WOOL MARKET.

The rich grazing country along the eastern slope of the Cascades furnishes pasture for thousands of sheep, the wool from which finds market here.

The Dalles is the largest original wool shipping point in America, about 5,000,000 pounds being shipped last year.

ITS PRODUCTS.

The salmon fisheries are the finest on the Columbia, yielding this year a revenue of \$1,500,000 which can and will be more than doubled in the near future.

The products of the beautiful Klickital valley find market here, and the country south and east has this year filled the warehouses, and all available storage places to overflowing with their products.

ITS WEALTH

It is the richest city of its size on the coast, and its money is scattered over and is being used to develop more farming country than is tributary to any other city in Eastern Oregon. Its situation is unsurpassed. Its climate delightful! Its possibilities incalculable. Its resources unlimited! And on these corner stones she stands.