

A WEE BIT SANG.

When my heart is sore, an I'm like the groat, An a' seems better that since was sweet, An a' life's road hard the my wavy feet, I just sing a wee bit sang.

See lathered I for the world the bear, Nae little tender, nae mavis clear, I can just gie a cheep, but when days are drear, There's joy in a wee bit sang.

For, singin, my tears forget the fa', An the deid an the changed an the far awa' Come back, an the road's no' hard at a'—hie a help in a wee bit sang.

When poortith comes an the cupboard's bare, Whaur there used to be a' thing an the spare, I tak my crust, an it's dainty fare, When munched the a wee bit sang.

When the fowks in braws frae the nearby town, Seem my hoddin gray an my muckle shoon, I care nae mair than the man's the moon, I just sing a wee bit sang.

Aye, I sing when I'm happy, I sing when I'm sad, I may my ain cheer when there's nae nae to be had, Life can never be a' together had, While it leaves me a wee bit sang, —Torquil MacLeod in Boston Transcript.

A HAIRPIN.

Mr. Robert Perkins entered his private office with a disagreeable frown. He tossed his hat at the nearest hook and dropped himself into his swivel chair. Then he lifted his knee in the air, clasped his hands about it and gazed at his mustache. Ordinarily Mr. Robert Perkins was a good looking example of manhood. He wasn't at all attractive at the present moment, however. That's what the fair haired girl at the typewriter in the outer office thought. She could see him when she raised her eyes above her copy, and she wondered what disturbed him so.

The fact is, he was a very much disgruntled man. He had cause to be. Somebody was spying upon his movements. Somebody was even prying into his private affairs and stealing information that was of great value to him. Mr. Robert Perkins was a real estate operator, a man of big deals, whose name, in spite of his two and thirty years, was already a power in the street. Up to within a few weeks he had been singularly successful, but now somebody seemed to be blocking all his important moves. Only the day before he had prepared in a sketchy way the plat of an extensive tract he had meant to secure, and now he had just discovered that the price had been jumped on him to an extent that meant an outlay of \$10,000 more than he had counted on. He knew that his breast was the only guardian of this proposed deal—his breast and his desk, for in the latter was locked the precious plat.

Mr. Perkins pulled out his desk key and thrust it into the keyhole. At least he attempted to do so, but something interfered, something which stubbornly resisted the most violent effort. He drew out the key and brought forth his knife. A few minutes of energetic prying and twisting dislodged the obstacle. It was a hairpin.

A twisted hairpin of bronzed wire, Mr. Perkins instinctively turned in his chair and looked toward the fair haired girl at the typewriter. She was bending over her work and did not see him. Mr. Perkins knew that the fair haired girl used hairpins of bronzed wire.

Somebody had tried to pick his desk lock with a hairpin, the same somebody who had been making mischief for him right along. Could it be that innocent looking young woman? She handled his letters; she was to some extent familiar with his private business.

Mr. Perkins opened his desk with a bang. Then he struck sharply on a call bell that stood at his elbow. A boy appeared in the doorway. "George," said Mr. Perkins, "shut the door."

When the lad's back was turned, he looked at the hairpin again and sighed. Then he thrust it carefully into his vest pocket. When the boy approached him, he was gazing intently at the plat where it lay, apparently undisturbed, in the desk.

"George," said Mr. Perkins, "do you remember that I left early yesterday afternoon?" "Yes, sir," said George. "You went away at 3 o'clock with Mr. Tompkins in a carriage."

"Did you leave the outer office before closing up time?" "Yes, sir. I went to the postoffice for stamps, and I came back by the way of Lawyer Briggs' office and left that abstract."

"How long were you gone?" "Bout half an hour, sir." "Was Miss Phillips in the office when you left?" "Who—Miss Alice?" "Yes, Miss Alice."

It was a pretty name. It was the first time Mr. Perkins had spoken it, and he thought it a very pretty name, and then his fingers closed on the hairpin and his heart hardened.

"She was here when I left and here when I come back, sir." "Anybody else here?" "Mr. Burnham was in just before I left. He was talking to Miss Alice, sir."

"Talking to Alice?" "There was something in his snappy tone that carried the intimation that Mr. Perkins didn't like this information.

"Yes, sir, talking confidential like. When I looked around, he stooped down and said something real low, and Miss Alice kind of blushed."

"That will do, George." As the boy opened the door Mr. Perkins called him back. "Step across the hall to Mr. Burnham's office and tell him I want to see him."

puzzled," he added. "Somebody is robbing me of my ideas." "Get out!" said Mr. Burnham. "It's true," said Mr. Perkins. "A half dozen times within the last three weeks I have found myself face to face with evidence that my private papers have been tampered with."

"Seems incredible," said Mr. Burnham. "Yes, but it's true." "Suspect anybody?" "Yes."

Perkins rang the bell. "George," he said, "tell Miss Phillips that I want her." "Hold on," said Burnham. "I don't like this. It's all wrong. Just excuse me."

"Sit down," said Mr. Perkins. The stout man sank back in his chair. Then the door opened, and Alice entered. She cast a nervous glance from Perkins to Burnham. Her cheek paled a little, but her lips were firmly compressed. Perkins watched her narrowly.

"Sit down, Miss Phillips," he said. "I have called you in here to ask you a few questions. Somebody has been tampering with the private papers in my desk, Miss Phillips."

The girl started, but she returned his gaze fearlessly. "Yesterday afternoon this unknown was at work again. The tampering must have taken place while George was absent from the office. You, I think, were here until he returned?"

"I was here." Her voice was clear and steady. "Did any one enter the outer office during that time?" "Several men came to the door and inquired for you, Mr. Burnham is the only one who entered."

"Did you sit where you could see my private door?" "Not all the time. I moved my typewriter table to the window and put the screen about me."

"May I ask why you did that?" The girl hesitated, but her gaze did not flinch. "Because—because of Mr. Burnham's attentions."

"Come, now, I protest"—began the stout man. "Sit down," said Perkins. He looked back at the girl. There was a deep flush on her cheeks.

"You mean that Mr. Burnham paid you attentions that you thought were out of place in a public office?" Mr. Perkins' voice was cold and hard. The girl compressed her lips.

"Yes," she murmured. "Hang it all, man," sputtered Burnham. "What has my saying a complimentary word or two to a pretty girl got to do with your alleged robbery?"

The girl turned her head and looked at him, and there was something in the look that made the heart in Perkins' bosom leap for joy.

"I have questioned George," he said hurriedly, as if the business had begun to nauseate him, "and he corroborates your statement. He saw Mr. Burnham stoop and murmur something to you—and—and you blushed."

"By George," cried Burnham, "this is ducedly unkind!" Perkins did not notice him. He was looking at the girl.

"Yes," she slowly said, "I remember. I will tell you what he said." "It is not necessary," said Perkins. "Certainly not," cried Burnham. "Do as you please," said Perkins.

"It was only a simple request," the girl went on. "He said"—"I protest," cried Burnham. "Go on," said Perkins.

"He said that he wished to clean an ink well, and he asked me for a hairpin." Burnham laughed boisterously. "You see," he chuckled. Perkins arose and fumbled in his vest pocket.

"Is that your hairpin, Miss Phillips?" he asked. "I found it in the keyhole of my desk this morning." Burnham arose. His face was livid. "Just a joke, a practical joke," he muttered thickly and turned and rushed from the room.

"I knew it was that cur the instant you entered the room," said Perkins, but his voice changed as the girl arose. "Just a moment," he stammered. "I—I want to ask you one more question."

There is a new typewriter in the Perkins outer office, but as Mrs. Alice Phillips-Perkins herself picked her out it is believed that she is a thoroughly competent and trustworthy successor to that esteemed lady.—W. R. Rose in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

One of Lincoln's Dispatches. In his "Campaigning With Grant," in The Century, General Horace Porter tells of General Halleck's fear of trouble from the enforcing of the draft and his desire that Grant should send troops to the northern cities. General Porter says: On the evening of Aug. 17 General Grant was sitting in front of his quarters with several staff officers about him when the telegraph operator came over from his tent and handed him a dispatch. He opened it, and as he proceeded with the reading his face became suffused with smiles. After he had finished it he broke into a hearty laugh. We were curious to know what could produce so much merriment in the general in the midst of the trying circumstances which surrounded him. He cast his eyes over the dispatch again and then remarked: "The president has more nerve than any of his advisers. This is what he says after reading my reply to Halleck's dispatch." He then read aloud to us the following:

"I have seen your dispatch expressing your unwillingness to break your hold where you are. Neither am I willing. Hold on with a bulldog grip and chew and choke as much as possible." "A. LINCOLN."

Tabooed. "When I was in the lightning rod business," said the drummer, in a reminiscent mood, "I— But the smacking room had suddenly emptied, and he was an outcast among the traveling men thereafter.—Hard-ware.

Eggs 25 cts, a doz at Colm and Co. Our correspondents will do us a favor if they will please remember that if the items are received later than Tuesday evening they will be too late for the paper.

At this time of the year a cold is very easily contracted, and if left to run its course without the aid of some reliable cough medicine is liable to result in that dread disease, pneumonia. We know of no better remedy to cure a cough or cold than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. We have used it quite extensively and it has given entire satisfaction.—Olagh, Ind. Ter. Chief.

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THE GIRL IN WHITE "Twixt girls in pink and girls in blue, And girls in green and yellow, too, 'Twixt girls in red and every hue, To choose is more than I can do. 'Twixt beauties who my heart invite In all the rainbow hues bedight, How can I choose? I have it—light Dawns on me with the girl in white. Since white combines all colors, who Can wonder if I in you— Who go in white the summer thro' The charms of all, my pretty Prue?"

People eat and sleep well who use Vita Remedies. Read ad. No cure, no pay. None but Vita Medicines cure Blood Diseases. No cure, no pay. Read ad. Vita Medicines cure all sick people. No cure, no pay. Read ad.

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