

A SONG.

Ladle, let us stray together,
Far from town or tower;
O'er the mountain where the heather
Spreads its purple flower.

Where the mountain daisies blowing
On the turf we tread,
Where the rippling burn is flowing
O'er its pebbly bed—

There, while ev'ry opening flower
As thy smile is sweet, dear lassie!
Shelter'd in some leafy bower,
Thou and I should meet, dear lassie!

—Household Words.

A LUCKY HORSESHOE.

If Detective Sergeant Collie had arrived sooner he might have been able to discover a workable clew, he thought, but when he was called in the burglary was three days old. It was only after the local police had done their best and failed that they applied to Scotland Yard for help, and that the clever detective sergeant was sent to Bourgeoisville.

By that time the local police, under the able direction of Inspector Boodle, had succeeded pretty well in obliterating everything which might have served as a clew to the sergeant. Enough, however, still remained to show him that the burglary was not the work of amateurs, but of professionals. The way in which Mr. St. John-Smith's powerful plate safe had been forced was really a charming piece of workmanship, and excited the detective's warmest admiration, and the rapidity and noiselessness with which the massive silver plate had been removed and the reception rooms stripped of their valuables—including paintings, bronze and other not easily portable articles—proved the persons concerned to possess the highest and rarest skill known to the trade.

Although Sergeant Collie thought he might have been able to do something had he been called in immediately, yet he fully recognized that it was no great discredit to the local police that they had failed to trace the guilty persons. It was clear that from the first there was little to indicate who these were. Not a single suspicious-looking man or woman had been seen in the neighborhood for weeks, yet it looked as if those who committed the burglary had thorough knowledge, not only of the country about, but also of the house and the habits of its inmates. Not a single suspicious-looking vehicle had been seen on any of the roads about the pillaged house, or, indeed, about Bourgeoisville, or the village, as it was called, which was nearly a mile distant, on the night of the burglary, and yet the number and weight of the articles were such as to render it highly improbable they were carried off without the help of a vehicle of some sort. The policeman whose beat lay along the London road, off which the pillaged mansion was situated, had seen the ordinary number of vehicles pass during the night, but they all obviously belonged to "carriage people" in the neighborhood. There was not a van, dogcart, or other likely conveyance among them.

Sergeant Collie spent a whole fortnight searching for anything that might promise a clew to the solution of the mystery. He examined and cross-examined Mr. St. John-Smith's numerous servants. He searched the grounds of "Longleat"—the pillaged mansion—and of the neighboring houses most minutely, in hope of finding some trace of the missing property. He questioned everybody who lived in the neighborhood, and who within the past month had visited the house. But he discovered nothing.

At the end of the fortnight Sergeant Collie reported to headquarters that he had done all he could, and had completely failed to trace the criminals. As he was convinced that further investigation on the spot—at least, for the present—was useless, he was recalled to town. Before leaving Bourgeoisville he impressed on Inspector Boodle the necessity of reporting the thing at once if another crime of the same kind occurred in or about the village.

Sergeant Collie had not returned to town above two or three weeks before a telegram was received at Scotland Yard from the respected Inspector Boodle. It ran as follows: "Burglary last night at Chatworth, seat of Mr. St. James-Jones. Similar in all respects to that at Longleat, seat of Mr. St. John-Smith. Immense robbery. Send help."

Within half an hour of the receipt of this telegram Sergeant Collie was on the train bound for Bourgeoisville.

A rapid investigation showed the detective that Inspector Boodle's description of the burglary was absolutely correct. The second burglary corresponded with the first in every detail. It was executed with the same skill and daring; the thieves had forced with the same dexterity and equally strong plate safe, and had removed with the same rapidity and noiselessness an equally large amount of plate and valuables, and, finally, they had left as few traces by which they might be followed up and identified. Sergeant Collie, after three hours' most careful and intelligent inspection of the house, its grounds and everything in the neighborhood which by any possibility could throw light on the mystery, felt compelled to acknowledge that he was as much at sea as to how or by whom the burglary had been perpetrated as the local police had been in the last case.

Indeed, the only point that even looked like a clew had been discovered by the local police. Toward evening, when the detective was wearied and

disappointed by his labors, the Inspector came to him with a very mysterious air, and told him that he had found an important clew. This turned out to be a story told by the groom of the doctor at the village, who had been attending one of Mr. St. James-Jones's family.

This fellow said that, coming to Chatsworth the previous day with a bottle of medicine, he noticed a shabbily dressed man hanging about the laurels at the side of the lawn. This person, when he saw he was observed, hastily made off. Sergeant Collie had the footman before him for examination. It was then made clear that the intruder on the lawn was merely a common tramp. The detective, on making sure of this, dismissed the footman and his story with contempt. He was certain of little as regards save this, that it was the work, not of tramps, but of men carefully trained in that line of business, who had planned out every detail in it before they had taken the job in hand.

One or two points in the burglary had greatly struck the detective. In the first place, the plate safe in Chatsworth was built into the kitchen wall, yet the burglars had gone straight to it in its unusual place. Again, a minute examination of the footprints outside the house had convinced the officer that two, or at most three, persons had been engaged in the job. Thirdly, the plunder carried away—and carried away with amazing rapidity—must have weighed the best part of twenty stone. And, lastly, there was not the slightest evidence to show that a horse and vehicle of any kind had been used to remove the plunder. As before, the usual number of private carriages had been seen passing along London road, but nothing beyond that.

To the detective's mind, all these peculiar circumstances could point to only one conclusion, namely, that the burglars had been in the house before they went there to commit the burglary, and that they must live somewhere in the immediate neighborhood of the scene of the burglary. Accordingly, he directed his inquiries as to persons who had lately been visiting the servants' hall at Chatsworth.

These he found consisted pretty exclusively of the tradesmen and the maids' sweethearts. The former were all ultra-respectable men, who had been living in the village for years back, yet the detective thought it wise to inspect the premises of all of them. They raised no objection and he made no discovery. As to the sweethearts, he found that all the maids had recognized lovers, who were allowed by Mrs. St. James-Jones a pretty free run of the servants' hall. Among them was the policeman on whose beat London road was. He informed the detective who the other lovers were, and assured him that no new admirers had been hanging around the place of late.

"H'd have seen 'em if they 'ad," he said, "and the missus would 'ave done so, too. She's a very systematic lady. She halloos each of 'er mides one sweetheart and no more. When the gal 'as got one, too, she won't stand poaching. No, h'm sure there weren't no other men about."

And the men who were about, the detective soon ascertained, were all as respectable and above suspicion as the constable himself.

Sergeant Collie occupied a fortnight in these inquiries. At the end of that time he had to confess that he was not an inch nearer the solution of the mystery of the burglaries than ever. He again reported to headquarters that further investigation seemed useless, and requested to be recalled.

He was awaiting an answer from Scotland Yard when, early one morning, he was aroused by Inspector Boodle rushing wildly into his bedroom. The officer brought news of another burglary. This time the victim was Mr. St. George-Robinson. The mansion broken into was called Hatfield, and lay on the opposite side of the village to the other two pillaged houses.

Exasperated at this repetition of the burglaries under his very nose, Sergeant Collie set out hurriedly with Inspector Boodle for Hatfield, fiercely resolved to leave no stone unturned in his effort to trace the perpetrators. As they hastened along the road—the house was some half a mile from the village—the sergeant cross-questioned his companion as to the character of the poor people who lived in the neighborhood of Hatfield. When he had got all the information he could, he became silent. Suddenly, when they were not far from the house, he came to a dead stop.

"Hurrah!" he cried, delightedly, "we'll nab them this time!"

"How? Why? What makes you think so?" asked the Inspector, amazed.

"Don't you see this?" replied Sergeant Collie, walking across the road and picking up a horseshoe. "Luck—my boy—good luck!"

The Inspector's amazement turned into annoyance. "Is that all?" he said, "I thought you were wiser than to pay any attention to such old women's notions as that."

"You'll see we'll nab them!" cried the sergeant exultantly, as he pocketed the horseshoe. "I never felt more certain of anything."

that they did not have time to force the plate safe. Dawn was just beginning to break when the alarm took place. The housekeeper and her daughter had sprung out of bed and ran to the window to call for help. The burglars were by this time running helter-skelter down the side of the lawn to some trees which separated Hatfield—which was on a byroad—from a field occupied as a dairy farm, and opening into the main road. All that they could say was that there were two men—one looking something like a stableman, the other more like a clerk in dress. A remark of the younger woman, however, struck the detective sergeant as of more importance than her description of the burglar. She said that the man who was dressed like a stableman seemed like somebody she had seen before, but whom she could not remember.

The alarm had risen through the barking of a little fox-terrier, which was sleeping in a basket in the hall of the house. Usually two dogs were kept there—the fox-terrier and a big mastiff; but when the family went to the seaside for the benefit of their only child's health, the little girl asked to have her dogs with her, and the doctor who was attending advised that her wish should be granted, as she was much attached to the animals and might fret if parted from them. The mother assented; but, at the last moment, the father insisted that one should be left behind for the protection of the house. To this fortunate circumstance it was due that the burglary was discovered before the housebreakers could secure the plunder.

Collie and Inspector Boodle spent several hours in a most exhaustive examination. At the end of it one or two things seemed clear enough. As before, it was clear the burglars were adepts in their business; as before, it was clear too, that they knew well the interior of the house; and, as before, there was not a trace, or mark to show who they were or where they came from.

When they gave over the investigation for the day they walked back to the village both deeply impressed, and one reflecting deeply. The latter was Sergeant Collie. After reaching his lodgings, he sat quietly reflecting still. The blacksmith was still at his forge, though it was now evening. Sergeant Collie, who knew him slightly, bade him good day.

"Had a busy day?" the sergeant then asked the blacksmith.

"Pretty well—pretty well," answered Vulcan. "This weather, you see, makes the roads plaugney heavy, and there's lots of shoes dropped."

"I thought so," answered Collie. "I myself found one."

He took the shoe out of his pocket. "Ay, ay," said the blacksmith, looking at the shoe; "fore off, I should say. I had three of them to-day."

"Any of them about the size of that?"

"All of 'em, I should say," answered the blacksmith.

"Whose were they?"

"Let me see. Yes, Farmer Oakes' mare, the carrier's pony, and—and I should say the third was Dr. Fell's gelding—yes, it was."

"What sort of a man is the carrier?" asked Collie.

"Old Fardell? One of the best souls living," said the blacksmith. "He's lived in the village since it was started. I think—remembers when there wasn't a big house within three miles, except the old manor house, which was pulled down by Mr. St. John-Smith, three years ago. He's getting past work, I'm afraid."

The detective sat in silence for a minute or two, then he said:

"I don't feel at all well tonight."

"I thought you was looking a bit glum," said the blacksmith.

"I'll go home, I think, and go to bed."

The detective went home and went to bed. Before he was long there, he directed his handly to send for Dr. Fell, and ask him to come as quickly as possible, as the case was urgent. In spite of this intimation, Dr. Fell was not particularly quick of coming, and by the time he arrived the detective appeared very ill indeed. He made the doctor feel his pulse, examine his tongue and try the state of his lungs and heart.

Then the doctor left, saying it was merely a gastric attack, and promised to send him some medicine.

When the doctor was gone Collie sat up in the bed and reflected.

"I have seen him before," he said to himself. "Was it as a witness in a stabbing case, or what? Let me see, now. He's altered, of course; but I feel sure I know him."

He paused and thought again. Then he suddenly jumped out of bed.

"I'll swear it! It's Jack Howse, the forger, or I'm an ass!"

Half an hour later, the doctor, his coachman and footman were in custody on charges of breaking into and stealing from the houses of Messrs. St. John-Smith, St. James-Jones and St. George-Robinson, and half the plunder of those burglaries had been found by the police safely stowed away in the doctor's house and stable.

At the Assizes Dr. Fell and his associates were tried and convicted of the three burglaries. The history of Fell was then made public. His real name was John Howse. He had been a medical student in a London hospital, from which he had been expelled for dishonesty. One of his chums, however, had succeeded in getting a diploma. This man, who was as disreputable as Howse himself, was called Fell. Shortly after his expulsion Howse was convicted of forgery and sent to penal servitude. While he was serving his sentence Fell died, or, at any rate, disappeared. On his discharge, Howse became aware of this fact, and calmly appropriated his friend's diploma, and started practice at Bourgeoisville as a doctor. His former training as a medical student enabled him to carry out the imposture

with complete success. Unfortunately, his old criminal associates found him out and, willing or unwilling on his part, made him their chief in carrying out a regular scheme of burglaries. His professional position diverted suspicion from him and them, while his brougham was used to remove the plunder and his residence to store it till it could be safely disposed of.

"You see, now," said Collie to Inspector Boodle, "the horseshoe proved lucky after all."—London Truth.

Taitou, the Abyssinian Empress.

Taitou (Zehetepa-Berehan, or Sun and Light from Ethiopia) descends from a noble and ancient family. She is of fine figure and regular features, with the exception of a slight defect in her upper jaw. Her complexion is of a light brown color; her eyes dark, large, and expressive; her hands and feet small and well shaped. She dresses after the Ethiopian fashion, but with much taste and even elegance. Taitou is of amiable disposition, though of an impetuous and haughty character; she wants to know all that is done by the emperor, what he says and what he writes, and herself often dictates letters to his secretary sometimes concerning state affairs of great importance.

Taitou was married several times before becoming the wife of Menelek, whom she had known since her infancy at the court of the famous Negus Theodoros, who committed suicide rather than surrender himself to Lord Napier after the capture of Magdala, his capital. There was a talk at that time of uniting by marriage the two young people, both being of royal blood. But Menelek married the daughter of Theodoros. Taitou became the wife of Degiac Griel, and soon after of another Degiac or chief, Ghiorghie, from whom she was divorced three months after the wedding to marry Glauter Udie. He conspired against the Negus, and was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment. The unfortunate Taitou took refuge in the convent of Debra Mercl, when she was taken off by her brother, Ras Ollie, who conducted her to the province of Shoa. There Taitou married a chief named Zecaragach, brother of the beautiful Bafana, then the favorite of Menelek; and she was compelled to flee from that fourth husband, who brutally beat and otherwise ill-treated her. Taitou again went to her brother, who sent her on a mission to the court of Menelek, from whom she had been captured by the imperial governor of the Tigre. Menelek was captivated by the physical beauty and the intellectual accomplishments of Taitou and he married her solemnly, thus making Taitou the Empress of Ethiopia.—Harper's Weekly.

The Horse Fainted.

A rather good story is going the rounds of Germantown at the expense of Mounted Policeman George Whartman. One day recently, when the ground was covered with snow, "Lem" Altemus, the well-known amateur athlete and polo player, went out for a spin in his sleigh. Coming down York road, the horse took fright. Mr. Altemus was gently deposited in a snow-drift, and the animal continued its flight until it came violent contact with a telegraph pole. The result of the collision sent the horse to the ground, where he remained some minutes, exhibiting no signs of life. A crowd of people soon congregated about the apparently dead animal. The form of Officer Whartman was soon conspicuous in the sympathetic crowd, and after taking a good look at the prostrate animal, went to a telephone and ordered Joseph Ladley, residing in Germantown, to lose no time in reaching the place designated with an ambulance to carry away the dead animal. The ambulance was some time in getting to the scene, but when the driver and Officer Whartman looked about for the supposed dead horse he could not be found. A visit to Mr. Altemus stable disclosed the fact that the horse after regaining consciousness, quickly ran to its home and appeared to be none the worse for its exciting experience.—Philadelphia Record.

The Class Was Dismissed.

The Philadelphia Record tells of a school teacher who was instructing a class of boys in geography. Everything went well until, in order to make the matter plainer, she took an ordinary globe, and pointing to the portion containing the United States, asked her class where she would come out if she should start from Philadelphia and go straight through the earth. She knew they would all say China, but she wanted to see which of her scholars would answer first. She waited fully a minute, and no answer came. Away back in the room a grimy hand was finally held up. "Well, David," she asked, "where would I come out if I should go straight through the earth from here?" The silence was growing thicker every second. "Please, Miss Maude, you would come out of the hole," was the reply, and the class in geography was dismissed for the day.

Muskrats for Food.

In nearly every part of Berks county, Pa., muskrats nowadays are used for food, and are pronounced a first-class dish. Ten years ago the idea of eating them would have been scorned in nearly every section of Berks. The muskrat is a great deal cleaner with its food than most other animals that have for years been used on the table. It is claimed that muskrat meat is a great deal finer to the taste than that of a rabbit.

Five hundred trading vessels leave the Thames daily for all parts of the world.

A DESPERADO'S LAST DAYS.

How Cherokee Bill Was Captured and How He Died.

The crimes of Cherokee Bill, recently executed at Fort Smith, Ark., were not only numerous, but the cold-blooded viciousness with which he committed them gained for him the appellation of the "Gorilla."

Clint Seales planned with Rogers to secure the desperado, and they played friendly with him. Bill, however, would never allow any one to get behind him, and even at dinner that day ate with his Winchester across his lap. After finishing the meal he approached the fireplace and stooped for a fagot with which to light a cigarette, when Seales knocked him senseless with a poker and placed handcuffs on his wrists. He was taken to the Federal jail at Fort Smith. Here he and other desperate characters in "Murderer's Row" planned an escape, and in some clandestine manner Bill was furnished with a revolver. At meal time on July 26, Bill made a dash for liberty, and shot Larry Keating, a jail guard, dead. He fired four shots at another guard, but missed, and was overpowered and placed in his cell and kept there to the hour of his execution. After being placed in his cell he gobbled like a turkey and strutted proudly. A mob formed and clamored to get at the "Gorilla," but they could not storm the Federal jail. Bill kept a blanket hanging at his cell door, and would not show himself to visitors unless paid for an appearance.

The scaffold on which the "Gorilla" was executed is the most remarkable structure of its kind on the continent, possessing a gruesome appearance and a ghastly record. It is made of rough strong timbers, which are protected only by a plank roof. It stands just inside the south wall of the old fort, at a point where the fort's magazine was once located. The trap is of heavy folding planks, with strong strap hinges, heavy staple and lever. It would "accommodate" a dozen murderers, but six at one time is its greatest record. In all, ninety-three murderers have been executed on this scaffold out of 134 sentenced in the past quarter of a century by the now somewhat conspicuous judge, Isaac Parker. Seventy-six of the executed were "worked-off" by an Irishman named George Maledon, who recently moved from Fort Smith to a farm in Kansas. Maledon received \$25 for each, and instead of going about his duties in a brutal way, he always dressed stylishly and drove to the fort in a carriage, adjusting the loop with care and coolness, and he never made a botch job in all his services as hangman. After making a remarkable record as a hangman it dawned upon Maledon that it was "not a gentlemanly vocation," and he resigned.

Soap Books.

"If cleanliness is next to Godliness, then a soap book must rank next to the Bible," said the cyclist.

"What is a soap book?" inquired a Journal reporter.

The cyclist took from his pocket a small volume the leaves of which looked like waxed paper. Tearing one of the leaves from the book, he plunged it and his hands into a basin of water, whence they emerged covered with a profuse lather. The leaf had disappeared, having been transformed into the suds. The leaf was pure soap.

"It's the most convenient form for soap for the traveller," said the cyclist, "and it's a regular up-to-date invention. All the wheel men and women are beginning to carry it."

"It is my belief," he continued abstractedly, "that the newspaper of the future will be made of soap."

"Soap?"

"Yes, soap, and printed with soap ink in different colors. It would then be easy to trace the life of a paper. At 9 a. m. you read it over your coffee; at 9:30 you pass it to your wife; at 10 she gives it to the cook, and at 11 it is washing the family linen.

"There will be other uses for the soap newspaper," went on the cyclist, his imagination expanding. "If left in the street and eaten by a chance goat the goat might fatten on it and he might not. If he did he would be a soap-fat goat, but at any rate, if he died he would die clean. Those papers that the goats spew in the streets would at the first shower turn into soapsuds and wash the city clean. Wood pulp would become a drug in the market and fat-soapfat—would be worth its weight in gold. Morally—"

The cyclist addressed the air; the reporter had disappeared.

Cherry Stone Curiosities.

There is a cherry stone at the Salem, (Mass.) museum which contains one dozen silver spoons. The stone itself is of the ordinary size but the spoons are so small that their shape and finish can only be well distinguished by the microscope. Dr. Oliver gives an account of a cherry stone on which were carved 124 heads, so distinctly that the naked eye could distinguish those belonging to popes and kings by their mitres and crowns. It was bought in Prussia for \$15,000 and thence conveyed to England, where it was considered an object of so much value that its possession was disputed and it became the object of a suit in chancery.

A Hove Ploy.

A traction engine on the Chico ranch pulls twelve-inch plows, and, with three men, does the work of nine men and fifty-four horses. It plows forty acres in twelve hours at a cost of the time of three men, two cords of wood, and the oil, wear and tear, and interest upon the cost of the engine. So says the Chico (Cal.) Chronicle.

MURDERED BY INDIANS.

Drummond Redskins Kill Officials of a Mexican Town.

A telegram from Oaxaca City, Mexico, states that the rebel Indians at the town of Juquila killed all the town Councilors, school teachers, local priests, Chief of Police, and the telegraph operator, in fact, every one holding a government place. The people are in terror and troops have been sent for the relief of the town.

The military movement made against the rebel Zimilians was resulted in driving the Indians into the mountains. They began their plotting in holy week, instigated by Indian lawyers, who informed them that the new State taxes were unconstitutional, but the authorities paid no attention to the excitement among them, considering they were engaged in their usual celebration of the season. But procuring arms and machetes, they made a rush for the town hall and the prefect hastily closed the doors, which they soaked with petroleum and burned, thus effecting an entrance, sacking the place and penetrating the private apartments of the prefect, grossly maltreating the women of his family, and then turning the attention to the officials and armed servants, killed and wounded several.

The scene was a horrible one, as the assault took place in the early evening, and the excitement of the mob was indescribable. The Indians were possessed with fury, and it was absolutely impossible for respectable inhabitants to control them, as all were drunk and maddened. The mob, after sacking the town hall, went to the Federal stamp office and assaulted it, burning down the outside door with petroleum, which also communicated fire to the entire house, placing Collector Graciada, who was on the roof with his clerks, in a condition of the utmost peril, but they managed to escape by the rear, jumping for their lives.

Many shops were burned, after being sacked, and the Indians decorated themselves with stolen finery. They all fled on the approach of the soldiers, and are now in the hills. The revolt is local, and will be suppressed, and the instigators of the Indians will be severely punished, as they took advantage of their gross ignorance.

TO REORGANIZE THE ARMY.

Senator Hawley's Bill Will Be Reported by the Senate Committee.

The Senate Committee on Military Affairs agreed to report favorably Senator Hawley's bill for the reorganization of the army. The bill increases the force to 30,000 enlisted men, to be composed of ten regiments of cavalry, seven of artillery and twenty-five of infantry.

The bill as it will be presented will also provide for the continuance of the battalion of engineers, as provided for by the existing law. This provision was omitted in the original draft of the bill, but was inserted in committee.

MARKETS.

Table with multiple columns listing market prices for various goods such as Flour, Wheat, Corn, Hops, etc. in Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York.