

A SONG.

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

A LUCKY HORSESHOE.

If Detective Sergeant Collie had arrived sooner he might have been able to discover a workable clew, he thought,

By that time the local police, under the able direction of Inspector Booodle, had succeeded pretty well in obliterating everything which might have served as a clew to the sergeant.

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.

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.

Sergeant Collie had not returned to town above two or three weeks before a telegram was received at Scotland Yard from the respected Inspector Booodle.

"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."

"Hurray!" 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.

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

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.

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.

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.

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

He was waiting an answer from Scotland Yard when, early one morning, he was aroused by Inspector Booodle rushing wildly into his bedroom.

Exasperated at this repetition of the burglaries under his very nose, Sergeant Collie set out hurriedly with Inspector Booodle for Hatfield, fiercely resolved to leave no stone unturned in his effort to trace the perpetrators.

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

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that they did not have time to force the plate safe. Dawn was just beginning to break when the alarm took place.

The alarm had risen through the barking of a little fox-terrier, which was sleeping in a basket in the hall of the house.

Collie and Inspector Booodle spent several hours in a most exhaustive examination. At the end of it one or two things seemed clear enough.

When they gave over the investigation for the day they walked back to the village both deeply impressed, and one reflecting deeply.

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

"Pretty well—pretty well," answered Vulcan.

"I thought so," answered Collie.

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

"Old Fardell? One of the best souls living," said the blacksmith.

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

"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.

At the Assizes Dr. Fell and his associates were tried and convicted of the three burglaries.

While he was serving his sentence Dr. Fell died, or, at any rate, disappeared.

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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.

"You see, now," said Collie to Inspector Booodle, "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.

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.

The unfortunate Taitou took refuge in the convent of Debra Mercl, when she was taken off by her brother, Ras Olie, who conducted her to the province of Shoat.

"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.

"It's the most convenient form for soap for the traveller," said the cyclist, "and it's a regular up-to-date invention.

"Yes, soap, and printed with soap ink in different colors. It would then be easy to trace the life of a paper.

"There will be other uses for the soap newspaper," went on the cyclist, his imagination expanding.

"The cyclist addressed the air; the reporter had disappeared.

"There is a cherry stone at the Salem, (Mass.) museum which contains one dozen silver spoons.

"In nearly every part of Berks county, Pa., muskrats nowadays are used for food, and are pronounced a first-class dish.

"A traction engine on the Chico ranch pulls twelve-inch plows, and, with three men, does the work of nine men

"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."

Clinton Scates 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.

The scaffold on which the "Gorilla" was executed is the most remarkable structure of its kind on the continent, possessing a grotesque appearance and a ghastly record.

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MURDERED BY INDIANS.

Drummond Rodkins Kills Officials of a Mexican Town.

A telegram from Oaxaca City, Mexico, states that the rebel Indians at the town of Juqueila killed all the town Councilors, school teachers, local priests, Chief of Police, and the telegraph operator.

The military movement made against the rebel Zimilians 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.

The scene was a horrible one, as the assault took place in the early evening, and the excitement of the mob was indescribable.

Many shops were burned, after being sacked, and the Indians decorated themselves with stolen finery.

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MARKETS.

Table with columns for GRAIN ETC. and FLOUR, listing various items and their prices.

Table with columns for POTATOES AND VEGETABLES, listing items like TOMATOES and PEAS with prices.

Table with columns for PROVISIONS, listing items like HOGS and CHICKENS with prices.

Table with columns for BUTTER and CHEESE, listing items like BUTTER-Fine Cream and CHEESE-N. Y. Fancy.

Table with columns for EGGS, listing items like EGGS-State and EGGS-Penna. ft.

Table with columns for LIVE STOCK, listing items like BEEF and SHEEP.

Table with columns for FURS AND SKINA, listing items like MUSKRAT and BEAVER.

Table with columns for NEW YORK and PHILADELPHIA, listing various market items and their prices.