

SOLDIER'S SONG IN "MERCEDES."

The camp is hushed; the fires burn low;
Like ghosts the sentries come and go;
Now seen, now lost, upon the height
A keen drawn saber glimmers white.
Swiftly the midnight steals away—
Reposez-vous, bons chevaliers.

Perchance into your dreams shall come
Visions of love or thoughts of home.
The future night wind, hurrying by,
Shall kiss away the half-breathed sigh,
And softly whispering seem to say,
Reposez-vous, bons chevaliers.

Through starlit dusk and shimmering dew
It is your lady comes to you!
Delphine, Lisette, Annette—who knows
By what sweet wayward name she goes?
Wrapped in white arms till break of day,
Reposez-vous, bons chevaliers.

—T. B. Aldrich.

HIS LAST CHANCE.

Detective John Shaip was the most miserable man on the face of the earth—he believed. He was falling again.

He said it was ill luck. It had so happened that all the important jobs that had fallen in his way had been nuts impossible to crack—mysteries that no earthly genius could solve. He had always been unlucky, unlucky, he said, fighting desperately against the whisper of a conviction that he might be without the capability of the ideal detective.

Then, when he had begun almost to despair, something had occurred, three weeks ago now, which Detective Shaip had fancied might at last be the making of him.

He had been sent down to Leeds in Yorkshire in answer to the special request of Mr. David Lindsay to inquire into the murder of Mr. Lindsay's young wife.

Twenty-seven years ago John Shaip and David Lindsay had been comrades in the Scotch highlands. They had taken a sort of vow of perpetual friendship, he had remembered with some amusement, and some half bitter regret for the times when they were so frankly sentimental. After that they had corresponded for awhile and then had lost sight of each other.

Detective Shaip knew that David had risen to a position of prosperity in his business; that he was the head of a large mill in the suburbs of Leeds and the owner of a house at Kirk Lees, a little village about an hour's drive from Leeds, but he had not known until he had heard of the murder at Kirk Lees that David was married.

When he had arrived at the place, the detective had heard all about the murder. He remembered now that in the first few days of his stay under his old friend's roof he had scarcely given a minute of time to any recollection of their old friendship.

He had at once made himself master of the circumstances of the murder, which Mr. Lindsay had given him as follows: On the day of the murder Lindsay had driven into Leeds, as usual. Mrs. Lindsay had been at home all day. In the evening about 8 o'clock a Mr. Cyril Holt, an old friend of Mrs. Lindsay's—an old admirer, too—had called to see her. He had staid about half an hour, and then one of the servants had seen Mrs. Lindsay let him out at the front door.

He had set off at a run to catch the 8:34 train at the local station. The station master deposed to his having caught the train and to its being punctual, so that there were only four minutes between his leaving Mrs. Lindsay and reaching the station, and a man would have to run very fast to cover the distance in that time.

Mrs. Lindsay returned to the drawing room after seeing Holt off. She often sat there alone in the gloaming, waiting for her husband's return, and when he had returned on that night, at 9:30, he had entered the house through the open drawing room window and had found his wife dead, stabbed to the heart with a steel dagger that she had worn in her hair, and stabbed, moreover, in such a neat way, just above the left breast, that the wound had bled inwardly, only a few drops of blood oozing out to the surface.

It was impossible to lay the guilt on Holt, who yet seemed the most likely. Mr. Lindsay's own alibi was the most perfect, for the time of leaving Leeds in his brougham was deposed to, and it would have been impossible for him to have reached Kirk Lees by 9 o'clock, the hour at which the murder had been committed.

Nothing could be made of the two servants, who had been chatting in the kitchen from the time when one of them had seen Holt leave until the moment that the master's violent ringing of the bell had brought them to the scene of the murder.

The only possible surmise that could be formed was that some unknown person had entered the open drawing room window and committed the crime and then got safely away.

The soil underneath the drawing room window had been carefully scratched over as if to destroy the prints of footmarks.

This was what Detective Shaip had learned on arriving at Kirk Lees three weeks ago, and this was all that he knew now. He was in despair, and so was his host.

Detective Shaip had suspected for a long time that his reputation had been at a very low ebb in the sight of the authorities of Scotland Yard. He had even begun to feel that possibly the choice lay for him between shortly leaving the service that he loved or being asked to leave.

It had never happened in all the former course of his professional career that any special request for his services had been sent to the Yard. Now that this had been the case there was only needed success in the task for him to restate himself in the good opinion of his official superiors, and better still, of himself.

Yet three weeks had gone by now since the date of his arrival at Kirk Lees, and he was again on the eve of owing to failure.

He had told his old friend how he stood in his profession, and Lindsay had offered him a berth in a manufacturing concern that he owned in Australia if the detective really elected to leave the service. They were sitting in the drawing room this evening, discussing the murder, as usual.

"I thought of a little experiment last night that I should like to try, David," Shaip said. "I don't suppose it will give us any clue, but it might. That is to hypnotize you, and let you go through the scene of discovering the body again."

"Why, what good could that do?" asked Lindsay quickly.

"I don't say that it could do any, but I should like to try it."

"All right. I want to write a note first though. You can wait a minute?"

"Ah, of course."

The detective sat watching his friend as the note was written. Mr. Lindsay had lighted a wax candle and placed it on the escritoire in front of him. In its light he could be seen as the wreck of what had been a burly, strongly marked Scot three or four weeks ago.

Presently he had finished his writing, and turning to the detective he announced himself ready for the experiment. In a

few more minutes he was obedient to Shaip's slightest hint.

The detective took him outside to the gate, where the brougham had stopped on the night of the murder, and after suggesting to him that he should go through the scene of discovery again he returned to the half dark drawing room to watch—to watch without any expectation of gaining any useful result from this experiment.

A faint evening breeze blew the silk curtains about, and the detective held them in his hand to stop the rustling, and then heard steps coming across the lawn.

They came heavily, not as one would expect a man to spring across a lawn to an open drawing room window. But the Lindsay had been late and probably tired on the evening of the murder.

He came in sight now, and Detective Shaip saw that he was stooping and holding out his arms in front of him, as if carrying some heavy weight. He came on to the window, and now the detective could see his face, white, with drops of perspiration standing out on the forehead, and terror-stricken eyes that seemed fixed on the lounge chair on which the dead body had been found.

David entered the room with his dread imaginary burden, and going straight to the chair went through the pantomime of laying the burden down there, of placing what might be a dagger on the floor. Then he flew to the bell and would have rung it had not Detective Shaip stopped him.

"For God's sake, wake up, Lindsay!" the detective cried, passing his hand over Lindsay's forehead, as the signal that had been agreed upon between them for arousing David from his hypnotic trance.

Lindsay sank into a chair. Without speaking and with a hand that the note that he had written a few minutes ago and handed it to the detective. Outside it said: "You know that it was I who committed the murder, and I know that you know, and that you are trying to drive me to confess it."

The detective dropped the note as if it burned him and stared in increased amazement at his friend.

"I never suspected you for a moment, David," he said. "How did you do it?"

Lindsay sat up suddenly, the red color of anger at himself flooding his face. "You didn't know?" he asked, with rough incredulity.

"Of course I didn't, and I don't see how you did it yet."

"I sent for you on purpose, because I knew whoever came would find out all about it," said Lindsay. "And I thought you'd let me off. It's all written on the paper."

The detective picked up the paper that he had dropped. Yes, there it was, written in a small, cramped handwriting. He took it to the candle and read as follows:

"On the night of the murder I was driving home from Leeds and had got to a bend in the road about a mile from here when we met Lucy, and I took her into the brougham. She had come across the fields to tell me that Cyril Holt had been to see her, and now she had promised to elope with him."

"Whether she had come to tell me about it because she had repented and decided not to do it, or whether she had determined to tell the truth and brave me and had run to meet me and do it before her courage failed, I don't know. When she sat opposite to me and told me so straight out that she had promised that day to leave me for Holt, I snatched the dagger from her hair and stabbed her. The clever way in which she was stabbed so as to cause no bloodshed was simply an accident."

"I stopped the brougham and told Miles. Everybody about here knows that Miles is a bit simple; that I did a good turn for him once, and that he would serve me as a dog."

"I brought her home—half an hour's drive—dark and rang the bell. The servants were in the kitchen and had not seen me enter. In driving through the village I put Lucy into the bottom of the brougham, so that she should not be seen. That is all."

In the semidarkness of the drawing room, lit only by a single wax candle, Detective Shaip and his old friend sat looking at each other in silence. Into the detective's mind, relieved now of surprise, a new suggestion came with a jump. Here at last was success.

That very night a telegram might go off to Scotland Yard announcing the discovery of the murderer.

Detective Shaip accepted the prize that lay within his grasp now, it meant success for the present, success for the future, everything that he had most longed for.

David Lindsay sat crouching in his chair, his dull eyes, dulled by weeks of fear and by overmuch brandy, taken to quell the fear, fixed on his friend.

The coarse, fleshy face was not much like the ruddy, healthy face of the youth to whom Detective Shaip had vowed a lifelong friendship 30 years ago. The thick, forbidding looking lips were silent, so no Scotch accent recalled old highland memories.

The two men sat silent, arbuter and culprit. A ghostly night wind sighed in and out of the silk curtains. Presently Detective Shaip spoke.

"You must give me that berth in Australia, Davy, lad," he said. "I'll go out and take it."—Exchange.

Queer Oils.

The National museum's collection of oils is very remarkable and forms the subject of an interesting description in The Pharmaceutical Era. There is oil from the nose of the pilot whale, which will not freeze at zero F., and the oil from the fore legs of the alligator, which will freeze where ice melts. The latter is a particularly fine leather dressing. Oil from fat just beneath the turtle's upper shell is recommended for rheumatism, while the oil tried out from the entrails of eel is said to be good for deafness.

The natives of Ecuador take an oil from the fat of a bird called the "guachero," which they consider equal to olive oil for table use. In Central America the people obtain a golden oil that is unequalled for waterproofing purposes from an insect that is about the size of a rosbud, which yields about two-thirds of its own weight in this peculiar grease. The insect feeds on the sap of a resinous plant, to which it clings by its long beak, giving it the appearance of being driven full of queer looking tacks. When the bugs are thickest, they are scraped off and boiled.

Shut Them Up.

It is always the gun that was not loaded which explodes and kills the man who was looking down its muzzle. There are men like the unloaded guns. You are sure that they are harmless, but they always go off with fatal effect when least expected. Shut them up.—Brooklyn Citizen.

The manuscripts of Tasso, which are still preserved, are illegible from the immense number of erasures, changes and emendations.

A SPRING STORY.

A FEW THINGS YOU OUGHT SURELY TO DO AT THIS SEASON.

In the spring we feel tired, languid and debilitated. The change from cold to warm weather causes a depression of the vital forces resulting in an inactive state of the stomach, liver, bowels and kidneys. Headache is common, and the blood undergoes changes which greatly debilitate the system.

The complexion is apt to be sallow, and dark circles gather under the eyes. If something is not done to overcome these conditions, they will last indefinitely and may result in severe sickness. Read the experience of the well-known Mrs. A. A. Herrick, of 40 Everett street, East Somerville, Mass.

"Two years ago I contracted a very severe cold that settled all over my body. My head and left side pained me all the time, I had no appetite and could not sleep at all nights. I was so nervous I thought I would be insane and any work seemed like a mountain ahead of me."

"I would become completely exhausted on the slightest exertion. I was obliged to give up and take to the bed. I lay there several weeks but got no better. I began to fear I should never get well, as nothing seemed to affect me. I was finally advised to use Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and did so."

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CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Solomon and His Family.

Solomon was a large white rat, who lived in an artist's studio in New York. He received his name because of his wisdom and his solemn face.

Solomon was as trustworthy as a dog. He refrained from nibbling the curtains and rich stuffs that were scattered about the studio and was most particular not to take cheese or rich cake up on the sofa, where he was allowed to play and sleep when his paws were clean.

Now, it so happened that a friend of Solomon's mistress had some rats—a father and mother and seven children. One night a stray cat found her way to their cage and

ate up the old rats. Perhaps she satisfied her appetite with them or maybe she thought she would leave the little ones till they were bigger, and their bones would be better worth picking. At any rate the seven poor little things were left orphans.

Solomon's mistress agreed to adopt them, and the cage was taken into her rooms.

Solomon stared and then went cautiously up to the newcomers. He soon showed signs of joy at their arrival, and to the astonishment of those who watched him, thinking that in spite of his former goodness he might be a cannibal at heart and would take advantage of the occasion, he immediately took the little rats under his protection. He called them to him and coaxed them to snuggle down by his side, as their mother would have done.

When they were allowed to run about, he watched them and taught them where they might go and where they might not go.

Only one of the seven orphans turned out a genius, but all of them became respectable rats and a great credit to Solomon.

The genius of the family one day came upon a guitar lying on the sofa, and running up to it made the strings sound. The music pleased him so much that after his discovery he frequently went in search of the instrument and scampered back and forth over the strings to his own great delight and to the amusement of all who saw him.—Margaret Compton in St. Louis Republic.

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