

General Debility

Day in and out there is that feeling of weakness that makes a burden of itself. Food does not strengthen. Sleep does not refresh. It is hard to do, hard to bear, what should be easy—vitality is on the ebb, and the whole system suffers. For this condition take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It vitalizes the blood, gives vigor and tone to all the organs and functions, and is positively unequalled for all run-down or debilitated conditions.

HOOD'S PILLS cure constipation, 25 cents.

Almost Converted.

Two Jews, wishing to become Catholics, called at the house of a priest and, finding he was not in, decided to wait. As the day advanced and the priest did not return, one of the men became restless. "Come away," he said to his companion, "or we shall be late for the synagogue."—Chambers' Journal.

Ignorance.

De Style—Have you ever heard of ping pong? Gumbaste (innocently)—Oh, yes; I frequently take my laundry to him.—Smart Set.

The Observation Car.

Has barber shop and bath rooms, smoking and card rooms, library and an elegant parlor for the ladies, and all brilliantly lighted with electricity and cooled with electric fans. Mighty popular train, this. All agents will be glad to give you any information desired.

Confirmed.

Clara—He told me that although you had refused him, he knew that he would get over it. Maud—That's what I was afraid of.

The Particular Kind.

"Thompson says he regards his mother-in-law as a perfect treasure." "To be sure he does—the kind he'd be satisfied to lay up in heaven."—Smart Set.

Mother will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy for their children during the teething period.

Had Been There Before.

Boreman—Hello, Sharpe! Well I tell you I'm glad to get back again.

Boreman—Why, I've been in Europe for a month, and I've had lots of interesting experiences.

Sharpe—Shake! I've been visiting in Loneyville for a week, and I tell you, I was surprised with the place. Let me tell you about it. You see—What, going? Well, so long!—Detroit Free Press.

Financial Efforts.

Jack—Was the church garden party a success? Julia—Well, I worked hard enough. I ate ice cream with every young man on the grounds.—Detroit Free Press.

"North Coast Limited"

Is run only by the Northern Pacific between Portland and Minneapolis and St. Paul through Tacoma, Seattle, Spokane, Butte, Livingston, Billings, Bismarck and Fargo. Eight of these trains are on the run daily, four east and four west. Each is a solid vestibuled train, carrying Standard and Pullman Tourist sleepers, dining car, day coaches, mail, express, and baggage car and the elegant observation car. Each train is brilliantly lighted with over 300 lights, and the beauty of it all is, you can travel just as cheaply on this train as on any other. All representatives will be glad to give you additional information. A. D. Charlton, Assistant General Passenger Agent, 255 Morrison street, Portland, Oregon.

A Misunderstood Man.

Geraldine—Did you ever have the feeling that people didn't understand you? Gerald—I often have it; I use the telephone a great deal.—Smart Set.

Shake Into Your Shoes.

Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder, it makes tight shoes comfortable. It is a certain cure for itching, chafing, and corns. Sold by all druggists. Price 25c. Trial package mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

No Mice on Papa Little.

Mice cannot exist on Papa Little, an island in St. Magnus bay, on the west of Shetland. To test the truth of this, several mice, at various times, were brought here, but the soil proved so ungenial that they soon died.—Exchange.

SORES AND ULCERS.

Sores and Ulcers never become chronic unless the blood is in poor condition—it is sluggish, weak and unable to throw off the poisons that accumulate in it. The system must be relieved of the unhealthy matter through the sores, and great danger to life would follow should it heal before the blood has been made pure and healthy and all impurities eliminated from the system. S.S.S. begins the cure by first cleansing and invigorating the blood, building up the general health and removing from the system all morbid, effeminate matter.

A CONSTANT DRAIN UPON THE SYSTEM.

When this has been accomplished the discharge gradually ceases, and the sores or ulcer heals. It is the tendency of these old sores to grow worse and worse, and eventually to destroy the bones. Local applications, while soothing and to some extent relieving, cannot reach the seat of the trouble. S.S.S. does, and no matter how apparently hopeless your condition, even though your constitution has broken down, it will bring relief when nothing else can. It supplies the rich, pure blood necessary to heal the sores and nourish the debilitated, diseased body.

Mr. J. T. Lambert, Lock Box 25, Wilson, Mo., says: "Six years ago my leg from the knee to the foot was one solid sore. Several physicians treated me and I used two trips to St. Louis, but found no relief. I was induced to try S.S.S. and it made a complete cure. I have been a healthy man ever since."

S.S.S. is the only purely vegetable blood purifier known—contains no poisonous minerals to ruin the digestion and add to, rather than relieve your sufferings. If your flesh does not heal readily when scratched, bruised or cut, your blood is in bad condition, and any ordinary sore is apt to become chronic.

Send for our free book and write our physicians about your case. We make no charge for this service.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

A STUDY IN SCARLET.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

PART I.

Being a reprint from the reminiscences of John H. Watson, M. D., late of the army medical department.

CHAPTER I.

In the year 1878 I took my degree of Doctor of Medicine of the University of London and proceeded to Netley to go through the course prescribed for surgeons in the army.

Having completed my studies there, I was duly attached to the Fifth Northumberland Fusiliers as assistant surgeon. The regiment was stationed in India at the time, and before I could join it the second Afghan war had broken out.

On landing at Bombay I learned that my corps had advanced through the passes and was already deep in the enemy's country.

I followed, however, with many other officers who were in the same situation as myself, and succeeded in reaching Candahar in safety, where I found my regiment, and at once entered upon my new duties.

The campaign brought honors and promotion to many, but for me it had nothing but disaster and misfortune. I was removed from my brigade and attached to the Berkshires, with whom I served at the fatal battle of Malwand.

There I was struck on the shoulder by a Jeddah bullet, which shattered the bone and grazed the subclavian artery. I should have fallen into the hands of the murderous Ghazis had it not been for the courage and devotion shown by Murray, my orderly, who threw me across a pack horse and succeeded in bringing me safely into the British lines.

Worn with pain and weak from the prolonged hardships which I had undergone, I was removed, with a great train of wounded officers, to the base hospital at Peshawar.

Here I rallied, and had already improved so far as to be able to walk about the wards, and even to look a little on the veranda, when I was struck down by enteric fever, that curse of our Indian possessions.

For months my life was despaired of, and when at last I came to myself and became convalescent, I was so weak and emaciated that a medical board determined that not a day should be lost in sending me back to England.

I was dispatched accordingly in the troopship Orontes, and landed a month later on Portsmouth jetty, with my health irretrievably ruined, but with permission from a paternal government to spend the next nine months in attempting to improve it.

I had neither kith nor kin in England, and was therefore as free as air—or as free as an income of eleven shillings and sixpence a day will permit a man to be.

Under such circumstances I naturally gravitated to London, that great cesspool into which all the loungers and idlers of the empire are irresistibly drained.

There I stayed for some time at a private hotel in the Strand, leading a comfortable, meaningless existence and spending such money as I had considerably more freely than I ought.

So alarming did the state of my finances become that I soon realized that I must either leave the metropolis and rusticate somewhere in the country or that I must make a complete alteration in my style of living.

Choosing the latter alternative, I began by making up my mind to live in a small, comfortable, and inexpensive domicile.

On the very day that I had come to this conclusion, I was standing at the Criterion bar, when some one tapped me on the shoulder, and, turning round, I recognized young Stamford, who had been a dresser under me at Bart's.

The sight of a friend's face in the great wilderness of London is a pleasant thing, indeed, for a lonely man. In old days Stamford had never been a particular enemy of mine, but now I hailed him with enthusiasm, and he, in his turn, appeared to be delighted to see me.

In the exuberance of my joy I asked him to lunch with me at the Holborn, and we started off together in a hansom.

"Whatever have you been doing with yourself, Watson?" he asked, in undisguised wonder, as we rattled through the crowded London streets. "You are as thin as a lath and as brown as a nut."

I gave him a short sketch of my adventures, and had hardly concluded it by the time that we reached our destination.

"Poor devil!" he said, commiseratingly, after he had listened to my misfortune. "What are you up to now?"

"Looking for lodgings," I answered. "Trying to solve the problem as to whether it is possible to get comfortable rooms at a reasonable price."

"That's a strange thing," remarked my companion; "you are the second man today that has used that expression to me."

"And who was the first," I asked. "A fellow who is working at the chemical laboratory up at the hospital. He was demolishing himself this morning because he could not get some one to go halves with him in some nice rooms which he had found and which were too much for his purse."

"By Jove!" I cried, "if he really wants some to share the rooms and the expense, I am the very man for him. I should prefer having a partner to being alone."

Young Stamford looked rather strangely at me over his wine glass. "You don't know Sherlock Holmes yet," he said; "perhaps you would not care for him as a constant companion."

"Why, what is there against him?" "Oh, I didn't say there was anything against him. He is a little queer in his ideas—an enthusiast in some branches of science. As far as I know, he is a decent fellow enough."

"A medical student, I suppose?" I said. "No; I have no idea what he intends to go in for. I believe he is well up in anatomy, and he is a first class chemist; but, as far as I know, he has never taken out any systematic medical classes. His studies are very desultory and eccentric, but he has amassed a lot of out-of-the-way knowledge which would astonish his professors."

"Did you ever ask him what he was going in for?" I asked. "No; he is not a man that it is easy to draw out, though he can be communicative enough when the fancy seizes him."

"I should like to meet him," I said. "If I am to lodge with any one, I should prefer a man of studious and quiet habits. I am not strong enough yet to stand much noise or excitement. I had enough of both in Afghanistan to last me for the remainder of my natural existence. How could I meet this friend of yours?"

"He is sure to be at the laboratory. He either avoids the place for weeks or else he works there from morning to night. If you like we shall drive round together after luncheon."

"Certainly," I answered; and the conversation drifted away into other channels.

As we made our way into the hospital after leaving the Holborn Stamford gave me a few more particulars about the gentleman whom I proposed to take as a fellow lodger.

"You mustn't blame me if you don't get on with him," he said; "I know nothing more of him than I have learned from meeting him occasionally in the laboratory. You proposed this arrangement, so you must not hold me responsible."

"If we don't get on it will be easy to part company," I answered. "It seems to me, Stamford," I added, looking hard at my companion, "that you have some reasons for wishing your hands of the matter. Is this fellow's temper so formidable, or what is it. Don't be mealy-mouthed about it."

"It is not easy to express the indescribable," he answered, with a laugh. "Holmes is a little too scientific for my tastes—it approaches to cold bloodedness. I could imagine him giving a friend a little pinch of the latest vegetable alkaloid, not out of malice, you understand, but simply out of a spirit of inquiry, in order to have an accurate idea of the effects. To do him justice, I think he would take it himself—it is his scientific readiness. He appears to have a passion for exact and definite knowledge."

"Very right, too," I said. "Yes, but it may be pushed to excess. When it comes to beating the subjects in the dissecting rooms with a stick, it is certainly taking rather a high opinion of himself."

"Beating the subjects?" "Yes, to verify how far bruises may be produced after death. I saw him at it with my own eyes."

"And yet you say he is not a medical student?" "No. Heaven knows what the objects of his studies are. But here we are, and you must form your own impressions about him."

As he spoke we turned down a narrow lane and passed through a small door, which opened into a wing of the great hospital.

It was familiar ground to me, and I needed no guiding as we ascended the black stone staircase and made our way down the long corridor, with its walls of whitewashed walls and dark colored doors. Near the farther end a low arched passage branched away from it and led to the chemical laboratory.

This was a lofty chamber, lined and littered with countless bottles. Broad, low tables were scattered about, thickly bristled with retorts, test tubes and little Bunsen lamps, with their blue, flickering flames.

There was only one student in the room, who was bending over a distant table absorbed in his work. At the sound of our steps he glanced around and sprang to his feet with a cry of pleasure.

"I've found it! I've found it!" he shouted to my companion, running toward us with a test tube in his hand. "I have found a reagent which is precipitated by haemoglobin, and by nothing else."

Had he discovered a gold mine greater delight could not have shone upon his features.

"Doctor Watson—Mr. Sherlock Holmes," said Stamford, introducing us. "How are you, he said, cordially, gripping my hand with a strength, which I should hardly have given him credit. 'You have been in Afghanistan, I perceive.'"

"How on earth did you know that?" I asked in astonishment. "Never mind," said he, chuckling to himself. "The question now is about haemoglobin. No doubt you see the significance of this discovery of mine?"

"It is interesting, chemically, no doubt," I answered; "but practically—"

"Why, man, it is the most practical medico-legal discovery of years. Don't you see that it gives us an infallible test for blood stains? Come over here now!" He seized me by the coat sleeve in his eagerness and drew me over to the table at which he had been working. "Let us have some fresh blood," he said, digging a long bodkin into his finger and drawing off a few drops of blood in a chemical pipette. "Now I add this small quantity of blood to a litre of water. You see that the resulting mixture has the appearance of true water. The proportion of blood cannot be more than one in a million. I have no doubt, however, that we shall be able to obtain the characteristic reaction."

As he spoke he threw into the vessel a few white crystals and then added some drops of a transparent fluid. In an instant the contents assumed a dull mahogany color, and a brownish dust was precipitated to the bottom of the glass jar.

"Ha! Ha!" he cried, clapping his hands and looking as delighted as a child with a new toy. "What do you think of that?"

"It seems to be a very delicate test," I remarked. "Beautiful! Beautiful! The old gusman test was very clumsy and uncertain. So is the microscopic exami-

nation for blood suspensions. The latter is valuable if the stains are a few hours old. Now, this appears to set as well whether the blood is old or new. Had this test been invented there are hundreds of men now walking the earth who would long ago have paid the penalty of their crimes."

"Indeed!" I murmured. "Criminally insignificant on that one point. A man is suspected of a crime months perhaps after it is committed. His linen or clothes are examined, and brownish stains discovered upon them. Are they bloodstains, or mudstains, or ruststains, or fruitstains, or what are they? There is a question which has puzzled many an expert; and why? Because there was no reliable test. Now we have the Sherlock Holmes test, and there will no longer be any difficulty."

His eyes fairly glittered as he spoke, and he put his hand over his heart and bowed as if he were addressing a crowd conjured up in his imagination.

"You are to be congratulated," I remarked, considerably surprised at his enthusiasm.

"There was the case of Von Bischoff at Frankfurt last year. He would certainly have been hung had this test been in existence. Then there was Mason, of Bradford, and the notorious Muller, and Lefevre, of Montpelier, and Samson, of New Orleans. I could name a score of cases in which it would have been decisive."

"You seem to be a walking calendar of crime," said Stamford, with a laugh. "You might start a paper on those lines. Call it the 'Police News of the Past.'"

"Very interesting reading it might make, too," remarked Sherlock Holmes, sticking a small piece of plaster over the prick on his finger. "I have to be careful," he continued, turning to me with a smile, "for I dabble with poisons a good deal."

He held out his hand as he spoke, and I noticed that it was all mottled over with similar pieces of plaster and discolored with strong acids.

"We came here on business," said Stamford, sitting down on a three-legged stool and pushing another one in my direction with his foot. "My friend here wants to take diggings, and as you were complaining that you could get no one to go halves with you, I thought that I had better bring you together."

(To be Continued.)

BRIEF BUT KILLING.

Remedy Was Not Recommended, But Was Very Effective in Its Way.

A recent West Philadelphia political meeting was marked by the telling of the following story as illustrative of the evil of being too laconic in everyday speech. Brevity was the distinguishing characteristic of the village weaver in lived Jim and Zach, farmers, and each the owner of a horse. They met one day and spoke as follows, relates the Philadelphia Times:

"Mornin', Jim!" "Mornin', Zach!" "What did you give your horse for the bottle?" "Turpentine."

"Good mornin'!" "Good mornin'!" They again encountered each other a few days later, with this result: "Mornin', Jim!" "Mornin', Zach!" "What did you say you gave your horse for the bottle?" "Turpentine."

"Killed mine." "Mine, too." "Good mornin'!" "Good mornin'!"

Satisfied, Anyhow.

"Maria," said the colored citizen, "I feel lak my time has come at las; I is mighty low."

"Ain't yo' been eatin' de cunnel's watermillions?" "Well, didn't yo' know he done pizened the las' one er den?" "Did he pizen um?" "He sho' did."

"Dat settles me. But, Maria—" "What do you want?" "I was all at um, en I eat nine befo' I quit."—Atlanta Constitution.

Almost True.

"Now," commenced the attorney for the green goods men, "it is stated that when you discovered that the tin box held sawdust you exploded with laughter. How do you reconcile this statement with your claim that you were inflamed with wrath?"

"It ain't exactly the facts, judge," said the plaintiff. "I acknowledge that I was busted, but I deny that I laughed."—Baltimore American.

And Yet, Why Not Make 'Em Happy.

An Athenian man told an old maid recently that she was a sweet old thing, and she, in a wake night, even dreamed of him. Men should be careful of whom they throw bouquets. Some nice old girls get so few that they exaggerate the importance of a stray blossom.—Athenian Globe.

An Important Qualification.

First Burglar—What did yer take that brickybrack fer? "Taint no good!" Second Burglar—Taint? First Burglar—Taint. I tell yer, Jimmy, if yer wantier make a just class success in dis business yer got ter know somethin' about art!—Puck.

White Sands of New Mexico.

The "White Sands" of southern New Mexico lie in the San Augustin plain, and are a sheet of pure gypsum, 60 miles long and five to twenty broad. The white "sands" of gypsum raised by the wind resembles a line of breakers in the distance.

Poker Lovers.

White—You don't like to play poker with Brown, do you? Green—No; to tell the truth, I don't. But why did you think that such was the case? White—Because Brown says he likes to play with you.—Chicago News.

Perfumes.

Lady Lecturer—My dear children, I love all animals. I never under any circumstances hurt one. I even have a family of pet toads. I love them so that I catch flies for them.

Small Boy—Pleese, missus, ain't flies animals?

Force of Habit.

"Wilbur," asked the patient little lady who taught in the night school, "why is your writing so dreadfully up and down?"

"Don't know," answered Wilbur, "I lost it 'cause I run an elevator days."

He Made No Mistake.

"I sho' did see Marne Tom's ghost last night," said the old family servant. "Are you sure of that?" he was asked.

"Yes, uh—sho—oh you stan'in' dar! I couldn't make no mistake, kaze he gone straight to de sideboard, whar de ol' jimmyjohn stay at, en de fast word he wuz: 'Dam de dat nigger ain't been drinkin' my lickin' ag'in!'"—Atlanta Constitution.

For Postage Only.

We want you to try Monopole spices so much that we are willing to send you a can free if you will pay the postage. Send two 2-cent stamps and your grocery gets measured for clothes, no two ounce can of Monopole cayenne or white pepper or ginger or other variety you may select. After you try them you'll agree with us that no other brand on the market is so pure and strong. Most grocers handle Monopole groceries. Wadham's & Kerr Bros., Portland, Or.

Quite English.

Aunt Debby (viewing the city)—What does that sign, "Misfit Store," mean? Uncle Abner (a close observer)—I s'pose that's where these 'see-angel' misfiters get measured for clothes, so folks'll think they was made in London.—New York Weekly.

A Fine Library.

Of 140 volumes of the best literature is found on each of the Northern Pacific's "North Coast Limited" trains. Don't forget that these are the only trains operated in the west that are lighted throughout by electricity.

A Cat's Cradle.

A cat had taken up its abode and nursed its litter of four kittens in the fork of a tree 25 feet from the ground, in the garden of Ald. Peacock's residence at Castle Hills, High Wycombe, England. The kittens were removed by the gardener, but the cat speedily took them up the tree again to their strange birthplace.—Exchange.

CATARH, CANNOT BE CURED.

With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is a blood purifier, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonic known, combined with the best blood purifier, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. A combination of these two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

J. J. GIBNEY & CO., Proprietors, Toledo, O. After five years' use of Dr. Kline's Great Kidney and Bladder Cure, I can testify that it is the best medicine I have ever used. It cured me of Catarrh of the Bladder, and I can now take my usual exercise without pain. J. J. GIBNEY & CO., Proprietors, Toledo, O.

Willing to Compromise.

She—Sir, if you persist in making love to me every time that you call I shall have to ask you to discontinue your visits. He—Darling, be my wife, and I'll promise never to speak another word of love to you as long as I live.—Chicago News.

"Where to Hunt and Fish."

Northern Pacific's new game book is now ready for distribution. Illustrations of LIVE GAME a particular feature. Four full pages from Seton-Thompson's drawings made specially for this book. Send address with six cents and book will be mailed to you by Chas. S. Fee, G. P. and T. A., St. Paul, Minn.

Cultivation.

"I suppose you aim to make a very cultivated young man of your boy, Josh."

"Yes," answered Farmer Cornelius. "We're cultivatin' him the best we can. Every now and then mother and me gives him a rakin'-over."—Washington Star.

FITS Permanently Cured. So fit or personage after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Kidney and Bladder Cure. Send for FREE 60-day trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., Philadelphia, Pa.

In Politics.

"He was too dignified to join in a scramble for office."

"And what has he now?" "Nothing but his dignity."—Brooklyn Eagle.

All Provision Made.

"A man has just dropped dead in the ready-made clothing department," said a new clerk in the big department store, running up, excitedly, to the floor walker.

"Have him taken to the cemetery lot department with the undertaking annex, fourteenth floor," he replied, briskly.—Lippincott's Magazine.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of Dr. Wood.

See Face-Smile Wrapper Below.

Very small and so easy to take no pain.

CARTER'S LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

OUR SICK HEADACHE.

Hair Falls

"I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor to stop my hair from falling. One-half a bottle cured me." J. C. Baxter, Braidwood, Ill.

Ayer's Hair Vigor is certainly the most economical preparation of its kind on the market. A little of it goes a long way.

It doesn't take much of it to stop falling of the hair, make the hair grow, and restore color to gray hair.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Two Great Facts.

She—How many men owe their success in life to their wives? Yes. And how many more men owe their wives to their success in life.

Wonderland 1902.

Is being called for from every part of the country. Libraries, schools, reading rooms and homes all want the Northern Pacific's latest. Send six cents for it to Chas. S. Fee, G. P. & T. A. at St. Paul, Minn.

Good Boy.

Grandma—Sakes alive, child! Don't tell me you are chewing gum! Willie—No, I ain't. Grandma—That's a good boy. I'm proud of you. Willie—It's tobacco.—Chicago Daily News.

New Method.

Jasper—I hear you have discharged your cook. How did you manage it? Jumppe—I met her policeman on the street and insulted him.—New York Sun.

PRESERVE YOUR HEALTH.

By looking carefully to the kind of groceries you buy. If you want to be sure of the result insist upon Coffee, Spices, Baking Powder and Canned Goods taken from the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years