A STUDY IN SCARLET

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

PART II—Chapter VI—Continued.

"He gazed at me with bleared, drunken eyes for a moment, and then I saw a horror spring up in them and convulse his whole features, which showed me that he knew me.

"I had always known that vengeance would be sweet, but had never hoped for the contentment of soul which now possessed me.

"'You dog!' I said, 'I have hunted you from Salt Lake City to St. Petersburg, and you have always escaped me. Now at last your wanderings have come to an end, for either you or I shall never see tomorrow's sun rise.'

"He shrank still further away as I spoke, and I could see on his face that he thought I was mad. So I was for the time. The pulses in my temples beat like sledgehammers, and I believe I would have had a fit of some sort if the blood had not gushed from my nose and relieved me.

"He staggered back with a livid face, and I saw the perspiration break out upon his brow, while his teeth chattered. At the sight, I leaned my back against the door and laughed loud and long.

"'What do you think of Lucy Ferrier now?' I cried, locking the door and shaking the key in his face. 'Punishment has been slow in coming, but it has overtaken you at last.'

"I saw his coward lips tremble as I spoke. He would have begged for his life, but he knew well that it was useless.

"'Would you murder me?' he stammered.

"'There is no murder,' I answered. 'Who talks of murdering a mad dog? What mercy had you upon my poor darling when you dragged her from her slaughtered father and bore her away to your accursed and shameless harem?'

"'It was not I who killed her father,' he cried.

"'But it was you who broke her innocent heart,' I shrieked, thrusting the box before him. 'Let the high God judge between us. Choose and eat. There is death in one and life in the other. I shall take what you leave. Let us see if there is justice upon the earth, or if we are ruled by chance.'

"He cowered away with wild cries and prayers for mercy, but I drew my knife and held it to his throat until he had obeyed me.

"Then I swallowed the other, and we stood facing each other in silence for a minute or more, waiting to see which was to live and which was to die.

"Shall I ever forget the look which came over his face when the first warning pangs told him that the poison was in his system? I laughed as I saw it, and held Lucy's marriage ring in front of his eyes.

"It was but for a moment, for the action of the alkaloid is rapid. A spasm of pain contorted his features; he threw his hands out in front of him, staggered and then, with a hoarse cry, fell heavily upon the floor.

"I turned him over with my foot and placed my hand upon his heart. There was no movement. He was dead!

"The blood had been streaming from my nose, but I had taken no notice of it. I don't know what it was that put it into my head to write upon the wall with it.

"Perhaps it was some mischievous idea of putting the police upon a wrong track, for I felt light hearted and cheerful, I remembered a German being found in New York with 'rache' written up above him, and it was argued at the time in the newspapers that the secret societies must have done it.

"I guessed that what puzzled the New Yorkers would puzzle the Londoners, so I dipped my finger in my own blood and printed it on a convenient place on the wall.

"Then I walked down to my cab and found that there was nobody about, and that the night was still very wild. I had driven some distance, when I put my hand into the pocket in which I usually kept Lucy's ring, and found that it was not there.

"I was thunderstruck at this, for it was the only memento that I had of her. Thinking that I might have dropped it when I stooped over Drebber's body, I drove back, and leaving my cab in a side street, I went boldly up to the house—for I was ready to dare anything rather than lose the ring.

"When I arrived there I walked right into the arms of a police officer who was coming out, and only managed to disarm his suspicions by pretending to be hopelessly drunk.

"That was how Enoch Drebber came to his end. All I had to do then was to do as much for Stangerson, and so pay off John Ferrier's debt.

"I knew that he was staying at Halliday's private hotel, and I hung about all day but he never came out, I fancy that he suspected something when Drebber failed to put in an appearance.

"He was cunning, was Stangerson, and always on his guard. If he thought he could keep me off by staying in doors he was very much mistaken. I soon found out which was the window of his bedroom, and early next morning I took advantage of some ladders which were lying in the lane behind the hotel, and so made my way into his room in the gray of the dawn.

"I woke him up and told him that the hour had come when he was to answer for the life he had taken so long before. I described Drebber's death to him, and I gave him the same choice of the poisoned pills.

Instead of grasping at the chance of safety which that offered him, he sprang from his bed and flew at my throat. In self-defense I stabbed him to the heart. It would have been the same in any case, for Providence would never have allowed his guilty hand to pick out anything but the poison.

"I have little more to say, and it's as well, for I am about done up. I went on cabbing it for a day or so, intending to keep at it until I could save enough to take me back to America.

"I was standing in the yard when a ragged youngster asked if there was a cabby there called Jefferson Hope, and said that his cab was wanted by a gentleman at 221B Baker street.

"I went round, suspecting no harm, and the next thing I knew, this young man here had the bracelets on my wrists, and as neatly shackled as ever I was in my life.

"That's the whole of my story, gentlemen. You may consider me to be a murderer, but I hold that I am just as much an officer of justice as you are."

So thrilling had the man's narrative been, and his manner was so impressive, that we had sat silent and absorbed.

Even the professional detectives, blase as they were in every detail of crime, appeared to be keenly interested in the man's story.

When he had finished we sat for some minutes in a stillness which was only broken by the scratching of Lestrade's pencil as he gave the finishing touches to his shorthand account.

"There is only one point on which I should like a little more information," Sherlock Holmes said at last. "Who was your accomplice who came for the ring which I advertised?"

The prisoner winked at my friend jocosely.

"I can tell my own secrets," he said, "but I don't get other people into trouble. I saw your advertisement, and I thought it might be a plant, or it might be the ring I wanted. My friend volunteered to go and see. I think you'll own he did it smartly."

"Not a doubt of that," said Holmes, heartily.

"Now, gentlemen," the inspector remarked, gravely, "the forms of the law must be complied with. On Thursday the prisoner will be brought before the magistrates, and your attendance will be required. Until then I will be responsible for him."

He rang the bell as he spoke, and Jefferson Hope was led off by a couple of warders, while my friend and I made our way out of the station and took a cab back to Baker street.

CHAPTER VII.

We had all been warned to appear before the magistrates upon the Thursday; but when the Thursday came there was no occasion for our testimony.

A higher judge had taken the matter in hand, and Jefferson Hope had been summoned before a tribunal where strict justice would be meted out to him.

On the very night after his capture the aneurism burst, and he was found in the morning stretched upon the floor of the cell, with a placid smile upon his face, as though he had been able in his dying moments to look back upon a useful life, and on work well done.

"Gregson and Lestrade will be wild about his death," Holmes remarked, as we chatted it over next morning. "Where will their grand advertisement be now?"

"I don't see that they had very much to do with his capture," I answered.

"What you do in this world is a matter of no consequence," returned my companion, bitterly. "The question is, what can you make people believe that you have done? Never mind," he continued, more brightly, after a pause, "I would not have missed the investigation for anything. There has been no better case within my recollection. Simple as it was, there were several most instructive points about it."

"Simple?" I ejaculated.

"Well, really, it can hardly be described as otherwise," said Sherlock Holmes, smiling at my surprise. "The proof of its intrinsic simplicity is that without any help, save a few very ordinary deductions, I was able to lay my hand upon the criminal within three days."

"That is true," said I.

"I have already explained to you that what is out of the common is usually a guide rather than a hindrance. In solving a problem of this sort, the grand thing is to be able to reason backward. That is a very useful accomplishment and a very easy one, but people do not practice it much. In the every day affairs of life it is more useful to reason forward, and so the other comes to be neglected. There are fifty who can reason synthetically for one who can reason analytically."

"I confess," said I, "that I do not quite follow you."

"I hardly expected that you would. Let me see if I can make it clear. Most people, if you describe a train of events to them, will tell you what the result would be. They can put those events together in their minds, and argue from them that something will come to pass. There are few people, however, who, if you told them a result, would be able to evolve from their inner consciousness what the steps were which led up to that result. This power is what I mean when I talk of reasoning backward, or analytically."

"I understand," said I.

"Now, this was a case in which you were given the result and had to find everything else for yourself. Now, let me endeavor to show you the different steps in my reasoning. To begin at the beginning. I approached the house, as you know, on foot, and with my mind entirely free from all impressions. I naturally begun by examining the roadway, and there, as I have already explained to you, I saw clearly the marks of a cab, which, I ascertained by inquiry, must have been made there during the night. I satisfied myself that it was a cab and not a private carriage by the narrow gauge of the wheels. The ordinary London growler is considerably less wide than a gentleman's brougham.

"That was the first point gained. I then walked slowly down the garden path, which happened to be composed of a clay soil, peculiarly suitable for taking impressions. No doubt it appeared to you to be a mere trampled line of slush, but to my trained eyes every mark upon its surface had a meaning.

"There is no branch of detective science which is so important and so much neglected as the art of tracing footsteps. Happily, I have always laid great stress upon it, and much practice has made it second nature to me.

"I saw the heavy footmarks of the constables, but I saw also the tracks of the two men who had first passed through the garden. It was easy to tell that they had been before the others, because in places their marks had been entirely obliterated by the others coming upon the top of them.

"On entering the house this last inference was confirmed. My well-booted man lay before me. The tall one, then, had done the murder, if murder there was.

"There was no wound upon the dead man's person, but the agitated expression upon his face assured me that he had foreseen his fate before it came upon him. Men who die from heart disease or any sudden natural cause never by any chance exhibit agitation upon their features.

"Having sniffed the dead man's lips, I detected a slightly sour smell, and I came to the conclusion that he had had poison forced upon him. Again I argued that it had been forced upon him, from the hatred and fear expressed upon his face.

"By the method of exclusion I arrived at this result, for no other hypothesis would meet the facts. Do not imagine that it was a very unheard-of idea. The forcible administration of poison is by no means a new thing in criminal annals. The cases of Dolsky, in Odessa, and of Leturier, in Montpelier, will occur at once to any toxicologist.

"And now came the great question as to the reason why. Robbery had not been the object of the murder, for nothing was taken. Was it politics, then, or was it a woman?

"That was the question which confronted me. I was inclined from the first to the latter supposition. Political assassins are only too glad to do their work and to fly.

"It must have been a private wrong, and not a political one, which called for such a methodical revenge. When the inscription was discovered upon the wall I was more inclined than ever to my opinion.

"The thing was too evidently a blind. When the ring was found, however, it settled the question. Clearly the murderer has used it to remind his victim of some dead or absent woman.

"I had already come to the conclusion, since there were no signs of a struggle, that the blood which covered the floor had burst from the murder's nose in his excitement.

"I could perceive that the track of blood coincided with the track of his feet. It is seldom that any man, unless he is very full-blooded, breaks out in this way through emotion, so I hazarded the opinion that the criminal was probably a robust and ruddy-faced man. Events proved that I judged correctly.

"Having left the house, I proceeded to do what Gregson had neglected. I telegraphed to the head of the police at Cleveland, limiting my inquiry to the circumstances connected with the marriage of Enoch Drebber. The answer was conclusive.

"It told me that Drebber had applied for the protection of the law against an old rival in love, named Jefferson Hope, and that this same Hope was at present in Europe. I knew now that I held the clew to the mystery in my hand, and all that remained was to secure the murderer.

"I had already determined in my own mind that the man who had walked into the house with Drebber was none other than the man who had driven the cab.

"The marks in the road showed me that the horse had wandered on in a way which would have been impossible had there been any one in charge of it.

"Where, then, could the driver be, unless he were inside the house? Again, it is absurd to suppose that any sane man would carry out a deliberate crime under the very eyes, as it were, of a third person, who was sure to betray him.

"Lastly, supposing one man wished to dog another through London, what better means could be adopted than turn cab driver? All these considerations led me to the irresistible conclusion that Jefferson Hope was to be found among the jarveys of the metropolis.

"If he had been one there was no reason to believe that he had ceased to be. On the contrary, from his point of view, any sudden change would be likely to draw attention to himself.

"He would probably, for a time at least, continue to perform his duties. There was no reason to suppose that he was going under an assumed name. Why should he change his name in a country where no one knew his original one? I therefore organised my street arab detective corps, and sent them systematically to every cab proprietor in London until they ferreted out the man that I wanted.

"How well they succeeded and how quickly I took advantage of it are still fresh in your recollection. The murder of Stangerson was an incident which was entirely unexpected, but which could hardly in any case have been prevented.

"Through it, as you know, I came into possession of the pills, the existence of which I had already surmised. You see, the whole thing is a chain of logical sequences without a break or flaw."

"It is wonderful!" I cried. "Your merits should be publicly recognized. You should publish an account of the case. If you wont, I will for you."

"You may do what you like, doctor," he answered. "See here!" he continued, handing a paper over to me; "look at this!"

It was the Echo for the day, and the paragraph to which he pointed was devoted to the case in question.

"The public," it said, "have lost a sensational treat through the sudden death of the man Hope, who was suspected of the murder of Mr. Enoch Drebber and of Mr. Joseph Stangerson.

"The details of the case will probably never be known now, though we are informed upon good authority that the crime was the result of an old-standing and romantic feud, in which love and Mormonism bore a part.

"It seems that both the victims belonged, in their younger days, to the Latter-Day Saints, and Hope, the deceased prisoner, hails also from Salt Lake City. If the case had had no other effect, it at least brings out in the most striking manner the efficiency of our detective force, and will serve as a lesson to all foreigners that they will do wisely to settle their feuds at home, and not to carry them on to British soil.

"It is an open secret that the credit of this smart capture belongs entirely to the well-known Scotland Yard officials, Messrs. Lestrade and Gregson. The man was apprehended, it appears, in the rooms of a certain Mr. Sherlock Holmes, who has himself, as an amateur, shown some talent in the detective line, and who, with such instructors, may hope in time to attain some degree of their skill.

"It is expected that a testimonial of some sort will be presented to the two officers as a fitting recognition of their services."

"Didn't I tell you so when we started?" cried Sherlock Holmes, with a laugh. "That's the result of all our Study in Scarlet—to get them a testimonial!"

"Never mind," I answered; "I have all the facts in my journal, and the public shall know them. In the meantime you must make yourself contented by the consciousness of success, like the Roman miser—

"'Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo
Ipse domi simul ac nummos contemplar in arca.'"

THE END.

LONE TRIBE OF ESKIMOS

There has been discovered upon one of the islands of the Hudson Bay, the remnant of a lost tribe of Eskimos, a community which has been for centuries without intercourse with any other representatives of the human species, and whose members never, until quite recently, had an opportunity of seeing a white man. The facts of the discovery are well established, having been reported to the Federal authorities at Ottawa by the Rev. A. W. Buckland. Mr. Buckland says that these strange people will virtually live in the stone age, knowing no metals. Their habitations are built entirely of the skulls of whales.

The home of the tribe is upon Southampton Island, a piece of water-girt land nearly as large as the State of Maine, lying at the extreme north end of Hudson Bay. These people or their ancestors have undoubtedly inhabited the island ever since pre-Columbian days, and at the present time they exist exactly as they must have done then. Having been isolated for so long a period it is natural that they should possess many peculiarities. A very remarkable collection of their utensils, weapons of the chase, and other objects, was secured by Mr. Buckland, but, to the great regret of the Canadian authorities, it was allowed by him to pass into the hands of private persons.

The huts on the island are built by putting together the great jaws of whales and then covering them with skins. In the middle of the primitive dwellings is a slight elevation, on which stands the stone lamp, employed for lighting, heating, cooking, and melting snow and drying clothes. This lamp is nothing more than an open dish of whale oil, with a wick of dry moss soaked in fat.

The whale is the chief means of subsistence of these poor people. They use the bone for many purposes, making plates and cups and toboggan-like sleds. They also manufacture sledges of walrus tusks, with deer antlers for crosspieces. The members speak a dialect peculiar to themselves and they are the most daring of hunters. Not more than sixteen members of the tribe now survive.

Mr. Buckland agrees with the explorers who believe the story that Andree was murdered by the Eskimos. He has lived for years with these people in their tents, and can not say too much for the kindliness of disposition and readiness to assist strangers. He explains the finding by them of instruments and other property by the hypothesis that they belonged to the Tyrell brothers, who in 1894, nearly lost their lives near Marble Island, Hudson Bay, and left many valuable articles behind, including their cameras, plates, etc.

Mr. Buckland is confident that Andree will never again be heard from. When he was asked by the Norwegian government last year to undertake a search for him, he declined, believing that to do so would simply mean a waste of time and money.—New York Sun.

THIS ELEPHANT IS NOT REAL.

Here is a "freak" photograph. At first glance one would suppose that it was a picture of a young lady riding on a baby elephant.

But it is not a real elephant. It is a mere silhouette cut out of boards and is intended for an advertisement, a sign being painted on it. The lap-robe of a carriage is thrown over the sign to conceal it, and the young lady is managing herself with difficulty on the sharp edge of the elephant's back—for all that, she looks comfortable.

The photograph was taken in the outskirts of the City of Washington, the elephant being set up by the roadside.

A Convenient Deafness.

Mrs. Hall was just wishing she had some one to send down town after a spool of silk with which to finish her sewing, when her neighbor's little six-year-old boy came in.

"Well, Bobbie," said Mrs. Hall, "if I pay you 3 cents will you go down to Stone's and get me a spool of silk?"

Robert was very willing to go and waited while Mrs. Hall wrote the number and color of the silk she wanted, and as she handed him the slip Bobbie said:

"Mrs. Hall, I guess I must be a little hard of hearing, but did you say 4 cents?"—Little Chronicle.

Aluminum as a Substitute for Paper.

It is stated that experiments with aluminum as a substitute for paper are now under way in France. It is now possible to roll aluminum into sheets four-thousandths of an inch in thickness, in which form it weighs less than paper. By the adoption of suitable machinery these sheets can be made even thinner and can be used for book and writing paper. The metal will not oxidize, is practically fire and water proof, and is indestructible by worms.

Like Papa.

"I saw Klumsey's baby yesterday. It's a regular chip off the old block."

"Why, I couldn't see any resemblance at all."

"No? Well, when I saw the kid it had just opened its mouth and put its foot in it."—Philadelphia Press.

A wife can read her husband's mind all right. The difficulty is in getting him to acknowledge that she reads him right.

An Excellent Reason.

An old sea captain, under the impression that he was saying a good thing, asked a lady passenger why men never kiss one another, while ladies waste a world of kisses on feminine faces.

"Because," the lady replied, "the men have something better to kiss and the women haven't."

For forty year's Piso's Cure for Consumption has cured coughs and colds. At druggists. Price 25 cents.

Showed Profound Conceit.

Phyllis—Harry is the most conceited man I ever met.

Maud—What makes you think so?

Phyllis—Why, he first asserts that I am the most adorable woman in the world, the most beautiful, intellectual, and in every respect a paragon, and then he wants me to marry him!

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Anything But Funny.

Myer—The average man takes life much too seriously.

Gyer—Oh, I don't know. It's no joke to be arreated for murder.

Millions of sufferers use Hamlin's Wizard Oil for pain every year and call it blessed. Ask your druggist, he knows.

Giving Papa Away.

"Mamma," said 5-year-old Tommy. "I'll bet my pony can beat you."

"Why, dear, what do you mean?" asked the astonished mother.

"I mean in a race," replied the youngster. "I heard papa say that you could talk faster than a horse can trot."

Eats Corn Off the Cob.

"I can bite an apple as well as I could when a child, and I can eat corn off the cob as well as any person alive," said a lady sixty-eight years old and a customer of Wise Bros., the famous dentists, of Portland, Oregon.

She had been fitted with full sets of upper and lower teeth by Wise Brothers, and was perfectly astonished to find that she is now as well supplied with teeth that she can use as she was when a little girl. Wise Brothers have revolutionized modern dental methods.

There is no more pain to be feared by people who have their teeth attended to, and the cost is very moderate. They make a great specialy of crown and bridge work, and even when it is necessary to take out all of the old teeth and put in full new sets, the result is simply wonderful. The false teeth, of course, cannot be told from natural ones, and the person using them can do everything he, or she, could do with natural teeth. The sets of teeth are made to fit the gums so perfectly that there is no slipping, and the strength of the possible bite is just like that of a natural healthy set of teeth.

The experience of the lady customer here related can be yours if your teeth need attention. No one can afford to postpone having their teeth put in order. No one need suffer a single day longer because they have lost the use of their own teeth. We hope our readers will carefully watch the advertisements of Wise Brothers in this newspaper, and be persuaded to consult this splendid dental institution.

A Natural Question.

"At your age I never told stories," said Myron Leffingwell to the youthful one who had been "yarning" as is a way sometimes with imaginative youngsters.

"At what age did you begin, papa?" was the disconcerting answer.—New York Times.

How the Miracle Occurred.

"Why did the evil spirits enter into the swine?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

"'Cause hogs will eat any old thing," replied little Sammy.

Must Forget One.

Flannigan—Phat's the matter wid Hogan these days?

Hooligan—He invinted an armor that nothing can pierce, and a shell that will pierce any armor, and he doesn't know which to fergit.—New York Times.

Shoes Wouldn't Fit.

Clerk—So you want to exchange these shoes because they aren't mates?

Mrs. Hogan—Oi do. Firsht Oi put wan on me left foot an' 'twor made for the roight; an' thin Oi put wan on me roight foot, an' 'twor made fer the left.

The Truth Will Out.

The Parson (to stranger)—This is the first time I have had the pleasure of seeing you at our church. Where is your regular place of worship, may I ask,

Young Man—Why, er—at her father's house, to be sure.

Dark Hair

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a great many years, and although I am past eighty years of age, yet I have not a gray hair in my head."

Geo. Yellott, Towson, Md.

We mean all that rich, dark color your hair used to have. If it's gray now, no matter; for Ayer's Hair Vigor always restores color to gray hair. Sometimes it makes the hair grow very heavy and long; and it stops falling of the hair, too.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

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.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

Lady Prompters.

Women prompters have been tried at the Berlin theaters with success, as it has been found that their voices carry better across the stage and are less audible in the auditorium.

You Can Get Allen's Foot Ease FREE. Write Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot Ease. It cures chilblains, sweating, damp, swollen, aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for Corns and Bunions. All druggists sell it. 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

His Choice Jury.

Lawyer Brief—I see that case of yours is on. Jury drawn yet?

Lawyer Skinner—Yes, and it's a splendid one.

Lawyer Brief—Above the average in intelligence, eh?

Lawyer Skinner—No; way below it.

False Economy.

It is the experience of every good housewife that to practice economy on such articles as spices, baking powder and the like is generally at the risk of health and comfort. The few cents possibly saved may be very expensive if they result in impure and indigestible foods. If you want to be sure you are getting only the very purest and strongest spices and baking powder made, see to it that your grocer supplies you only with the Monopole brand. If your dealer doesn't handle them send us his name. Wadhams & Kerr Bros., Portland, Or.

Preference.

"You say that young woman complimented my singing?" he exclaimed, anxiously.

"In a way," the young woman replied. "She said she would rather hear you try to sing than try to converse."—Washington Star.

JOHN POOLE, PORTLAND, ORE. Foot of Morrison Street. Can give you the best bargains in Boilers and Engines, Windmills, Pumps and General Machinery. Wood Sawing Machines a specialty. See us before buying.

TWO PER CENT DIVIDEND. We will pay a dividend of 2 per cent per month on money ($10 up), payable monthly; good security. Call or write PORTLAND DIVIDEND CO. L. M. DAVIS, President. 242 Washington St., City.

I WANT TO BUY FOR CASH Chicken, Duck and Geese feathers. Address O. O. SMITH. 10th and Davis Sts., Portland, Or

DR. C. GEE WO WONDERFUL HOME TREATMENT

This wonderful Chinese doctor is called great because he cures people without operation that are given up to die. He cures with those wonderful Chinese herbs, roots, buds, barks and vegetables that are entirely unknown to medical science in this country. Through the use of those harmless remedies this famous doctor knows the action of over 500 different remedies, which he guarantees to cure catarrh, asthma, lung, throat, rheumatism, nervousness, stomach, liver, kidneys, etc.; has hundreds of testimonials. Charges moderate. Call and see him. Patients out of the city write for blanks and circulars. Send 4 cents in stamps. CONSULTATION FREE. ADDRESS THE C. GEE WO CHINESE MEDICINE CO. 132½ Third St., Portland, Oregon. Mention paper.

THE BEST POMMEL SLICKER IN THE WORLD BEARS THIS TRADE MARK

TOWER'S FISH BRAND

THOUGH OFTEN IMITATED AS A SADDLE COAT IT HAS NO EQUAL

ON SALE EVERYWHERE. CATALOGUES FREE. SHOWING FULL LINE OF GARMENTS AND HATS. A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS. 44

Tennysonian.

"Why do you call your neighbor's pig 'Maude?'"

"Because it always comes into the garden."

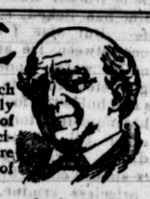
Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Somewhat Uncertain.

"He's what you'd call a professional public speaker, isn't he?"

"Well, I don't know. He speaks in public every chance he can get, but the public never waits to hear him."

OLD PEOPLE



Do not always receive the sympathy and attention which they deserve. Their ailments are regarded as purely imaginary, or natural and unavoidable at their time of life. Disease and infirmity should not always be associated with old age. The eye of the gray haired grandsire may be as bright and the complexion as fair as any of his younger and more vigorous companions.

Good Blood is the secret of healthy old age, for it regulates and controls every part of the body, strengthens the nerves, makes the muscles elastic and supple, the bones strong and the flesh firm; but when this life fluid is polluted or poisoned and loses its nutritive, health sustaining elements, then there is a rapid decline of the vital powers, resulting in premature old age and disease. Any derangement of the blood quickly shows itself in an ulcer, sore, wart, tumor or some other troublesome growth upon the body, and rheumatic and neuralgic pains become almost constant, accompanied with poor digestion and cold extremities.

SSS S. S. S. being purely vegetable, is the safest and best blood purifier for old people. It does not shock or hurt the system like the strong mineral remedies, but gently and thoroughly cleanses the blood and stimulates the debilitated organs, when all bodily ailments disappear. S. S. S. is just such a tonic as old people need to improve a weak digestion and tone up the Stomach. If there is any hereditary taint, or the remains of some disease contracted in early life, S. S. S. will search it out and remove every vestige of it from the system.

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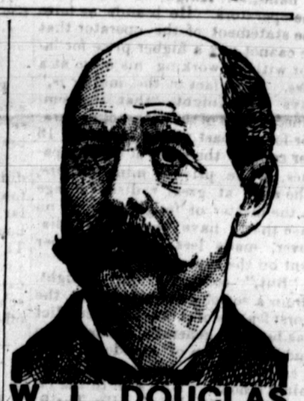

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