BEACHEY, THE AIRSHIP AND THE VILLAGE BUMPKINS

MENTAL ATTITUDE OF NEIGABORING YOUTH TOWARD THE VISITOR FROM THE SKY.

LINCOLN BEACHEY, the pioneer airship captain, would probably have many interesting tales to tell if he were not so busy with his buoyant boat.

It is not only in the air that strange things are seen, there where the earth comes to appear like a map from the dog-eared geography, but when from windy buffetings he is forced to seek shelter in some suburb near Portland he is bound to meet a most enthusiastic audience, alike unheedful of appearance and costume. It is more interesting than a fire, with fully as nondescript a crowd; more interesting because lacking the element of horror that loss of life and property entails. This crowd is simply curious and in return they present themselves as curiosities of the best type, each stripped of conventionality, displaying the paramount peculiarities of his particular nature.

Such was the impression, when, recently, as we stood, hand on hip and mouth a-gape, watching the yellow bulb above us, the captain hallooed for assistance and his ship, to our astonishment sank toward the earth, pitched and careened as the rope caught and finally settled softly behind the neighboring trees.

"She exploded!" delightedly screamed a young hopeful as he saw a sack of ballast thrown out, and he dashed away, sans hat, sans coat, sans shoes and stockings. Needless to say, he was shortly followed by the remainder of the hamlet.

The vacant field opposite the old church had blossomed into a bustling thoroughfare by the time we reached it. Overhead loomed the yellow sack of the airship, the fitful breeze cutting dimples in its blunt nose. In its shadow swarmed a black mass of excited small boys. With clinging hands and feet covering ropes and car, these little to-be-Presidents were

"You'll Never Get Me in One of Them Ships."

performing a more important duty than had ever yet come their way. If it was not for each clinging hand and foot, wasn't there danger that the ship might tear itself loose by a shake of its great head and soar away—away—maybe to the moon—you don't know—or it might fly into the sun and burn all up! Secretly each little heart was wishing: "If Mr. Beachey would only look the other way now and the Gelatine should give a mighty shake and shake all the other fellers off and then should carry me up in the air, wouldn't I just sail up and up until I was away up with the moon and the stars, and then—and then—" and the eyes grow big with imagination and the heart throws up a big sigh to relieve the pressure there—"and then by that time I'd know how to run the engine, and just when everybody would be thinking I was dead and u'd be mourning for me, I'd just sail back and land on the Government building and I'd say to the man 'Here's your old airship,' and the man would be so glad he'd make me an airship for all my own."

But the Gelatine doesn't get away, and though she plunges and dips, the other "fellers" refuse to be shook, and the captain keeps a good watch on the captive.

"Well, well, if it had been only a dog fight, I suppose you'd have been here," said Si to Hank, as they shook hands.

"Oh, hö! Is that what you thought it was?" retorted Hank. "I wondered what brought you out."

The mesdames of the neighborhood were attired for the most part in German blue. It is wonderful what a variety of house gowns can be manufactured out of this useful material. For instance, there was the fleshy lady with the black hair and the bold eyes. Its gorgeous dots and flowers admirably decked her massive form. The left sleeve, however, had at one time been torn away, and here the checked apron, draped a la Roman toga, across the shoulders, was supposed to conceal the mutilated part.

Who is this in linen dust coat and scarfed head? The dust coat bespeaks the visiting Eastern relative. But why does she hold her head so tightly between her hands? Mayhap she fears that upon the sudden departure of the ship the head might follow in the current of upward-rushing air. Upon hastening to reassure her, however, we were relieved to learn that she was simply nursing a brotherly and insistent toothache.

Then there is the young man who is accounted the village tough. To him life has so far held no excitement beyond breaking windows from vacant houses, shooting the glassware from the telephone poles and electric lights or getting full of "red eye," then going up and down looking for a fight. This wonderful flying thing is almost beyond his conception, and he stands for a time, stricken with a sense of his own ignorance. Who knows but the sudden awakening may turn into better channels the misguided activity and put intelligence into the dulled brain?

"Here, grandpa, I got a piece for you." "S-sh," said grandpa, as he reached eagerly for the bit of rope held up by an urchin at his side. With bony fingers so tremblingly excited they almost refuse their task he furtively thrusts the piece of cotton into his breast pocket. Meanwhile his eyes glitter miserly, and he dreams how he will sometime display this stolen rope end to admiring friends as a relic from the first navigable airship.

"Mark my word, Beachey'll get kilt sure as I'm alive."

Mr. Beechey looked around upon hearing himself thus summarily consigned to the unknown to where a knot of village gossips had withdrawn from the crowd to unload their ideas anent the occasion. "Yes, and I understand," resumes the pink sunbonnet, that this Baldwin intends tew have flyin' machines all over these United States for people tew ride in just like autermobiles; but you can just rest assured, they'll never get me into one of 'em and me in my right senses."

"Nor me, neither," responds the black sunbonnet with white dots. "I'd ruther be on terry firmy than sky bootin' through the clouds in that thing."

By this time the breeze served more favorably and the gasoline motor began to burr and clank. All conversation ceased instantly as we gazed with bated breath. Suddenly with a peculiar flapping sound the great creature swung sideways and upwards as would a monster bird regaining its wings, and having attained a height of 200 feet it instantly fled northward before the high wind. Its captain, who seemed to stick to the framework more like a fly than a human creature, busied himself with ropes and motor, seemingly no more concerned than if aboard a pleasure launch upon a peaceful river. We watched, enchanted, until the boat

The Checked Apron Supposed to Cover the Mutilated Part.

became a mere toy in the distance, then with a sigh returned homeward, to dream of our honored guest.

as well as to myself, as we listened to our companion's narrative of the events which had occurred at the Dartmoor training stables upon that Monday night, and the means by which he had unraveled them.

"I confess," said he, "that any theories which I had formed from the newspaper reports were entirely erroneous. And yet there were indications there, had they not been overlaid by other details which concealed their true import. I went to Devonshire with the conviction that Fitzroy Simpson was the true culprit, although, of course, I saw that the evidence against him was by no means complete. It was while I was in the carriage, just as we reached the trainer's house, that the immense significance of the curried mutton occurred to me. You may remember that I was distrait, and remained sitting after you had all alighted. I was marveling in my own mind how I could possibly have overlooked so obvious a clew."

"I confess," said the Colonel, "that even now I cannot see how it helps us."

"It was the first link in my chain of reasoning. Powdered opium is by no means tasteless. The flavor is not disagreeable, but it is perceptible. Were it mixed with any ordinary dish the eater would undoubtedly detect it, and would probably eat no more. A curry was exactly the medium which would disguise this taste. By no possible supposition could this stranger, Fitzroy Simpson, have caused curry to be served in the trainer's family that night, and it is surely too monstrous a coincidence to suppose that he happened to come along with powdered opium upon the very night when a dish happened to be served which would disguise the flavor. That is unthinkable. Therefore Simpson becomes eliminated from the case, and our attention centers upon Straker and his wife, the only two people who could have chosen curried mutton for supper that night. The opium was added after the dish was set aside for the stable boy, for the others had the same for supper with no ill effects. Which of them, then, had access to that dish without the maid seeing them?

"Before deciding that question I had grasped the significance of the silence of the dog, for one true inference invariably suggests others. The Simpson incident had shown me that a dog was kept in the stables, and yet, though some one had been in and fetched out a horse, he had not barked enough to arouse the two lads in the loft. Obviously the midnight visitor was some one whom the dog knew well.

"I was already convinced, or almost convinced, that John Straker went down to the stables in the dead of the night and took out Silver Blaze. For what purpose? For a dishonest one, obviously, or why should he drug his own stable-boy? And yet I was at a loss to know why. There have been cases before now where trainers have made sure of great sums of money by laying against their own horses, through agents, and then preventing them from winning by fraud. Sometimes it is a pulling jockey. Sometimes it is some surer and subtler means. What was it here? I hoped that the contents of his pockets would help me to form a conclusion.

"And they did so. You cannot have forgotten the singular knife which was found in the dead man's hand, a knife which certainly no sane man would choose for a weapon. It was, as Dr. Watson told us, a form of knife which is used for the most delicate operations known in surgery. And it was to be used for a delicate operation that night. You must know, with your wide experience of turf matters, Colonel Ross, that it is possible to make a slight nick upon the tendons of a horse's ham and to do it subcutaneously, so as to leave absolutely no trace. A horse so treated would develop a slight lameness, which would be put down to a strain in exercise or a touch of rheumatism, but never to foul play."

"Villain! Scoundrel!" cried the Colonel.

"We have here the explanation of why John Straker wished to take the horse out onto the moor. So spirited a creature would certainly have roused the soundest of sleepers when it felt the prick of the knife. It was absolutely necessary to do it in the open air."

"I have been blind!" cried the Colonel. "Of course that was why he needed the candle, and struck the match."

"Undoubtedly. But in examining his belongings I was fortunate enough to discover not only the method of the crime, but even its motives. As a man of the world, Colonel, you know that men do not carry other people's bills about in their pockets. We have most of us quite enough to do to settle our own. I at once concluded that Straker was leading a double life and keeping a second establishment. The nature of the bill showed that there was a lady in the case, and one who had expensive tastes. Liberal as you are with your servants, one can hardly expect that they can buy 20-guinea walking dresses for their ladies. I questioned Mrs. Straker as to the dress without her knowing it, and having satisfied myself that it had never reached her, I made a note of the milliner's address, and felt that by calling there with Straker's photograph I could easily dispose of the mythical Derbyshire.

"From that time on all was plain. Straker had led out the horse to a hollow where his light would be invisible. Simpson in his flight had dropped his cravat, and Straker had picked it up—with some idea, perhaps, that he might use it in securing the horse's leg. Once in the hollow, he had got behind the horse and had struck a light; but the creature, frightened at the sudden glare and with the strange instinct of animals feelings that some mischief was intended, had lashed out, and the steel shoe had struck Straker full on the forehead. He had already in spite of the rain, taken off his overcoat in order to do his delicate task, and so, as he fell, his knife gashed his thigh. Do I make it clear?"

"Wonderful!" cried the Colonel. "Wonderful! You might have been there?"

"My final shot was, I confess, a very long one. It struck me that so astute a man as Straker would not undertake this delicate tendon-nicking without a little practice. What could he practice on? My eyes fell upon the sheep, and I asked a question which, rather to my surprise, showed that my surmise was correct.

"When I returned to London I called upon the milliner, who had recognized Straker as an excellent customer of the name of Derbyshire, who had a very dashing wife, with a strong partiality for expensive dresses. I have no doubt that this woman had plunged him over head and ears in debt, and so led him into this miserable plot."

"You have explained all but one thing," cried the Colonel. "Where was the horse?"

"Ah, it bolted, and was cared for by one of your neighbors. We must have an amnesty in that direction, I think. This is Clapham Junction, if I am not mistaken, and we shall be in Victoria in less than ten minutes. If you care to smoke a cigar in our rooms, Colonel, I shall be happy to give you any other details which might interest you."

HEN AND THE FORTUNE TELLER

BY HUGH HERDMAN.

HEN was seated astride a tarp bed throwing poker hands. Occasionally he would pause and look about upon the prostrate forms of the rest of the outfit and villify us for our lack of interest in the great National night game. His eagerness to play was more than evident, and his scorn for our indifference unbounded.

"Why are you so dead set on ropin' us into your game tonight, Hen?" Dick asked.

"Oh, I ain't dead set on ropin' nobody into no game, but I'm jest feelin' kind of sociable like, and I jest thought mebbe some of you buckaroos would like to play."

"That's it, is it?" Dick said. "Excuse me for kind of thinkin' you were after our scalps."

"No harm done," Hen replied, as he turned again to his cards. "Well," he said, after waiting for someone to join him and finding that nobody moved, "ain't you goin' to play?"

"Who?" Dick asked.

"Anybody and everybody," Hen said. "I ain't partic'lar. They's room for all."

But nobody accepted his invitation. He waited a minute more and then slammed the deck of cards down as hard as he could. "Well, by grab!" he growled. "You fellers are the cheapest lot of broke-down cayouses I ever seen." Hitching up his chaps and tightening his belt, he began walking around the fire and kicking the unburnt ends of wood into a blaze. All the time he continued to express his contempt for us.

"Now, look here," Dick said finally. "What in Sam Hill is the matter with you tonight, anyhow, Hen? You're scratchin' and growlin' around here like a bear with a sore tail, and just because we're all tired and don't want to play poker with you, you turn on us and cuss us. But last night you didn't want to play. How do you know who can win tonight?"

"I don't know I can," Hen replied, quickly.

"What makes you think you can, then?"

"Who said I thought I could."

"Nobody; but you've been actin' the part all evenin'."

"No, I ain't," Hen replied; "I jest feel kind of soc—"

"Back up, back up," Dick interrupted. "We've all been weaned. Tell the truth."

"Jest my luck," Hen muttered, more to himself than to us. "Whenever I'm settin' in a game and get a good hand everybody else lays down, and when they stay in I don't get no hand at all, or maybe jest enough to lose with. And now tonight, when I've got a straight tip that I can lighten your jacks some, not a mother's son of you will get up off your lazy backs to play with me. Dad drat it!"

"Well, so long as we ain't goin' up against your sure-thing game, Hen, s'pose you tell us 'bout the straight tip."

"Sure you won't play?" Hen asked artlessly.

"Course not, after you've told us you can't lose."

"I didn't tell you. I'm no fool."

"Well, after we guessed it, then."

"I reckon I oughtn't to be tellin' this to nobody, but we've got to have some kind of a entertainment here tonight, and you fellers ain't got no nerve. So here goes.

"Last Summer I went down to Cheyenne to the broncho-bustin' contest they held down there. You know, I kind of thought mebbe I'd go in and try to win the prize. I'd rode a whole lot of broncs and had good luck, and I kind of got the idee that I was jest as good as any of the busters. I thought I could ride anything that wore hair on the outside. Say, knowin' hisself as well as a feller does, he's a plumb fool to get stuck on hisself, now ain't he? Well, that's what I done. I got to thinkin' I was boss of the herd. And the more I thought 'bout it here, the more of a boss I thought I was. So one day I up and written to the feller that was runnin' the contest that I'd be there and take the prize. I didn't say I'd try fer it, or nothin' like that, you know, but I says I'd take it.

"Well, I looks around and sizes things up. They is a whole herd of cowboys, ranchers and busters in town, and things is pretty lively. It don't take me long to learn that this here is goin' to be a mighty big contest, and that if I'm goin' to win that championship belt I've got to ride some, better than I ever rode in my life before. But I was entered into it, and I wa'n't goin' to back out. Fellers from Idaho, New Mexico, Arizona, Texas, everywhere, was there, and the way folks talked I got to thinkin' that mebbe they was somebody else in the country that could ride besides me.

"And the more I thought 'bout it, the nervouser I got. I couldn't sleep, I couldn't eat, and when I can't eat—"

"Hell must be froze over," cackled Gunny, as he hung his dishrag on a stick near the fire.

"You bet; when I can't eat, hell must be froze over." Her replied. "And the worst of it was that I knew how nervous I was gettin'. All I could do was to walk around from one saloon to another and diminish the supply of nose paint. That didn't steady my nerves none, as I found out later, but I thought it did at that time and kept on botherin' the barkeep.

"The mornin' of the first day of the contest come, and I woke up after sleepin' 'bout a half hour with a taste as brown as a cinnamon bear in my mouth. The first thing I did was to make a rush for the saloon. Comin' out of there, I happened to look up and see a sign 'crost the street which says, 'Madame Futura, Spiritual Medium and Fortune Teller.' All at onct I had a idee. I rushed back and got another drink and come out agin where I could see that sign. That second drink made me see better, and I could read below that sign another one, which said somethin' like this: 'Madame Futura can tell your past and future, whether you are lucky or unlucky, how to know whether you will win or lose, who your best friend and your worst enemy are. She will read your face, your palm, and your heart, and tell you all you want to know.'

"I saw so much after that second drink that I went and had another in hopes that I could see more. But that was all. The next minute I was knockin' at Madame Futua's door. Pretty soon it opened and I walked inside, but I couldn't see nobody around. I put my hand on my gun, 'cause I didn't know the game I was up against, and started to go. Jest as I reached the door, I heard a woman's voice sayin', 'Yes, master, I'm comin' back to earth. I've saw the day's future and can now reveal it.' That sounded spooky and I grabbed the door. Jest then someone behind me said in a pretty, sweet voice, 'Don't go. I'm sorry I kept you waitin', but I was in a trance.'

"'In a what?' says I.

"'In a trance,'" says she.

"'What's that?'" says I.

"'Oh,' says she, sittin' down on a sofa and motionin' me to take a chair, 'a trance is a state into which mediums pass.'

"'Bet it ain't as big as Montana,' I says.

"'No, you don't understand,' she says. 'It is a peculiar condition of mind and body in which the soul transcends its joad of clay, mounts upon a lofty eminence and from there peers into the past and future and sees all that has happened and all that will happen.'

"'Oh,' I says, 'excuse me. And you were in one of them?'

"'Yes,' she says, smilin' sweet and pretty.

"'And do you know all that's goin' to happen?' I asks.

"'Why, yes; of course I do,' she says.

"'Well, jest sail in,' I says, 'and tell me all you know. It won't take you but a minute.'

"'How dare you!' she said, kind of mad like.

"'Dare who?' I says.

"'Not who, but what,' she says. 'How dare you say it would take me only a minute to tell all I know.'

"'Aw,' I says, 'I didn't mean that. I meant, tell me all I want to know.'

"'Oh,' she says, smilin' again, 'that's different. And you want me to tell your fortune, do you?'

"'That's what I come fer,' I says, 'and I ain't got none too much time to fool away, neither. So come a-runnin'.'

"'How do you want it told?' she says. 'Palm, seance or cards?'

"'I reckon the cards 'll do me,' I says, 'cause I'm used to them. I don't take no stock in that there palm bus'ness, and I ain't on to that there seance racket. So saddle up the cards.'

"When she'd got the cards all spread out on a little table, she begun shakin' her head and sayin' somethin' to herself. After a while she says to me, she says: 'Your life hasn't been more than usual eventful.'

"'Hold on, right there,' I says. 'Never mind 'bout the past, it's what's comin' to me that I'm interested in. I know all that's happened.'

"She monkeyed some more with the cards and said some more things to herself and then she says, 'The cards say you will marry a—'

"'Look here,' I says, gettin' mad, 'don't you give me none of that there marryin' twaddle, nor none of how old I'm goin' to be, nor none of tha kind of stuff.'

"'Well,' she says, 'I never! What do you want to know?'

"'I want to know how to tell when I'm goin' to win or lose,' I says, 'and I want you to get out your spyglasses and take a long look in the future and tell me whether you can see me a-walkin' and a-ridin' round wearin' a champeenship broncho-bustin' belt.'

"She leans way back on the cushions, shuts her blinkers and folds her hands. For a long time she don't say nothin', and I was jest 'bout to go, thinkin' she was asleep, when she begun to talk. 'Yes,' she says in a far-away, sleepy tone of voice, 'I see you.'

"'Have I got that belt on?' I asks kind of anxious-like.

"'No, I don't see no belt,' she says, 'but they is so many people round I can't see very clear.'

"'What are they doin'?' I asks.

"'They seem to be lookin' at you,' she says.

"'And what am I doin'?' I asks.

"'You're layin' on the ground.'

"'That settles it,' I says. 'I knowed I couldn't win that belt. I'll bet I fell off the first buck-jump he made.'

"Then I kind of settles back and thinks. She showed signs of comin' to life again, and I says, quick-like, 'Hold on, don't come out of it yet. Tell me how I can know whether I'll win or lose playin' poker.'

"That seemed to puzzle her a long time, but after awhile she says, sort of dreamy like: 'They is only one way to tell whether you will win, and that is to throw yourself a cold hand before you begin, and if it's a royal flush you win.'

"'Whew!' I says. 'That's pretty steep.'

"'So is poker,' she says.

"Well, knowin' that it was a sure thing I couldn't win that champeenship belt kind of settled my nerves, and by the time for the contest to begin I was all right agin. They sure had some outlaws for us fellers to ride. I thought I'd saw some tall buckers and pitchers up here, but they wan't in it with that bunch. I was fourth on the list, and I saw my finish in the way them three fellers ahead of me got shook up.

"Pretty soon they called my name, and led out a horse for me to saddle. He was a big, raw-boned five-year-old, wall-eyed and some vicious. I had to throw him to get my saddle on, but when I let him up he never budged. He was savin' his strength for me. I swung up and he went after me. Every time he went up I ducked my head, afraid I'd bump it on the sky. By grab, but he did buck! I stuck to him all right, and was jest thinkin' that mebbe that fortune-teller was off her range and I'd land the prize, anyhow, when that hump-backed whirlwind made a half turn to the right and stopped dead still. The two of 'em, the turn and the stop, done the bus'ness. I lit all spread out, and got my wind back the next week. The ground is powerful hard in Wyoming."

"And how about the cards?" Dick asked when Hen paused. "Did that come true, too?"

"Yep, pretty near," Hen replied. "I've always took her advice and throwed a hand before I set in a game. And every time that I didn't throw a royal flush the first time I lost."

"And every time you did throw a royal flush?"

"Why, dad drat it, I never throwed a royal flush till tonight, and when I do get a chance to win, you stingy skinflints lay there a-chokin' your pocketbooks to death, afraid a nickel will get away from you. You buckaroos ain't got no sportin' blood in you. If I was to cut one of your throats I'd expect to see water run out."

"Say, Hen," Gunnysack Bill inquired, his cracked voice concealing his amusement over poor Hen's simplicity, "how much did Madame Peruna—"

"Madame Futura, you screech-owl," Hen interrupted angrily.

"Well, Madame Futura, then. How much did Madame Futura charge you for taking that long look and givin' you them sure tips?"

"Only a dollar," Hen replied, evidently making a mental reservation.

"Only a dollar," came in chorus from the crowd. "You're a cheap skate."

"What did you want to rob her for?"

"Did she let you keep your pocketbook?"

"Who did you borrow it all from?"

"Well," Hen replied, taking the chaffing seriously, and meaning to set himself right in our eyes, "I guess they ain't so many of you cheap skates that would have paid any more for her supper than I did."

"Oh, Hen, did you take her out to supper?" Dick whispered, admiration in his tone, winking covertly at us.

"Yes, I did." Hen replied, lowering between pride and shame at the acknowledgement.

"A wine supper?" Dick continued.

"Yep."

"What kind?"

"I'll bet it was sherry, anyhow," squeaked Gunny.

"Yes, that's all you know about how to feed a lady," Hen retorted, to Gunny's great amusement.

"What kind was it, Hen?" Dick asked.

"Champagne," Hen said, eyeing the convulsed Gunny.

"No! You don't say!" everybody exclaimed.

"Hen, you're a sport, all right. Shake." Dick said, extending his hand, which Hen seized and shook. "How much did the supper cost, Hen?"

"You fellers wouldn't believe me if I told you."

"Oh, yes, we would," everybody affirmed.

"Forty dollars."

"Forty—whew!" came a chorus of whistles. The silence of surprise hung over the crowd for a moment, while Hen enjoyed his triumph. The Gunny, apparently oblivious to the rest of us, mused aloud, "Hen, Madame Peruna, supper, and champagne. I'll stand pat."

And Hen didn't know why we laughed.

The Return of Sherlock Holmes

Continued From Page Forty-Five.

"Exceedingly so."

"Is there any point to which you would wish to draw my attention?"

"To the curious incident of the dog in the night-time."

"The dog did nothing in the night-time."

"That was the curious incident," remarked Sherlock Holmes.

Four days later Holmes and I were again in the train, bound for Winchester to see the race for the Wessex Cup. Colonel Ross met us by appointment outside the station, and we drove in his drag to the course beyond the town. His face was grave, and his manner was cold in the extreme.

"I have seen nothing of my horse," said he.

"I suppose that you would know him when you saw him?" said Holmes.

The Colonel was very angry. "I have been on the turf for 20 years, and never was asked such a question as that before," said he. "A child would know Silver Blaze, with his white forehead and his mottled off foreleg."

"How is the betting?"

"Well, that is the curious part of it. You could have got 15 to 1 yesterday, but the price has become shorter and shorter, until you can hardly get 3 to 1 now."

"Hum!" said Holmes. "Somebody knows something, that is clear."

As the drag drew up in the inclosure near the grandstand I glanced at the card to see the entries.

Wessex Plate (it ran) 50 sov. each h ft. with 1000 sovs. added for four and five-year-olds. Second £300. Third, £200. New course (one mile and five furlongs).

1. Mr. Heath Newton's The Negro. Red Cap. Cinnamon jacket.
2. Colonel Wardlaw's Pugilist. Pink cap. Blue and black jacket.
3. Lord Backwater's Desborough. Yellow cap and sleeves.
4. Colonel Ross's Silver Blaze. Black cap. Red jacket.
5. Duke of Balmoral's Iris. Yellow and black stripes.
6. Lord Singleford's Rasper. Purple cap. Black sleeves.

"We scratched our other one, and put all hopes on your word," said the Colonel. "Why, what is that? Silver Blaze favorite?"

"Five to four against Silver Blaze!" roared the ring. "Five to four against Silver Blaze! Five to 15 against Desborough! Five to four on the field!"

"There are numbers!" I cried. "They are all six there."

"All six there? Then my horse is running," cried the Colonel in great agitation. "But I don't see him. My colors have not passed."

"Only five have passed. This must be he."

As I spoke a powerful horse swept out from the weighing inclosure and cantered past us, bearing on its back the well-known black and red of the Colonel.

"That's not my horse," cried the owner. "That beast has not a white hair upon its body. What is this that you have done, Mr. Holmes?"

"Well, well, let us see how he gets on," said my friend, imperturbably. For a few minutes he gazed through my fieldglass. "Capital! An excellent start!" he cried suddenly. "There they are, coming round the curve!"

From our drag we had a superb view as they came up the straight. The six horses were so close together that a carpet could have covered them, but half way up the yellow of the Mapleton stable showed to the front. Before they reached us, however, Desborough's bolt was shot, and the Colonel's horse, coming away with a rush, passed the post a good six lengths before its rival, the Duke of Balmoral's Iris making a bad third.

"It's my race, anyhow," gasped the Colonel, passing his hand over his eyes. "I confess that I can make neither head nor tail of it. Don't you think that you have kept up your mystery long enough, Mr. Holmes?"

"Certainly, Colonel, you shall know everything. Let us go round and have a look at the horse together. Here he is," he continued, as we made our way into the weighing inclosure, where only owners and their friends find admittance. "You have only to wash his face and his leg in spirits of wine, and you will find that he is the same old Silver Blaze as ever."

"You take my breath away!"

"I found him in the hands of a fakir, and took the liberty of running him just as he was sent over."

"My dear sir, you have done wonders. The horse looks very fit and well. It never went better in its life. I owe you a thousand apologies for having doubted your ability. You have done me a great service by recovering my horse. You would do me a greater still if you could lay your hands on the murderer of John Straker."

"I have done so," said Holmes, quietly.

The Colonel and I stared at him in amazement. "You have got him! Where is he, then?"

"He is here."

"Here! Where?"

"In my company at the present moment."

The Colonel flushed angrily. "I quite recognize that I am under obligations to you, Mr. Holmes," said he, "but I must regard what you have just said as either a very bad joke or an insult."

Sherlock Holmes laughed. "I assure you that I have not associated you with the crime, Colonel," said he. "The real murderer is standing immediately behind you."

He stepped past and laid his hand upon the glossy neck of the thoroughbred.

"The horse!" cried both the Colonel and myself.

"Yes, the horse. And it may lessen his guilt if I say that it was done in self-defense, and that John Straker was a man who was entirely unworthy of your confidence. But there goes the bell, and as I stand to win a little on this next race, I shall defer a lengthy explanation until a more fitting time."

We had the corner of a Pullman car to ourselves that evening as we whirled back to London, and I fancy that the journey was a short one to Colonel Ross

Dr. McLoughlin Father of Oregon

Continued From Page Forty-One.

benefit of all the people of Oregon. It was a cunning scheme.

And Thurston, his share and profit of the rascally transaction, and his bribe, was a re-election as delegate to Congress. All the conspirators, except Thurston, got their share; Thurston's share, so far as I know, was prospective, which he did not get.

There was great rejoicing in Oregon at first on the passage of the donation land law. Every settler except Dr. McLoughlin, could now have his land claim, for the title of which he had waited so long. A great university was to be built out of the spoils without cost to any one except Dr. McLoughlin and his heirs. This was long before the discussion about using "tainted money."

If the assigns of the Milling Company were entitled to Abernethy Island, why should not the courts have settled the matter according to law and justice, as other contested claims were settled?

Protests Against Thurston's Actions.

There were pioneers who at once protested. Before the law passed, when the intended action of Thurston became known, in relation to said section 11, on September 19, 1850, a meeting was held in Oregon City. Resolutions were passed declaring the selection of the Oregon City claim for a university reservation was uncalled for by any considerable portion of the citizens of the territory, and was invidious and unjust to Dr. McLoughlin; and that the gratitude of multitudes of people in Oregon was due to him for assistance rendered them. At the same time, a memorial to Congress was signed by 56 persons, which set forth that Dr. McLoughlin had taken up the Oregon City claim and it had been held by him in accordance with the provisional and territorial governments of Oregon; that the memorialists considered it as fully entitled to protection as any claim, no intimation to the contrary ever having been made up to that time; that under this impression both before and since March 4, 1849, large portions of it had been purchased from Dr. McLoughlin in good faith by many citizens of Oregon, who had erected buildings thereon, in the expectation of having a complete and sufficient title when Congress should grant a title to Dr. McLoughlin; that since March 4, 1849, he had donated for county, educational, charitable and religious purposes more than 200 lots. They, therefore, prayed that the bill might not pass in its present form, believing that it would work a "severe, inequitable, unnecessary and irremediable injustice." There were no telegraph lines in Oregon or California in those days. And the bill was a law eight days thereafter.

To protect the reputations of Thurston and the other conspirators it was necessary to defeat all actions by the Oregon Legislative Assembly in favor of Dr. McLoughlin. If that body made any petitions to Congress, or passed any resolution in favor of Dr. McLoughlin it would show that he was entitled to his land claim, the injustice of section eleven of the donation land law, and that Thurston was guilty of malicious untruths in his letter to and his speech before Congress.

I am happy to say that among those who took part in these proceedings and signed this memorial were my father, James D. Holman, an immigrant of 1846, and my uncle, Woodford C. Holman, an immigrant of 1845.

Not long after this a meeting was held at Salem, then the seat of the Methodist Mission, for the purpose of expressing disapproval of the resolutions passed at the Oregon City meeting.

To the honor of the overwhelming majority of the pioneers, be it said that they took no part in these actions against Dr. McLoughlin, nor did they indorse or sympathize with such actions. The indignation of the best, the honest, the good pioneers, from the first, was against Thurston's actions and those of his co-conspirators. The feeling soon became intense against Thurston. The newspapers were filled with letters against his actions in robbing Dr. McLoughlin. Thurston's party papers began to mention or advocate other available men for Thurston's position as delegate. I doubt not that had he run for Congress again he would have been badly defeated.

Death of Thurston.

Even had the mission party been strong enough politically to have elected Thurston the next time his political career was ended. No man could long prevail after such perfidy. Death saved him from future humiliation. He died at sea, April 9, 1851, while returning to Oregon, aged 35 years.

And the other conspirators, Abernethy, Bryant, Waller, et al., what of them? They are dead and buried somewhere, but their praises are unsung.

The Methodist Episcopal Church.

I have no attack to make on religion, or on the Methodist Episcopal Church, or its true and decent missionaries, clerical or lay. I respect all true sects and denominations of the great Christian church. I respect all the world's great religions, including those of the Jews, of Buddha, and of Confucius, for the good that is in them.

The Methodist Episcopal Church has been one of the great civilizing agencies in the United States, particularly in the newer parts of the country. In its earlier days, and until the great growth of the country in the past 40 or 50 years, it reached a class of people which no other denomination could reach or influence, and made better people of them. All churches and denominations are subject to conditions and to evolution. And the Methodist Episcopal Church is today one of the great and influential churches in the United States. There always have been and there always will be men who make use of religion for sinister purposes. These unworthy missionaries who were parties to the robbery of Dr. McLoughlin are not entitled to escape criticism, or to have their damnable acts passed over because of their religious pretensions. They are subject all the more to severe condemnation. Good members of the Methodist Episcopal Church condemn these base acts of its missionaries as honest Oregon pioneers condemn the actions of those pioneers who abused or cheated Dr. McLoughlin.

But these dastardly actions were not sustained or concurred in by all the Methodist missionaries. I shall shortly give excerpts to show the high opinions some of the early Methodist missionaries and ministers in Oregon had of Dr. McLoughlin.

(To be continued Sunday next.)

There Was an Old Woman, Etc.

Indianapolis Star.

A stout little woman on an East Washington street car looked around anxiously for seats for the children who were with her. Two of the older girls had babies in their arms. People on the car did not know whether it was an orphans' home picnic or a Sunday school convention.

"Beg pardon, lady," said the conductor, "but you have given me only eight tickets, etc."

"Didn't know you charged for babes in arms," said the little woman, as she kept her eye on all members of her party.

"But there are nine without them," said the conductor, apologetically. Perhaps he really thought the woman had only eight tickets.

"Stand up, children," commanded the little woman. She was imperious in her command and immediately after her order to stand up, they all arose to their feet.

Counting them one by one, she presently came to a little boy of about eight years and, pointing her finger at him, she said:

"Sammy, I thought you stayed at home with the rest of the children."

Only the Main Thing Lacking.

"Yes," said the enthusiastic promoter, "we have enormous mineral deposits on this land, all we need for its development is a little money."

"My friend," answered Colonel Stillwell, "you remind me of a neighbor out my way who used to think he almost had a julep because he was in possession of a mint bed and a spring."—Washington Star.