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 Maiwand.

There I was struck on the shoulder by a Jezail 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 sufferers, to the base hospital at Peshawur.

Here I rallied, and had already improved so far as to be able to walk about the wards, and even to bask 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 irresistably 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 leave the hotel and take up my quarters in some less pretentious and less expensive 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 crony 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 misfortunes. "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 bemoaning 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 washing 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 inexpressible," he answered, with a laugh. "Holmes is a little too scientific for my tastes—it approaches to cold bloodedness. I could imagine his giving a friend a little pinch of the latest vegetable alkaloid, not out of malevolence, 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 with the same readiness. He appears to have a passion for exact and definite knowledge."

"Very right, too."

"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 bizarre shape."

"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 bleak stone staircase and made our way down the long corridor, with its vista of whitewashed walls and dun 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, which 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 haemogoblin, 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 Stamord, introducing us.

"How are you?" he said, cordially, gripping my hand with a strength for 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 haemogoblin. 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 for 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 the resulting drop 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 raection."

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 guaiacum test was very clumsy and uncertain. So is the microscopic examination for blood corpuscles. The latter is valueless if the stains are a few hours old. Now, this appears to act 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.

"Criminal cases are continually hinging 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 to some applauding 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 Frankfort 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 wherein 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 botts?"

"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 botts?"

"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?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, didn't yo' know he done pizened the las' one er dem?"

"Did he pizen um?"

"He sho' did."

"Dat settles me. But, Maria—"

"What do you want?"

"I wuz all day 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 Atchison man told an old maid recently that she was a sweet old thing, and she has lain awake nights ever since dreaming of him. Men should be careful to whom they throw boquets. Some nice old girls get so few that they exaggerate the importance of a stray blossom.—Atchison Globe.

An Important Qualification.

First Burglar—What did yer take that brickybrac fer? 'Taint no good!

Second Burglar—'Taint?

First Burglar—Naw. I tell yer, Jimmy, if yer wantter make a fust 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 Laws.

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.

Pertinent.

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—Please, missus, ain't flies animals?

HEAT FROM THE EARTH.

Scientist Tells How, He Thinks, Steam May Be Obtained Underground.

Certain scientific men now believe that the enormous internal heat of the earth may be utilized for some practical purpose. Prof. William Hallock of Columbia University expresses, in the World's Work, the opinion that the plan is feasible. He says:

"It is not merely a question of getting steam; it is a question of the quantity of steam that can be had. Near Boise, Idaho, hot water is now drawn from a well, and used to heat a dwelling. The Pittsburg and Wheeling wells are capable of heating the water left in them overnight; but even if their depth were sufficient to turn the water to steam, it would require so many hours' waiting as to rob the process of all commercial value. In other words, there would not be the slightest difficulty in obtaining steam from the interior of the earth, because that involves only a little extra labor in boring into the hot area, and it is almost as easy to bore ten thousand feet as six thousand; but in order to give the steam commercial value, a method must be provided for dropping the water to the hot area, allowing it time to heat, and yet having it returned to the surface as steam, without interrupting the flow.

"Two holes might be bored into the earth, twelve thousand feet deep and perhaps fifty feet apart. There would be a temperature far above the boiling point of water. Then, if very heavy charges of dynamite or some other explosive were lowered to the bottom of each hole, and exploded simultaneously, a sufficient connection might be established between the two holes. The rock would be cracked and fissured in all directions, and shattering it thus around the base of the holes would turn the surrounding area into an immense water-heater. The water poured into one hole would be heated and turned into steam, which would pass through the second hole to the earth's surface. The pressure of such a column of steam would be enormous; for aside from its initial velocity, the descending column of cold water would exert a pressure of at least five thousand pounds to the square inch, which would drive everything movable through the second hole. The problem is therefore a mechanical one, concerned chiefly with connecting the two holes. This accomplished, the water-heater would operate itself, and establish a source of power that would surpass anything now in use.

LOUISIANA LEVEES.

Thirty Millions Spent on Them by the State Since the War.

If you picture in your mind an enormous sickle, having a handle also at the hooked end, you will have the Mississippi river as it flows in yellow swiftness past the city of New Orleans. A hundred miles to the southward it pours through its many mouths into the broad blue gulf. In the crescent of the sickle, which gives to the city its name, lies New Orleans, and no sharp blade in the hand of the husbandman thrust into the ripening grain was ever surer of its destructiveness than would be this vast crescent of the Mississippi when once it should be given sway. Sometimes when the river is at flood its surface will rise twenty feet above the level of the city's streets. In the center of the stream it will be nearly 200 feet deep, with a powerful current, which, were it not for the protecting levee about the city, must sweep everything before it. This giant river, which has made this city possible, drains an enormous basin, its watershed being greater in area than that of any other river on the globe. The volume of water which flows past the city is equal to 150,000,000 cubic yards.

There are now nearly 1,500 miles of levees on the lower Mississippi, and Louisiana alone has spent since the Civil War nearly $30,000,000 on the river, while it costs the State $1,000,000 annually to maintain its levees. Strange as it may seem, the deadliest enemies of these great earthen embankments are the insignificant crawfish and the muskrat; for, once the slightest hole is made in the levee by either of them, the relentless river finds its way through and vast loss ensues.—Ainslee's Magazine.

The Accordion.

Emile Gautier has written a plea for the despised accordion. He calls it the poor man's piano forte, and wonders why it should be so overlooked outside of Russia, where it is the national instrument. There all the regiments have their acordion players, whose lively notes relieve the monotony of long marches.

The instrument is in every sense an artistic one, because it embodies the required qualities; it gives accurate and melodious sounds in conformity with the rules of music. The keyboard is extensive enough to bring forth the most delicate shades of tone. It gives even an orchestral richness, in small volume. Under the measured action of the bellows, which plays the part of the bow, it affords all the inflections and modulations of the violin in its upper register. In the lower register it resembles the violoncello.

Of course the warmth of praise belongs to the instruments of the best French make, not to those which are hastily put together for an indiscriminating market.

Seventy-three years ago the accordion was invented in Vienna by a man named Damian. The invention embodied a wonderful knowledge of music, together with an astonishing calculation and skill. When the instrument came out it was a triumph, but the public soon regarded it with indifference.

Appropriate Text.

"Hit surtingly do fill dis ole heart ob mine wif joy," began the Rev. Flatfoot, as the last wail from the wheezy organ escaped through an open window, "ter see so menny strangers present dis galorious sabbath mawnin'. De good book hit say: 'He war er stranger an' Ah took him in.' De deacons will now perceed ter take up de collecshion."

Her Own Hair-Dresser.

Mrs. Sweller—Do you employ a private chauffeur?

Mrs. Gotrichtkwick—No, I always do up my hair myself.—Ohio State Journal.

One man and a deadly torpedo floating about beneath the surface of the water. The torpedo charged so that it will blow a great warship to destruction; the man provided with means by which to discharge his dangerous weapon in a way to do the most harm. Such is the latest of all torpedo boats—a one-man affair, not larger than a large fish, and yet as effective in its purposes, if the theory of its inventor is correct, as one of the Holland submarine boats.

The man who has perfected this offensive and invisible destroyer is Thomas J. Moriarity, for many years the mechanical expert in the employ of the United States Government at the torpedo station at Newport.

Mr. Moriarity was long ago impressed with the idea that the only way by which to make the action of the torpedo actually certain was to put an experienced operator inside it; for, while its automatic machinery operates with almost human intelligence, there is no certainty that it will on long ranges do exactly what is required of it. From the idea of putting a man inside it to that of placing a man outside it, the transition was easy; and it then became a problem to give him a safe shelter, means of locomotion, of submerging and of discharging the projectile.

To accomplish these essentials he has devised a cigar-shaped boat of bronze plates, about ten feet long, three feet deep and five fet wide. Beneath this is suspended the Whitehead torpedo in a frame, and it is propelled by compressed air when the operator has approached near the mark.

When in the boat the operator lies on a cradle astride of its support. Padded prongs on the cradle curve over his shoulders and hold him in place, providing also a purchase for his arms when operating the lever in front of him. He wears a waistcoat made of two thicknesses of air-tight material, to which is attached a small mouth tube by which it is inflated. It serves as a padding for the body while the operator is in the boat and also as a life-preserver in an emergency.

Air is admitted through the rear mast and circulates throughout the boat. This air tube is, however, automatically closed when the boat is beneath the surface of the water, and the conning tower is completely covered by means of a hydrostatic piston, open to the water at the bottom of the boat, the pressure of the water at the increased depth forcing up the piston, which actuates a lever to force a valve over the air-tube opening, thus preventing the entry of water through it.

The same motion of the piston operates levers connected to a valve in the compressed air tank in the bottom of the boat, opening it and thus allowing a fine stream of air to issue therefrom into the boat, and supplying the operator with fresh air. As the boat again reaches the surface the pressure on the hydrostatic piston is released because there is less depth of water and the air tube is again opened and the air tank valve closed.

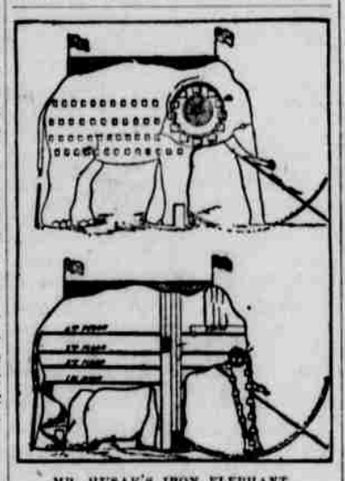
The torpedo is fired by compressed air, but on leaving its casing the propelling mechanism of the projectile is set in motion, and it starts off under its own power for the mark.

WONDERFUL IRON ELEPHANT.

Designed for Great Exposition by a Chicago Man.

Mr. Joseph Husak, of Chicago, is prepared to out-Ferris Ferris at the St. Louis exposition, or at any other exposition which may come along and make room for his "iron elephant," 300 feet long and 250 feet in height, or for his "Jonah's whale," 50 feet long and big in girth in proportion.

The "iron elephant" is the chief feature and creation of Mr. Husak's inventive faculty, and he purposes to adapt the metal beast to more uses than the Indian beast is capable of in the flesh. The body of the animal is to be four stories in height, the floors to be reached by elevators running in the legs of the creature. The first floor is to be used and rented for small show rooms; the second floor for a cafe and restaurant, and furnish entrance to the



MR. HUSAK'S IRON ELEPHANT.

elephant's trunk, which is to be constructed to pull the ears up and down and at the same time swing. The third floor will be used for all sorts of amusements, and serve as an entrance to the "chute of chutes" and to the small Ferris wheels in each car of the elephant. The fourth floor can be used for a theater or music hall, placing the stage in the head of the beast. On top of the creature will be a roof garden or an observatory. The eyes will be two gigantic searchlights, and the tail might be used by some inventor to show a new fire escape. All signals may be trumpeted from this structure, and electric power will be used to run the different devices.

Mr. Husak's whale will be in proportions to simulate the real thing. Even the interior of the animal will be consturcted according to economy of nature, only that entrance to the inside thrugh the mouth will be through an uplifted jaw. Windows will be provided, and the whale, swimming in a circular tank, will be operated by electricity, rising and sinking at the slightest wish of the operator.

TABITHA SANBORN'S RIDE.

She Really Couldn't Bear to Waste Time from Her Work.

Some of the feats which our foremothers performed quite as a matter of course when domestic emergencies occurred were such as would tax the endurance and courage of the hardiest athletic maidens of our own day. Hannah Sanborn Philbrook, in a recent article on old-time Sanbornton, relates how an ancestress of hers supplied a deficiency in her weaving apparatus.

She found unexpectedly that her work required the use of a certain reed and harness which could be obtained only at a place five miles distant, reached by a road leading over a number of steep and dangerous hills.

She was alone in the house with her baby and another young child, whom she could not leave to go on an errand. Nevertheless, she could not endure the idea of wasting time in waiting for that reed and harness when if she only had them she could make such good progress with her web. Her husband owned the "smartest 4-year-old colt in town," and this lively animal, nothing daunted, she mounted with her baby in her arms, taking the other child on a pillion behind her.

"Soon after her arrival," writes her great-granddaughter, "there were signs of a coming tempest, and she had to hasten. The reed and harness, at least four feet long, were bound to the colt and she turned toward home.

"My Great-great-uncle Cate said that when she passed his house she was going like the wind, the sky was black with the coming storm, and the thunder and lightning were terrible. As soon as it cleared off he saddled his horse and followed, 'expecting,' he said, 'to find Tabitha and the children dead in the road. But I went clean over all the way, and there she was, getting supper and singing, as lively as a cricket!'"

She was not even wet; for the smart 4-year-old, urged to the utmost, had succeeded, in spite of his queer and cumbrous load, in racing the shower and beating it. Supper over, Mrs. Sanborn, with a tranquil mind and the proper implements, was able to resume her uninterrupted weaving.

Men Stenographers Scarce.

"There is one feature of the government service that puzzles me," said a chief of division in the Treasury Department, "and that is the lack of men stenographers. I don't see why men who have ambitious to enter government work don't equip themselves along this line. I do not mean to dispargae the efficiency of women typewriters, for they do all that is expected of them, and more, too. But there is a limitation to their usefulness, no matter how expert they may be. There are certain confidential relations which a superior must always have with his assistant, which cannot be shared with a woman. Oftentimes we have to rely on the judgment of an inferior, and are not always willing, and, in fact, would be afraid, to trust to the discretion of a woman.

"To my mind the scarcity of men typewriters is largely due to the fact that women have bluffed their masculine rivals or would-be rivals from the field. The latter evidently think that the craft has been monopolized by the women. To tell the truth, there is no field so much open to men, as far as Uncle Sam is concerned, as that of the typewriter, and in few is there held out such prospect of advancement. For instance, Secretary Cortelyou is an ex-stenographer, and not so much of an "ex" at that, for he was, and always will be, a skillful hand at the typewriter. But he is a Cabinet possibility, and he rose from the opportunities held out by his calling."—Washington Post.

No Fitting Time.

There are many poor correspondents who would doubtless like to make the excuse given by a boy who was spending his first year at a boarding school.

The first letter, anxiously awaited by his parents, was not received for more than a week, and then it was short and to the point.

"Dear people," wrote the boy, "I don't believe I shall be able to send you many letters while I'm here. You see when things are happening I haven't time, and when they aren't happening I haven't anything to write. You'll understand how it is, won't you, father? And, mother, you just ask father to explain to you how it is. So now I will say good-by, with love to all. In haste, George."

The world is improving. There are more sudden deaths every year, and fewer cases of long suffering.

Everyone has a kin problem he can't solve.

A HEROIC CHINAMAN.

His Bravery Attracted the Attention of Congress.

Charley Tong Sing, whose home is in Los Angeles, Cal., is the only Chinaman who ever received a medal from Congress for bravery. He is a naturalized citizen of the United States, and as thoroughly Americanized as his thirty years' residence here can make him. Charley was a member of the Greely relief expedition of 1884, commanded by Captain (now Rear Admiral) Schley, but he has a greater distinction than having been a member of this expedition. He is one of the three survivors of the Jeannette expedition. He was steward of that ill-fated vessel when, in 1879, she sailed on a voyage of exploration in the Arctic seas. His splendid physique and natural hardiness were all that brought him safely through the hardships, exposures and horrors of that terrible experience.

TONG SING.

Charley joined the Jeannette expedition at San Francisco. He was then an experienced sailor, having served aboard American merchant ships in various capacities. He acted the part of a hero during this trip, and when he returned the Navy Department, in recognition of his services, presented Charley with a handsome medal. Upon it is inscribed: "Charley Tong Sing, Arctic Steamer Jeannette; Fidelity, Zeal, Obedience." On the reverse side is a picture of the old frigate Constitution, and the words, "United States Navy." By special act of Congress, September 30, 1890, another medal was presented. It bears the date upon which the act was approved by the President, and around it the words, "Jeannette Arctic Expedition, 1879-1882." On the reverse side is presented the Jeannette in the ice, with the crew waving her a farewell. The medal depends from a clasp held in the beak of a silver eagle. It was not a great while after the Jeannette adventure when Charley Tong Sing started with Capt. Schley on the Greely relief expedition. After his return from that voyage he served in the navy on the Tennessee, and then he decided to abandon the life of a sailor.

AN AMATEUR DETECTIVE.

Ascertained Facts by Sherlock Holmes' System of Deduction.

Sherlock Holmes has a promising rival in a barber known to the Philadelphia Record. He astonished one of his customers the other day by asking him if he were not left-handed. The man admitted that he was, and suggested that the barber had probably seen him hang up his hat.

"No," said the barber; "I have other ways of finding out such things. I see, to, that you are a bookkeeper."

"Yes," admitted the customer, "your guesses are correct. How do you know?"

"It's easy," said the barber. "In shampooing your head I noticed ink on your hair at the left temple. This ink, I concluded, must have got there from a pen resting on your left ear, which indicated that you were a person who used a pen a great deal, as only such persons use their ears as pen-racks.

"That didn't convince me that you were a bookkeeper, however, because a literary man might stick his pen behind his ear for convenience. I learned of your profession when I applied the lather. This made the ink on your hair wash out, and I discovered two shades of ink—red and black. Nobody but a bookkeeper uses red and black ink, so it was easy to class you as a bookkeeper.

"I knew you were left-handed because the ink was on the left side—the side that a left-handed writer would involuntarily use when sticking his pen back of his ear."

"Wonderful, wonderful;" said the customer. "Now, suppose you stop talking for a while, and finish shaving me."

Died of Improvements.

An uptown physician tells of a German friend, a poor journeyman baker, who sent his wife to a local hospital when she fell ill. The physician always asked with interest after the condition of the sick woman when he met the German, and was told in reply: "Well, doctor, they say at the hospital there's improvement." This reply did not vary from day to day for a month or more, and was always spoken by the German very stolidly, as though he really did not see in the report any grounds for hope. Then one morning, meeting the physician and being asked the usual question, he said:

"O, she's dead, doctor."

"Dead?" repeated the physician. "What do they say she died of?"

"They didn't say—they didn't have to," answered the German. "I knew. She died of too many improvements."—Philadelphia Times.

The European Plan.

Some queer customers are seen at New York hotels. An old farmer from the country tells how he got ahead of one of the clerks: "I walked in," he says, "asked the young man at the desk: 'What are your prices?' 'American or European?' he asked me. Now I wasn't going to tell where I was from until I had seen the lay of the land. 'What difference does that make?' says I. 'If American,' he answered, 'it's $4 per day; if European, $1.50.' I thought a moment, and then an idea struck me how to get ahead of him. I walked up boldly and registered from London, England."

Infrequent Birthdays.

The members of the Berlin Society of Leap Year Children—to which none are admissible unless born on Feb. 29—will keep their common birthday in great style in 1904. They have had no opportunity for eight years, and in 1900 the extra February day, according to the rules of the reformed calendar, was omitted. Herr Monteur, the president of the society, is to-day a septuagenarian, but in the seventy years of his life he has only had seventeen birthdays. He hopes to celebrate his eighteenth birthday and seventy-second year of his life in the midst of his colleagues on Feb. 29, 1904.

No difference how well you play the game of life, you are sure to lose.