

A STUDY IN SCARLET.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

No. 3 Lauriston Gardens were an ill-omened and sinister look. It was one of four, which stood back some little way from the street, two being occupied and two empty.

The latter looked out with three tiers of vacant, melancholy windows, which were blank and dreary, save that here and there a "To Let" card had developed like a cataract upon the bleared panes.

A small garden sprinkled over with a scattered eruption of sickly plants separated each of these houses from the street, and was traversed by a narrow pathway, yellowish in color, and consisting apparently of a mixture of clay and gravel.

The whole place was very sloopy from the rain which had fallen through the night. The garden was bounded by a three-foot brick wall with a fringe of wood rails upon the top, and against this wall was leaning a stall-ward police constable, surrounded by a small knot of loafers, who craned their necks and strained their eyes in the vain hope of catching some glimpse of the proceedings within.

I had imagined that Sherlock Holmes would at once have hurried into the house and plunged into a study of the mystery.

Nothing appeared to be further from his intention. With an air of nonchalance, which under the circumstances seemed to me to border upon affectation, he lounged up and down the pavement, and gazed vacantly at the ground, the sky, the opposite house and the line of railings.

Having finished his scrutiny, he proceeded slowly down the path, or rather down the fringe of grass which flanked the path, keeping his eyes riveted upon the ground.

Twice he stopped and once I saw him smile and heard him utter an exclamation of satisfaction. There were many marks of footsteps upon the wet, clayey soil, but since the police had been coming and going over it I was unable to see how my companion could hope to learn anything from it.

Still, I had had such extraordinary evidence of the quickness of his perceptive faculties that I had no doubt he could see a great deal which was hidden from me.

At the door of the house we were met by a white-faced, flaxen-haired man with a notebook in his hand, who rushed forward and wrung my companion's hand with effusion.

"It is indeed kind of you to come," he said. "I have had everything left untouched."

"Except that," my friend answered, pointing to the pathway. "If a herd of buffaloes had passed along, there could not be a greater mess. No doubt, however, you had drawn your own conclusions, Gregson, before you permitted this."

"I have had so much to do inside the house," the detective said, evasively. "My colleague, Mr. Lestrade, is here. I had relied upon him to look after this."

Holmes glanced at me and raised his eyebrows significantly.

"With two such men as yourself and Lestrade upon the ground, there will not be much for a third party to find out," he said.

Gregson rubbed his hands in a self-satisfied way.

"I think we have done all that can be done," he answered. "It's a queer case, though, and I knew your taste for such things."

"You did not come here in a cab?" asked Sherlock Holmes.

"No, sir."

"Nor Lestrade?"

"No, sir."

"Then let us go and look at the room."

With which inconspicuous remark he strode on into the house, followed by Gregson, whose features expressed his astonishment.

Holmes walked in and I followed him with that subdued feeling at my heart which the presence of death inspires.

It was a large, square room, looking all the larger for the absence of all furniture.

Opposite the door was a showy fireplace. On one corner of this was stuck the stump of a red wax candle.

The solitary window was so dirty that the light was hazy and uncertain, giving a dull gray tinge to everything, which was intensified by the thick layer of dust which coated the whole apartment.

All these details I observed afterward. At present my attention was centered upon the single grim, motionless figure which lay stretched upon the boards, with vacant, sightless eyes staring up at the discolored ceiling.

It was that of a man about forty-three or forty-four years of age, middle-sized, broad shouldered, with crisp, curling black hair, and a short, stubby beard.

His hands were clenched and his arms thrust abroad, while his lower limbs were interlocked as though his death struggle had been a grievous one.

On his rigid face there stood an expression of horror, and, as it seemed to me, of hatred, such as I have never seen upon human features.

"This malignant and terrible contortion, combined with the low forehead, the dead man a singularly sinister and spasm-like appearance, which was increased by his writhing, unnatural posture."

Lestrade, lean and ferret-like as ever, was standing by the doorway and greeted my companion and myself.

As I watched him I was irresistibly reminded of a pure-blooded, well-trained fox hound as it dashes backward and forward through the covert, whining in its eagerness, until it comes across the lost scent.

For twenty minutes or more he continued his researches, measuring with the most exact care the distance between marks which were entirely invisible to me, and occasionally applying his tape to the walls in an equally inconceivable manner.

In one place he gathered very carefully a little pile of gray dust from the floor, and packed it away in an envelope. Finally he examined with his glass the word upon the wall, going over every letter of it with the most minute exactness.

This done, he appeared to be satisfied, for he replaced his tape and his glass in his pocket.

"They say that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains," he remarked, with a smile. "It's a very bad definition, but it does apply to detective work."

Gregson and Lestrade had watched the maneuvers of their amateur companion with considerable curiosity and some contempt.

"They evidently failed to appreciate the fact, which I had begun to realize, that Sherlock Holmes' smallest actions were all directed toward some definite and practical end."

"What do you think of it, sir?" they both asked.

"It would be robbing you of the credit of the case if I was to presume to help you," remarked my friend. "You are doing so well now that it would be a pity for any one to interfere." There was a world of sarcasm in his voice as he spoke.

"If you will let me know how your investigations go," he continued, "I shall be happy to give you any help I can. In the meantime, I should like to speak to the constable who found the body. Can you give me his name and address?"

"John Rance," he said. "He is off duty now. You will find him at 46 Audley Court, Kensington Park Gate."

"Come along, doctor," he said; "we shall go and look him up. I'll tell you one thing which may help you in the case," he continued, turning to the two detectives. "There has been murder done, and the murderer was a man. He was more than six feet high, was in the prime of life, had small feet for his height, wore coarse, square-toed boots, and smoked a Trichinopoly cigar. He came here with his victim in a four-wheeled cab, which was drawn by a horse with three old shoes on one of his off forelegs. In addition, the murderer had a florid face, and the finger nails of his right hand were remarkably long. These are only a few indications, but they may assist you."

Lestrade and Gregson looked at each other with an incredulous smile.

"If this man was murdered, how was it done?" asked the former.

"Holmes," said Sherlock Holmes, curtly, and strode off. "One other thing," Lestrade, he added, turning round at the door; "Rache is the German for 'revenge'; so don't lose your time looking for Miss Rachel."

With which Partisan air he walked away leaving the two rivals open-mouthed behind him.

(To be continued.)

HOW CONVICTS PASS THE TIME

Some Very Artistic Work Done in the Prisons of America.

It is at once interesting and pathetic, says the Philadelphia Record, to go through the cells of the eastern penitentiary and to note the objects which, with tedious pains, the prisoners have made to while the time away. Here a mantel will be hung with a lambrequin, elaborately fringed, the fine knots and delicate patterns of the threads comparing with the work of the French lace makers. The lambrequin is of an odd blue, and the visitor is told that it is made of an old pair of prison trousers.

On a little gilt bracket is a small stuffed animal. The bracket, so delicately turned, is of newspapers pasted together and gilded, and the animal is a rat, caught in a home made trap, stuffed with rags and pieces of chewing gum, colored with shoe blacking for its eyes. A really artistic decoration of reeds, on which are perched at least 200 birds, each accurately colored and drawn. There are also numerous checkers-boards and chessmen that, in the delicacy of their inlay work and in the intricacy of their carving would do honor to the craftsmen of the Orient.

Why He Wanted to Go.

Up at primary school No. 9 in Brooklyn the other day, one of the boys presented a note from his mother, asking to be allowed to go home at 2 o'clock.

"See here," she said, "you've been out a great deal lately, and here you have a note to go out again. Now, we can't do things that way. If you are coming to school I want you to stay here. What do you want to go out for?"

"My mother wanted me to go to New York," replied the small boy.

"Wouldn't Saturday afternoon do just as well?"

"No, ma'am."

"Do you have to go at 2 o'clock?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Wouldn't half past 2 do as well?"

"No, ma'am."

"Well, what do you have to go for anyway?"

"Please, ma'am, my cousin's dead."

The expression on the teacher's face was wonderful to behold as she gave the boy permission to go.—New York Evening Mail.

He Found Out.

"We got queer men on our ships sometimes," said Rear Admiral Schley, while he was telling stories of his experiences, "although they are all brave and loyal."

"There was a landsman on one of my ships once who was a bright fellow, apparently, and I took him on as an orderly. One night I was in my cabin, and a gale of wind came up. I called the orderly and said: 'Find out how the wind is blowing and report to me.'"

"The man was gone a few minutes, and then came in and reported: 'Captain, the wind is blowing right over the ship.'"

TREED BY WILD HOGS.

Illinois Hunter Has a Very Unpleasant Adventure.

In the cane-brakes along the Illinois river wild hogs have appeared in great numbers this year, coming from no one knows where, the St. Louis Republic says. These hogs seem to have little in common with the domestic species. They are gaunt of form, long-legged, and as ferocious as bears, many of them with enormous heads and savage-looking tusks. Several rather unpleasant adventures have occurred with these animals, among them one in which J. P. McGee played a part.

On his return from a successful bird hunt recently Mr. McGee saw a small pig rolling in the dirt. He had heard of the wild hogs, but up to this time had seen none. With the sportsman's instinct he raised his gun, fired and wounded the pig. Its squeals were answered by grunts from all sides, and hundreds of hogs issued from the cane.

McGee knew that they meant mischief, and throwing down his gun, he hastily scrambled among the branches of a small tree. Still the hogs came, hundreds of them, and their grunting and squealing, added to their ferocious aspect, were appalling to the frightened man.

The hunter felt reasonably safe in the tree, for he knew the enraged animals could not reach him. But they squealed, snapped their ugly jaws, and leaped up. McGee saw them chew up and destroy the stock of his gun. And then they began to root at the tree where he sat.

At first he smiled at this rooting, but as a half dozen of the big boars kept at it, he began to wonder if they meant to root the tree down. In the course of a half-hour his wonder changed to alarm. The hogs had made a big hole around the roots of the tree, which was but small, and they were still rooting vigorously. Doubtless they had learned by experience how to get at a treed enemy.

Night came on, and in the moonlight the luckless hunter saw countless numbers of hogs moving about, and the rooting at the tree went on. Hoping to divert the savage brutes, he had thrown down to them the contents of his game-bag, which had been eagerly devoured.

Time passed, and the tree began to sway. McGee knew well that his chance for life was nothing if he fell among those hogs. More and more the tree swayed, then leaned to one side, and the hunter gave himself up for lost.

Suddenly there was a cessation of the grunting and squealing down below, and then a rush of feet. The hogs had departed, for some mysterious cause. The hunter did not know then and does not know now why they fled. But go they did, and the hunter was safe.

Waiting barely long enough to make sure of the departure of his enemies, he dropped from the tree and made the best possible time to his home.

(To be continued.)

BILL NYE AS DAIRYMAN.

When I was young and used to roam around over the country, gathering watermelons in the light of the moon, I used to think I could milk anybody's cow, but I don't think so now. I don't milk the cow unless the sign is right and it hasn't been right for a good many years. The last cow I tried to milk was a common cow, born in obscurity; kind of self-made cow. I remember that her brow was low, but she wore her tall high and was haughty, oh, so haughty.

I made a common place remark to her, one that is used in the very best society; "So" and she roared. Then I told her to "Hiss" and she hissed. But I thought she overdid it. She put too much expression in it. Just then I heard something crash through a window of the barn and fall with a taud, sickening thud, on the outside. The neighbors came to see what it was that caused the noise. They found that I had done it in getting through the window. I asked the neighbors if the barn was standing. They said it was. Then I asked them if the cow was hurt much. They said she seemed quite robust. Then I requested them to go in and calm the cow a little and see if they could get my plug hat off her horns.

I am buying all my milk now from a milkman. I select a gentle milkman who will not kick, and feel as though I can trust him. Then if he feels as though he can trust me, it is all right.

Bound to Be Right.

The superintendent was visiting the class. It was of the variety known as A1. The teacher was very much awed, also very nervous. The superintendent had asked her to give a lesson in number. Little 6-year-old Annie was neither awed nor nervous, so when the teacher said, "If four pieces of candy cost 1 cent, how many pieces can I buy for 2 cents?" she quickly solved the problem. She wished to make sure she was right before answering, however, so, with her hand partly shading her mouth, she looked at the superintendent and with a knowing little wink whispered the word "eight," and then nodded her head as much as to say, "Is that right?" The superintendent, repressing a smile with difficulty, nodded that it was, and soon another little hand waved frantically in the air.—New York Evening Sun.

Would Not Have Time.

Having once lost a case in New York, "Counselor" Nolan sadly remarked: "My poor client is little likely to get justice done here until the judgment day."

"Well, counselor," said the court, "if I have an opportunity I'll plead for the poor woman myself on that day."

Your honor," replied Nolan, "will have troubles of your own on that day."

Internally Wrenched.

Dick—Have you got the ping-pong wrist yet?

Tom—No; but since our club charges for bad plays, I've got the ping-pong pocketbook.

One reason it is easier for a girl to be more strictly honest than a boy is, that she is never so hungry.



REMARKABLE ANIMAL SURGERY.

Dentist to the Hippopotamus and Chiro-podist to the Elephant.

THERE is probably no animal outside of the range of conventional domestic pets, which provokes so much curiosity among, or proves such a magnet of amusement to, the juvenile fraternity, either at the circus or Zoological Gardens, as the elephant. This ponderous and apparently clumsy, albeit, as a rule, perfectly harmless and docile creature is a never-ending source of delight to children. Especially is this the case with "Big Tom," the noble creature in the public Central Park of New York. He is an unusually tractable and playful animal, and consequently is a great favorite with the youngsters.

But one day "Big Tom" suddenly changed his manner. He became vicious, and the keeper, apprehensive that he might hurt some of his young visitors, fastened him up out of the way.



FILING DOWN THE TUSKS.

Contemporaneously, the elephant displayed a difficulty in walking. At first the keeper could not assign any reason for this unexpected development on the part of his charge, and forthwith subjected the animal to a minute diagnosis. But he could not discover any reason to which either the animal's bad temper or lameness could be attributed, since "Big Tom" appeared to be enjoying the best of health.

The keeper, however, observed that the animal was lame in his legs, and also that his tusks had grown to an unusual extent. It then occurred to the man that possibly the animal's crippled condition was due to the abnormal size of his tusks. If such were the case, then the pain "Big Tom" endured while walking would be excruciating, and would account for his display of bad temper. The keeper thereupon decided to cut and trim the creature's tusks, as even if the operation did not cure the lameness, it would at any rate do no harm. Had "Big Tom" been roaming about in his native jungle, plowing and plodding in the heavy, rough soil, the tusks would have been kept down to their proper size, but as he was deprived of these natural means of chiro-pody, then the same result would have to be accomplished by artificial means.

But the task was not so easy as it appeared from a cursory glance. The keeper realized that the work would have to be carried out with consummate skill, if the result were to be attended with satisfactory success. To insure this end, a special set of tools were prepared. This peculiar chiro-pody outfit comprised a saw, chisel, sharp knife, coarse rasp, sandpaper and smooth polishers, all specially manufactured for the operation.

The elephant's legs were secured to the ground by means of chains to prevent movement, but otherwise "Big Tom" was left entirely free, since as the nails are of hard horn no pain would be experienced in the actual cutting, though as the flesh around the nails had become inflamed and tender,

the operation was attended with some discomfort to the animal.

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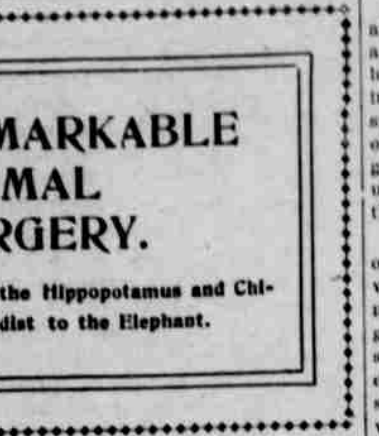
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turned. Now, whenever "Big Tom" evinces the slightest trace of bad temper, his tusks are immediately trimmed. The operation is always works like a charm. "Cutting the tusks is an infallible cure for an elephant's bad temper" is now the precept of "Big Tom's" keeper.

Another interesting and extraordinary animal surgical operation was recently undertaken in the arena of a well-known traveling circus before a few privileged spectators. The creature on this occasion was a hippopotamus, and the complaint was that some of his teeth had grown to such an abnormal length that it was only with considerable difficulty and pain that the brute could masticate his food. Few creatures are so valuable to the traveling showman as the hippopotamus. These animals are neither so plentiful nor so easily caught as the elephant, and as they seldom thrive in captivity they are, therefore, most highly prized by their fortunate proprietors.

The particular hippopotamus upon whom this unique dental operation was performed is an unusually fine specimen of its kind, and its welfare is accordingly zealously attended to by its owner. It is affectionately called "Babe," by no means an appropriate sobriquet, when it is remembered that he turns the scale at just under two tons; but the creature is as docile as a child, which favorable characteristic suggested the name to its owner.

"Babe" has an unusually finely developed set of teeth, numbering twenty-eight in all. Among these are two very prominent teeth, properly called tusks, growing out of the lower jaw. They start in a vertical direction, but bend in a backward, graceful curve. They are two of the most useful teeth to the hippopotamus, being requisitioned by the animal for tearing up the trees and bushes upon which it thrives, since it is purely a herbaceous animal.

Under normal conditions these tusks grow to about six inches in length. The rough work to which they are subjected by the creature when roaming

through the forests in quest of food prevents them from growing to a very great length. But in the luxurious residence of the menagerie cage, and the preparation of dainty dishes of loaves, hay and branmash, the tusks have no hard chewing to do. Therefore, they grow to such a length that if not cut back they would pierce the upper jaw, prevent "Babe" from eating, and gradually starve him to death. Consequently, "Babe" has to submit to periodical overhauls of his teeth—the operation takes place on the average about once a year.

In the front of the mouth, also in the lower jaw, are two other prominent teeth, projecting straight forward. These are not used for biting, but for digging up the earth when the animal fancies a tasty root for dinner. These also, in "Babe's" case, have to be kept cut back, though they do not cause him so much inconvenience, when too long, as the tusks.

To enable the operation to be satisfactorily performed, "Babe" was led out into the arena and placed near a stout iron post which had been deeply and rigidly fixed into the ground. The hippopotamus looked about him quizzically as if endeavoring to divine what move was in contemplation. Chains were passed round his short legs, and fastened firmly to the ground. "Babe," not quite comprehending the meaning of this secure hobbling, gave a sonorous grunt, and looked threateningly at his keeper. But at this juncture a loaf was offered to him, and his momentary anger was instantly appeased.

"Babe" was then enticed to open his mouth widely by means of further dainties held temptingly above his nose. At first he refused point blank, but he finally succumbed to the bait, and opened his capacious jaws to the extent of two feet. Immediately two assistants, standing in position, dexterously threw chains over the distended jaws—one over the lower and the second over the upper—and passed the ends through ringbolts fixed to the post. "Babe" attempted to close his jaw, but in vain. He was a secure prisoner, bound literally foot and mouth.

The keeper then proceeded to perform the necessary operation with all possible celerity. For this delicate dental work the menagerie proprietor has provided a special outfit, consisting of a small, finely tenoned saw, three files, one of which is about as coarse as a wood rasp, and the other two very fine and more suited for polishing purposes. The files are only cut upon one side, the other faces being covered with thick and soft leather, so that in the event of the file slipping off the tooth, the brute's mouth would not be wounded in any way.

The front digging teeth first claimed attention. The keeper set to work with a will, merrily filing at the teeth as if he were rasping a piece of wood fixed in a vice. The animal gurgled and spluttered, and large tears, like balls of crystal, rolled from his eyes. He grew restless, and in two or three minutes his struggles became so violent that the operator had to desist.

When "Babe" had quieted down once more, the dentist again set to work vigorously, and ceased for a few moments every time the hippopotamus grew restless. Probably the animal suffered little real pain, but experienced a disagreeable sensation as the strong steel file rasped over the bone, which proved to be extremely hard. At the end of five minutes, one tooth had been filed down an inch and a quarter, and before a quarter of an hour had elapsed both the digging teeth had been treated and polished.

A curious feature was observed during the operation. The body of the animal appeared to be bathed in blood, and the ground immediately beneath it was dyed a deep red. This was due to "Babe" violently perspiring, as the perspiration of the hippopotamus, when excited, is red in color.

The dental surgeon then directed his skill to the tusks. This task was considerably facilitated by sawing off the tusk to the desired length, and then finally grinding the teeth down to the requisite shape by the files. They were then polished, and the unpleasant operation was completed. Great excitement now followed. Every man, with the exception of the keeper, decamped from the scene of action. The keeper then hurriedly knocked away the chains holding the animal's mouth, and also quickly tied him to a safe distance, in case "Babe" proved obstreperous. The hippopotamus closed his released mouth with a snap, and spluttered viciously with violent anger. He glared at the keeper as if he would have liked to have killed his tormentor. He opened and closed his mouth several times, found his teeth more comfortable, and then signified his appreciation of what had been done to him by sniffing about for something to munch. The keeper warily approached with an appetizing pall of branmash, which "Babe" devoured with great zest. The shackles were knocked off his legs, at which the brute gave a grunt of satisfaction. All signs of viciousness had vanished and he accompanied the keeper back to the cage with the greatest content, entering which the animal lay down and went to sleep.

One of our illustrations depicts what is undoubtedly an unparalleled operation in the annals of pachydermatous dermatology. The elephant, so securely strapped by heavy chains to the ground, is having a square yard of new

skin grafted on to its shoulder. Belle—that is the elephant's name—is getting out of a railway carriage, when the vehicle gave a sudden jolt, and she was thrown heavily to the ground. As she fell and struck an iron cage standing near by, and severely lacerated her shoulder, the abrasion extending over a space of one square inch.

Inflammation set in, and poor Belle's life was despaired of. The wound was syringed with gallons of antiseptic, but the poor brute gained little relief. The gravity of the situation was accentuated by the fact that her baby would probably pine away if Belle succumbed, and the circus owner would thus suffer a double loss.

Specialists were called in, and it was resolved to remove some of the tender growing skin from the young elephant, and to graft it on to Belle's wound. The mother was chained on her side to the ground, and a small section removed from the baby's leg and applied to Belle's wound. The skin adhered to the lacerated flesh, and gradually the abrasion was closed up. A small portion only was operated upon at a time, and the wound was soon completely healed.—Frederick A. Talbot, in London Magazine.

LORD ACTON WAS EUROPE'S MOST LEARNED MAN.

Lord Acton, professor of modern history at Cambridge university, who died the other day, is declared by English newspapers to have possessed more learning than any other man in Europe. He was born at Naples in 1834. He distinguished himself in Rome 30 years ago, by his hostility to the doctrine of papal infallibility. Later, as leader of the liberal Catholics in England, Lord Acton came rapidly into prominence by his strenuous contribution to the controversy on the vatican decrees and by brilliant essays on Wolsey and German schools of history. All universities in England honored him, and for six years he held the chair of modern history at Cambridge, succeeding Sir John Seeley. His last days were spent upon a universal history of monumental proportions.

What the Consumer Must Pay.

The first cargo of wheat from the United States to England since the British government imposed a duty on wheat imported paid \$3,000.

If a boy thinks his sister is pretty, there is no doubt that she is.

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