A STUDY IN SCARLET

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER VI.

The papers next day were full of the "Brixton Mystery," as they termed it. Each had a long account of the affair, and some had leaders upon it in addition. There was much information in them which was new to me. I still retain in my scrap-book numerous clippings and extracts bearing upon the case. Here is a condensation of a few of them.

The Daily Telegraph remarked that the history of crime there had seldom been a tragedy which presented stranger features.

The German name of the victim, the nature of his injuries, and the sinister inscription on the wall all pointed to the perpetration by political refugees and revolutionists. Secret societies of this nature had branches in America, and the deceased had, no doubt, infringed their unwritten laws and been tracked down by them.

After alluding strongly to the Vehmgericht, Aqua Tofana, Carbonari, the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, the Darwin theory, the principles of Malthus, and the Ratcliff Highway murders, the article concluded by admonishing the government and advocating a close watch over foreigners in England.

The Standard commented upon the fact that lawless outrages of the sort usually occurred under a Liberal administration.

They argued from the unsettling of the minds of the masses and the consequent weakening of all authority.

The deceased was an American gentleman who had been residing for some weeks in the metropolis. He had lodged at the boarding-house of Mme. Charpentier, in Torquay Terrace, Camberwell.

He was accompanied in his travels by his private secretary, Mr. Joseph Stangerson. The two bid adieu to their landlady upon Tuesday, the 4th inst., and departed to Euston station with the avowed intention of catching the Liverpool express. They were afterward seen together on the platform.

Nothing more is known of them until Mr. Drebber's body was accidentally discovered in an empty house in the Brixton road, many miles from Euston.

How he came there, or how he met his fate, are questions which are still involved in mystery.

Nothing is known of the whereabouts of Stangerson. We are glad to learn that Mr. Lestrade and Mr Gregson, of Scotland Yard, are both engaged upon the case, and it is confidently anticipated that these well-known officers will speedily throw light upon the matter.

The Daily News observed that there was no doubt as to the crime being a political one. The despotism and hatred of Liberalism which animated the Continental governments had had the effect of driving to our shores a number of men who might have made excellent citizens were they not soured by the recollection of all they had undergone.

Among these men there was a stringent code of honor any infringement of which was punished by death.

Every effort should be made to find the secretary, Stangerson, and to ascertain some particulars of the habits of the deceased.

A great step had been gained by the discovery of the address of the house at which he had boarded, a result which was entirely due to the acuteness and energy of Mr. Gregson, of Scotland Yard.

Sherlock Holmes and I read these notices over together at breakfast, and they appeared to afford him considerable amusement.

"I told you that, whatever happened, Lestrade and Gregson would be sure to score."

"That depends on how it turns out."

"Oh, bless you, it doesn't matter in the least. If the man is caught, it will be on account of their exertions; if he escapes, it will be in spite of their exertions. It's heads I win, tails you lose. Whatever they do, they will have followers. A fool always finds a bigger fool to admire him."

"What on earth is this?" I cried, for at this moment there came the pattering of many steps in the hall and on the stairs, accompanied by audible expressions of disgust on the part of our landlady.

"It's the Baker-street division of the detective police force," said my companion, gravely; and as he spoke there rushed into the room half a dozen of the dirtiest and most ragged street arabs that ever I clapped eyes on.

"'Tention!" cried Holmes, in a sharp tone and the six dirty scoundrels stood in a line like so many disreputable statuettes. "In future you shall send up Wiggins alone to report, and the rest of you must wait in the street. Have you found it, Wiggins?"

"No, sir, we hain't," said one of the youths.

"I hardly expected that you would. You must keep on until you do. Here are your wages." He handed each of them a shilling. "Now, off you go, and come back with a better report next time."

He waved his hand, and they scampered away downstairs like so many rats, and we heard their shrill voices next moment in the street.

"There's more work to be got out of one of those little beggars than out of a dozen of the force," Holmes remarked. "The mere sight of an official looking person seals men's lips. These youngsters, however, go everywhere and hear everything. They are as sharp as needles, too; all they want is organization.

"Is it on this Brixton case that you are employing them?" I asked.

"Yes; there is a point which I wish to ascertain. It is merely a matter of time. Halloo! we are going to hear some news now with a vengeance! Here is Gregson coming down the road with beatitude written upon every feature of his face. Bound for us, I know. Yes, he is stopping. There he is!"

There was a violent peal at the bell, and in a few seconds the fair-haired detective came up the stairs three steps at a time, and burst into our sitting-room.

"My dear fellow," he cried, wringing Holmes' unresponsive hand, "congratulate me! I have made the whole thing as clear as day."

A shade of anxiety seemed to me to cross my companion's expressive face.

"Do you mean that you are on the right track?" he asked.

"The right track! Why, sir, we have the man under lock and key!"

"And his name is?"

"Arthur Charpentier, sub-lieutenant in her majesty's navy," cried Gregson, pompously, rubbing his fat hands and inflating his chest.

Sherlock Holmes gave a sigh of relief and relaxed into a smile.

"Take a seat and try one of these cigars," he said. "We are anxious to know how you managed it. Will you have some whisky and water?"

"I don't mind if I do," the detective answered. "The tremendous exertions which I have gone through during the last day or two have worn me out. Not so much bodily exertion, you understand, as the strain upon the mind. You will appreciate that, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, for we are both brain workers."

"You do me too much honor," said Holmes, gravely. "Let us hear how you arrived at this most gratifying result."

The detective seated himself in the armchair and puffed complacently at his cigar. Then suddenly he slapped his thigh in a paroxysm of amusement.

"The fun of it is," he cried, "that that fool Lestrade, who thinks himself so smart, has gone off upon the wrong track altogether. He is after the secretary, Stangerson, who had no more to do with the crime than the babe unborn. I have no doubt that he has caught him by this time."

The idea tickled Gregson so much that he laughted until he choked.

"And how did you get your clue?"

"Ah, I'll tell you all about it. Of course, Dr. Watson, this is strictly between ourselves. The first difficulty which we had to contend with was the finding of this American's antecedents. Some people would have waited until their advertisements were answered or until parties came forward and volunteered information. That is not Tobias Gregson's way of going to work. You remember the hat beside the dead man?"

"Yes," said Holmes, "by John Underwood & Sons, 129 Camberwell road."

Gregson looked quite crestfallen.

"I had no idea that you noticed that," he said. "Have you been there?"

"No."

"Ha!" cried Gregson, in a relieved voice, "you should never neglect a chance, however small it may seem."

"To a great mind nothing is little," remarked Holmes, sententiously.

"Well, I went to Underwood and asked him if he had sold a hat of that size and description. He looked over his books and came on it at once. He had sent the hat to a Mr. Drebber, residing at Charpentier's boarding establishment, Torquay Terrace. Thus I got at his address."

"Smart — very smart," murmured Sherlock Holmes.

"I next called upon Madame Charpentier," continued the detective. "I found her very pale and distressed. Her daughter was in the room, too—an uncommonly fine girl she is too; she was looking red about the eyes, and her lips trembled as I spoke to her. That didn't escape my notice. I began to smell a rat. You know the feeling, Mr Sherlock Holmes, when you once come upon the right scent—a kind of thrill in your nerves. Have you heard of the mysterious death of your late brother, Mr. Enoch J. Drebber, of Cleveland?" I asked.

The mother nodded. She didn't seem to get out a word. The daughter burst into tears. I felt more than ever that these people knew something of the matter.

"'At what o'clock did Mr. Drebber leave your house for the train?' I asked.

"'At 8 o'clock,' she said, gulping in her throat to keep down her agitation. 'His secretary, Mr. Stangerson, said that there were two trains—one at 9:15 and one at 11. He was to catch the first.'

"'And was that the last which you saw of him?'

"A terrible change came over the woman's face as I asked the question. Her features turned perfectly livid. It was some seconds before she could get out the single word 'Yes,' and when it did come it was in a husky, unnatural tone.

"There was silence for a moment, and then the daughter spoke in a calm, clear voice.

"'No good can ever come of falsehood, mother,' she said. 'Let us be frank with the gentleman. We did see Mr. Drebber again.'

"'God forgive you!' cried Madame Charpentier, throwing up her hands and sinking back in her chair. 'You have murdered your brother!'

"'Arthur would rather that we spoke the truth,' the girl answered, firmly.

"'You had best tell me all about it now,' I said. 'Half confidences are worse than none. Besides, you do not know how much we know of it.'

"'On your head be it, Alice!' cried her mother; and then, turning to me, 'I will tell you all, sir. Do not imagine that my agitation on behalf of my son arises from any fear lest he should have had a hand in this terrible affair. He is utterly innocent of it. My dread is, however, that in your eyes and in the eyes of others he may appear to be compromised. That, however, is surely impossible. His high character, his profession, his antecedents would all forbid it.'

"'Your best way is to make a clean breast of the facts,' I answered. 'Depend upon it, if your son is innocent he will be none the worse.'

"'Perhaps, Alice you had better leave us together,' she said, and her daughter withdrew. 'Now, sir,' she continued, 'I had no intention of telling you all this, but since my poor daughter has disclosed it I have no alternative. Having once decided to speak, I will tell you all without omitting any particular.'

"'It is your wisest course,' said I.

"'Mr. Drebber has been with us nearly three weeks. He and his secretary, Mr. Stangerson, had been travelling on the Continent, I noticed a "Copenhagen" label upon each of their trunks, showing that that had been their last stopping place. Stangerson was a quiet, reserved man, but his employer, I am sorry to say, was far otherwise. He was coarse in his habits and brutish in his ways. The very night of his arrival he became very much the worse for drink, and, indeed, after 12 o'clock in the day he could hardly ever be said to be sober. His manners toward the maid servants were disgustingly free and familiar. Worst of all, he speedily assumed the same manner toward my daughter, Alice, and spoke to her more than once in a way which, fortunately, she is too innocent to understand. On one occasion he actually seized her in his arms and embraced her—an outrage which caused his own secretary to reproach him for his unmanly conduct.'

"'But why do you stand all this?' I asked. 'I suppose that you can get rid of your boarders when you wish.'

"Mrs. Charpentier blushed at my pertinent question.

"'Would to God that I had given him notice on the very day he came,' she said. 'But it was a sore temptation. They were paying a pound a day each—14 pounds a week, and this is a slack season. I am a widow, and my boy in the navy has cost me much. I grudged to lose the money. I decided for the best. This last was too much, however, and I gave him notice to leave on account of it. That was the reason of his going.'

"'Well?'

"'My heart grew light when I saw him drive away. My son is on leave just now, but I did not tell him anything of this, for his temper is violent and he is passionately fond of his sister. When I closed the door behind them a load seemed to be lifted from my mind. Alas! in less than an hour there was a ring at the bell, and I learned that Mr. Drebber had returned. He was much excited and evidently the worse for drink. He forced his way into the room where I was sitting with my daughter and made some incoherent remark about having missed his train. He then turned to Alice, and, before my very face, proposed to her that she should fly with him. 'You are of age,' he said, 'and there is no law to stop you. I have money enough, and to spare. Never mind the old girl here, but come along with me now straight away. You shall live like a princess.' Poor Alice was so frightened that she shrank away from him, but he caught her by the wrist and endeavored to to draw her toward the door. I screamed, and at that moment my son Arthur came into the room. What happened then I do not know. I heard oaths and confused sounds of a scuffle. I was too terrified to raise my head. When I did look up I saw Arthur standing in the doorway laughing, with a stick in his hand. 'I don't think that fine fellow will trouble us again,' he said. 'I will just go after him and see what he does with himself.' With these words he took his hat and started off down the street. The next morning we heard of Mr. Drebber's mysterious death.'

"This statement came from Mrs. Charpentier's lips with many gasps and pauses. At times she spoke so low that I could hardly catch the words. I made shorthand notes of all that she said, however, so that there could be no possibility of a mistake.'

"'It's quite exciting,' said Sherlock Holmes, with a yawn. 'What happened next?'

"'When Mrs. Charpentier paused,' the detective continued, 'I saw that the whole case hung on one point. Fixing her with my eye in a way which I always found effective with women, I asked her at what hour her son returned.

"'I do not know,' she answered.

"'Not know?'

"'No; he has a latch key and let himself in.'

"'After you went to bed?'

"'Yes.'

"'When did you go to bed?'

"'About eleven.'

"'So your son was gone at least two hours?'

"'Yes.'

"'Possibly four or five?'

"'Yes.'

"'What was he doing during that time?'

"'I do not know,' she answered, turning white to her very lips.

(To be continued.)

Things That May Interest You.

In mtaters of great concern, and which must be done, there is no surer argument of a weak mind than irresolution.—Tillotson.

A Tippecanoe monument will be erected in memory of General William Henry Harrison's defeat of his savage adversary, Tecumseh, November 11, 1811, at the confluence of the Tippecanoe and Wabash rivers in Indiana. Congress is to be asked to appropriate $50,000.

The White Star line steamer Cedric, 21,000 tons, the largest liner afloat, was successfully launched at Belfast a few days ago. Her carrying capacity is 18,400 tons, and she has accommodations for 3,000 passengers. It is said the Cedric will be ready for service in the autumn.

Herr Most, the anarchist, who has enjoyed an international experience of prisons, sums it up in the epigram: "The freer the country the worse the jail." "I was first imprisoned in Austria," he says. "There I was treated like a gentleman. In Germany they set me to work at book binding. That was easy. In London they made me pick oakum. That was very hard. The first time I was imprisoned in America I had to fire a furnace. That was hades."

TO STUDY EARTHQUAKES.

Leading Nations of the World Invited by Kaiser to Meet in Conference.

An international investigation of earthquakes will probably be the next great inquiry jointly taken up by the leading nations of the world. Emperor William is taking the lead in this movement, doubtless not desiring to have the czar of Russia suggest all the propositions having a tendency to bring the civilized peoples closer together.

Germany has invited the United States, all the European countries, Mexico, Japan, Brazil, Argentine, and Chili, to participate in a conference for the study of seismological problems. The invitation to this government was given directly to the state department by Count Von Quadt, German charge d'affaires. He acted under instructions from Berlin. It is proposed to hold the international conference some time next spring.

All the countries invited to participate are expected to send delegates. They will naturally be scientists of high standing and especially those whose duties bring them in contact with the general topic of earthquakes and disturbances of the earth's crust. No action looking to the calling of the convention will be taken until a considerable number of the nations requested to send delegates has replied to the invitation sent by Germany.

Officials here are much interested in the proposition advanced by the German government. Its importance is materially enhanced by reaction of the recent eruption on the islands of Martinique and St. Vincent. It is expected this government will accept the invitation, although no definite decision will be reached until the return of Secretary Hay.

In the event of participation expert scientists will be designated as delegates.

WEALTH IN A BOG.

An Easterner Taught California Land Owners a Lesson.

BOUGHT UP PEAT LAND

This He Turned Into a Celery Farm and Started a Great Industry.

First Crop of Celery Raised on Land Which Was Bought for a Song—Production and Marketing of the Crop Is Full of Interest—Many of the Eastern States Are Supplied and Some Heavy Profits Are Made.

There is many a fortune lost by not being able to recognize a good thing when one sees it. Some one, a great many years ago, said that opportunity calls but once upon the same person. He is supposed to rap at the door and if he gets no answer he passes on never to return that way. This sounded so nice and fanciful that it became a proverb, but like many other accepted sayings, has not a grain of truth in it. As a matter of fact, opportunity is hanging about each man's door fairly aching for an invitation to come in, but most men are so obtuse they do not recognize him.

When the old man, Hervey found, a few years ago, that a goodly portion of his lands at Smeltzer, Orange county, in Southern California, lay in the big tule swamp, he was sorry he had bought them. A little later, when a valuable team with which he was endeavoring to break up a portion of the peat lands became bogged and

AT WORK IN THE FIELD—CUTTING.

went down and down, in spite of all his efforts to save them, till they disappeared beneath the rich, black, oozy soil, never to reappear, he was still more regretful. He had, nevertheless, a good thing, but he did not know it. The bog was opportunity, but it took another to discover it.

Eight or nine years ago a man from the East wandered down to Santa Ana and there saw Mexicans and Chinese hauling wagon loads of dried peat about town, selling the product for fuel. Peat burns very nicely when properly prepared, and coal and wood being extremely scarce in Southern California, a number of persons managed to get a fair living out of the big tule swamp. The stranger had never heard of the great peat bog, but he asked some questions and learned all about it. Then he went down to Smeltzer and saw it for himself. Next he began purchasing all the swamp land he could buy.

Stranger's Level Head.

Public opinion was divided regarding the stranger. He must be either idiotic or insane, the people thought, and the vote was about a tie as to which was the case. Nevertheless the owners of the swamp lands made haste to profit by his supposed mental infirmity, and they eagerly unloaded most of the bog upon him. Some of them, Hervey among the number, retained a part of the bog land just to see if the stranger really had a rational motive in acquiring the well-nigh worthless real estate. They are now congratulating themselves that they did so.

Some of this swamp land brought the owners as much as $10 an acre. The most of it, however, went for less than half that sum. To-day the land is worth $400 an acre, and off the 3,000 acres which are being utilized the owners will obtain this year a revenue of $300,000.

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Pittsburg, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and a hundred other cities in the East are eating celery raised in the great tule swamp of Orange county. More than 20 cars a day are shipped from the fields and the most of it goes east of the Mississippi river. It has taken some work and expense to put the swamp in condition to bring this income, but nothing compared with the return it yields.

The first work was to drain the swamp sufficiently to permit of the land being worked. In order to do this a huge drainage canal, 14 feet wide and 12 feet deep, was run from the swamp to the ocean four miles away. The lateral drains empty into this. Chinese labor was employed in digging the ditches and laying the tile through the soft earth and the same labor was used in clearing the swamp of the tule and other growth and putting the ground in condition to be plowed. Then came the problem, how to plow the land. Notwithstanding the drainage, the lands were still soft and spongy and the danger of bogging the horses was not slight. The stranger from the East was again equal to the emergency. He had, in the course of his travels, had experience in navigating upon snowshoes, and he proceeded to rig shoes for the horses on a modified snowshoe plan. Now the horses plow the land, bank the celery, pull the cutting machines over the fields and carry away the crop in safety.

Cheap Labor Employed.

Nearly all the labor employed is Chinese and Japanese. This is not so much because that kind of labor is cheaper than other kinds—though that feature of the case is not objected to—as it is that the white men can not stand the work. The planting begins in June and continues through July and August, and the hot summer sun beats down upon the fields and the heat and the rank odors of the swamp, laden with fever and malaria, are more than the average white man can endure. The Orientals, however, keep healthy, as a rule, and do not seem to much mind the heat.

In a week or so after the plants have been set, the laborers go through the patch and press the dirt around the plants in such a manner as to cause the stalks to grow uprightly and close together. This process is repeated two or three times and then the "bankers,"

BOG SHOES WORN BY HORSES.

as the two-share plows are called, are put into the field and the soil is thrown up against the plants, burying all but the tops. As the stalks push upward the banking is repeated and the stalks are thus kept bleached and tender till it is time for the cutting. This is also done with horse power. A four-wheeled vehicle fitted with sharp knives which pass under the rows of celery is drawn through the fields, clipping the stalks from the roots and leaving them still standing in the rows. So rapidly do these machines do the work but five teams and machines are required to harvest the crop from the entire 3,000 acres.

Following the cutters come a small army of Celestials who take the severed stalks by the tops and lift them from the earth, and with rapid and skillful motions shake the dirt therefrom, trim the roots and tops with knives made for the purpose, and lay the stalks to one side of the row where the packers find them and tie them into bundles and put them in crates ready for shipment. The harvest begins in October and lasts till well toward the spring. As the rainy season begins about November 1, it will be seen that the most of this work takes place at the most disagreeable season of the year. Day after day the yellow men drag their mud-laden feet up and down the long rows, and amid the pelting, chilly rains work steadily and uncomplainingly on, receiving at the end of the week a pittance the white man would scorn; and yet, most of these laborers have a comfortable bank account.

It takes strong soil to raise good celery year after year, and this is just what the soil of the peat swamp is. For hundreds, thousands and perhaps millions of years the rains of winter have carried down to the tule swamp the vegetation of the mountains mixed with the soil borne along with the rushing torrents the rains send down

BANKING THE CELERY WITH A DOUBLE PLOW.

their steep sides. In this natural sink the vegetation has decayed and sank beneath the next layer brought down from the "everlasting hills." Thus nature has formed one of the best soils that could be found for the purpose for which it is now being used. After the last of the crop has been taken from the fields, the ground is plowed and sown to barley. Just before planting time, the barley, which has by this time attained a rank growth, is plowed under and its luxuriance goes to enrich the soil and minister to the demands of the new celery crop.

Last season's output of celery from this erstwhile bog was fully 1,200 cars. As each car holds 150 crates and each crate contains six dozen stalks, it will be seen that the product of the swamp reached nearly 13,000,000 stalks. This brought in the markets more than $300,000, fully one-half of which found its way into the pockets of the growers. Truly a handsome sum to pull from the cozy mud of a peat bog.

What Adam Was Doing.

It was midnight. Suddenly in the Adam residence there was a cry, then a series of howls, and one of the neighbors, passing by, heard the head of the house use language that was calculated to loose the thunderbolts of heaven on the whole neighborhood. She stopped, ran up to the door, and, pressing the button, listened eagerly at the speaking tube. "What in the world is your husband doing?" she asked, as the dulcet voice of Eve inquired her errand.

"Oh," replied Eve, "he is merely raising Cain. "It requires strong language to raise a child like that."

And thus an expression was coined which promises to outlast history itself.—Portland Oregonian.

DIED OF STARVATION.

Sad Fate of a Prospector in that Great Deathtrap, the Colorado Desert.

J. P. Fay recently returned from a trip across the Colorado desert with news of the death of J. A. Adams, Deputy County Surveyor of San Bernardino County and a grandson of John Brown, the abolitionist of national fame, says a correspondent of the St. Louis Republic. Adams met with a horrible death, wandering away from the surveying camp while temporarily deranged and perishing of starvation.

"We were out on the desert prospecting for gold," said Fay. "An Indian, whom we had employed to show us where to find water on the desert, caught his foot in the stirrup while mounting his horse and fell on his back. The horse started to run, dragging the Indian by one foot. As the ground was covered by jagged rocks, the Indian would have been killed had not Adams run up and seized the horse by the bit. The animal, wild with fright, reared and plunged. Adams was twice thrown upon the rocks, and once the horse's hoof struck him, but he still gripped the bit until Mr. Lanere and I succeed in releasing the Indian.

"After all the danger was over Adams sat down upon a rock and began laughing, and when asked if he was hurt replied: "Oh, no; I'm only a little tired, but I guess you will have to help me set this arm.' We then started for Yuma, Adams riding some twenty-five miles that afternoon and never once complaining, though we could see by his drawn features that he was suffering intense pain.

"At dusk we camped for the night, and within an hour the sick man was delirious and raving like a maniac. Some time during the night he left camp. As soon as we discovered that he had gone we made every effort to find him, but could not do much until daylight, when we found his tracks in the sand. We followed the tracks all that day and until about 9 o'clock the next day, when we came to a hard, rocky place at the foot of some rock hills. Here we lost the trail, and, try as we might, we could not find it again.

"For three days we searched the hills, but not a trace of the man could we discover, though we well knew that somewhere within a radius of twenty or thirty miles lay the body of one of the bravest men that ever lost his life in that great deathtrap—the Colorado desert.

WAITERS AND EYEGLASSES.

Hotels and Restaurants Object to Help Wearing Optical Aids.

"Ever see a waiter wearing glasses?" demanded the inquisitor.

No one could remember, although just why a waiter should not be seen with glasses as well as any other man was not apparent.

"It's just like the wearing of beards," went on the inquisitor. "The proprietors of our important hotels, restaurants and cafes will not permit either beards or glasses to be worn by their waiters. It is possible that in some old-fashioned family or commercial hotel the servitors may be found with their noses straddled by optical helps, but you won't find 'em along Broadway.

"Now, this is a fact worthy of note, because in every other calling in life the number of persons wearing glasses is on the increase, and even in our schools a considerable percentage of very small children will be found wearing glasses. And while, as I say, hotel, restaurant and cafe proprietors are opposed to the glasses, still I have seldom found a waiter whose eyes indicated that he was in the slightest need of them.

"You may argue that restaurant waiters are generally young men. Grant you that instantly, but, all the same, thousands of men of similar age have to wear them in almost every other occupation.

"The majority of these servitors commence in boyhood, and the demand of their vocation causes no strain on the eyesight. Consequently that may account in a measure for the absence of any necessity for the use of specs. Moreover, the steam from hot viands would render them useless probably."—New York Evening Telegram.

Largest Farm Known.

The biggest average farm in the world is in South Australia, where the average squatter holds 78,000 acres.

There is nothing in the wide, wide world that so speedily pounds sense into a foolish girl as marriage to an improvident man.

AS TO PUBLIC SPEAKING.

Few Great Speeches Come Without Previous Study.

Some wonder has been expressed at the practice David B. Hill has lately adopted of reading his speeches to his audiences, though it is said that he reads with such a show of off-hand speaking that those in the crowd who can hear him but cannot see him do not discover any difference. Mr. Hill is a practiced public speaker, and can unquestionably do his subject justice without the use of manuscript. If necessity arises he is eminently satisfactory as an extemporaneous speaker. These be formative times, however, and he is probably anxious to keep his record straight, and to be able to produce the proof against misrepresentations.

Some kinds of speeches are not much hurt in effect by being read by the speaker. Others depend altogether on the style of delivery. Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, would not be a success as a speech reader. Deliveries that depend more on flights of phraseology and graceful emphasis than deep deliberation must be unburdened by manuscript.

Reading speeches is getting to be quite the fashion. Gov. Nash read his speech as temporary chairman of the Republican State convention from typewritten pages, and Gen. Grosvenor, the permanent chairman, also read his speech.

Ex-Senator Hill is a busy man, and probably had not the time to commit his speech to memory. Ex-President Cleveland has plenty of time, and probably had his Tilden Club remarks "pat."

Of one thing the admiring public may rest assured: Very few, if any, of the great speeches come spontaneously from the speaker without previous reflection and preparation, not only as to the sentiment and general line of thought, but as to the language employed. Even Ingersoll's great speech placing Blaine in nomination for President in this city in 1876, which seemed an immediate brilliant inspiration rather than a study, was rehearsed in bed to the speaker's anxious brother before the convention met. The brother went to Robert's room early in the morning to spur him to preparation. "How will this do?" asked Robert, as he raised himself from the pillows. Then that great speech was delivered for the first time, and to only one man.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Lady or Tiger.

An unsolved mystery is that connected with the late Frank R. Stockton's story of "The Lady or the Tiger." At the end of the tale the hero is left in the arena, about to open one of two doors; behind the first is a tiger, and behind the second a girl who loves the hero. Another girl, who also loves him, and who knows the secret of the doors, signals him which one to open. At this point the story ends, and Mr. Stockton never confided to any one his opinion of the hero's fate.

"I'm sure I should like to tell you," he said to an interviewer, "but I can't, because I really don't know myself."

The story set everybody guessing, and one day, at a reception, when it was a topic of debate, Mr. Stockton told Rudyard Kipling that he thought of going to India.

"I'm glad of it," said Kipling, enthusiastically, "and I'll tell you what we'll do with you! We'll lure you into the jungle, and have you seized and bound. We'll have you turned on your back, and get one of our biggest elephants to stand over you with his foot poised above your head. Then I'll say, in my most insinuating tone, 'Come now, Stockton, which was it, the lady or the tiger?'"

At one time Mr. Stockton was the guest of honor at a dinner given in Washington by a member of President Harrison's cabinet. When the dessert was served it proved to be two large plates of ice cream, one an orange ice in the mold of a tiger, the other of vanilla, in the form of a woman. The plates were set in front of the hostess, and she turned to her guest with a prematurely triumphant air.

"Which kind do you prefer, Mr. Stockton?" she asked.

"A little of both, of you please!"

Willing to Wait.

The natives of Sierra Leone are not behind the rest of the world in expecting a present at Christmas, but unlike more conventional races, they have the candor to ask for it. "Massa," inquires the native, "what you go give me for my Christmas?" The author of "The Sherbro and Its Hinterland," says that on other special occasions similar requests are common.

In 1887, during the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee, which happened to come at the same time as the centenary commemoration of the founding of the colony of Sierra Leone, a local character at Freetown approached me, and said, "Massa, what you go to give me for my jubilee?"

I was not disposed to take the hint, and he added:

"What! You no give me nutting for my jubilee? Well, no matter! You go give me something for my centenary?"

He was again unsuccessful; but when I told him that I would think the matter over, and he might come around on his next centenary, he went away quite contented.

The Reward of Curiosity.

It cannot be said that the rebuke contained in the following anecdote from the New York Times was conveyed in the best way, but it undoubtedly found its mark:

While on a trip through the South soon after the civil war, a prominent man stopped over night at the little town of Warrenton, N. C. The next morning, while he was strolling around, he met a countryman who greeted him with, "Howdy!" and passed the time of day most cordially. The native was barefooted, and, having some curiosity about it, the visitor said:

"Is it the custom of the country for the men to go without shoes?"

"Wal," was the drawling reply, "some on us does, but most on us 'tends to our own business."

Increase of Election Districts.

The number of election districts this year is increased from 1,537 to 1,543.

Be sure your sins will find you out if you are ever a candidate for office.