## Bohemia Nugget

HOWARD & HENRY, Publishers, COTTAGE GROVE ... OREGON.

Nobody in above suspicion when featous woman is around.

Mrs. Langtry is now a mother-in-law. The world is no longer at her feet. Miss Stone attributes ber rescue To what does she attribute her

captivity? A pickle trust with \$30,000,000 capital has been formed. This is one of the

The young King of Spain appears to be quite a sensible child. He is permitting the old men to keep on running things.

King Edward is a pretty strong argu ment against the claims of people who are always prating about the dangers of high living.

An inventor asserts that an excellent imitation of wood can be made from tobacco leaves. Let him try his hand now at making merchantable bricks out of diamonds.

Eskimos claim to have found the re-Nonh started in search of the pole without first having a relief expedition pro-

The multimillionaire who endows colleges and establishes colleges is subsometimes accused of self-aggrandise world. ment. The millonaire who devotes himself to horse racing, an institution which mainly benefits the professional gamblers, is permitted to pass without criticism. This seems hardly fair.

Another gentleman exhibarated with whiskey-purchased with his wife's money-has murdered his wife. Fortunately he was blessed with a sense of the proprieties and accommo dafingly hanged himself, thus saving the overweighted taxpayers the expense of doing the job for him. Like another historic character, nothing in this man's life became him like the tenving it.

Many cures for insomnia have been ided, from counting an imaginnry flock of sheep as they jump onby one over a gate, to extracting the cube root of a number in six figures. but they all fail at times. The latest cure, according to a medical paper, is automobiling. Now, if the village school teacher will only take a ride every afternoon in a fifteen-hundreddollar automobile, she will sleep like a top at night-that is, if she does not He awake wondering where the money is to come from to pay for the horse loss carriage. There are some remedies more attractive than practicable.

Although the power of the press can hardly be overestimated, little that is printed leaves a permanent impression. Dr. Edward Everett Hale puts it characteristically in commenting on the sen-sitiveness of his distinguished kinsman, Edward Everett, to what appeared about him in print. "He did not know, as I do, that of whatever is put in the newspaper half the people who see it do not read it; second, that half of those do not understand it; third, that of the half who understand is, half do not believe it; fourth, that the balf who believe it, half forget it; fifth, that the half who remember it are probably of no great account, anyway." To which Dr. Hale adds the remark, personal to

Much has been said of the audacity of man in building his home in spots so dangerous as the slopes of Mont Pelee have proved themselves to be. Yet ail history affords illustrations of the calm forgetfulness with which the race erects its dwelling places on the sites of the most dreadful catastrophes. Ve auvius still smokes over beautiful Naples. Lisbon rises, beautiful and imposing, where a "convulsion of nature" ice brought unutterable fright and desolution. The Japanese still crowd the coasts of their tide-swept islands and the Chinese buddle along the banks of the Hoang-Ho. It is not very many months since Galveston was overwhelmed by flood, yet a new Gaiveston is being built on the dangerous site of the wreckage and the people of the city are ready to take their chances of a similar disaster in the future. There is absolutely nothing to prevent a second tidal wave from the Gulf, yet the city pursues its daily task, apparently unafraid.

Charles Schwab's apple donation gets through the blde and into the heart. He was just such a happy-go-lucky boy as you can find anywhere now, and he liked the taste of stolen apples. The original sin in every boy adds sweetness to purioined fruit. It shouldn't be go, but it is so. Let the sociologists explan it if they can. Schwab used to steal his apples from trees on the grounds of Mt. Aloystus' Academy at Creason, Pa. He never forgot it. Men don't forget these things. They love the memory of youthful pranks, and tell the tales to their children and their grandchildren. And, way down in the heart, there is often a aneaking desire to go back to the old town, walk up to the farmer from whom he used to steal melons, laugh at the dog, and remark: "Mr. Jones, do you know me? Don't you remember Bill Rogers' boy, whom you set the dog on and shot full of rock Just thought I'd drop in on the old town and see how things look," And then you planned to pay off the mortgage on Jones' farm, leave money for a new library, buy uniforms for the 'Umpah, Umpah Cornet Band," and money around like a prince Plenty of men have had those dreams Few can carry them out. Mr. Schwab could; and, as dramatic as you please he planked down \$25,000 of good Steel Trust money in payment of the Baldwins he stole many years ago. Every What a politician says is man who has wanted to go back and and what he does is another.

"make good" will eavy Mr. Schwatt | \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* | awakened by the finding of the new the sensation and the pleasure be got out of the gift.

Prophecies of gypsies, astrologers and ther renders of the future, foretelling the calamity that recently befel King Edward, are being resurrected, or man ufactured after the event, and presented to the credulous with becoming gravity. These protended prophecies are reminders of the pagan past, when the gods took au intimate and respect ful interest in the fate of kings. Por tents were seen in the skies warning men that something dire was about to happen to his Malesty, and when he died earthquakes and storms testified to the aympathy of nature with an event so tremendous. Those were the days when a king was a king, and very few had any doubt of his divine apof minds capable of crediting grosy prophets can look upon monarchy as a seavenly institution. Peoples no longer exist for their kings, but kings for their peoples. The old-fashioned despot is All were courting the Widow Maloue, the dede of politics. Respecting those vestigial remnants of the superstitions past, the prophets, it is obvious that their self-denial is even more wonderful than their powers. It perhaps has not occurred to those who still take them seriously that if there existed a class of men capable of foretelling the date of a king's death months or years in advance of its occurrence little things like the outcome of horse races Till one Misther O'Brien from Claresarctic circle. Can it be possible that market would be as clear as print to It's little for blushing they care them. In that case, of course, they would soon own the wealth of the earth. But as prophets-gypsles, astrologers, clairvoyants and the restare never billionaires, it follows either that they are frauds or the most unjected to a great deal of chaff and is selfish beings in a generally selfish

> man named Hawkins committed : a man named Hawkins committed: For why? crime at Marysville, Mo., and then But, "Lucius," says she, tried to run away from it. Hawkins was a real estate dealer, and left the town because he had forged paper to the amount of \$2,000. When he left Marysville, Hawkins was a fine-looking, middle-aged gentleman, with hale slightly tinged with gray. At the end And, one comfort, it's not very long, of two weeks he came back a white-haired, broken-bodied old man. In the interval the man had wandered from place to place pursued by the hourly fear that he would be tracked by bloodhounds. The fear deepened into Ohl they're all like awest Mistress Maself in the woods. Finally the fear became unbearable. He returned to Maryaville and gave himself up. Twenty years, he said, had been added to his life in less than twenty days. He welcomed the penitentiary as a blessed relief. It is the old story. In seeking to dodge a financial trouble he took upon his shoulders a greater one. The new trouble was so heavy that a prison seemed a heaven of rest after the hell into which he had plunged. When will menlearn that justice is never cheated? That every crime brings its penalty, soon or lafe? When will men learn they are not smarter than fate? There are other bloodhounds than these of flesh and blood that pursue the man who breaks the law. The bloodhounds of conscience will ever bay deep-mouthed to the soul that sinneth, "Whatsoever s man soweth, that also shall he reap. That is the inevitable law. If a man sows to the flesh he shall of the flesh reap corruption. And he will reap more than he sows. The law of increase holds in the devil's domain as it does in the fields of God.

HEAVIEST MAN IN THE WORLD. Died in Sau Francisco-Weighed 513

Henri Maurice Cannon, throughout the world as the heaviest of all men, died unexpectedly from himself, "This may be forgotten with heart disease in San Francisco, Cal., the rest." Nevertheless, it has a kernel a few days ago. Mr. Cannon had been siling for several days.

Deceased weighed 613 pounds. A native of Zurich, Switzerland, he was



HENN MATRICE CANNON

feemed there one of the foremost athletes, and as a wrestler met many men in the arena. It was not until 10 years ago that he commenced to grow to abnormal proportions, his weight increas ing with alarming rapidity. With it all Cannon remained good-natured, and a Bohemian life was his choice.

An Adroit Answer. celebrated physician, Zimmer man, attended Frederick the Great in his last illness. One day, as the story is recorded in "Salad for the Social,"

the King said to him: "You have, I presume, helped many a man into another world." This was rather an unexpected thrust for the doctor, but the dose he gave the King in return was a judicious mixture

of truth and flattery: "Not so many as Your Majesty, no with so much honor to myself."

A Difference of Opinion.

"Whose little boy are you?"
"Well, grandma, Aunt Louise and mamma all claim me; but Farmer Jones says I'm a child of the devil, cause I croned some of his applea." Detroit Free Press.

What a politician says is one thing

OLD

FAVORITES

I+++++++++++++++++++++++++ The Willow Malone. Did you hear of the Widow Maions,

Who lived in the fown of Athlone, the melted the hearts. Of the awains in them parts-So lovely the Widow Malone,

So lovely the Widow Malone, Of lovers she had a full acore Or nure; And fortunes they all had galore,

In store; rom the minister down the clerk of the crown All were courting the Widow Malone,

Ohone! But so modest was Mistress Malone,

That no one could see her alone, Ohoue! Let them ogle and sigh. They could ne'er catch her eye so bashful the Widow Malone, Ohone! So bashful the Widow Malone. . . .

Twas known

Down there-Put his arm round her waist,

Gave ten kisses at laste—
"Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Ma one
My own!" "Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Ma-

And the widow they all thought so shy. My eye! On a day early in June of this year Ne'er thought of a simper or alga-

> Since you've now made so free You may marry your Mary Malone, fou may marry your Mary Malone."

There's a moral contained in my song, Not wrong, But strong It for widows you die

Learn to kiss, not to sigh. For they're all like awest Mistress Ma Ohnnel

Charles Lever. Little Boy Blue. The little toy dog is covered with, dust But sturdy and stanch he stands:

and the little toy soldier is red with rus And his musket molds in his hands, Time was when the little toy dog wa-

And the soldier was passing fair, And that was the time when our Little Kissed them and put them there.

Now, don't you go till I come," he said, "And don't you make any noise!" So toddling off to his trundle-bed He dreamt of the pretty toya, And as he was dreaming an angel song

Awakened our Little Boy Blue Oh, the years are many, the years are But the little toy friends are true,

Aye faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand.

Each in the same old place, awaiting the touch of a little hand, The smile of a little face.

And they wonder, as waiting these long years through In the dust of that little chair, What has become of our Little Boy Blue

Since he kissed them and put them Eugene Field.

GIANT PREHISTORIC BIRD.

Egg of the Epyornia Found Off the Madagascar Coast. The recent fluding of an egg of the great epyoruls floating about in St. Augustine Bay, on the southwest coast of Madagascar, has induced a party of Germans headed by Gottlieb Adolf Krause, the German explorer, to undertake an exploration of the remote interior of Madagascar in search of possible living specimens of this great bird of the post-pliocene period of the world's history. The egg may have come down with the floods from the unexplored interior of the Island, or may have been buried for centuries in the sand, preserved by some curious freak of nature, and then carried to sea. Which of these theories is the proper one Professor Krause and his party will try to discover.

According to geologists, at one time Madagascar and the lalands east of Africa were one, but that later the land subsided and left the islands separated by a strait, and since that time the Islands have developed species to themselves. The climatic changes which ensued are believed by some to have exterminated the epyornis. But others declare that, as the country changed, the gigantic bird retired deeper and deeper into the wilderness, where it has remained for centuries without molestation, unless it has been annihilated by some unknown savage tethe in the interior, and will be found there to-day, somewhere between the

desert and the Aukarah Mountains. The finding of the egg in St. Augustine Bay has deepened this impression, and Professor Krause will try to es tablish the truth of the theory that the egg is of recent origin and curiously preserved through centuries. Several French adventurers have tried to penetrate into the interior, but they have returned without definite results. telling only of brief glimpses of queer animals, which were not accepted as valuable by scientists. Possibly the German explorers may be more for-

The egg found is the thirty-fourth in existence, and the largest is 0 by 14 inches in diameter. The bird itself is believed by scientists to have been fully fifteen feet high, and to have weighed more than a ton, far larger than the ostrich, which is itself a dangerous bird to handle; a blow from its claws would be fatal. Stories of some such bird in the interior have long been extant among natives, nor only of Madagascar, but of other countries, and interest in them tys been apportunity to enjoy

The trials the expedition will have to ntend with will be the inhospitality of the inhabitants, scorehing heat, scarcity of water, malarial swamps, and extreme perils of journeying through primeval tropical forests. Two other parties while in search of the envoruls met death in the burning deserts of Killarivo, but, with the better appliances carried by Professor Krause and his party, it is believed that they will make discoveries that will prove the existence or non-existence of this great bird of prehistoric Previous researches have not been carried on beyond the high tableland, but the Germans will try to penctrate the wilds beyond the Oullahy

SHE WORE THE KEY.

Sad Eyes, Pathetic Droop Made It

Mystery Until Explained. It was the usual crowd of wellsowned femininity that filled the car, gowned feministy that filled the car, wending its way matineeward. Every woman at all young or at all aiming to be fushionable, wore a chain of some sort from which daughed charms of every kind and descriptions, lockets, the night. The garden was bounded beart-shaped and cound, small gold or sliver purses, lorguettes and watches.

The whole place was very sloppy from the rain which had fallen through the night. The garden was bounded by a three-foot brick wall with a sliver purses, lorguettes and watches.

The whole place was very sloppy from the rain which had fallen through the room, and the stranger was lifted and carried out.

As they raised him a ring tingled down and carried out.

As they raised him a ring tingled down and carried out.

As they raised him a ring tingled down and carried out.

The whole place was very sloppy from the rain which had fallen through the room, and the stranger was lifted and carried out.

As they raised him a ring tingled down and carried out.

As they raised him a ring tingled the room, and the room and carried out. The girl in the smart black costume. with exquisite sables, appeared to be exempt from the prevailing mania, and therefore became the mark for the attention of the observer of details. As the atmosphere of the car grew warm the atmosphere of the car grew warm that it is a the slipped the long fur scarf from the long would at once have hurried that Sherlock of a bride.

"This complicates matters," said tention of the observer of details. As ber neck, revealing the fact that so into the house and plunged into a Gregson. "Heaven knows, they were complicated enough before!"

Nothing appeared to be further from "You's amount of the manual of the special complication matters," said the special complication matters, and the special complication matters are complicated enough before." of her "dangle.

A small gold chain was worn around her neck and fell haif way to the waist. On it was a key set with disounds. It was no caprice of the Jewler, but the real article, an ordinary very day affair such as one wrestles with at the front door.

Now, what was the romance con sected with that very prosale making it worthy to be set with dia-monds and displayed so prominently as a treasured possession? The said iway look of unshed tears. The Parsian but falled to hide the pathetic lroops of the graceful head.

Here was a story, surely. Imagina ion conjured up a picture of a betroth al rudely broken by the death of the fiance, the key treasured as a memen to of the many happy evenings they had spent together, and the stolen ciuses in the vestibule as he hesitated before opening the door for her. The omber gown hinted at a loss. The wistful eyes and sweet lips accentu

Or could the key be that of the vault where the young man had been en-tombed? Could it be? Fancy waxed tombed? Could it be? Fancy waxed more and more grewsome with each of buffaloes had passed along, there could not be a greater mess. No doubt, however, you had drawn your own controller romance.

At Sixty-fourth street another very smart young woman boarded the car, and with a friendly greeting to the girl with the key at once opened up a conversation.

"I see you are wearing your key," she began "How shockingly unfeeling," thought

the observer. "Yes," replied she of the pathetic "I can go out now with a peaceful mind, knowing that Marie will not be wearing my frocks. I never could hide it where she couldn't find it." Somebow the unshed tears and the pathetic droop weren't so noticeable now.-New York Herald.

HE HAD SEEN THEM BEFORE.

Frenchman's Gifts to Menetek Were

Not Entirely Appropriate. When M. Jules Grevy was president of the French Republic, about twenty years ago, a mission visited Abyssinia, and as Menclek, the Abyssinian mon tional tastes of savage chieftains, it carried as presents a sporting gun, a small cannon, and-a musical box.

The monarch followed with politeess, if not apparently with very keen interest, a demonstration of the work ings of the two lethal weapons, but although the French envoy conscien tiously ground out the whole half-doxen tunes which the musical box was able to perform, he failed to elicit the

royal approbation. "I accept with pleasure," said Mene lek, "the beautiful weapons you bring me on behalf of your government. As for the musical box, I will give it to some child, and I am sure he will find

it very amusing." "It seems to me," said the envoy, on retiring from the royal presence, "that the Negus is having a little fun with

The next day he had considerable confirmation of that opinion. Menelek invited him to visit his private armory. "See," he said, "I have given the

place of honor to the fine sporting gun sent me by the president." And so be had-but that particular weapon figured as only one of seven or eight of the same pattern in a com

plete collection of modern firearms, which the Negus politely took from their cases to exhibit their merits to the unfortunate Frenchman, This small-arms exhibition was followed by that of a park of mountain artillery-'a gentle hint," surmises M. Hugues Le Roux in his recent book of travel, "Menelek et Nous," to all it might conern as to the desirability of tempering seal with discretion when pressing the inestimable blessings of European ctyilization upon the "Lion of Judah."-Youtha' Companion.

The Logical Youth. "In the sentence, "The train wound

ound the foot of the mountain," di rected the teacher, "you may parse the word 'mountain." "Mountain," began Johnny Wise, "Is noun, common, feminine gender-

"Why do you say it is feminine?" "Didn't you just say that the train was wound around its foot?"-Baltimore American.

One of the greatest accomplishments in the world is to be able to back up the minute you find yourself going

There is a rich sound in closing back door that only a few people have

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER III-Continued.

No. 3 Lauriston Gardens were an Illomened and minatory look. It was one of four, which stood back some little way from the street, two being occupled and two empty.

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

A small garden sprinkled over with a scattered eruption of sickly plants now," he said. "There is nothing more to be learned." the street, and was traversed by a nar-

against this wall was leaning a stal-wart police constable, surrounded by a small knot of losfers, who craned their necks and strained their eyes in the vain hope of catching some glimpse

Twice he stopped and once I saw J. Drebbe.

In smile and heard him ofter an exclamation of satisfaction. There were many marks of footsteps upon the wet, many marks of footsteps upon the wet, many marks of footsteps upon the wet, and the same of Joseph Stangerson upon the name of th many marks of footsteps upon the wet, clayer 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 Stangerson."

met by a tall, white-faced, flaxen-haired Laverpool. It is clear that this unforman, with a notebook in his hand, who tunate man was about to return to New 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.

"I have had so much to do inside

the house." the detective said, evan-frely. "My colleague, Mr. Lestrade, is here. I had relied upon him to look "You did not ask for particulars on

his evebrows sardonically,

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 With which inconsequent remark he

strode on into the house, followed by ful examination of the walls. Gregson, whose features expressed his The little man's eyes spark!

all the larger for the absence of all ghastly inmate. furniture.
Opposite the door was a showy fire-

place. On one corner of this was stuck held it up against the wall.

"Look at that!" he said triumphant-The solitary window was so dirty

All these details I observed afterward. At present my attention was centered upon the single grim, moscrawled in blood-red letters a single tionless figure which lay stretched upon the boards, with vacant, sighttess eyes staring up at the discolored

It was that of a man about fortythree or forty-four years of age, mid-dis-sized, broad shouldered, with crisp, eurling black hair, and a short, stubby

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 terribus contor-you have found it?" asked Gregson, in This malignant and terrible contorion, combined with the low forehead, a deprecatory tone. blunt nose, and prognathous Jaw, gave

"This case will make a stir, sir," he remarked. "It beats anything I have seen, and I am no chicken."
"There is no clew," said Gregson.
"None at all," chimed in Lestrade.
"I real Sherlock Holmes approached the body and kneeling down, examined it

intently. You are sure that there is no wound?" he asked, pointing to numer-ous gouts and splashes of blood which ay all around.
"Positive!" cried both detectives.

"Then of course this blood belongs to a second individual—presumably the murderer, if murder has been comstances attending on the death of Van
Jansen, in Utrecht, in the year 34. Do
you remember the case, Gregion?"

"No, sir."

As he spoke he whipped a tape measure and a large, round, magnifying slass from his pocket.

So engrossed was be with his occupation that he appeared to have for

AND NON THE PART OF THE PART O ining, while his eyes wore the same far away expression which I have al-

ready remarked upon. So swiftly was the examination made that one would hardly have guessed the minuteness with which it was conducted. Finally, he sniffed the dead man's lips and then glanced at the soles of his patent leather boots. "He has not been moved at all?" he

"No more than was necessary for the purpose of our examination."
"You can take him to the mortuary

Gregson had a stretcher and four

"There's been a woman herb." he ried. "It's a woman's wedding ring." He held it out as he spoke, upon the paim of his hand. We all guthered round him and gazed at it. There could be no doubt that that circle of

Into the house and plunged into a study of the mystery.

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

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

Gregson. "Heaven knows, they were complicated enough before!"

"You're sure it doesn't simplify them?" observed Holmes. "There's any help I can. In the meantime, I should like to speak to the constable who found the body. Can you give no his name and address?

"We have it all here," said Gregson, "Heaven knows, they were complicated enough before!"

"You're sure it doesn't simplify any help I can. In the meantime, I should like to speak to the constable who found the body. Can you give no his name and address?

"John Rance." he said. "He is off duty now. You will find him at 45 and with park, No. 37,163, by Barraud, of London. Gold Albert chain, very heavy and solid. Gold ring, with Masonic device. Gold pin—buildog on thing which may help you in the case." "Come along, doctor," he said: "we shall go and look him up. Fit tell you soulce device. Gold pin—buildog on thing which may help you in the case." "There has been murder the constable who found the body. Can you give no his name and address." "John Rance." he said. "He is off duty now. You will find him at 45 duty now. You will find him at 45 duty now. There's and the body. Can you give no he had to the body. Can you give no he had to the body. Can you give no he had to the body. Can you give no he had to the body. Can you give no he had to the body. Can you give no he had to the body. Can you give no he had to the body. Can you give no he had to the body. Can you give no he had to the body. Can you give no he had to the body. Can you give no he had to the body. Can the ground.

Twice he stopped and once I saw
J. Drebber, of Cleveland, corresponding suite and heard him offer an ex-

Still, I had had such extraordinary widence of the quickness of his perseptive faculties that I had no doubt as could see a great deal which was from me.

"At what address."

"At what address."

"At what address."

"American Exchange, Strand—to be left till called for. They are both from the Guion Steamship Company, and

"Have you made any inquiries as to this man Stangerson?"
"I did it at once," said Gregson. "I have had advertisements sent to all the newspapers, and one of my men has gone to the American Exchange, but

e has not returned yet."
"Have you sent to Cleveland?" "We telegraphed this morning." "How did you word your inquiries?"
"We simply detailed the circumstances, and said that we should be

"I asked about Stangerson."

"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.

"I have said all I have to say," said Gregson, in an offended voice.

Sherlock Holmes chuckled to him-self, and appeared to be about to make

some remark, when Lestrade, who had been in the front room while we were holding this conversation in the half. reappeared upon the scene, rubbing his

There are also numberless checker-"Now, stand there!"
He struck a match on his boot and boards and chessmen that, in the delicacy of their inlay work and in the in-

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 layer of dust which coated the whole I have remarked that the paper had f coarse plastering.
Across this bare space there was

"What do you think of that?" cried the detective, with the air of a show-man exhibiting his show. "This was overlooked because it was in the darkhree or forty four years of age, mid-le-sized, broad shouldered, with crisp, urling black hair, and a short, stubby leard.

His hands were clenched and his arms thrown abroad, while his lower of the idea of suicide, snyhow. Why limbs were interlocked as though his was that corner chosen to write it on? death struggle had been a grievous I will tell you. See that candle on the mantelplece. It was lighted time, and if it was lighted this It was lighted at the

"Mean? Why, it means that the the dead man a singularly almious and writer was going to put the female ape-like appearance, which was in name Rachel, but was disturbed before ape-like appearance, which was in-ape-like appearance, which was in-apearance in a manufacture in a manufa ure.
Lestrade, lean and ferret-like as cleared up you'll find that a woman named Rachel has something to do with it. It's all very well for you to laugh, Mr. Sherlock Holmes. You may be very smart and clever, but the old hound is the best, when all is said and

"I really beg your pardon!" said my companion, who had ruffled the little man's temper by bursting into an explosion of laughter. "You certainly have the credit of being the first of us a gale of wind came up. I called the to find out, and, as you say, it bears every mark of having been written by wind is blowing and report to me." to find out, and, every mark of having been written by the other participant in last night's mystery. I have not had time to examine this room yet, but with your amine this room yet, but with your "Captain, the wind is blowing right over the ship."

"Read it up—you really should.

There is nothing new under the sun.

It has all been done before."

As he spote his nimble fingers were fixing here, there and everywhere, feeling, pressing, unbuttoning, examing the ment and of hope.

There is nothing new under the sun.

As he spote his nimble fingers were feeling, pressing, unbuttoning, examing the colong, pressing, unbuttoning, examing the colong of a unique form of "will and testament," which he drew up and asked them to sign.

As I watched him I was in smatibly こうしん しんしん しんしん しんしん しんしん しんしん しんしん しんしん eminded of a pure-bloode1, well-rained for hound as it dashey back-ward and forward through the covert. whining in its easerness, until it comes

inued his researches, measuring with the most exact care the distance be-tween marks which were entirely invisible to me, and occasionally apply-ing his tape to the walls in an equally

incomprehensible manner.

In one place he gathered very carefully a little pile of gray dust from the floor, and packed it away in an pe. Finally he examined with his glass the word upon the wall, going over av-ery 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 gentus is an infinite capacity for taking pains," he remarked, with a smile. "It's a very bad definition, but it does apply to de-

tective work. Gregson and Lestrade had watched the maneuvers of their amateur com-panion with considerable curiosity and ome 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

detectives. "There has been murder done, and the murderer was a man. He was more than aix feet high, was in the prime of life, had small feet for his height, wore coarse, square-toed boots, and smoked a Trichinopoly clear. He came here with his victim rigar. He came here with his victim in a four-wheeled cab, which was trawn by a horse with three old shoes and one new one on his off foreleg. In all probability the marderer had a flor-id face, and the finger nails of his right hand were remarkably long. These are only a few indications, but

they may assist you." Lestrals and Gregnon looked at each other with an incredulous smile. "If this man was murdered, how was

done?" asked the former. "Pelson," said Sherlock "Poison," said Sherlock Holmes, curtly, and strode off, "One other curily, 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 Parthian shot he walked

away leaving the two rivals open-monthed behind him.

HOW CONVICTS PASS THE TIME

fter this."

Any point which appeared to you to be Some Very Artistic Work Done in the Prisons of America. 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 comparlift with the work of the French lace makers. The lambrequin is of an odd ands in a pompous and well-satisfied blue, and the visitor is told that it is made of an old pair of prison tronsers. "Mr. Gregson," he said, "I have just On a little gilt bracket is a small stuffed ade a discovery of the highest im animal. The bracket, so delicated made a discovery of the highest importance, and one which would have turned, is of newspapers pusted together been overlooked had I not made a care and gilded, and the animal is a rat. The little man's eyes sparkled as he spoke, and he was evidently in a state of suppressed exultation at having colored with rags and pieces of chewing gum, colored a point against ble self-Ifolines walked in and I followed of suppressed excitation at having him with that subdued feeling at my heart which the presence of death in spires.

It was a large, square room, looking felt cleaner since the removal of its colored with shee blacking for its eyes.

A wall is completely covered with a really artistic decoration of reeds, on the timespires.

It was a large, square room, looking felt cleaner since the removal of its

> triency of their carving would do honor to the craftsmen of the Orient.

Why He Wanted to Go. Up at primry school No. 9 in Brook-lyn the other day, one of the boys preated a note from his mother, asking to be allowed to go home at 2 o'clock The teacher looked at him severely. '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 What do you want to go out here. "My mother wanted me to go to New

replied the small boy. "Wouldn't Saturday afternoon do ust 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

'Please, ma'am, my consin's dead." The expression on the teacher's face vas wonderful to behold as she gave the boy permission to go .- New York Even-

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

"There was a landsman on my ships once who was a bright fellow,

Make Bequests of Their Brains.

The Cornell Brain Association, of which Prof. Burt G. Wilder is presi-

roes the lost scent. For twenty minutes or more he con