

# Bohemia Nugget

LEER W. HENRY, Editor and Prop.

COTTAGE GROVE... OREGON.

After all, can Cuba be blamed for wanting \$35,000,000? Who doesn't?

One way to avoid punishment is to seek something other people don't want.

Nothing ever was quite as hopeful as a detective searching for a clue to a train robber.

When a man acquires the title of grandfather he begins to think how old his wife is.

Browning may be a tonic, as Martha Baker Dugan contends, but for real biters try Carlyle.

The Des Moines Capital observes that "The Star Spangled Banner" is still a mighty fetching tune.

It is claimed that Harry Tracy was the son of a preacher. But, then, he was not the first preacher's son to go wrong.

Here Wainwright is writing magazine articles concerning the Sampson-Schley affair. Has he no friends to advise him?

We Americans do manage to smuggle a good deal of funkiness into our national character, under the name of respect for the office.

New York papers say Gates made only \$600,000 in his L. & N. deal. This is ridiculous. The deal occupied his attention for more than a week.

"The gratitude of the Chinese people" for the friendly policy of Uncle Sam may or may not be a figure of speech. But perhaps it is as substantial as the gratitude of any other people. By the way, there is Admiral Dewey these days?

Brigandage in eastern Europe seems to have fallen on a new era of prosperity, or the hope of it. Besides the cases of kidnaping in Albania we read of four sons of wealthy Rumanian families being seized and held for ransom.

In Greece also the reports speak of a distinct revival of this kind of crime. We fear that there is too much truth in the explanation assigned by more than one intelligent observer—namely, that the predatory instincts of whole classes of marauders in those countries have been inflamed by the payment of the ransom for Miss Stone. The great coup which her kidnaping effected was like the drawing of the grand prize in the lottery. It set all their neighbors wild to rival their good fortune.

The cure of rheumatism by bee stings, an old and, as it was supposed, exploded, remedy, is being exploited again in some parts of the east. It should be used with great care and discrimination. The Philadelphia Ledger relates that one William Sulvey, an old farmer of Shady Grove, Pa., who had lost the use of his arms by rheumatism, was stung by bees and ran from them so fast that he discovered he had left his rheumatism behind. Thereupon he made much boast of the bee cure, hearing which one Carl Aprie, also a rheumatic victim, decided to try it. So convinced was he of its efficacy that he invited his neighbors to witness the cure. He made the experiment clad only in a long, thin robe, hobbled up to the hives on his crutches and upset two of them. Instantly the bees began to apply the remedy with all the industry characteristic of the insect, and probably would have improved a whole shining hour had it not been that Aprie yelled most lustily for help. As he was unable to run away, some of his neighbors came to his relief by tossing him and dragging him away from the infuriated bees. The unfortunate man has such a beautiful case of bee stings that it may be some time before he knows whether he has been cured of rheumatism. It may turn out that what is one man's cure is another man's poison.

It has remained for a rich German to discover one of the grandest uses to which money can be put. Having apparently decided that Messrs. Rockefeller and Carnegie possess the sole rights to the building of universities and libraries, this German, a rich banker in the little town of Haschmann, has established a fund for the provision of prizes for men who will marry the most homely girls or women over the age of 40 who have been fitted at least twice. In addition to the prizes it is provided that the homeliest girl in the town of Haschmann shall have a yearly pension of \$80. The nobleness of this charity, if it may be so called, will be at once apparent. It might well be taken up by rich men in this country who do not care to build colleges or libraries. The man who marries the homeliest girl in any town is surely entitled to some reward. We can think of only one drawback. In connection with this fine method of assuring himself money, and that is the difficulty there would be in finding the homeliest girl. But that might be arranged by leaving it to a vote of the girls themselves. The one chosen as the homeliest could always console herself with the thought that the others had voted against her because they were jealous. Who will be the first rich American to win fame by putting this splendid scheme into operation?

Congress has taken an important step in the history of the national development in the passage of the irrigation act. The settlement of the United States followed, naturally, the lines of least resistance. First the land near the Atlantic seaboard was taken up; then the settlers cut their way westward through the forest, crossing the Alleghenies into the Ohio valley, and later spreading over the prairies and alluvial bottoms of the Mississippi valley. But the home-seeking movement was halted at the one hundredth meridian by insufficient rainfall. West of that stretched the region which used to figure on the map as "The Great American Desert." This region is no longer altogether a desert. Thirteen

States and three territories lie wholly or in part within its limits, and private enterprise has irrigated considerable areas which once seemed incapable of cultivation. What private enterprise could not do may now be done by government aid. The reclamation fund which the new law creates out of the sale of public lands in the arid and semi-arid States and territories will provide means for storing and distributing water for irrigation. Ultimately it is estimated that an area equal to that of the States of Illinois and Iowa may be redeemed for the plow. The best feature of the law is that its benefits are restricted to actual settlers, and the area which may be sold to a single owner is limited. The measure may fairly be described as a bill to promote the making of homes.

Arrested for beating his wife, a well-to-do New Yorker addressed the court as follows: "I am a gentleman, sir, and I have an income of \$3,000 a year. I don't think I ought to be held. This is only a family trouble and I don't think it is necessary to hold me. Whereupon the magistrate said: "You'll get the same treatment here as any other gentleman who beats his wife," and the bail was fixed at \$500. O just judge! It matters not whether his income is \$300 or \$5,000 or \$50,000, the man who strikes his wife is a brute. The definition of a gentleman has changed with the centuries. In Plato's time a gentleman was a landholder who lived on the labor of slaves. When Blackstone lived a gentleman was one given gentility because he bore court armor. Then the common people aspired to be gentlemen, and the definition again changed. A gentleman in our time is an honorable man, a man of high principles who shows his qualities by gentle behavior. In our day a man may have all the appearance of a gentleman and all the qualities of a cur. The creature who lifts his hand against a woman is of the latter kind. O, just judge! Your decision is herald of that days of which poets have dreamed and singers sung, of that day "against whose coming martyrs have poured out their blood—the day when the real Carl shall decide in equity, when the poor man shall have his day in court and the rich brute and genteel scoundrel shall not be permitted to interpose his money as a shield against a righteous punishment."

Americans poke fun at European newspapers because of their inadequate knowledge of current events and of prominent men in this country. Europeans might retort that we are woefully ignorant of European matters and men. How many persons in this country have ever heard of Ras Makondu? Yet this Abyssinian soldier and diplomat is the man of the hour in the European press. He is about forty years of age, a nephew of Menelik, and won the battle of Adowa, which battle gave Abyssinia its autonomy as a country. Ras Makondu is visiting Paris and is all the rage. "His shoulders are covered with a gold fringe bertha and he wears a green hat with a broad brim. His stockings are green and his shoes are yellow. He wears white silk pantaloons." Also fine black eyes and a curly beard. Imagine the figure this handsome semi-savage cuts on the boulevards of Paris! The government tendered him a military review of all the armies of France and "the Temps" spoke of him as "the Hannibal of the Abyssinians, who are the Japanese of Africa." The fact is we are so busy looking up empires in the new world we fail to note the rise of new empires and new men in the old. Save when there is a war like that in the Transvaal which lifts the curtain on savages and people little known we are as ignorant of Eastern movements as the East is of ours. Until there is world-knowledge universally diffused the doctrine of the brotherhood of man must wait. The world inhabitants must know each other better before they can esteem and love each other more. Science, discovery, invention, facilities—these are the heralds of the wider, better day.

There is more than one way to "name the birds without a gun," for example, Mrs. Jenks-Smith's way, as it is recorded in "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife." "And as for birds," began Mrs. Jenks-Smith, "bird study is all the rage."

"I've stopped wearing feathers, anyway, till the excitement dies down. And we've stopped driving birds out of the fruit trees and we've put up boxes to draw them. They won't come into them, though, because, the doctor says, the rooms aren't separate and the openings draw a draft through. I call that flying a little too far. As if birds that fly all day in the air can't stand a draft at night!"

"In the spring, when we return here, I'm going to have a bird class and a professor to take us out and point out the birds."

"It's awfully nice, my dear," continued Mrs. Jenks-Smith; "much easier than giving a garden party; no trouble, no fuss, managed like a Cook's tour in Europe. He tells you everything you ought to see, so you don't have to think, you know."

"I went once this year across the river where I was visiting. There were twenty ladies, in such becoming outdoor costumes, and such a delicious lunch, served quite in the woods, my dear! When we were eating we saw a quail. Yes, with its feathers on and all! Did you ever know anything so appropriate?"

"We learned two other birds besides—blue jays, and the other was a red-eyed vireo. I remembered the name so appropriate, because the bird sang or scolded. I don't know which you would call it, all the time we were lurching."

## EXCURSION INTO BIRD LAND

Penry X-ray Instruments, by the aid of which the curious may see their own finger bones, are being sold in the streets of London.

If you see a couple walking along the street and the man goes on while the woman pauses to look in at the shop windows it's a sure sign they are married.

# Science AND Invention

Replying to the more or less popular theory that comets are simply swarms of meteoric stones, a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society recalls the brilliancy—almost increased—of Arcurus as it was seen in 1888 through thousands of miles of the very nucleus of Donati's comet. The mist from a frog pond would have blotted out the star altogether.

Capt. F. C. Inghy, a Dane, has invented a new form of steamship, which he thinks will be both speedier and sturdier than the existing type. He makes the hull considerably more flat than in the ordinary model, thus decreasing the draft. But his most novel device is placing the screw under the bottom of the vessel instead of at the stern. Not only will such a ship be particularly seaworthy, says the inventor, but with the same speed, it will save 20 per cent in consumption of coal.

A trouble of the artist is the tendency of paints to mix or run together. This is especially annoying in portrait painting, on account of the delay for cleaning oil from palette and brushes, and has led to the limited use of the pastel. Work with the latter, however, lacks durability. By his plan of forming oil colors into crayon-like sticks, M. J. J. Raffinell, the French genre painter, claims to have secured both durability and freedom from inconvenience, and have effected a genuine revolution.

The fact that certain substances adhere so tenaciously to glass that on being detached they tear away scales was observed long ago by Professor Cailliet. For etching the glass he applies two coats of this glue, and after twenty-four hours places the article on a kitchen range for a few hours at a temperature not greater than 105 deg. F. The glue will detach itself with numerous flakes of glass. The designs may be varied by adding various salts to the glue, and he gets his best results from glue with a little alum.

Sir Harry Johnston, whose discovery of a new species of animal in the Uganda Protectorate has excited much interest among naturalists, brought back to London and exhibited there a specimen of a gigantic species of earthworm which, when alive, was about three feet long and as thick as two fingers. Even larger species of earthworms than this exist. Cephalon has some giants, of a blue color, that attain as great a size. In Cape Colony and Natal there is a species, particularly green above and yellowish beneath, which, it is averred, sometimes attains a length of six feet. Giant earthworms are also found in Australia and in South America.

Steel alloyed with 30 per cent of nickel is said to have the smallest coefficient of expansion of any known metal, amounting to only one two-millionth for one degree Fahrenheit. For this reason nickel-steel has been largely adopted for the material of pendulum-rods in high-grade clocks. The change of length with rise or fall of temperature is so nearly imperceptible that the counterbalancing change in the brass bob suffices to compensate for it. Nickel-steel also possesses a remarkable power of resisting rust. If nickel should ever be discovered in sufficient quantities to reduce its cost, says a writer in Machinery, it would have an important influence on future steel construction, for nickel-steel would generally be used. It is an interesting fact that nickel combined with iron is frequently found in meteorites.

## DROPPED A HUNDRED FEET.

What a Falling Man Thought During His Terrific Descent.

John Anderson, the former naval jockey, who, while painting ironwork beneath a high bridge a month ago, was severely injured by a fall, is rapidly recovering at the city hospital, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press. Both his thigh bones were broken, his left leg was fractured near the ankle, a portion of bone was torn from his right hip and he was wounded about the crown of his head. But he will not be permanently maimed or disfigured.

On the afternoon of May 20 he was swinging happily, like a bird on a twig, within a "slings" six feet below the roadway of the high bridge and about 100 feet above the Mississippi river. The seat of the swing is a short piece of plank. It is attached at each end to ropes, which, passing through a block, return to the slings as a single rope. By lengthening or shortening this rope the man in the sling can lower or elevate himself.

"I was hanging close to one of the steel rods," said he, the other day, "a rod that I was painting. My rope was good and fast. I had no warning of any danger, when the sky and the clouds and the bottom of the big bridge in the middle of the bay came up before my eyes and the air whistled in my ears like a typhoon on the China seas. I knew I was going down head first. No, I wasn't frightened. I said to myself: 'Now, I'll strike the river before long, and if I keep going this way I'll hit the water head first, which will be just as good as diving, and, being a good swimmer, I can easily get ashore.' I wondered, too, if I'd beat my paint brush down. Funny what little things a fellow will think about at these times instead of worrying about his own neck."

"But about sixty feet down—I didn't measure the distance then—I struck one of the cross rods a slanting blow with my head. But my legs, sort of huddled up as I fell, probably came down full force against the rod, could have hit the bones crack. They made quite a loud noise like a percussion cap. Still it was the blow on the head that hurt the most. Then, and not before, I thought to myself, 'Well, it's your last cruise for sure,' and things got black before me. I guess I fainted."

"But the cold water brought me to, I bobbed up as natural as a harbor buoy. I soon opened my eyes and I suppose I smothered. I thought just as if I was somebody else, 'Say, mate, you didn't die this water, did you?' I know I felt awful good about it. But soon

as I made my first kick, or, rather, tried to make it, I found that both my legs were hanging as heavy and dead as shot in a canvas bag. They didn't pain me, though. And when I found I couldn't swim I felt my gun was spiked for sure. But just then I heard the crew up aloft on the bridge hollering: 'Good boy, sailor! You're all right! Keep it up! But's coming! Keep paddling, Jackie.' It did sound fun and hearty, let me tell you. And so I kept a-pladdling until a man reached me in a boat fifteen minutes after I dropped down."

"I was pretty nearly done up. I knew how my legs would hurt if he tried to pull me over the gunwale of the boat, and I tried to make him low me along, but he couldn't manage that, and he did haul me in though it was a mighty tough experience. I didn't faint again, and after I was once in the hospital began to feel quite comfortable."

## IN MANDALAY.

The Thousand Pagoda Bells Ring at the Setting of the Sun.

Mandalay has its own sky, soft and gray and lacquered like a tent, with white cloud-lines that seem meant for scrolls if one could read. It is the Very Sacred City, the city of contemplation, the city of all the monks. A thousand pagoda bells give tongue to the wind there when the sun goes down; a crumbling thousand more give up to time the testimony of outworn things.

It lies in a curved arm of blue hills, and something broods over it with solitude. This you suspect from the air of the place and the way the shrill talk of the parrots and the complaint of the goats and the laughter of the people come to you wherever you are sitting. For morning with you, as I did that morning with the gentleman where the low gray sky is caught up, the square of the dark red, crumpled walls of the old royal city, three miles each way, and outside the walls the parallel clear most thinking back at the sky; and then you are sure that over and above the government of India some spirit is in possession here, some spirit that bends in affection over finished and forgotten things.

Seven-roofed kiosks stand at intervals over the gates in the wall—they are called pyramids, but they strike the eye like peaceful conclusions—and low white stone bridges raised in the middle span the moat. The buttresses of the gates are painted deep gray and white, and the bank that slants steeply from the wall to the water has here and there a low, twisted, spreading tree on it, purely for decoration. You may stop at a corner and look two ways along the reflected water, with bridge after bridge receding across, and pray that after pyxatid dimming above, and each red and gray and white vista, so picked out and finished under the quiet light, slipping adroitly into the near blue of the hills.

Mandalay seemed aware with bunting that day, flags and arches of welcome everywhere and crowds flocking—aware and almost awake; but you look again and saw that she only turned in her sleep and smiled, as at a dream.

## Eastern Imagery.

The specimen below of Moorish epistolary style which comes from Budget Meakin's recent book, "The Moors," is and is merely an invitation to dinner, is calculated to make the imaginative resources of the English entertainer, who writes on a visiting-card, "Come and dine," look small indeed.

To my gracious master, my respected lord:

This evening, please God, when the king of the army of stars, the sun of the worlds, will turn toward the realm of shades and place his foot in the stirrup of speed, thou art besought to lighten us with the dazzling rays of thy face, revealed only by the sun. Thy arrival, like a spring breeze, will dissipate the dark night of solitude and isolation.

## A Worthwhile Monument.

There are several homes for spinsters in Sweden and Norway. One of these is as attractive as it is unique. It is the monument to the memory of an exceedingly wealthy old man, who, dying more than two hundred years ago, left the major part of his fortune to the old maids among his descendants. A superb home was built, furnished and managed by salaried trustees. It fourished and has continued. Any unmarried woman who can prove blood relationship to the founder of the institution is entitled to admission in the home. She is given a suite of rooms, a servant, private meals, and is subject to no rules save such as ordinary good behaviour demands.

## Lived Through an Antarctic Winter.

Undoubtedly the penguins live on the edge of the ice-pack in winter time. A curious proof of this is that during a gale in the bay near Cape Adair, the ice field broke up suddenly and the flocks drifted northwards into the ocean, carrying off one of my sledge dogs. We naturally looked upon the dog as lost, but a week later the sea was frozen as far as the eye could reach, and three months afterwards that dog returned to camp from over the ice, and he was fat. Now, three dogs can kill a seal, but one dog can not; and this dog had evidently been living on penguins out at sea at the edge of the ice-pack.—Prof. C. E. Borchgrevink, in Leslie's Monthly.

## Where Gold May Abound.

Mysterious forests surrounded the un-mapped headwaters of the Amazon river where hidden gold mines are thought to be, guarded by a large tribe of Indians known as the Napos, who still cling to the ancient rites of the children of the sun. These Napo Indians have brought out significant evidence of the richness of the placer mines. In quite good dust is the standard currency, which they bring in hollow bamboo joints heavy with grains and dust of the precious metal, which is washed out by the most primitive methods.

Flour for China.

Two modern flouring mills, with American machinery, have recently been constructed at Harbin, Manchuria.

# A STUDY IN SCARLET

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

## CHAPTER VI—Continued.

After a very brief pause the detective continued: "Of course, after that there was nothing more to be done. I found out where Lieutenant Charpentier was, took two officers with me and arrested him. When I touched him on the shoulder and warned him to come quietly with us, he answered us as bold as brass: 'I suppose you are arresting me for being concerned in the death of that scoundrel Drebber,' he said. We had said nothing to him about it, so that his alluding to it had a most suspicious aspect."

"Very," said Holmes.

"He still carried the heavy stick which the mother described him as having with him, when he followed Drebber. He was a stout rak eudge!"

"What is your theory, then?"

"Well, my theory is that he followed Drebber as far as the Brixton road, which leads to a fresh altercation arose between them, in the course of which Drebber received a blow from the stick in the pit of the stomach, perhaps, which killed him without leaving any mark. The night was so wet that no one was able to see Charpentier drag the body of his victim into the empty house. As to the candle and the blood and the writing on the wall and the ring, they may all be so many tricks to throw the police on to the wrong scent."

"Well done!" said Holmes in an encouraging voice. "Really, Gregson, you are getting along. We shall make something of you yet."

Butter myself that I have managed to catch nearly the detective answered promptly. "The young man volunteered a statement in which he said that after following Drebber some time, the latter perceived him and took a long walk away from him. On his next home he met an old shipmate and took a long walk with him. On being asked where this old shipmate lived, he was unable to give any satisfactory reply. I think the whole case is a most interesting one, mostly well. What amuse me is to think of Lestrade, who had started off upon the wrong scent. I am afraid he won't make much of it. Why, by Jove! here's the very man himself!"

Lestrade, who had entered the room, was talking and who now entered the room. The assurance and jauntness which generally marked his demeanor and dress were, however, wanting. There was a look of uneasiness and trouble, while his clothes were disarranged and untidy.

He had evidently come with the intention of consulting with Sherlock Holmes, for on perceiving his colleague he appeared to be embarrassed and put out.

He stood in the center of the room, fumbling nervously with his hat, and uncertain what to do.

"This is a most extraordinary case," he said, at last—"a most interesting affair."

"Ah, you find it so, Mr. Lestrade?" cried Gregson, triumphantly. "I thought you would come to that conclusion. Have you managed to find the murderer, Mr. Joseph Stanger?"

"The secretary, Mr. Joseph Stanger," said Lestrade, gravely, "was murdered at Halliday's Private Hotel about 6 o'clock this morning."

"Nothing of any importance," the man's novel with which he had read himself to sleep, was lying upon the bed, and his pipe was on a table beside him. There was a glass of water on the table and on the window sill a small ebb statement box containing a couple of pills.

Sherlock Holmes arose from his chair with an explanation of John's. "The last link," he cried, excitedly. "My case is complete."

The two detectives stared at him in amazement.

"I have now in my hands," his companion said confidently, "all the threads which lay a forecast such as there are, of course, details to be filled in, but I am certain of all the main facts, from the time that Drebber parted from Stanger at the station, up to the discovery of the body of the latter, as I had seen them with my own eyes. I will give you proof of my knowledge. Could you lay your hands upon those pills?"

"I have them," said Lestrade, producing a small white box. "I took them and the man and the program, intending to have them put in a place of safety at the police station. This was the merest chance my taking these pills, for I am bound to say that I do not attach any importance to them."

"Give them here," said Holmes.

"Now, doctor," turning to me, "are those ordinary pills?"

"They certainly were not. They were of a pearly gray color, small, round, and almost transparent against the light."

"From their lightness and transparency, I should imagine that they are soluble in water," I remarked.

"Precisely so," answered Holmes.

"Now, would you mind going down and fetching that poor little devil of a terrier which has been so long, and which the landlady wanted you to put out of its pain yesterday?"

I went downstairs and carried the dog upstairs in my arms. It labored breathing and glazing eye showed that it was cut for from its end.

Indeed, its snow white muzzle proclaimed that it had already exceeded the usual term of canine existence. I placed it upon a cushion on the rug.

"I will now cut one of these pills in two," said Holmes, and drawing his penknife, he suited the action to the word. "One half we return into the box for future purposes. The other half I will place in this wine glass, in which is a teaspoonful of water. You perceive that our friend the doctor is right, and that it really dissolves."

"This may be very interesting," said Lestrade, in the injured tone of one who suspects that he is being laughed at. "I can not see, however, what it has to do with the death of Mr. Joseph Stanger."

"Patience, my friend, patience. You will find in time that it has everything to do with it. I shall now add a little milk to make the mixture palatable, and on presenting it to the dog you will find that he laps it up readily enough."

As he spoke he turned the contents of the wine glass into a saucer and speedily licked it dry.

Sherlock Holmes' earnest demeanor had so far convinced us that we all sat in silence, watching the animal intently and expecting some startling effect.

None such appeared, however. The dog continued to lie stretched upon the cushion, breathing in a labored way, but apparently neither the better nor the worse for its draught.

Holmes had taken out his watch, and a minute followed minute without result, an expression of the utmost cha-

the shirking at the other side. I gave a cry which brought the Boots back. He nearly fainted when he saw it. The door was locked on the inside, and we put our shoulders to it and knocked it in. The window of the room was open, and a cold wind whistled and died up by the body of a man in his nightdress. He was quite dead, and had been for some time, for his limbs were rigid and cold. When we turned him over the Boots recognized him at once as being the same gentleman who had entered the room under the name of James Stanger. The cause of death was a deep stab in the left side, which must have penetrated the heart, and now comes the strangest part of the affair. What do you suppose was above the murdered man?"

I felt a creeping of flesh and a premonition of coming horror, even before Sherlock Holmes answered.

"The word 'Rache,' written in letters of blood," he said.

"That was," said Lestrade, in an awestruck voice, and we were all silent for a while.

There was something so methodical and so incomprehensible about the deeds of this unknown assassin, that it inspired a fresh gush of interest in his crimes.

My nerves, which were steady enough on the field of battle, tingled as I thought of it.

"The man was seen," continued Lestrade. "A milkboy, passing on his way to the dairy, happened to walk down the lane which leads from the mews at the back of the hotel. He noticed that a ladder, which usually lay there, was raised against one of the windows of the second floor, which was wide open. After passing, he looked back and saw a man descend the ladder. He came down so quietly and openly that the boy imagined him to be some carpenter or joiner at work in the hotel. He took no particular notice of him, beyond thinking in his own mind that it was odd for him to be at work. He had an impression that the man was tall, had a reddish face, and thought it was early for him to be at work. He must have stayed in the room some little time after the murder, for we found blood stained upon the basin, where he had washed his hands, and marks on the sheet, where he had deliberately wiped his knife."

I glanced at Holmes on hearing the description of the murderer which tallied so exactly with his own. There was, however, no trace of exultation or satisfaction upon his face.

"Did you find nothing in the room which could furnish a clue to the murderer?" he asked.

"Nothing," Stanger said. "Drebber's purse in his pocket, but it seems that this was usual, as he did all the paying. There was eighty-old pounds in it, but nothing had been taken. Whatever the motives of these extraordinary crimes, robbery is certainly not one of them. There were no papers or memoranda in the murdered man's pockets, except a single telegram, dated from Cleveland about a month ago, and containing the words, 'J. H. is in Europe.' There was no name appended to this message."

"And there was nothing else?" Holmes asked.

"Nothing of any importance. The man's novel with which he had read himself to sleep, was lying upon the bed, and his pipe was on a table beside him. There was a glass of water on the table and on the window sill a small ebb statement box containing a couple of pills."

"I have now in my hands," his companion said confidently, "all the threads which lay a forecast such as there are, of course, details to be filled in, but I am certain of all the main facts, from the time that Drebber parted from Stanger at the station, up to the discovery of the body of the latter, as I had seen them with my own eyes. I will give you proof of my knowledge. Could you lay your hands upon those pills?"

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Sherlock Holmes' earnest demeanor had so far convinced us that we all sat in silence, watching the animal intently and expecting some startling effect.

None such appeared, however. The dog continued to lie stretched upon the cushion, breathing in a labored way, but apparently neither the better nor the worse for its draught.

Holmes had taken out his watch, and a minute followed minute without result, an expression of the utmost cha-

## Things That May Interest You.

Over a million persons die yearly in Europe of consumption.

Five hundred and eighty-seven different languages are spoken in Europe.

Forty-five hours constitute a week's work for women and girls in New Zealand.

Seventy-eight profit sharing schemes, affecting 52,526 workpeople, were in operation last year in this country.

Malena Gaceman, the Viennese lady swimmer, is training for another attempt to swim the English channel.

Out of 2,699 murders of Christians in Turkey last year there were only 61 cases in which the murderers were punished.

The longest railway run in the world without changing is on the Canadian Pacific, from Halifax to Vancouver, 3,662 miles.

The biggest orchard in the world is near Santa Barbara, Cal. It covers 1,700 acres and contains 31,000 fruit and nut trees.

The amount of heat generated by a man's body in a day's work is sufficient to raise 60 pounds of water from freezing to boiling point.

Lord Kelvin, who is now 78 years of age, is entitled to place no less than 26 letters, indicating various titles of honor, after his name.

Geranium bloom most satisfactorily when grown in comparatively small pots and soil which is turned rich, but not rank with excessive manure.

In Portugal if the wife publishes literary works without the husband's consent, she loses him at once from all further matrimonial obligations.

During the past ten years immigration to America from Germany, Ireland and England has decreased, while that from Italy, Austria and Russia has increased.

There are 6,000 monks on the promontory of Athos. They pay to the sultan 2,000 pounds a year for the privilege of being allowed to govern themselves.

The number of ships in the American whaling fleet has fallen off in the last twelve years from 97 to 40, and next the same is the case with the Scotch whaling industry.

One of Milton's biographers says that nearly twenty years elapsed between the time he sketched out the plan of "Paradise Lost" and the completion of that work. The actual labor of composition was condensed into two or three years.

Farmer Jones—I am a-going to take my son Hiram to a phrenology law and out what he's best suited for.

Farmer Hook—An 'a' p'oin' he tells you the boy ain't suited for farm'n' at all?

Farmer Jones—That's just what I want to see first out, he's a kin lick it out av him before he gets tew big.

Yonghubb—There's nothing like matrimony for teaching a young man the value of money.

Oldwad—That's right. A dollar a man gives to his wife looks twice as big as the dollar he blew in on her during courtship.

erlin and that pointment appeared near his features.

He gnawed his lip, drummed his fingers upon the table and showed every other symptom of acute impatience.

So great was his emotion that I felt sincerely sorry for him, while the two detectives smiled derisively, by no means displeased at this check which he had met.

"It can't be coincidence," he cried at last, springing from his chair and pacing wildly up and down the room: "It is impossible that in should be a mere coincidence. The very pills which I suspected in the case of Drebber are actually found after the death of Stanger. And yet they are inert. What can it mean? Surely my whole chain of reasoning cannot have been false. It is impossible! And yet this wretched dog is none the worse. Ah, I have it, I have it!"

With a perfect shriek of delight he rushed to the box, cut the other pill in two, dissolved it, added milk, and presented it to the terrier.

The unfortunate creature's tongue hardly seemed to have been moistened in its every limb, and lay as convulsive shiver as if it had been drawn up by lightning.

Sherlock Holmes drew a long breath and wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"I should have more faith," he said: "ought to know by this time that whether facts appear to be opposed to a long train of deductions it invariably proves to be capable of bearing some other interpretation. Of the two pills in that box one was the most deadly poison and the other was entirely harmless, ought to have known that before ever I saw the box at all."

This last statement appeared to me to be so startling that I could hardly believe that he was in his sober senses.

There was the dead dog, however, to prove that his conjecture had been correct.

It seemed to me that the mist in my own mind were gradually clearing away, and I began to have a dim, vague perception of the truth.

"All this seems strange to you," continued Holmes, "because you failed at the beginning of the inquiry to grasp the importance of the single red clew which was presented to you. I had the good fortune to seize upon that, and everything which has occurred since then has served to confirm my original supposition, and, indeed was the logical sequence of it. Hence, things which have perplexed you and made the case more obscure, have served to enlighten me and to strengthen my conclusion. It is a mistake to confound strangeness with mystery. The most commonplace crime is often the most mysterious, because it presents no new or special features from which deductions may be drawn. These strange details far from making the case more difficult, have really had the effect of making it less so."

(To be continued.)

Nothing of any importance. The man's novel with which he had read himself to sleep, was lying upon the bed, and his pipe was on a table beside him. There was a glass of water on the table and on the window sill a small ebb statement box containing a couple of pills.

Sherlock Holmes arose from his chair with an explanation of John's. "The last link," he cried, excitedly. "My case is complete."

The two detectives stared at him in amazement.

"I have now in my hands," his companion said confidently, "all the threads which lay a forecast such as there are, of course, details to be filled in, but I am certain of all the main facts, from the time that Drebber parted from Stanger at the station, up to the discovery of the body of the latter, as I had seen them with my own eyes. I will give you proof of my knowledge. Could you lay your hands upon those pills?"

"I have them," said Lestrade, producing a small white box. "I took them and the man and the program, intending to have them put in a place of safety at the police station. This was the merest chance my taking these pills, for I am bound to say that I do not attach any importance to them."

"Give them here," said Holmes.

"Now, doctor," turning to me, "are those ordinary pills?"

"They certainly were not. They were of a pearly gray color, small, round, and almost transparent against the light."

"From their lightness and transparency, I should imagine that they are soluble in water," I remarked.

"Precisely so," answered Holmes.

"Now, would you mind going down and fetching that poor little devil of a terrier which has been so long, and which the landlady wanted you to put out of its pain yesterday?"

I went downstairs and carried the dog upstairs in my arms. It labored breathing and glazing eye showed that it was cut for from its end.

Indeed, its snow white muzzle proclaimed that it had already exceeded the usual term of canine existence. I placed it upon a cushion on the rug.

"I will now cut one of these pills in two," said Holmes, and drawing his penknife, he suited the action to the word. "One half we return into the box for future purposes. The other half I will place in this wine glass, in which is a teaspoonful of water. You perceive that our friend the doctor is right, and that it really dissolves."

"This may be very interesting," said Lestrade, in the injured tone of one who suspects that he is being laughed at. "I can not see, however, what it has to do with the death of Mr. Joseph Stanger."

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