

Most remedies for prejudice seem to be fatal.

It costs more to be stingy than it does to be charitable.

A thing of beauty is a joy while it continues to draw.

There is no place like the home of a young man's best girl.

Successful men have no time to go back and cover up their footprints.

It requires something besides a range to throw out a cold audience—so says a singer.

Many a man's pessimistic views of life are due to his acquaintance with himself.

Evidently the Russian peasants do not consider it good fun to sit still and starve to death.

It is thought Uncle Paul Kruger has managed to save a portion of his salary out of the wreck.

Gen. Wood says: "Money is not everything." He is now eligible for membership in young John D.'s Bible class.

About the only way to induce the average man to take advice is to slip up on his blind side and drop it into his ear.

About the only chances the kings of those different German States have to get their pictures in the papers come when they die or go crazy.

A professor has just completed a 17-volume "Life of Edgar A. Poe." Never until now have we thought of Poe as a possible rival of the Encyclopedia Britannica.

Years ago a man bearing the name of John Smith had it changed to Gagnard Gignard, which name he selected because it was unlike John Smith as he could possibly get it. And now an Englishman, one Panfili Pickles, has had his name changed to John Smith. There is no accounting for tastes.

At a recent pedestrian contest a vegetarian won in the international match from Berlin to Dresden. The distance is 125 miles. The winner walked it in a little more than twenty-seven hours. His competitor, a meat eater, fell behind an hour and forty-five minutes. The vegetarian has also beaten the famous race of the Greek from Marathon to Athens, who covered 140 miles in twenty-seven hours. While proof is still lacking that an exclusive vegetarian diet is the best muscle-maker, data are accumulating which show that meat is not indispensable and that health may be promoted by diminishing its consumption. The Greeks, who were in their golden age, the most graceful as well as the most stalwart athletes, ate little meat. While the price of beef continues high Americans can better afford to experiment with a vegetable diet as a muscle-maker.

The celebration of the centennial anniversary of the establishment of the military academy at West Point furnished occasion for reverting to the important part the famous institution for training soldiers has played in our national life. The centennial exercises were incidental to the regular commencement, at which a class of fifty-four were graduated. Public interest naturally centered this year in the commemoration of the founding of the academy, the occasion drawing together many of the commanders who have gone from its halls to fight the battles of the Union and who have shed their blood on the annals of the army. While the United States is making soldiers who are fitted by training to become officers in the army it is also giving its cadets an education in mathematics, engineering and the sciences that will compare favorably with the courses in the highest institutions of learning in the world. Some idea of the standards of scholarship that are maintained at West Point may be gained from the fact that about one-fourth of those appointed by Senators and Representatives usually fail to pass the preliminary examinations, while only a little over one-half the remainder are finally graduated. Upon graduation cadets are commissioned as second lieutenants in the United States army. The whole number of graduates during the hundred years of its existence is now a little over 4,000. The academy has a history that gratifies the national pride. The martial achievements of many of its graduates in the great crises of the republic are an inspiration to patriotism and national unity.

The affection of women for cats has long been the stock in trade of the humorist. If the woman was "an old maid" and the cat a rollicking fellow given to late hours and daytime snoozes, so much the better for the joker. It is time for a defense of pussy, and incidentally, for a defense of my lady's discrimination in her choice of a pet. The popular estimate of the cat has always been based on comparison with the dog. But cats are not dogs, and whoever regards them as an inferior species of dog does both animals wrong. The chief characteristic of the cat is her intense originality. That of the dog is his teachableness and imitableness. Whoever will know Mistress Cat must study her—not try to teach her. She does not catch human ways. As she is domesticated, protected, well fed, she becomes not the more like her mistress, but the more herself. Her personal preference is law. At a given minute she does not wish to be fondled, and repays a caress with a scratch. She chooses her own time to be affectionate. Her habits and choices are persistent. Let her be punished forty times and she will continue to do so. This is not because she does not know what the punishment means, but because she does not care. Like Falstaff, she has "the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking."

HASTE TO GET RICH.

PLEA FOR OLD RELIABLE METHODS OF SAVING.

Speculative Spirit Now Rife and General Desire to Become Wealthy Without Labor Have Bad Effect Upon Principles and Practices of Men.

Are the experiences and methods of the man who began building his present fortune fifty years ago likely to be regarded by the youth of to-day as of any practical benefit?

The question was propounded to the veteran William J. Onahan, of Chicago, by a representative of the Chicago Tribune. Mr. Onahan answered: "In their details and as affecting young men at large—no. The same, sober, careful methods of fifty years ago are as applicable to-day to the founding of fortunes as ever they were in history. But they read too tamely for the young men of this strenuous age. The spirit of speculation has gone too far. The excitement of gaming, from the penny-tossing by the newsboys to the 'margining' in the bucket shops, has led the young men of to-day to look upon the methods of founding fortunes fifty years ago just as they would look upon the methods used at that time in sending merchandise from New York to San Francisco.

"You can't reach the masses of the young men of Chicago, for instance, by saying to them that the only way to build a safe, desirable and lasting fortune is by slow accretion and that this accretion should begin with the first salary that they draw. Tell a young man who may be taking up business life that even on a salary of \$10 a week he should be laying some of it aside, and the chances are that he will laugh at you. Why? Simply because the temptation to spend never was so great as it is now. Yet this habit of saving is easier to acquire on \$10 a week than it will be afterward at \$25 a week, and you may be sure that it is the one dominant trait that must be at the foundation of fortune building.

In the nervous energy of the present there is a general disposition abroad to shove almost any philosophy of materialism fifty years old as being out of date. It has been so easy to say, 'Yes, you could do so and so once, but you can't do it now.'

"But a truth is a truth and that permanent fortune must be the product of sound, conservative building is truer to-day, almost, than it ever was before. Most of the wealthy men of to-day began their fortune building from the ground up. They began with habits of thrift and frugality were far more general in both old and young than they are now, and while they worked longer hours for less pay, they saved more money.

I have looked to the Civil War, all ways, as being the line of demarcation between the young man of yesterday and the young man of to-day. I don't know but what war is productive of the spirit of extravagance. It creates a feeling of instability. Certainly the great Civil War in this country changed the traits and characteristics of the people. Excitement took the place of repose. Speculation supplanted steady trade and this has led to the spirit of gambling, which in one or another form has become dangerously widespread.

"Too many young men to-day have become infected with this passion. There is a haste to get rich. Conservative methods in business are too slow. The hope of gaining fortune without labor has become widely alluring. This is a fatal delusion. Even where wealth is thus gained it is most often a curse than a blessing. The fortune quickly gained and without labor generally is as speedily dispatched. Yet just to the extent that we see flattering opportunities held out to young men for the making of fortunes by some short cut, just to that extent one may guess that these propositions are accepted.

"No doubt there is now more restless energy displayed by young men in all pursuits than formerly, but there were more steadiness, greater perseverance, and, as a consequence, more lasting results fifty years ago. Then habits of life were simpler, temptations were less common and extravagance of living comparatively unknown. Now it requires great strength of character in the young man to stand out against the temptations of environment. No doubt there is a certain fascination in these modern activities—in the whirl and excitement of later day trading and speculation. Amusements, too, are more common and costly and dissipations are more alluring.

"That there are \$2,500,000,000 in the savings banks of the United States and that the totals are increasing every year shows promise. At the same time I am not sure that it would not be shown by analysis that adopted citizens from continental Europe lead as these depositors. To some extent it may be true of the direct descendants of that old stock, but it has lost its significance when applied to the typical American.

"In these observations it should not be lost to mind that in general a vice is more apparent than a virtue and on the surface we often see traits to be deplored—lack of reverence and respect for parents and parental authority, loss of the deference due to age, and a falling off in the chivalrous respect due to women.

But as for opportunity for young men to-day, it is greater than it was ever before, only it is not to be sought in the bucket shops or on the race course. Steadiness, sobriety, and perseverance will assuredly bring their reward to the young men of to-day as in the past, and more swiftly. The enormous activities of the present age; the universal expansion of American trade; which now as never before, pushes its giant ramifications all over the country, point to the gates of boundless possibilities to the energy and capacity of American enterprise.

CONVERSATION WITH TENNYSON

Enthusiastic Admirer of the Great Poet Was Thoroughly Snubbed.

An American gentleman, in the course of a recent reminiscence talk, told his friends how he once listened to a conversation between Lord Tennyson and a young Englishman, then just beginning to be known in literature. It took place in a country inn, where the two had been introduced by a friend of both, who had left to catch his train immediately after the presentation.

The American, sitting at a table near by, heard the Englishman, a shy but ardent admirer of the poet, begin modestly and stammeringly to tell him how much pleasure he had taken in his poems. When he ceased speaking, Tennyson said:

"Humph!"

The young man was abashed, but he tried again. He spoke of the beautiful scenery in the vicinity, and mentioned the points of interest which he had visited, and which he knew were more familiar to the poet than to himself. His final remark was a question. Tennyson answered:

"Humph!"

A third time the embarrassed young man resumed the conversation, although he looked as if he would like to escape if he knew how. He had become desperate, and talked about the weather. The clouds had grown threatening; would it really rain? Tennyson was standing near the threshold. He stepped outside, looked up, held out his palm to feel if any drops were falling, and uttered:

"Humph!"

Then he walked off around the house, and disappeared from view.

"Well!" cried the Englishman. The American, although he was not addressed, looked up with twinkling eyes and responded, "Humph!" Then both laughed, and an acquaintance sprang up between them which prospered more fortunately than the relations so rapidly begun and terminated between the great laureate and his thoroughly snubbed admirer.

A STUDY IN SCARLET.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

PART I.

Being a reprint from the reminiscences of John H. Watson, M. D., late of the army medical department.

CHAPTER I.

In the year 1878 I took my degree of Doctor of Medicine of the University of London and proceeded to Netley to go through the course prescribed for surgeons in the army.

Having completed my studies there, I was duly attached to the Fifth Northumberland Fusiliers as assistant surgeon. The regiment was stationed in India at the time, and before I could join it the second Afghan war had broken out.

On landing at Bombay I learned that my corps had advanced through the passes and was already deep in the enemy's country.

I followed, however, with many other officers who were in the same situation as myself, and succeeded in reaching Candahar in safety, where I found my regiment, and at once entered upon my new duties.

The campaign brought honor and promotion to many, but for me it had nothing but disaster and misfortune. I was removed from my brigade and attached to the 2nd Battalion of the 4th Buffs, a fine old regiment, which I served at the battle of Maland. I served at the battle of the shoulder by a fabled bullet, which shattered the bone and grazed the subclavian artery. I should have fallen into the hands of the murderous Ghazis had it not been for the courage and devotion shown by Murray, my orderly, who threw me across a pack horse and succeeded in bringing me safely into the British lines.

Worn with pain and weak from the prolonged hardships which I had undergone, I was removed, with a great train of wounded sufferers, to the base hospital at Peshawar.

Here I rallied, and had already improved so far as to be able to walk about the wards, and even to bask a little on the veranda, when I was struck down by enteric fever, that curse of our Indian possessions.

For months my life was despaired of, and when at last I came to myself and became convalescent, I was so weak and emaciated that a medical board determined that not a day should be lost in sending me back to England.

I was dispatched accordingly in the troopship "Orontes," and landed a month later on Portsmouth jetty, with my health irretrievably ruined, but with permission from a paternal government to spend the next nine months in attempting to improve it.

I had neither kith nor kin in England, and was therefore as free as air—or as free as an income of eleven shillings and sixpence a day will permit a man to be.

Under such circumstances I naturally gravitated to London, that great cesspool into which all the loungers and idlers of the empire are irresistibly drained.

There I stayed for some time at a private hotel in the Strand, leading a comfortable, meaningless existence and spending such money as I had considerably more freely than I ought.

So alarming did the state of my finances become, that I soon realized that I must either leave the metropolis and rusticate somewhere in the country or that I must make a complete alteration in my style of living.

Choosing the latter alternative, I began by making up my mind to leave the hotel and take up my quarters in some less pretentious and less expensive domicile.

On the very day that I had come to this conclusion, I was standing at the Criterion bar, when some one tapped me on the shoulder, and, turning round, I recognized young Stamford, who had been a dresser under me at Bart's.

The sight of a friend's face in the great wilderness of London is a pleasant thing, indeed, for a lonely man. In old days Stamford had never been a particular crony of mine, but now I hailed him with enthusiasm, and he, in his turn, appeared to be delighted to see me.

In the exuberance of my joy I asked him to lunch with me at the Holborn, and we started off together in a hansom.

"Whatever have you been doing with yourself, Watson?" he asked, in undisguised wonder, as we rattled through the crowded London streets. "You are as thin as a lath and as brown as a nut."

I gave him a short sketch of my adventures, and had hardly concluded it by the time that we reached our destination.

"Poor devil!" he said, commiseratingly, after he had listened to my misfortunes. "What are you up to now?"

"Looking for lodgings," I answered. "Trying to solve the problem as to whether it is possible to get comfortable rooms at a reasonable price."

"That's a strange thing," remarked my companion; "you are the second man today that has used that expression to me."

"And who was the first," I asked.

"A fellow who was working at the chemical laboratory up at this hospital, because he could not get some one to go halves with him in some nice rooms which he had found and which were too much for his purse."

"By Jove!" I cried, "if he really wants some to share the rooms and the expense, I am the very man for him. I should prefer having a partner to being alone."

Young Stamford looked rather strangely at me over his wine glass. "You don't know Sherlock Holmes yet," he said; "perhaps you would not care for him as a constant companion."

"Why, what is there against him?" "Oh, I didn't say there was anything against him. He is a little queer in his ideas—an enthusiast in some branches of science. As far as I know, he is a decent fellow enough."

"A medical student, I suppose?" I said.

"No; I have no idea what he intends to go in for. I believe he is well up in anatomy, and he is a first class chemist; but, as far as I know, he has never taken out any systematic medical classes. His studies are very desultory and eccentric, but he has amassed a lot of out-of-the-way knowledge which would astonish his professors."

"Did you ever ask him what he was going in for?" I asked.

"No; he is not a man that it is easy to draw out, though he can be communicative enough when the fancy seizes him."

"I should like to meet him," I said.

"If I am to lodge with any one, I should prefer a man of studious and quiet habits. I am not strong enough yet to stand much noise or excitement. I had enough of both in Afghanistan to last me for the remainder of my natural existence. How could I meet this friend of yours?"

"He is sure to be at the laboratory. He either avoids the place for weeks or else he works there from morning to night. If you like we shall drive round together after luncheon."

"Certainly," I answered; and the conversation drifted away into other channels.

As we made our way into the hospital after leaving the Holborn Stamford gave me a few more particulars about the gentleman whom I proposed to take as a fellow lodger.

"You mustn't blame me if you don't get on with him," he said; "I know nothing more of him than I have learned from meeting him occasionally in the laboratory. You proposed this arrangement, so you must not hold me responsible."

"If we don't get on it will be easy to part company," I answered.

"It seems to me, Stamford," I added, looking hard at my companion, "that you have some reasons for wishing your hands of the matter. Is this fellow's temper so formidable, or what is it. Don't be mealy-mouthed about it."

"It is not easy to express the inexpressible," he answered, with a laugh. "Holmes is a little too scientific for my tastes—it approaches to cold bloodedness. I could imagine his giving a friend a little pinch of the latest vegetable alkaloid, not out of malevolence, you understand, but simply out of a spirit of inquiry, in order to do him justice, I think he would take it himself with the same readiness. He appears to have a passion for exact and definite knowledge."

"Very right, too."

"Yes, but it may be pushed to excess. When it comes to beating the subjects in the dissecting rooms with a stick, it is certainly taking rather a bizarre shape."

"Beating the subjects?"

"Yes, to verify how far bruises may be produced after death. I saw him at it with my own eyes."

"And yet you say he is not a medical student?"

"No. Heaven knows what the objects of his studies are! But here we are, and you must form your own impressions about him."

As he spoke we turned down a narrow lane and passed through a small door, which opened into a wing of the great hospital.

It was familiar ground to me, and I needed no guiding as we ascended the bleak stone staircase and made our way down the long corridor, with its vista of whitewashed walls and dun colored doors. Near the farther end a low arched passage branched away from it and led to the chemical laboratory.

This was a lofty chamber, lined and littered with countless bottles. Broad, low tables were scattered about, which bristled with retorts, test tubes and little Bunsen lamps, with their blue, flickering flames.

There was only one student in the room, who was bending over a distant table absorbed in his work. At the sound of our steps he glanced around and sprang to his feet with a cry of pleasure.

"I've found it! I've found it!" he shouted to my companion, running towards us with a test tube in his hand. "I have found a reagent which is precipitated by haemoglobin, and by nothing else."

Had he discovered a gold mine greater delight could not have shown upon his features.

"Doctor Watson—Mr. Sherlock Holmes," said Stamford, introducing us.

"How are you?" he said, cordially, gripping my hand with a strength for which I should hardly have given him credit. "You have been in Afghanistan, I perceive."

"How on earth did you know that," I asked in astonishment.

"Never mind," said he, chuckling to himself. "The question now is about haemoglobin. No doubt you see the significance of this discovery of mine?"

"It is interesting, chemically, no doubt," I answered; "but practically—"

"Why, man, it is the most practical medico-legal discovery for years. Don't you see that it gives us an infallible test for blood stains? Come over here now!"

He seized me by the coat sleeve in his eagerness and drew me over to the table at which he had been working. "Let us have some fresh blood," he said, digging a long bodkin into his finger and drawing off the resulting drop of blood in a chemical pipette. "Now I add this small quantity of blood to a litre of water. You see that the resulting mixture has the appearance of true water. The proportion of blood cannot be more than one in a million. I have no doubt, however, that we shall be able to obtain the characteristic reaction."

As he spoke he threw into the vessel a few white crystals and then added some drops of a transparent fluid. In an instant the contents assumed a dull mahogany color, and a brownish dust was precipitated to the bottom of the glass jar.

"Ha! Ha!" he cried, clapping his hands and looking as delighted as a child with a new toy. "What do you think of that?"

"It seems to be a very delicate test," I remarked.

"Beautiful! Beautiful! The old gynaecum test was very clumsy and uncertain. So is the microscopic examina-

tion for blood corpuscles. The latter is valueless if the stains are a few hours old. Now, this appears to act as well as this test been invented there are hundreds of men now walking the earth who would long ago have paid the penalty of their crimes."

"Indeed!" I murmured.

"Criminal cases are continually bringing on that point. A man is suspected of a crime months perhaps after it is committed. His linen or clothes are examined, and brownish stains discovered upon them. Are they bloodstains, or mudstains, or ruststains, or fruitstains, or what are they? There is a question which has puzzled many an expert; and why? Because there was no reliable test. Now we have the Sherlock Holmes test, and there will no longer be any difficulty."

"His eyes fairly glittered as he spoke, and he put his hand over his heart and bowed as if to some applauding crowd conjured up in his imagination."

"You are to be congratulated," I remarked, considerably surprised at his enthusiasm.

"There was the case of Von Bischoff at Frankfurt last year. He would certainly have been hung had this test been in existence. Then there was Mason, of Bradford, and the notorious Muller, and Lefevre, of Montpellier, and Samson, of New Orleans. I could name a score of cases in which it would have been decisive."

"You seem to be a walking calendar of crime," said Stamford, with a laugh. "You might start a paper on those lines. Call it the 'Police News of the Past.'"

"Very interesting reading it might make, too," remarked Sherlock Holmes, sticking a small piece of plaster over the prick on his finger. "I have to be careful," he continued, turning to me with a smile, "for I dabble with poisons a good deal."

He held out his hand as he spoke, and I noticed that it was all mottled over with similar pieces of plaster and discolored with strong acids.

"We came here on business," said Stamford, sitting down on a three-legged stool and pushing another one in my direction with his foot. "My friend here wants to take diggings, and as you were complaining that you could get no one to go halves with you, I thought that I had better bring you together."

(To be Continued.)

BRIEF BUT KILLING.

Remedy Was Not Recommended, But Was Very Effective in Its Way.

A recent West Philadelphia political meeting was marked by the telling of the following story as illustrative of the evil of being too laconic in everyday speech. Brevity was the distinguishing characteristic of the village where in lived Jim and Zach, farmers, and each the owner of a horse. They met one day and spoke as follows, relates the Philadelphia Times:

"Mornin', Jim!"

"Mornin', Zach!"

"What did you give your horse for the torture?"

"Good mornin'!"

"Good mornin'!"

"They again encountered each other a few days later, with this result:

"Mornin', Jim!"

"Mornin', Zach!"

"What did you say you gave your horse for the torture?"

"Torture!"

"Killed mine."

"Mine, too."

"Good mornin'!"

"Good mornin'!"

Satisfied, Anyhow.

"Maria," said the colored citizen, "I feel lak my time has come at las; I is mighty low."

"Ain't yo' been eatin' de cunnel's watermelons?"

"Oh, yes."

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

"Did he pizen um?"

"He sho' did."

"Dat settles me. But, Maria—"

"What do you want?"

"I wuz all day at um, en I eat nine befo' I quit."—Atlanta Constitution.

Almost True.

"Now," commenced the attorney for the green goods men, "it is stated that when you discovered that the tin box held sawdust you exploded with laughter. How do you reconcile this statement with your claim that you were inflamed with wrath?"

"It ain't exactly the facts, judge," said the plaintiff. "I acknowledge that I was busted, but I deny that I laughed."—Baltimore American.

And Yet, Why Not Make 'Em Happy.

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

An Important Qualification.

First Burglar—What did yer take that bricklayer for? Taint no good!

Second Burglar—Taint!

First Burglar—Now. I tell yer, Jimmy, if yer wantter make a first class success in dis business yer got ter know somethin' about art!—Puck.

White Sands of New Mexico.

The "White Sands" of southern New Mexico lie in the San Augustin plain, and are a sheet of pure gypsum, 60 miles long and five to twenty broad. The white "sands" of gypsum raised by the wind resembles a line of breakers in the distance.

Poker Laws.

White—You don't like to play poker with Brown, do you?

Green—No; to tell the truth, I don't. But why did you think that was the case?

White—Because Brown says he likes to play with you.—Chicago News.

Pertinent.

Lady Lecturer—My dear children, I love all animals. I never under any circumstances hurt one. I even have a family of pet tortoises. I love them so that I catch flies for them.

Small Boy—Please, missus, ain't flies animals?