

CAMPBELL BROS., Proprietors. EUGENE, OREGON.

My boy, don't rock the boat. It is easier to make records and will than it is to break them.

Many a man sets himself up as a hero because he has no valet.

Even the lecture bureau managers have deserted Colonel Aguinaldo.

An amateur is a person who has entered the first stage of ignorance.

Mary MacLane says she has decided that she is not a genius. Now maybe she is one, after all.

Give a boy his choice of presents and he'll take the one that turns out the most noise.

Along with the nonappearance of Mr. Edison's storage battery is the two-minute trotter.

There seems to be a widespread movement among British statesmen to give the boys a chance.

Gold-brick purchasers are born often enough to keep the manufacturers from going out of business.

If every man wanted to do what the world wants him to do the whole thing would be greatly simplified.

Experience teaches. No boy who has held a cannon cracker in his hand till it exploded ever repeats the performance.

The Governor of Yucatan reports that his country has neither a war nor a revolution on hand. Well by gum! Another miracle.

Jane Toppin, the Massachusetts murderess, declares that she wishes to be known as the greatest criminal that ever lived. Did Jane ever hear of a Lucretia Borgia?

Japan has made a greater appropriation for her exhibit at the St. Louis World's Fair than was made by any one of the United States, which is another sign of Japan's progressiveness.

Professor Small must not be too hard on the sons of the rich. In his lecture at the Chicago University on "Reits and Interest" he denounced wealthy young men who lean back in their sea-green automobiles and live on the interest of their fortunes. It is not to be denied that the young man might spend his time and money to better advantage. But if the son of the rich man still prefers his sea-green automobile, who shall say that he is doing nothing for the community? He is dispensing his money in a legitimate way instead of cornering other people's privileges. He may withhold from the poor, but in his way he is giving activity to business and employment to honest labor. He may come to grief by squandering his millions, but that is his own matter. The community cannot suffer by a spendthrift as it can and does suffer from the miser and the monopolist. Professor Small must give the rich young man some credit for benefiting the community, even when the youth is sitting in his sea-green automobile and merely enjoying the landscape.

Albert Audet was recently in jail in Chicago for house breaking. The statement brings up a mental picture of a low-browed character with furtive manner and restless eyes. But Albert Audet who robbed boarding houses is not that kind of a man. Albert dresses in the mode and when arrested still complete suits, none of which cost less than \$50, were found in his trunk. He is a fine-looking, soft speaking young gent with marks of birth and breeding. And he is well educated. He holds a diploma for bachelor of arts in a Montreal university and is a graduate of a medical college. Maurice Grau paid him good money also for the use of his voice. He sang in the opening cast of "Florodora." What link did Fate neglect when it forged the chain of this gentlemanly burglar's make-up? Birth, breeding, bearing, refinement, physical and mental gifts—but somewhere there was a weak spot. Here it is: His principal complaint, after confessing to his crimes, was that he couldn't lie down on his wooden jail bench without wrinkling his clothes! Vanity. It has been pointed out again and again that ostentation and shallow pride in her clothes has ruined many a girl. But it is also true, though less remarked, that conceit in raiment has spoiled many a boy. The youth who thinks more of his clothes than he thinks of his character is in danger.

The London Times asks if nothing can be done to stop the continuous wholesale exportation of rare and early printed books and illuminated manuscripts to the United States. If something is not done speedily all the treasures referred to with the exception of those in public libraries will be shipped across the Atlantic. Whoever wishes to see the best collection of the handwriting of the first English printer will have to visit the United States. It is difficult to see what can be done except for Englishmen to outbid Americans when rare books come on the market. In Italy there are laws which forbid the sale to foreigners by the Italians who own them of certain classes of paintings and statues. England is not ready for such legislation, which would be looked on as an invasion of private rights. Of course, if Englishmen were so patriotic as to accept a lower offer from a countryman for an illuminated manuscript in order that it might remain in England there would be no occasion for complaints like those of the Times, but because of his love of art and antiquity the American makes the higher bid and the English owner, because of his commercial instincts, accepts it. The Times might lead in the organization of a national defense fund for the purchase of rare books and manuscripts which otherwise Mr. Morgan or some other

American will carry off with him when ever offered for sale.

Young man, if you want to succeed in life, beware of self-indulgence. That vice is the bane of modern times. Your forefathers succeeded because they exercised the virtues of self-restraint and self-sacrifice. Those virtues sound strangely in your ears. You have little conception of what they mean. In your grandfather's youth there were no heating and cooking stoves, to say nothing of gas ranges. Your grandmother cooked the meals at the fire place or in a Dutch oven. There were no kerosene lamps, no railroads, no telegraphs, no telephones. The civilization of those times was not rich in invention, but it was rich in men and women. There were few luxuries in those early times and little temptation to self-indulgence. Life is made easy for you in one sense and hard for you in another. Mastery of self is more difficult now than it was fifty years ago. There are less difficulties to overcome and more temptations in the way. And if you are not careful of your opportunities the children of other lands will outrun you. It is the children of the foreigners who are doing the heavy work of the land and in so doing they are building up the physical, mental and moral fibre that you lack. Don't make fun of the immigrant. He comes of a large family and is gimp. The man who gets the largest salary in this country is named Schwab. Your greatest enemy is a disposition to self-indulgence, self-indulgence in drink, or passion or social dissipation. If you are to run your race with patience and poise you must deny yourself. Sounds strange? It is true.

The last official act of Judge Andrew Ellison, who died in St. Louis recently, and who for twenty-two years was a circuit judge at Macon, Mo., was to refuse a divorce for a divorce. When the divorce proceedings came up for trial the judge waved aside the lawyers and took the case himself. He asked a few questions and read numerous letters written by the parties to each other. Then he said to the litigants: "I suppose that you have both been hasty at times, but you have three little children, who are not responsible for these troubles. The law of both God and man says it is your duty to rear these children, and in the face of the fact that you both come from good people and have good hearts, I will not be an instrument—the last act of my official life will result in the severance of two young people and in the making of orphans of three little children. I will not do it." It was just before Christmas. The judge, another "Daniel come to judgment," pleaded with the couple to return home together and to-day they are living in harmony. Unhappily for society, few judges will thus exert themselves for the reconciliation of man and wife. They forget that it is the aim of the law to reform, to pacify and to conciliate. In fulfilling the letter of the law they forget the spirit of it. Moreover, this judge knew all the stops of the human organism. He knew what heart strings to touch. The weakness of the belligerent husband and wife was the children. Three little children, three tender ties between husband and wife that hatred could not disentangle. These could never be "his children" nor "her children." Always and forever they would be "our children." The little ones had done no wrong. Why should they be branded and humiliated and made forever sore of heart? That was the tender spot and the judge touched it deftly. Because it is the best thing left to us from Paradise the home lives always in the shadow of its foes. The devil would have only man and wife inside its walls. But God, knowing its needs, sends children.

Excavating by Compressed Air.—In sinking the Brooklyn caisson for the third bridge over the East River, it has been found possible to make compressed air do the work of shovels in removing the sand, through a thick stratum of which the caisson is being forced down toward the bed-rock deep beneath. The sand is so pure and loose that the force of the compressed air supplied for the workmen in the caisson suffices to drive it up through blow-pipes inserted into the caisson for the purpose. Jets of water are directed against the sand around the bottom of the blow-pipes, and when thus dislodged the sand readily passes up through the pipes with the strong air currents that are continually pouring into them from the compressed atmosphere of the caisson.

EYE OF A HOUSE FLY.
Here is a microscopic photograph of the eyes of a common house-fly. The microscope brings out many things which are unseen by the natural eye. The fly has large eyes and a number of eyes in one eye, which make him hard to catch. This picture not only shows the eyes, but the head as well, enlarged many thousand times its natural size.

The Kaiser Astonished.
Philadelphia has been delighted with a story about a prominent citizen of hers whose name is chiefly known in connection with the dry goods trade. During an expedition to Norway the German Emperor visited a ship of the Hamburg-American line, aboard which was John Wanamaker. He was presented to the Kaiser and at once grasped the Imperial hand, exclaiming: "I am glad to meet such an enterprising young man; that is just the sort of thing we admire in America." The unconventional greeting seemed greatly to please the Emperor.

Not Enjoyable.
"Delighted to see you! How did you enjoy your visit to the Riviera?" "Oh, not very much. There wasn't a soul where I was staying except intimate friends."

Mobbed the Umpire.
First College Girl—I hear you girls mobbed the umpire at the class game?
Second College Girl—Yes, we called her "a mean old thing," and held her up to scorn.

Science AND Invention

The varying color of a vacuum tube containing krypton, seen by some as lilac and by others as green, is explained by Prof. W. Ramsay to depend on the size of the yellow spot of the retina.

To illustrate amnesia and minute-scale, J. E. Gore cites the fact that the nearest fixed star is 271,000 times as far away as the sun, and that a specimen of certain infusoria can be between two lines of an inch space divided into twenty-five thousand parts.

Osteitis is regarded by Dr. Gabriel Leven, a French physician, as a nervous disorder. It is not a disease, but a symptom arising from various conditions, with some disturbance of nutrition—usually a kind of dyspepsia—on the foundation. Treatment is directed to the dyspepsia.

It is difficult to account for the enormous velocity of some birds' flight when migrating. The northern blue throat goes at the rate of 540 miles an hour, flying 4,800 miles from Egypt to Heliopolis in a spring night of barely nine hours. Virginia plover fly from Labrador to North Brazil, 9,600 miles, without stopping, going at the rate of 636 miles an hour, and probably more. How can this speed be attained? The birds resort to great height, where the resistance of the air is light.

One of the puzzles of geography has been the question of the situation of the sources and upper portions of the three great rivers, Hoangho, Yangtze and Mekong, all of which start from the lofty plateau of Tibet. Two of the rivers traverse China; the Mekong makes its way to the sea between Annam and Siam. This puzzle has been partially cleared up by the explorations of the Russian Captain Kozloff during 1900 and 1901. He found that the three rivers flow on the surface of the great plateau, 12,000 feet above sea-level, and are separated from one another by parallel ranges of mountains rising about 2,000 feet above the plateau, and running in a northwest and southeast direction.

The fact that the sun when poised on the horizon sometimes appears greatly distorted, or drawn out into the form of an oval, is well known, and the explanation is very simple, namely, the rapid change in the refractive index of the air near the horizon, in consequence of which the lower edge of the sun appears to be lifted with reference to the upper edge, and so the disk looks as if squeezed between top and bottom. Recently Professor Prinz, of the Brussels Observatory, has obtained several large scale photographs of the setting sun which distinctly show the deformation of the disk, and render its measurement very easy. In one case the vertical diameter is to the horizontal in the ratio of 75 to 84. Sometimes the distortion is greater than that.

A WALKING STICK AS A MEASURE.
Heights of Objects Ascertained by Help of a Cane.
A walking stick is an invaluable article to accompany one on a walk, for it can assist you in other ways than in aiding your progress. Suppose you want to measure the height of a cliff, a church steeple, or some other tall object, and the sun shines out, and therefore no shadow is cast. The walking stick will now be the best assistant you can have. Tell the distance from the object which you wish to measure, and in the ground at that point firmly plant your stick. Then move along from it in a straight line until by lying down on another earth the top of your stick and the top of the object to be measured will be in a line. This spot you will mark. This gives you two points—one, where you lay down; two, your planted stick, and three, the object to be measured. Now, the distance from the point where you lay down to the stick is to the distance from the stick to the object to be measured as the height of the stick is to the height of that object. Thus suppose the point where you lay down is six yards from the stick and thirty-six yards from the object, then the object is six times the height of the stick. Now, the stick you know to be three feet high, the object measured is therefore approximately eighteen feet.

It is a fairly easy thing to obtain the measurement of an object if you but have a rule or a compass. The trouble is that usually when one wishes to judge a distance a standard to go by is sadly lacking. There are, however, ready substitutes if you but know how to use them. If the sun be shining you can get the cardinal points as easily with your watch as with a compass. Point the twelve on the dial toward the sun. Half way between the point at which the hour hand is and the figure 12 will be due south. That point located north, east and west follow, as of course. Without explanation this sounds like legerdemain, but it is in reality simple and easily understood. At noon the sun is due south and the hour hand pointed toward 12. The sun and the hour hand both travel forward, but as the hand goes around the dial twice in the twenty-four hours and the sun revolves about the earth but once in that period of time, it follows that the sun's speed is double that of the hour hand; therefore, by dividing the distance between the hour hand and 12 by 2 you get the distance the sun has traveled in the open, as

da ranchers and farmers, can generally tell time fairly accurately by the sun, and some, although it is seemingly more difficult, can tell time from the length of the shadow thrown by the sun. The shadow is, however, an easy way of determining heights. For example, suppose you wished to ascertain the height of a tree when walking. Pace the shadow of the tree made by the sun and then plant your walking stick and pace its shadow. As many more or less times its length as the shadow is will give you the distance of shadow thrown by the sun. For instance, suppose the shadow to be three times the length of the stick, then it is nine feet, for the stick is three, and if you then divide your paced distance of the tree's shadow by three you will get fairly near the actual height of the tree—New York Tribune.

HAS SOUVENIR OF KING.

It Is Only a Crust of Bread, but Chicago Woman Prizes It Highly.
A unique souvenir of the banquet given at the Richmond House in Chicago in 1890 to the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII., is possessed by Mrs. Charles Hunt, of this city. Mrs. Hunt is the mother of Mrs. Moses J. Wentworth, wife of the nephew of "Long John" Wentworth, Mayor of the city at the time of the Prince's visit.

Mr. Hunt was City Treasurer then, and he and his wife were living at the Richmond House. In deference to the hotel's distinguished guest they gave up their suite of rooms for his use. After the guests had left the dining room at the close of the banquet Mr. Hunt went in with a number of others out of curiosity.

Seeing others seeking souvenirs, and thinking that, as he and his wife had given up their rooms to the Prince they were especially entitled to a souvenir, Mr. Hunt took a small piece of toast from the Prince's plate. He placed it in a little box and presented it to his wife "as a present from the Prince." She has carefully kept the crust, and it is in an excellent state of preservation, a little harder to bite, however, than it was 42 years ago.

In connection with the Prince's toast Mrs. Moses J. Wentworth tells an anecdote. It seems the Prince was not feeling well on the night of the banquet. He had no little appetite that night and was about all he cared to eat. Having satisfied his slender appetite, and been at the table as long as he wished, he announced, as is usual with royalty on such occasions, "I have finished." This was the signal for all persons at the table to quit eating, rise and then follow the Prince from the table.

Now it happened that "Long John" Wentworth, the Mayor, was a good deal hungrier on this occasion than the Prince was. He had started in to eat something of a "meal," when the Prince's announcement, "I have finished," interrupted him.

"Well, I have not finished," he exclaimed, in a tone of good-natured but injured protest. However, he arose with the rest and left the table. But he afterward told one of his friends that he took advantage of the first opportunity to "skip off by himself" and get something more to eat—Chicago Tribune.

MR. SCHWAB IN NEW YORK.

Only Captain of Industry Who Prefers to Work for a Salary.
Mr. Schwab represents the highest development of the salaried employe, writes Samuel E. Moffett, in an article concerning the president of the United States Steel Corporation in the Cosmopolitan. Other men comparable with him as generals of industry have soon graduated from the pay roll to work for themselves. Rockefeller, Hill, Spreckels, Mills, Stanford, Huntington, Hopkins and Carnegie all began poor, but all turned their energies to putting themselves into a position in which everything amassed by their brains would go into their own bank deposits. Schwab alone has been content to remain a glorified wage-earner, cheerfully putting ten millions into the pockets of his employers for every million retained by himself.

Mr. Schwab is a socialist in disguise. He recalls the difficulty a worker found under the old individualistic system of securing a foothold in business for himself. His savings would not do it, a factory, or a partnership in one. The excess of his savings could save enough to start a little workshop and he could add to his business from day to day until with good luck he had built up a great industry, but the average wage-earner could never hope to be his own employer. Now a man with any thrift at all can buy a share of stock. A little later he can buy another share. Before he knows it he is perceptibly a partner in the business that employs him.

This Mr. Schwab believes to be the direction in which evolution is going to carry our industrial system. He has given his views a dazzling illustration in his own person. In his case it has been merely the purchase of one share at a time out of weekly savings, but the acquisition of blocks of stock as a reward for conspicuous ability.

The Mice Did Not Care.
Little Dorothea is one of those children whose danger signal is silence. When she is still, says Brooklyn Life she is in mischief.

The other day her mother became aware of the quiet which boded trouble. She was about to look for the child, when, at that moment, Dorothea came in, her face rosy with happiness and her mouth covered with crumbs.

"Where have you been, Dorothea?" asked her mother. "What are you eating?"

"Cheese," said the young lady calmly.

"Where did you get it, dear?"

"In the mouf-trap."

"In the mouf-trap?" exclaimed her mother, horrified.

"Oh, yes."

"But what will the mice do? They won't have any cheese."

"Oh, dey don't care, mamma! Dey want two moufs in de trap, and dey did 'em a bit!"

"Are you broke?" asked one brakee of another. "No, but I'm broke 'em 'em the reply."

A STUDY IN SCARET.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER IV.

It was 1 o'clock when we left 3 Lauriston Gardens. Sherlock Holmes led me to the nearest telegraph office. For he had dispatched a long telegram. He then hailed a cab and ordered the driver to take us to the address given us by Lestrade.

"There's nothing like first-hand evidence," he remarked, "as a matter of fact my mind is entirely made up upon the case, but still we may as well learn all that is to be learned."

"You amaze me, Holmes," said I. "Surely you are not so sure as you pretend to be of all those particulars which you gave."

"There is no room for mistake," he answered. "The very first thing which I observed on arriving there was that a cab had made two runs with its wheels close to the curb. Now, up to last night we have had no rain for a week, so that those wheels, which left such a deep impression, must have been made there during the night. There were the marks of the horse's hoofs, too, the outline of one of which was far more clearly cut than that of the other three, showing that there was a new shoe. Since the cab was there after the rain began, and was not there at any time during the morning—I have Gregson's word for that—it follows that it must have been there during the night, and, therefore, that it brought those two individuals to the house."

"That seems simple enough," said I. "But how about the other man's height?"

"Why, the height of a man, in nine cases out of ten can be told from the length of his stride. It is a simple calculation enough, though there is no such thing as a perfect stride. In this fellow's stride, both on the clay outside and the dust within. Then I had a way of checking my calculations. When a man writes on a wall, his instinct leads him to write about the level of his eyes. Now, that writing was just over six feet from the ground. It was child's play."

"And his age?" I asked.

"Well, if a man can stride four and a half feet without the smallest effort, he can't be quite in the mere and yet not old. That was the key to the puzzle on the garden walk which he had evidently walked across. Patent leather boots had gone around and square toes had hopped over. There is no mystery about it at all. I am simply applying to ordinary life a few of the same principles of observation and deduction which I advocated in that article. Is there anything else that puzzles you?"

"The finger nails and the Trichinopoly," I suggested.

"The writing on the wall was done with a man's forefinger dipped in blood. My class showed me to observe that the plaster was slightly scratched in doing it, which would not have been the case if the man's nail had been trimmed. I gathered up some scattered ash from the floor. It was dark in color and flakey—such as that made by a Trichinopoly. I have made a special study of cigar ashes—in fact, I have written a monograph upon the subject. I flatter myself that I can distinguish at a glance the ash of any known brand of cigar or of tobacco. It is in fact such a fact that the skilled detective differs from the Gregson and Lestrade type."

"And the floral face?" I asked.

"Ah, that was a more daring shot, though I have no doubt that I was right. You must not ask me that at the present time of the affair."

I passed my hand over my brow.

"My head is in a whirl," I remarked: "the more one thinks of it, the more mysterious it grows. How came these two men—if there were two men—in to an empty house? What has become of the cabman who drove them? How could one man counsel another to take poison? Where did the blood come from? What was the object of the murderer, since robbery had no part in it? How came the woman's ring there? Above all, why should the second man write up the German word 'Rache' on the wall? I confess that I cannot see any possible way of reconciling all these facts."

My companion smiled approvingly.

"You sum up the difficulties of the situation succinctly and well," he said. "There is much that is still obscure, but I am quite made up my mind on the main facts. As to poor Lestrade's discovery, it was simply a blind intended to put the police upon a wrong track, by suggesting socialism and secret societies. It was not done by a German. The A. if you noticed, was printed somewhat after the German fashion. Now a real German invariably prints in the Latin character, so that we may safely say that this was not written by one of those chummy imitators, who credit his part. It was simply a ruse, to divert inquiry into a wrong channel. I'm not going to tell you much more of the case, doctor. You know a conjurer sets no credit when once he has explained his trick, and not the least touch of my method of working you will come to the conclusion that I am a very ordinary individual after all."

"I shall never do that," I answered; "you have brought detection as near an exact science as it ever will be brought in this world."

night. The man whom you held in your hands is the man who holds the key to this mystery, and whom we are seeking. There is no use of arguing about it now; I tell you that it is 'Come along, doctor.'

We started off for the cab together, leaving our informant incredulous, but obviously uncomfortable. "The blundering fool!" Holmes said bitterly, as we drove back to our lodgings. "Just to think of his having such an incomparable bit of good luck, and not taking advantage of it!"

"I am rather in the dark as to what he meant by that," he said. "You tell me here when you come back." Audley Court was not an attractive locality. The narrow passage led us into a quadrangle paved with flags and lined by sordid dwellings.

We picked our way among groups of dirty children and through lines of discolored linen until we came to No. 41, the door of which was decorated with a small slip of brass, on which the name Rance was engraved.

On inquiry we found that the Constable was in bed, and we were shown into a little front parlor to await his coming.

He appeared presently, looking a little irritable at being disturbed in his slumbers.

"I made my report at the office," he said.

Holmes took a half sovereign from his pocket, and played with it pensively.

"We thought that we should like to hear it all from your own lips," he said.

"I shall be most happy to tell you anything I can," the constable answered, with his eyes upon the little golden disk.

"Just let us hear it all in your own way, as it occurred."

Rance sat down on the horsehair sofa and knitted his brows, as though determined not to omit anything in his narrative.

"I'll tell it ye from the beginning," he said. "My time is from eight at night to six in the morning. At eleven there was a fight at the White Hart, but that was all quiet enough on the beat. At one o'clock it began to rain, and I met Harry Murcher—him who has the Holland Grove beat—and we stood together at the corner of Henfield street a-talkin'."

"Presently—maybe about two, or a little after—I thought I would take a look round and see that all was right down the Brixton road. It was precious dirty and lonely. Not a soul did I meet all the way down though a cab or two went past me. I was a-strollin' down, thinkin' between ourselves how un-commonly handy a four of six hot would be, when suddenly a glint of light caught my eye in the window of that same house. Now, I knew that them two houses in Lauriston Gardens were empty on account of him that owns them, who won't have his drains sewed up, though the very last tenant that lived in one of them died 'troidhold fever. I was knocked all in a heap, therefore, at seeing a light in the window, and I suspected as something was wrong. When we got to the door—"

"You stopped and then walked back to the garden gate," my companion interrupted. "What did you do that for?"

Rance gave a violent jump and stared at Sherlock Holmes with the utmost amazement. "I don't know," he said. "Why, that's true, sir," he said, "though how you come to know it, Heaven only knows! You see, when I got up to the door, it was so still and so lonesome that I thought I'd be none the worse for some one with me. I ain't afraid of nothing on the side o' the grave; but I thought maybe it was him that died 'troidhold inspecting the drains what killed him. The thought gave me a kind o' turn, and I walked back to the gate to see if I could see Murcher's lantern, but there wasn't no sign of him nor any one else."

"There was no one in the street?"

"Not a livin' soul, sir, nor as much as a dog. Then I pulled myself together and went back and pushed the door open. All was quiet inside, so I went into the room where the light was a-burnin'. There was a candle flickerin' on the mantelpiece—a red wax one—and by its light I saw—"

"Yes, I know all that you saw. You walked round the room several times, and you knelt down by the body, and then you walked through and tried the kitchen door, and then—"

John Rance sprang to his feet with a frightened face and suspicion in his eyes.

"Where was you hid to see all that?" he cried. "It seems to me that you know a deal more than you should."

Holmes laughed and threw his card across the table to the constable.

"Don't get arresting me for the murder," he said, "I am one of the bounds, and not the wolf in the sheep's cloth, though. What did you do next?"

Rance resumed his seat, without, however, losing his mystified expression.

"I went back to the gate and sounded my whistle, but I brought Murcher and two more to the spot."

"Was the street empty, then?"

"Well, it was, so far as anybody that could be of any good goes."

"What do you mean?"

"The constable's features broadened into a grin."

"I've seen many a drunk chap in my time," he said, "but never any one so cryin' drunk as that cove. He was at the gate when I came out, a-leanin' up agin the railin's and a-singin' at the rich of his luns about Columbine's New-fangled Beer, or some such stuff. He couldn't stand, far less help."

"What sort of a man was he?"

John Rance appeared to be somewhat irritated at this digression.

"He was an uncommon drunk sort o' man," he said. "He's had 'em off in the station if he hadn't been so took up."

"His face—his dress—didn't you notice them?" Holmes broke in, impatiently.

"I should think I did notice them, seeing that I had to hold him up—me and Murcher together—down the street, long chap with a red face, the lower part muffled round—"

"That will do," cried Holmes. "What became of him?"

"We'd enough to do without lookin' after him," the policeman said, in an ungracious voice. "I'll wager he found his way home all right."

"How was he dressed?"

"A brown overcoat."

"Had he a whip in his hand?"

"He must have left it behind," muttered my companion. "You didn't happen to see or hear a cab after that?"

"No."

"There's a half sovereign for you," taking his hat, "I am afraid, Rance, that you will never rise in the force. That head of yours should be for use as well as ornament. You might have gained your sergeant's stripes last

night. The man whom you held in your hands is the man who holds the key to this mystery, and whom we are seeking. There is no use of arguing about it now; I tell you that it is 'Come along, doctor.'

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"Just let us hear it all in your own way, as it occurred."

Rance sat down on the horsehair sofa and knitted his brows, as though determined not to omit anything in his narrative.

"I'll tell it ye from the beginning," he said. "My time is from eight at night to six in the morning. At eleven there was a fight at the White Hart, but that was all quiet enough on the beat. At one o'clock it began to rain, and I met Harry Murcher—him who has the Holland Grove beat—and we stood together at the corner of Henfield street a-talkin'."

"Presently—maybe about two, or a little after—I thought I would take a look round and see that all was right down the Brixton road. It was precious dirty and lonely. Not a soul did I meet all the way down though a cab or two went past me. I was a-strollin' down, thinkin' between ourselves how un-commonly handy a four of six hot would be, when suddenly a glint of light caught my eye in the window of that same house. Now, I knew that them two houses in Lauriston Gardens were empty on account of him that owns them, who won't have his drains sewed up, though the very last tenant that lived in one of them died 'troidhold fever. I was knocked all in a heap, therefore, at seeing a light in the window, and I suspected as something was wrong. When we got to the door—"

"You stopped and then walked back to the garden gate," my companion interrupted. "What did you do that for?"

Rance gave a violent jump and stared at Sherlock Holmes with the utmost amazement. "I don't know," he said. "Why, that's true, sir," he said, "though how you come to know it, Heaven only knows! You see, when I got up to the door,