

General Debility

Day in and out there is that feeling of weakness that makes a burden of itself.

Hood's Sarsaparilla It vitalizes the blood, gives vigor and tone to all the organs and functions, and is positively unequalled for all run-down or debilitated conditions.

Almost Converted. Two Jews, wishing to become Catholics, called at the house of a priest and, finding he was not in, decided to wait.

The Observation Car. Has barber shop and bath rooms, smoking and card rooms, library and an elegant parlor for the ladies, and all brilliantly lighted with electricity and cooled with electric fans.

Confirmed. Clara—He told me that although you had refused him, he knew that he would get over it.

The Particular Kind. "Thompson says he regards his mother-in-law as a perfect treasure."

Had Been There Before. Boreman—Hello, Sharpe! Well I tell you I'm glad to get back again.

Financial Efforts. Jack—Was the church garden party a success?

"North Coast Limited" Is run only by the Northern Pacific between Portland and Minneapolis and St. Paul through Tacoma, Seattle, Spokane, Butte, Livingston, Billings, Bismarck and Fargo.

A Misunderstood Man. Geraldine—Did you ever have the feeling that people didn't understand you?

Shake Into Your Shoes. Allen's Foot-Lotion. A powder. It makes tight or new shoes feel like a cloud.

No Mice on Papa Little. Mice cannot exist on Papa Little, an island in St. Magnus bay, on the west of Shetland.

SORES AND ULCERS. Sores and Ulcers never become chronic unless the blood is in poor condition.

Send for our free book and write our physicians about your case. We make no charge for this service.

Advertisement for S.S.S. (Swift Specific) featuring a large illustration of a man and text describing its benefits for blood purification and skin conditions.

A STUDY IN SCARLET.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

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.

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 honors and promotion to many, but for me it had nothing but disaster and misfortune. I was removed from my brigade and attached to the Berkshires, with whom I served at the fatal battle of Mairwand.

There I was struck on the shoulder by a Jezail 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.

ation for blood corpuscles. The latter is valueless if the stains are a few hours old. Now, this appears to act as well whether the blood is old or new. Had 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 hanging on that one 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 blood-stains, or mudstains, or ruststains, or fruitstains, or what are they? There is a question which has puzzled many an expert; and why? Because there is 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."

BRIEF BUT KILLING. Remedy 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 botts?" "Turpentine."

"Good mornin'." "Good mornin'." "They ain't encountered each other a few days later, with this result: "Mornin', Jim!" "Mornin', Zach!"

"What did you say you gave your horse for the botts?" "Turpentine." "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' do cunnel's watermillions?" "Oh, yes." "Well, didn't yo' know he done pizened the las' one er dem?"

"He sho' did." "Dat settles me. But, Maria—" "What do you want?" "I wuz all day at um, en I eat nine tefo' 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 should be careful to whom they throw bouquets. Some nice old girls get so few that they exaggerate the importance of a stray blossom. —Atchison Globe.

Advertisement for Hair Falls featuring an illustration of a woman's face and text describing Ayer's Hair Vigor as the most economical preparation of its kind.

Advertisement for HOITT'S SCHOOL with text describing its offerings for military and naval training.

Advertisement for Austin Well Machines with an illustration of a well machine and text describing its features for getting water or oil.

Advertisement for Mitchell Wagon with an illustration of a wagon and text describing it as the best on earth.

Advertisement for Wadham & Keer Bros. Portland, Ore., with text describing their products and services.

Advertisement for John Poole, Portland, Ore., with text describing his business in machinery and engines.

Advertisement for the O. K. Binder with an illustration of a binder and text describing it as the best in the world.

Advertisement for Keeley Cure with an illustration of a person and text describing its benefits for various ailments.

Advertisement for Prussian Pile Owers with text describing its effectiveness for hemorrhoids.

Advertisement for Cure Your Horse of Heaves with text describing a treatment for horses.

Advertisement for Best for the Bowels with an illustration of a person and text describing the benefits of Candy Cathartic.

Large advertisement for Carter's Little Liver Pills with multiple illustrations of the product box and text describing its benefits for liver and stomach issues.

1000 REWARD will be paid to any reader of this paper who will report to us any attempt of substitution, or sale of "something just as good" when Cascarets are called for, and furnish evidence upon which we can convict. All correspondence confidential.