

35c. FOR LADIES' MUFF. How can we sell Muffs at this price? We must have a room and all Furs must go regardless of what they cost. We still have a good assortment of Fine Furs.

\$1.98 FOR LADIES' JACKET. Black Cheviot Umbrella back, a very good garment and well worth double the money. We have some very good styles left in Fine Garments.

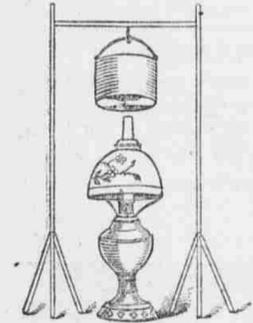
9c. CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR. Our stock of Children's Underwear is much larger than we want to carry, so have cut the price deep to close. White, 9c. upward. Scarlet and Gray at cost.

25c. LADIES' AND MEN'S UNDERWEAR. Greatest Bargain ever offered. All grades of White, Gray and Scarlet; price astonishing.

\$16.75 No 3 Sewing Machine. Demorest Sewing Machine.

AT WALTER'S, 128 Wyoming Ave.

TWOFOLD USE FOR A LAMP. It May Not Only Light a Room, but Heat a Kettle. For those people who are living in rooms and taking their board outside the house, not having the privilege of the kitchen range, the arrangement of utilizing the heat and at the same time the light from a parlor lamp as suggested by the accompanying sketch will readily commend itself.

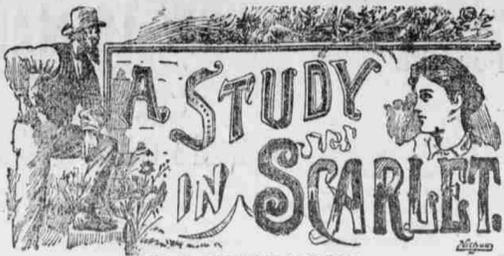


UTILIZING THE HEAT FROM A LAMP. wooden bar across the top having a hook for suspending either a tin pail or tea kettle in which hot water may be boiled, eggs cooked or a cup of coffee or cocoa made.

To many girls who are in an office or store all day this simple arrangement will often add a scanty meal without the added expense of an oil stove, which is something of an item when the weekly salary is small.

The standard may be set on the table with the lamp where one is at work, or the lamp may be placed on the floor, and two chairs, with a broom handle placed across the top of them, will answer the same purpose. The heat from the Rochester and other round burners is so great that it will boil water placed over it in a very few minutes. Care must be exercised that the kettle does not hang low enough to touch the top of the chimney. Two inches at least ought to intervene between the bottom of the kettle and the top of the chimney.

Likely to Get Even. Old Friend—What became of that beautiful full length portrait of yourself and your first husband? Mrs. Twombles—it is hidden away up in the garret. My second husband has never seen it yet. I'm keeping it for a surprise. "A surprise!" "Yes, if he ever again gives me a 10 cent bottle of perfume for a Christmas present, I'll give him that painting for a New Year's present."—New York Weekly.



BY A. CONAN DOYLE

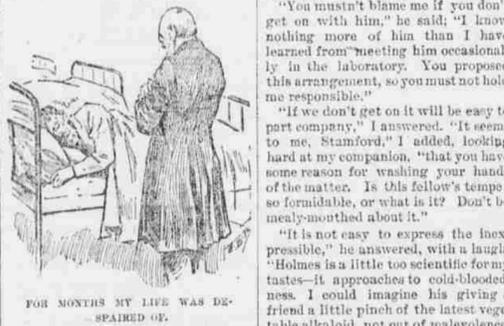
BRING A REPRINT FROM THE REMINISCENCES OF JOHN H. WATSON, M. D., LATE OF THE ARMY MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

CHAPTER I MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES

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 fulliers 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 honors and promotion to many, but for me it had nothing but misfortune and disaster. I was removed from my brigade and attached to the Berkshires, with whom I served at the fatal battle of Maiwand. 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 devotion and courage shown across a pack-train and succeeded in bringing me safely to 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 upon the veranda, when I was struck down by enteric fever, that curse of our Indian possessions. For months my life was de-



FOR MONTHS MY LIFE WAS DESPAIRED OF.

spaired 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 to 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 friendly face in the great wilderness of London is a pleasant thing indeed to a lonely man. In old days Stamford had never been a particular enemy of mine, but now I hailed him with enthusiasm, and he, in 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 undignified 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 to-day that has used that expression to me." "And who was the first?" I asked.

er delight could not have shone upon his features. "Dr. 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 hemoglobin. 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 perceive 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 guineum test was very clumsy and uncertain. So is the microscopic examination for blood-corpuses. 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."

"Criminal cases are continually hinging upon that one point. A man is suspected of a crime months perhaps after it has been committed. His linen or clothes are examined, and brownish stains discovered upon them. Are they blood-stains, or mud-stains, or rust-stains, or fruit-stains, or what are they? That 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 by his imagination. "You are to be congratulated," I remarked, considerably surprised at his enthusiasm.

"There was the case of Von Eisehoff 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 Sanson, 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 be made, 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 not get no one to go hives with you, I thought that I had better bring you together."

Sherlock Holmes seemed delighted at the idea of sharing his rooms with a dodo for a while. "I have my eye on a suite in Baker street," he said, "which would suit us down to the ground. You don't mind the smell of strong tobacco, I hope?" "I always smoke 'ships' myself," I answered.

"That's good enough. I generally have chemicals about, and occasionally do experiments. Would that annoy you?" "By no means."

"Let me see—what are my other shortcomings? I get in the dumps at times and don't open my mouth for days on end. You must not think I am sulky when I do that. Just let me alone and I'll soon be all right. What have you to confess, now? It's just as well for two fellows to know the worst of one another before they begin to live together."

I laughed at this cross-examination. "I keep a bull-pup," I said, "and object to rows, because my nerves are shaken, and I get up at all sorts of ungodly hours, and I am extremely lazy. I have another set of vices when I'm well, but those are the principal ones at present."

"Do you include violin-playing in your category of rows?" he asked, anxiously. "It depends on the player," I answered. "A well-played violin is a treat for the gods; a badly played one—" "Oh, that's all right," he cried, with a merry laugh. "If I think we may consider the thing as settled—that is, if the rooms are agreeable to you."

"When shall we see them?" "Call for me here at noon to-morrow, and we'll go together and settle everything," he answered. "All right—noon exactly," said I, shaking his hand.

We left him working among his chemicals, and we walked together toward my hotel. "By the way," I asked suddenly, stopping and turning upon Stamford, "how the deuce did he know that I had come from Afghanistan?" My companion smiled an enigmatical smile. "That's just his little peculiarity," he said. "A good many people have wanted to know how he finds things out."

I am much obliged to you for bringing us together. "The proper study of mankind is man," you know." "You must study him, then," Stamford said, as he bade me good-by. "You'll find him a knotty problem, though. I'll wager he learns more about you than you about him. Good-by."

"Good-by," I answered, and strolled on to my hotel, considerably interested in my new acquaintance.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Dress For Little Boys. A charming dress for little boys is of fine blue and white striped woolen stuff. The blouse parts are arranged on a body made of white longcloth buttoned in front. They are gathered above and below, sewed on at the neck opening, the armhole, down the seam under this and at the waist. Small buttons sewed on to the left side and buttonholes made in a



JACKET DRESS FOR LITTLE BOY.

stay set on at the front edge fasten the fronts invisibly. The jacket parts, lined with white cheviot and left loose at the lower edge, are turned back on each side as revers 2 1/2 inches wide. The stuff is put plain over the lining. A skirt 15 inches long and 1 1/2 yards wide, lined with longcloth, is sewed to the bodice, thick white cord being put over and tied in a bow at the waist. The sailor collar and sleeve cuffs 4 1/2 inches long, which complete the striped puff, must be made of double stuff. Blue embroidered anchors on revers and sleeves.

Japanese Girls. It must be a wretchedly poor Japanese girl who has not a silk obi—a long sash nearly a foot wide, of heavy silk, and so voluminous that it is made into a fold which covers half of the back. Nearly all have silk crapa dresses, but they are carefully preserved, and many last a lifetime. A young bride in ordinary circumstances takes to her new home clothes enough to last her as long as she lives—a provision more merciful to the husbands than many of them deserve.

Washing Red Table Linen. To wash red table linen use tepid water with a little powdered borax (borax sets the color); hang to dry in a shady place. The washing must be done separately and done quickly, with very little soap. The rinsing water should have a very little starch in it. Iron when nearly dry.

Homely Hints. Put a little soap on that creaking gate or door hinge and permanently stop that intolerable nuisance of a noise. When frying eggs, keep the edges turned up with a teaspoon as fast as they brown. This will keep them from being tough and indigestible and make it easier to lift or turn the egg without breaking the yolk.

Black woolen and cotton hose should be washed by themselves so as not to get lint on them, pulled in shape, hung on the line from the toes, as then the drip will go down instead of remaining in the toes and shrinking them. When anything is spilled on the stove or milk boils over, making a suffocating smoke, sprinkle the spot with salt and the fumes disappear.

Linoleum in the Kitchen. An authority on such matters recommends a thin quality of linoleum to be used as a dado for the walls in a kitchen. It should be glued close to the wall, and may be finished at the top with a plain molding. It may then be oiled or varnished, or left in its natural condition, as one chooses. It is in every way to be preferred to a dado of wood, which is liable to crack and leave interstices in which insects may lodge. The dado of linoleum is as easily washed as a dado of tiling, and is even more durable, while it is a good deal cheaper.

In the natural wood color in which this material comes, it would make a very pretty dado for a wall painted pale blue. As linoleum is nothing more than the blown pulp of wood, combined with oxidized linseed oil, it can be readily seen that it can be treated in any way that wood can be treated, while it is exactly suited to this purpose and the purpose of covering kitchen floors. A dado is almost a necessity in a kitchen, because a plastered wall gets chipped with continual wear. Linoleum offers just the right material necessary for such protection.

Cooking Eggs in Gravy. Set as many small custard cups as you have guests in a pan of boiling water and put a spoonful of highly seasoned gravy in each cup. When the gravy heats, drop in a fresh egg. Set back the pan and cover it closely. When the eggs are nicely and tenderly cooked, drop in a bit of butter and a slight seasoning of salt and pepper and serve at once.

Beecham's pills are fo biliousness, bilious headache dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

Book free; pills 25c. At drugstores, or write B.F. Allen Co., 365 Canal St., New York.

"Oh! a mystery, is it?" I cried, rubbing my hands. "This is very piquant."

Photographic Panorama OF THE WORLD'S FAIR Now Ready

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AT CHICAGO, Illinois, on the shore of Lake Michigan, from May 1 to October 30, 1893, stood the Magic City—the Dream City—that caused the whole world to halt and gaze in wonder and amazement. This was the crowning achievement in America's history of 400 years. Every nation from "Greenland's icy Mountains to India's Coral Strand," from darkest Africa to the islands of the sea poured forth their riches as tribute to the World's Columbian Exposition, that it should be the most marvelous display of ancient and modern times. All that the human brain had conceived, that human skill could execute, was there. All this wealth of the earth and genius of mind was concentrated there within an area of 633 acres, of which 250 acres were covered with buildings that alone cost Twenty-three Million Dollars. Only the spirit and the pictures of this, the eighth and greatest wonder of the world, remain with us. The spirit will make our nation greater and all humanity better, while the pictures make a pictorial history that will tell the story to all the children of men.

The Photographic Panorama of the World's Fair is designed to perpetuate the glories of the Magic City, for the entertainment of the multitudes and for the enlightenment of posterity. It presents vivid and realistic views of Grand Exposition Buildings and their towers, pinnacles and glittering domes, pictures of State and Foreign Buildings, of massive Arches, of Colonnades and Peristyle, of noble Statuary and Egyptian Obelisks, of Sculpture and Mural Decorations, of jetting Fountains, of beautiful Interior Exhibits, of Venetian Gondolas, gliding over the deep Lagoons, of Pavilions, of Foreign Villages, of Cafes, of the Wooded Island, and many other attractions of the Dream City, including the famous Midway Plaisance, the bazaar of nations, or the side-shows of the World's Fair.

Every vestige of the World's Fair is fast passing away. Already fire has played havoc among the buildings, while a small army of men are at work removing everything in the form of Buildings and exhibits that was dear to the sight of the World's Fair visitors. But thanks to photography, it remains for the entertainment and edification of the multitudes and for posterity.

The "Photographic Panorama of the World's Fair" is a voluminous illustrated history of that great event. It is a history that is both highly entertaining to the young and old, and instructive to all. It is such a volume that should be in every patriotic home. In order to have a complete, continuous and connected history, it will be necessary to have all four parts.

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The other Art Offers are still open.