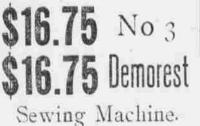
THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE-FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 19, 1894.



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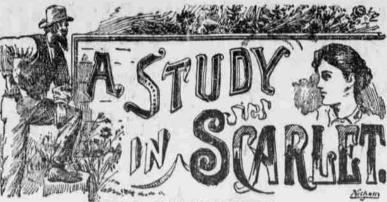
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AT 128 Wyoming Ave.

Lengthy Devotions. A young New York city lad, who spent a vacation with a very devout uncle in Rhode Island, narrates a very anuslag story on the subject of family prayers.



BY A. CONAN DOTLE

CHAPTER IIL

geant of murines."

THE LAURISTON GARDENS MYSTERY. fiddles, and the difference between a confess that I was considerably Stradivarius and an Amati. As for myself, I was silent, for the dull startled by this fresh proof of the weather and the melancholy business practical nature of my companion's theories. My respect for his powers of upon which we were engaged depressed analysis increased wondrously. There my spirits.

"You don't seem to give much thought to the matter in hand," I said still remained some lurking suspicion in my mind, however, that the whole at last, interrupting Holmes' musical thing was a prearranged episode, indisquisition. tended to dazzle me, though what

its, and prattled away about Cremona

"No data yet," he answered. "It is earthly object he could have in taking a capital mistake to theorize before me in was past my comprehension. you have all the evidence. It biases When I looked at him he had finished the judgment. reading the note and his eyes had assumed the vacant, lack-luster expres-"You will have your data soon," I remarked, pointing with my finger; sion which showed mental abstraction.

"How in the world did you deduce that?" I asked. "this is the Brixton road, and that is the house, if I am not very much mis-"Deduce what?" said he, petulantly. taken. "Why, that he was a retired ser-"So it is. Stop, driver, stop!" We were still a hundred yards or so from

"I have no time for trlifes," he reit, but he insisted upon our alighting, and we finished our journey upon foot. plied, brusquely. Then, with a smile: "Excuse my rudeness. You broke the No. 3 Lauriston gardens wore an illomened and minatory look. It was thread of my thoughts; but perhaps it one of four which stood back some litis as well. So you actually were not able to see that that man was a sertle way from the street, two being occupied and two empty. The latter

geant of marines?" No. Indeed." looked out with three tiers of vacant, "It was easier to know it than to exmelancholy windows, which were plain why I know it. If you were blank and dreary, save that here and asked to prove that two and two made there a "To Let" card had developed four, you might find some difficulty, like a cataract upon the bleared panes. and yet you are quite sure of the fact. A small garden sprinkled over with a Even across the street I could see a scattered eruption of sickly plants sepgreat blue auchor tattooed on the back arated each of these houses from the of the fellow's hand. That smacked of street, and was traversed by a narrow the sea. He had a military carriage. pathway, yellowish in color, and conhowever, and regulation side-whiskers. sisting apparently of a mixture of clay There we have the marine. He was a and of gravel. The whole place was man with some amount of self-imporvery sloppy from the rain which had tance and a certain air of command. fallen through the night. The garden You must have observed the way in was bounded by a three-foot brick wall which he hold hischead and swung his with a fringe of wood rails upon the top, cane. A steady, respectable, middleand against this wall was leaning a aged man, too, on the face of him-all stalwart police constable, surrounded facts which led me to believe that he by a small knot of loafers, who craned had been a sergeant."

their necks and strained their eyes in "Wonderfull" I ejaculated. the vain hope of catching some glimpse "Commonplace," said Holmes, of the proceedings within. though I thought from his expression I had imagined that Sherlock Holmes that he was leased at my evident sur-prise and admiration. "I said just would at once have hurried into the house and plunged into a study of the now that there were no criminals. mystery. Nothing appeared to be farappears that I am wrong-look at ther from his intention. With an air He threw me over the note of nonchalance which, under the cirwhich the commissionaire had brought. cumstances, seemed to me to border "Why," I cried, as I cast my eye upon affectation, he lounged up and over it, "this is terrible!" down the pavement, and gazed va-

"It does seem to be a little out of the common," he remarked, calmly. Would you mind reading it to me aloud?

This is the letter which I read to him: "MY DEAR MR. SUBRLOCK HOLMES: There the ground. Twice he stopped, and

once I saw him smile and heard him utter an exclamation of satisfaction

touched."

permitted this "

"No, sir."

of buffaloes had passed along there

could not be a greater mess. No

own conclusions, Gregson, before you

third party to find vat," he said.

mark he strode on into the house, fol-

lowed by Gregson, whose features ex-

A short passage, bare planked and

dusty, led to the kitchen and offices.

walked in, and I followed him with

that subdued feeling at my heart which

the presence of death inspires.

pressed his astonishment.

with light colored trousers and im-"Come here," he said, bustling back maculate collar and cuffs. A top hat, well brushed and trim, was placed upon the floor beside him. His hands were clinched and his arms thrown abroad, while his lower limbs were interlocked as though his death-struggle had been a grievous one. On his rigid

face there stood an expression of horror and, as it seemed to me, of hatred, such as I have never seen upon human features. This malignant and terrible contortion, combined with the low forchead, blunt nose and prognathous jaw, gave the dead man a singularly simious and ape-like appearance, which was increased by his writhing, unnat-ural posture. I have seen death in

many forms, but never has it appeared to me in a more fearsome aspect than in that dark, grimy apartment, which

looked out upon one of the main arter ries of suburban London. Lestrade, lean and ferret-like as ever, was standing by the doorway,

and greeted my companion and myself. "This case will make a stir, sir," he remarked. "It beats anything I have seen, and I am no chicken."

"There is no clew," said Gregson. "None at all," chimed in Lestrade. Sherlock Holmes approached the body, and, kneeling down, examined it intently. "You are sure that there is no wound?" he asked, pointing to numerous gouts and splashes of blood which lay all round.

"Positive!" cried both detectives. "Then, of course, this blood belongs to a second individual-presumably the murderer, if murder has been committed. It reminds me of the circumstances attendant on the death of Van Jansen, in Utrecht, in the year 1884. Do you remember the case, Gregson?" "No. sir."

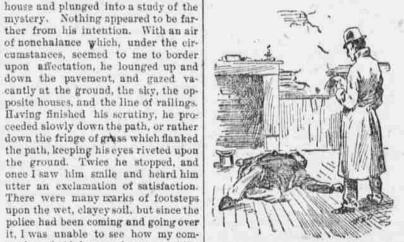
"Read it up-you really should. There is nothing new under the sun. It has all been done before."

As he spoke, his nimble fingers were flying here, there and everywhere, feeling, pressing, unbuttoning, examining, while his eyes wore the same far-away expression which I have already remarked upon. So swiftly was the examination made that one would hordly have guessed the minuteness with which it was conducted. Finally, he sniffed the dead man's lips, and then glanced at the soles of his patentleather boots.

"He has not been moved at all?" he asked.

"No more than was necessary for the purpose of our examination." "You can take him to the mortuary now," he said. "There is nothing more to be learned."

Gregson had a stretcher and four men at hand. At his call they entered the room, and the stranger was lifted and carried out. As they raised him,



into the room, the atmosphere of which felt cleaner since the removal of its ghastly inmate. "Now stand there!" He struck a match on his boot and held it up against the wall. "Look at that!" he said, triumphant-

I have remarked that the paper had fallen away in these parts. In this particular corner of the room a large piece had peeled off, leaving a yellow square of coarse plastering. Across this bare space there was scrawled in blood-red letters a single word: "BACHE."

"What do you think of that?" cried the detective, with the air of a showman exhibiting his show. "This was overlooked because it was in the dark est corner of the room, and no one thought of looking there. The murderer has written it with his or her own blood. See this smear where it has trickled down the wall! That disposes of the idea of suicide, anyhow. Why was that corner chosen to write it on? I will tell you. See that candle on the mantel piece. It was lit at the time, and if it was lit this corner would be the brightest instead of the darkest portion of the wall."

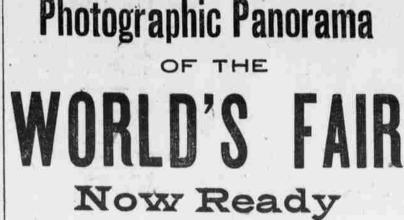
"And what does it mean, now that ou have found it?" asked Gregson, in a deprecatory voice.

"Mean? Why, it means that the writer was going to put the female name Rachel, but was disturbed before he or she had time to finish. You mark my words, when this case comes to be cleared up you will find that a woman named Rachel has something to do with it. It's all very well for you to laugh, Mr. Sherlock Holmes You may be very smart and clever, but the old hound is best, when all is said and done."

"I really beg your pardon!" said my companion, who had ruffled the little man's temper by bursting into an explosion of laughter. "You certainly have the credit of being the first of us to find this out, and, as you say, it cears every mark of having been written by the other participant in last night's mystery. I have not had time to examine this room yet, but with your permission I shall do so

As, he spoke he whipped a tape measure and a large, round magnifyng glass from his pocket. With these wo instruments he trotted noiselessly bout the room, sometimes stopping. occasionally kneeling, and once lying flat on his face. So engrossed was he with his occupation that he appeared to have forgotten our presence, for he chattered away to himself under his breath the whole time, keeping up a running fire of exclamations, groans, whistles, and little cries suggestive of

encouragement and hope. As I watched him I was irresistibly reminded of a pure-blooded, well-trained fox-hound as it dashes backward and forward through the covert, whining in its engerness, until it comes across the lost scent. For twenty minutes or more he continued his researches, measuring with the most exact care the distance between marks which were entirely invisible to me, and occasionally applying his tape to the walls in an equally incomprehensible man-



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T 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 ner. In one place he gathered very mind was concentrated there within an are of 633 acres, of which 250 carefully a little pile of gray dust from acres were covered with buildings that alone cost Twenty-three Million

for the length and fervor with which he offered up his petitions, whether at home or at prayer meeting. Those at home became such a bugbear to the boy that whenever possible he delayed his home coming at night until an hour sufficiently late to escape the orden1.

One evening he approached the house as usual at about 7 o'clock, thinking that he had well escaped the rehearsal of thanks and requests for mercy. Peeping through the dining room window, however, he discovered his aunt kneeling devoutly upon the floor before her chair.

Then he sneaked off and busied himself in cleaning his gun. This operation completed, he returned and took a second peep through the window, but still found his aunt in the same position. He repeated his visits at long intervals a third and finally a fourth time.

Upon the latter occasion to his surprise he saw his venerable micle enter the room. The latter, seeing his wife upon her knees, took in the situation at once, and setting down his milk pail walked to the wom an's side and shouted "Amen!" in her

Then the aunt got up as though nothing unusual had happened and began to busy herself with the ten dishes. It seems that she was very hard of hearing, and not catching the first amen and being used to lengthy prayers continued in her devotional attitude for about three-quarters of an hour, when her husband, who, in his haste, had not noticed her position, returned from some late work and terminated her long prayer .- New York Herald.

Lured to His Fate.

They sat in the parlor, gazing at the natural gas flames as they chased each other over the asbestus surface.

The two were Miss Bellefield and Mr. Van Branm, and the young man was in love with the young woman. He was doubtful of her feelings toward him, however, for she was not a girl to display her love, if she had any, until it was sought. The young man had not spoken. He dreaded the ordeal. He was fearful of the resuit. The conversation turned upon marriage, and in the course of the discussion Miss Bellefield said:

"In Burmah the women propose to the

"How I wish we were in Burmah," the young man replied, with a slight stress on the plural pronoun.

"It wouldn't do you any good if we were," replied the girl, and Mr. Van Braam did not linger much longer that evening .-- New York Recorder.

One Blessing.

Tom Moore used to tell a story about staying as a boy with an uncle at Sandymount near Dublin and finding one morning a dead highwayman lying on the road. There was a small bullet hole in his right temple. An old woman was looking at Lim. "Gentlemen," said she, "isn't it the blessing of God it didn't hit him in the ever "-"Seventy Years of Irish Life."

Beecham's pills are for 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 do." A minute later we were both in cause of all of them.

The uncle was noted the country round | man on the beat saw a light there about two in the morning, and, as the house was an empty one, suspected that something was There were many marks of footsteps amiss. He found the door open, and in the front room, which is have of furniture, discovered the body of a gentleman, bare of well dressed and having cards in his pocket bearing the name of 'Enoch J. Drabber, Clevepanion could hope to learn anything from it. Still, I had such extraordihand, O., U.S.A.' There had been no rob nary evidence of the quickness of his bery, nor is there any evidence as to how the man met his death. There are marks of blood perceptive faculties that I had no doubt that he could see a great deal which a the room but there is no wound upon his erson. We are at a loss as to how he came was hidden from me. into the empty house: indeed, the whole affair a puzzler. If you can come round to the se any time before twelve, you will find me re. I have left everything in statu quo until I hear from you. If you are unable to come I shall give you fuller details, and would esteem it's great kindness if you would favor me with

your opinion. "Yours faithfully, ToBIAS GREGSON " "Gregson is the smartest of the Scotland Yarders," my friend remarked;

"he and Lestrade are the pick of a bad lot. They are both quick and energetic, but conventional-shockingly so. They have their knives into one doubt, however, you had drawn your another, too. They are as jealous as a pair of professional beauties. There will be some fun over this case if they

are both put upon the scent." I was amnzed at the calm way in which he rippled on. "Surely there is not a moment to be lost," I cried. after this." "Shall I go and order you a cab?"

"I am not sure about whether I shall I am the most incurably lazy devil that ever stood in shoe leatherthat is, when the fit is on me, for I can be spry enough at times."

"Why, it is just such a chance as you have been longing for."

"My dear fellow, what does it mat-"It's a queer case, though, and I knew your taste for such things." ter to me? Supposing I unravel the "You did not come here in a cab? whole matter, you may be sure that Gregson, Lestrade & Co. will pocket asked Sherlock Holmes. all the credit. That comes of being an "No, sir." unofficial personage." "Nor Lestrade?"

"But he begs you to help him."

"Yes. He knows that I am his superior, and acknowledges it to me; but he would cut his tongue out before he would own it to any third person. However, we may as well go and have a look. I shall work it out on my own hook. I may have a laugh at them, if

Two doors opened out of it to the left I have nothing else. Come on!" and to the right. One of these had ob-He hustled on his overcoat, and viously been closed for many weeks. bustled about in a way that showed The other belonged to the dining-room, that an energetic fit had superseded the apathetic one. . which was the apartment in which the mysterious affair had occurred. Holmes "Get your hat," he said.

GAZED VACANTLY AT THE GROUND.

"You wish me to come?" "Yes, if you have nothing better to a hansom, driving furiously for the Brixton road.

Book free; pills 25c. At drugstores, or write B.F. Allen It was a very foggy, cloudy morning, and a dun-colored veil hung over the house tops, looking like the reflection or forty-four years of age, middlesized, broad-shouldered, with crisp, curling black hair and a short, stub Co.,365 Canal St., New York. of the mud-colored streets beneath. bly beard. He was dressed in a heavy My companion was in the best of spir-broadcloth freek coat and waistcoat.

SHERLOCK HOLMES APPROACHED THE BODY.

a ring tinkled down and rolled across the floor. Lestrade grabbed it up and stared at it with mystified eyes.

"There's been a woman here," he At the door of the house we were met by a tall, white-faced, flaxencried. "It's a woman's wedding-ring." He held it out, as he spoke, upon the haired man, with a note-book in his palm of his hand. We all gathered hand, who rushed forward and wrung round him and gazed at it. There could my companion's hand with effusion. "It is indeed kind of you to come," he be no doubt that that circle of plain gold had once adorned the finger of a said; "I have had everything left unbride. "Except that!" my friend answered, pointing to the pathway. "If a herd

"This complicates matters," said Gregson. "Heaven knows, they were complicated enough before!" "You're sure it doesn't simplify

them?" observed Holmes. "There's nothing to be learned by staring at it. What did you find in his pockets?" "We have it all here," said Gregson,

"I have had so much to do inside pointing to a litter of objects upon one the house," the detective said, evasiveof the bottom steps of the stairs. "A ly. "My colleague, Mr. Lestrade, is here. I had relied upon him to look gold watch, No. 97,163, by Barraud, of London. Gold Albert chain, very Holmes glanced at me, and raised his eyes sardonically. "With two such heavy and solid. Gold ring, with masonie device. Gold pin-bulldog's head, with rubies as eyes. Russian men as yourself and Lestrade upon the leather card-case, with cards of Enoch ground, there will not be much for a J. Drebber, of Cleveland, corresponding with the E. J. D. upon the linen. Gregson rubbed his hands in a self-No purse, but loose money to the exsatisfied way. "I think we have done tent of seven pounds thirteen. Pocket all that can be done," he answered; edition of Boccaccio's 'Decameron,'with name of Joseph Stangerson upon the fly-leaf. Two letters-one addressed to E. J. Drebber and one to Joseph

Stangerson." "At what address?"

"American Exchange, Strand-to be left till called for. They are both from "Then let us go and look at the he Guion Steamship company, and reroom." With which inconsequent re-

fer to the sailing of their boats from Liverpool. It is clear that this unfortunate man was about to return to New York." "Have you made any inquirles as to

this man Stangerson?" "I did it at once, sir," said Gregson.

'I have had advertisements sent to all the newspapers, and one of my men has gone to the American Exchange, but he has not returned yet." "Have you sent to Cleveland?"

"We telegraphed this morning." "How did you word your inquiries?" "We simply detailed the circumstances, and said that we should be

It was a large, square room, looking all the larger for the absence of all glad of any information which could farniture. A vulgar, flaring paper help us. adorned the walls, but it was blotched "You did not ask for particulars on in places with mildew, and here and any point which appeared to you to be there great strips had begome detached erucial?"

> "I asked about Stangerson." "Nothing else? Is there no circumstance on which this whole case appears to hinge? Will you not telegraph again?"

"I have said all I have to say," said the stump of a red wax candle. The solitary window was so dirty that the Gregson, in an offended voice, light was hazy and uncertain, giving a Sherlock Holmes chuckled to himdull gray tinge to everything, which self, and appeared to be about to make was intensified by the thick layer of some remark, when Lestrade, who had dukt which coated the whole apartbeen in the front room while we were

holding this conversation in the hall. All these details I observed afterreappeared upon the scene, rubbing ward. At present my attention was his hands in a pompous and self-satiscentered upon the single grim, motionfied manner.

less figure which lay stretched upon "Mr. Gregson," he said, "I have just the boards with vacant, sightless eyes made a discovery of the highest importance, and one which would have staring up at the discolored ceiling. It was that of a man about forty-three been overlooked had 1 not made a care-

ful examination of the walls." The little man's eyes sparkled as he spoke, and he was evidently in a state of suppressed exultation at having acored a point against his colleague.

the floor and packed it away in an envelope. Finally he examined with his glass the words upon the wall, going over every letter of it with the most minute exactness. This done, he appeared to be satisfied, for he replaced the tape and glass in his pocket.

"They say that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains," he remarked with a smile. "It's a very bad definition, but it does apply to detective work."

Gregson and Lestrade had watched the maneuvers of their amateur companion with considerable curiosity and some contempt. They evidently failed to appreciate the fact, which I had begun to realize, that Sherlock Holmes' smallest actions were all directed toward some definite and practical end. "What do you think of it?" they both asked.

"It would be robbing you of the credit of the case if I was to presume to help you," remarked my friend. 'You are doing so well now that it would be a pity for anyone to interfere." There was a world of sarcasm in his voice, as he spoke. "If you will let me know how your investigations go," he continued, "I shall be happy to give you any help I can. In the meantime, I should like to speak to

the constable who found the body. Can you give me his name and address?" Lestrade glanced at his note-book.

'John Rance," he said. "He is off duty now. "You will find him at 46 Audley court, Kennington park gate.'

Holmes took a note of the address. "Come along, doctor," he said; "we shall go and look him up. I'll tell you one thing which may help you in the case," he continued, turning to the two detectives. "There has been murder done, and the murderer was a man. He was more than six feet high, was in the prime of life, had small feet for his height, wore coarse, squaretoed boots and smoked a Trichinopoly cigar. He came here with his victim in a four-wheeled cab, which was drawn by a horse with three old shoes and one new one on his off fore-leg. In all probability the murderer had a florid face, and the finger-nails of his right hand were remarkably long. These are only a few indications, but they may assist you."

Lestrade and Gregson glanced at each other with an incredulous smile. "If this man was murdered, how was it done?" asked the former.

"Poison," said Sherlock Holmes, curtly, and strode off. "One other thing, Lestrade," he added, turning round at the door; "'Rache' is the German for 'revenge;' so don't lose your time looking for Miss Rachel."

With which Parthian shot he walked away, leaving the two rivals openmouthed behind him

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Latest Catch.

This is the latest catch, and lots of fun an be got out of it. Repeat the words rapidly several times without punctua-

"Which would you rather do would you rather ride in a cab and think how nice it would be to walk when you ride in a cab or would you rather walk and think how nice it would be to ride in a cab when you walk?" -- Tammany Times.

Pounds and Pounds.

When her mother read from the letter that Uncle John, who lives in England, had lost £300, little Alice, who had never seen her distant relative, exclaimed: "Why! what a fat man uncle must have been!".--Philadelphia Tiraes.

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Every vestige of the World's Fair is fast passing away. Already fire has played havoe 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.

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The other Art Offers are still open.

and hung down, exposing the yellow plaster beneath. Opposite the door was a showy fireplace, surmounted by a mantle-piece of imitation white marble. On one corner of this was stuck ment