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Being a reprint from the reminiscences of Joh H. Watson, M. D., late of the Army Medic

proceeded to Netley to go through the course pre-scribed for sur-geons in the Having studies there I

was duly attached to the Fifth Northumberland fusiliers as assistant suron. The regiment was stationed in geon. 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 through the passes and was already deep in the enemy's country. I followed, however, with many other offlowers who were in the same situation of the land that the land th cers 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

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 by Murray, my orderly, who threw me across a pack-horse and succeeded in bringing me safely to the British lines. Worn with pain, and weak from the prolonged hardships which I had un-dergone, I was removed, with a great train of wounded sufferers, to the base 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



paired of, and when at last I came to nine months in attempting to im-I had neither kith nor kin in Eng-

land, and was therefore as free as air
or as free as an income of cleven shillings and sixpence a day will permit a man to be. Under such circummit 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 comfortless, meaningless existence, and spending such money as I had considerably more freely than I ought. ng did the state of my finances become that I soon realized that I must either leave the metropolis and rusti-cate 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 my mind to leave the hotel, and to take up my quarters in some less pre-tentious 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. pleasant thing indeed to a lonely man. In old days Stamford had never been a particular erony of mine, but now I hailed him with enthusiasm, and he, "Why, man, it is the most practical in turn, appeared to be delighted to see medico-legal discovery for years.

me. In the exuberance of my joy I asked him to lunch with me at the fallible test for blood-stains? Come

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

ventures, and had hardly concluded it by the time that we reached our des-"Poor devil!" he said, commiserating-"Poor devil" he said, commiserating-ty, after he had listened to my misfor-tunes. "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 expres-

"And who was the first?" I asked.

ne is a decent fellow enough. "A medical student, I suppose?" said

"No-I have no idea what he intends chemist; but, as far as I know, he has never taken out any systematic medi-cal classes, His studies are very desultory and eccentric, but he has amassed a lot of out-of-the-way knowledge which would astonish his

"Did you never ask him what he was going in for?" I asked. "No; he is not a man that it is easy to draw out, though he can be com-municative enough when the fancy seizes him."

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

"He is sure to be at the laboratory.

round together after luncheon."
"Certainly," I answered, and the
conversation drifted away into other

after leaving the Holborn, Stamford gave me a few more particulars about the gentleman whom I proposed to take as a fellow lodger.

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

"If we don't get on it will be easy to hard at my companion, "that you have some reason for washing your hands of the matter. Is this fellow's temper so formidable, or what is it? Don't be mealy-mouthed about it."

"It is not easy to express the inexressible," he answered, with a laugh.
"Holmes is a little too scientific for my
tastes—it approaches to cold-bloodedness. I could imagine his giving a
friend a little pinch of the latest vegetable alkaloid not out of malevolence you understand, but simply out of a spirit of inquiry in order to have an accurate idea of the effects. To do him justice, I think that he would take it himself with the same readiness. He appears to have a passion for definite and exact knowledge."
"Very right, too."
"Yes; but it may be pushed to ex-

When it comes to beating the subjects in the dissecting-rooms with stick it is certainly taking rather a arre shape."
'Beating the subjects!"

"Yes, to verify how far bruises may e produced after death. I saw him at It with my own eyes.' "And yet you say he is not a medical

"No. Heaven knows what the objects of his studies are! But here we are, and you must form your own immyself and became convalescent I turned down a narrow lane and passed 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 two results of the specific or and I needed no guiding as we assended the black to ended the black. to England. I was dispatched, accordingly, in the troop-ship Orontes, and I needed no gatting as we assume that the state of the bleak stone staircase and made our way down the long corridor with its vista of whitewashed wall and un-colored doors. Near the farther and a low, arched passage branched away from it and led to the chemical

laboratory.

This was a lofty chamber, lined and littered with countless bottles. Broad. low tables were scattered about, which bristled with retorts, test-tubes and little Bunsen lamps, with their blue flickering flames. There was only one student in the room, who was bending over a distant table absorbed in his work. At the sound of our steps he

glanced round and sprang to his feet with a cry of pleasure. "I've found it!" he shouted to my companion, running toward us with a test-tube in his hand. "I have found a reagent which is precipitated by Had he discovered a gold mine, great er delight could not have shone upon his features.

"Dr. Watson-Mr. Sherlock Holmes," said Stamford, introducing us.
"How are you?" he said, cordially. griping my hand with a strength for which I should hardly have given him I should hardly have given him
"You have been in Afghanis-

tan, I perceive. on earth did you know that?" I asked, in astonishment.
"Never mind," said he, chuckling to



"And who was the first?" I asked.

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

"By Jove!" I cried; "if he really wants ical pipette. "Now, I add this small recommendation 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 recommendation 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 plant of the coat-sleeve in his eagerness, and drew me over to the table at which he had been working. "Let us have some incommendation in the proposition of the resulting drop of blood in a chemical plant of the resulting drop of blood in a chemical plant of the resulting drop of blood in a chemical plant of the resulting drop of blood in a chemical plant of the resulting drop of blood in a chemical plant of the resulting drop of blood in a chemical plant of the resulting drop of blood in a chemical plant of the resulting drop of blood in a chemical plant of the resulting drop of blood in a chemical plant of the resulting drop of blood in a chemical plant of the resulting drop of blood in a chemical plant of the resulting drop of blood in a chemical plant of the resulting drop of blood in a chemical plant of the resulting drop of blood in a chemical plant of the resulting drop of blood in a chemical plant of the resulting drop of blood in a chemical plant of the resulting drop of blood in a chemical plant of the resulting drop of blood in a chemical plant of the resulting drop o rooms which he had found, and which were too much for his purse."

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

Young Stanford looked rather young Stanford looked rather strangely at me over his wineglass. Young Stanford looked rather strangely at me over his wineglass.

"You don't know Sherlock Holmes yet," he said; "perhaps you would not care for him as a constant companion."

"Why, what is there against him?"

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

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 hinging upon that one point. A man is suspected of a crime months per-haps after it has been committed. His 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 Because there was no reliable test. Now we have the Sherlock Holmes test, and there will no longer be any His eyes fairly glittered as he spoke,

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 Bischoff at Frankfort last year. He would cer-tainly have been hung had this test been in existence. Then there was Mason, of Bradford, and the notorious

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. "have to be careful," he continued, turn ing 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 simi-lar pieces of plaster and discolored with

strong acids. "We came here on business," said Stamford, sitting down on a threelegged 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."
Sherlock Holmes seemed delighted at the idea of sharing his rooms with me. "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

"I always smoke 'ship's' myself," I answered. "That's good enough. I generally have chemicals about, and occasional

ly do experiments. Would that annoy "By no means."

"Let me see—what are my other shortcomings? I get in the dumps at thimes 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 teacher."

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 mery laugh. "I think we may consider the thing as settled—that is, if the rooms are agreeable to you."
"When shall we see them?"

and we'll go together and settle everything," he answered.
"All right—noon exactly," said I,

We left him working among his chemicals, and we walked together toward my hotel. 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."

"Oh! a mystery, is it?" I cried, rubbing my hands. "This is very piquant. 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-"Good-by," I answered, and strolled on to my hotel, considerably interested in my new acquaintance.

CHAPTER II. THE SCIENCE OF DEDUCTION.

We met next day as he had ar-

ranged, and inspected the rooms at No. 221B Baker street, of which he had spoken at our meeting. They con-sisted of a couple of comfortable bed-rooms and a single large, airy sittingroom, cheerfully furnished, and il-luminated by two broad windows. So desirable in every way were the apart-ments, and so moderate did the terms seem when divided between us, that the bargain was concluded upon the spot, and we at once entered into possession. That very evening I moved my things round from the hotel, and on the following morning Sherlock Holmes followed me with several boxes and portmanteaus. For a day or two we were busily employed in unpacking and laying out our property to the best advantage. That done, we gradually began to settle down and to accommodate ourselves to our new sur-Holmes was certainly not a difficult

man to live with. He was quiet in his ways and his habits were regular. It was rare for him to be up after ten at night, and he had invariably break-fasted and gone out before I rose in the morning. Sometimes he spent his day at the chemical laboratory, somees in the dissecting-rooms and ocpeared to take him into the lowest por tions of the city. Nothing could ex-ceed his energy when the working fit was upon him, but now and again a reaction would seize him and for days the sitting-room, hardly uttering a word or moving a muscle from moving to night. On these occasions ing to night. On these occasions I have noticed such a dreamy, vacant expression in his eyes that I might have suspected him of being addicted to the use of some narcotic had not whole life forbidden such a notion.

As the weeks went by, my interest

"Ha! ha!" he cried, clapping his pearance were such as to strike the atchild with a new toy. "What do you In height he was rather over six feet, "It seems to be a very delicate test," to be considerably taller. He eyes remarked.

"Beautiful! beautiful! The old gualacum test was very elumsy and uncertain. So is the microscopic examination for blood-corpuscles. The later of alertness and decision. His chin, nation for blood-corpuscies. The later ter is valueless if the stains are a few too, had the prominence and square-hours old. Now, this appears to act as well whether the blood is old or new. Had this test been invented, with ink and stained with chemicals, yet he was possessed of extraordinary delicacy of touch, as I frequently had occasion to observe when I watched

> sophical instruments.
>
> The reader may set me down as a hopeless busybody, when I confess how much this man stimulated my curiosity and how often I endeavored to break through the reticence which he showed on all that concerned himself. Before pronouncing judgment, however, be it remembered how objectwas to engage my attention. My health forbade me from venturing out unless the weather was exceptionally genial, and I had no friends who would call upon me and break the monotony of my daily existence. Under these circumstances I eagerly hailed the little mystery which hung around my companion, and spent much of my

him manipulating his fragile philo-

time in endeavoring to unravel it. He was not studying medicine. He had himself, in reply to a question, confirmed Stamford's opinion upon that point. Neither did he appear to have pursued any course of reading which might fit him for a degree Muller and Lefevre, of Montpelier, in science or any other recognized and Samson, of New Orleans. I could name a score of cases in which it would trance into the learned world Yet his zeal for certain studies was re-

markable, and within eccentric limits his knowledge was so extraordinarily ample and minute that his observa ly no man would work so hard to at tain such precise information unles he had some definite end in view Desultory readers are seldom remarkable for the exactness of their learning. No man burdens his mind with small matters unless he has some very

good reason for doing so. His ignorance was as remarkable as his knowledge. Of contemporary literature, philosophy and politics he appeared to know next to nothing. Upon my quoting Thomas Carlyle, he inquired in the naivest way who he might be and what he had done. My surprise reached a climax, however, when I found incidentally that he was ignorant of the Copernican theory and in this nineteenth century should not be aware that the earth traveled round the sun appeared to be to me such an extraordinary fact that I could

said, smiling at my expression of surprise. "Now that I do know it I shad! do my best to forget it."

"To forget it!"
"You see," he explained, "I consider that a man's brain originally is like a little empty attic, and you have to stock it with such furniture as you choose. A fool takes in all the lumber of every sort that he comes across, so ething that you knew before. "Do you include violin-playing in your category of rows?" he asked, fore, not to have useless facts elbowing

out the useful ones."
"But the solar system!" I protested.

one. I pondered over our short conversation, however, and endeavored to draw my deductions from it. He said that he would acquire no knowledge which did not bear upon his object. Therefore all the knowledge which he possessed was such as would be useful to him. I enumerated in my own mind all the various points upon which he matter which present the greatest difone. I pondered over our short conversation, however, and endeavored to Therefore all the knowledge which he possessed was such as would be useful to him. I enumerated in my own mind all the various points upon which he had shown me that he was exceptionally well informed. I even took a pencil and jotted them down. I could not help smiling at the document when I had completed it. Itran in this way:

SHERLOCK HOLMES—his limits.

I. Knowledge of Literature.—Nil.

Knowledge of Philosophy.—Nil.

Knowledge of Astronomy.—Nil.

Knowledge of Politics.—Fe-ble.

Knowledge of Botany.—Variable.

5. Knowledge of Botany.—Variable. Well up in beliadonna, opium and poisc.s generally. Knows nothing of practical gardening.
6. Knowledge of Geology.—Practical, but limited. Tells at agiance different soils from each other. After walks has shown me splashes upon his trousers, and told me by their color and consistence in what part of London he had

8. Rhowledge of Sensational Literature.—
2. Knowledge of Sensational Literature.—
2. Immense. He appears to know every detail of every horror perpetrated in the century.

10. Plays the violin well.

11. Is an expert single-stick player, boxer and

wordsman. 12. Has a good practical knowledge of British When I had got so far in my list I threw it into the fire in despair. "If I can only find what the fellow is driv-

ing at by reconciling all these accom

which needs them all." I said to my

I see that I have alluded above to his powers on the violin. These were very remarkable, but as eccentric as all his other accomplishments. That he could play pieces, and difficult pieces, I knew well, because at my request he has played me some of Mendelssohn's Lieder and other favorites. When left to himself, however, he would seldom produce any music or attempt any rec-ognized air. Leaning back in his arm chair of an evening he would close his eyes and scrape carelessly at the fiddle which was thrown across his knee. a dull As the weeks went by, my interest dust in him and my curiosity as to bis aims of the in life gracually deepened and increased. His very person and approximately added those thoughts, or whether the music inquiry agencies. They are all people aided those thoughts, or whether the most inquiry agencies. They are all people inquiry agencies.

playing was simply the result of a whim or fancy was more than I could determine. I might have rebelled them by playing in quick succession a whole series of my favorite airs as a slight compensation for the trial upon my patience.

During the first week or so we had no callers, and I had begun to think that my companion was as friendless a man as I was myself. Presently, however. I found that he had many acquaint ances, and those in most different classes of society. There was one lit-tle, sallow, rat-faced, dark-eyed fellow who was introduced to me as Mr Les-trade, and who came three or four times in a single week. One morning a young girl called, fashionably dressed, and stayed for half an hour or more. The same afternoon brought a gray-headed, seedy visitor, looking like a Jew peddler, who appeared to me to be much excited, and who was closely folmuch excited, and who was closely for-lowed by a slip-shod elderly woman. On another occasion an old white-haired gentleman had an interview with my companion; and on another a railway porter in his velveteen uniform. When any of these nondescript individuals put in an appearance. Sherlock Holmes used to beg for the use of to me for putting me to this inc



an opportunity of asking him a point-blank question, and again my delicacy prevented me from forcing another man to confide in me. I imagined at the time that he had some strong rea-son for not alluding to it, but he soon dispelled the idea by coming round to

It was upon the 4th of March, as have good reason to remember, that rose somewhat earlier than usual, and found that Sherlock Holmes had not ye finished his breakfast. The landlady newhat earlier than usual, and had become so accustomed to my late habits that my place had not been laid habits that my place had not been laid nor my coffee prepared. With the un-reasonable petulance of mankind I rang the bell and gave a curt intima-tion that I was ready. Then I picked up a magazine from the table and at-tempted to while away the time with it, while my companion munched si-lently at his toast. One of the articles had a pencil mark at the heading and I naturally began to run my eye

through it.

Its somewhat ambitious title was "The Book of Life," and it attempted tematic examination of all that came in his way. It struck me as being a reworst 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."

attie. He will have nothing but the tools which may help him in doing his markable mixture of shrewdness and absurdity. The reasoning was close and intense, but the deductions appeared to be far-fetched and exagger and intense, but the deductions appeared to be far-fetched and exagger and intense, but the deductions appeared to be far-fetched and exagger and intense, but the deductions appeared to be far-fetched and exagger and intense, but the deductions appeared to be far-fetched and exagger and intense, but the deductions appeared to be far-fetched and exagger and intense, but the deductions appeared to be far-fetched and exagger and intense, but the deductions appeared to be far-fetched and exagger and intense, but the deductions appeared to be far-fetched and exagger and intense, but the deductions appeared to be far-fetched and exagger and intense, but the deductions appeared to be far-fetched and exagger and intense, but the deductions appeared to be far-fetched and exagger and intense, but the deductions appeared to be far-fetched and exagger and intense, but the deductions appeared to be far-fetched and exagger and intense, but the deductions appeared to be far-fetched and exagger and intense, but the deductions appeared to be far-fetched and exagger and intense, but the deductions appeared to be far-fetched and exagger and intense, but the deductions appeared to be far-fetched and exagger and intense, but the deductions appeared to be far-fetched and exagger and intense, but the deductions appeared to be far-fetched and exagger and intense, but the deductions appeared to be far-fetched and exagger and intense. markable mixture of shrewdness and in the case of one trained to observation and analysis. His conclusions were as infallible as so many propo-sitions of Euclid. So startling would

"But the solar system!" I protested.
"What the deuce is it to me?" he interrupted impatiently; "you say that we go round the sun. If we went round the moon it would not make a pennyworth of difference to me or to my work."

I was on the point of asking him what that work might be, but something in his manner showed me that the question would be an unwelcome one. I pondered over our short conversation however, and endeavored to all other arts, the science of deduction those moral and mental aspects of the matter which present the greatest difficulties, let the inquirer begin by mastering more elementary problems. Let him, on meeting a fellow-mortal learn at a glance to distinguish the history of the man, and the trade or profession to which he belongs. Puerile as such an exercise may seem, it sharpens the faculties of observation and teaches one where to look and what to look for. By a man's finger-nails, by his one where to look and what to look for. By a man's finger-nails, by his coat-sleeve, by his boot, by his trouser-knees, by the callosities of his fore-finger and thumb, by his expression, by his shirt-cuffs—by each of these things a man's calling is plainly re-vealed. That all united should fail to enlighten the competent inquirer in

enlighten the competent inquirer any case is almost inconceivable." slapping the magazine down on the table; "I never read such rubbish in

What is it?" asked Sherlock Holmes. "What is it?" asked Sherlock Holmes.
"Why, this article," I said, pointing at it with my egg spoon as I sat down to my breakfast. "I see that you have read it, since you have marked it. I don't deny that it is smartly written. It irritates me though. It is evidently the theory of some arm-chair lounger who evolves all these neat little paradoxes in the seclusion of his own study. It is not practical. I tle paradoxes in the seclusion of his own study. It is not practical. I should like to see him clapped down in a third-class carriage on the Underground, and asked to give the trades of all his fellow travelers. I would lay a thousand to one against him."

"You would lose your money," Sherlock Holmes remarked, calmly. "As for the article, I wrote it myself."

"Yes, I have a turn both for observa-tion and for deduction. The theories which I have expressed there, and which appear to you to be so chimeri

which appear to you to be so chimeri-cal, are really extremely practical—so practical that I depend upon them for my bread and cheese."

"And how?" I asked, involuntarily.

"Well, I have a trade of my own. I suppose I am the only one in the world.

I'm a compility detective, if you can I'm a consulting detective, if you can understand what that is. Here in Lon-don we have lots of government detecon we have lots of government detec-tives and lots of private ones. When these fellows are at fault they come to me, and I manage to put them on the right scent. They lay all the evidence before me, and I am generally able, by the help of my knowledge of the history of crime, to set them straight.
There is a strong family resemblance about misdeeds, and if you have all the details of a thousand at your finger ends, it is odd if you can't unravel the thousand and first. Lestrade is a well-known detective. He got himself into a fog recently over a forgery case, and that was what brought him here."

and want a little enlightening. 1 listen to their story, they listen to my comments, and then I pocket my fee." "But do you mean to say," I said,
"that without leaving your room you
can unravel some knot which other

NO 5

"Quite so. I have a kind of intui-tion that way. Now and again a case turns up which is a little more com-plex. Then I have to bustle about and see things with my own eyes. You see, I have a lot of special knowledge which I apply to the problem, and which facilitates matters wonderfully. Those rules of deduction laid down in that action which assumed your score. are invaluable to me in practical work.
Observation with me is second nature.
You appeared to be surprised when I told you, on our first meeting, that you had come from Afghanistan.
"You were told, no doubt."
"Nothing of the sort. I knew you came from Afghanistan. From long habit the train of thoughtran so swiftly through my mind that I arrived at

ly through my mind that I arrived at the conclusion without being conscious of intermediate steps. There were or intermediate steps. There were such steps, however. The train of reasoning ran: 'Here is a gentleman of a medical type, but with the air of a military man. Clearly an army doctor, then. He has just come from the tropies, for his face is dark, and that is not the natural tint of his skin, for his write are fair. He has undergone is not the natural tint of his skin, for his wrists are fair. He has undergone hardship and sickness, as his haggard face says clearly. His left arm has been injured. He holds it in a stiff and unnatural manner. Where in the tropies could an English army doctor have seen much hardship and got his arm wounded? Clearly in Afghanistan. The whole train of thought did not occupy a second. I then remarked

tan.' The whole train of thought did not occupy a second. I then remarked that you came from Afghanistan, and you were astonished."
"It is simple enough as you explain it," I said, smiling. "You remind me of Edgar Allan Poe's 'Dupin.' I had no idea that such individuals did exist

pipe. "No doubt you think that you are complimenting me in comparing me to Dupin," he observed. "Now, in my opinion, Dupin was a very inferior fellow. That trick of his of breaking in on his friends' thoughts with an apropos remark after a quarter of an hour's silence is really very showy and superficial. He had some analytical genius, no doubt; but he was by no means such a phenomenon as Poe appeared to imagine."

"Hara you was Gaborian's works?"

"Have you read Gaboriau's works?"
I asked. "Does Lecoq come up to your
idea of a detective?" Sherlock Holmes sniffed sardonically Sherlock Holmes snifted sardonically.
"Lecoq was a miserable bungler," he said, in an angry voice; "he had only one thing to recommend him, and that was his energy. That book made me positively ill. The question was how to identify an unknown prisoner. I could have done it in twenty-four hours. Lecoq took six months or so. It might be made a text-book for detectives to teach them what to avoid."

I felt rather indignant at having two characters whom I had admired treated in this cavalier style. I walked over



HE WAD A LARGE BLUE ENVELOPE IN HIS

to the window, and stood looking out to the window, and stood looking out into the busy street. "This fellow may be very clever," I said to myself, "but he is certainly very conceited." "There are no crimes and no criminals in these days," he said, querulously. "What is the use of having brains in our profession? I know well that I have it in me to make my name through No man lives or has ever famous. No man lives or has ever lived who has brought the same amount of study and of natural talent

amount of study and of natural talent to the detection of crime which I have done. And what is the result? There is no crime to detect, or, at most, some bungling villainy with a motive so transparent that even a Scotland Yard official can see through it."

I was still annoyed at his bumptious style of conversation. I thought it best to change the topic.

"I wonder what that fellow is looking for?" I asked, pointing to a stalwart, plainly-dressed individual who was walking slowly down the other side of the street, looking anxiously at

the numbers. He had a large blue envelope in his hand, and was evidently the bearer of a message.
"You mean the retired sergeant of marines," said Sherlock Holmes.

"Brag and bounce!" thought I to my-self. "He knows that I cannot verify his guess."
The thought had hardly passed through my mind when the man whom we were watching caught sight of the number on our door, and ran rapidly across the roadway. We heard a loud knock, a deep voice be-

"For Mr. Sherlock Holmes," he said, Here was an opportunity of taking the conceit out of him. He little thought of this when he made that random shot. "May I ask, my lad," I said, blandly, "what your trads may be?"

ly. "Uniform away for repairs."
"And you were?" I asked, with a slightly malicious glance at my com-"A sergeant, sir, Royal Marine light He clicked his heels together, raised his hand in a salute, and was gone.

He-You must think I am a blamed

She (kindly)-No, I don't think any-

"Don't Blow the Gas Out," was the sign.
Quoth Farmer Jones: "All right."
And so he tucked himself in bed
And let it burn all night

Discouraging.

Miss Curtly—Ah, Miss Dewnose! we were speaking of you at our five o'clock tea yesterday!

Miss Dewnose—Oh, dear!—and I've tried so hard to be respectable!-Puck.

"So you invested in a silver mine out west, eh? What did you realize from "Just how big a fool I can be."-

Consideration.

Aunt Polly-Mary, they say you're engaged to your cousin Jim.
Mary-It ain't true. I love him for

BUTLER, PA.