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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL XXXI BUTLER, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1894. NO 8

J. S. YOUNG. WM. COOPER

YOUNG & COOPER,

MERCHANT TAILORS

Have opened at S. E. corner of Main and Diamond Streets, Butler, with all the latest styles in Spring Suitings. Fit and Workmanship Guaranted. Prices as low as the lowest. TRY US.

Grand Clearance Sale for 60 Days

OF

Dry Goods, Millinery Wraps Notions, Underwear, Hosiery Blankets, Flannels, &c.

Here Are Some of The Immense Bargains We Offer Y..

5 pair of all wool blankets, worth $5.00 for $3 50
2 dozen of good sateen haps, worth $2 25 for $1.50.
2 dozen of good calico haps, worth $1.75 for $1 25
Good country flannel, worth 35 cents per yard for 23 cents
Good linen Damask, worth 35 cents per yard for 25 cents.
Good linen Damask, worth 50 cents per yard for 40 cents
Best oil red Damask, worth 50 cents per yard for 40 cents
Good dark Cocheco prints, worth 8 cents for 5 cents per yard.
Good staple ginghams, worth 8 cents for 5 cents per yard.
Good heavy unbleached sheeting, worth 7 cents for 5 cents per yard
Fine all-wool 48-inch black henrietta worth $1 00 for 75 cents per yard.
A few novelties in dress patterns, worth $10 00 for $7.00.
Fine broadcloth in black or colors, worth $1.25 for $1.00.
Gentleman's all-wool underwear, worth $2 00 per suit for $1.00
Gentleman's merino underwear, worth 90 cents per suit for 59 cents.
Ladies' fine camel's hair underwear, worth $2.50 per suit $1 50.
Ladies' fine muslin night gowns, worth 50 cents for 25 cents.
Ladies' fine muslin skirts, chemise and drawers, worth 50 cents for 25 cents,
Corset covers for 15 cents.

One-third off on all wraps, millinery at your own price Remembering these prices are not for one day or two days in the week, but for every day in the week from now until March 1st, 1894. Call and see us, we will save you money on every purchase made.

JENNIE E. ZIMMERMAN,

(Successor to Ritter & Ralston.)

N. B.—20 dozen 5 Hook Foster Patent Kid Gloves, worth $1.00 per pair for 69 cents, in Black and Colors.

Read This Once.

LOOK CAREFULLY AT THE PRICES AND YOU WILL, I THINK, BE CONVINCED THAT

HUSELTON'S

Is the place you will buy your footwear.

Ladies fine button shoes, patent tip, opera toe	$ .85
" " " square toe	90
" grain "	75
" fine slippers	45
" warm, flannel-lined, shoes	75
" " " slippers	50
" slippers	20
" good, heavy, peged shoes	75
" " standard shoes	85
" rubbers	25
Misses' fine shoes, button	70
Men's good heavy boots	1 40
" B & A, calf, congs. and bals tip	90
" extra fine shoes	$1 25 and 1 50
Boys' good heavy boots, sizes 1-5	1 00
Youths' " " 11-13	75
Men's " brogans	70
" " calf boots	1 90

Rubber boots and shoes, wool-lined arctics, felt boots for boys and men, wool stockings at the lowest prices.

Men's slippers, nicely embroidered, at 50c, 75c, and $1; Women's, Misses' and Children's slippers at 20c, 50c, 75c and $1.

Are you one of the few that does not buy of us, if so we are looking for you, come in soon and see us.

B. C. HUSELTON.

OPPOSITE HOTEL LOWRY.

No. 102 North Main Street - Butler, Pa.

VOGELEY & BANCROFT,

WANT EVERY

Man, Woman and Child

In Butler county know that they have received their large and complete line of Fall and Winter Boots, Shoes and Slippers at prices that will surprise them. We have the celebrated Jamestown Boots and Shoes, made by hand and warranted, which have proven their wearing quailites for years past. We want to give the trade

The Best Goods for Least Possible, Living Profit.

The best line of Ladies' and Gents' Fine Shoes ever shown in the county.

Children's School Shoes in every shape and style.

Rubber Goods of all kinds and shapes at all prices

Come and see the boys.

Vogeley & Bancroft

347 S. Main Street. - - - - - - Butler, Pa

Sweeping Reductions have been Made on all Winter Clothing, Overcoats, Underwear, Cap, etc.

Our business has been very successful since our opening nine months ago, leaving us a lot of odds and ends, which are ALL NEW and which we are willing to sell at a sacrific rather than carry them over.

Be sure and see us before you buy if you want to save money. Wishing you all a Happy New Year.

We are Yours Respectfully,

DOUTHETT & GRAHAM

BUTLER, PA.

OUR ELEVENTH ANNUAL FEBRUARY CLEARANCE SALE OF MILLINERY.

Don't miss this great bargain sale. $1.00 will do the work of $2.00 in both departments.

Our stores are small, we must make room for Spring Goods. We have the best line of muslin underwear in the city.

Odd sizes of best makes of corsets at half price.

M. F. & M. MARKS,

113 117 S Main St., Butler

FOR 45 CENTS.

Your choice of any oil cloth window shade in the house Former prices 50 to 90c each. This offer good only until Feb. 10.

Call at

DOUGLASS',

Near P. O. - - 241 S. Main St

L. C. WICK

DEALER IN

Rough and Worked Lumber

OF ALL KINDS.

Doors, Sash, Blinds, Mouldings, Shingles and Lath Always in Stock.

LIME, HAIR AND PLASTER.

Office opposite P. & W. Depot,

BUTLER

WE WANT TO KEEP OUR FACTORY RUNNING DURING THE WINTER.

In order to do this we offer to make outside window blinds at ONE DOLLAR and upwards per window and inside window blinds at TWO DOLLARS and upwards per window.

These are the lowest prices ever offered on window blinds and now is the time to take advantage of them.

Respectfully,

S. G Purvis & Co.

H. O'BRIEN & SON,

(Successors of Schutte & O'Brien.)

Sanitary Plumber

And Gas Fitter,

DEALER IN

Sewer Pipe

Gas Fixtures

Globes and

Natural Gas Appliances.

Jefferson Street, opp. Lowry House,

BUTLER, PA

FRANK KEMPER,

DEALER IN

BLANKETS,

HARNESS

And everything in horse and buggy furnishing goods—Harness, Collars, Whips, Dusters, Saddles, etc

Also trunks and valises.

Repairing done on short notice.

The largest assortment of 5-A Horse blankets in town will be found at Kemper's

H. H. JACKSON

Who has had a years experience with one of the leading furniture firms of Pittsburg is now prepared to attend to all furniture repairing left in his charge, and will guarantee good work and satisfaction at

249 S. McKean St., - Butler, Pa.

EUROPEAN HOTEL.

315 S. Main St., - - Butler, Pa

ALEX WILLIAMS, Prop'r.

Everything new—Electric light, gas and water.

Lodging 35, 50 and $1.00.

Regular meals at 25 cts. Boarding at $1.00 a day.

Lunch Counter open all night.

THE BUTLER COUNTY

NATIONAL BANK,

BUTLER, PA.

CAPITAL Paid Up,	$100,000.00.
SURPLUS AND PROFITS,	$58,935.14.

OFFICERS:

Jos. Hartman, Pres't, J. Ritts, Vice Pres't, C. A. Bailey, Cashier,

DIRECTORS:

Hartman, C. P. Collins, N. M. Hoover, Sweeney, C. D. Greenlee, J. V. Ritts, Abrams, Leslie Hazlett, I. G. Smith, Waldron, M. Finegan.

General banking business transacted. Interest paid on time deposits. Money loaned on approved security.

Foreign exchange bought and sold.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER VI.

TOBIAS GREGSON SHOWS WHAT HE CAN DO.

The papers next day were full of the "Brixton mystery," as they termed it. Each had a long account of the affair, and some had leaders upon it in addition. There was some information in them which was new to me. I still retain in my scrap book numerous clippings and extracts bearing upon the case. Here is a condensation of a few of them:

The Daily Telegraph remarked that in the history of crime there had seldom been a tragedy which presented stranger features. The German name of the victim, the absence of all other motive, and the sinister inscription on the wall, all pointed to its perpetration by political refugees and revolutionists. The socialists had many branchse in America, and the deceased had, no doubt, infringed their unwritten laws and been tracked down by them. After alluding airily to the Vehmgericht, aqua tofana, Carbonari, the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, the Darwinian theory, the principles of Malthus and the Ratcliff highway murders, the article concluded by admonishing the government and advocating a closer watch over foreigners in England.

The Standard commented upon the fact that lawless outrages of the sort usually occurred under a liberal administration. They arose from the unsettling of the minds of the masses, and the consequent weakening of all authority. The deceased was an American gentleman who had been residing for some weeks in the metropolis. He had stayed at the boarding-house of Mme. Charpentier, in Torquay Terrace, Camberwell. He was accompanied in his travels by his private secretary, Mr. Joseph Stangerson. The two bade adieu to their landlady upon Tuesday, the 4th inst., and departed to Euston station with the avowed intention of catching the Liverpool express. They were afterward seen together on the platorm. Nothing more is known of them until Mr. Drebber's body was, as recorded, discovered in an empty house in the Brixton road, many miles from Euston. How he came there or how he met his fate are questions which are still involved in mystery. Nothing is known of the whereabouts of Stangerson. We are glad to learn that Mr. Lestrade and Mr. Gregson, of Scotland Yard, are both engaged upon the case, and it is confidently anticipated that these well-known officers will speedily throw light upon the matter.

The Daily News observed that there was no doubt as to the crime being a political one. The despotism and hatred of liberalism which animated the continental governments had had the effect of driving to our shores a number of men who might have made excellent citizens were they not soured by the recollection of all that they had undergone. Among these men there was a stringent code of honor, any infringement of which was punished by death. Every effort should be made to find the secretary, Stangerson, and to ascertain some particulars of the habits of the deceased. A great step had been gained by the discovery of the address of the house at which he had boarded—a result which was entirely due to the acuteness and energy of Mr. Gregson, of Scotland Yard.

Sherlock Holmes and I read these notices over together at breakfast, and they appeared to afford him considerable amusement.

"I told you that whatever happened Lestrade and Gregson would be sure to score."

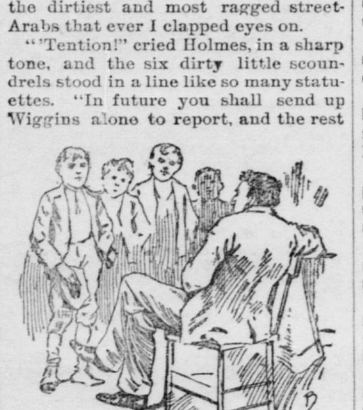
"That depends on how it turns out."

"Oh, bless you, it doesn't matter in the least. If the man is caught it will be on account of their exertions; if he escapes it will be in spite of their exertions. It's heads I win and tails you lose. Whatever they do they will have followers. 'Un sot truve toujours un plus sot qui l'admire.'"

"What on earth is this?" I cried, for at this moment there came the pattering of many steps in the hall and on the stairs, accompanied by audible expressions of disgust upon the part of our landlady.

"It's the Baker street division of the detective police force," said my companion gravely; and as he spoke there rushed into the room half a dozen of the dirtiest and most ragged street-Arabs that ever I clapped eyes on.

"'Tention!" cried Holmes, in a sharp tone, and the six dirty little scoundrels stood in a line like so many statuettes. "In future you shall send up Wiggins alone to report, and the rest



"HAVE YOU FOUND IT, WIGGINS?"

of you must wait in the street. Have you found it, Wiggins?"

"No, sir, we hain't," said one of the youths.

"I hardly expected you would. You must keep on until you do. Here are your wages." He handed each of them a shilling. "Now, off you go, and come back with a better report next time."

He waved his hand, and they scampered away downstairs like so many rats, and we heard their shrill voices next moment in the street.

"There's more work to be got out of one of those little beggars than out of a dozen of the force," Holmes remarked. "The mere sight of an official-looking person seals men's lips. These youngsters, however, go everywhere and hear everything. They are as sharp as needles, too; all they want is organization."

"Is it on this Brixton case that you are employing them?" I asked.

"Yes; there is a point which I wish to ascertain. It is merely a matter of time. Hullo! we are going to hear some news now with a vengeance! Here is Gregson coming down the road with beatitude written upon every feature of his face. Bound for us, I know. Yes, he is stopping. There he is!"

There was a violent peal at the bell, and in a few seconds the fair-haired detective came up the stairs, three steps at a time, and burst into our sitting-room.

"My dear fellow," he cried, wringing Holmes' unresponsive hand, "Congratulate me! I have made the whole thing as clear as day."

A shade of anxiety seemed to me to cross my companion's expressive face.

"Do you mean that you are on the right track?" he asked.

"The right track! Why, sir, we have the man under lock and key."

"And his name is?"

"Arthur Charpentier, sub-lieutenant in her majesty's navy," cried Gregson, pompously, rubbing his fat hands and inflating his chest.

Sherlock Holmes gave a sigh of relief and relaxed into a smile.

"Take a seat and try one of these cigars," he said. "We are anxious to know how you managed it. Will you have some whisky and water?"

"I don't mind if I do," the detective answered. "The tremendous exertions which I have gone through during the last day or two have worn me out. Not so much bodily exertion, you understand, as the strain upon the mind. You will appreciate that, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, for we are both brain workers."

"You do me too much honor," said Holmes gravely. "Let us hear how you arrived at this most gratifying result."

The detective seated himself in the arm-chair and puffed complacently at his cigar. Then suddenly he slapped his thigh in a paroxysm of amusement.

"The fun of it is," he cried, "that that fool Lestrade, who thinks himself so smart, has gone off upon the wrong track altogether. He is after the secretary, Stangerson, who had no more to do with the crime than the babe unborn. I have no doubt that he has caught him by this time."

The idea tickled Gregson so much that he laughed until he choked.

"And how did you get your clew?"

"Ah, I'll tell you all about it. Of course, Dr. Watson, this is strictly between ourselves. The first difficulty which we had to contend with was the finding of this American's antecedents. Some people would have waited until their advertisements were answered, or until parties came forward and volunteered information. That is not Tobias Gregson's way of going to work. You remember the hat beside the dead man?"

"Yes," said Holmes; "by John Underwood & Sons, 129 Camberwell road."

Gregson looked quite crestfallen.

"I had no idea that you noticed that," he said. "Have you been there?"

"No."

"Ha!" cried Gregson, in a relieved voice; "you should never neglect a chance, however small it may seem."

"To a great mind nothing is little," remarked Holmes, sententiously.

"Well I went to Underwood and asked him if he had sold a hat of that size and description. He looked over his books and came on it at once. He had sent the hat to a Mr. Drebber, residing at Charpentier's boarding establishment, Torquay terrace. Thus I got at his address."

"Smart—very smart!" murmured Sherlock Holmes.

"I next called upon Mme. Charpentier," continued the detective. "I found her very pale and distressed. Her daughter was in the room, too—an uncommonly fine girl she is, too; she was looking red about the eyes and her lips trembled as I spoke to her. That didn't escape my notice. I began to smell a rat. You know the feeling, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, when you come upon the right scent—a kind of thrill in your nerves. 'Have you heard of the mysterious death of your boarder, Mr. Enoch J. Drebber, of Cleveland?' I asked.

"The mother nodded. She didn't seem able to get out a word. The daughter burst into tears. I felt more than ever that these people knew something of the matter.

"'At what o'clock did Mr. Drebber leave your house for the train?' I asked.

"'At eight o'clock,' she said, gulping in her throat to keep down her agitation. 'His secretary, Mr. Stangerson, said that there were two trains—one at 9:15 and one at 11. He was to catch the first.'

"'And was that the last which you saw of him?'

"A terrible change came over the woman's face as I asked the question. Her features turned perfectly livid. It was some seconds before she could get out the single word 'Yes,' and when it did come out it was in a husky, unnatural tone.

"There was silence for a moment, and then the daughter spoke in a calm, clear voice:

"'No good can ever come of falsehood, mother,' she said. 'Let us be frank with this gentleman. We did see Mr. Drebber again.'

"'God forgive you!' cried Mme. Charpentier, throwing up her hands and sinking back in her chair. 'You have murdered your brother.'

"'Arthur would rather that we spoke the truth,' the girl answered firmly.

"'You had best tell me all about it now,' I said. 'Half-confidences are worse than none. Besides, you do not know how much we know of it.'

"'On your head be it, Alice!' cried her mother; and then, turning to me: 'I will tell you all, sir. Do not imagine

"PERHAPS, ALICE, YOU HAD BETTER LEAVE US TOGETHER."

that my agitation on behalf of my son arises from any fear lest he should have had a hand in this terrible affair. He is utterly innocent of it. My dread is, however, that in your eyes and in the eyes of others he may appear to be compromised. That, however, is surely impossible. His high character, his profession, his antecedents would all forbid it.'

"'Your best way is to make a clean breast of the facts,' I answered. 'Depend upon it, if your son is innocent he will be none the worse.'

"'Perhaps, Alice, you had better leave us together,' she said, and her daughter withdrew. 'Now, sir,' she continued, 'I had no intention of telling you all this, but since my poor daughter has disclosed it I have no alternative. Having once decided to speak, I will tell you all, without omitting any particular.'

"'It is your wisest course,' said I.

"'Mr. Drebber has been with us nearly three weeks. He and his secretary, Mr. Stangerson, had been traveling on the continent. I noticed a "Copenhagen" label upon each of their trunks, showing that that had been their last stopping place. Stangerson was a quiet, reserved man, but his employer, I am sorry to say, was far otherwise. He was coarse in his habits and brutish in his ways. The very night of his arrival he became very much the worse for drink, and, indeed, after twelve o'clock in the day he could hardly ever be said to be sober. His manners toward the maid servants were disgustingly free and familiar. Worst of all, he speedily assumed the same attitude toward my daughter, Alice, and spoke to her more than once in a way which, fortunately, she is too innocent to understand. On one occasion he actually seized her in his arms and embraced her—an outrage which caused his own secretary to reproach him for his unmanly conduct.'

"'But why did you stand all this?' I asked. 'I suppose that you can get rid of your boarders when you wish.'

"Mrs. Charpentier blushed at my pertinent question. 'Would to God that I had given him notice on the very day he came,' she said. 'But it was a sore temptation. They were paying a pound a day each—fourteen pounds a week, and this is a slack season. I am a widow, and my boy in the navy has cost me much. I grudged to lose the money. I acted for the best. This last was too much, however, and I gave him notice to leave on account of it. That was the reason of his going.'

"'Well?'

"'My heart grew light when I saw him drive away. My son is on leave just now, but I did not tell him anything of this, for his temper is violent, and he is passionately fond of his sister. When I closed the door behind them a load seemed to be lifted from my mind. Alas! in less than an hour there was a ring at the bell, and I learned that Mr. Drebber had returned. He was much excited, and evidently the worse for drink. He forced his way into the room where I was sitting with my daughter, and made some incoherent remark about having missed the train. He then turned to Alice and, before my very face, proposed to her that she should fly with him. "You are of age," he said, "and there is no law to stop you. I have money enough and to spare. Never mind the old girl here, but come along with me now straight away. You shall live like a princess." Poor Alice was so frightened that she shrunk away from him, but he caught her by the wrist and endeavored to draw her toward the door. I screamed, and at that moment my son Arthur came into the room. What happened then I do not know. I heard oaths and the confused sounds of a scuffle. I was too terrified to raise my head. When I did look up I saw Arthur standing in the doorway laughing, with a stick in his hand. "I don't think that fine fellow will trouble us again," he said. "I will just go after him and see what he does with himself." With those words he took his hat and started off down the street. The next morning we heard of Mr. Drebber's mysterious death.'

"This statement came from Mrs. Charpentier's lips with many gasps and pauses. At times she spoke so low that I could hardly catch the words. I made shorthand notes of all that she said, however, so that there should be no possibility of a mistake."

"It's quite exciting," said Sherlock Holmes, with a yawn. "What happened next?"

"When Mrs. Charpentier paused," the detective continued, "I saw that the whole case hung upon one point. Fixing her with my eye in a way which I always found effective with women, I asked her at what hour her son returned.

"'I do not know,' she answered.

"'Not know?'

"'No; he has a latch-key, and let himself in.'

"'After you went to bed?'

"'Yes.'

"'When did you go to bed?'

"'About eleven.'

"'So your son was gone at least two hours?'

"'Yes.'

"'Possibly four or five?'

"'Yes.'

"'What was he doing during that time?'

"'I do not know,' she answered, turning white to her very lips.

"Of course after that there was nothing more to be done. I found out where Lieut. Charpentier was, took two officers with me, and arrested him. When I touched him on the shoulder and warned him to come quietly with us, he answered us as bold as brass: 'I suppose you are arresting me for being concerned in the death of that scoundrel, Drebber,' he said. We had said nothing to him about it, so that his alluding to it had a most suspicious aspect."

"Very," said Holmes.

"He still carried the heavy stick which the mother described him as having with him when he followed Drebber. It was a stout oak cudgel."

"What is your theory, then?"

"Well, my theory is that he followed Drebber as far as the Brixton road. When there, a fresh altercation arose between them, in the course of which Drebber received a blow from the stick, in the pit of the stomach, perhaps, which killed him without leaving any mark. The night was so wet that no one was about, so Charpentier dragged the body of his victim into the empty house. As to the candle, and the blood, and the writing on the wall, and the ring, they may all be so many tricks to throw the police on to the wrong scent."

"Well done!" said Holmes, in an encouraging voice. "Really, Gregson, you are getting along. We shall make something of you yet."

"I flatter myself that I have managed it rather neatly," the detective answered proudly. "The young man volunteered a statement, in which he said that after following Drebber some time, the latter perceived him, and took a cab in order to get away from him. On his way home he met an old shipmate, and took a long walk with him. On being asked where this old shipmate lived, he was unable to give any satisfactory reply. I think the whole case fits together uncommonly well. What amuses me is to think of Lestrade, who had started off upon the wrong scent. I am afraid he won't make much of it. Why, by Jove, here's the very man himself!"

It was indeed Lestrade, who had ascended the stairs while we were talking, and who now entered the room. The assurance and jauntiness which generally marked his demeanor and dress were, however, wanting. His face was disturbed and troubled, while his clothes were disarranged and untidy. He had evidently come with the intention of consulting with Sherlock Holmes, for on perceiving his colleague he appeared to be embarrassed and put out. He stood in the center of the room, fumbling nervously with his hat, and uncertain what to do. "This is a most extraordinary case," he said at last—"a most incomprehensible affair."

"Ah, you find it so, Mr. Lestrade!" cried Gregson, triumphantly "I thought you would come to that conclusion. Have you managed to find the secretary, Mr. Joseph Stangerson?"

"The secretary, Mr. Joseph Stangerson," said Lestrade, gravely, "was murdered at Halliday's private hotel about six o'clock this morning."

CHAPTER VII.

LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS.

The intelligence with which Lestrade greeted us was so momentous and so unexpected, that we were all three fairly dumfounded. Gregson sprang out of his chair and upset the remainder of his whisky and water. I stared in silence at Sherlock Holmes, whose lips were compressed and his brows drawn down over his eyes.

"Stangerson, too!" he muttered. "The plot thickens."

"It was quite thick enough before," grumbled Lestrade, taking a chair. "I seem to have dropped into a sort of council of war."

"Are you—are you sure of this piece of intelligence?" stammered Gregson.

"I have just come from his room," said Lestrade. "I was the first to discover what had occurred."

"We have been hearing Gregson's view of the matter," Holmes observed. "Would you mind letting us know what you have seen and done?"

"I have no objection," Lestrade answered, seating himself. "I freely confess that I was of the opinion that Stangerson was concerned in the death of Drebber. This fresh development has shown me that I was completely

BESIDE THE WINDOW LAY THE BODY OF A MAN.

mistaken. Full of the one idea, I set myself to find out what had become of the secretary. They had been seen together at Euston station about half-past eight on the evening of the third. At two in the morning Drebber had been found in the Brixton road. The question which confronted me was to find out how Stangerson had been employed between half-past eight and the time of the crime, and what had become of him afterward. I telegraphed to Liverpool giving a description of the man, and warning them to keep a watch upon the American boats. I then set to work calling upon all the hotel and lodging houses in the vicinity of Euston. You see, I argued that if Drebber and his companion had become separated, the natural course for the latter would be to put up somewhere in the vicinity for the night and then to hang about the station again next morning."

"They would be likely to agree on some meeting place beforehand," remarked Holmes.

"So it proved. I spent the whole of yesterday evening in making inquiries entirely without avail. This morning I began very early, and at eight o'clock I reached Halliday's private hotel, in Little George street. On my inquiry as to whether a Mr. Stangerson was living there, they at once answered me in the affirmative.

"'No doubt you are the gentleman he was expecting,' they said. 'He has been waiting for a gentleman for two days.'

"'Where is he now?' I asked.

"'He is upstairs in bed. He wished to be called at nine.'

"It seemed to me that my sudden appearance might shake his nerves and lead him to say something unguarded. The Boots volunteered to show me the room; it was on the second floor, and there was a small corridor leading up to it. The Boots pointed out the door to me, and was about to go downstairs again, when I saw something that made me feel sickish, in spite of my twenty years' experience. From under the door there curled a little red ribbon of blood, which had meandered across the passage and formed a little pool along the skirting at the other side. I gave a cry, which brought the Boots back. He nearly fainted when he saw it. The door was locked on the inside, but we put our shoulders to it, and knocked it in. The window of the room was open, and beside the window, all huddled up, lay the body of a man in his night-dress. He was quite dead, and had been for some time, for his limbs were rigid and cold. When we turned him over the Boots recognized him at once as being the same gentleman who had engaged the room under the name of Joseph Stangerson. The cause of death was a deep stab in the left side, which must have penetrated the heart. And now comes the strangest part of the affair. What do you suppose was above the murdered man?"

I felt a creeping of flesh, and a presentiment of coming horror, even before Sherlock Holmes answered:

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PLUCKY YOUNG EELS.

How They Overcome the Obstructions in Passing Up the Thames.

Young eels, in passing up a river, show the most extraordinary perseverance in overcoming all obstruction. The large floodgates—sometimes fifteen feet in height—on the Thames might be supposed sufficient to bar the progress of a fish the size of a darning needle, says Rod and Gun. But young eels have a wholesome idea that nothing can stop them, and, in consequence, nothing does. Speaking of the way in which they ascend floodgates and other barriers, one writer says: "Those which die stick to the post; others, which get a little higher, meet with the same fate, until at last a layer of them is formed which enables the rest to overcome the difficulty of the passage. The mortality resulting from such 'forlorn hopes' greatly helps to account for the difference in the number of young eels on their upward migration and that of those which return down stream in the autumn. In some places these baby eels are much sought after and are formed into cakes, which are eaten fried.

"Eels spawn like other fishes. For long, however, the most remarkable theories were held as to their birth. One of the old beliefs was that they sprang from mud; a rival theory held that young eels developed from fragments separated from their parents' bodies by their rubbing against rocks. One old author not only declared that they came from May dew, but gave the following recipe for producing them: 'Cut up two turfs covered with May dew and lay them one upon the other, the grassy sides inwards, and then expose them to the heat of the sun. In a few hours there will spring from them an infinite quantity of eels.'"

Looking Ahead.

Robert—Mamma, can I have another piece of pie?

Mamma—Why do you ask, when you have not eaten all that you have on your plate?

Robert—Well, if I could have another piece I wouldn't eat the crust of this.—Puck.

His View.

Henry—I think I know why that nasty medicine made all the sickness go out of me, Aunt Mary.

Aunt Mary—Why, Henry?

Henry—Why, because it had such a nasty taste that the sickness could not stand it.—Harper's Young People.

WHAT CIDER IS MADE OF.

A Glance at the Raw Material in a Connecticut Mill.

"Them's good cider apples," said the cider miller. "Ain't nothin' the matter with them."

"But they are windfalls for the most part," said a New York Times correspondent, "all knotty and dried up. Miserable things!"

"Make tiptop cider, them apples will," persisted the miller.

"But look at the rotten ones. Half of the apples that I can see are touched with decay, while a great many of them are rotten from skin to skin. Look at that," said the correspondent, poking his cane into one of the apples. "There isn't a sound spot in it."

"That don't hurt 'em none for cider," answered the miller. "Makes the cider all the better, some folks says."

"How about the wormy apples? Are they fit to make into cider?"

The miller had talked long enough, and so one of the hangers-on about the place volunteered a reply.

"Guess you wasn't ever into a cider mill 'fore to-day, was ye? If you had been I reckon you wouldn't ask no questions about worms. Worms don't hurt cider none."

The correspondent looked incredulous.

"Don't you b'lieve it? Well, I tell ye what t' do. When you go home tonight, just try an experiment. Wait till it's dark, an' then take two apples an' go down int' the cellar an' see if you kin tell the diff'rence 'twixt the one with a worm into it an' t'other one."

"What do you mean? Why do you tell me to go down into the cellar?"

"Why, that's the most darkish place 'bout the house, ain't it? Don't take no light with ye."

"But how am I to examine the apples in the dark? Of course, I shouldn't know which was which just by feeling of them."

"Thunder'n lightnin'! You didn't s'pose I wanted ye t' go down there an' set round a-feelin' of the apples, did ye? That wa'n't what I meant. What I meant was this: You jest take a wormy apple an' a sound one an' go down int' the cellar an' eat 'em, an' I'll bet ye a shillin' you won't know when you eat the worm."

The correspondent shuddered.

"Don't that prove it?" ran on the man. "Course it does. We put the worms right int' the grater, 'long with the rest. How many of 'em they is we don't know. All we know is that they all turn into cider, an' the man ain't livin' that kin tell when he's drinkin' the cider what part's apple juice an' what part's worm juice.

"Then, ag'in, we couldn't do no diff'rent if we tried. We couldn't send every wormy apple to a hospital and doctor it with vermifuge till we'd killed off the live stock. No, sir, the worms has to go, an' they'll keep on goin', I s'pose, till one of them cruelty to animile fellers shuts down on it an' makes us 'gree to dose the worms with chloryform 'fore we grind 'em up."

COURAGE IN WAR.

No Longer Necessary Since the Introduction of Mechanical Appliances.

It is not probable that there is an army on the earth whose leaders would urge an advance against such an inferno of inevitable annihilation in the face of which their cumbersome equipments would stand as absolutely worse than nothing. A meager outlay in defense on the principle of direct concussion during hostilities would effectually bar the combined navies of the earth from approaching New York harbor near enough to hear the echo of the invading guns.

A defensive arc equipped with nitroglycerine boats and balloons could hold its own with leisure and literally strew the ocean floor with hostile scrap before a single shot could fall within sight.

Let it be understood that there is not a single element of uncertainty in the case; that every claim is based on a rigid analysis, is of simple and inexpensive verification and that such verification shall demonstrate fairly and fully that the ironclad and the armament are floating scrap; that every mechanical thing that has met destructive negation and mere superiority of numbers, discipline and animal courage are lost forevermore as factors of victory in war.

In this new application of well-known principles the fighting fools will find their occupation gone and the common humanities will begin to flourish as they should.

Missouri Spanish.

A drummer who had traveled all over California sat in a Pullman car with a Missourian, and, as the latter was a newcomer, gave him much information about the state.

"By the way," said the Missourian, after awhile, "you seem to know most of the towns in this yer state. Ever been in As-you-say?" The drummer gasped, and then responded:

"No; As-you-say is a new one on me. I have been in several outlandishly-named places, but never in As-you-say. Where is it?"

"I got the letter here," replied the Missourian; "it's from a friend of mine as lives there." And he handed over an envelope stamped "Azusa, Cal." The drummer will not believe all he hears in Missouri Spanish hereafter.

At Rome Do as the Romans Do.

Ambrose, bishop of Milan in the fourth century, was once visited by Monica and her son Augustine, the celebrated bishop of Hippo, in North Africa. There was one point as to which Augustine was in some trouble, and he therefore asked Ambrose for his guidance in the matter. At Rome, he said, it was the custom to fast on Saturday, while at Milan they fasted not; what course was he, Augustine, to take? "Well," replied Ambrose, "when I am here, I dine as they are in the habit of doing, but when I go to Rome I do as the Romans do." This sensible saying has passed into a proverb, and means: "Fall in with the customs of those with whom you happen to be living."

First Senator (in Fifty-fifth congress)—Do you think our minority can talk for two weeks longer?

Second Senator—Yes. The new senator who stammers will consume one week, and after that the chaplain has promised to make filibustering prayers.—Judge.

Impressive Byplay.

Miss Wayback—Say, maw, there's Mrs. Finestile comin' to call.

Mrs. Wayback—Hurry upstairs, an' w'en she knocks jus' open the window an' look out to see who it is. We'll let her know we're rather particular about whom we admit.—N. Y. Weekly.

An Eye to the Future.

"We have a treasure of a nurse."

"No doubt; but it does seem to me that your boy speaks with an Irish brogue which resembles hers."

"That's exactly what we want. We are going to bring Willie up to go into politics."—Harper's Bazar.

No Use for Omelets.

Waiter—Perhaps you would like an omelet?

Uncle Josh—No, sir! Never could eat 'em. I guess you may bring me some aigs. Kind o' beat 'em up a little an' then cook 'em.—Chicago Tribune.

Unusually Flush.

First Artist—I say, old fellow, lend me a dollar.

Second Artist—Sorry, but I have just had to borrow two myself.

First Artist—Well, then, you can lend me one, can't you?—Boston Globe.

ONE FAMILY PROVIDED FOR.

It Includes the Monarch of Every European Country.

Intimately as the ruling families of Europe were allied by blood and marriage in the middle of the sixteenth century, when Mary I. was queen of England, the present day displays still more intimate and widespread connections between them.

Take the English royal family as the starting point. It is connected, first, with Germany by Empress Frederick. The present emperor is Queen Victoria's grandson. The duke of Edinburg married into the Russian family. The prince of Wales married a princess of Denmark, which house is also connected with Russia.

Denmark produced the present king of Greece.

The representatives of the Wettin family have been, during the present reign, the prince of Wales, Ernest II., duke of Saxe-Coburg; Leopold II., king of Belgium; Ferdinand, prince of Bulgaria; Albert, king of Saxony; the king of Portugal, grandson of another prince of Coburg, who, by marrying the queen of Portugal, became king of that country.

The English family again is connected with the Oldenburgs, thus bringing in the Scandinavian family. The king of Denmark's daughter is the princess of Wales.

There are also George I., king of Greece; Ernest, duke of Schleswig-Holstein, the grand duke of Oldenburg, and Alexander III., emperor of Russia. Alexander III. again is a Romanoff.

In other directions, again, the emperor of Austria enters into this royal family, and on his side also the grand duke of Baden, the queen regent of Spain and her little boy king.

In fact, there is not a royal family in Europe at the present day which is not more or less intimately connected with the rest by kindred or by marriage.

MICROBES CARRIED BY BULLETS

Taken from Infected Flannel Through Which the Projectile Was Fired.

Some interesting experiments were lately made by Dr. Mesmer, says the London News, by way of solving the question whether or not rifle bullets are liable to carry infection with them in their course of entry into the body. He made his trial with bullets which had been infected with germs of a particular kind, and the infected bullets were shot into tin boxes from distances varying from two hundred and twenty-five to two hundred and fifty meters—a meter being nearly three feet three and three-quarter inches. Inside the boxes was placed gelatine peptone in a sterilized or germless condition, so that whatever germ developments were found in the peptone (which is a great growing medium for microbes) would be presumed to have come from the bullets. The tracks of the bullets through the gelatine were duly scrutinized, with the result that in each case germ growth took place corresponding to the particular microbes with which the bullets had been respectively infected. In another series of investigations the bullets were made to pass through infected flannel before penetrating the gelatine, the bullets being of the ordinary kind. Here, again, microbic growths appeared in the gelatine, showing that the flannel had yielded up its microbes to the bullets as they traversed it. If noninfected and ordinary bullets were used the gelatine developed only the ordinary germ life, such as the air contains. The bullet is, therefore, a germ carrier of a very decided kind, and it is also clear that if clothing is penetrated by a bullet prior to its entrance into the tissues the missile will be liable to carry into the wound it makes the bacteria resident on the clothes.

HORSEPLAY IN ENGLISH SOCIETY

Coarse Jokes and Risky Dancing Being Indulged In by Smart Girls.

Skirt dancing, high play and the perpetration of practical jokes seem to be the leading amusements of country-house parties in England, according to a recent chronicler quoted by the San Francisco Argonaut. He says: "November is preeminently the month for big shoots, and the country houses are full to overflowing at that time of the year. In quiet houses moderate hours are kept, gambling for heavy stakes is at a discount and a certain sobriety prevails from sunrise to sundown. In other houses, however, the fun waxes fast and furious. No dancing is considered 'sport' unless it be of a nature imported from the Gaiety, such as the unforgettable pas de quatre. A few smart girls go so far as to take unto themselves the voluminous skirts of the serpentine frock and try to imitate Miss Lettie Lind's dexterities." After explaining that the serpentine skirts are made of "no less than a hundred yards of the very finest Chinese silk or crepe cut in triangular pieces to give the appearance of an infinity of yards," our authority resumes: "It is regrettable to add that under some roofs pretty heavy gambling is indulged in, and baccarat and nap with high stakes have as many women as men votaries, to say nothing of practical joking of a suspiciously rowdy sort, such as apple-pie bed-making booby-trapping. A certain most distinguished lady amused herself one whole evening by standing in a gallery and throwing pillows on the men's heads as they passed in and out of the smoking-room."

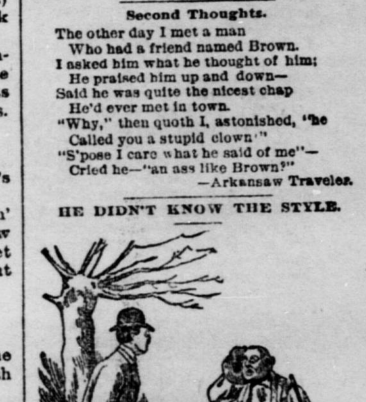
A New Source of Alcohol.

Wood cellulose can be converted into sugar and used to make alcohol, but the compact texture of the wood makes the method expensive. The cellulose of peat moss, however, is now reported to have given more favorable results. The cellulose is converted into sugar by boiling the turf four or five hours in dilute sulphuric acid, when the expressed liquor is fermented with yeast and afterward distilled. The dry turf is stated to yield rather more than half as much absolute alcohol as an equal weight of potatoes containing 20 per cent. of starch.

Second Thoughts.

The other day I met a man
Who had a friend named Brown.
I asked him what he thought of him;
He praised him up and down—
Said he was quite the nicest chap
He'd ever met in town.
"Why," then quoth I, astonished, "he
Called you a stupid clown."
"S'pose I care what he said of me"—
Cried he—"an ass like Brown?"
—Arkansaw Traveler.

HE DIDN'T KNOW THE STYLE.



Black—'Scuse me, sah; 'scuse me, but—

White—Well, what is it, uncle?

Black—Yo' mus' 'scuse me fo' stoppin' yo', sah; but—eh—yo' clo'hs is comin' down.—Judge.