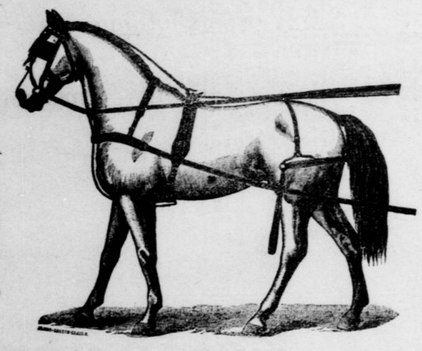
THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL XXXII — BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1895. — No 10

HARNESS

HARNESS! HARNESS!



We have more workmen and larger shop room than ever. We have put in machinery and can supply you with machine or hand made work at wholesale factory prices. We are getting out our new catalogue and in our wholesale department we have about 1000 styles of harness that we cannot duplicate again, and don't want to carry over our road and will sell them for about half price. There is only a single set of each kind, therefore if you want bargains come quick. No difference what you want in the harness line, either new work or repairing, come here.

We must have room for buggies and wagons of which we have the largest line we ever had and will close out

BLANKETS and ROBES

from now till April 1st at less than wholesale prices. It will pay you to buy now for next winter. Just come in and see what bargains we are offering in different articles. We have a special line going out in horse collars, too. We never advertise in a catch-penny way—when we say we are down in price we *are* down in price.

S. B. MARTINCOURT & CO

BUTLER, PA.

Read This; Sure!

—:o:—

$1.50.

A pair of ladies genuine hand turned or hand welt shoes, sizes 2½, 3, 3½, 4 and 4½ at $1.50; these are regular $3 and $4 goods. See our window.

$2.50.

A pair of men's pure gum duck boots, guaranteed to be better than other duck boot, or so called snag-proof on the market. This is a regular $3.50 boot.

$2.00.

A pair of men's first quality rubber boots at $2.00. All sizes.

NOTICE.

Childrens shoes at your own price. See our Bargain Counter.

20C.

A good pair of ladies' croquet rubbers at 20 cents. Sizes 2½ to 5.

50C.

A pair of men's self-acting over shoes, cloth vamps at 50 cents. Sizes 6 to 9.

$1.50.

A pair men's fine calf shoes, regular $2.50 and $3.00 goods at $1.50. All sizes in assorted kinds, made up of odd lots of both Congress and Lace.

FREE.

A handsome pair of intants' chamois moccasins will be given to any mother free for the asking Will not be given to children.

—:o:—

THE Shoe Dealer. **AL RUFF.** 114 S. Main St.

SPECIAL

Owing to a contemplated change in our business April 1st. it becomes necessary that we close out our entire stock on or before that date—We will therefore place on sale this week over 2,000 pairs of pants, 1,000 suits underwear, 1,200 Men's, 800 Boy's and 600 Children's suits; 500 Overcoats; 1600 Hats; 300 solid gold Rings; 50 Watches; 200 Chains, 1,000 Collar and Cuff buttons; 2,000 Scarf pins; 200 Skirt waists, etc.

We here give you timely notice of special days sales, and special discount, so that you can prepare to take advantage of these sales and secure some of the bargains.

Bargain Days

Wednesday Jan. 30—Pants day—25 per cent off,
Friday, Feb. 1st—Overcoat day—25 per cent. off,
Tuesday Feb 5th—Underwear day—25 per cent. off
Thursday, Feb. 7th—Jewelry day—25 per cent. off,
Monday, Feb. 11th—Hat day—25 per cent. off

Special sales on certain lines of goods every day as long as those goods last. These goods not subject to special discount. Pants former price 3 to 6 dollars, special price $1 50 to $3,50—Men's suits former price $4.50 to $12 00, special price 2 50 to 7 50,—Childrens suits, former price 1 to 6 dollars special price 75c to $3 50,—fine gondola Hats former price $2 00 to $4 50, special price from 75c to $2 00—Boy's and Childrens Caps, former price 15 to 25c special price 1 to 10c—Underwear former price 25c, Special price 15c—Mufflers former price from 50c to $2 50 special price 25c to $1 25.

Don't miss this great sale—by borrowing money at 6 per cent you can save 27 per cent net, now this may seem strange yet it is true, and if you doubt it Just call around and we will convince you.

D. A. Heck,

Champion Clothier, Hatter and Furnisher,

21 N. Main St., Duffy's Block, Butler, Pa

List of Applications for LICENSE.

The following applications for Wholesale and Tavern Licenses to sell vinous, spirituous, malt or brewed liquors or any admixture thereof at the several places designated below are now filed in the office of the Clerk of Quarter Sessions Court of Butler County, Pa. and will be heard by the said Court on the 3rd. Wednesday of March 1895, being the 20th day thereof, and continuing from time to time until all applications shall have been heard.

WHOLESALE.

Name.	Residence.	Place for which Application is made.
Amos M Lusk	Zellenople Butler Co Pa	New Castle st Zellenople Boro Butler Co Pa
Carlton C Frederick	64 Richmond Ave Buffalo N Y	" " " "
Jacob Reiber	129 E Jefferson st 2nd Wd Butler Pa	122 E Wayne st 2nd wd Butler Boro "
Joseph L Uhl	New Castle Lawrence Co Pa	126 " " "
Richard Bowen	Phillipsburg Centre Pa	E Jefferson st "
C Baenerlein Brewing Co.	Chief office Bennett P O Pa	333 W " "
Alex Williams 2nd Wd	Butler Boro Pa	52 S Main st "
Mark H Brooks	" "	" "
Jacob Boos	346 S Main st 3rd Wd "	348 cor Main and Wayne sts 3rd wd "
Nicholas Mangold	18 Lowry st Allegheny Pa	129-122 E Cunningham st 2nd "

TAVERN.

Mrs Mattie Reibing	2d wd, Butler boro, Pa	No—S Main St. 2d wd	Butler boro, Pa
Frank S Clark	2d wd "	(Park Hotel) 108 N Diamond St, 2d wd	"
J Harry Painter	3d wd "	334 336 and 338 S Main St	"
Herman Liebold	216&218 S Main "	214 216 and 218 " " "	"
W J McCafferty	2d wd "	Cor Main and Jefferson Sts, 2d wd	"
D F McCrea	2d wd "	" " " "	"
Simeon Nixon	215 N McKean 4wd "	(Nixon's Home) 215 N McKean St. 4th wd	"
Wm H Jellison	Petrolia boro, Butler Co. Pa	(Oriental House) Petrolia boro,	Butler Co. Pa
John S Myers	" "	Main St " "	"
{Agustus Hoch	Millerstown boro "	(Central Hotel) Millerstown boro	"
{Adolphus A Hoch	" "	" " "	"
Benjamin J Forquer	" "	Slipperyrock St "	"
John Dolan	" "	(Schreiber House "	"
Frederick Pfabe	Saxonburg boro "	Main St. Saxonburg boro	"
Christian J Raabe, Jr	" "	(Laube House) " "	"
John Nicholas Iift	Evansburg boro "	(Commercial Hotel) Evansburg boro	"
Mrs Lou Cunningham	" "	(Allier House) " "	"
Henry W Stokey	Zelienople boro "	(Grand Central) Zelienople boro	"
Charles Stokey	" "	(Stokes House) " "	"
Samuel Beam	Harmony boro "	(Beam Hotel) Harmony boro	"
L Wis N Ziegler	" "	" " "	"

Clerk's Office, Feb. 27, 1895. JOSEPH CRISWELL, Clerk Q. S.

State Library july95

Nervous Prostration

Could Not Sleep—Had No Appetite

Cured In Body and Mind by Hood's Sarsaparilla

"I suffered very much for a long time with nervous prostration. I had about given up all hopes of ever getting better when Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended to me and I believe it my duty to let other sufferers know the benefit I derived from it. I **Could Not Sleep** at night, was without appetite, and what little I did eat I was unable to keep on my stomach. After taking the first bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which seemed to do me some good, I tried a second and continued to feel better. I got up feeling

Mr. J. Edw. Riffle
Allegheny, Pa.

Bright and Refreshed

in the morning. I continued with the medicine and am cured, body and mind, can sleep well and feel better in every way. I gladly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to others." J. EDWARD RIFFLE, 154 Madison Ave., Allegheny, Pa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Be Sure to Get Hood's

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headache. 25c.

The store formerly known as the Racket Store at 120 S. Main Street, will be opened on March 4th with a full line of

CLOTHING,

HATS and

GENTS FURNISHING GOODS

BY

T. H. BURTON.

Look at This.

Think of it, a Ladies fine Vici Kid Shoe, in lace or button, six different styles to select from, price $1.25 actual value $2.00.

We are going to spring a surprise on our customers and place on sale a Ladies Kid Button Shoe, Pat tips at 88cts., also a Ladies fine grain button shoe at 88cts., if you want a pair of these don't delay, they are going fast.

We claim to sell the best shoe for $1.00 ever made. It is a gents fine Buff Shoe in lace or congress and just as much style to it as any $3.00 shoe in the market.

Our mens A Calf Congress and Lace shoe at 95cts, needs no mention. We are selling them about as fast as we can get them.

All winter goods and Rubbers to be sold regardless of cost,

TRY.

The New Shoe Store.

C. E. MILLER,

215 S. Main St., Butler, Pa.

Are Your Groceries Fresh?

Everything we have is fresh. We guarantee every pound we sell to be the best of its kind there is.

We want regular, all-the year-round, trade. Let us sell you all you can eat.

Henry Miller,

Opposite P. O.

JOHN W. BROWN C. A. ABRAMS.

ABRAMS & BROWN,

Real Estate, Fire and Life Insurance,

HUSELTON BUILDING,

NEAR COURT HOUSE. BUTLER, PA.

Insurance Company of North America, 1024 year, Assets $9,278,000; Home of New York, Assets $9,000,000; Hartford of Hartford, Assets $7,378,000; Phœnix of Brooklyn, Assets $5,000,000.

L. S. McJUNKIN

Insurance and Real Estate Agent,

17 EAST JEFFERSON ST.

BUTLER, - PA.

CHAPTER I.

THE SCIENCE OF DEDUCTION.

SHERLOCK HOLMES took his bottle from the corner of the mantelpiece and his hypodermic syringe from its neat morocco case. With his long, white, nervous fingers he adjusted the delicate needle, and rolled back his left shirt-cuff. For some little time his eyes rested thoughtfully upon the sinewy forearm and wrist all dotted and scarred with innumerable puncture marks. Finally he thrust the sharp point home, pressed down the tiny piston, and sank back into the velvet-lined armchair with a long sigh of satisfaction.

Three times a day for many months I had witnessed this performance, but custom had not reconciled my mind to it. On the contrary, from day to day I had become more irritable at the sight, and my conscience swelled nightly within me at the thought that I had lacked the courage to protest. Again and again I had registered a vow that I should deliver my soul upon the subject, but there was that in the cool, nonchalant air of my companion which made him the last man with whom one would care to take anything approaching to a liberty. His great powers, his masterly manner, and the experience which I had had of his many extraordinary qualities, all made me diffident and backward in crossing him.

Yet upon that afternoon, whether it was the Beaune which I had taken with my lunch, or the additional exasperation produced by the extreme deliberation of his manner, I suddenly felt that I could hold out no longer.

"Which is it to-day?" I asked—"morphine or cocaine?"

He raised his eyes languidly from the old black-letter volume which he had opened. "It is cocaine," he said, "a seven per cent. solution. Would you care to try it?"

"No, indeed," I answered, brusquely. "My constitution has not got over the Afghan campaign yet. I cannot afford to throw any extra strain upon it."

He smiled at my vehemence. "Perhaps you are right, Watson," he said. "I suppose that its influence is physically a bad one. I find it, however, so transcendently stimulating and clarifying to the mind that its secondary action is a matter of small moment."

"But consider!" I said, earnestly. "Count the cost! Your brain may, as you say, be roused and excited, but it is a pathological and morbid process, which involves increased tissue-change and may at last leave a permanent weakness. You know, too, what a terrible reaction comes upon you. Surely the game is hardly worth the candle. Why should you, for a mere passing pleasure, risk the loss of those great powers with which you have been endowed? Remember that I speak not only as one comrade to another, but as a medical man to one for whose constitution he is to some extent answerable."

He did not seem offended. On the contrary, he put his finger-tips together and leaned his elbows on the arms of his chair, like one who has a relish for conversation.

"My mind," he said, "rebels at stagnation. Give me problems, give me work, give me the most abstruse

"MY MIND REBELS AT STAGNATION."

cryptogram or the most intricate analysis, and I am in my own proper atmosphere. I can dispense then with artificial stimulants. But I abhor the dull routine of existence. I crave for mental exaltation. That is why I have chosen my own particular profession—or rather created it, for I am the only one in the world."

"The only unofficial detective?" I said, raising my eyebrows.

"The only unofficial consulting detective," he answered. "I am the last and highest court of appeal in detection. When Gregson or Lestrade or Athelney Jones are out of their depths—which, by the way, is their normal state—the matter is laid before me. I examine the data, as an expert, and pronounce a specialist's opinion. I claim no credit in such cases. My name figures in no newspaper. The work itself, the pleasure of finding a field for my peculiar powers, is my highest reward. But you have yourself had some experience of my methods of work in the Jefferson Hope case."

"Yes, indeed," said I, cordially. "I was never so struck by anything in my life. I even embodied it in a small brochure with the somewhat fantastic title of 'A Study in Scarlet.'"

He shook his head sadly. "I glanced over it," said he. "Honestly, I cannot congratulate you upon it. Detection is, or ought to be, an exact science, and should be treated in the same cold and unemotional manner. You have attempted to tinge it with romanticism, which produces much the same effect as if you worked a love story or an elopement into the fifth proposition of Euclid."

"But the romance was there," I remonstrated. "I could not tamper with the facts."

"Some facts should be suppressed, or at least a just sense of proportion should be observed in treating them. The only point in the case which deserved mention was the curious analytical reasoning from effects to causes by which I succeeded in unraveling it."

I was annoyed at this criticism of a work which had been specially designed to please him. I confess, too, that I was irritated by the egotism which seemed to demand that every line of my pamphlet should be devoted to his own special doings. More than once during the years that I had lived with him in Baker street I had observed that a small vanity underlay my companion's quiet and didactic manner. I made no remark, however, but sat nursing my wounded leg. I had had a Jezail bullet through it sometime before, and though it did not prevent me from walking, it ached wearily at every change of the weather.

"My practice has extended recently to the continent," said Holmes, after awhile, filling up his old brier-root pipe. "I was consulted last week by Francois Le Villard, who, as you probably know, has come rather to the front lately in the French detective service. He has all the Celtic power of quick intuition, but he is deficient in the wide range of exact knowledge which is essential to the higher developments of his art. The case was concerned with a will, and possessed some features of interest. I was able to refer him to two parallel cases, the one at Riga in 1857, and the other at St. Louis in 1871, which have suggested to him the true solution. Here is the letter which I had this morning, acknowledging my assistance." He tossed over, as he spoke, a crumpled sheet of foreign notepaper. I glanced my eyes down it, catching a profusion of notes of admiration, with stray "magnifiques," "coup de maitres" and "tours de force," all testifying to the ardent admiration of the Frenchman.

"He speaks as a pupil to his master," said I.

"Oh, he rates my assistance too highly," said Sherlock Holmes, lightly. "He has considerable gifts himself. He possesses two out of the three qualities necessary for the ideal detective. He has the power of observation and that of deduction. He is only wanting in knowledge; and that, may come in time. He is now translating my small works into French."

"Your works?"

"Oh, didn't you know?" he cried, laughing. "Yes, I have been guilty of several monographs. They are all upon technical subjects. Here, for example, is one 'Upon the Distinction Between the Ashes of the Various Tobaccos.' In it I enumerate a hundred and forty forms of cigar, cigarette and pipe tobacco, with colored plates illustrating the difference in the ash. It is a point which is continually turning up in criminal trials, and which is sometimes of supreme importance as a clew. If you can say definitely, for example, that some murder has been done by a man who was smoking an Indian lunkah, it obviously narrows your field of search. To the trained eye there is as much difference between the black ash of a Trichinopoly and the white fluff of bird's-eye as there is between a cabbage and a potato."

"You have an extraordinary genius for minutiæ," I remarked.

"I appreciate their importance. Here is my monograph upon the tracing of footsteps, with some remarks upon the uses of plaster of Paris as a preserver of impresses. Here, too, is a curious little work upon the influence of a trade upon the form of the hand, with the lithotypes of the hands of slaters, sailors, cork-cutters, compositors, weavers and diamond polishers. That is a matter of great practical interest to the scientific detective,—especially in cases of unclaimed bodies, or in discovering the antecedents of criminals. But I weary you with my hobby."

"Not at all," I answered, earnestly. "It is of the greatest interest to me, especially since I have had the opportunity of observing your practical application of it. But you spoke just now of observation and deduction. Surely the one to some extent implies the other."

"Why, hardly," he answered, leaning back luxuriously in his arm-chair, and sending up thick blue wreaths from his pipe. "For example, observation shows me that you have been to the Wigmore street post office this morning, but deduction lets me know that when there you despatched a telegram."

"Right!" said I. "Right on both points! But I confess that I don't see how you arrived at it. It was a sudden impulse upon my part, and I have mentioned it to no one."

"It is simplicity itself," he remarked, chuckling at my surprise—"so absurdly simple that an explanation is superfluous; and yet it may serve to define the limits of observation and of deduction. Observation tells me that you have a little reddish mould adhering to your instep. Just opposite the Seymour street office they have taken up the pavement and thrown up some earth which lies in such a way that it is difficult to avoid treading in it in entering. The earth is of this peculiar reddish tint which is found, as far as I know, nowhere else in the neighborhood. So much is observation. The rest is deduction."

"How, then, did you deduce the telegram?"

"Why, of course I knew that you had not written a letter, since I sat opposite to you all morning. I see also in your open desk there that you have a sheet of stamps and a thick bundle of post-cards. What could you go into the post office for, then, but to send a wire? Eliminate all other factors, and the one which remains must be the truth."

"In this case it certainly is so," I replied, after a little thought. "The thing, however, is, as you say, of the simplest. Would you think me impertinent if I were to put your theories to a more severe test?"

"On the contrary," he answered, "it would prevent me from taking a second dose of cocaine. I should be delighted to look into any problem which you might submit to me."

"I have heard you say that it is difficult for a man to have any object in daily use without leaving the impress of his individuality upon it in such a way that a trained observer might read it. Now, I have here a watch which has recently come into my possession. Would you have the kindness to let me have an opinion upon the character or habits of the late owner?"

I handed him over the watch, with some slight feeling of amusement in my heart, for the test was, as I thought, an impossible one, and I intended it as a lesson against the somewhat dogmatic tone which he occasionally assumed. He balanced the watch in his hand, gazed hard at the dial, opened the back, and examined the works, first with his naked eyes and then with a powerful convex lens. I could hardly keep from smiling at his crestfallen face when he finally snapped the case to and handed it back.

"There are hardly any data," he remarked. "The watch has been recently cleaned, which robs me of my most suggestive facts."

"You are right," I answered. "It was cleaned before being sent to me." In my heart I accused my companion of putting forward a most lame and impotent excuse to cover his failure. What data could he expect from an uncleaned watch?

"Though unsatisfactory my research has not been entirely barren," he observed, staring up at the ceiling with dreamy, lack-luster eyes. "Subject to your correction, I should judge that the watch belonged to your elder brother, who inherited it from your father."

"That you gather, no doubt, from the H. W. upon the back?"

"Quite so. The W. suggests your own name. The date of the watch is nearly fifty years back, and the initials are as old as the watch; so it was made for the last generation. Jewelry usually descends to the eldest son, and he is most likely to have the same name as the father. Your father has, if I remember right, been dead many years. It has, therefore, been in the hands of your eldest brother."

"Right, so far," said I. "Anything else?"

"He was a man of untidy habits—very untidy and careless. He was left with good prospects, but he threw away his chances, lived for some time in poverty, with occasional short intervals of prosperity, and finally, taking to drink, he died. That is all I can gather."

I sprang from my chair and limped impatiently about the room with considerable bitterness in my heart.

"This is unworthy of you, Holmes," I said. "I could not have believed that you would have descended to this. You have made inquiries into the history of my unhappy brother, and you now pretend to deduce this knowledge in some fanciful way. You cannot expect me to believe that you have read all this from his old watch! It is unkind, and, to speak plainly, has a touch of charlatanism in it."

"My dear doctor," said he, kindly, "pray accept my apologies. Viewing the matter as an abstract problem, I had forgotten how personal and painful a thing it might be to you. I assure you, however, that I never even knew that you had a brother until you handed me the watch."

"Then how in the name of all that is wonderful did you get these facts? They are absolutely correct in every particular."

"Ah, that is good luck. I could only say what was the balance of probability. I did not at all expect to be so accurate."

HE BALANCED THE WATCH IN HIS HAND.

"But it was not mere guess work?"

"No, no; I never guess. It is a shocking habit—destructive to the logical faculty. What seems strange to you is only so because you do not follow my train of thought or observe the small facts upon which large inferences may depend. For example, I began by stating that your brother was careless. When you observe the lower part of that watch case you notice that it is not only dinted in two places, but it is cut and marked all over from the habit of keeping other hard objects, such as coins or keys, in the same pocket. Surely it is no great feat to assume that a man who treats a fifty-guinea watch so cavalierly must be a careless man. Neither is it a very far-fetched inference that a man who inherits one article of such value is pretty well provided for in other respects."

I nodded to show that I followed his reasoning.

"It is very customary for pawnbrokers in England, when they take a watch, to scratch the number of the ticket with a pin point upon the inside of the case. It is more handy than the label, as there is no risk of the number being lost or transposed. There are no less than four such numbers visible to my lens on the inside of this case. Inference—that your brother was often at low water. Secondary inference—that he had occasional bursts of prosperity, or he could not have redeemed the pledge. Finally, I ask you to look at the inner plate, which contains the key-hole. Look at the thousands of scratches all round the hole—marks where the key has slipped. What sober man's key could have scored those grooves? But you will never see a drunkard's watch without them. He winds it at night, and he leaves these traces of his unsteady hand. Where is the mystery in all this?"

"It is clear as daylight," I answered. "I regret the injustice which I did you. I should have had more faith in your marvelous faculty. May I ask whether you have any professional inquiry on foot at present?"

"None. Hence the cocaine. I cannot live without brain work. What else is there to live for? Stand at the window here. Was there ever such a dreary, dismal, unprofitable world? See how the yellow fog swirls down the street and drifts across dun-colored houses. What could be more hopelessly prosaic and material? What is the use of having powers, doctor, when one has no field upon which to exert them? Crime is commonplace and existence is commonplace and no qualities save those which are commonplace have any function upon earth."

I had opened my mouth to reply to this tirade, when, with a crisp knock, our landlady entered, bearing a card upon the brass salver.

"A young lady for you, sir," she said, addressing my companion.

"Miss Mary Morstan," he read. "Hum! I have no recollection of the name. Ask the young lady to step up, Mrs. Hudson. Don't go, doctor. I shall prefer that you remain."

CHAPTER II.

THE STATEMENT OF THE CASE.

Miss Morstan entered the room with a firm step and an outward composure of manner. She was a blonde young lady, small, dainty, well gloved, and dressed in the most perfect taste. There was, however, a plainess and simplicity about her costume which bore with it a suggestion of limited means. The dress was a somber grayish beige, untrimmed and unbraided, and she wore a small turban of the same dull hue, relieved only by a suspicion of white feather in the side. Her face had neither regularity of feature nor beauty of complexion, but her expression was sweet and amiable, and her large blue eyes were singularly spiritual and sympathetic. In an experience of women which extends over many nations and three separate continents, I have never looked upon a face which gave a clearer promise of a refined and sensitive nature. I could not but observe that as she took the seat which Sherlock Holmes placed for her, her lip trembled, her hand quivered, and she showed every sign of intense inward agitation.

"I have come to you, Mr. Holmes," she said, "because you once enabled my employer, Mrs. Cecil Forrester, to unravel a little domestic complication. She was much impressed by your kindness and skill."

"Mrs. Cecil Forrester," he repeated, thoughtfully. "I believe that I was of some slight service to her. The case, however, as I remember it, was a very simple one."

"She did not think so. But at least you cannot say the same of mine. I can hardly imagine anything more strange, more utterly inexplicable, than the situation in which I find myself."

Holmes rubbed his hands, and his eyes glistened. He leaned forward in his chair with an expression of extraordinary concentration upon his clear-cut, hawk-like features. "State your case," said he, in brisk, business tones.

I felt that my position was an embarrassing one. "You will, I am sure, excuse me," I said, rising from my chair.

To my surprise the young lady held

"YOU WILL, I AM SURE, EXCUSE ME."

up her gloved hand to detain me. "If your friend," she said, "would be good enough to stop, he might be of inestimable service to me."

I relapsed into my chair.

"Briefly," she continued, "the facts are these: My father was an officer in an Indian regiment who sent me home when I was quite a child. My mother was dead, and I had no relative in England. I was placed, however, in a comfortable boarding establishment at Edinburgh, and there I remained until I was seventeen years of age. In the year 1878 my father, who was senior captain of his regiment, obtained twelve months' leave and came home. He telegraphed to me from London that he had arrived all safe, and directed me to come down at once, giving the Langham hotel as his address. His message, as I remember, was full of kindness and love. On reaching London I drove to the Langham, and was informed that Capt. Morstan was staying there, but that he had gone out the night before and had not returned. I waited all day without news of him. That night, on the advice of the manager of the hotel, I communicated with the police, and next morning we advertised in all the papers. Our inquiries led to no result; and from that day to this no word has ever been heard of my unfortunate father. He came home with his heart full of hope, to find some peace, some comfort, and instead——" She put her hand to her throat, and a choking sob cut short the sentence.

"The date?" asked Holmes, opening his notebook.

"He disappeared upon the 3d of December, 1878—nearly ten years ago."

"His luggage?"

"Remained at the hotel. There was nothing in it to suggest a clew—some books, and a considerable number of curiosities from the Andaman islands. He had been one of the officers in charge of the convict guard there."

"Had he any friends in town?"

"Only one that we know of—Maj. Sholto, of his own regiment, the Thirty-fourth Bombay Infantry. The major had retired some little time before, and lived at Upper Norwood. We communicated with him, of course, but he did not even know that his brother officer was in England."

"A singular case," remarked Holmes.

"I have not yet described to you the most singular part. About six years ago—to be exact, upon the 4th of May, 1882—an advertisement appeared in the Times asking for the address of Miss Mary Morstan, and stating that it would be to her advantage to come forward. There was no name or address appended. I had at that time just entered the family of Mrs. Cecil Forrester in the capacity of governess. By her advice I published my address in the advertisement column. The same day there arrived through the post a small cardboard box addressed to me, which I found to contain a very large and lustrous pearl. No word of writing was inclosed. Since then, every year, upon the same date, there has always appeared a similar box, containing a similar pearl, without any clew as to the sender. They have been pronounced by an expert to be of a rare variety and of considerable value. You can see for yourselves that they are very handsome." She opened a flat box as she spoke, and showed me six of the finest pearls that I had ever seen.

"Your statement is most interesting," said Sherlock Holmes. "Has anything else occurred to you?"

"Yes, and no later than to-day. That is why I have come to you. This morning I received this letter, which you will perhaps read for yourself."

"Thank you," said Holmes. "The envelope, too, please. Postmark, London, S. W.; date, July 7. Hum! Man's thumbmark on corner—probably postman. Best quality paper. Envelopes at sixpence a packet. Particular man in his stationery. No address. 'Be at the third pillar from the left outside the Lyceum theater to-night at seven o'clock. If you are distrustful, bring two friends. You are a wronged woman, and shall have justice. Do not bring police. If you do, all will be in vain. Your unknown friend.' Well, really, this is a very pretty little mystery. What do you intend to do, Miss Morstan?"

"That is exactly what I want to ask you."

"Then we shall most certainly go. You and I and—yes, why, Dr. Watson is the very man. Your correspondent says two friends. He and I have worked together before."

"But would he come?" she asked, with something appealing in her voice and expression.

"I should be proud and happy," said I, fervently, "if I can be of any service."

"You are both very kind," she answered. "I have led a retired life, and have no friends whom I could appeal to. If I am here at six it will do, I suppose?"

"You must not be later," said Holmes. "There is one other point. Is this handwriting the same as that upon the pearl-box addresses?"

"I have them here," she answered, producing half a dozen pieces of paper.

"You are certainly a model client. You have the correct intuition. Let us see, now." He spread out the paper upon the table, and gave little darting glances from one to the other. "They are disguised hands, except the letter," he said, presently, "but there can be no question as to the authorship. See how the irrepressible Greek *e* will break out, and see the twirl on the final *s*. They are undoubtedly by the same person. I should not like to suggest false hopes, Miss Morstan, but is there any resemblance between this hand and that of your father?"

"Nothing could be more unlike."

"I expected to hear you say so. We shall look out for you, then, at six. Pray allow me to keep the papers. I may look into the matter before then. It is only half-past three. Au revoir, then."

"Au revoir," said our visitor, and, with a bright, kindly glance from one to the other of us, she replaced her pearl box in her bosom and hurried away. Standing at the window, I watched her walking briskly down the street, until the gray turban and white feather were but a speck in the somber crowd.

"What a very attractive woman!" I exclaimed, turning to my companion.

He had lit his pipe again, and was leaning back with drooping eyelids. "Is she?" he said, languidly. "I did not observe."

"You really are an automaton—a calculating machine!" I cried. "There is something positively inhuman in you at times."

He smiled gently. "It is of the first importance," he said, "not to allow your judgment to be biased by personal qualities. A client is to me a mere unit—a factor in a problem. The emotional qualities are antagonistic to clear reasoning. I assure you that the most winning woman I ever knew was hanged for poisoning three little children for their insurance money, and the most repellent man of my acquaintance is a philanthropist who has spent nearly a quarter of a million upon the London poor."

"In this case, however—"

"I never make exceptions. An exception disproves the rule. Have you ever had occasion to study character in handwriting? What do you make of this fellow's scribble?"

"It is legible and regular," I answered. "A man of business habits and some force of character."

Holmes shook his head. "Look at his long letters," he said. "They hardly rise above the common herd. That d might be an a, and that l an e. Men of character always differentiate their long letters, however illegibly they may write. There is vacillation in his k's and self-esteem in his capitals. I am going out now. I have some few references to make. Let me recommend this book—one of the most remarkable ever penned. It is Winwood Reade's 'Martyrdom of Man.' I shall be back in an hour."

I sat in the window with the volume in my hand, but my thoughts were far

I SAT IN THE WINDOW, VOLUME IN HAND.

from the daring speculations of the writer. My mind ran upon our late visitor—her smiles, the deep rich tones of her voice, the strange mystery which overhung her life. If she were seventeen at the time of her father's disappearance she must be seven-and-twenty now—a sweet age, when youth has lost its self-consciousness and become a little sobered by experience. So I sat and mused, until such dangerous thoughts came into my head that I hurried away to my desk and plunged furiously into the latest treatise upon pathology. What was I, an army surgeon with a weak leg and a weaker banking account, that I should dare to think of such things? She was a unit, a factor, nothing more. If my future were black, it was better surely to face it like a man than to attempt to brighten it by mere will-o'-the-wisps of the imagination.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Too Promiscuous.

Little Girl (pleadingly)—I wish you would save that doll in the window for me until mamma can come and see it.

Dealer (genially)—We have hundreds just like it.

Little Girl (in disgust)—Then I don't want it.—Good News.

No Broken Promises.

Rector—For once, a promise made at the marriage altar is likely to be kept.

Wife—To what do you refer?

Rector—At a wedding this morning I got the questions mixed—and it was the groom who promised to "love, honor and obey."—N. Y. Weekly.

Female Amenities.

Clara—I see that odious Mrs. Newrich is here this evening. I wish you'd introduce me to her.

Muriel—Why do you wish to know her?

Clara—So that I can cut her at the first opportunity.—Puck.

Out of the Question.

Husband—I see plainly you want to get up a quarrel. And in the street, too. Wait, at least, till we are inside our own house.

Wife—Impossible. I shall have cooled down before we get there.—La Fauville.

In 1995.

Miss Hystrung—I can't bear that young Mr. Smithers.

The New Girl—Why not?

Miss Hystrung—Why he's positively masculine in his ways.—Chicago Record.

Looking Backward.

She carries all before her,
But it wasn't always so;
We all recall the bustle
And the days of long ago.
—Detroit Tribune.

A GREAT DEAL WORSE.

Chollie—Why have you stopped calling on Miss Patterson? Did her father object?

Algie—No; she did.—Brooklyn Life.

Valuable Recipe.

Jess—Eating onions quite often causes me to get a good night's sleep.

Bess—How so?

Jess—They drive young Staylate away early.—Town Topics.

In a Cafe.

Gus Snoberly—This isn't the genuine French cognac?

New Waiter—How do you know it isn't? You can't talk French.—Texas Siftings.

Just as Effective.

"Old Soak actually shed tears when he found he couldn't get a drop of whisky."

"Why didn't he drink his tears?"—Life.

THE DAIRY.

DAIRY BARN CARRIER.

An Excellent Device Which Does the Work of One Man.

The help problem among farmers is to-day one of the most serious with which they have to contend and any device that tends to lessen or save labor will or should be hailed with delight as a boon of no little value.

The accompanying illustration is presented in the hope that some one may be assisted in lightening farm labors by the use of this ensilage or manure carrier.

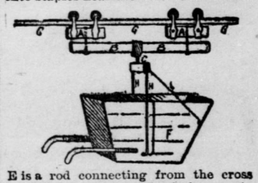
One like it is now in practical operation for carrying ensilage in the dairy barn of Willard Frisbee in the town of Delhi, Delaware county, New York, and as a manure carrier in that of his neighbor, George W. Grant.

G, G, G, is a track of iron such as is used for barn doors and F, a car for carrying the manure or ensilage. Fasten the track securely to the ceiling either ahead or behind the cows, according as it is desired for use in feeding or in stable cleaning, running it the whole length or clear around the stable as is most convenient, the carrier being so constructed that the wheels will turn on a curve in the track.

Four carrier wheels are bolted in pairs to the blocks A, A, and hung to the track, the blocks running close to the track to prevent the wheels jumping off.

These blocks are bolted to a heavy scantling B, B, under them, to connect them a single bolt only being used in each block, thus allowing the wheels to turn the curve in the track as referred to above.

D is a cross bar above the car and to which the car F is hung by rods H, H, the lower ends of the rods hooking into staples near the bottom of the car.



E is a rod connecting from the cross bar D to the back end of the car to steady it until ready to dump, which can be done easily by simply unhooking this rod. C is a heavy swivel connecting the timber between the two pairs of wheels and the cross bar (D).

By the handles at the forward end of the car it can be easily moved in either direction upon the track even when fully loaded, the car holding about one-fourth of a wagon load.—E. J. Brownell, in Farm, Field and Fireside.

ANIMALS ON FARMS.

A Decrease Reported of All Kinds Except Milch Cows.

The statistical bureau of the agricultural department has given out the following report:

The estimates of farm animals for January, 1895 show a decrease in the number of horses, as compared with January, 1894, of 187,281, or 1.17 per cent.; a decrease in mules of 19,123, or 0.81 per cent.; an increase in milch cows of 17,129, or 0.10 per cent.; a decrease in oxen and other cattle of 2,243,953, or 6.11 per cent.; a decrease in the number of sheep of 2,753,953, or 6.11 per cent.; a decrease in the number of swine of 1,040,782, or 2.30 per cent.

In value horses have declined 24.1 per cent., mules 23.5 per cent., milch cows have increased about 1 per cent., oxen and other cattle have lost in value 1.1 per cent., sheep have declined 2.2 per cent. and swine 16.9 per cent. The decline in the prices of farm horses is general throughout the country. The exceptions are to be found in the mountain and Pacific states and Massachusetts. The range of horses is from $16.18 per head in Utah to $74.13 in Massachusetts. The average value of milch cows increased from $21.77 in 1898 to $21.97 for last year.

The average value per capita of animals as estimated are as follows: Horses, $36.29; mules, $47.55; milch cows, $21.97; oxen and other cattle, $14.06; sheep, $1.58; hogs, $4.97.

The aggregate numbers and value of animals are as follows: Horses 15,893,318, value $576,740,560; mules 3,333,108, value $110,927,834; milch cows 16,504,629, value $362,601,729; oxen and other cattle, 34,364,216, value $482,990,129; sheep 42,294,064, value $66,685,767; swine 44,165,816, value $219,501,267. Total values of live stock on farms is $1,819,346,306, a decrease of $351,370,440.

DAIRY SUGGESTIONS.

When we feed the cow a variety of grains we come nearer to feeding an evenly balanced food than if we fed only one kind.

Giving a c