THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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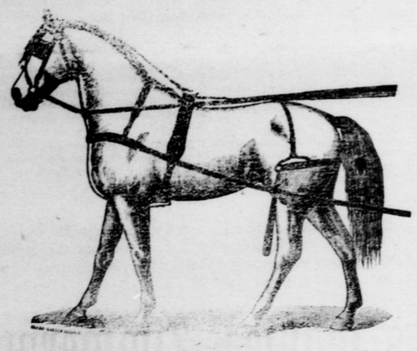
HARNESS

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 find about 100 sets of harness that we cannot duplicate again, and don't want these in our road and will sell them for about half price. There is only a few 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 sale going on 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.

A Card to the Public.

We desire to inform the public that we have opened a first class Merchant Tailoring and Gents Furnishing Goods establishment in the room on the corner of Main and Jefferson streets, opposite the Livery House office.

We hope by fair dealing and strict attention to business to merit a share of your patronage

We have purchased a large stock of Foreign and Domestic goods, which will made up in first class style

We employ none but the best workmen and guarantee perfect satisfaction in every particular. Call and See Us.

J. S. & J. P. YOUNG,
THE TAILORS and FURNISHERS, 101 South Main Street, Butler, Pa.

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 goodola 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' Block, Butler, Pa

Are You Afflicted.

Now is the chance of a life-time to be Cured.

The EXCELSIOR Remedies,

Positively and Permanently cure all diseases caused by derangement of the Blood, Stomach, Liver and Kidneys, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Stomach and Liver Trouble; all Skin Disease, St Vitus Dance, General Debility, Nervous Debility, Sick or Nervous Headache, Catarrh, After Effects of LaGrippe, Female Complaints, Constipation and all its evil effects

The Excelsior Blood Cleaner and Excelsior Vegetable Pills, are especially adapted for the above complaints, their curative powers are wonderful. TRY THEM, they are guaranteed to cure. Send us your address and we will mail you THE EXCELSIOR LEADER containing testimonials of hundreds who have been cured by the Excelsior Remedies in your own County and State. Address all communications to

Office EXCELSIOR Medicine Co,
No. 126 S Main St. - - Butler Pa.

C. AND D.

A business that keeps growing through a season of depression, such as the country has experienced, is an evidence that people realize they save money by trading with us. We know, and always have known, the days of large profits are past. Without question we are giving more for the money than last year. Our stock is larger to select from than last year.

CALL AND SEE US.

Colbert & Dale.

PINE TREE FARM.
Jamesburg, N. J.

Send for large catalogue of Land and Water Fowl. The best Pekin Ducks in the world.

W H ORDWAY. Prop'r.
D. A. MOUNT, Sup't.

Hotel Butler

J. H. FAUBEL, Prop'r.

This house has been thoroughly renovated, remodeled, and refitted with new furniture and carpets; has electric bells and all other modern conveniences for guests, and is as convenient, and desirable a home for strangers as can be found in Butler, Pa.

Elegant sample room for use of commercial men

Hotel Williard.

Reopened and now ready for the accommodation of the traveling public.

Everything in first-class style.

MRS. MATTIE REHING, Owner

M H BROOKS, Clerk.

FREE! FREE!

Any customer buying Thirty Dollars worth of goods, will be presented with a piece of silverware warranted for 10 years.

COMPARE PRICES.

22lb granulated Sugar for	$1 00
23lb "A" " "	1 00
25lb Yellow " "	1 00
5lb California Raisons	25
4lb " Prunes	25
2½lb " Peaches	25
2½lb " Apricots	25
2½lb " Peas	25
1 30lb Pail Jelly	75
1 sack White Lily Flour	75
4 cans Tomatoes	25
4 " Sugar Corn	25
4 " String Beans	25
1 " House Baking Powder	10

HENRY MILLER,
Opposite P. O.

—Job work of all kind done at the CITIZEN OFFICE.

Nervous

People should realize that the only true and permanent cure for their condition is to be found in having

Pure Blood

Because the health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon the purity of the blood. The whole world knows the standard blood purifier is

Hood's Sarsaparilla

And therefore it is the only true and reliable medicine for nervous people. It makes the blood pure and healthy, and thus cures nervousness, makes the nerves firm and strong, gives sweet sleep, mental vigor, a good appetite, perfect digestion. It does all this, and cures Scrofula, Eczema, or Salt Rheum and all other blood diseases, because it

Makes

Pure Blood

Results prove every word we have said. Thousands of voluntary testimonials fully establish the fact that

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Be Sure to Get Hood's

"I was very nervous. I used Hood's Sarsaparilla and my nervousness is all gone." CATHARINE KECK, 1130 Maple St., Allentown, Pennsylvania.

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

No doubt many of the readers of the CITIZEN intend doing some papering this spring. To those who do,

Heineman & Son,

invite an inspection of their stock; and promise that they will show.

The Largest Stock,
The Best Selections
and Fair Prices.

More than this, no one can ask. Wouldn't it be to your interest to call at this store?

Sheriff's Removal Fire Sacrifice SALES

Dont go with an intelligent public.

A merchant doing a legitimate business, carrying a legitimate stock and asking only a legitimate profit, is worthy of patronage We claim to be blessed with these good qualities. Call and see our stock and get prices and be convinced we do a strait, legitimate business.

ONE PRICE. **T. H. Burton** Clothier and Furnisher. 120 - - S. Main, St.

Butler Dye Works,

216 Centre Avenue, BUTLER, PA.

Save 20 Per Cent,

By bringing your dyeing and cleaning rest to our place. We have done away with our agents and propose giving our patrons the benefit. Come and bring your work and we can tell you just what can be done to it, thus avoiding the misunderstanding and incompetency of agents. If you cannot come send us a postal and we will call on you.

R. Fisher.

WHO STEALS MY PURSE STEALS TRASH?

Is a very snappy private quotation you buy your purses of us.

We keep no trash, but we do keep the finest line of purses and pocket books in the county.

We have the latest and best things in this line.

Purses and Leather Pocket Books from 5c to $3.

All the New Leathers.

J. H. DOUGLASS',
Near Postoffice.

NEW Southside Restaurant

No. 211 Centre Avenue, (Whitmire building,) convenient to P. & W depot. Open all hours All kind of lunches and regular meals Tobacco and Cigars, fine confections and everything to be found in a first class Restaurant Give us a call and we will do our best to accommodate you.

W. J. MATES, Manager.

CHAPTER VII.

THE EPISODE OF THE BARREL.

The police had brought a cab with them, and in this I escorted Miss Morstan back to her home. After the angelic fashion of women, she had borne trouble with a calm face as long as there was some one weaker than herself to support, and I had found her bright and placid by the side of the frightened housekeeper. In the cab, however, she first turned faint, and then burst into a passion of weeping—so sorely had she been tried by the adventures of the night. She has told me since that she thought me cold and distant upon that journey. She little guessed the struggle within my breast, or the effort of self-restraint which held me back. My sympathies and my love went out to her, even as my hand had in the garden. I felt that years of the conventionalities of life could not teach me to know her sweet, brave nature as had this one day of strange experiences. Yet there were two thoughts which sealed the words of affection upon my lips. She was weak and helpless, shaken in mind and nerve. It was to take her at a disadvantage to obtrude love upon her at such a time. Worse, still, she was rich. If Holmes' researches were successful she would be an heiress. Was it fair, was it honorable, that a half-pay surgeon should take such advantage of an intimacy which chance had brought about? Might she not look upon me as a mere vulgar fortune seeker? I could not bear to risk that such a thought should cross her mind. This Agra treasure intervened like an impassable barrier between us.

It was nearly two o'clock when we reached Mrs. Cecil Forrester's. The servants had retired hours ago, but Mrs. Forrester had been so interested by the strange message which Miss Morstan had received that she had sat up in the hope of her return. She opened the door herself, a middle-aged, graceful woman, and it gave me joy to see how tenderly her arm stole round the other's waist and how motherly was the voice in which she greeted her. She was clearly no mere paid dependent, but an honored friend. I was introduced, and Mrs. Forrester earnestly begged me to step in and to tell her our adventures. I explained, however, the importance of my errand, and promised faithfully to call and report any progress which we might make with the case. As we drove away I stole a glance back, and I still seem to see that little group on the step, the two graceful, clinging figures, the half-opened door, the hall light shining through stained glass, the barometer, and the bright stair rods. It was soothing to catch even that passing glimpse of a tranquil English home in the midst of the wild, dark business which had absorbed us.

And the more I thought of what had happened, the wilder and darker it grew. I reviewed the whole extraordinary sequence of events as I rattled on through the silent gas-lit streets. There was the original problem; that at least was pretty clear now. The death of Capt. Morstan, the sending of the pearls, the advertisement, the letter—we had had light upon all those events. They had only led us, however, to a deeper and far more tragic mystery. The Indian treasure, the curious plan found among Morstan's baggage, the strange scene at Maj. Sholto's death, the rediscovery of the treasure immediately followed by the murder of the discoverer, the very singular accompaniments to the crime, the footsteps, the remarkable weapons, the words upon the card, corresponding with those upon Capt. Morstan's chart—here indeed was a labyrinth in which a man less singularly endowed than my fellow lodger might well despair of ever finding the clew.

Pinchin lane was a row of shabby two-storied brick houses in the lower quarter of Lambeth. I had to knock for some time at No. 3 before I could make any impression. At last, however, there was the glint of a candle behind the blind, and a face looked out at the upper window

"Go on, you drunken vagabond," said the face. "If you kick up any more row I'll open the kennels and let out forty-three dogs upon you."

"If you'll let one out it's just what I have come for," said I.

"Go on!" yelled the voice. "So help me gracious, I have a wiper in this bag, an' I'll drop it on you're 'ead if you don't hook it."

"But I want a dog!" I cried.

"I won't be argued with!" shouted Mr. Sherman. "Now stand clear; for when I say 'three,' down goes the wiper."

"Mr. Sherlock Holmes—" I began, but the words had a most magical effect, for the window instantly slammed down, and within a minute the door was unbarred and open. Mr. Sherman was a lanky, lean old man, with stooping shoulders, a stringy neck and blue-tinted glasses.

"A friend of Mr. Sherlock is always welcome," said he. "Step in, sir. Keep clear of the badger; for he bites. Ah, naughty, naughty, would you take a nip at the gentleman?" This to a stoat

"NOW STAND CLEAR."

which thrust its wicked head and red eyes between the bars of its cage. "Don't mind that, sir; it's only a slow-worm. It hain't got no fangs, so I gives it the run o' the room, for it keeps the beetles down. You must not mind my bein' just a little short wi' you at first, for I'm guyed at by the children, and there's many a one just comes down this lane to knock me up. What was it that Mr. Sherlock Holmes wanted, sir?"

"He wanted a dog of yours."

"Ah! that would be Toby."

"Yes, Toby was the name."

"Toby lives at No. 7 on the left here." He moved slowly forward with his candle among the queer animal family which he had gathered round him. In the uncertain, shadowy light I could see dimly that there were glancing, glimmering eyes peering down at us from every cranny and corner. Even the rafters above our heads were lined by solemn fowls, who lazily shifted their weight from one leg to the other as our voices disturbed their slumbers.

Toby proved to be an ugly, long-haired, lop-eared creature, half spaniel and half lurcher, brown-and-white in color, with a very clumsy waddling gait. It accepted, after some hesitation, a lump of sugar which the old naturalist handed to me, and, having thus sealed an alliance, it followed me to the cab, and made no difficulties about accompanying me. It had just struck three on the palace clock when I found myself back once more at Condicherry lodge. The ex-prize-fighter McMurdo had, I found, been arrested as an accessory, and both he and Mr. Sholto had been marched off to the station. Two constables guarded the narrow gate, but they allowed me to pass with the dog on my mentioning the detective's name.

Holmes was standing on the doorstep, with his hands in his pockets, smoking his pipe.

"Ah, you have him there!" said he. "Good dog, then! Athelney Jones has gone. We have had an immense display of energy since you left. He has arrested not only friend Thaddeus, but the gatekeeper, the housekeeper, and the Indian servant. We have the place to ourselves, but for a sergeant upstairs. Leave the dog here, and come up."

We tied Toby to the hall table, and reascended the stairs. The room was as we had left it, save that a sheet had been draped over the central figure. A weary-looking police sergeant reclined in the corner.

"Lend me your bull's-eye, sergeant," said my companion. "Now tie this bit of card round my neck, so as to hang it in front of me. Thank you. Now I must kick off my boots and stockings! Just you carry them down with you, Watson. I am going to do a little climbing. And dip my handkerchief into the creosote. That will do. Now come up into the garret with me for a moment."

We clambered up through the hole. Holmes turned his light once more upon the footsteps in the dust.

"I wish you particularly to notice these footmarks," he said. "Do you observe anything noteworthy about them?"

"They belong," I said, "to a child or a small woman."

"Apart from their size, though. Is there anything else?"

"They appear to be much as other footmarks."

"Not at all. Look here! This is the print of a right foot in the dust. Now I make one with my naked foot beside it. What is the chief difference?"

"Your toes are all cramped together. The other print has each toe distinctly divided."

"Quite so. That is the point. Bear that in mind. Now, would you kindly step over to the flap-window and smell the edge of the woodwork? I shall stay over here, as I have this handkerchief in my hand."

I did as he directed, and was instantly conscious of a strong tarry smell.

"That is where he put his foot in getting out. If you can trace him, I should think that Toby will have no difficulty. Now run downstairs, loose the dog, and look out for Blondin."

By the time that I got out into the grounds Sherlock Holmes was on the roof, and I could see him like an enormous glow-worm, crawling very slowly along the ridge. I lost sight of him behind a stack of chimneys, but he presently reappeared, and then vanished once more upon the opposite side. When I made my way round there I found him seated at one of the corner eaves,

"That you, Watson?" he cried.

"Yes."

"This is the place. What is that black thing down there?"

"A water-barrel."

"Top on it?"

"Yes."

"No sign of a ladder?"

"No."

"Confound the fellow! It's a most break-neck place. I ought to be able to come down where he could climb up. The waterpipe feels pretty firm. Here goes, anyhow."

There was a scuffling of the feet, and the lantern began to come steadily down the side of the wall. Then with a light spring he came on to the barrel, and from there to the earth.

"It was easy to follow him," he said, drawing on his stockings and boots. "Tiles were loosened the whole way along, and in his hurry he had dropped this. It confirms my diagnosis, as you doctors express it."

The object which he held up to me was a small pocket or pouch woven out of colored grasses and with a few tawdry beads strung round it. In shape and size it was not unlike a cigarette case. Inside were half a dozen spines of dark wood, sharp at one end and rounded at the other, like that which had struck Bartholomew Sholto.

"They are hellish things," said he. "Look out that you don't prick yourself. I'm delighted to have them for the chances are that they are all he has. There is the less fear of you or me finding one in our skin before long. I would sooner face a Martini bullet, myself. Are you game for a six-mile trudge, Watson?"

"Certainly," I answered.

"Your leg will stand it?"

"Oh, yes."

"Here you are, doggy! Good old Toby! Smell it, Toby, smell it!" He pushed the creosote handkerchief under the dog's nose, while the creature stood with its fluffy legs separated, and with a most comical cock to its head, like a connoisseur sniffing the bouquet of a famous vintage. Holmes then threw the handkerchief to a distance, fastened a stout cord to the mongrel's collar, and led him to the foot of the water barrel. The creature instantly broke into a succession of high, tremulous yelps, and, with his nose on the ground, and his tail in the air, pattered off upon the trail at a pace which strained his leash and kept us at the top of our speed.

The east had been gradually whitening, and we could now see some distance in the cold gray light. The square, massive house, with its black, empty windows and high, bare walls, towered up, sad and forlorn, behind us. Our course led right across the grounds, in and out among the trenches and pits with which they were scarred and intersected. The whole place, with its scattered dirt heaps and ill-grown shrubs, had a blighted, ill-omened look which harmonized with the black tragedy which hung over it.

On reaching the boundary wall, Toby ran along, whining eagerly, underneath its shadow, and stopped finally in a corner screen by a young beech, where the two walls joined, several bricks had been loosened, and the crevices left were worn down and rounded upon the lower side, as though they had frequently been used as a ladder. Holmes clambered up, and, taking the dog from me, he dropped it over upon the other side.

"There's the print of wooden-leg's hand," he remarked, as I mounted up beside him. "You see the slight smudge of blood upon the white plaster. What a lucky thing it is that we have had no very heavy rain since yesterday! The scent will lie upon the road in spite of their eight-and-twenty hours' start."

I confess that I had my doubts myself when I reflected upon the great traffic which had passed along the London road in the interval. My fears were soon appeased, however. Toby never hesitated or swerved, but waddled on in his peculiar rolling fashion. Clearly the pungent smell of the creosote rose high above all other contending scents.

"Do not imagine," said Holmes, "that I depend for my success in this case upon the mere chance of one of these fellows having put his foot in the chemical. I have knowledge now which would enable me to trace them in many

WITH A LIGHT SPRING HE CAME ON THE BARREL.

different ways. This, however, is the readiest, and, since fortune has put it into our hands, I should be culpable if I neglected it. It has, however, prevented the case from becoming the pretty little intellectual problem which it at one time promised to be. There might have been some credit to be gained out of it, but for this too palpable clew."

"There is credit, and to spare," said I. "I assure you, Holmes, that I marvel at the means by which you obtain your results in this case, even more than I did in the Jefferson Hope murder. The thing seems to me to be deeper and more inexplicable. How, for example, could you describe with such confidence the wooden-legged man?"

"Pshaw, my dear boy! it was simplicity itself. I don't wish to be theatrical. It is all patent and aboveboard. Two officers who are in command of a convict guard learn an important secret as to buried treasure. A map is drawn for them by an Englishman named Jonathan Small. You remember that we saw the name upon the chart in Capt. Morstan's possession. He had signed it in behalf of himself and his associates—the sign of the four, as he somewhat dramatically called it. Aided by this chart, the

HOLMES CLAMBERED UP AND TOOK THE DOG FROM ME.

officers—or one of them—gets the treasure and brings it to England, leaving, we will suppose, some condition under which he received it unfulfilled. Now, then, why did not Jonathan Small get the treasure himself? The answer is obvious. The chart is dated at a time when Morstan was brought into close association with convicts. Jonathan Small did not get the treasure because he and his associates were themselves convicts and could not get away."

"But this is mere speculation," said I.

"It is more than that. It is the only hypothesis which covers the facts. Let us see how it fits in with the sequel. Maj. Sholto remains at peace for some years, happy in the possession of his treasure. Then he receives a letter from India which gives him a great fright. What was that?"

"A letter to say that the men whom he had wronged had been set free."

"Or had escaped. That is much more likely, for he would have known what their term of imprisonment was. It would not have been a surprise to him. What does he do then? He guards himself against a wooden-legged man—a white man, mark you, for he mistakes a white tradesman for him, and actually fires a pistol at him. Now, only one white man's name is on the chart. The others are Hindoos or Mohamedans. There is no other white man. Therefore we may say with confidence that the wooden-legged man is identical with Jonathan Small. Does the reasoning strike you as being faulty?"

"No: it is clear and concise."

"Well, now, let us put ourselves in the place of Jonathan Small. Let us look at it from his point of view. He comes to England with the double idea of regaining what he would consider to be his rights and of having his revenge upon the man who had wronged him. He found out where Sholto lived, and very possibly he established communications with some one inside the house. There is this butler, Lal Rao, whom we have not seen. Mrs. Bernstone gives him far from a good character. Small could not find out, however, where the treasure was hid, for no one ever knew, save the major and one faithful servant who had died. Suddenly Small learns that the major is on his deathbed. In a frenzy lest the secret of the treasure die with him, he runs the gauntlet of the guards, makes his way to the dying man's window, and is only deterred from entering by the presence of his two sons. Mad with hate, however, against the dead man, he enters the room that night, searches his private papers in the hope of discovering some memorandum relating to the treasure, and finally leaves a memento of his visit in the short inscription upon the card. He had doubtless planned beforehand that should he slay the major he would leave some such record upon the body as a sign that it was not a common murder, but, from the point of view of the four associates, something in the nature of an act of justice. Whimsical and bizarre conceits of this kind are common enough in the annals of crime, and usually afford valuable indications as to the criminal. Do you follow all this?"

"Very clearly."

"Now, what could Jonathan Small do? He could only continue to keep a secret watch upon the efforts made to find the treasure. Possibly he leaves England and only comes back at intervals. Then comes the discovery of the garret, and he is instantly informed of it. We again trace the presence of some confederate in the household. Jonathan, with his wooden leg, is utterly unable to reach the lofty room of Bartholomew Sholto. He takes with him, however, a rather curious associate, who gets over this difficulty, but dips his naked foot into creosote, whence come Toby, and a six-mile limp for a half-pay officer with a damaged Achillis tendo."

"But it was the associate, and not Jonathan, who committed the crime."

"Quite so. And rather to Jonathan's disgust, to judge by the way he stamped about when he got into the room. He bore no grudge against Bartholomew Sholto, and would have preferred if he could have been simply bound and gagged. He did not wish to put his head in a halter. There was no help for it, however: the savage instincts of his companion had broken out, and the poison had done its work: so Jonathan Small left his record, lowered the treasure-box to the ground, and followed it himself. That was the train of events as far as I can decipher them. Of course as to his personal appearance he must be middle-aged, and must be sunburned after serving his time in such an oven as the Andamans. His height is readily calculated from the length of his stride, and we know that he was bearded. His hairiness was the one point which impressed itself upon Thaddeus Sholto when he saw him at the window. I don't know that there is anything else."

"The associate?"

"Ah, well, there is no great mystery in that. But you will know all about it soon enough. How sweet the morning air is! See how that one little cloud floats like a pink feather from some gigantic flamingo. Now the red rim of the sun pushes itself over the London cloudbank. It shines on a good many folk, but on none, I dare bet, who are on a stranger errand than you and I. How small we feel with our petty ambitions and strivings in the presence of the great elemental forces of nature! Are you well up in your Jean Paul?"

"Fairly so. I worked back to him through Carlyle."

"That was like following the brook to the parent lake. He makes but one curious but profound remark. It is that the chief proof of man's real greatness lies in his perception of his own smallness. It argues, you see, a power of comparison and of appreciation which is in itself a proof of nobility. There is much food for thought in Richter. You have not a pistol, have you?"

"I have my stick."

"It is just possible that we may need something of the sort if we get into their lair. Jonathan I shall leave to you, but if the other turns nasty I shall shoot him dead." He took out his revolver as he spoke, and, having loaded two of the chambers, he put it back into the right hand pocket of his jacket.

We had, during this time, been following the guidance of Toby down the half rural, villa-lined roads which lead to the metropolis. Now, however, we were beginning to come among continuous streets, where laborers and dockmen were already astir, and slatternly women were taking down shutters and brushing doorsteps. At the square-topped corner public houses business was just beginning, and rough-looking men were emerging, rubbing their sleeves across their beards after their morning wet. Strange dogs sauntered up, and stared wonderingly at us as we passed, but our inimitable Toby looked neither to the right nor to the left, but trotted onwards with his nose to the ground and an occasional eager whine, which spoke of a hot scent.

We had traversed Streatham, Brixton, Camberwell, and now found ourselves in Kennington lane, having borne away through the side streets to the east of the Oval. The men whom we pursued seemed to have taken a curiously zigzag road, with the idea probably of escaping observation. They had never kept to the main road if a parallel side street would serve their turn. At the foot of Kennington lane they had edged away to the left through Bond street and Miles street. Where the latter turns into Knight's place Tobey ceased to advance, but began to run backwards and forwards with one ear cocked and the other drooping, the very picture of canine indecision. Then he waddled round in circles, looking up to us from time to time, as if to ask for sympathy in his embarrassment.

"What the deuce is the matter with the dog?" growled Holmes. "They surely would not take a cab or go off in a balloon."

"Perhaps they stood here for some time," I suggested.

"Ah! it's all right. He's off again," said my companion, in a tone of relief.

He was, indeed, off, for, after sniffing round again, he suddenly made up

TOBY STOOD UPON THE CASK.

his mind, and darted away with an energy and determination such as he had not yet shown. The scent appeared to be much hotter than before, for he had not even to put his nose on the ground, but tugged at his leash, and tried to break into a run. I could see by the gleam in Holmes' eyes that he thought we were nearing the end of our journey.

Our course now ran down Nine Elms until we came to Broderick & Nelson's large timber yard, just past the White Eagle tavern. Here the dog, frantic with excitement, turned down through the side gate into the inclosure, where the sawyers were already at work. On the dog raced through sawdust and shavings, down an alley, round a passage, between two wood-piles, and finally, with a triumphant yelp, sprang upon a large barrel, which still stoop upon the hand-trolley on which it had been brought. With lolling tongue and blinking eyes, Toby stood upon the cask, looking from one to the other of us for some sign of appreciation. The staves of the barrel and the wheels of the trolley were smeared with dark liquid, and the whole air was heavy with the smell of creosote.

Sherlock Holmes and I looked blankly at each other, and then burst simultaneously into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Thought It Was Smoke.

"Why, mamma," said Willie, as he went out into the cold and could see his own breath, "give me a glass of water quick. I must be on fire inside."—Harper's Young People.

ROAD IMPROVEMENT.

A GREAT CIVILIZER.

That Is What Ex-Speaker Reed Calls a Good Country Road.

Hon. Thomas B. Reed, ex-speaker of the house of representatives, in an address to the graduating class of the Peirce College of Business, in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, speaking of the various forms of wealth and the comforts and benefits arising from and made possible thereby, made the following significant allusion to the country road as an asset of the nations, and as a factor in contributing to the wants and necessities of the human race:

"One of the greatest civilizers of the world is something we hardly think of, either as a civilizer or as wealth—the common country road. Few people ever think how much roads cost us. They represent the surplus labor of

HON. THOMAS B. REED.

centuries. They make possible the transfer of the abundance of one region to supplement the want of another. And yet, the modern road, crossing the country in all directions, traversible by carriages and carts, as well as beasts, does not go back to the times of good Queen Bess. Indeed, in her reign thousands might starve, and did starve, in one county, while abundance filled the granaries of the others.

"Think of men and women and children starving from mere lack of that form of wealth which we call roads in the days when Drake and the great captains were scouring the seas in search of the Spanish galleons and Spanish gold, and when the military might of England hurled back the Spanish Armada and all the power of the greatest nation on the face of the globe. In the very heart of London, in the street named after the king himself, the only way one of the Edwards could get to his parliament was to fill with great bunches of fagots the holes in the street."

ROADS OF ANTIQUITY.

Those Built by the Medieval Peruvians Were the Most Magnificent.

Perhaps the earliest road on record is that mentioned by Herodotus as having been constructed by Cheops, the Egyptian king, in order that stones might be dragged along it for his pyramid. In the opinion of the Greek traveler the work of making the road was as great as that of building the pyramid, for it took ten years to construct, and it was made of polished stones with figures carved on them. But, according to the London Standard, this does not compare in magnitude with the highways constructed by the Peruvians, while medieval Europe was still in a state of semi-barbarous disorganization. The two principal roads in Peru ran from Quito in the north to Cuzco, the capital, the one along the sandy and level strip of coast, the other along the plateau of the Andes, a region of unparalleled engineering difficulty. The length of the second has been estimated at from 1,500 to 2,000 miles. It crossed sierras buried in snow, bridged ravines with walls of solid masonry, mounted and descended precipices by staircases hewn in the solid rock and ran in interminable galleries along the sides of intractable mountains. Where rivers had to be crossed bridges were made with ropes of stout, pliant osier twisted to the thickness of a man's body and stretched over the stream sometimes for a distance of 200 feet. These cables swung side by side, and, fastened with planks so as to form a footway, were drawn through holes in enormous buttresses of stone specially constructed on each bank, and were secured firmly at each end to heavy beams of timber. A railing of similar osier material gave the passenger confidence as he crossed the oscillating bridge that sank dangerously in the middle and mounted rapidly at the sides. The great highway was twenty feet wide, and was built with flags of freestone covered with bituminous cement. It was measured out by posts set up at every league; caravansaries and magazines were stationed at convenient distances for the Peruvian soldiers on their military expeditions; and a regular postal service had been organized by which highly trained runners, relieved every five miles, could convey messages a distance of 200 miles in the twenty-four hours. The roads were kept in beautiful order, the inhabitants of a district being responsible for that portion of the highway which traversed their land. At the same time it should be remembered that there was no wheel traffic to cut up the level surface of the hard pavement. There is considerable irony in the fact that it was not till the Spaniards forcibly introduced their so-called civilization into Peru that the famous roads began to fall into disrepair.

What Feed Will Do.

It is pretty well established that no amount of feeding will increase the proportion of butter fat in the milk, but it is just as fully proven that the amount of milk may be increased and the proportion of fat kept up. Feed does it.

A Fine Profession.

A smile of joy lit up the countenance of Mr. Hobnails as he entered his home after his day's work. "I have received a letter from our darling boy Harry," he said to his wife, "and his fortune's made."

"Oh, John!" said Mrs. Hobnails, "has he gone into business for himself?"

"No—he's smarter than that!" said her husband, exultingly.

"He's been speculating?"

"Better than that."

"Or got hold of a gold mine?"

"Pshaw, no! He's been appointed as a friendly receiver."—Chicago Record.

An Artistic Career.

She—Isn't Mr. Pallette married?

He—Yes, since last December.

She—Why I thought he sought an artistic career?

He—He did, and hit it. He wore the most elaborate clothes procurable, lived at the best hotel in town, and married a woman with a million. If that isn't artistic, I'd like to know what you call it.—Detroit Free Press.

A Reasonable Suggestion.

Mrs. Spratt (vigorously shaking her sleeping spouse)—John! John! There's a burglar in the house!

Mr. Spratt (protestingly)—See here, Manda! If, instead of shaking the life out of me, you'd go and shake that burglar, you'd be doing some good.—N. Y. Weekly.

TO IMPROVE YOUR LOOKS.

Devices for Making the Complexion Better and Adding to Physical Beauty.

Vanity furnishes the inspiration for many of the inventions of the patent office. One of these is a mask of very thin rubber, designed to be worn on the face at night. It causes profuse perspiration, which washes impurities out of the skin and makes the complexion clearer. Sun tan is quickly removed, so it is claimed.

Another device for producing dimples, according to the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, is a woman's idea. It is a wire mask, likewise to put on when going to bed. By an arrangement of screws, pencils of wood, very blunt, are made to press upon the cheeks and chin at the points where dimples are desired. Uncomfortable? Why, of course. But, as the French say, it is worth while to suffer for beauty's sake.

False busts, hips and calves are made of rubber, to be blown out like balloons, and in many other styles, while the young lady of build hopelessly skeletonesque may procure a complete stuffed jacket which fills out her form at every point to the extent requisite for counterfeiting desirable embonpoint.

If one is so unfortunate as to lack a nose he can obtain a false one of papier mache, artfully enameled to imitate the skin. One kind of imitation proboscis is attached to a spectacle frame, so that the owner puts on his counterfeit nasal organ in adjusting his glasses.

Masculine vanity is concerned in the genesis of about eighty patents for various kinds of mustache guards. One such is a gold plate with a spring, which may be fastened to any drinking vessel at a moment's notive.

Another is especially designed for beer glasses. A tube connecting with it goes down deep into the beer, so that the mustached drinker is able to avoid the foam.

Other guards are destined to be worn like spectacles somewhat, with wires to pass to the back of the ears of the wearer, and hold them on. The shield for the mustache is of gold or silver, or of fine gold wire net.

THE ITALIAN PEOPLE.

A View of Their Present Condition and Prospects for the Future.

What are the prospects of the people? That depends in the present case largely upon the people themselves. A people that are not united will never bear taxation patiently, because a disunited people cannot be commercially prosperous, and, therefore, cannot afford to pay the taxes. The difference between north and south Italy, or between Piedmont and Sicily, are not, indeed, like those between Ireland and England, largely religious, but they are certainly radical, and the gulf between the easygoing, but passionate, children of the two Sicilies and the hardy mountaineer and stalwart cultivator of the Piedmont plains is almost as wide as the chasm between the Teuton and the Celt. Victor Emanuel's favorite unifier of Italy was the army, but, says the Fortnightly Review, it has turned in the hands of his successor into a disintegrator. It was all very well to move the army up and down Italy when the army was a symbol of common liberation from which so much was expected; but now the tyrants are gone there is no longer halo of romance about the army, nothing but army bills. The tyrant now is the tax collector.

Undoubtedly the people have a grievance. The taxes have been not only cruelly but unjustly exacted. The collector has entered Sicilian cottages, backed by the police, and, seeing the pot-a-feu smoking, argued that those who could afford to eat could afford to pay a "supplement" or excess tax, and if it turned out there was no money, the officers of the law have been known to seize the dinner and throw it out the window, under the noses of the poor peasant and his hungry family. There was no redress for the subjects of Humbert any more than for those of Bomba, when his police, under the brutal Manisalco at Palermo, dragged the wives and daughters of the Palermitans out of bed, stole their jewelry and arrested their husbands and brothers on fictitious charges. People will always rise against misgovernment and oppression, whether the government calls itself republican, monarchial or any other.

A PIE-EATING HORSE.

He Has Been Known to Refuse Oats for Pie and Is Fat and Sleek.

Leonard Jacobs, a pie peddler of Ansonia, Conn., has one of the most remarkable horses in Connecticut. Other towns have boasted of horses that chew tobacco, chew gum or drink beer, but Jacobs' horse will eat pie, says a local exchange. The horse is twenty-three years old. Jacobs' pies come from New Haven, packed in cases, and in transportation some of them generally get broken and cannot be sold. One day Jacobs threw a broken pie on the ground near the horse's head. The animal smelled of it, touched it with his tongue, lapped it up and ate it with relish. Then Jacobs began to feed pies to the horse. The horse soon got to like them, and would even refuse oats when pie was to be had. The habit has grown on him, until now, when Jacobs says "pie" to him, the horse will turn his head and wink expectantly.

He has a decided preference for mince pie, and the more raisins and currants and cider there are the better he is pleased. Apple pie is a great favorite with him. Most bakers put grated nutmeg into the apple pie