BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1895.

John Bickel's

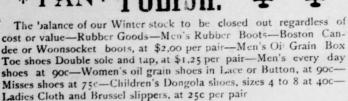
128 S. Main St. Branch Store 125 N. Main St,

Our large pring stock is arriving daily, and among this stock will be found all the latest styles in Ladies and Gents high grade footwear, at low prices.

Our Stock of Men's Ices is large-Tatent Leathers'-Russetts,-Kangaroo's, -Cordovans - and fine Calf shoes in all the latest styles-Large stock

of Men's Low Cut shoes. Our stock of Ladies and Misses shoes is full, comprising of the latest styles-Razor Toe,--Piccadilly-and narrow quare Toes, are the latest. and we have them in Black and Russett, - In Lace and Button; Also large assortment of Ladies and Misses Oxfords-Opera Toe and Instrap

prices. Gilt-Edged hoe Dressing. Patent+LEATHER+ POLISH.



Full stock of Leather and Finding-Shooemakers' supplies of all kinds .-- Best Cordovan Razor straps, at 25c-Boots and shoes made toorder-Repairing neatly Done-Orders by mail will receive prompt and careful attention - All goodssent by

mail, we pay postage.

When in need of anything in my line, Give me

JOHN BICKEL,

128 S. Main Street, BUTLER, PA.

++REMEMBER THIS.++

Our Ladies and Men's Tan and Are such and extremely dressy

A tew words in parting. Go to HUSELTON'S for my place; I have tried them and his are the best, recollect what I say.

Kid and Razer London; Ne

Opera and French Toes. 1.00 1.50 2.00 2.50 3.00 More and better styles than any other showing in Butler.

HUSELTON'S

Spring Shoes

Easy, sty'i h and comfortable

+Black Shoes,+

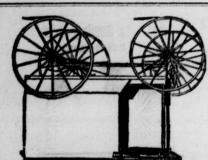
Fu'l line Misses and Children's Tan Shoes, Fit for a King prices in harmony with the times. You don't need a fat pocke

Tan Snoes will be especially popular this Spring. New Shade

Our Stock in Mais Boys and Youths, excel anything ever shown in Butler. They are stylish and time chongu toeso. fastidious tastes. Prices on the e 75c 90 -\$1.00-\$1.25-\$1. -\$2.00-\$2.50-and-\$3.00 -Don't fail to pay us a visit, we have prices way down and Quality way up.

* B.C, Huselton, *

102 N. Main Street, - - Opposite Hotel Lowry



Kramer	Wagons,	Work	Harness
"	"	"	"
"	"	Team	"
IXL	"	66	. "
"	"	Plow	"
"	"	"	"
Farm	"	Buggy	"
"	"	"	"

All parts of HARNESS our own make at FACTORY PRICES.

S. B. MARTINCOURT & CO.

128 E. Jefferson St., Butler Pa.

Wholesale and Retail dealers in Buggies and everything belonging

to a Driving or Team outfit, at exceptionally low prices this spring Also a full line of Trunks and Valises.

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.

BERKIMER & TAYLOR

Funeral Directors.

DYED.

Now is the time to bave your Clothing Cleaned or Dyed, and save the 20 per cent we are offer ing at this time. A trial will con vince you that we do good work Portiers dry cleaned. \$1,25 per pair; Brussels or Tapistry carpets cleaned with ut lifting, 10c per vard,

Butler Dye Works, 216 Center Ave. REMINGTON Description of the land of t

That Tired Feeling

trous results if it is not over-come at once. It is a sure sign that the blood is impoverished and impure. The best remedy is

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

Which makes rich, healthy blood, and thus gives strength and elas-ticity to the muscles, vigor to the brain and health and vitality to every part of the body. Hood's Sarsaparilla positively

Makes the Weak Strong lippers. Ladies' Cloth Overgaiters- at reduced

"I have taken Hood's Sarsa-parilla for indigestion, that tired feeling and loss of appetite. I feel much better and stronger after taking it. I carnestly rec-ommend Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I call it a great medicine." Mrs. C. E. Branhurst, 1318 Cambria St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Hood's Only Hood's

Hood's Pills take, easy in effect. 250.

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

Heineman

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?

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.

Are You Afflicted. Now is the chance of a life-tim

to be Cured. The EXCELSIOR Remedies,

Postively and Permanently cure all diseases caused by derangement of the Bood, Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Stomach and Liver Trouble; all Skin Disease, St. Vitu-Dance, General Debility, Nervous Debility, Sick or Neyvons Headache, Catarrah. Dance, General Beoliny, servous Deliniy Sick or Nervous Headache, Catarrah, Af-er Effects of LaGrippe, Ferrale Complaints Constipation and all its evil effects The Excelsior Blood Clenser and Exce-sior Vegetable Pills, are especially adopte for the above complaints, their curative powers are wonderful. TRY THEM, they powers are womerful. TRI THEM, they are guaranteed to cure. Send us your address and we will mail you THE EXCELSIOR LEADER containing testimonals of hundreds who have been cured by the Excelsior Remedies in your own County and State. Address all communications to

Office EXCELSIOR Medicine Co.

Prescriptions A Speciaty.

At Redick's Drug Store. 48-

We do not handle soything bu pure drugs, next time you are in need of medicine please give us a cail. We are headquarters for pure

SODA WATER

as we use only pure fruit juices, we also handle Paris Green, hellebore, insect powder, London purple and

J. C. REDICK,

Nain : t.,ne . toI ote Lowry BUILER, PA.

YOU CAN FIND



CHAPTER X

THE END OF THE ISLANDER. Our meal was a merry one. Holmes could talk exceedingly well when he chose, and that night he did choose. He appeared to be in a state of nervous exaltation I have never known him so brilliant. He spoke on a quick succession of subjects,—on miracle-plays, on medieval pottery, on Stradivarius violins, on the Buddhism of Cey-lon, and on the warships of the fu-ture—handling each as though he had made a special study of it. His bright humor marked the reaction from his black depression of the preceding days.

Athelney Jones proved to be a sociable soul in his hours of relaxation, and faced his dinner with the air of a bon vivant. For myself, I felt elated at the thought that we were nearing the end of our task, and I caught some-thing of Holmes' gayety. None of us alluded during dinner to the cause

which had brought us together.

When the cloth was cleared Holmes
glanced at his watch and filled up three glasses with port. "One bumper," said he, "to the success of our little expedition. And now it is high time we were off. Have you a pistol, Watson?"
"I have my old service revolver in

well to be prepared. I see the cab is at the door. I ordered it for half-past It was a little past seven before we reached the Westminster wharf and found our launch awaiting us. Holmes eyed it critically. 'Is there anything to mark it as a

"You had best take it, then. It is

"Yes-that green lamp at the side." "Then take it off."

The small change was made, we stepped on board, and the ropes were



JONES, HOLMES AND I SAT ON THE DECK. east off. Jones, Holmes and I sat in the stern. There was one man at the

rudder, one to tend the engines, and two burly police inspectors forward.
"Where to?" asked Jones. "To the tower. Tell them to stop opposite to Jacobson's yard." Our craft was evidently a very fast one. We shot past the long lines of loaded barges as though they were sta-

tionary Holmes smiled with satisfacoverhauled a river steam-"We ought to be able to catch any- ers, who had a very vague idea of what But there are Well, hardly that not many launches to beat us."

"We shall have to catch the Aurora, and she has a name for being a clipper. I will tell you how the land lies, Watson You recollect how annoyed I was at being balked by so small a thing?" "Well, I gave my mind a thorough rest by plunging into a chemical

analysis. One of our greatest statesanalysis. One of our greatest states men has said that a change of work is the best rest. So it is. When I had succeeded in dissolving the hydrocarbon which I was at work at, I came back to our problem of the Sholtos, and thought the whole matter out again.

My boys had been up the
river and down the river without result. The launch was not at any landing stage or wharf, nor had it returned. Yet it could hardly have been scuttled to hide their traces ough that always remained as a postible hypothesis if all else failed. I knew that this man Small had a cer-tain degree of low cunning, but I did not think him capable of anything in the nature of delicate finesse. That is usually a product of higher education. I then reflected that since he had certainly been in London some time—as we had evidence that he maintained a continual watch over Pondicherry lodge—he could hardly leave at a moment's notice, but would need some

case of need for him to give it up until he was sure that he could do without it. But a second consideration struck me: Jonathan Small must have felt that the peculiar appearance of his

"But the launch? They could not have taken that to their lodgings." "Quite so. I argued that the launch must be no great way off, in spite of its invisibility. I then put myself in the place of Small, and looked at it as a man of his capacity would. He would probably consider that to send back the launch or token it at a what would with the launch or to keep it at a wharf would make pursuit easy if the police did happen to get on his track. How, then, ould he conceal the launch and yet have her at hand when wanted? I wondered what I should do myself if I were in his shoes. I could only think of one way of doing it. I might hand
the launch over to some boatbuilder
or repairer, with directions to make a
triffing change in her. She would then
the removed to his shed or yard-and so

Agrora had goined a good two hus

treasure of the Sholtos. There was no
key, but it was of considerable weight,
so we transferred it carefully to our
round them and recover our way the
Agrora had goined a good two hus

treasure of the Sholtos. There was no
key, but it was of considerable weight,
so we transferred it carefully to our
own little cabin. As we steamed

be effectually concealed, while at the same time I could have her at a few "That seems simple enough."

"That seems simple enough."
"It is just these very simple things which are extremely liable to be overlooked. However, I determined to act on the idea. I started at once in this harmless seaman's rig and inquired at all the yards down the river. I drew blank at fifteen, but at the sixteenth— Jacobson's—I learned that the Aurora had been handed over to them two days ago by a wooden-legged man, with some trivial directions as to her rudder. 'There ain't naught amiss with her rudder,' said the foreman. 'There she lies, with the red streaks.' At that moment who should come down but Mordecai Smith, the missing owner? He was rather the worse for liquor. I should not, of course, have known him, but he bellowed out his name and the name of his launch. 'I want her to-night at eight o'clock,' said he—'at eight o'clock sharp, mind, for I have two gentlemen who mind, for I have two gentlemen who won't be kept waiting. They had evidently paid him well, for he was very flush of money, chucking shillings about to the men. I followed him some distance, but he subsided in an ale house; so I went back to the yard, and, happening to pick up one of my boya happening to pick up one of my boys on the way, I stationed him as a sentry over the launch. He is to stand at the water's edge and wave his handkerchief to us when they start. We shall be lying off in the stream, and it will be strange thing if we do not take men, treasure and all."

"You have planned it all very neatly, whether they are the right men or not," said Jones; "but if the affair were in my hands I should have had a body of police in Jacobson's yard, and arrested them when they came

down."
"Which would have been never. This man Small is a pretty shrewd fellow. He would send a scout on ahead, and if anything made him suspicious he would lie snug for another week." "But you might have stuck to Mordecai Smith, and so been led to their hiding-place," said I.

"In that case I should have wasted my day I think that it is a hundred one against Smith knowing where to one against Smith knowing where they live. As long as he has liquor and good pay, why should he ask ques-tions? They send him messages what to do. No, I thought over every pos-sible course, and this is the best." While this conversation had been proceeding, we had been shooting the long series of bridges which span the Thames. As we passed the city the last Thames As we passed the city the last rays of the sun were gilding the cross upon the summit of St. Paul's. It was

twilight before we reached the tower.
"That is Jacobson's yard," said
Holmes pointing to a bristle of masts and rigging on the Surrey side.

'Cruise gently up and down here under cover of this string of lighters." He took a pair of night glasses from his

shore. "I see my sentry at his post, kerchief."

"Suppose we go down stream a short way and lie in wait for them," said Jones, eagerly. We were all eager by this time, even the policemen and stok-

"We have no right to take any thing for granted," Holmes answered "It is certainly ten to one that they ge down stream, but we cannot be certain From this point we can see the entrance to the yard, and they can hardly see us. It will be a clear night and plenty of light. We must stay where we are. See how the folk swarm over yonder in the gaslight." "They are coming from work in the

"Dirty-looking rascals, but I sup pose every one has some little immorta spark concealed about him. You would not think it, to look at them There is no a priori probability abou it. A strange enigma is man! "Some one calls him a soul concealed in an animal," I suggested.

"Winwood Reade is good upon the subject," said Holmes. "He remarks that, while the individual man is an insoluble puzzle, in the aggregate he becomes a mathematical certainty. You can, for example, never foretel what any one man will do, but you can say with precision what an average number will be up to. Individuals vary, but percentages remain constant. So says the statistician. But do I see a handkerchief? Surely there is a white flutter over yonder."
"Yes, it is your boy," I cried. "I can

see him plainly."
"And there is the Aurora," exclaimed arrange his affairs. That was the balance of probability, at any rate."
"It seems to me to be a little weak," said I. "It is more probable that he had arranged his affairs before ever he set out upon his expedition."

The many to make a little weak, and going like the devil! Full speed ahead, engineer. Make after that launch with the yellow light. By heaven, I shall never forgive myself if she proves to have the heels of us!"

"No, I hardly think so. This lair of his would be too valuable a retreat in or three small craft, so that she had or three small craft, so that she had fairly got her speed up before we saw her. Now she was flying down the stream, near in to the shore, going at a tremendous rate. Jones looked gravely

companion, however much he may have top-coated him, would give rise to gossip, and possibly be associated with this Norwood tragedy. He was quite sharp enough to see that. They had started from their headquarters under cover of darkness and he were fairly after her now. The had started from their headquarters under cover of darkness, and he would wish to get back before it was proad light. Now, it was past three o'clock, according to Mrs. Smith, when they got the boat. It would be quite bright, and people would be about in an hour or so. Therefore, I argued, they did not go very far. They paid Smith well to hold his tongue, reserved his launch for the final escape, and hurried to their lodgings with the hurried to their lodgings with the treasure-box. In a couple of nights, Right ahead a dark blur upon the water showed where the Aurora lay, and the papers took and robots. treasure-box. In a couple of nights, when they had time to see what view the papers took, and whether there was any suspicion, they would make their way under cover of darkness to some ship at Gravesend or in the Downs, where no doubt they had alter the couple of the paper at which she was going. We flashed past barges, steamers, merchant-vessels, in and out, behind this one and round the other. Voices halled us out of the darkness, but still ready arranged for passages to America | hailed us out of the darkness, but still the Aurora thundered on, and still we followed close upon her track.

"Pile it on, men, pile it on!" cried Holmes, looking down into the engine-room, while the flerce glow from below beat upon his eager, aquiline face. "Get every pound of steam you "I think we gain a little," said Jones. with his eyes on the Aurora.
"I am sure of it," said I. "We shall

be up with her in a very tew min-utes."

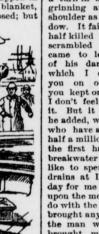
At that moment, however, as our evil fate would have it, a tug with three barges in tow blundered in between us. It was only by putting



dred yards. She was still, however, well in view, and the murky uncertain twilight was settling into a clear star-lit night. Our boilers were strained to their utmost, and the frail shell vi-brated and creaked with the fierce energy which was driving us along. We had shot through the pool past the West India docks, down the long Deptford Reach, and up again after rounding the Isle of Dogs. The dull blur in front of us resolved itself now clearly enough into the dainty Aurora. Jones turned our searchlight upon her, so that we could plainly see the figures upon her deck. One man sat by the stern, with something black between his knees over which he stooped. Beside him lay a dark mass which looked like a Newfoundland dog. The boy held the tiller, while against the red glare of longer be any question about it. Greenwich we were about three hundred paces behind them. At Blackwall we could not have been more than two hundred and fifty. I have coursed

many creatures in many countries dur-ing my checkered career, but never did sport give me such a wild thrill as this mad, flying man hunt down the Thames. Steadily we drew in upon them, yard by yard. In the silence of the night we could hear the panting and clanking of their ma-chinery. The man in the stern still crouched upon the deck, and his arms were moving as though he were busy, while every now and then he would look up and measure with a glance the distance which still separated us.
Nearer we came and nearer. Jones
yelled to them to stop. We were not
more than four boats' lengths behind
them, both boats flying at a tremendous pace. It was a clear reach of the river, with Barking level upon one side and the melancholy Plum-stead marshes upon the other. At our hail the man in the stern sprang up from the deck and shook his two clinched fists at us, cursing the while in a high, cracked voice. He
was a good-sized, powerful man,
and as he stood poising himself
withlegs astride I could see that from
the thigh downwards there was but a

wooden stump upon the right side. At the sound of his strident, angry cries there was movement in the huddled bundle upon the deck. It straightened itself into a little black man—the smallest I have ever seen—with a great, misshapen head and a shock of tangled, disheveled hair. Holmes had already drawn his revolver, and I whipped out mine at the sight of this savage, dis-torted creature. He was wrapped in some sort of dark ulster or blanket, which left only his face exposed; but



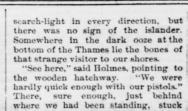
HE SHOOK HIS TWO CLINCHED FISTS AT US.

sleepless night. Never have I seen features so deeply marked with all bes tiality and cruelty. His small eyes glowed and burned with a somber light and his thick lips were writhed back from his teeth, which grinned and chattered at us with a half animal fury. "Fire if he raises his hand," said Holmes, quietly. We were within a Holmes, quietly. We were within a boat's length by this time, and almost within touch of our quarry. I can see the two of them now as they stood, the white man with his legs far apart, shrieking out curses, and the unhallowed dwarf, with his hideous face, and

his strong yellow teeth gnashing at us in the light of our lantern.

It was well that we had so clear a view of him. Even as we looked he plucked out from under his covering a short, round piece of wood, like a school ruler, and clapped it to his like. Our pictols range out together lips. Our pistols rang out together. He whirled round, threw up his arms, and with a kind of chok-ing cough fell sideways into the stream. I caught one glimpse of his stream. I caught one glimpse of his venomous, menacing eyes amid the white swirl of the waters. At the same moment the wooden-legged man threw himself upon the radder and put it hard down, so that his boat made straight in for the southern bank, while we shot past her stern, only clearing her by a few feet. We were round after her in an instant, but she round after her in an instant, but she was already nearly at the bank. It was a wild and desolate place, where the moon glimmered upon a wide expanse of marsh land, with pools of stagnant water and beds of decaying vegetation. The launch, with a dull thud, ran up on the mud bank, with her bow in the air and her stern flush with the water. The fugitive sprang out, but his stump instantly sank its whole length into the sodden soil. In whole length into the sodden soil. In told him nothing, but we paid him vain he struggled and writhed. Not well, and he was to get something one step could he possibly take handsome if we reached our vessel, the either forwards or backwards. He Esmeralda, at Gravesend, outward yelled in impotent rage, and kicked frantically into the mud with his other foot, but his struggles only bored his wooden pin the deeper into the sticky bank. When we brought our launch alongside he was so firmly anchored that it was only by throwing the end of a rope over his shoulders that we were able to haul him out, and to drag him, like some evil fish, over our side. The two Smiths, father and son, sat sullenly in their launch, but came aboard meekly enough when com-manded. The Aurora herself we hauled off and made fast to our stern.

A solid iron chest of Indian workmanship stood upon the deck. This, there could be so question, was the same that had contained the ill-omened treasure of the Sholtos. There was no



There, sure enough, just behind where we had been standing, stuck one of those murderous darts which we knew so well. It must have whizzed between us at the instant that we fired. Holmes smiled at it, and shrugged his shoulders in his easy fashion, but I confess that it turned me sick to think of the horrible death which had passed so close to us that

> CHAPTER XL THE GREAT AGRA TREASURE.

Our captive sat in the cabin opposite to the iron box which he had done so much and waited so long to gain. He was a sunburned, reckless-eyed fellow with a network of lines and wrinkles all over his mahogany features, which told of a hard, open-air life. There was a singular prominence about his bearded chin which marked a man who was not to be easily turned from his purpose. His age may have been fifty or thereabouts, for his black, curly hair was thickly shot with gray. His face in repose was not an unpleasing one, though his heavy brown and aggressive chin gave him, as I had lately seen, a terrible expression when moved to anger. He sat now with his handcuffed hands upon his lap and his head sunk upon his breast, while he looked with his keen, twinkling eyes at the box which had been the cause of his ill-doings. It seemed to me that there was more sorrow than anger in there was more sorrow than anger in his rigid and contained countenance. Once he looked up at me with a gleam of something like humor in his eyes.
"Well, Jonathan Small," said Holmes, lighting a cigar, "I am sorry that it has come to this."

"And so am I," he answered, frankly.
"I don't believe that I can swing over the job. I give you my word on the book that I never raised my hand against Mr. Sholto. It was that little hell-hound Tonga who shot one of his cursed darts into him. I had no part in it, sir. I was as grieved as if it had been my blood raiseton. I walted the been my blood-relation. I welted the little devil with the slack end of the rope for it, but it was done, and I could not undo it again."
"Have a cigar," said Holmes; "and

you had best take a pull out of my flask, for you are very wet. How could you expect so small and weak a man as this black fellow to overpower Mr. Sholto and hold him while you were climbing

the rope?
"You seem to know as much about it as if you were there, sir. The truth is that I hoped to find the room clear. I knew the habits of the house pretty well, and it was the time when Mr. Sholto usually went down to his sup-per. I shall make no secret of the business. The best defense that I can make is just the simple truth. Now, if it had been the old major I would have swung for him with a light heart. I would have thought no more of knifing him than of smoking this cigar. But it's cursed hard that I should be lagged over this young Sholto, with whom I had no quarrel whatever."

"You are under the charge of Mr. "You are under the charge of Mr. Athelney Jones, of Scotland Yard. He is going to bring you up to my rooms, and I shall ask you for a true account of the matter. You must make a clean breast of it, for if you do I hope that I may be of use to you. I think I can prove that the poison acts so quickly that the man was dead before ever you reached the room."

reached the room."
"That he was, sir. I never got such a turn in my life as when I saw him grinning at me with his head on his shoulder as I climbed through the win-dow. It fairly shook me, sir. I'd have dow. It fairly shook me, sir. I'd have half killed Tonga for it if he had not scrambled off. That was how he came to leave his club, and some of his darts, too, as he tells me, which I dare say helped to put you on our track; though how you kept on it is more than I can tell. I don't feel no malice against you for it. But it does seem a queer thing," he added, with a bitter smile, "that I, who have a fair claim to nigh upon half a million of money should spend the first half of my life building a breakwater in the Andamans, and am like to spend the other half diggin. like to spend the other half diggin' drains at Dartmoor. It was an evil day for me when first I clapped eyes upon the merchant Achmet and had to do with the Agra treasure, which never brought anything but a curse yet upon brought anything but a curse yet upon the man who owned it. To him it brought murder, to Maj. Sholto it brought fear and guilt, to me it has meant slavery for life."

At this moment Athelney Jones thrust his broad face and heavy shoul-



"QUITE A FAMILY PARTY," HE REMARKED

shall have a pull at that flask, Holmes Well, I think we may all congratulate each other. Pity we didn't take the other alive; but there was no choice. I say, Holmes, you must confess that you cut it rather fine. It was all that we could do to overhaul her.' "All is well that ends well," said "But I certainly did not

clipper "Smith says that she is one of the fastest launches on the river, and that if he had had another man to help him with the engines we should never have caught her. He swears he knows noth-ing of this Norwood business."

know that the Aurora was such a

"Neither he did," cried our prisoner—"not a word. I chose his launch because I heard that she was a flyer. We cause I heard that she was a fiver.

"Well, if he has done no wrong we shall see that no wrong comes to him. If we are pretty quick in catching our men, we are not so quick in condemn ing them." It was amusing to notice

how the consequential Jones was already beginning to give himself airs or the strength of the capture. From the slight smile which played over Sherlock Holmes' face, I could see that the speech had not been lost upon him. "We will be at Vauxhall bridge presently," said Jones, "and shall land you, Dr. Watson, with the treasure-box. I need hardly tell you that I am taking a very grave responsibility upon myself in doing this. It is most irregular: but of course an agreement is an agreement. I must, however, as a mat-ter of duty, send an inspector with you, since you have so valuable a Charge. You will drive, no doubt?"

"It is a pity there is no key, that we may make an inventory first. You will have to break it open. Where is the

key, my man?" "At the bottom of the river," said

"At the bottom of the river," said Small, shortly.
"Hum! There was no use you giving this unnecessary trouble. We have had work enough already through you. However, doctor, I need not warn you to be careful. Bring the box back with you to the Baker street rooms. You will find us there on our way to the station." the station."

They landed me at Vauxhall with my heavy iron box and with a bluff, genial inspector as my companion. A quarter of an hour's drive brought us to Mrs. Cecil Forrester's. The servant seemed surprised at so late a visitor. Mrs. Cecil Forrester was out for the evening, she explained, and likely to be very late. Miss Morstan, however, was in the drawing-room; so to the drawing-room I went, box in hand, leaving the obliging inspector in the

cab.

She was seated by the open window, dressed in some sort of white diaphanous material, with a little touch of scarlet at the neck and waist. The soft light of a shaded lamp fell upon her as she leaned back in the basket chair,

that the treasure, then?" she asked, coolly enough.

"Yes, this is the great Agra treasure. Half of it is yours and half is Thaddeus Sholto's. You will have a couple of hundred thousand each. Think of that! An annuity of ten thousand pounds. There will be 'few richer young ladies in England. Is it not glorious?"

I think that I must have been rather.

I think that I must have been rather overacting my delight, and that she detected a hollow ring in my congratulations, for I saw her eyebrows rise a little, and she glanced at me curiously.

"If I have it," said she, "I owe it to won."

first to see it."

"It would be of the greatest interest to me," she said. There was no eager-ness in her voice, however. It struck her, doubtless, that it might seem un-gracious upon her part to be indiffer-ent to a prize which had cost so much

"What a pretty box!" she said, stooping over it. "This is Indian work, I suppose?"
"Yes; it is Benares metal-work."

"And so heavy!" she exclaimed, try-ing to raise it. "The box alone must be of some value. Where is the key?" "Small threw it into the Thames," I answered. "I must borrow Mrs. Forrester's poker." There was in the front rester's poker." There was in the front a thick and broad hasp, wrought in the image of a sitting Buddha. Under this I thrust the end of the poker and twisted it outward as a lever. The hasp sprang open with a loud snap. With trembling fingers I flung back the lid. We both stood gazing in astonishment. The box was empty!
No wonder that it was heavy. The

iron work was two-thirds of an inch thick all round. It was massive, well made and solid, like a chest constructed to carry things of great price, but not one shred or crumb of metal or jewelry lay within it. It was absolutely and

ompletely empty.
"The treasure is lost," said Miss
forstan, calmly.
As I listened to the words, and real-

ized what they meant, a great shadow seemed to pass from my soul. I did not know how this Agra treasure had weighed me down, until now that it was finally removed. It was selfish, no doubt, disloyal, wrong, but I could realize nothing save that the golden barrier was gone from between us. "Thank God!" I ejaculated from my very heart.

very heart.
She looked at me with a quick, ques tioning smile. "Why do you say that?" she asked.

"Because you are within my reach again," I said, taking her hand. She did not withdraw it. "Because I love you, Mary, as truly as ever a mar



MORSTAN.

these riches, sealed my lips. Now tha these riches, sealed my rips. Now that they are gone I can tell you how I love you. That is why I said: 'Thank God.' " "Then I say 'Thank God,' too," she whispered, as I drew her to my side. Whoever had lost a treasure, I knew that night that I had gained one. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Compensation of Adversity. Richleigh-Lord, I wish I were you Poorleigh—For heaven's sake, why? Richleigh—Why, you can have the fun of proposing to every girl you meet and be sure of being refused

No16

THE EFFECT OF FEAR.

Imagination a Potent Factor in Acquiring a Fatal Disease.

"Ot the whole number of persons supposed to die of disease," said a prominent physician the other day, "I should say that at least fifty per cent are really carried away by fear. Were it not for this element mortality would be far less than it is."

In support of this statement he cited.

In support of this statement he cited various cases where the element of fear had entered largely in as a potent factor to persuade people that their time had come. Presentiments, prophecies, premonitions and general nervousness premonitions and general nervousness all played their part. On the other hand, a short time ago a patient of a New York hospital was frightened into getting well. This man was brought in an ambulance, supposedly dying from heart failure.

He was laid on a table and a diagnosis showed him to be suffering with hysteria. The surgeon turned to one of his assistants and, asking for a knife, remarked that he would cut down to the heart and find what the trouble was. The patient gave a yell and.

was. The patient gave a yell and, leaping from the table, started for the door. Remonstrance was in vain. That man was cured and never came back. she leaned back in the basket chair, playing over her sweet, grave face, and tinting with a dull metallic sparkle the rich coils of her luxuriant hair, one white arm and hand drooped over the side of the chair, and her whole pose and figure spoke of an absorbing melancholy. At the sound of my footfall she sprang to her feet, however, and a bright flush of surprise and of pleasure colored her pale cheeks.

"I heard a cab drive up," she said. "I thought that Mrs. Forrester had come back very early, but I never dreamed that it might be you. What news have you brought me?"

"I have brought something better than news," said I, putting down the box upon the table and speaking jovially and boisterously, though my heart was heavy within me. "I have brought you something which is worthall the news in the world. I have brought you something which is worthall the news in the world. I have brought you something which is worthall the news in the world. I have brought you a fortune."

She glanced at the iron box. "Is that the treasure, then?" she asked, coolly enough.

"Yes, this is the great Agra treasure. Half of it is yours and half is Thaddeus Sholto's. You will have a couple of A college professor was once the sub-Some time ago four criminals, condemned in Russia to die, were taken te

there.

A college professor was once the subject of a practical joke at the hands of the students. They met him one after another, and each successively inquired after his health, saying that he looked ill. He took to his bed, a physician was called and for days the professor imagined he was ill.—N. Y. World.

And Nothing for a Respectable Colored Gentleman to Worry About.

little, and she glanced at me curiously.

"If I have it," said she, "I owe it to you."

"No, no," I answered, "not to me, but to my friend Sherlock Holmes. With all the will in the world, I could never have followed up a clew which has taxed even his analytical genius. As it was, we very nearly lost it at the last moment."

"Pray sit down and tell me all about it, Dr. Watson," said she. I narrated briefly what had occurred since I had seen her last—Holmes' new method of search, the discovery of the Aurora, the appearance of Athelney Jones, our expedition in the evening, and the wild chase down the Thames. She listened with parted lips and shining eyes to my recital of our adventures. When I spoke of the dart which had so narrowly missed us, she turned so white that I feared she was about to faint.

"It is nothing," she said, as I hastened to pour her some water. "I am all right again. It was a shock to me to hear that I had placed my friends in such horrible peril."

"That is all over," I answered. "It was nothing. I will tell you no more gloomy details. Let us turn to something brighter. There is the treasure. What

"That is all over," I answered. "It was nothing. I will tell you no more gloomy details. Let us turn to something brighter. There is the treasure. What could be brighter than that? I got leave to bring it with me, thinking that it would interest you to be the while his wife was applying a cooling wash to his lacerated back. The com-mittee looked foolish and scarcely knew how to beg v; but finally one of the number stammered out an apology, and added that they were willing to pay a reasonable amount as recompense for

reasonable amount as recompense for his sufferings.

"La, child, how you does talk, sho'ly! Ameckin' sich a furse dat I's ershamed on ye! You jes' git back ter yer homes 'n' stay dar. I ain' axin' nuffin' 'n' don' want nuffin'. W'y honey, of I done tuck on erbout de mistecks er white folkses I'd jes' be plum' mis'able harf de time.'
—Chicago Tribune.

Fooling the Keeper.

A humorous old suburban farmer tells the following story of how he once fooled: toll-gate keeper: "It was when I was a drummer," he said, "and selling goods around through country towns in these parts. I was goin' through one of these old gates, and I slowed up a bit and asked of the old fellow at the door: 'Ah, my friend, do preachers pay to go through your gate?' 'No, sir,' said he; and with a profound obeisance he waved me on and backed into his little room.

"Well, after that I passed through "Well, after that I passed through some eight or ten times, when one day he accosted me as I drove up: "'Good day, sir,' he said; 'what church do you preach at, sir, may I ask?'

plied.
"'What! Didn't you tell me you wuz a preacher, said he.

"'No,' I said, 'I only asked you if
preachers had to pay. I was just a
little curious to know.' Well, you
should have seen that old fellow's face,
at it dawned upon him where the dock as it dawned upon him where the joke came in."—National Tribune. Career Before Her

"'None, my good fellow, none,' I re-

"I suppose you loved your last husband dearly," said Mrs. Hunter, of Jersey City, to Mrs. Lakeshore, of Chicago. "I haven't married my last husband yet," was the reply. "If yes mean to express a supposition that I loved my most recent husband, I can say that I did."—Town Topics. Lack of Water. "Lady," began Mr. Dismal Dawson,
"you see before you a man whose name
is mud—m-u-d, mud."

"There must be some mistake in your salculations," replied the lady. "It takes water to make mud."—Indianap-olis Journal. Small Son—Some of the boys is start-ing a little bank, just for fun. The shares is to be ten cents each.

Father—Would you like to be one of the shareholders?

Small Son-Oh, no; but I'd like to be one of the borrowers.-Good News. Emough to Break All Alexander Emmeline—So Marie's engagement is broken. I thought she and Harry loved each other devotedly.

Maude—So they did; but they went out sailing together last week and both got sea sick.—Judge.

In New York, of Course New Policeman—And where is your permit to peddle? Peddler—I have a verbal permit.

"Show it to me."-Alex Sweet, in Proof Positive.

Little Tommy-Mamina, papa has been drinking.

Mother—What makes you think so?

Tommy—He said that you were ep Tommany Times.