ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

In choosing a few typical cases which illustrate the remarkable mental qualities of my friend Sherlock Holmes, I have endeavored, as far as possible, to select those which represented the minimum of sensationalism, while offering a fair field for his talents. It is however, unfortunately, impossible to entirely separate the sensational from the criminal, and a chronicler is left in the dilemma that he must either sacrifice details, which are essential to his statement, and so give a false impression of the problem, or he must use matter which chance, and not choice, has provided him with. With this short preface I shall turn to my notes of what proved to be a strange, though a peculiarly terrible, chain of events.

It was a blazing hot day in August. Baker Street was like an oven, and the glare of the sunlight upon the yellow brickwork of the houses across the road was painful to the eye. It was hard to believe that these were the same walls which loomed so gloomily through the fogs of winter. Our blinds were half-drawn, and Holmes lay curled upon the sofa, reading and rereading a letter which he had received by the morning post. For myself, my term of service in India had trained me to stand heat better than cold, and a thermometer at ninety was no hardship. But the morning paper was uninteresting. Parliament had risen. Everybody was out of town, and I yearned for the glades of the New Forest or the shingle of Southsea. A depleted flank account had caused me to postpone my holiday, and as to my companion, neither the country nor the sea presented the slightest attraction to him. He loved to lie in the very centre of five millions of people, with his filaments stretching out and running through them, responsive to every little rumor or suspicion of unsolved crime. Appreciation of nature found no place among his many gifts, and his only change was when he turned his mind from the evil-doer of the town to track down his brother of the country.

Finding that Holmes was too absorbed for conversation, I had tossed aside the barren paper, and leaning back in my chair, I fell into a brown study. Suddenly my companion's voice broke in upon my thoughts.

"You are right, Watson," said he. "It does seem a most preposterous way of settling a dispute."

"Most preposterous!" I exclaimed; and then, suddenly realizing how he had echoed the inmost thought of my soul, I sat up in my chair and stared at him in blank amazement.

"What is this, Holmes?" I cried. "This is beyond anything which I could have imagined."

"You remember," said he, "that some little time ago, when I read you the passage in one of Poe's sketches in which a close reasoner follows the unspoken thoughts of his companion, you were inclined to treat the matter as a mere *tour de force* of the author. On my remarking that I was constantly in the habit of doing the same thing, you expressed incredulity."

"Oh, no!"

"Perhaps not with your tongue, my dear Watson, but certainly with your eyebrows. So when I saw you throw down your paper and enter upon a train of thought, I was very happy to have the opportunity of reading it off, and eventually of breaking into it, as a proof that I had been in rapport with you."

But I was still far from satisfied. "In the example which you read to me," said I, "the reasoner drew his conclusions from the actions of the man whom he observed. If I remember right, he stumbled over a heap of stones, looked up at the stars, and so on. But I have been seated quietly in my chair, and what clews can I have given you?"

"You do yourself an injustice. The features are given to man as the means by which he shall express his emotions, and yours are faithful servants."

"Do you mean to say that you read my train of thoughts from my features?"

"Your features, and especially your eyes. Perhaps you cannot yourself recall how your reverie commenced?"

"No, I cannot."

"Then I will tell you. After throwing down your paper, which was the action which drew my attention to you, you sat for half a minute with a vacant expression. Then your eyes fixed themselves upon your newly framed picture of General Gordon, and I saw by the alteration in your face that a train of thought had been started. But it did not lead very far. Your eyes flashed across to the unframed portrait of Henry Ward Beecher which stands upon the top of your books. You then glanced up at the wall, and, of course, your meaning was obvious. You were thinking that if the portrait were framed, it would just cover that bare space, and correspond with Gordon's picture over there."

"You have followed me wonderfully!" I exclaimed.

"So far I could hardly have gone astray. But now your thoughts went back to Beecher, and you looked hard across as if you were studying the character in his features. Then your eyes leaved to pucker, but you continued to look across, and your face was thoughtful. You were recalling the incidents of Beecher's career. I was well aware that you could not do this without thinking of the mission which he undertook on behalf of the North at the time of the civil war, for I remember your expressing your passionate indignation at the way in which he was received by the more turbulent of our people. You felt so strongly about it that I knew you could not think of Beecher without thinking of that also. When a moment later I saw your eyes wander away from the picture, I suspected that your mind had now turned to the civil war, and when I observed that your lips set, your eyes sparkled, and your hands clinched, I was positive that you were indeed thinking of the gallantry which was shown by both sides in that desperate struggle. But then, again, your face grew sadder; you shook your head. You were dwelling upon the sadness and horror and useless waste of life. Your hand stole toward your own old wound and a smile quivered on your lips, which showed me that the ridiculous side of this method of settling international question had forced itself upon your mind. At this point I agreed with you that it was preposterous, and was glad to find that all my deductions had been correct."

"Absolutely," said I. "And now that you have explained it, I confess that I am as amazed as before."

"It was very superficial, my dear Watson, I assure you. I should not have intruded it upon your attention had you not shown some incredulity the other day. But I have in my hands here a little problem which may prove to be more difficult of solution than my small essay in thought-reading. Have you observed in the paper a short paragraph referring to the remarkable contents of a packet sent through the post to Miss Susan Cushing, of Cross Street, Croydon?"

"No, I saw nothing."

"Miss Susan Cushing, living at Cross Street, Croydon, has been made the victim of what must be regarded as a peculiarly revolting practical joke, unless some more sinister meaning should prove to be attached to the incident. At two o'clock yesterday afternoon a small packet, wrapped in brown paper, was handed in by the postman. A card-board box was inside, which was filled with coarse salt. On emptying this, Miss Cushing was horrified to find two human ears, apparently quite freshly severed. The box had been sent by parcel post from Belfast upon the morning before. There is no indication as to the sender, and the matter is the more mysterious as Miss Cushing, who is a maiden lady of fifty, has led almost retired life, and has so few acquaintances or correspondents that it is a rare event for her to receive anything through the post. Some years ago, however, when she resided in Penge, she let apartments in her house to three young medical students, whom she was obliged to get rid of on account of their noisy and irregular habits. The police are of opinion that this outrage may have been perpetuated upon Miss Cushing by these youths who owed her a grudge, and who hoped to frighten her by sending her these relics of the dissecting-rooms. Some probability is lent to the theory by the fact that one of these students came from the north of Ireland, and, to the best of Miss Cushing's belief, from Belfast. In the meantime the matter is being actively investigated, Mr. Lestrade, one of the very smartest of our detective officers, being in charge of the case."

"So much for the *Daily Chronicle*," said Holmes, as I finished reading. "Now for our friend Lestrade. I had a note from him this morning, in which he says: 'I think that this case is very much in your line. We have every hope of clearing the matter up, but we find a little difficulty in getting anything to work upon. We have, of course, wired to the Belfast post-office, but a large number of parcels were handed in upon that day, and they have no means of identifying this particular one, or of remembering the sender. The box is a half-pound box of honeydew tobacco, and does not help us in any way. The medical student theory still appears to me to be the most feasible, but if you should have a few hours to spare I should be very happy to see you out here. I shall be either at the house or in the police station all day.' What say you, Watson? Can you rise superior to the heat, and run down to Croydon with me on the off chance of a case for your annals?"

"I was longing for something to do."

"You shall have it, then. Ring for our boots, and tell them to order a cab. I'll be back in a moment, when I have changed my dressing-gown and filled my cigar-case."

A shower of rain fell while we were in the train, and the heat was far less oppressive in Croydon than in town. Holmes had sent on a wire, so that Lestrade, as wiry, as dapper, and as ferretlike as ever, was waiting for us at the station. A walk of five minutes took us to Cross Street, where Miss Cushing resided.

It was a very long street of two story brick houses, neat and prim, with whitened stone steps and little groups of aproned women gossiping at the doors. Half-way down, Lestrade stopped and tapped at a door, which was opened by a small servant girl. Miss Cushing was sitting in the front room, into which we were ushered. She was a placid-faced woman with large, gentle eyes, and grizzled hair curving down over her temples on each side. A worked antimacassar lay upon her lap, and a basket of colored silks stood upon a stool beside her.

"They are in the out-house, those dreadful things," said she, as Lestrade entered. "I wish that you would take them away altogether."

"So I shall, Miss Cushing. Only kept them here until my friend Mr. Holmes should have seen them in your presence."

"Why in my presence, sir?"

"In case he wished to ask any questions."

"What is the use of asking me questions, when I tell you that I know nothing whatever about it?"

"Quite so, madam," said Holmes in his soothing way. "I have no doubt that you have been annoyed more than enough already over this business."

"Indeed I have, sir. I am a quiet woman and live a retired life. It is something new for me to see my name in the papers and to find the police in my house. I won't have these things in here, Mr. Lestrade. If you wish to see them you must go to the out-house."

It was a small, detached building, standing in the narrow garden behind the house. Lestrade went in and brought out a yellow card-board box with a piece of brown paper and some string. There was a bench at the edge of the path, and we all sat down while Holmes examined, one by one, the articles which Lestrade handed to him.

"This string is exceedingly interesting," he remarked, holding it up to the light and sniffing at it. "What do you make of this string, Lestrade?"

"It has been tarred."

"Precisely. It is a piece of tarred twine. You have also, no doubt, remarked that Miss Cushing has cut the cord with a scissors as can be seen by the double fray on each side. This is of importance."

"I cannot see the importance," said Lestrade.

"The importance lies in the fact that the knot is left intact, and that this knot is of a peculiar character."

"It is very neatly tied. I have already made a note to that effect," said Lestrade, complacently.

"So much for the string then," said Holmes, smiling at the brown paper. "Brown paper, with a distinct smell of coffee. What, you did not observe it? I think there can be no doubt of it. Address printed in rather straggling characters, Miss S. Cushing, Cross Street, Croydon. Done with a broad J, and with very inferior ink. The word Croydon has been spelt originally with an i, which has been changed to y. The parcel was directed then by a man—the printing is distinctly masculine—of limited education and unacquainted with the town of Croydon. So far, so good. The box is a yellow half-pound honey-dew box, with nothing distinctive save two thumb-marks at the left bottom corner. It is filled with rough salt of the quality used for preserving hides and other of the coarser commercial purposes. And embedded in it are these very singular inclosures."

He took out the two ears as he spoke, and laying a board across his knees, he examined them minutely, while Lestrade and I, bending forward on each side of him, glanced alternately at these dreadful relics and at the thoughtful, eager face of our companion. Finally he returned them to the box once more, and sat for a while in deep thought.

"You have observed, of course," said he at last, "that the ears are not a pair."

"Yes, I have noticed that. But if this were the practical joke of some students from the dissecting-rooms, it would be as easy for them to send two odd ears as a pair."

"Precisely. But this is not a practical joke."

"You are sure of it?"

"The presumption is strongly against it. Bodies in the dissecting-rooms are injected with preservative fluid. These ears bear no signs of this. They are fresh, too. They have been cut off with a blunt instrument, which would hardly happen if a student had done it. Again carbolic or rectified spirits would be the preservatives which would suggest themselves to the medical mind, certainly not rough salt. I repeat that there is no practical joke here, but that we are investigating a serious crime."

A vague thrill ran through me as I listened to my companion's words and saw the stern gravity which had hardened his features. This brutal preliminary seemed to shadow forth some strange and inexplicable horror in the background. Lestrade, however, shook his head like a man who is only half convinced.

"There are objections to the joke theory no doubt," said he; "but there are much stronger reasons against the other. We know that this woman has led a most quiet and respectable life at Penge and here for the last twenty years. She has hardly been away from her home for a day during that time. Why on earth, then, should any criminal send her the proofs of his guilt, especially as, unless she is a most consumate actress, she understands quite as little of the matter as we do."

"That is the problem which we have to solve," Holmes answered, "and for my part I shall set about it by presuming that my reasoning is correct, and that a double murder has been committed. One of these ears is a woman's, small, finely formed, and pierced for an ear-ring. The other is a man's, sunburned, discolored and also pierced for an ear-ring. These two people are presumably dead, or we should have heard their story before now. To-day is Friday. The packet was posted on Thursday morning. The tragedy, then, occurred on Wednesday or Tuesday, or earlier. If the two people were murdered, who but their murderer would have sent this sign of his work to Miss Cushing? We may take it that the sender of the packet is the man whom we want. But he must have some strong reason for sending Miss Cushing this packet. What reason, then? It must have been to tell her that the deed was done; or to pain her, perhaps. But in that case she knows who it is. Does she know? I doubt it. If she knew, why should she call the police in? She might have buried the ears, and no one would have been the wiser. That is what she would have done if she had wished to shield the criminal. But if she does not wish to shield him she would give his name. There is a tangle here which needs straightening out."

He had been talking in a high, quick voice, staring blankly up over the garden fence, but now he sprang briskly to his feet and walked toward the house.

"I have a few questions to ask Miss Cushing," said he.

"In that case I may leave you here," said Lestrade, "for I have another small business on hand. I think that I have nothing further to learn from Miss Cushing. You will find me at the police station."

"We shall look in on our way to the train," answered Holmes.

A moment later he and I were back in the front room, where the impassive lady was still quietly working away at her antimacassar. She put it down on our entered, and looked at us with her frank, searching blue eyes.

"I am convinced, sir," she said, "that this matter is a mistake, and that the parcel was never meant for me at all. I have said this several times to the gentleman from Scotland Yard, but he simply laughs at me. I have not an enemy in the world, as far as I know, so why should any one play me such a trick?"

"I am coming to be of the same opinion, Miss Cushing," said Holmes, taking a seat beside her. "I think that it is more than probable—"

He paused, and I was surprised on glancing round to see that he was staring with singular intentness at the lady's profile. Surprise and satisfaction were both for an instant to be read upon his eager face, though when she glanced round to find out the cause of his silence he had become as demure as ever. I stared hard myself at her flat grizzled hair, her trim cap, her little gilt ear-rings, her placid features, but I could see nothing which could account for my companion's evident excitement.

"There were one or two questions—"

"Oh, I am weary of questions!" cried Miss Cushing, impatiently.

"You have two sisters, I believe."

"How could you know that?"

"I observed the very instant that I entered the room that you have a portrait group of three ladies upon the mantelpiece, one of whom is undoubtedly yourself, while the others are so exceedingly like you that there could be no doubt of the relationship."

"Yes, you are quite right. Those are my sisters Sarah and Mary."

"And here at my elbow is another portrait, taken at Liverpool, of your younger sister, in the company of a man who appears to be a steward by his uniform. I observe that she was unmarried at the time."

"You are very quick at observing."

"That is my trade."

"Well, you are quite right. But she was married to Mr. Browner a few days afterwards. He was on the South American line when that was taken but he was so fond of her that he couldn't abide to leave her for so long, and he got into the Liverpool and London boats."

"Ah, the Conqueror, perhaps?"

"No, the May Day, when last I heard. Jim came down here to see me once. That was before he broke the pledge. But afterwards he would always take drink when he was ashore, and a little drink would send him stark, staring mad. Ah! it was a bad day that ever he took a glass in his hand again. First he dropped me, and then he quarrelled with Sarah and now that Mary has stopped writing, we don't know how things are going with them."

It was evident that Miss Cushing had come upon a subject on which she felt very deeply. Like most people who lead a lonely life, she was shy at first, but ended by becoming extremely communicative. She told us many details about her brother-in-law, the steward, and then wandering off on to the subject of her former lodgers, the medical students, she gave us a long account of their delinquencies, with their names and those of their hospitals. Holmes listened attentively to everything, throwing in a question from time to time.

"About your second sister, Sarah," said he. "I wonder since you are both maiden ladies that you do not keep house together."

"Ah, you don't know Sarah's temper, or you would wonder no more. I tried it when I came to Croydon, and we kept on until about two months ago, when we had to part. I don't want to say a word against my own sister, but she was always meddlesome and hard to please, was Sarah."

"You say that she quarrelled with your Liverpool relations."

"Yes, and they were the best of friends at one time. Why, she went up there to live just in order to be near them. And now she has no word hard enough for Jim Browner. The last six months that she was here she would speak of nothing but his drinking and his ways. He had caught her meddling, I suspect, and given her a bit of his mind, and that was the start of it."

"Thank you, Miss Cushing," said Holmes, rising and bowing. "Your sister Sarah lives, I think you said, at New Street, Wallington? Good-by, and I am very sorry that you should be troubled over a case with which, as you say, you have nothing whatever to do."

There was a cab passing as we came out, and Holmes hailed it. "How far to Wallington?" he asked.

"Only about a mile sir."

"Very good. Jump in, Watson. We must strike while the iron is hot. Simple as the case is, there have been one or two very instructive details in connection with it. Just pull up at a telegraph office as you pass, cabby."

Holmes sent off a short wire, and for the rest of the drive lay back in the cab with his hat tilted over his nose to keep the sun from his face. Our driver pulled up at a house which was not unlike the one which we had just quitted. My companion ordered him to wait, and had his hand upon the knocker, when the door opened, and a grave young gentleman in black, with a very shiny hat, appeared on the step.

"Is Miss Sarah Cushing at home?" asked Holmes.

"Miss Sarah Cushing is extremely ill," said he. "She has been suffering since yesterday from brain symptoms of great severity. As her medical advisor, I cannot possibly take the responsibility of allowing any one to see her. I should recommend you to call again in ten days." He drew on his gloves, closed the door, and marched off down the street.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

No other Way.

The delicate young heiress looked thoughtfully out of the window.

"My case is one that requires constant care and watchfulness, is it?" she said.

"It is," replied the young physician.

"And I am habitually careless of myself and likely to counteract the effort of your prescriptions without constant oversight?"

"I did not put it quite so strongly as that, but if you will pardon my saying so you have stated the situation correctly."

"Hum—and I am alone in this world, with no one to attach me to by the ties of kindred?" she mused.

The young doctor coughed discreetly and said nothing.

"With this constant watchfulness you think my naturally strong constitution would rally in time and my health be fully restored?"

"I am sure of it, Miss Welloph."

"Do you think I could trust myself in the care of a mere hireling whose faithfulness would be of a purely mercenary character?"

"I should regret exceedingly to see a case in which I take so deep an interest—as a professional man impelled by such a condition of things."

"And yet, how can the difficulty be surmounted?"

"It must."

"It is necessary that I should be under the constant guardianship of somebody upon whose fidelity and regard I can depend with absolute certainty?"

"I cannot be answerable for the result otherwise."

"And one whose patient watchfulness must be guided by intelligence, skill, and thorough knowledge of my case—I presume you would say?"

"You are right."

"And yet I am practically alone in the world."

Again the handsome young physician coughed decorously but said nothing, and the shadows danced up and down and to and fro on the wall, and the Maltese cat asleep on the rug got up, stretched itself, yawned, and stole softly of the room.

"Dr. Goode," said the young woman, with a slight tremor in her voice, "you must prescribe for me in this matter."

"I, Miss Welloph?" he exclaimed, with a kind of spasmodic gasp.

"Yes. Do you know of anybody that meets the requirements that such a—a guardian must possess?"

"Do I?" he echoed, impulsively, yet hopelessly, "O, yes but—"

He stopped pale and trembling.

"Well?"

In the glow of the firelight her face seemed to flush with the rosy hue of returning health already.

"Nothing, Miss Welloph!"

"You were about to say, doctor, that you know of some one who could——"

"I—I was about to say nothing of the kind, Miss Welloph. If—if a wild hope for a moment occurred to me——"

"Yes?"

"But no!"

Did I not tell you, Dr. Goode, that you must prescribe for me as to this—this guardian?"

"Do you know, Vora Welloph," he asked with a wild yearning in his look and voice, "what you are driving me to say?"

"I think I do, doctor," she whispered "but—but I don't see any other way out of it, do you?"

The cards are out.

The Prudent Tramp.

"Here is a piece of bread, poor man," said the farmer's wife to the tramp. "Thank per mum," said the tramp, "but I can not accept it of yer. My physician says I musn't eat anything but beefsteak or pumpkin pie."

Harmony in the Household.

Mrs. Brace—"Do you and your husband ever disagree?"

Mrs. Chace—"No, indeed! At least my husband never does."

MARRIED EARLY, LATE AND OFTEN

Some Most Remarkable Cases—Men and Women who Have Been Wedded Many Times.

The first place in the list of those who have married early and married often must be taken by Lady Elizabeth Darcey, the daughter of Thomas Earl Rivers, on account of the curious coincidence attending her marriages. She was wooed by three suitors at the same time, and knights the as in chivalry bound, were disposed to contest the prize in the customary manner. This the lady peremptorily forbade, and promised in a jocular manner, if they had but patience, she would have them all three in their turn and what is most remarkable, she literally fulfilled her promise. First she married Sir George Trenchard of Wolverton, who left her a widow at seventeen; secondly, Sir John Gage of Firle; and thirdly, William Honeywell of Haworth the three original claimants for her hand. More remarkable still is the case of a farmer in one of the northern counties, who one day took five young women in his cart to a religious service. After the drive and the service he became the husband of one of the ladies. She died, and when he was in search of a second wife he met another one of those who had joined him in the drive. She was not averse to the match, and they were married. Like number one she did not live long, and in succession he married the third, fourth and fifth of the young women. Whether he lived to place number five by the side of her companions is not recorded, and this is just what we want to know.

PAIRS IN ITS COMPLETENESS.

There died at Florence in 1768, Elizabeth Mase, who was led to the altar seven times and buried the whole of her partners. Her last venture was at seventy-years of age. On her death-bed she recalled the good and bad points of each husband, and having weighed them impartially, expressed a desire to be buried by the side of her fifth husband. An announcement in England in the same year stated that Mr. Silverton was lately united at Newcastle to Mrs. Pearson. It was, says the announcement, "the third time the lady had been led to the altar in the character of a bride, and there has been something remarkable in each of her three connubial engagements. Her first husband was a Quaker, her second a Roman Catholic, and her third a Protestant of the Established Church. Each husband was twice her age. At sixteen she married a gentleman of thirty-two; at thirty she took one of sixty; and now at forty-two she is united to a gentleman of eighty-four."

At an agricultural village in England, some time in the last century, a couple were joined in the holy bonds of matrimony whose united ages came to one hundred and fifty-eight years; the bride was eighty-one and the bridegroom was seventy-seven. The groom's Christian name was Thomas, and the bride's Mary. The groom had twice before married a Mary, and the bride had twice before married a Thomas. To crown all, both were at the time of their marriage in receipt of parochial relief. A gentleman died at Bordeaux, 1772 who had led no fewer than

SIXTEEN LADIES TO THE HYMENEAL ALTAR

The same year witnessed the nuptials of a lady, eighty-five years of age who had espoused six husbands, with the seventh. This marriage took place at the church of St. Clement Dane, London. About the same time a gentleman died at the age of one hundred and fifteen years who had had four wives and who left behind him mourning his loss a widow and twenty-three children, whose ages varied from three to eighty years. In 1781 there died an old army veteran who had had five wives, and his widow, ninety years of age, wept over the grave of her fourth husband. The merry month of June, 1778, saw celebrated at St. Bridget's Church Chester, the marriage of Mr. George Harding, a youthful bridegroom of 107 years, and Mrs. Catherine Woolward, a blushing damsel of 83 years. The bridegroom served in the army for thirty-nine years, during the reigns of Queen Anne, George the First, and part of George the Second. He was at the time of his marriage particularly hearty, in great spirits and had retained his faculties to an extraordinary perfection. This was the fifth matrimonial venture, his last previous essay having been at the age of 105. His bride had thrice before been led to the altar. The record of the event states Mr. Harding's diet for thirty years had consisted of buttermilk, boiled with a little flour, and bread and cheese. In 1804, Mr. Samuel, of Sonning, after burying four wives, led Mrs. E. Newkirk to the altar. She overlooked the fact that she had to take to

NO FEWER THAN THIRTY-TWO CHILDREN.

In the same year there died at Balbinduagin, Ireland, Mr. Coorslin, 114 years of age. This venturesome old gentleman led to the altar his seventh wife at the age of ninety-three years, and when he died he left behind forty-three children, two hundred and thirty-six grandchildren, and nine hundred and forty-four great-grandchildren. Very early in the present century (1805) there was recorded the case of an amorous old lady, eighty years of age, who had buried three husbands, and then threw away her crutches at the door of a wealthy church in Yorkshire on becoming the wife of a farmer named Wood. A Mr. Meadows of Liverpool, had a record which is unique. He was married for the sixth time, aged seventy-five years, at Walton Church, in 1867. The first period of widower-hood lasted a year, the second a month, the third seven weeks, the fourth nine months, and the fifth the shortest of all—only six weeks. In 1809, Mrs. Jarvis, of Hawarden, married her sixth husband, a publican, named John Wright. At the time of this marriage she was in the eighties, and had only interred her last choice

FIVE WEEKS PREVIOUSLY.

In 1816 a youth named Jones had sufficient courage to marry Mrs. Mary Harris, a fifty-five-year-old widow, who had deposited beneath the daisies no fewer than five husbands. The last instance is not so much a record of numerous marriages as an instance of coincidences. Mr. Butin, an inhabitant of Commines, who died there early in the century at the age of eighty-five years, was only twice married. His second wife was born the day his first wife died, and on the birthday he jocularly remarked he would never marry any other wife than that infant. For twenty years he waited, and then led the "infant" to the altar, he being aged sixty-four years. The first child was born twelve months after marriage, and the second twenty years later. At his death he left several children, the eldest of whom was sixty years of age, and the youngest two months. He lived twenty years with his first wife, was twenty years a widower; and his second marriage lasted twenty years.

The North-West Trade in Horses.

Calgary, the prosperous metropolis of Alberta, is nothing if not pushing and enterprising. At present the centre of a great prairie and ranching territory, it aspires to be something more, and is sending a largely and influentially signed petition to the Imperial Government, through Lord Stanley, asking for the establishment of a purchasing depot and training school for Army horses in Alberta.

The petition claims, and truly, that there are now many thousands of horses in the provisional province awaiting purchase, a fair proportion of which are suitable for Army purposes; that a steady improvement in the class of horses being raised is taking place, owing to greater care in breeding; and that the Canadian Pacific and its branches, in running through this great horse-ranching district, affords splendid facilities for distributing trained horses on very short notice to any part of the Empire.

It is also pointed out that economy would be subserved by training the horses where they are raised, and in buying and shipping them in large numbers. The character of the climate is such that out-door training could go on during most of the year, while sufficient land, say 1,000 acres, would no doubt be donated to the Imperial Government near Calgary, for an ample training farm if desired. The necessary buildings could be erected of wood and stone, it is claimed, at one-half the cost of putting them up in England, whilst provender for the horses and food for the employes would be far cheaper. It is estimated, finally, that under such an arrangement every Army horse would cost £5 less than it does at present.

We hope that every success will crown this most laudable enterprise, and that the citizens of Calgary may see some substantial result follow upon their action.

Not so Bad.

Little Dot—"Mamma, I was playin' with your four o'clock tea set while you was away, an' when you bring it out for company, you'll be awfully mortified 'cause you'll think one of the cups has a hair in it; but it isn't a hair."

Mamma—"What is it?"

Little Dot—"It's only a 'crack.'"

A FRONTENAC MIRACLE.

Relief Comes When Hope Ha Almost Fled.

An Ex-Councillor of Oso Township Tells of His Release From Suffering—His Neighbors Verify His Statements—A Marvellous Cure That is Now a Household Word.

Kingston Whig.

The readers of the Whig will remember that our reporter at Sharbot Lake, on two or three occasions last winter, wrote of the serious illness of Edward Botting, a well-known and respected resident of the township of Oso. Mr. Botting was so low that his friends had no hope of his recovery, and although of an energetic disposition and not the kind of a man to give up easily, he even felt himself that life was slipping from him. Later we learned that Mr. Botting's recovery was due entirely to the use of that remedy which has achieved so many marvellous cures that its name is now a household word throughout the land—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Our reporter visited Mr. Botting at his home on the picturesque shore of Sucoor Lake. Mr. Botting is a very intelligent and agreeable gentleman, some seventy-five years of age, but looking and acting as smartly as a man twenty years younger. He is probably one of the best known men in this section. He was postmaster at Parmoy for fourteen years, and a councillor of the United townships of Bedford, Oso, Olden and Palmerston for ten years. He gave the Whig representative a cordial greeting, remarking that it was his favorite paper and that he had been a constant subscriber for forty-nine years. Mr. Botting readily consented to give his experience in the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, saying that he believed it was a duty he owed to humanity to let the public know what they had done for him. "It was about two years ago," said Mr. Botting, "that I first began to feel that I was not my old self. Up to that time I had been exceptionally strong and rugged. My illness first came in the form of kidney trouble, which seemed to carry with it general debility of the whole system, and none of the medicines that I took seemed to do me any good. I am not of a disposition to give up easily, and I tried to fight off the trouble and continued to go about when many another would have been in bed. Things went on in this way until about a year ago when I had a bad attack of la grippe, and the after effects of that malignant trouble brought me so low that my friends despaired of my recovery. I did not give up myself for that is not my disposition, but when I found that the medicine I tried did me no good, I must admit I was discouraged. I was troubled with severe and constant pains in the back, sensations of extreme dizziness, weakness, and was in fact in a generally used up condition. I had read frequently in the Whig of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and at last the conviction forced itself upon me that they must have some special virtue else they could not obtain such strong endorsations in all parts of the country. The upshot was that I determined to try them and I bless the day that I came to that conclusion. Before the first box was finished I felt benefited, and I continued their use until I was as strong as ever. I have lately worked hard and find no ill effects therefrom. I consider Dr. Williams Pink Pills the best medicine sold, and you may say I would not be without them in the house if they cost $5 a box. All my neighbors know what Pink Pills have done for me," said Mr. Botting, "and I would just like you to ask some of them."

Your reporter acted upon the hint, and first saw Mrs. L. Kish, a daughter of Mr. Botting. Mrs. Kish said, "What my father has told you is quite true. It was Pink Pills that cured him and we are very, very thankful. Father is now as smart as he was twenty years ago."

Charles Knapp, a prominent farmer, said: "I consider Mr. Botting's case a most wonderful one and I believe he owes his life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." Your reporter called at John W. Knapp's but found that gentleman away from home. His wife, an estimable, and intelligent lady, said, "we are aware that Mr. Botting was very sick for a long time and considering his age thought it unlikely that he would recover, but he is now as smart as he was ten years ago and he ascribes it all to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Mr. Avery, Reeve of the Township of Oso, and Warden of the county of Frontenac, merchant, told your reporter that he has a large and constantly increasing sale for Pink Pills, and from all quarters has good report of their curative qualities.

H. W. Hunt, a commissioner and school teacher, said he had known Mr. Botting for a number of years and considered him a well read and intelligent gentleman, who, if he said Pink Pills had cured him, could be depended upon, as he is a very conscientious man who would not make a statement that was not accurate.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance nervous headache, nervous prostration, and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50cts. a box or six boxes for $2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

The Simplest Way to Test the Purity o Water.

There are two methods which are usually considered the simplest ways of testing the purity of water. The first which requires the least trouble is as follows:—Fill a clean pint bottle three-quarters full of the water to be tested, and then dissolvein it half a teaspoonful of the purest sugar, either loaf or granulated. Cork the bottle, and put it in a warm place for a couple of days. If at the end of this time the water is cloudyor milky in appearance, it is unfit for drinking purposes. The second is to add a drop of a solution of permanganate of potash (obtainable at any chemist's) to a tumbler of the suspected water. If the color changes to a brown or dull yellow, the water is unfit to drink. If it remains clear or slightly rose-coloured after standing an hour, the water is considered safe for use. The purity of water for drinking purposes is one of the greatest health requirements of every habitable building, and it must not be forgotten that water may be clear, sparkling, and pleasant to the taste, and yet be tainted with disease-giving qualities. Experts would look upon the above methods of testing water as likely to prove deceptive, and many medical officers of health hold very strongly that before a satisfactory test can be made the sources of supply and probable liability to contamination should be carefully considered, in addition to a chemical analysis of a sample of the water.

The Newspaper "Ad." Does the Business.

A neat illustration of the value of sagacious advertising was given at the Portland Young Men's Christian Association meeting Sunday, when General Secretary McDonald stated that he had some curiosity to know what method of advertising reached the most people. He had circulated thousands of little dodgers, giving notice of the meeting, and he asked those who had seen them and had been moved to come through that means, to rise. The hall was packed as full as it could hold, and of the entire number about fifteen arose. Then Mr. McDonald asked all who had read the notices in the newspapers, and had been influenced by them to rise, and the crowd rose in a body.

A great talker never wants for enemies; a man of sense talks little and listens much.

USEFUL HINTS.

The following receipts may be found useful and valuable to artizans, especially if pasted in the hat, where they can always be at hand.

To bronze iron castings.—Cleanse thoroughly, and afterwards immerse in a solution of sulphate of copper, when the casting will acquire a coat of the latter metal. They must then be washed in water.

Black varnish for iron work.—Asphaltum, one pound; lampblack, one-fourth pound; rosin, one-half pound; spirits of turpentine, one quart; linseed oil, just sufficient to rub up the lampblack with before mixing it with the others. Apply with a camel's hair brush.

Cement for steam pipe joints, etc., with faced flanges.—White lead, mixed, two parts; red lead, dry, one part; grind or otherwise mix them to a consistency of thin putty; apply interposed layers with one or two thicknesses of canvas, or gauze wire, as the necessity of the case may be.

To solder without heat.—Brass filings, 2 oz.; fluoric acid, one-fourth ounce. Put the filings in the acid, and apply the solution to the parts to be soldered, after thoroughly cleansing the parts in contact; then stress together. Do not keep the fluoric acid in glass bottles, but in lead or earthen vessels.

To tin copper and brass.—Boil six pounds cream of tartar and four gallons of water, and eight ounces of grain tin or tin shavings. After the material has boiled a sufficient time, the articles to be tinned are put therein, and the boiling continued, when the tin is precipitated in metallic form on the goods.

Gold varnish.—For preparing a gold varnish for brass objects, instruments, etc.: Gum lac, pulverized, 90 grains; copal, 30 g.; dragon's blood, 1 g.; red sandal or Sanders wood, 1 g.; pounded glass, 1 g.; strong alcohol, 600 g. After sufficient maceration filter. The pulverized glass serves the purpose of hastening the solution by interposing between the particles of gum lac and copal.

Cement to resist red heat and boiling water.—To four or five parts of clay, thoroughly dried and pulverized, add two parts of fine iron filings free from oxide; one part of peroxide manganese; one of common salt, and one-half part of borax. Mingle thoroughly, render as fine as possible, then reduce to think paste with the necessary quantity of water, mix well; use immediately and apply heat, gradually increasing almost to a white heat.

Water-resisting cement.—A good cement, which completely resists the solvent action of water, may be prepared in the following manner: From five to ten parts of pure gelatine are dissolved in 100 parts of water. To the solution is added about ten per cent. of a concentrated solution of bichromate of potash and the liquid kept in the dark. When articles joined with this cement are exposed to light, the gelatine film is acted upon, the chromate being partly reduced, and the film of the cement becomes tough and durable.

The Jumbo of Idols.

Two miles out from Kamakura and about 20 miles from Yokohama, Japan, on a terrace, near the temple of Kamakura, sits the most gigantic idol or heathen god now known to exist. This immense brazen image of a deity was built or made during the reign of Shomu, who was 46th in the present line of emperors, and died in the year 748 A. D.

This idol, which has been prayed to daily for more than 1,200 years by the crowd of devotees that hourly cluster about it, is still in perfect repair, justly reckoned as one of the greatest wonders in the Orient. Frank Dobbins, who visited Dai-Butsu the same summer that the writer worshipped (?) at his shrine, and has given the best description of the god that has yet been written, says:

"The dimensions of the god are truly colossal. His height, from the base of the lotus flower, upon which he sits, to the top of his head is 53½ feet, and above this rises an aureole 14 feet wide, above which again rises for several feet the flame-like glory which encloses or arches in the whole figure. The face proper is 16 feet long, its width 9½ feet. The eyes are 3 feet 9 inches long from corner to corner, the eyebrows 5½ feet, and the ears 8½ feet. The chest is 20 feet in depth, and the middle finger is exactly 5 feet long.

Around the sides, shoulders and head of the god in front of the aureole are 16 figures, each in a sitting posture and each 3 feet in height. The leaves of the immense lotus, upon which the god sits are each 10 feet long and 6 feet wide, there being 5.6 of them in the cluster. The casting must have been wonderfully well executed, although the finenessof the leaf edges and other parts which I was able to examine, and the elaborate engraving which can still be traced upon the lotus flower itself in the uninjured parts, leave no doubt that the founder's art was supplemented here and there by artists with file and graver. The right hand is open and raised upward; the left rests upon the lap."

The image weighs about 450 tons and is of a combination of gold, tin, copper, and mercury, in these proportions:

	Pounds.
Gold	520
Tin	16,827
Mercury	1,051
Copper	986,080
Total	1,005,561

All other existing colossal images are pigmies compared with Dai-Butsu, whose hard visaged face has looked down on the meaningless rites of heathen idolators for more that 12 centuries.

Oh, this ringing in the ears!
Oh