

I was about to spring out when I felt Holmes's cold, strong grasp upon my wrist. I understood the whole argument of that firm, restraining grip—that it was no affair of ours; that justice had overtaken a villain; that we had our own duties and our own objects, which were not to be lost sight of.

But hardly had the woman rushed from the room when Holmes, with swift, silent steps, was over at the other door. He turned the key in the lock. At the same instant we heard voices in the house and the sound of hurrying feet. The revolver shots had roused the household. With perfect coolness Holmes slipped across to the safe, filled his two arms with bundles of letters, and poured them all into the fire. Some one turned the handle, and beat upon the outside of the door. Holmes looked swiftly round. The letter which had been the messenger of death for Milverton lay, all mottled with his blood, upon the table. Holmes tossed it in among the blazing papers. Then he drew the key from the outer door, passed through after me, and locked it on the outside. "This way, Watson," said he; "we can scale the garden wall in this direction."

I could not have believed that an alarm could have spread so swiftly. Looking back, the huge house was one blaze of light. The front door was open, and figures were rushing down the drive. The whole garden was alive with people, and one fellow raised a view-halloo as we emerged from the veranda and followed hard at our heels. Holmes seemed to know the grounds perfectly, and he threaded his way swiftly among a plantation of small trees, I close at his heels, and our foremost pursuer panting behind us. It was a six-foot wall which barred our path, but he sprang to the top

and over. As I did the same I felt the hand of the man behind me grab at my ankle; but I kicked myself free and scrambled over a grass-strewn coping. I fell upon my face among some bushes; but Holmes had me on my feet in an instant, and together we dashed away across the huge expanse of Hampstead Heath. We had run two miles, I suppose, before Holmes at last halted and listened intently. All was absolute silence behind us. We had shaken off our pursuers and were safe.

We had breakfasted and were smoking our morning pipe on the day after the remarkable experience which I have recorded, when Mr. Lestrade, of Scotland Yard, very solemn and impressive, was ushered into our modest sitting-room.

"Good morning, Mr. Holmes," said he; "good morning. May I ask if you are very busy just now?"

"Not too busy to listen to you."

"I thought that perhaps, if you had nothing particular on hand, you might care to assist us in a most remarkable case, which occurred only last night at Hampstead."

"Dear me!" said Holmes. "What was that?"

"A murder—most dramatic and remarkable murder. I know how keen you are upon these things, and I would take it as a great favor if you would step down to Appledore Towers and give us the benefit of your advice. It is no ordinary crime. We have had our eyes upon this Mr. Milverton for some time, and between ourselves, he was a bit of a villain. He is known to have held papers which he used for blackmailing purposes. These papers have

all been burned by the murderers. No article of value was taken, as it is probable that the criminals were men of good position, whose sole object was to urevent social exposure."

"Criminals!" said Holmes. "Plural!"

"Yes, there were two of them. They were, as nearly as possible, captured red-handed. We have their footmarks, we have their description, it's ten to one that we trace them. The first fellow was a bit too active, but the second was caught by the end of the garden, and only got away after a struggle. He was a middle-sized, strongly-built man—square jaw, thick nose, mustache, a mark over his eyes."

"That's rather vague," said Sherlock Holmes. "Why, it might be a description of Watson!"

"It's true," said the inspector, with amusement; "it might be a description of Watson."

"Well, I'm afraid I can't help you, Lestrade," said Holmes. "The fact is, that I knew this fellow Milverton, that I considered him one of the most dangerous men in London, and that I think there are certain crimes which the law cannot touch and which, therefore, to some extent, justify private revenge. No, it's no use arguing that here; I have made up my mind. My sympathies are with the criminals rather than with the victim, and I will not handle this case."

Holmes had not said one word to me about the tragedy which we had witnessed, but I observed all the morning that he was in his most thoughtful mood, and he gave me the impression, from his vacant eyes and his ab-

stracted manner, of a man who is striving to recall something to his memory. We were in the middle of our lunch when he suddenly sprang to his feet. "By Jove! Watson, I've got it!" he cried. "Take your hat! Come with me!" He hurried at his top speed down Baker street and along Oxford street until we had almost reached Regent Circus. Here, on the left hand, there stands a shop window filled with photographs of the celebrities and beauties of the day. Holmes's eyes fixed themselves upon one of them, and following his gaze I saw the picture of a regal and stately lady in court dress, with a high diamond tiara upon her noble head. I looked at that delicately curved nose, at the marked eyebrows, at the straight mouth and the strong little chin beneath it. Then I caught my breath as I read the time-honored title of the great nobleman and statesman whose wife she had been. My eyes met those of Holmes, and he put his finger to his lips as we turned away from the window.

THE END.

NEXT SATURDAY—THE EIGHTH STORY OF THE SERIES.

The Adventure of the Six Napoleons.

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

The Trilobite Club.

BY WILLIAM M. ROWND.

In Two Parts.

Synopsis of Part I.—A party of school-boys in charge of a young professor, who is new at the school and is found by the boys because he is too young, go on an annual geological trip. After several excursions the party is caught by an accident in a mine from which the only escape is through a narrow opening. It is unsafe, but the only way out.

Part II.

THAT quarter of a mile sprint in the darkness was the most exciting race the senior class ever ran. We were all panting for breath and Tom Lawrence was exhausted, when the guide stopped and said:

"Here is the ladder!" The professor now exercised a quiet authority. We were lined up and counted to make sure that all were present. He declared that the guide should go first. The rest were to go in any order. He insisted upon being last. Will Tompkins followed the guide, then came Tom Lawrence, the fat boy. I do not remember the order in which the rest followed.

The thought of climbing up a narrow hole five hundred feet did not seem so inviting as it did when proposed in a spirit of bravado. But there was no other way. The danger of being overcome by gas from the mine did not reassure us. To add to the discomfort, water was coming down in tiny streams. The rounds of the ladder were wet and slimy. We had climbed but a short distance when our lamps went out, leaving us in pitch darkness. Would we never reach the top? We had gone only about two hundred feet though it seemed much further, when the whole column halted. Each one bumped into the fellow ahead.

"What's the matter?" "Tom Lawrence is stuck fast!" "Can you crowd him through?" asked the professor. Pushing with all our might we managed to squeeze him through the narrow place, only to be stopped again in a few moments. This time we could not overcome the difficulty. Tom was too large for the passage. Again we heard the voice of the professor saying:

"If you can't go ahead, we must retreat!" It took some time to persuade us to do that, and we lost valuable time. After some trouble one of the lamps was lighted and the roll was called. All were present except the guide, Will and Tom.

"He has not been able to come past the first obstruction," suggested Harry. This seemed the only reasonable explanation, and after again telling us to keep cool the professor climbed up the ladder to help the luckless fellow down. How he did it I do not know, but he finally appeared, followed by a white-faced boy, who began to cry.

"Now," said the professor, "there is but little bad air here. The lamp burns bright. We shall get out in safety. Reverse order. Tom will come after the rest of you. I will follow him. When you reach the surface let them know just how we are situated."

With more haste than courage we sprang for the ladder. What a climb! Each minute seemed an age. It was a long-drawn-out nightmare. To reach up in the darkness, grasp the round of the ladder, then to draw one's self up and to reach out again endlessly was most distracting. I was almost in despair when the light seemed to burst around me, and I was lying on the ground in the bright sunshine. We found the guide and Will much perplexed over our long delay.

"Where are the professor and Tom?" asked Will. "Tom is stuck and the professor is trying to help him through," was the reply.

The guide took in the situation at once and was alert in a moment. "It's a half mile to the nearest house. We must have help. Who is your best runner?"

We all looked toward Will Tompkins, who was least exhausted. He was ready in a moment and eyed away like an arrow. As he ran Harry and I glanced at each other and thought of the race at the tree. Will soon reached the house and in a moment we saw several men running toward us. When they came up the guide took a hammer, a crowbar and one end of a long rope and went down into the hole. On reaching the narrow place he found Tom and the professor there. It was no easy matter in the darkness to enlarge the passage. Little by little the stone was broken away,

It was necessary to cut loose part of the ladder. An hour passed away. To Tom and the professor the task seemed hopeless, but neither thought of yielding. At the surface we could only wait. By holding the ear close to the



"On reaching the narrow place he found Tom and the Professor there."

entrance we could hear faint blows as the guide cut away the rock. At last one of the men leaning over the hole said:

"He is coming up."

In a short time the exhausted guide appeared, and not long after Tom emerged, followed by the professor, who nuckly waved his hand to us, then fell over in a faint.

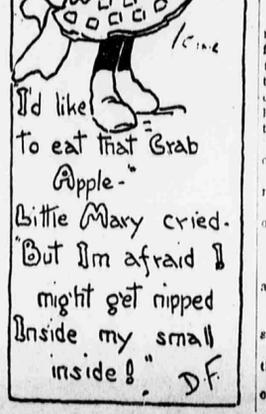
"Five minutes more would have been too late," said one of the old miners. The physician who had been summoned set to work, and in a short time the professor had revived and was taken to the hotel. By the next day we were able to go back to school. The professor was our hero, and the hero of the entire school when our story was told.

A week later the class of 188—held a meeting. We took the permanent name of Trilobite Club. It was a secret society, limited to the members of the senior class. We decided to have but one honorary member. The professor was elected by acclamation. When he came in answer to our invitation, Will Tompkins, in an address, begged his pardon in the name of the class and asked him to become our only honorary member. In a most kindly spirit, "the honor" was accepted. Then John Tibbets read a letter from a cousin who had been a classmate of the professor. From this we learned that in college he had been known as Billy.

"Now," said the President, "we wish to be as near to you as possible. If you are willing, we should like in our secret sessions, but never in public, to call you Professor Billy."

Tears came into his eyes as he replied: "Boys, I accept the name, and consider myself adopted into this class."

"This, then, is your secret name, never to be divulged without your consent and that of the class," said the President. Then, turning to the boys, he said: "Three cheers for Professor Billy." They were given with a will.



By Another Name.

LILLIAN was a great reader, and even at the age of eight found great pleasure in reading books suited to the understanding of older children. One day, however, she found her "Waterloo" in a word she pronounced "duffnuts." Lillian thought she had heard of every kind of nuts, from coconuts to grape nuts, but "duffnuts" had certainly not been among the number. She inquired of her mother what kind of a nut a "duffnut" might be, but mother insisted she had made some mistake in the word, for no such nuts existed. Lillian went for her book in which the confectionery was mentioned, and a hearty laugh at Lillian's expense when the word pronounced "duffnuts" turned out to be spelled "doughnuts."

The World of the Window-Seat.

THERE'S a little ladder across the street, Who sees the world from a window-seat. There he must stay the livelong day, For he's too small to go out to play. And mother's too careful to let him stray, And quite too busy to take him away. So all his world is a piece of sky And a street where the noisy teams go by. Yet he plays and laughs and life is sweet, Though he sees the world from a window-seat.

At Cooking School.

IT was the cooking class in one of the public schools where the poor children receive not only instruction in cooking, but are given the food cooked to eat. The day was Friday, and the cooking lesson had been upon the broiling of beefsteak. How good the meat smelt as the little nostrils sniffed up the appetizing odors! How anxiously each little stomach waited for the invitation to have a bite. All the children took their share, except one hungry-looking, thin girl in the rear. Noticing her lack, a little red-headed girl in the seat beside her showed her friendliness if not her proper regard for health by saying: "Here you, Nora O'Shay, you're a Catholic and won't eat meat on a Friday. I'm sorry for you, for it's mighty tasty, but I'll give you the loan of my chewing gum till we get through with our meat chewing."

The Way They Spell in New York.

CATHERINE was a New York City child, and was looked upon as a superior being by the children of Little Falls, where she came to visit her aunt. All matters of argument were referred to Catherine, who settled things by saying: "Well, I know, because I live in New York, where people know everything." One day she went to the district school, where an old-fashioned spelling match was in progress. Catherine was very proud of her spelling, and was glad that another chance was given her to show off her superiority. Imagine her disgust when in spelling "Liberty" she was trapped and by a red-headed boy much smaller than herself, and who had never been further away than the "Junction." Catherine refused to be trapped, and, raising her hand, she said: "Miss Jones, you may spell 'Liberty' that way in Canada, but it is spelt with two 'e's in New York."

Sparrows as Good Samaritans.

THE sparrow has never been noted for its good works and kind deeds, but the following little story throws a new light on these despised little scrappers. Last spring a young robin was found floundering about a gentleman's lawn. It was unable to fly and had evidently fallen from its nest. Fearing that the cat might devour it in the night, this gentleman took the bird to the rear of his yard and placed it in an inclosure covered with a wire screen. While dressing the next morning he looked out of his window and was amazed at the action of a couple of sparrows who were carrying worms to the young robin in the inclosure. They would fly away only to return a few moments later with worms, which they dropped through the screen into the upturned mouth of the captive. They kept up this charitable feeding until the robin was liberated, and even then they hovered around like self-appointed guardians.

Olwaynoy.

By Gelett Burgess.

(Copyright, 1905, by the Author.)



(This Goop is called Olwaynoy because she is always annoying her playmates and pets.) What do you think of Olwaynoy? She was as Brave as a Boy! She was as Feisty as a Scorpion to Cry. She never told a single Lie! Yet she has teased her Little Brothers Her Pussy-Cat and Many Others!

A Laughing Plant.

THERE is a curious plant that grows in Arabia and is known by the name of "Laughing plant." This name comes from the fact that any one who eats its seeds cannot control his laughter. The natives of the district where this funny plant grows dry the seeds and reduce them to powder. A small dose of this powder makes those who eat it act very much like the foolish people who drink more liquor than is good for them. The soberest person will dance, shout and laugh like a madman and rush about cutting up the most ridiculous capers for an hour. At the end of this time the reaction comes. The dancer is exhausted and a deep sleep comes upon him. After a nap of several hours he awakens with no recollection of the antics he has performed.

Absent Treatment.

"Old Hunks is one of the crankiest and most disagreeable men I ever met, but they say he has a delightful home." "Well, it's true. He spends three-fourths of his time away from it." Chicago Tribune.

Nursery Rhymes; Some that Are New.

By Harriet Nutty.

Time to Get Up.



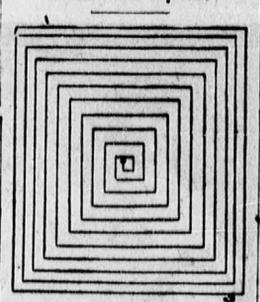
It's morning, Oh, deary! I feel very weary Whenever it's time to get up, But breakfast is ready, So bring little Teddy, And don't tumble over the pup.

Only Seven.

She was seven years old, So I have been told, But pray do not listen; 'twill give you a shock. She was writing to Nell, If the truth I must tell, And she spilled all the ink on her pretty new frock.

Why? Why doesn't the spring stay longer, And why does the autumn hurry, And why does the autumn hurry, And, mother, what melts the snow?

Stretch This Square.



Stretch this square out two feet. Looks like an impossibility, but it can be done. By taking a sharp knife or a pair of scissors, starting at the upper left hand corner and cutting clear to the dot in the middle, following the line all around. After you have done this get some one to hold one end and you take the other and see if it doesn't stretch two feet.



I've a Bee in my Bonnet. So Mama just said. My! I hope I get home Pore I'm stung on the head!

Her Adopted Sister.

ELSIE was an only child, and except for this fact had everything in the world to make her happy. Toys without number, and a host of grown-ups, who vied with each other in their efforts to make their little relative happy. Despite this, Elsie longed for companionship of her own age, and would leave toys, playhouses or dolls for any child she could find. This was all right in itself, but Elsie was not very choicé in her friends. They might be dirty, ragged and anything but attractive, to say nothing of occasional sore eyes and suspicious coughs. Elsie's mother felt very sorry for her little girl and did all she could to make her feel less lonely. In the neighborhood where Elsie lived there was not a child near her age, which made the little girl very lonely in her big, shady yard, just the place for hide-and-seek, tag and house, if she only had some children to play with. One day Elsie's mother looked out in the yard, but Elsie was nowhere to be seen. Repeated calls brought no response, although the house was searched. In a little while Mrs. Shaw heard some scuffling little feet way up in the tower, and climbing there found Elsie—and the most disreputable specimen of a little girl that Mrs. Shaw had ever seen. Her large, dark eyes and tangled hair told her that Elsie's friend was some little Italian from a settlement of foreigners down on the railroad tracks.

Elsie, however, was all smiles, and introduced her companion as follows: "See, mother, isn't she a nice little girl? Her name is Emma. She says her mamma won't care because she has five other children. She's three and a half, and I've decided to keep her to play with me. She's very selfish, mother. She lets me have my way all the time, and is not a bit disobeying when we play. Besides, she hasn't either the whooping cough or the measles, for I asked her, and she's clean—at least she's clean on the outside."

"I'm glad she's such a nice little girl, but what are you doing up here?" inquired Mrs. Shaw. "We're hiding," admitted Elsie. "I was afraid the policeman might be hunting for her, so I thought I'd bring her way up here."

"But, dear," said Mrs. Shaw, "you couldn't keep the little girl. Her mother and father want her, even if they have five other children. I am very much afraid that my little girl has deliberately stolen a playmate."

"Not stolen, mother. Don't people ever adopt little children? Well, that's what I have done. I've adopted Emma."

Mrs. Shaw had great trouble inducing both children to come with her. Taking one by each hand she led them through the village, where she learned that Emma's real name was Elsie, and that she had some candy for consolation, and took the little Italian girl home, much to Elsie's sorrow. Not long afterward a friend of Mrs. Shaw's died, way out West, leaving a little girl about Elsie's age unprovided for. Mr. and Mrs. Shaw had a long consultation as to what they should do, but remembering Elsie's experience with Emma, determined to take the little orphan. And they did, and two weeks later the dearest, chubbiest, rosiest, cleanest little girl arrived at Elsie's home. From that time onward Elsie was blissfully happy. Toys became doubly plentiful, and simple pleasures multiplied themselves, all because Elsie now had some one to share them with her dear little adopted sister.

The Lion-Hearted Kid.

A Fable Retold.

HAVE you heard of the kid with the lion's heart. How he stood on the roof one day And defiantly railed at a grim gray wolf Who was passing by chance that way?

The incident happened in Aesop's time, And the old man wrote it down So that young and old ever afterward Might read this tale of renown.

The kid fairly peeted the old gray wolf With epithets fierce and strong, Called him renegade, murderer, thief And knave.

"You are wise," said the wolf, "that you choose your time, And a place that is high and dry. Fare you well, valiant kid, we will meet again." "When you fall from your eminence high."