CHAPTER VIII.

THE BAKER STREET IRREGULARS.

"What now?" I asked. "Toby has lost his character for infallibility."

"He acted according to his lights," said Holmes, lifting him down from the barrel and walking him out of the timber yard. "If you consider how much creosote is carted about London in one day, it is no great wonder that our trail should have been crossed. It is much used now, especially for the seasoning of wood. Poor Toby is not to blame."

"We must get on the main scent again, I suppose."

"Yes. And, fortunately, we have no distance to go. Evidently what puzzled the dog at the corner of Knight's place was that there were two different trails running in opposite directions. We took the wrong one. It only remains to follow the other."

There was no difficulty about this. On leading Toby to the place where he had committed his fault, he cast about in a wide circle, and finally dashed off in a fresh direction.

"We must take care that he does not now bring us to the place where the creosote barrel came from," I observed.

"I had thought of that. But you notice that he keeps on the pavement, whereas the barrel passed down the roadway. No, we are on the true scent now."

It tended down towards the riverside, running through Belmont place and Prince's street. At the end of Broad street it ran right down to the water's edge, where there was a small wooden wharf. Toby led us to the very edge of this, and there stood whining, looking out on the dark current beyond.

"We are out of luck," said Holmes. "They have taken to a boat here." Several small punts and skiffs were lying about in the water and on the edge of the wharf. We took Toby round to each in turn, but, though he sniffed earnestly, he made no sign.

Close to the rude landing stage was a small brick house, with a wooden placard swung out through the second window. "Mordecai Smith" was printed across it in large letters, and, underneath: "Boats to hire by the hour or day." A second inscription above the door informed us that a steam launch was kept—a statement which was confirmed by a great pile of coke upon the jetty. Sherlock Holmes looked slowly round, and his face assumed an ominous expression.

"This looks bad," said he. "Those fellows are sharper than I expected. They seem to have covered their tracks. There has, I fear, been preconcerted management here."

He was approaching the door of the house, when it opened, and a little curly-headed lad of six came running out, followed by a stoutish, red-faced woman with a large sponge in her hand.

"You come back and be washed, Jack," she shouted. "Come back, you young imp. For if your father comes home and finds you like that, he'll let us hear of it."

"Dear little chap!" said Holmes, strategically. "What a rosy-cheeked young rascal! Now, Jack, is there anything you would like?"

The youth pondered for a moment.

"I'd like a shillin'," said he.

"Nothing you would like better?"

"I'd like two shillin' better," the prodigy answered, after some thought.

"Here you are, then! Catch—A fine child, Mrs. Smith!"

"Lor' bless you, sir, he is that, and forward. He gets a most too much for me to manage, 'specially when my man is away days at a time."

"Away, is he?" said Holmes, in a disappointed voice. "I am sorry for that, for I wanted to speak to Mr. Smith."

"He's been away since yesterday mornin', sir, and, truth to tell, I am beginnin' to feel frightened about him. But if it is about a boat, sir, maybe I could serve as well."

"I wanted to hire his steam launch."

"Why, bless you, sir, it is in the steam launch that he has gone. That's what puzzles me; for I know there ain't more coals in her than would take her to about Woolwich and back. If he'd been away in the barge I'd ha' thought nothin'; for many a time a job has taken him as far as Gravesend, and then if there was much doin' there he might ha' stayed over. But what good is a steam launch without coals?"

"He might have bought some at a wharf down the river."

"He might, sir, but it weren't his way. Many a time I've heard him call out at the prices they charge for a few odd bags. Besides, I don't like that wooden-legged man, wi' his ugly face and outlandish talk. What did he want always knockin' about here for?"

"A wooden-legged man?" said Holmes, with bland surprise.

"Yes, sir, a brown, monkey-faced chap that's called more'n once for my old man. It was him that roused him up yesternight, and, what's more, my man knew he was comin', for he had steam up in the launch. I tell you straight, sir, I don't feel easy in my mind about it."

"But, my dear Mrs. Smith," said Holmes, shrugging his shoulders, "you are frightening yourself about nothing. How could you possibly tell that it was the wooden-legged man who came in the night? I don't quite understand how you can be so sure."

"His voice, sir. I knew his voice, which is kind o' thick and foggy. He tapped at the winder—about three it would be. 'Show a leg, matey,' says he: 'time to turn out guard.' My old man woke up Jim—that's my eldest—and away they went, without so much as a word to me. I could hear the wooden leg clackin' on the stones."

"And was this wooden-legged man alone?"

"Couldn't say, I am sure, sir. I didn't hear no one else."

"I am sorry, Mrs. Smith, for I wanted a steam launch, and I have heard good reports of the— Let me see, what is her name?"

"The Aurora, sir."

"Ah! She's not that old green launch with a yellow line, very broad in the beam?"

"No, indeed. She's as trim a little thing as any on the river. She's been fresh painted, black with two red streaks."

"Thanks. I hope that you will hear soon from Mr. Smith. I am going down the river; and if I should see anything of the Aurora I shall let him know that you are uneasy. A black funnel, you say?"

"No, sir. Black with a white band."

"Ah, of course. It was the sides which were black. Good morning, Mrs. Smith. There is a boatman here with a wherry, Watson. We shall take it and cross the river."

"The main thing with people of that sort," said Holmes, as we sat in the sheets of the wherry, "is never to let them think that their information can be of the slightest importance to you. If you do, they will instantly shut up

"I'M SORRY, MRS. SMITH, FOR I WANTED A STEAM LAUNCH."

like an oyster. If you listen to them under protest, as it were you are very likely to get what you want."

"Our course now seems pretty clear," said I.

"What would you do, then?"

"I would engage a launch and go down the track of the Aurora."

"My dear fellow, it would be a colossal task. She may have touched at any wharf on either side of the stream between here and Greenwich. Below the bridge there is a perfect labyrinth of landing-places for miles. It would take you days and days to exhaust them, if you set about it alone."

"Employ the police, then."

"No. I shall probably call Athelney Jones in at the last moment. He is not a bad fellow, and I should not like to do anything which would injure him professionally. But I have a fancy for working it out myself, now that we have gone so far."

"Could we advertise, then, asking for information from wharfingers?"

"Worse and worse! Our men would know that the chase was hot at their heels, and they would be off out of the country. As it is, they are likely enough to leave, but as long as they think they are perfectly safe they will be in no hurry. Jones' energy will be of use to us there, for his view of the case is sure to push itself into the daily press, and the runaways will think that everyone is off on the wrong scent."

"What are we to do, then?" I asked, as we landed near Millbank penitentiary.

"Take this hansom, drive home, have some breakfast, and get an hour's sleep. It is quite on the cards that we may be afoot to-night again. Stop at the telegraph office, cabby! We will keep Toby, for he may be of use to us yet."

We pulled up at the Great Peter street post office, and Holmes dispatched his wire. "Whom do you think that is to?" he asked, as we resumed our journey.

"I am sure I don't know."

"You remember the Baker street division of the detective police force whom I employed in the Jefferson Hope case?"

"Well," said I, laughing.

"This is just the case where they might be invaluable. If they fail, I have other resources; but I shall try them first. That wire was to my dirty little lieutenant, Wiggins, and I expect that he and his gang will be with us before we have finished our breakfast."

It was between eight and nine o'clock now, and I was conscious of a strong reaction after the successive excitements of the night. I was limp and weary, befogged in mind and fatigued in body. I had not the professional enthusiasm which carried my companion on, nor could I look at the matter as a mere abstract intellectual problem. As far as the death of Bartholomew Sholto went, I had heard little good of him, and could feel no intense antipathy to his murderers. The treasure, however, was a different matter. That, or part of it, belonged rightfully to Miss Morstan. While there was a chance of recovering it, I was ready to devote my life to the one object. True, if I found it, it would probably put her forever beyond my reach. Yet it would be a petty and selfish love which would be influenced by such a thought as that. If Holmes could work to find the criminals, I had a tenfold stronger reason to urge me on to find the treasure.

A bath at Baker street and a complete change freshened me up wonderfully. When I came down to our room I found the breakfast laid and Holmes pouring out the coffee.

"Here it is," said he, laughing and pointing to an open newspaper. "The energetic Jones and the ubiquitous reporter have fixed it up between them. But you have had enough of the case. Better have your ham and eggs first."

I took the paper from him and read the short notice, which was headed:

"Mysterious Business at Upper Norwood."

"About twelve o'clock last night," said the Standard, "Mr. Bartholomew Sholto, of Pondicherry lodge, Upper Norwood, was found dead in his room under circumstances which point to foul play. As far as we can learn, no actual traces of violence were found upon Mr. Sholto's person, but a valuable collection of Indian gems which the deceased gentleman had inherited from his father has been carried off. The discovery was first made by Mr. Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson, who had called at the house with Mr. Thaddeus Shalto, brother of the deceased. By a singular piece of good fortune Mr. Athelney Jones, the well-known member of the detective police force, happened to be at the Norwood police station, and was on the ground within half an hour of the first alarm. His trained and experienced faculties were at once directed towards the detection of the criminals, with the gratifying result that the brother, Thaddeus Sholto, has already been arrested, together with the housekeeper, Mrs. Bernstone, an Indian butler named Lal Rao, and a porter, or gatekeeper, named McMurdo. It is quite certain that the thief or thieves were well acquainted with the house, for Mr. Jones' well-known technical knowledge and his powers of minute observation have enabled him to prove conclusively that the miscreants could not have entered by the door or by the window, but must have made their way across the roof of the building, and so through a trapdoor into a room which communicated with that in which the body was found. This fact, which has been very clearly made out, proves conclusively that it was no mere haphazard burglary. The prompt and energetic action of the officers of the law shows the great advantage of the presence on such occasions of a single vigorous and masterful mind. We cannot but think that it supplies an argument to those who would wish to see our detectives more decentralized, and brought into closer and more effective touch with the cases which it is their duty to investigate."

"Isn't it gorgeous!" said Holmes, grinning over his coffee cup. "What do you think of it?"

"I think that we have had a close shave ourselves of being arrested for the crime."

"So do I. I wouldn't answer for our safety now, if he should happen to have another of his attacks of energy."

At this moment there was a loud ring at the bell, and I could hear Mrs. Hudson, our landlady, raising her voice in a wail of expostulation and dismay.

"By heaven, Holmes," I said, half rising, "I believe that they are really after us."

"No, it's not quite so bad as that. It is the unofficial force—the Baker street irregulars."

As he spoke, there came a swift pattering of naked feet upon the stairs, a clatter of high voices, and in rushed a dozen dirty and ragged little street-Arabs. There was some show of discipline among them, despite their tumultuous entry, for they instantly drew up in line and stood facing us with expectant faces. One of their number, taller and older than the others, stood forward with an air of lounging superiority which was very funny in such a disreputable little scarecrow.

"Got your message, sir," said he, "and brought 'em on sharp. Three bob and a tanner for tickets."

"Here you are," said Holmes, producing some silver. "In future they can report to you, Wiggins, and you to me. I cannot have the house invaded in this way. However, it is just as well that you should all hear the instructions. I want to find the whereabouts of a steam launch called the Aurora, owner Mordecai Smith, black with two red streaks, funnel black with a white band. She is down the river somewhere. I want one boy to be at Mordecai Smith's landing-stage opposite Millbank to say if the boat comes back. You must divide it out among your selves, and do both banks thoroughly. Let me know the moment you have news. Is that all clear?"

"Yes, guv'nor," said Wiggins.

"The old scale of pay, and a guinea to the boy who finds the boat. Here's a day in advance. Now off you go!" He handed them a shilling each, and away they buzzed down the stairs, and I saw them a moment later streaming down the street.

"If the launch is above water they will find her," said Holmes, as he rose from the table and lit his pipe. "They can go everywhere, see everything, overhear everyone. I expect to hear before evening that they have spotted her. In the meanwhile, we can do nothing but await results. We cannot pick up the broken trail until we find either the Aurora or Mr. Mordecai Smith."

"Toby could eat these scraps, I dare say. Are you going to bed, Holmes?"

"No; I am not tired. I have a curious constitution. I never remember feeling tired by work, though idleness exhausts me completely. I am going to smoke and to think over this queer business to which my fair client has introduced us. If ever man had an easy task, this of ours ought to be. Wooden-legged men are not so common, but the other man must, I should think, be absolutely unique."

"That other man again!"

"I have no wish to make a mystery of him—to you, anyway. But you must have formed your own opinion. Now, do consider the data. Diminutive footmarks, toes never fettered by boots, naked feet, stone-headed wooden mace, great agility, small poisoned darts. What do you make of all this?"

"A savage!" I exclaimed. "Perhaps one of those Indians who were the associates of Jonathan Small."

"Hardly that," said he. "When first I saw signs of strange weapons I was inclined to think so; but the remarkable character of the footmarks caused me to reconsider my views. Some of the inhabitants of the Indian peninsula are small men, but none could have left such marks as that. The Hindoo proper has long and thin feet. The sandal-wearing Mohammedan has the great toe well separated from the others, because the thong is commonly passed between. These little darts, too, could only be shot in one way. They are from a blowpipe. Now, then, where are we to find our savage?"

"South American," I hazarded.

He stretched his hand up and took down a bulky volume from the shelf. "This is the first volume of a gazeteer which is now being published. It may be looked upon as the very latest authority. What have we here? 'Andaman islands, situated three hundred and forty miles to the north of Sumatra, in the bay of Bengal.' Hum! hum! What's all this? Moist climate, coral reefs, sharks, Port Blair, convict barracks, Rutland island, cottonwoods—ah, here we are. 'The aborigines of the Andaman islands may perhaps claim the distinction of being the smallest race upon this earth, though some anthropologists prefer the Bushmen of Africa, the Digger Indians of America and the Terra del Fuegians. The average height is rather below four feet, although many full-grown adults may be found who are very much smaller than this. They are a fierce, morose and intractable people, though capable of forming most devoted friendships when their confidence has once been gained.' Mark that, Watson. Now, then, listen to this: 'They are naturally hideous, having large, misshapen heads, small,

"A GUINEA TO THE BOY THAT FINDS THE BOAT."

fierce eyes, and distorted features. Their feet and hands, however, are remarkably small. So intractable and fierce are they that all the efforts of the British officials have failed to win them over in any degree. They have always been a terror to shipwrecked crews, brainiag the survivors with their stone-headed clubs, or shooting them with their poisoned arrows. These massacres are invariably concluded by a cannibal feast.' Nice, amiable people, Watson! If this fellow had been left to his own unaided devices this affair might have taken an even more ghastly turn. I fancy that, even as it is, Jonathan Small would give a good deal not to have employed him."

"But how came he to have so singular a companion?"

"Ah, that is more than I can tell. Since, however, we had already determined that Small had come from the Andamans, it is not so very wonderful that this islander should be with him. No doubt we shall know all about it in time. Look here, Watson; you look regularly done. Lie down there on the sofa, and see if I can put you to sleep."

He took up his violin from the corner, and as I stretched myself out he began to play some low, dreamy, melodious air—his own, no doubt, for he had a remarkable gift for improvisation. I have a vague remembrance of his gaunt limbs, his earnest face, and the rise and fall of his bow. Then I seemed to be floated peacefully away upon a soft sea of sound, until I found myself in dreamland, with the sweet face of Mary Morstan looking down upon me.

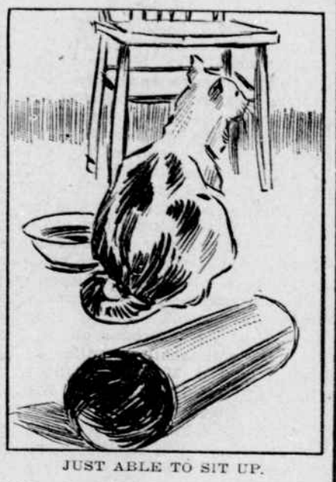
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CAT GETS MIXED UP SOME.

Travels Three Hundred Miles in a Stove Pipe and Retains All of Its Nine Lives.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Veazie, of Littleton, N. H., have a cat which traveled 300 miles in a length of stove pipe, and seems to have all of its nine lives left. Mr. and Mrs. Veazie have been living in a double house in Lafayette avenue, the other half of the house being occupied by Rev. L. E. Beane and family, of Massena, N. Y. When Mr. Beane moved to Massena Mr. Veazie also left, moving to another part of the town.

One of the important members of the Veazie household was a fine black and



JUST ABLE TO SIT UP.

white cat, which kept respectable hours, and never showed any desire to stay out of nights. In the excitement of the moving at the same time the Veazie cat was lost. When Mr. and Mrs. Veazie became settled in their new home one of the first questions asked was: "Where's Tom?" Tom was missing, and remained missing. His whereabouts was a source of much guessing to the Veazies, who concluded some one must have stolen him.

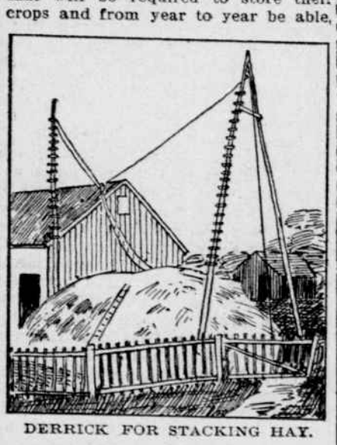
A few days after their moving, however, the Veazies received a letter from Mr. Beane in Massena, N. Y., in which it was statedly written that the Veazie cat had just been unpacked from among the Beane household goods, which were a week on the road. The cat was found in a two-foot length of six-inch stove pipe, rather weak from hunger, but able to sit up and take notice, after a dish of warm milk had been eaten.

Mr. Veazie sent the cat on by express, and now has Mr. Beane's letter, as well as the cat, to prove the truth of Tom's trip in a six-inch stovepipe.

A HAY-STACKING DERRICK.

Contrivance Like the One Here Described Saves Lots of Time and Lessens Labor.

Many farmers, whose barn capacity is somewhat limited, stack the larger portion of their hay crop until after threshing, and then haul it into the barn later for winter feeding. Under such circumstances this method seems advisable, for then, if the weather should happen to be like what we have had the past two seasons, there is not the danger of losing the entire grain crops. Of course during some seasons there is a greater bulk of roughage to be stored than during other seasons, nevertheless, the majority of farmers know just about the producing capacity of their land, and can quite accurately estimate amount of barn room that will be required to store their crops and from year to year be able,



DERRICK FOR STACKING HAY.

as soon as a crop is ready to be harvested, to secure it by storing under shelter. There is but little doubt that if the loss sustained from stacking crops were accurately figured out, there would be enough loss upon the majority of farms in five years to pay the cost of building a barn sufficiently large to store all the crops raised upon the farm.

The past two rainy seasons have, I think, demonstrated that capital in barns is a good investment. There are, however, a great many farmers who are abundantly able to have convenient barns for storing their crops who have not, simply because they do not believe the above statement. Upon my own farm I have plenty of storing room for all the hay and grain, if I had not, I would not hesitate a moment to invest in more barn room.

But where the barn room is limited, and it is necessary to stack hay, a derrick similar to the one illustrated in the cut can be erected that will greatly lessen the labor involved in stacking. The derrick shown in cut requires three poles, two 40 feet long and one 37 feet. The two longest poles should be arranged in the shape of an inverted V by bolting the ends together with a three-quarter-inch bolt. The poles should be set into the ground at least four feet in order to help stay the derrick. The derrick can be raised by the use of a rope and tackle, and thus greatly lessen the heavy lifting. It will be necessary to stay the poles by running a No. 10 wire from the top to the single pole over the top of the other poles, and then down to the ground about 30 feet from the foot of the derrick. It will also be necessary to stay the derrick in other directions. The manner in which the fork is arranged is very clearly shown in the cut. This derrick has now been in use five seasons, and has proved very satisfactory.—Leo C. Reynolds, in Ohio Farmer.

RAISING HOGS ON SHARES.

A Practice Quite Popular in Iowa and One That Yields Big Profits to Investors.

Iowa farmers in many cases are renting lands on which hogs are grown on shares, having stocked the farm on shares to tenants. A telegram from Iowa City says that the problem now is, on what basis shall the increase of brood sows and other animals supplied on shares be divided at the end of the season?

The owner of the animals placed out on shares has usually expected at the time of divisions half of the increase of such animals, or if the animals are not sold, an equitable division of them has usually been made. This plan has been carried out many times in this county with both sides of the bargain well pleased, despite the fact that the first owner of the sows gets all the best of the bargain.

The way in which a careful farmer of the county figured it out this spring, and it is on his figures that the most of the present contracts are based, is to take a herd of ten sows, and placing the usual value upon them, about $150, credit that to the owner. He credits also ten acres of pasture land, rented for about $50, to the same side of the book, bringing his investment up to about $200. He then takes the average production, of about six pigs to the sow, and values them at $72, or $720 for the whole herd.

Up to this time it has been the custom for the investor to take half of this sum, or $360, as his share of the increase, and since money has been tight during the past few years, he has had no trouble in getting it. It gives him, however, about 180 per cent. on his invested capital for the risk involved.

DISEASE IN SWILL BARREL.

Carelessness Which Is the Direct Cause of Immense Loss Among Hogs on the Farm.

The more closely swine diseases of the ordinary character are investigated the more clearly it appears that they result almost exclusively from improper feeding and care. It has been discovered that the ordinary swill barrel is a breeder of germs that carry diseases of varying character to the animals that consume the swill. It should surprise no one that this is true, when the contents of the average swill barrel are inventoried. In contributing to that receptacle no thought is given to anything but the disposition of some waste of the house in a quick and easy manner.

The swill barrel is located to tempt deposits of everything that no other use can be made of, regardless of its character as food of health or nutrition. So into it go meat scraps, partially decayed fruits, vegetables cooked and uncooked, all the table scraps, greasy, sour and sweet combined, coffee and tea grounds, milk in all stages of acidity; soapy and unclean dishwater, the vilest ingredient of all; and not infrequently a drowned chicken spices the conglomeration. The combination is, as a rule, in a state of fermentation, and too often putridity, adding enormously to the unhealthful character of the nauseating mass.

The pigs may get it, for the hungry pig is not fastidious, and he is not well enough up in hygienic lore to know that the stuff is unhealthy. But the feeder should know that it is not proper food, and should not prepare that sort of a banquet for his porcine guests. Rheumatism, swollen joints, skin diseases, sore eyes and diarrhoea are some of the ailments that have been traced directly to the alleged food just described. Swill is all right, and much of the offal of the house table may be used in it without danger. But it should be fed when fresh, or in the first stages of fermentation; and greasy, soapy, decayed and putrid articles should be kept out of it. Here is a place to prevent disease that is always difficult and sometimes impossible to cure.—Indiana State Sentinel.

GRAIN AND HAY BARRACK.

It Can Be Built by Any Farmer at an Outlay for Roofing Boards and Nails Only.

The cut shows a cheap and most serviceable structure for storing hay or grain. Any farmer with a woodlot can build this barrack himself at an outlay for the roofing boards and nails only. As only 250 feet of one-half-inch boards are needed, and two or three pounds nails, the cost is small.

Cut and peel four poles about five inches in diameter at small end and 17 feet long. Cut eight small saplings 14 feet long and three or four inches in diameter, and four small pieces, 12 feet long, to nail on top of the posts. Dig four post holes 12 feet apart and three feet square.

Before putting down the posts, bore one and one-half-inch holes, 18 inches apart, beginning at small end. These holes are for pins for roof to rest on. Put down the 17-foot posts, set perfectly plumb, and nail on the 12-foot stringers, c, at or near top. To put on the roof take four of the 14-foot pieces, made smooth. Halve them at the corners, allowing frame of roof, of which these pieces are the sills, to come outside the posts one and one-half inches on all sides. This gives room for the roof to be raised easily from any corner.

Take four small pieces for rafters. Place a small block at apex, a, and a small crosspiece at each corner, inside posts, b, for foot of rafter to rest on. The roof may be three feet higher at apex, a, than at sills, c. The roof boards should come down six inches below sills. A foundation of hay rails, f, keeps the grain or hay off the ground. This barrack will hold 200 stooks of oats or wheat, or four to five tons settled hay. For bins to hold the roof use iron bolts, or good wooden pins of oak or birch. The roof is raised as filled. When the barrack is emptied, the roof may be let down.—J. A. Macdonald, in Farm and Home.

WHEN FARM ANIMALS DIE.

There's Money in Their Hides If They Are Taken Off Properly and Promptly Salted.

Each year there are many thousands of cows, horses and sheep that die by sickness or accident whose hides will bring good prices if taken off properly and promptly salted and sent to market. It is more important to salt hides taken from dead animals than those that are slaughtered, for the sticking draws out most of the blood from the hides as well as the meat of such. Not so with the animal that dies without being bled; hence the necessity of prompt and well salting. To do this, it requires a bucket of salt to a good-sized hide; smaller ones in proportion. Such hides if well taken off and not cut with holes will bring full value. The wool from dead sheep, when the hide is spoiled, is worth saving also. If farmers will carry out our suggestions, they will thank us for telling them of it. Take them off right, follow instructions on salting and they will get number one price if sent to a good firm. They should not be deceived by buyers at home, who tell them that hides and skins from dead animals are not worth half the price of those from slaughtered animals.—Midland Farmer.

CHICAGO MAIL SAVES MAN.

Prompt Delivery of a Special Delivery Letter Thwarts Plans of Would-Be Suicide.

There is no story that Postmaster F. E. Coyne, of Chicago, tells with more pleasure than that of how prompt mail delivery saved a man's life. If any verification of the story is needed let it be known that almost every patrolman in Englewood will vouch for it.

One afternoon a young man living in Englewood decided that life was not worth the living. Accordingly he made plans to kill himself. He wrote to his brother, who lives far out on the West side, that he would find his body if he broke open the door of his room. He put a special delivery stamp on the envelope. Then he turned his footsteps homeward. Hardly had he mailed the letter before it was collected and along with other mail it was put aboard a trolley mail car.

The mail clerk who handled it little dreamed of its contents. He sorted

POLICE BROKE IN THE DOOR.

it with other West side mail. At Madison street the pouch containing the letter was tossed on a cable mail train and was carried to the West side. There the "special" was taken out and sent in the usual manner to the addressee.

Upon reading the letter the brother rushed to a telephone. He called up the Englewood station, told his story to the desk sergeant, and the patrol wagon was turned out on a riot call and quiet Englewood was thrown in excitement. The wagon fairly flew to the address given. Without formalities the police broke in the door.

On the bed lay the young man nearly dead from gas. He was revived and taken to the station. Later he was released upon promising that he would not again attempt his life. He concluded that inasmuch as Uncle Sam and the city of Chicago combined to defeat his plans that he would make another attempt to find life a pleasure. He found it so, and Postmaster Coyne and his delivery system made a staunch admirer.

The Usual Result.

Daughter—I purchased these goods at Catchem & Cheatem's.

Mother—Never heard of them.

Daughter—Why, mother! don't you remember how all the pretty places in the country were daubed up with their horrid signs, and how mad we all got? I'll never forget them in the world.—N. Y. Weekly.

Very Much in Doubt.

Blanche—Isabel, what has put you in such a bad humor?

Isabel—Why, I've just had a communication from Jack, and he writes such a horrid hand that I can't tell whether it's a proposal, an ode to summer or that cure for chilblains he promised to send me.—Tit-Bits.

Great Relief.

"It must be hard," said the friend, "to have your wife chasing off to women's rights meetings and all that sort of thing every night."

"Hard?" exclaimed Henpeck, "why, it's great; I can sit comfortably at home and not have to listen to her."—Philadelphia Press.

A Victim of Decorations.

Dave—What's the matter with your eyes?

Billy—Oh, I sat between two girls on the car; one girl's hat jabbed me in one eye with a bunch of straw, and the other girl's hat jabbed the other eye with a quill.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

A Practical Girl.

He—I know my income is small, but don't you think we could get along?

She I'm afraid not.

He—You told me that you went to a cooking school.

She—Yes, but they did not teach me how to make wind-pudding.—N. Y. Weekly.

Fixing the Blame.

He—Miss Buddington is awfully shy, isn't she?

She—Yes. I wonder if she inherits her shyness from her mother?

He—No; from her father, I imagine. He used to be a great poker player.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Defined.

While man has seven ages,
Fair woman has but three,
Her real one; what her friends think;
And what she claims to be.
—Puck.

SUPERLATIVELY SENSITIVE.

Fair Passenger—What are the wild waves saying?

Uneasy Escort—I think they are guying me, judging from the queer way I feel.—Chicago Daily News.

His Ability Explained.

"He's the greatest man for splitting hairs I have ever met."

"Naturally. He sliced the meat sandwiches in a quick-lunch place before he studied law."—Judge.

An Auto Odor.

"Ah, so you've got an automobile."

"No, indeed! My wife's been cleaning my clothes with gasoline, that's all."—Chicago American.