The Kootenay Star.

VOL. IV. REVELSTOKE, B. C., DECEMBER 3, 1892. No. 25.

WANTED.

An English Nurse of 15 years' experience is desirous of attending ladies during sickness. First-class references.—Apply office of this paper.

Robson the Baker

Desires to thank the people of Revelstoke for their liberal patronage during the past year. He will continue to spare no effort to give satisfaction. Having in use the latest invention in baking apparatus, the

Portable Reel Bake Oven,

he is able to fill the largest order at very short notice. His Bread will always be the best, and he guarantees the most prompt attention to orders.

Special terms to hotels and large consumers.

MISS C. HOWSON,
DRESSMAKING.

ROOMS
NEXT TO STAR OFFICE.

E. PICARD,
REVELSTOKE STATION,

Begs to announce that he is prepared to make and repair all kinds of mattresses, pillows, &c., at reasonable prices. Upholstering done on the premises. Satisfaction guaranteed.

O. & H. LEWIS,
BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS.

SUPPERS and BALLS
Catered for.

WEDDING CAKES A SPECIALTY.

REVELSTOKE, B.C.

R. Tapping,
Carpenter, Builder
And General Contractor.

—:o:—

MANUFACTURER OF

Boats, Sleighs & Toboggans.

SCROLL WORK,
HOUSE FURNISHINGS

SEASONED LUMBER ALWAYS KEPT IN STOCK.

Orders promptly filled.

Station: REVELSTOKE.

THE
MADDEN HOUSE,
HUGH MADDEN, Prop'r.

Beautifully situated on the Lake shore at the entrance to the best and shortest road to the Slocan mines and New Denver. The best fishing and hunting in the district, with grand boating and sketching facilities for tourists and artists.

THE BAR IS SUPPLIED WITH THE

Best brands of wines, liquors and cigars.

The accommodations of the Hotel are of the best.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

REVELSTOKE TIME TABLE.

Atlantic Express, arrives 10.10 daily.
Pacific " " 16.52 "

Cheapest, most reliable and safe route to Montreal, Toronto, St. Paul, Chicago, New York and Boston. Rates $5 to $10 lower than any other other route.

Specially fitted Colonist Cars, in charge of a Porter, for the accommodation of Passengers holding second class tickets. Passengers booked to and from all European points at Lowest Rates.

Low Freight Rates. Quick despatch. Merchants will save money by having their freight routed via the C. P. R.

Full and reliable information given by applying to D. E. BROWN, Asst. Gen'l Freight Ag't, V'ncouver. or to I. T. BREWSTER, Ag't C. P. R. Depot, Revelstoke.

Ripans Tabules: for sour stomach.
Ripans Tabules cure bad breath.
Ripans Tabules cure biliousness.

Work commenced on the new sawmill last Monday, just on the same site. It will in running order early in the new year.

It was rumored yesterday that a telegram had been received from Robson announcing that the Lytton had left for Revelstoke, but nothing was known of it at the telegraph office.

Ernest Fletcher,
CONTRACTOR & BUILDER.
REVELSTOKE, B.C.

Plans and Specifications drawn up for persons intending to build. Seasoned Lumber always on hand. Fancy Work, Turned and Scroll Work executed neatly. A fine selection Picture Mouldings

Furniture Made and Repaired.

Orders by mail promptly attended to.

Stockholm House
JOHN STONE, PROP.

The Dining-room is furnished with the best the market affords.

The bar is supplied with a choice stock of wines, liquors and cigars.

THE
COLUMBIA HOUSE,
REVELSTOKE B C.

The largest and most central Hotel in the city; good accommodation; everything new; table well supplied; bar and billiard room attached; fire proof safe.

BROWN & CLARK,
Proprietors.

FREE 'BUS AT ALL TRAINS

C. P. R. HOTEL
REVELSTOKE.

F. McCARTHY - - - PROP.

First-class Temperance House.

BOARD AND LODGING $5 PER WEEK.
MEALS, 25c. BEDS 25c.

This hotel is situated convenient to the station, is comfortably furnished, and affords first class accommodation.

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS.

Royal Mail Lines.

CHEAPEST & QUICKEST ROUTE TO THE OLD COUNTRY.

Proposed Sailings from Halifax.

SARDINIAN	Allan Line...	Dec. 10
NUMIDIAN	" ...	Dec. 24
PARISIAN	" ...	Jan. 7
LABRADOR.	Dominion Line..	Dec. 3
VANCOUVER	" ...	Dec. 17
SARNIA.....	" ...	Dec, 31

From New York.

TEUTONIC...	White Star ...	Nov. 30
BRITANNIC	" ...	Dec, 7
MAJESTIC	" ...	Dec. 14

Cabin $40, $45, $50, $60, $70, $80 upwards.

Intermediate, $25; Steerage, $20.

Passengers ticketed through to all points in Great Britain and Ireland, and at specially low rates to all parts of the European continent.

Prepaid passages arranged from all points.

Apply to nearest steamship or railway agent; to

I. T. Brewster,
AGENT, REVELSTOKE;

or to ROBERT KERR, General Passenger Agent, Winnipeg.

S. BICKERTON,
BOOTMAKER,

MAIN STREET, REVELSTOKE.

Boots & Shoes made to order.

HARNESS LEATHER KEPT IN STOCK.

REPAIRING WHILE YOU WAIT.

CAUTION.

EACH PLUG OF THE

Myrtle Navy

IS MARKED

T. & B.

In Bronze Letters.

NONE OTHER IS GENUINE.

LOCAL NEWS.

Dr. E. McLean has been appointed medical officer of the sawmill at a fixed salary.

Between 600 and 700 tons of hay have been brought by str. Columbia from Little Dalles for Kaslo.

Mr. F. G. Christie left by the Pacific Express on Wednesday night for Seattle en route to Lower Kootenay.

Mr. Woodrow, from Hull Bros. & Co., butchers and cattle dealers, Kamloops, arrived here on Wednesday to take charge of the firm's branch business in place of Mr. J. P. Sutherland, who is leaving for Nova Scotia.

Mr. R. Howson, builder, is erecting a residence at Salmon Arm for Mr. Horace D. Hume. There are several other indications that the genial and popular conductor of the dining car is about to enter the noble army of benedicts.

On Monday last fire was discovered on the roof of the house occupied by Miss Birch at the west end of Front Street. Messrs. John Nelson and P. R. Peterson were soon on the spot, and with a few pails of water extinguished the blaze.

Mr. O. G. Dennis, who has been appointed Government agent at Kaslo, arrived here from Fort Steele to take the boat down river, but as no boat is running just now he was compelled to go round by way of the coast and Little Dalles.

ON TRIAL FOR 90 DAYS.

The finest, completest and latest line of Electrical appliances in the world. They have never failed to cure. We are so positive of it that we will back our belief and send you any Electrical Appliance now in the market and you can try it for Three Months. Largest list of testimonials on earth. Send for book and journal Free. **W. T. Baer & Co., Windsor, Ont.**

During the month of October 154 families from Washington and Idaho, with their effects, passed through Revelstoke via Northport and the Columbia River, bound for Calgary and Edmonton. They are all well pleased with the Canadian Northwest, and will be followed next year by 500 families from the same States.

Miss Edith Morley, of Cultra Farm, Shuswap, who has many personal friends in Revelstoke, was married on Wednesday last week to Mr. Albert W. Duck. Rev. A. Shildrick of Kamloops officiated. The bridesmaids were the Misses Graham and the groomsman Mr. S. W. Bishop. After the wedding there was a dance. The presents to the bride were numerous and costly. Mr. and Mrs. Duck will reside at Ducks, a station near Kamloops.

A FORTUNE IN A PUZZLE

The above is a picture of our greatest African explorer, and in it can be traced the forms of two wild animals. Any one can readily see the face of the explorer, but it is difficult to distinguish the two animals.

The proprietors of **STANLEY'S PRIZE MEDICINES** will give an elegant **UPRIGHT PIANO,** valued at **$500,** to the *first* person who can make out the elephant and giraffe; to the *second* person will be given **$100 IN GOLD;** to the *third* an elegant **GOLD WATCH;** to the *fourth* a handsome **CLOCK;** to the *fifth* a **SILVER WATER PITCHER,** and to the next *fifty* **$5 in GOLD.** Every competitor must cut out the above picture and outline with a lead pencil the forms of the two animals, and enclose same with **15** U. S. two-cent stamps or **10** three-cent Canadian stamps for one sample bottle of the following prize remedies: "STANLEY'S PRIZE RHEUMATIC CURE," "STANLEY'S PRIZE CURE FOR CHRONIC and ULCERATED SORE THROAT," "STANLEY'S PRIZE CURE FOR DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA and CHOLERA-MORBUS," or "STANLEY'S PRIZE CURE FOR CATARRH." Select any one of the above remedies or as many as you desire, by enclosing 25c. for each one.

Address **THE STANLEY MEDICINE CO., 308 Brush St., Detroit, Mich.**

The person whose envelope is postmarked first will be awarded the first prize, and the others in order of merit. To the person sending the *last* correct answer will be given an elegant **GOLD WATCH;** to the *next* to the *last* a handsome **SILVER WATCH;** to the *second* to the *last* a handsome **CLOCK;** to the *third* to the *last* **$10 IN GOLD;** and to the next *ten* to the *last* **$5 IN GOLD.** We shall **ALSO GIVE AWAY 100 EXTRA PREMIUMS** (should there be so many sending in correct answers). The names of the leading prize winners will be published in the U. S. and Canada. The object in making the foregoing extraordinary offer is to place our Medicines in the hands of the many sufferers. This **GREAT AND ONLY POSITIVE RHEUMATIC CURE** has cost the proprietors an enormous amount of money, the ingredients of which are imported from Africa, where they are secured with great difficulty and expense, it is purely herbaceous, and put up in two compounds, one to be used externally and the other internally. Our OTHER REMEDIES are equally valuable. As to the reliability of our Company, we refer you to any leading wholesale druggist in Detroit, and will also furnish you with the names and addresses of parties who have been entirely cured by this most wonderful Medicine.

All prizes will be awarded strictly in order of merit and with perfect satisfaction. No charge is made for premiums in any way, they are absolutely given away to introduce and advertise our *Medicines*, which we are bound to do regardless of expense. Medicine is sent by mail post paid and duty free. When you answer the picture puzzle, please mention this paper. Address

Stanley Prize Medicine Co. Head Office, 308 Brush St. DETROIT, MICH.
Branch Office, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Farewell Assembly.

A most successful assembly was held in Peterson's Hall last night, at which dancing was kept up with great enthusiasm until the small hours this morning. It was the occasion of a "farewell" to three of "the boys" who are "going home" next week—J. P. Sutherland, late manager for Hull Bros., who goes on a week's visit to his brother-in law, Mr. W. H. Lee, at Nanaimo, before leaving B.C. for his home at Truro, Nova Scotia; W. Cowan, of the Victoria Hotel, who will make a stay of four or five months at his home in Goderich, Ontario; and A. McNeil, barber, who goes to revive early recollections and enjoy the festive season amongst his kindred at St. Thomas, Quebec. A larger number of ladies was present than at any preceding event, and no difficulty was experienced in filling as many sets as the floor would hold. Just before the refreshments were handed around Mr. F. Fraser addressed the assembly, speaking of the purpose for which the dance had been got up—to give Mr. Sutherland and the others a good "send-off." After a short reply from Mr. Sutherland refreshments were served. These were first class in every respect and reflect great credit on the caterers, Messrs. O. & H. Lewis. During the interval Mr. G. Barber gave a most pleasing song, and later on Mr. Simpson delighted the company with a song to which he played his own accompaniment. It was about 3 a.m, when the end of a long program was reached, and then all joined in "Auld lang syne."

The New Style of Baking.

The Portable Reel Bake Oven, manufactured in Leavenworth, Kan., is a very useful invention, not only saving an immense amount of time, labor and fuel, but the temperature can be so regulated that there is no fear of scorching or burning. One of these ovens is in use at Robson's bakery, Revelstoke Station, and is well worth an inspection. The oven is portable, is made of galvanized iron, stands clear of any walls, and is about 5ft. 6in. high. The top is wain shaped, and inside revolves a framework very similar to a fan with six arms, each arm having a shelf at the end. These shelves hold the bread pans (of which there are 12, each pan holding 8 loaves) and are so balanced that as the arms rotate each shelf maintains its upright position, whether empty or not. The revolutions can be regulated to any speed by using a lighter or heavier weight, and the movements of the apparatus are very similar to those of a large clock. The fire-place is small and is situated low down in the left hand corner, whence the heat is spread through flues in the bottom of the oven. The bread or other article being baked is always in motion on the revolving shelves, and from half to three-quarters of an hour is the time occupied by one baking. A very small quantity of fuel is required, wood being the best. A small window in the front part of the oven permits the operator to see how the baking is progressing. Mr. Robson's oven turns out 96 loaves at one operation, which is a decided improvement on the old style and a great advantage where a large order has to be filled at short notice. The bread from these ovens look beautiful, each loaf being a facsimile of the other, none being too brown, none too light. As a labor-saving invention it has no equal. Mr. Robson speaks very highly of Smith & Brigham's brands of flour.

Presbyterian Notes.

The Rev. Mr. Langill was in town last week. He visited Nelson, Pilot Bay, Bonner's Ferry, Balfour, Kaslo and other places on Kootenay Lake. He was greatly impressed by the bustle, energy and excitement displayed in Kaslo.

Mr. Martin has left Kaslo on account of sickness. Another minister will go there at once.

Sites have been promised for the building of a church in several of the new towns recently laid out in West Kootenay. Arrangements will be made for services to meet the wants of the people.

Lardeau City, on the North East Arm, presents a most favorable aspect as to location and prospects.

Action is now being taken regarding a Christmas Tree for the children. The event will take place on the evening of Saturday, the 24th (Christmas Eve).

The next meeting of the Kamloops Presbytery will be held at Donald on the 13th December.

Church of England services will be conducted in the schoolroom tomorrow by the Rev. J. C. C. Kemm. Eleven o'clock—Morning service and Holy Communion Half past seven—Evening service and sermon.

Ripans Tabules cure headache.

A tea meeting and concert will be given in the Methodist church on Monday, the 26th inst. Admission 50 cents, children free.

Messrs. O. & H. Lewis, bakers and confectioners, Front Street, Revelstoke, have bought out Mr. Robert Robson, baker, of the Station, and will carry on business at the latter place.

We stated last week that the funds for the subscription ball in Peterson's Hall were provided solely by gentlemen of the lower town. It has been brought to our knowledge that several gentlemen at the station also subscribed.

We have just received the first number of the Nelson "Tribune," published by John Houston. It is splendidly printed in new, clear type on heavy faced paper, and the articles in it bear the impress of the editor's usual vigorous style.

The weather has been very mild all the week, and yesterday a thaw set in, with rain. The river is clear of ice, except that fringing the shore, and if this weather continues a few days longer there is no doubt that the Lytton will arrive up. She made one attempt, but had to put back to Robson.

Service will be held by the Rev. T. Paton in the Presbyterian church to-morrow evening at 7.30, when the subject will be "The Forward Movement of the Christian Religion, especially in Heathen Lands." Sabbath School at 2.30. Prayer meeting at Mr. Paton's house on Wednesday at 7.30 p.m.

Several noblemen in England are in the habit of giving special orders to makers in Virginia for their supply of smoking tobacco. There is no doubt that by that means they get the very best tobacco to be had, but it costs them about $2 a pound. The working men of Canada are smoking the very same quality of tobacco at 75 cents a pound, and it is known to them by the name of Myrtle Navy.

Capture of a Jack Rabbit.

SIR,—A large jack rabbit (a very scarce animal in these parts) had for for some time past been prowling around my garden sampling the cabbages that appeared above the snow. After sizing up this forest beauty I came to the conclusion that he would make a good family dinner. So I proceeded after his scalp armed with a sprig of shillelagh, and after a smart pursuit eventually corralled him in the workshop, where a most exciting hunt took place. Finally I succeeded in putting a quietus on the gambols of Mr. Jack Rabbit, and now I would like to interview his bushranging relatives.—Yours truly,

R. TAPPING.

Revelstoke, Nov. 26th.

BIRTH.

PATON.—At Revelstoke, December 1st, the wife of Rev. T. Paton, of a son.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that at the next session of the Legislature of British Columbia application will be made for an Act to incorporate a company for the purpose of constructing, operating and maintaining a line of railway, standard or narrow gauge, the motive power being either steam or electric, commencing at Lardeau City, situate at the head of the North East Arm of Upper Arrow Lake, thence through Lardeau Pass to some point on the North West shore of Lake Kootenay, with power to extend to Nelson, and with power to construct, equip, maintain and operate a branch from the said proposed line from said Lardeau City in a northerly direction along the course of the Incomappleux River, or Fish Creek, to some point or points near the headwaters of the same, with power to build, maintain and operate branch lines from any point or points on the main line or branch lines to any adjacent mine or mines, and with power to build wharves and docks, and erect and maintain telegraph and telephone lines and all necessary works, buildings, pipes, poles, wires, appliances or conveniences necessary or proper for the generating and transmitting of electricity or power within the area above described.

Dated this 14th day of November, A.D. 1892.

McPHILLIPS, WOOTTON & BARNARD,
Solicitors for the Applicants.

HULL BROS.
REVELSTOKE.
BUTCHERS
AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
BEEF, PORK, Etc.

Ripans Tabules: for torpid liver.
Ripans Tabules cure colic.

AN INTRICATE CASE.

A TRUE HISTORY OF A REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE.

CHAPTER III.

IN QUEST OF A SOLUTION.

It was half-past five before Holmes returned. He was bright, eager, and in excellent spirits,—a mood which in his case alternated with fits of the blackest depression.

"There is no great mystery in this matter," he said, taking the cup of tea which I had poured out for him. "The facts appear to admit of only one explanation."

"What! you have solved it already?"

"Well that would be too much to say. I have discovered a suggestive fact, that is all. It is, however, *very* suggestive. The details are still to be added. I have just found, on consulting the back files of the *Times*, that Major Sholto, of Upper Norwood, late of the 34th Bombay Infantry, died upon the 28th of April, 1882."

"I may be very obtuse, Holmes, but I fail to see what this suggests."

"No? You surprise me. Look at it in this way, then. Captain Morstan disappears. The only person in London whom he could have visited is Major Sholto. Major Sholto denies having heard that he was in London. Four years later Sholto dies. *Within a week of his death* Captain Morstan's daughter receives a valuable present, which is repeated from year to year, and now culminates in a letter which describes her as a wronged woman. What wrong can it refer to except this deprivation of her father? And why should the presents begin immediately after Sholto's death, unless it is that Sholto's heir knows something of the mystery and desires to make compensation? Have you any alternative theory which will meet the facts?"

"But what a strange compensation! And how strangely made! Why, too, should he write a letter now, rather than six years ago? Again, the letter speaks of giving her justice. What justice can she have? It is too much to suppose that her father is still alive. There is no other injustice in her case that you know of."

"There are difficulties; there are certainly difficulties," said Sherlock Holmes pensively. "But our expedition of to-night will solve them all. Ah, here is a four-wheeler, and Miss Morstan is inside. Are you all ready? Then we had better go down, for it is a little past the hour."

I picked up my hat and my heaviest stick, but I observed that Holmes took his revolver from his drawer and slipped it into his pocket. It was clear that he thought that our night's work might be a serious one.

Miss Morstan was muffled in a dark cloak, and her sensitive face was composed, but pale. She must have been more than woman if she did not feel some uneasiness at the strange enterprise upon which we were embarking, yet her self-control was perfect, and she readily answered the few additional questions which Sherlock Holmes put to her.

"Major Sholto was a very particular friend of papa's," she said. "His letters were full of allusions to the major. He and papa were in command of the troops at the Andaman Islands, so they were thrown a great deal together. By the way, a curious paper was found in papa's desk which no one could understand. I don't suppose that it is of the slightest importance, but I thought you might care to see it, so I brought it with me. It is here."

Holmes unfolded the paper carefully and smoothed it out upon his knee. He then very methodically examined it all over with his double lens.

"It is paper of native Indian manufacture," he remarked. "It has at some time been pinned to a board. The diagram upon it appears to be a plan of part of a large building with numerous halls, corridors, and passages. At one point is a small cross done in red ink, and above it is '2.37 from left,' in faded pencil-writing. In the left-hand corner is a curious hieroglyphic like four crosses in a line with their arms touching. Beside it is written, in very rough and coarse characters, 'The sign of the four, —Jonathan Small, Mahomet Singh, Abdullah Khan, Dost Akbar.' No, I confess that I do not see how this bears upon the matter. Yet it is evidently a document of importance. It has been kept carefully in a pocket-book; for the one side is as clean as the other."

"It was in his pocket-book that we found it."

"Preserve it carefully, then, Miss Morstan for it may prove to be of use to us. I begin to suspect that this matter may turn out to be much deeper and more subtle than I at first supposed. I must reconsider my ideas." He leaned back in the cab, and I could see by his drawn brow and his vacant eye that he was thinking intently. Miss Morstan and I chatted in an undertone about our present expedition and its possible outcome, but our companion maintained his impenetrable reserve until the end of our journey.

It was a September evening, and not yet seven o'clock, but the day had been a dreary one, and a dense drizzly fog lay low upon the great city. Mud-colored clouds drooped sadly over the muddy streets. Down the Strand the lamps were but misty splotches of diffused light which threw a feeble circular glimmer upon the slimy pavement. The yellow glare from the shop-windows streamed out into the steamy, vaporous air, and threw a murky, shifting radiance across the crowded thoroughfare. There was, to my mind, something eerie and ghost-like in the endless procession of faces which flitted across these narrow bars of light,—sad faces and glad, haggard and merry. Like all human kind, they flitted from the gloom into the light, and so back into the gloom once more. I am not subject to impressions, but the dull, heavy evening, with the strange business upon which we were engaged, combined to make me nervous and depressed. I could see from Miss Morstan's manner that she was suffering from the same feeling. Holmes alone could rise superior to petty influences. He held his open notebook upon his knee, and from time to time he jotted down figures and memoranda in the light of his pocket-lantern.

At the Lyceum Theatre the crowds were already thick at the side-entrances. In front a continuous stream of hansoms and four-wheelers were rattling up, discharging their cargoes of shirt-fronted men and beshawled, bediamonded women. We had hardly reached the third pillar, which was our rendezvous, before a small, dark, brisk man in the dress of a coachman accosted us.

"Are you the parties who come with Miss Morstan?" he asked.

"I am Miss Morstan, and these two gentlemen are my friends," said she.

He bent a pair of wonderfully penetrating and questioning eyes upon us. "You will excuse me, miss," he said, with a certain dogged manner, "but I was to ask you to give me your word that neither of your companions is a police-officer."

"I give you my word on that," she answered.

He gave a shrill whistle, on which a street Arab led across a four-wheeler and opened the door. The man who had addressed us mounted to the box, while we took our places inside. We had hardly done so before the driver whipped up his horse, and we plunged away at a furious pace through the foggy streets.

The situation was a curious one. We were driving to an unknown place, on an errand. Yet our invitation was either a complete hoax,—which was an inconceivable hypothesis,—or else we had good reason to think that important issues might hang upon our journey. Miss Morstan's demeanor was as resolute and collected as ever. I endeavored to cheer and amuse her by reminiscences of my adventures in Afghanistan; but, to tell the truth, I was myself so excited at our situation and so curious as to our destination that my stories were slightly involved. To this day she declares that I told her one moving anecdote as to how a musket looked into my tent at the dead of night, and how I fired a double-barrelled tiger cub at it. At first I had some idea as to the direction in which we were driving; but soon, what with our pace, the fog, and my own limited knowledge of London, I lost my bearings, and knew nothing, save that we seemed to be going a very long way. Sherlock Holmes was never at fault, however, and he muttered the names as the cab rattled through squares and in and out by tortuous by-streets.

"Rochester Row," said he. "Now Vincent Square. Now we come out on the Vauxhall Bridge road. We are making for the Surrey side, apparently. Yes, I thought so. Now we are on the bridge. You can catch glimpses of the river."

We did indeed get a fleeting view of a stretch of the Thames with the lamps shining upon the broad, silent water; but our cab dashed on, and was soon involved in a labyrinth of streets upon the other side.

"Wordsworth Road," said my companion. "Priory Road. Lark Hall Lane. Stockwell Place. Robert Street. Cold Harbor Lane. Our quest does not appear to take us to very fashionable regions."

We had, indeed, reached a questionable and forbidding neighborhood. Long lines of dull brick houses were only relieved by the coarse glare and tawdry brilliancy of public houses at the corner. Then came rows of two-storied villas each with a fronting of miniature garden, and then again interminable lines of new staring brick buildings,—the monster tentacles which the giant city was throwing out into the country. At last the cab drew up at the third house in a new terrace. None of the other houses were inhabited, and that at which we stopped was as dark as its neighbors, save for a single glimmer in the kitchen window. On our knocking, however, the door was instantly thown open by a Hindoo servant clad in a yellow turban, white loose-fitting clothes, and a yellow sash. There was something strangly incongruous in this Oriental figure framed in the commonplace door-way of a third-rate suburban dwelling-house.

"The Sahib awaits you," said he, and even as he spoke there came a high piping voice from some inner room. "Show them in to me, khitmutgar," it cried. "Show them straight in to me."

CHAPTER IV.

THE STORY OF THE BALD-HEADED MAN.

We followed the Indian down a sordid and common passage, ill lit and worse furnished, until he came to a door upon the right, which he threw open. A blaze of yellow light streamed out upon us, and in the centre of the glare there stood a small man with a very high head, a bristle of red hair all round the fringe of it, and a bald, shining scalp which shot out from among it like a mountain-peak from fir-trees. He writhed his hands together as he stood, and his features were in a perpetual jerk, now smiling, now scowling, but never for an instant in repose. Nature had given him a pendulous lip, and a too visible line of yellow and irregular teeth, which he strove feebly to conceal by constantly passing his hand over the lower part of his face. In spite of his obstrusive baldness, he gave the impression of youth. In point of fact he had just turned his thirtieth year.

"Your servant, Miss Morstan," he kept repeating, in a thin, high voice. "Your servant, gentlemen. Pray step into my little sanctum. A small place, miss, but furnished to my own liking. An oasis of art in the howling desert of South London."

We were all astonished by the appearance of the apartment into which he invited us. In that sorry house it looked as out of place as a diamond of the first water in a setting of brass. The richest and glossiest of curtains and tapestries draped the walls looped back here and there to expose some richly-mounted painting or Oriental vase. The carpet was of amber-and-black, so soft and so thick that the foot sank pleasantly into it, as into a bed of moss. Two great tiger-skins thrown athwart it increased the suggestion of Eastern luxury, as did a huge hookah which stood upon a mat in the corner. A lamp in the fashion of a silver dove was hung from an almost invisible golden wire in the centre of the room. As it burned it filled the air with a subtle and aromatic odor.

"Mr. Thaddeus Sholto," said the little man, still jerking and smiling. "That is my name. You are Miss Morstan, of course. And these gentlemen——"

"This is Mr. Sherlock Holmes, and this Dr. Watson."

"A doctor, eh?" cried he, much excited. "Have you your stethoscope? Might I ask you—would you have the kindness? I have doubts as to my mitral valve, if you would be so very good. The aortic I may rely upon but I should value your opinion upon the mitral."

I listened to his heart, as requested, but was unable to find anything amiss, save indeed that he was in an ecstasy of fear, for pears to be normal, I said. "You have no cause for uneasiness."

"You will excuse my anxiety, Miss Morstan," he remarked, airily. "I am a great sufferer, and I have long had suspicions as to that valve. I am delighted to hear that they are unwarranted. Had your father, Miss Morstan, refrained from throwing a strain upon his heart, he might have been alive now."

I could have struck the man across the face, so hot was I at this callous and off-hand reference to so delicate a matter. Miss Morstan sat down, and her face grew white to the lips. "I knew in my heart that he was dead," said she.

"I can give you every information," said he, "and what is more, I can do you justice; and I will, too, whatever Robert Bartholomew may say. I am so glad to have your friends here, not only as an escort to you, but also as witnesses to what I am about to do and say. The three of us can show a bold front to Brother Bartholomew. But let us have no outsiders,—no police or officials. We can settle everything satisfactorily among ourselves, without any interference. Nothing would annoy Brother Bartholomew more than any publicity." He sat down upon a low settee and blinked at us inquiringly with his weak, watery blue eyes.

"For my part," said Holmes, "whatever you may choose to say will go no further."

I nodded to show my agreement.

"That is well! That is well!" said he. "May I offer you a glass of Chianti, Miss Morstan? Or of Tokay? I keep no other wines. Shall I open a flask? No? Well, then, I trust that you have no objection to tobacco-smoke, to the mild balsamic odor of the Eastern tobacco. I am a little nervous, and I find my hookah an invaluable sedative." He applied a taper to the great bowl, and the smoke bubbled merrily through the rose-water. We sat all three in a semicircle, with our heads advanced, and our chins upon our hands, while the strange, jerky little fellow, with his high, shining head, puffed uneasily in the centre.

"When I first determined to make this communication to you," said he, "I might have given you my address, but I feared that you might disregard my request and bring unpleasant people with you. I took the liberty, therefore, of making an appointment in such a way that my man Williams might be able to see you first. I have complete confidence in his discretion, and he had orders, if he were dissatisfied, to proceed no further in the matter. You will excuse these precautions, but I am a man of somewhat retiring, and I might even say refined tastes, and there is nothing more unæsthetic than a policemen. I have a natural shrinking from all forms of rough materialism. I seldom come in contact with the rough crowd. I live, as you see, with some little atmosphere of elegance around me. I may call myself a patron of the arts. It is my weakness. The landscape is a genuine Corot, and, though a connoisseur might perhaps throw a doubt upon that Salvator Rosa, there cannot be the least question about the Bouguereau. I am partial to the modern French school."

"You will excuse me, Mr. Sholto," said Miss Morstan, "but I am here at your request to learn something which you desire to tell me. It is very late, and I should desire the interview to be as short as possible."

"At the best it must take some time," he answered; "for we shall certainly have to go to Norwood and see Bartholomew. We shall all go and try if we can get the better of Brother Bartholomew. He is very angry with me for taking the course which has seemed right to me. I had quite high words with him last night. You cannot imagine what a terrible fellow he is when he is angry."

"If we are to go to Norwood it would perhaps be as well to start at once," I ventured to remark.

He laughed until his ears were quite red. "That would hardly do," he cried. "I don't know what he would say if I brought you in that sudden way. No, I must prepare you by showing you how we all stand to each other. In the first place, I must tell you that there are several points in the story of which I am myself ignorant. I can only lay the facts before you as far as I know them myself.

"My father was, as you may have guessed, Major John Sholto, once of the Indian army. He retired some eleven years ago, and came to live at Pondicherry Lodge in Upper Norwood. He had prospered in India, and brought back with him a considerable sum of money, a large collection of valuable curiosities, and a staff of native servants. With these advantages he bought himself a house; and lived in great luxury. My twin-brother Bartholomew and I were the only children.

"I very well remember the sensation which was caused by the disappearance of Captain Morstan. We read the details in the papers, and, knowing that he had been a friend of our father's, we discussed the case freely in his presence. He used to join in our speculations as to what could have happened. Never for an instant did we suspect that he had the whole secret hidden in his own breast,—that of all men he alone knew the fate of Arthur Morstan.

"We did know, however, that some mystery—some positive danger—overhung our father. He was very fearful of going out alone, and he always employed two prize-fighters to act as porters at Pondicherry Lodge. Williams, who drove you to-night, was one of them. He was once light-weight champion of England. Our father would never tell us what it was he feared, but he had a most marked aversion to men with wooden legs. On one occasion he actually fired his revolver at a wooden-legged man, who proved to be a harmless tradesman canvassing for orders. We had to pay a large sum to hush the matter up. My brother and I used to think this a mere whim of my father's, but events have since led us to change our opinion.

"Early in 1882 my father received a letter from India which was a great shock to him. He nearly fainted at the breakfast-table when he opened it, and from that day he sickened to his death. What was in the letter we could never discover, but I could see as he held it that it was short and written in a scrawling hand. He had suffered for years from an enlarged spleen, but he now became rapidly worse, and towards the end of April we were informed that he was beyond all hope, and that he wished to make a last communication to us.

"When we entered his room he was propped up with pillows and breathing heavily. He besought us to lock the door and to come upon either side of the bed. Then, grasping our hands, he made a remarkable statement to us, in a voice which I shall try and give it to you in his own very words.

"'I have only one thing,' he said, 'which weighs upon my mind at this supreme moment. It is my treatment of poor Morstan's orphan. The cursed greed which has been my besetting sin through life has withheld from her the treasure, half at least of which should have been hers. And yet I have made no use of it myself,—so blind and foolish a thing is avarice. The mere feeling of possession has been so dear to me that I could not bear to share it with another. See that chaplet tipped with pearls besides the quinine-bottle. Even that I could not bear to part with, although I had got it out with the design of sending it to her. You, my sons, will give her a fair share of the Agra treasure. But send her nothing—not even the chaplet—until I am gone. After all, men have been as bad as this and have recovered.

"'I will tell you how Morstan died,' he continued. 'He had suffered for years from a weak heart, but he concealed it from every one. I alone knew it. When in India, he and I, through a remarkable chain of circumstances, came into possession of a considerable treasure. I brought it over to England, and on the night of Morstan's arrival he came straight over here to claim his share. He walked over from the station, and was admitted by my faithful old Lal Chowdar, who is now dead. Morstan and I had a difference of opinion as to the division of the treasure, and we came to heated words. Morstan had sprung out of his chair in a paroxysm of anger, when he suddenly pressed his hand to his side, his face turned a dusky hue, and he fell backwards, cutting his head against the corner of the treasure-chest. When I stooped over him I found, to my horror, that he was dead.

"'For a long time I sat half distracted, wondering what I should do. My first impulse was, of course, to call for assistance; but I could not but recognize that there was every chance that I would be accused of his murder. His death at the moment of a quarrel, and the gash in his head, would be black against me. Again, an official inquiry could not be made without bringing out some facts about the treasure, which I was particularly anxious to keep secret. He had told me that no soul upon earth knew where he had gone. There seemed to be no necessity why any soul ever should know.

"'I was still pondering over the matter, when, looking up, I saw my servant, Lal Chowdar, in the door-way. He stole in and bolted the door behind him. "Do not fear, Sahib," he said. "No one need know that you have killed him. Let us hide him away, and who is the wiser?" "I did not kill him," said I. Lal Chowdar, shook his head and smiled. "I heard it all, Sahib," said he. "I heard you quarrel, and I heard the blow. But my lips are sealed. All are asleep in the house. Let up put him away together." That was enough to decide me. If my own servant could not believe my innocence, how could I hope to make it good before twelve foolish tradesmen in a jury-box? Lal Chowdar and I disposed of the body that night, and within a few days the London papers were full of the mysterious disappearance of Captain Morstan. You will see from what I say that I can hardly be blamed in the matter. My fault lies in the fact that we concealed not only the body, but also the treasure, and that I have clung to Morstan's share as well as to my own. I wish you, therefore, to make restitution. Put your ears down to my mouth. The treasure is hidden in——" At this instant a horrible change came over his expression; his eyes stared wildly, his jaws dropped, and he yelled, in a voice which I can never forget, "keep him out! For Christ's sake keep him out!" We both stared round at the window behind us upon which his gaze was fixed. A face was looking in at us out of the darkness. We could see the whitening of the nose where it was pressed against the glass. It was a bearded, hairy face, with wild, cruel eyes and an expression of concentrated malevolence. My brother and I rushed towards the window, but the man was gone. When we returned to my father his head had dropped and his pulse had ceased to beat.

"We reached the garden that night, but found no sign of the intruder, save that just under the window a single footmark was visible in the flower-bed. But for that one trace, we might have thought that our imagination had conjured up that wild, fierce face. We soon, however, had another and a more striking proof that there were secret agencies at work all round us. The window of my father's room was found open in the morning, his cupboards and boxes had been rifled, and upon his chest was fixed a torn piece of paper, with the words "The sign of the four" scrawled across it. What the phrase meant, or who our secret visitor may have been, we never knew. As far as we can judge, none of my father's property had been actually stolen, though everything had been turned out. My brother and I naturally associated the peculiar incident with the fear which haunted my father during his life; but it is still a complete mystery to us."

The little man stopped to relight his hookah and puffed thoughtfully for a few moments. We had all sat absorbed, listening to his extraordinary narrative. At the short account of her father's death Miss Morstan had turned deadly white, and for a moment I feared that she was about to faint. She rallied, however, on drinking a glass of water which I quietly poured out for her from a Venetian carafe upon the side-table. Sherlock Holmes leaned back in his chair with an abstracted expression and the lids drawn low over his glittering eyes. As I glanced at him I could not but think how on that very day he had complained bitterly of the commonplaceness of life. Here at least was a problem which would tax his sagacity to the utmost. Mr. Thaddeus Sholto looked from one to the other of us with an obvious pride at the effect which his story had produced, and then continued between the puffs of his overgrown pipe.

"My brother and I," said he, "were, as you may imagine, much excited as to the treasure which my father had spoken of. For weeks and for months we dug and delved in every part of the garden, without discovering its whereabouts. It was maddening to think that the hiding place was on his very lips at the moment that he died. We could judge the splendor of the missing riches by the chaplet which he had taken out. Over this chaplet my brother Bartholomew and I had some little discussion. The pearls were evidently of great value, and he was averse to part with them, for, between friends, my brother was himself a little inclined to my father's fault. He thought, too, that if we parted with the chaplet it might give rise to gossip and finally bring us into trouble. to let me find out Miss Morstan's address and send her a detached pearl at fixed intervals, so that at least she might never feel destitute."

"It was a kindly thought," said our companion, earnestly. "It was extremely good of you."

The little man waved his hand deprecatingly. "We were your trustees," he said. "That was the view which I took of it, though Brother Bartholomew could not altogether see it in that light. We had plenty of money ourselves. I desired no more. Besides, it would have been such bad taste to have treated a young lady in so scurvy a fashion. "*Le mauvais goût mene au crime.*" The French have a very neat way of putting these things. Our difference of opinion on this subject went so far that I thought it best to set up rooms for myself: so I left Pondicherry Lodge, taking the old khitmutgar and Williams with me. Yesterday, however, I learn that an event of extreme importance has occurred. The treasure has been discovered. I instantly communicated with Miss Morstan, and it only remains for us to drive out to Norwood and demand our share. I explained my views last night to Brother Bartholomew: so we shall be expected, if not welcome, visitors."

Mr. Thaddeus Sholto, ceased and sat twitching on his luxurious settee. We all remained silent, with our thoughts upon the new development which the mysterious business had taken. Holmes was the first to spring to his feet.

"You have done well, sir, from first to last," said he. "It is possible that we may be able to make you some small return by throwing some light upon that which is still dark to you. But, as Miss Morstan remarked just now, it is late, and we had best put the matter through without delay."

Our new acquaintance very deliberately coiled up the tube of his hookah, and produced from behind a curtain a very long beflogged topcoat with Astrakhan collar and cuffs. This he buttoned tightly up, in spite of the extreme closeness of the night, and finished his attire by putting on a rabbit-skin cap with hanging lappets which covered the ears, so that no part of him was visible save his mobile and peaky face. "My health is somewhat fragile," he remarked, as he led the way down the passage. "I am compelled to be a valetudinarian."

Our cab was awaiting us outside; and our programme was evidently prearranged, for the driver started off at once at a rapid pace. Thaddeus Sholto talked incessantly, in a voice which rose high above the rattle of the wheels.

"Bartholomew is a clever fellow," said he. "How do you think he found out where the treasure was? He had come to the conclusion that it was somewhere, out of doors: so he worked out all the cubic space of the house, and made measurements everywhere, so that not one inch should be unaccounted for. Among other things, he found that the height of the building was seventy-four feet, but on adding together the heights of all the separate rooms, and making every allowance for the space between, which he ascertained by borings, he could not bring the total to more than seventy feet. There were four feet accounted for. These could only be at the top of the building. He knocked a hole, therefore, in the lath-and-plaster ceiling of the highest room, and there, sure enough, he came upon another little garret above it, which had been sealed up and was known to no one. In the centre stood the treasure-chest, resting upon two rafters. He lowered it through the hole, and there it lies. He computes the value of jewels at not less than half a million sterling."

At the mention of this gigantic sum we all stared at one another open-eyed. Miss Morstan, could we secure her rights, would change from a needy governess to the richest heiress in England. Surely it was the place of a loyal friend to rejoice at such news; yet I am ashamed to say that selfishness took me by the soul, and that my heart turned as heavy as lead within me. I stammered out some few halting words of congratulation, and then sat downcast, with my head drooped, deaf to the babble of our new acquaintance. He was clearly a confirmed hypochondriac, and I was dreamily conscious that he was pouring forth interminable trains of symptoms, and imploring information as to the composition and action of innumerable quack nostrums, some of which he bore about in a leather case in his pocket. I trust that he may not remember any of the answers which I gave him that night. Holmes declares that he overheard me caution him against the great danger of taking more than two drops of castor oil, while I recommended strychnine in large doses as a sedative. However that may be, I was certainly relieved when our cab pulled up with a jerk and the coachman sprang down to open the door.

"This Miss Morstan, is Pondicherry Lodge," said Mr. Thaddeus Sholto, as he handed her out.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Good Soil to Cultivate.

R. S. Kingman, speaking of the better education of agriculturists, well says: "Fertilize the brains of the farmers with good practical knowledge, then they would be better prepared to fertilize their farms intelligently." Every lawyer in the land must fertilize his brains or he will fail. Every doctor, every banker, every merchant every editor, must do the same or they will fail. And yet in face of all this, and in face of the fact apparent on every hand that it is the brainiest farmers who succeed best, there can be found farmers in every neighborhood who really think that it does not pay to cultivate brains in farming. They think it is money thrown away to buy books papers or attend conventions of farm institutes. If they thought these things paid, we would see them hard at it, for they want money bad enough. Good thinking lies under the success of every man in all kinds of business. A man cannot do good thinking unless he feeds his mind with good thoughts.

Trying to Deal.

A little boy entered a surgery the other day, and on seeing the doctor he whispered in his ear:

"Please, sir, mother wants to know if the measles is catching?"

"Of course they are," replied the doctor, "and tell your mother to be very careful."

The boy, not being satisfied at this, again whispered confidentially into the doctor's ear:

"Please, sir, mother wants to know what you will give her to spread 'em about the village. My sister Betty's got them awful."

AGRICULTURAL.

Soil Moisture.

When ground is ploughed in the spring and a stratum of soil four to six inches in depth is shaved completely from that below and reserved in a loose condition upon it, there is provided a covering which acts as a strong mulch. It has for a long time been believed by studious observing farmers that this checks in a marked degree the loss of water by evaporation from the undisturbed soil.

Precise figures have been lacking however until recently an American experiment station made careful investigations. One plot was plowed April 28, 1892, and the soil was carefully tested in comparison with a similarly unplowed field, May 6th. The unplowed ground contained in the upper four feet, 9.13 lbs. less water per square foot, than did the plowed ground, an equivalent of 1.75 inches of rainfall.

When it is observed that the amount of water available for crop production, on almost all lands, is less than that which can be used to the best advantage, when one year is taken with another, such a fact has an important bearing upon problems of tillage. It teaches that, where corn and potato ground is to be plowed in the spring, the plowing should be done as the soil is dry enough to permit it and that where corn is to be planted upon fall plowing, the disc harrow or similar tool should be used upon this ground as early as practicable to avoid a needless loss of water by surface evaporation.

The prevention of excessive waste of soil water is not the only important gain which results from early spring tillage. With all clay soils and clayey loams there is a certain degree of dryness at which they work with the least resistence, and are at the same time left in the best possible tilth; as these soils pass from the excessive wet stage through the stage of best moisture to that of too little they shrink and draw together into the larger or smaller clods which are so annoying, so productive of labor, so preventive of large yields. The ground referred to in the above experiment was plowed on April 28, was left in excellent tilth, but that which, side by side with it, laid eight days longer before plowing, had developed in it, during that time, great numbers of clods of extreme size and excessive hardness, and as a consequence it became necessary to go over this ground twice with a loaded harrow, twice with a disc harrow, and twice with a heavy roller before it was brought into a condition of tilth only approximating that which it might have had had it been plowed on April 28. Not only did the delay in plowing increase fourfold the labor of fitting the ground, but it at the same time resulted in an unnecessary waste of water which was really large and greatly needed.

We are fast coming to believe that surface tillage diminishes the rate of evaporation from the soil but as yet we are without positive data in regard to just how great this saving may be. This question was also studied at the above station. It was found that during 64 days for each column of soil one square foot in section and six feet long, the uncultivated ground had dried 8.84 lbs. more than cultivated.

A saving of 8.84 lbs. per square foot is equivalent to a rainfall of 1.7 inches; 301.49 lbs. of water are required for a pound of dry matter in corn, and the above saving of water, in times of shortage, should increase the yield of dry matter per acre 1,277 lbs. which is about 14 per cent of a good yield.

It should be observed that the retaining of water already in the ground, to the extent indicated above, must be much more serviceable to crops than to have an equivalent amount added to the surface in the form of rain, for in all such cases a very large portion of that, especially in dry times, is returned at once to the air without passing through the crop.

Reminders for Farmers.

When tired and hungry, eat something easily and quickly digested.

Break the surface of the soil and the air will find its way to the roots.

"Whenever you see a head, hit it," is an effective way with stubborn weeds.

The manurial value of foods corresponds with their nutritive value.

The only way to grow heavier crops each year is to make the land continually richer.

Do not expect to sell butter at top prices to private customers unless it is top quality.

If tobacco is to be made a paying crop, it must be given the very best land on the farm.

The best way to keep up with agricultural progress is to take a live agricultural journal.

The only way to free the farm from weeds is to cut them always before they go to seed.

To determine whether green-soiling really pays, let us suggest that you try it for yourself.

Sweet potatoes cannot be kept through the winter, unless you handle them gently when harvesting.

If the "first-class farmer" would maintain his rank, he must keep on studying and learning all the time,

The farm will never give you complete satisfaction so long as you have to buy fruit from your neighbor.

Something new must be planted every week, if we wish to maintain a good garden throughout the season.

You can never keep up with the work on the farm, if you ever put off until to-morrow what can be done to-day.

If the weeds have possession of the bed this fall, you can hardly expect a good strawberry crop next spring.

If you expect the boy to love the farm, you must permit him to get some enjoyment from it as he goes along.

It is a source of discouragement when a farmer works from twelve to fourteen hours a day and is thereby incapacitated from thinking and planning his work. No business can expect to succeed without intelligent, thoughtful oversight.

What I Want and Don't Want.

I want my cows to be milked at regular hours each day.

I want the same milker to milk the same cows each time in the same order.

That the milk shall be turned into pails on milk bench after milking each cow.

That as soon as possible the milk shall be carried to the dairy-house and strained.

That the cows shall not be eating while being milked, but stand with eyes closed, chewing the cuds and thinking of nothing but letting the milk come full head.

That if a milker is to whistle, he should whistle a good, lively tune, and milk in time to his music.

That every cow in the dairy shall know that the man who milks her is a friend.

That all extra food fed shall be at night, when the cows are at pasture.

That when I pass through the cows in yard or field, I shall have to go around the cow rather than have her start off to get out of my way.

I want to know just what each cow can do in amount of milk and butter.

To raise my own cows so I can have the pleasure of seeing them develop, and have have the pleasure of studying the possibilities of breeding for a purpose.

To make butter that is just as good as can be found elsewhere.

To know each spring where my butter will be wanted in the fall.

To see less poor butter on the market, so the consumption of it will be nearly, if not quite, doubled.

To have the privilege of being left to make butter after that process that is best suited to the circumstances under which I am obliged to work, and not be called an "old fogy."

To shoot the next man who comes as an agent for something that I could not possibly use in my dairy, and because I will not purchase or give a testimonial for it, tells the next man he meets that "that old hay-seed back there is a fossil, and must be of Noah's time."

And I don't want any other man to do as I do if he can be more successful by some other method.—[H. S. M., in Country Gentleman.

Handling Manure.

If you can not put the manure upon the land where it is needed as fast as made, and have no covered barnyard or shed in which to store it, waste can be effectually prevented by piling up and covering with earth. Pile compactly and cover with five or six inches of soil, and whatever volatile matter is given off by the heating of the pile will be absorbed by the earth. It will not wash out to any extent by rains, and if it heats too violently it should be forked over, mixing the soil with the manure and then piling it up and covering again with fresh earth. In this way the manure is made fine, and it becomes properly rotted and its fertilizing elements are readily available when applied to the crops in the spring. Five cords of manure handled in this way will be worth more than ten cords left to leach out in the open yard through the winter. When we begin to take more pains in the handling of this product we can more easily keep up the fertility of our farms.

Tips for the Dairy.

The fastest way to make money in the dairy, is to keep always weeding out the poor cows.

Don't delay straining the milk until the cream has began to rise. If once broken up by straining it rises again very slowly, if at all.

Sweet cream butter is becoming very popular in certain quarters, and commands fancy prices. As a general rule, however, butter from ripened cream finds most favor among those who buy the gilt-edged article.

Dairymen who make a strictly first-class article of butter do not much fear the competition from oleomargerine. The best way to drive this out of the market would be for every one to make better butter.

Never fill the swing churn more than half full. Give the cream plenty of room to swing backward and forward, and by concussion break the envelope that contains the butter-fat. The oscillating churn, in some form, is undoubtedly the best that we have for the private dairy.

A cow to each acre should be the aim of every progressive dairyman. It has been and can be done, and the very methods which lead up to this will also lead one to keep the best stock that can be had, so as to get the largest product from the one cow and the one acre, and will induce toward such management as shall bring the best and most valuable product, as well as the largest. High cultivation of the land, improved stock and careful and scientific handling of the output are the roads toward profitable dairying.

We have before us the record of an Iowa dairy having a herd of twenty-two cows, which sold during the twelve months an average of 326½ pounds of butter for each animal, The price was 25 cents a pound, making an average of $81.62 a cow. It is easy enough to see that such dairying pays, and we are glad to say that such herds are becoming much less rare then they were.

The time will come when consumers will prefer to pay twelve cents a quart for milk made solely from wheat bran, corn meal and clover hay, rather than to pay six cents a quart for that made of corn fodder cake meal, brewers' grains, and the other things so commonly fed to cows, says the *Farm Journal*. Quality milk, from healthy cows, served in clean glass jars, is going to take the place of a portion of the quantity milk now upon the market. There will be a margin of profit in quality milk, which is now disputed in the matter of quantity milk.

The Rising Generation.

"Pa,' said the boy, shaking his head dubiously as he looked up from his book. "I'm afraid I can never understand all these words."

"Tut, tut, my boy," returned the father, laying aside his paper—"you musn't get discouraged! Once you learn the definitions, you will have no trouble at all understanding how to use them. Take any word you wish."

"'Fast,' pa," suggested the boy.

"Yes, of course. 'Fast means rapid, speedy. Understanding that, you can't make any mistake."

"A fast horse is one that runs, isn't it?"

"Well, yes, sometimes. You're beginning to understand."

"But, pa, a fast man generally rides, doesn't he?"

"Um, my boy"—and the old gentlemen looked at his son over the top of his glasses—"you're beginning to get technical."

"And a fast colour is one that won't run, isn't it?"

"There, there—that'll do."

"But, pa, I want to know."

"Run out and play, and don't bother me any more when I'm reading the paper.

There isn't one man in a dozen who will take the word of a preacher in a horse trade.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Sleeping.

Not in his cradle sleeping
  Is my darling baby fair—
Not on the carpet creeping—
  But in his table chair;
He sleeps such rosy slumber
  As a baby only knows;
For its heart no cares encumber
  To mar its sweet repose.

He sits with dimp'ed fingers
  Pressed to his roseate cheek,—
And on his face still lingers
  A smile, and sunbeams streak
His pretty locks so golden,
  Kissed by the summer breeze;
No fairer sight beholden
  By mothers are, than these.

His silver spoon has fallen,
  What cares he for it now!
Such minor things do pall on
  Sweet baby's senses now,
He's revelling in the fancies
  Of childhood's blest domain,
Where innocence enhances
  His sweet cherubic reign.

Oh, tell me not of pleasures
  In palace hall so gay;
But give me cottage treasures
  Like this I own to day.
A little cherub dreaming—
  A bud just opening fair—
A light divinely beaming
  On every rising care.

Sleep on, for angels ever
  Are kindly watching thee,
And naught but sin can sever
  Thee in futurity.
May my dove never slumber
  Where covert danger lies,
May virtue's force outnumber
  Temptation till it flies.

Baby! thy world is beautiful,
  For thou art smiling now,
Embroidering my life so dull,
  And tinting thy fair brow.
Soon little feet will patter,
  Like softest leaf in June;
Soon will commence the clatter
  Of home-life's sweetest tune.

A Queer Ride.

Daisy was roasting apples before grandma's fire—two great spicy "Porters." They hung from the mantle by strings tied about their stems, and they sputtered and sung and bobbed about, keeping time to the merry fire that danced behind the brass-headed "dogs."

Grandma and Daisy were "keeping house" to-day, while father and mother and the boys went to the County Fair.

Daisy could not go. A naughty tooth had puffed up one cheek so that Tom said she looked like a squirrel with his mouth stuffed with corn.

A big tear would crowd its way out in spite of Daisy's trying to wink it back. It ran merrily off her fat cheek, and fell spat! on grandma's hand.

"Hoity-toity!" cried grandma, making believe she did not see it. "Why, those apples will burn, sure enough! Give them a whirl, Daisy, and bring out the little silver tea-pot, with the tiny cream-jug and the two little pewter plates that Joanna Kettle gave me for being named for her—little enough, too, for such a name as that, shouldn't you think, Daisy?" laughed grandma, pulling her little round table forward with the crook of her cane, and beginning to arrange the tiny damask cloth, for Daisy and grandma were going to dine by the cozy chimney-corner.

"When I was a little girl," said grandma dropping a lump of sugar from the silver tongs into her china cup, "my mother was sent for one day late in November to go over and help her mother prepare for my Aunt Judith's wedding supper.

"It was two miles off to grandma's house. I cried to go, too, but mother would not hear of such a thing. She had got to take along Prissy, the baby, and I must stay at home and help look after little brother John.

"I rebelled loudly, but mother was firm, and she left me making a great commotion in the kitchen, naughty girl that I was!

"Toward the middle of the forenoon grandpa came along on horseback,—almost every one went on horseback those days,—and called in to our house to get warm. He went out early to the store, five miles, to get some spice and raisins, and get a bag of wheat ground for Aunt Judith's wedding-cake—wheat flour was only used on special occasions.

"He carried these things in two great leathern saddle-bags hung on either side of the horse. Each bag held a bushel, I should think.

"Well, I determined to go home with him in some way. I said nothing, but I thought very fast and in a minute I stole out to the barn and looked into the bags.

"The flour and raisins must go of course, for Aunt Judith couldn't be married that night without the cake, I thought. These were all in one bag, but in the other was a great stuffy bundle—grandma's wool rolls, I thought.

"Out it came, and was tucked in a hole in the haymow and in I scrambled, pulling the leathern flap well down over my brown hood, and drawing the great saddle blanket, in which grandpa wrapped his feet, close about the bag.

"I had hardly got settled when grandpa came out, took a pinch of snuff and mounted.

"Somehow he spilled a lot of snuff into the blanket. Pretty quick it began to tickle my nose, the tears came into my eyes,—I pinched my nose and stuffed it into the side of my wadded hood. Oh dear! I must—

"K-ch-ch! out it came—a smothered little sneeze. Grandpa thought 'twas one of the hens that had got choked with a wheat beard," and grandma laughed as she sipped her tea.

"Well, off we went, jolting and dangling over the rough, frozen road, and before we got halfway there I wished I was at home; for either the snuff or the swaying of the saddle-bag made me just sick. Then grandpa's buskined leg lay right on top of my head, and I didn't dare to stir.

"It seemed miles and miles through those woods, and grandpa kept beating his heels to keep them warm. But just as it seemed as if I must scream right out I heard Jowler, grandpa's dog, bark.

"In a minute mother and Aunt Judith ran to the door, and grandpa was fumbling at the bags. He lifted the flap of my bag

"'Sho! sho! I'll be whipped if here aint Joan! Mother! Girls! Well, hop out here, child, and take some of the kinks out of yourself!"

"'But where's my gown, father?" cried Aunt Judith. "Did you forget it, or hadn't Miss Tempy got it done?"

"Then it came out that it was the wedding gown that I had stuffed into the hole in the haymow.

"Dismayed and awfully ashamed, I was tucked right back into the saddle-bag, and was bounced home again, grandpa chuckling all the way."

POINTS REGARDING WHEAT.

The last report of the United States department of agriculture estimates the wheat crop of the entire country for 1892 at 518,913,000 million bushels. This is some millions of bushels larger than was indicated by the previous monthly report, but it is still 92,867,000 bushels smaller than the wheat crop of last year. The general belief is that the official estimate of the United States crop this year is too high. At any rate, it is claimed that the average weight per measured bushel of the crop is light, so that the crop will pan out considerably less in weighed bushels. The wheat crop of Canada is placed at 55,000,000 bushels, as compared with 62,000,000 bushels last year. The estimate for Canada, we believe, is also too high, as it allows for a crop of 22,000,000 bushels for Manitoba and the territories. But taking the official figures of each country, there is a shortage in the wheat crop of the United States and Canada, as compared with last year, of 100,000,000 bushels at least.

In a number of other countries there are deficiencies in the wheat crop of this year, as compared with last. India is expected to be short about 60,000,000 bushels; Italy is reckoned to be short 27,000,000 bushels, and Great Britain, according to latest returns, will be short about 19,000,000 bushels, besides which the British wheat crop is very poor quality, and will not go nearly as far as a like number of bushels of choice wheat. Thus we have in these five countries a total shortage of about 206,000,000 bushels, according to official reports.

This is one side of the picture. Some countries are giving a larger crop than last year, notably France and Russia, in which countries crops were very poor last season. France is expected to have about 80,000,000 or more bushels more than last year, while Russia has been credited with 35,000,000 bushels more. Other countries do not change the situation materially so far as can be asertained. On account of Russia being so bare of reserve stocks, the surplus there cannot count for much.

Beerbohm, the best authority of London, England, sums up the situation as follows:

"The plain fact indicated by returns to hand is that the world's production of wheat is about 6,000,000 quarters (48,000,000 bushels) less than last year. Indeed it will be seen that this year's crop barely reaches the average of the preceding five year's crop, which was 269,000,000 quarters. It is doubtful, too, whether the production of wheat in the past season has reached what may be called the normal requirements of the world, although these latter are of a somewhat elastic nature—depending on surrounding circumstances. Were it not, therefore, for the fact that the high prices of last autumn had the effect of shifting much of the surplus wheat from the exporting to the importing countries, it may safely be assumed that prices might, on the legitimate basis of supply and demand, be materially higher than they now are. It will take some time to restore this equilibrium, but meanwhile the most conservative of observers could hardly fail to arrive at the conclusion that, starting from the present basis of values, there should be no need for discouragement."

The Liverpool *Corn Trade News*, in its annual review, sums up the total wheat crop of the world at 2,115,000,000 bushels as compared with 2,160,000,000 bushels last year, making an estimated shortage of 45,000,000 bushels. The same authority declares that though reserves of old wheat carried over were larger in Britain, France, Germany and the United States, than a year ago, taking all countries, reserves of old wheat were light. The Liverpool journal adds:

By itself the wheat question is inexplicable. It is not asserted for a moment that the high prices of last November were justified by the situation, but neither is the present depression reasonable from a statistical point of view alone.

In the later report Beerbohm states that in any other year conditions similar to present would advance the price of wheat in England. One great feature of weakness in the British markets is the slaughter of American flour there. It is said that Canadian and United States flour is being sold on the other side at a loss. That depresses the price of wheat in England, and reacts to keep the price down in America. Millers, however, cannot long continue to sell flour in that way. Importing countries, however, particularly Great Britain, will soon have to come into the market to buy wheat more actively than they have been doing. The large marketings of wheat in America cannot long keep up as they have been doing, and with the shrinkage of stocks in importing countries, and decline in marketings in America, there should be some improvement in prices. During the month of September, stocks of breadstuffs in Europe, including quantities afloat, were just about stationary, and were about 20,000,000 bushels smaller on the first of October than a year ago. In the United States and Canada, however, they were about 30,000,000 larger.

The most remarkable feature of the situation is the large marketings by farmers in the United States. Deliveries by farmers in that country have been unprecedented, and in view of the low prices ruling for wheat, are altogether inexplicable. Though the outlook statistically would indicate higher prices, the large stream of wheat pouring in from producers is a source of temporary weakness. If farmers have resolved to market their entire surlpus at the beginning of the crop year, they will succeed in keeping prices down until the grain has passed into second hands, and holders will gain all the advantage of probably higher prices later on.

The Minister's Horse.

About fifty years ago, in a remote parish in the South of Scotland, there lived a minister of the auld kirk.

His parish was a very large one, which necessitated a good deal of walking. His parishioners thereupon agreed that he ought to have a horse.

Sitting one day with glass in hand, this question was broached: "Na, na," was his answer, holding up the glass, which was half full of whisky, "this is my horse, and I couldna desire ocht better."

On his way home one day he found one of his members lying in a bog full of mire.

"What's like the matter wi' ye, John?" said the minister.

"Oh, naething, hic, but (sputter) the minister's horse has thrown me."

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners

THEY DIED TOGETHER.

Remarkable Explanation of a Supposed Murder Mystery.

A recent issue of the Key West (Fla.) Equator tells of an odd duel near that place between a young hunter and a large buck which he had shot. Thinking the animal dead, the young man went up and stooped down to cut his throat, when, with an expiring effort, the victim rose and, with one mad rush, killed his victor. Similar incidents are not so rare, perhaps, as is generally supposed, but the one referred to calls up a tragedy which occurred in the Indian Territory near here twenty-five or thirty years ago, the explanation of which was never discovered until a few months ago, and has not yet been made public

Toward the close of the war a young Confederate officer from the southern part of Alabama, who was known as Devaux or Devore, went West and stopped in Fort Smith, Ark., for a few weeks. While there he formed quite a friendship for a kind-hearted old backwoodsman, who on account of his gaunt appearance was known as "Skinny" Jones. Devaux had lost most of his friends and relatives during the war, he said, and had sold everything he had left in order to get away from a locality that had so many sad memories connected with it.

He was educated, and a polished man of the world, and the friendship between him and "Skinny" was regarded as odd, but as they remained in Fort Smith but a few weeks, they soon passed out of people's minds. They left together, and some months afterward it was learned from a Seminole Indian that they had constructed a house in a little cave at the foot of the Shawnee Hills on the south bank of the Canadian River, about 200 miles from Fort Smith.

During the succeeding year they went to town twice together, but on the third trip "Skinny" was alone, and it was noticed that he wore Devaux's handsome moccasins and carried Devaux's costly rifle. When asked about his companion, he first gave evasive answers, and finally said he had mysteriously disappeared, having gone hunting one day and never returned. A Deputy United States Marshal, learning of the circumstances, made preparations to arrest "Skinny;" but before he could put his plan into execution the old fellow had left town, and so the matter was dropped.

The whole affair gradually dropped out of the minds of those acquainted with the circumstances, and was revived for the first time a few months ago in a strange way. The Wilkinson family, with whom "Skinny" used to put up when in town, separated some years ago. One of the boys drifted over to South McAlester, and ultimately went to work in a coal mine near there. A few months ago he saw old "Skinny" Jones walking along the streets of South McAlester, and learned that he was regarded as harmlessly insane.

The old man seemed to have plenty of money, and came to town two or three times each year to lay in supplies. These supplies, by making several trips, he himself carried to his den, which was thought to be somewhere on the banks of the Canadian River at the foot of the Shawnee Hills. Young Wilkinson remembered the mysterious disappearance of Devaux a quarter of a century ago, and determined to follow "Skinny," if possible, and unravel the mystery.

By the exercise of the greatest skill he succeeded in tracking the old man to his cave, but in following him up, he came to the mouth of the cave before he knew it, and was looking into the barrel of a gun with a very angry backwoodsman at the other end of it. He did not need two invitations to throw up his hands and explain his presence. He told the whole truth, explained who he was, and what suspicions people had had for years, and why he had followed him. His evident truthfulness appeased the old man's wrath, and the latter, after placing food and water—of which they both partook heartily—before them, beckoned to the young man and started up the mountain.

After scrambling for an hour they reached the summit of the hills, as they were called, and "Skinny" walked to a large rock in which there was a crack or rift extending back 10 or 15 feet. The Sun was shining directly into the opening, and "Skinny" simply stopped in front of it and pointed with his long, bony finger. A glance showed two skeletons standing there as if mounted—one of a large deer, and one of a man. A closer inspection showed that the angry buck had, possibly in his death agony, rushed upon his enemy, crowding through the narrow space in order to reach him, and having impaled him on his horn, they had died together. The horn had entered the man's left side, had taken an upward turn between two of his ribs and still held him impaled as it had at first 25 years before.

The two men turned and walked down to the cave and the old man said slowly, "I have shown you this because I don't want your father's family to believe me a murderer. It was ten years after his death before I found him and then it was by accident. My rifle, which he had borrowed the day he left, and his knife with his name on it were at his feet. I promised him when he left that day that no matter how long he might be gone I would wait till he came back and I will. I am a friend to you and yours but I must never be disturbed here again. Take my boat and go down the river till you come to the railroad bridge and tie it up and cave it there for me. You can find your way from there."

And putting young Wilkinson into the boat he watched him till he disappeared down the river. The young man made a trip to his old home soon afterward and told the story as given. Parts of it are known to be true but as to whether the rest is or not opinions differ.

She—"Am I indeed your Queen? He—"You are only—" She—"Only what?" He—"I wish I had held you last night."

"A sneeze ain't got much bus'ness enterprise," said Tommy; "every one's got to stutter in the nose 'fore it goes off."

"Johnny, why doesn't your mother put a patch over that hole in your trousers?" "Cause a patch 'ud wear out an' the hole won't."

Tom—"What nationality do you take Miss Snuggle to be?" Jack—"The first time I called I thought she was French, but lately I've been convinced that she is a Laplander."

Sue Deering—"I'm afraid papa was angry when you asked him for me, wasn't he, Jack love?" Jack Hillow—"Not at all. He asked if I knew any more respectable young men who would be likely to marry your five sisters if properly coaxed."

The Kootenay Star

SATURDAY, DEC. 3, 1892.

MINING NOTES.

Resources of the Lardeau.

Mr. W. B. Pool, who was one of the first prospectors to go into the Lardeau last spring, and who owns two of the five claims in the Pool group, in the vicinity of Trout Lake, was in town a few days since, having brought up some specimens of ore for exhibition at Chicago. Mr. Pool is a good authority on mines and minerals, having had 15 years' experience, and all who know him know that he is not given to exaggeration, but that he is a man whose word can be relied upon. Before returning to the Lardeau we obtained from Mr. Pool the following statement:—

"I have been prospecting in the Lardeau during the past summer, and must say that my most sanguine expectations have been more than realized. I have just arrived in Revelstoke, in company with Mr. John Stauber, with specimens from the principal mines in the Lardeau for the World's Fair. I have been prospecting for 15 years in some of the principal mining camps in the United States, and I can assure you that, in all my experience, I have never seen surface prospects that for size and richness can in any way compare with those that have been recently discovered in the Lardeau, and I consider that mining men should turn their attention to that district as soon as possible, for those who secure any of those prospects will, in my opinion, certainly be numbered amongst the most fortunate mining investors the world ever saw. The Fish Creek mines, adjoining the Lardeau on the north, are also very rich. They are located on the same mineral belt which runs through part of the Lardeau country. When I arrived at Thomson's Landing there was but one house at the head of the Arm. Since then a comfortable boarding house and store have been erected by Mr. Thomson, and lumber is arriving from Revelstoke for building on the townsite of Lardeau City. Eight new ranches have been located at the head of the Arm and four at Trout Lake, on all of which the settlers are erecting houses and making improvements. I have seen the ranchers clear off the brush and timber and plant grain and vegetables, and the crops they have gathered this fall, both for yield and quality, cannot be surpassed by any farm on Puget Sound or the delta of the Fraser, and there are several thousand acres of such fertile land yet to be taken up in the Lardeau Pass and on Fish Creek. There is a vast quantity of valuable timber for lumber and shingles at the head of the Arm, up Fish Creek, and in the Lardeau valley. I have no doubt that next summer will see sawmills and shingling works established there, as the timber is of the finest quality and very plentiful. The whole region abounds in wealth. Splendid fishing is to be had in Trout Lake, either with the troll or a worm bait, the trout ranging from 2lb. to 20lb. in weight. The scenery is grand, at some points sublime, and will attract artists in search of something out of the common. I have visited the principal mining claims in the Lardeau and at Fish Creek, and consider that the reports appearing in the STAR and copied in the Coast papers from time to time were rather under the mark than above it. Nothing yet published regarding the discoveries of mineral in the Lardeau has been exaggerated. The great drawback to the mines is the lack of roads for shipping ore and bringing in machinery and supplies, the only facilities afforded at present being 15 or 20 miles of rough mountain trails to the Arm, everything having to be carried on pack horses. But the road through the Lardeau Pass must be made next summer, and I do not apprehend any difficulty about it, as the immense wealth stored up there will be an incentive to the Government, the C.P.R. and the mine owners to join hands in the undertaking. The Lardeau Pass is specially adapted for a railway, which could run down to Lake Kootenay. From the railway wagon roads could be made to the principal groups of mines. This will have to be done in the near future. I consider that the timber and farming interests, even if the rich mineral ledges were non-existent, would amply justify the construction of a railway through the Lardeau Pass. On the whole, from what I know of the Lardeau and Fish Creek districts I can most emphatically state that either in mining, lumbering or farming pursuits they offer to men of capital and energy opportunities for profitable investment which may never again be met with on this continent."

H. Guimare, who recently sold a claim in the Slocan, was on board the Northern Pacific train which was held up by three masked men near Hot Springs last week, and was robbed of all the money he had about him—$1,000. It is supposed that the robbers were railway men who had knowledge of his being on the train, and no doubt expected to make a rich haul. Mr. Guimare will bring suit for damages against the Northern Pacific Railway Co. and the Pullman Palace Car Co. for neglecting to guard the train properly while passing through a sparsely settled and lawless district; that they failed to lock the rear door and take other precautions, and that the servants of the companies made no effort to defend the passengers.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR.]

The Editor cannot be responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents.

Freight Rates.

SIR,—I have just received a carload of hay and oats from Enderby, and am charged by the railway company over $60 for carriage of same. Before purchasing I made inquiries as to the freight charges, and was informed that a carload of hay would be $35 and one of oats $45. But it appears that a mixed carload of only 12 tons is charged $60—nearly double the rate for hay alone. Now, sir, is it any wonder that this town and others similarly situated without any railway competition do not make any progress, when freight charges are so high as to kill all business enterprise? Sixty dollars for bringing a carload 75 miles is simply extortion.
—Yours truly,

P. R. PETERSON.

Revelstoke, Nov. 29th.

To the Public.

SIR,—Permit me through your columns to express my deep gratitude to the travelling public and the citizens of Revelstoke for the liberal patronage they have accorded me during the seven years I have been in business here. I value very highly the good opinion of my friends, and I feel very much the honor done me by coupling my name with others who, like myself, are leaving for the east, and tendering to us a farewell assembly on Friday night. In hotel life I have always had the interests of the public at heart, and it is most gratifying to me to know that my endeavors have been appreciated. My successors have had great experience in hotel management, and will no doubt be able to make the Victoria even more successful than it has been in the past. Wishing one and all a merry Christmas and many of them,

I am, dear sir,

Yours sincerely,

W. COWAN.

Revelstoke, Nov. 30th, 1892.

Mail Facilities Wanted.

SIR,—I am writing from an out-of-the-way place in the wilderness—known as the North East Arm of the Upper Arrow Lake—where I have lived in solitude for three years, waiting for the vast wealth of the mountains to display itself. But it has been a lonely life. Cut off from the rest of the world, without any mail for four or five months, without help of doctor or minister in sickness. If the Government would give us, say, a monthly mail during the summer we would be very grateful. During the past summer others have come in to share my solitude, until the population now reaches a dozen. Prospectors have passed through to the rich mines in the Lardeau, and next year will witness a great inrush of miners to the new eldorado. A new city is being laid out on some land owned by Messrs. Kellie and Lamey, and we truly hope they will be able to get a mail service, which we have been unable to obtain. They have been so kind as to survey a road across the corner of my land and Mr. Thomson's, so as to strike the trail into the Lardeau. Them fellows know more than I do, and I sincerely hope they will be able to get done those things for which we have asked in vain—especially the wagon road through the Lardeau. Then I don't think there is a man in the district who will object to giving three cheers for Kellie and his townsite. Probably the good people of Revelstoke will then get up another big supper and congratulate themselves on fast becoming "a second Chicago or San Francisco."—Yours truly,

E. JOHNSON.

North East Arm, Nov. 21st.

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