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THE BENTON TRIBUNE.

VOLUME 6.

BENTON, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY EVENING, JAN. 3, 1894.

NUMBER 10.

SHARPE POINTS.

After several weeks hard work and no time to enjoy Christmas we concluded to take a whirl behind our black "Bill" to the happy and prosperous little village of Sharpe.

So, Thursday morning, in company with Mr. Joe Little, we left the county capitol for our destination over the old Paducah dirt road via Scales, Kobe, Palma and Coy. The roads were never better for a delightful drive and it's proper to say we did enjoy it from beginning to the end. It had been nearly five years since we had the pleasure of enjoying a visit to this part of the county, but in passing along through it we were forced to notice the many changes that had taken place in the people and in the appearance of the country generally. Twenty years ago we were in that part of the county almost every week and enjoyed the acquaintance of all the men and women, both old and young, but alas! where are they now? Most of them are gone to their rewards beyond the river of death, and we could only see them in our imagination where memory had located them along the shifting scenes of a short life-time. As the wheels of our buggy rolled on along we could but ask where are such good citizens as Wilson English, John K. Wilson, Thos. H. Blewett, Calvin Kuykendall, Bob Wade, John Phillely, Wm. Liles, Yancy Bailey, Wm. and Felix Staton, John Brian, John Grubbs, Mr. Bowerman and others we can't now remember. Thos. T. Grubbs, who now resides at Palma, Dr. E. C. Dycus who resides in Benton and J. H. Johnston of Sharpe are the only men of thirty years ago who are yet on this side of the grave. It seems but yesterday when we could go down this same road and meet all of these men in and about their happy homes enjoying life, but the places that then knew them know them no more forever. It's a sad picture, yet it is true, that only a few fleeting years grow old and a few more take us from our dear ones and wait us to our eternal homes in a country now unknown to us.

While we were traveling and meditating on the past and its wonderful changes, time flitted away, and at 10:30 a. m. we were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnston, and for an hour we took a stroll over the village and found Mr. J. H. Johnston still the post master and engaged in the mercantile business. He is a man useful to his neighbors in many ways, he keeps such goods as they want, buys their tobacco and accommodates them in various ways; but he is now old and his days of buying the peoples tobacco at high prices and giving his life and labor at a loss are fast passing away, and only a few years at best will pass away when his neighbors will wish for another Hampton Johnston in their midst.

NOTES.

Dr. J. W. Pendley, late of Memphis, Tenn., has recently located there and is now completing a beautiful new residence into which he will move in a few days. He has the reputation of being a fine physician and is now going into a fine and lucrative practice among the best people in that part of the county.

Capt. J. M. Watson is the owner of the Dishman mill and is doing a fine business. It is a great convenience for the people and they patronize it willingly.

W. R. Fields has just completed and moved into his new residence and by the way is one among the many in that part of the county who is making money.

Asel Grubbs does the blacksmithing for the people and he too is in a prosperous condition.

J. W. Rountree and his new wife are living happily together and enjoying life.

Prof. S. T. Harrison's school is out. He will begin another soon. They like him as a teacher.

W. G. Miller is repairing and improving his residence, and one not

well acquainted with him would suppose he was soon going to take unto himself a wife; but we guess not.

The new Christian church is occupied on the 4th Sunday in each month by Eld. J. R. Hill of Murray.

Isaac Johnston and family have moved to their new home at Oaks on the railroad, where he is engaged in the saw mill business.

Three doctors at Sharpe. No need of suffering for want of medical attention.

Mrs. Mary J. Lecky an aged lady died of infirmities of old age a few days ago.

Mrs. Nancy Arant was very sick and not expected to live many days. She was sick at Mr. Joe Arant's.

A new postoffice has been recently established named Ozan with W. M. Smith the postmaster. It is only one and a-half miles from Sharpe.

After noticing many other small improvements and partaking of a sumptuous dinner cooked and spread by that good woman, Mrs. Emma Johnston, we took our leave for home, stopping first at Coy, where we met Mr. Wahl at his place of business and not complaining of hard times as some men do; and next at Henry Gough's where we found him sick in his new home. His new residence is one of, if not the most beautiful on the road. He has of recent years made money and is now prepared to enjoy it.

As usual with us the trip was very much enjoyed, and the only regrets with us were that we did not have time to enjoy it longer.

Mr. J. P. Blaize, an extensive real estate dealer in Des Moines, Iowa, narrowly escaped one of the severest attacks of pneumonia while in the north part of that state during a recent blizzard, says the Saturday Review. Mr. Blaize had occasion to drive several miles during the storm and was so thoroughly chilled that he was unable to get warm, and inside of an hour after his return he was threatened with a severe case of pneumonia or lung fever. Mr. Blaize sent to the nearest drug store and got a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, of which he had often heard, and took a number of large doses. He says the effect was wonderful and in a short time he was breathing quite easily. He kept on taking the medicine and the next day was able to come to Des Moines. Mr. Blaize regards his cure as simply wonderful. For sale by R. H. Starks.

Bruce M. Phillely.

The county clerk's office is regarded the best paying office in the gift of the voters of the county, and as a matter of course it is expected that there will be many applicants for that position. There is no old officer for re-election which makes an open field and a fair fight for all who enter the contest. In this issue will be found the name of Mr. Bruce M. Phillely, a young man of education and qualification, who enters the race as the tenth man for this important office. He is a son of Mr. Cy Phillely, who resides near Coy and by the way belongs to one of the best families in the county. He is young, writes a beautiful hand, correct and punctual in his business transactions, and if chosen as the county's next clerk the people who do business in that office may rest assured that Mr. Phillely will always be found at his post of duty ready and willing to perform any official act required by law or that officer. He having always been a democrat true and tried places himself in the hands of his party friends and will await their action in a primary election, and if he be chosen as the standard bearer of that party he will not permit its banners to trail in the dust. His claims are before the people and they deserve a careful consideration.

McCre's WINE OF CARDUI for female diseases

HERE AND THERE.

It cost a little over 74 cents a day to feed each convict in the Frankfort penitentiary during November. The total expense of the institution for the month was \$6,932.57.

Near Fordville, Ky., is probably the largest sugar tree in the state. It is sound, solid and healthy, 13 feet 8 inches in diameter, and 51 feet in circumference. The out tips of its limbs describe a diameter of 72 feet, creating a shade that will shelter 1,200 people.

For a sore throat there is nothing better than a flannel bandage dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It will nearly always effect a cure in one night's time. This remedy is also a favorite for rheumatism and has cured many very severe cases. 50 cent bottles for sale by R. H. Starks.

Francis Parkman's remarkably heroic and fruitful career is the subject of a careful study by the Rev. Julius H. Ward in McClure's Magazine for January. A series of portraits of Mr. Parkman, and numerous pictures of his house, library and so on, add greatly to the attractiveness of the article.

The political hog is poor investment. He serves but one purpose and that is to "squelch" if he don't get about everything in sight. I would not advise anyone to cultivate him, and yet he is preferred to the partisan donkey that only knows enough to bray when the "boss" cracks his whip. They are both an incubation on any well regulated political farm.

When on a visit to Iowa, Mr. K. Dalton, of Luray, Russell county, Kansas, called at the laboratory of Chamberlain & Co., Des Moines, to show them his six year old boy, whose life had been saved by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, it having cured him of a very severe attack of croup. Mr. Dalton is certain that it saved his boy's life and is enthusiastic in his praise of the remedy. For sale by R. H. Starks.

Miss Mamie Ryan, of Geneva, Wis., has sued Prof. Birkholz, a Chicago hair dresser for \$72,000. Miss Ryan used Birkholz' medicine with success, and the "Prof." spread broadcast, pictures of her "before and after using," which she alleges, are so misleading as to her personal appearance that they have damaged her to the extent of the above sum.

"In buying a cough medicine for children," says H. A. Walker, a prominent druggist of Ogden, Utah, "never be afraid to buy Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. There is no danger from it and relief is always sure to follow. I particularly recommend Chamberlain's because I have found it to be safe and reliable. It is intended especially for colds, croup and whooping cough." 50 cent bottles for sale by R. H. Starks.

Mrs. Jennie Atchley, of Beeville, Bee county, Texas, has 800 colonies of bees, devoted entirely to queen raising. She is the most extensive breeder of queen bees in the world. She is a woman of thirty-eight, and has eight children, with whose help she does all the work in her apiary. She has sold over 4,000 queens this year, and expects to sell 5,000. Some single queens are valued at \$100 each.

The success of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in effecting a speedy cure of colds, croup and whooping cough has brought it into great demand. Messrs. Pontius & Son, of Cameron, Ohio, say that it has gained a reputation second to none in that vicinity.

Jas. M. Queen, of Johnston, W. Va. says it is the best he ever used. B. F. Jones, druggist, Winona, Miss., says: "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is perfectly reliable. I have always warranted it and it never failed to give the most perfect satisfaction." 50 cent bottles for sale by R. H. Starks.

"Turn that wrapping paper the other side out," said the lady in a dry goods store this morning, as the clerk was putting up her

purchase in wrapping paper. I don't want to be a walking advertisement for your store. I read the papers as all intelligent people ought to do, and I think that in them is the place to advertise your business. Instead of asking your customers to carry your sign around with each purchase; tell the people through the papers what you have to sell and how you sell it."—Ex.

For pains in the chest there is nothing better than a flannel cloth saturated with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound over the seat of pain. It will produce a counter irritation without blistering, and is not so disagreeable as mustard; in fact is much superior to any plaster on account of its pain-relieving qualities. If used in time it will prevent pneumonia. 50 cents bottles for sale by R. H. Starks.

Trade is improving ever day and the large crowd of country people who fill our streets give evidence that the foolish monetary scare is over. People do not buy goods in as large quantities as in former years, but they buy oftener, and this is much better for the dealer. It enables him to replenish his stock more frequently and gives his customers fresher and more stylish goods. It also keeps money in more active circulation and thus benefits all lines of trade. In the crowds on our streets recently we have noticed people from all sections of the county.

How's This!

We offer one hundred dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Traux, wholesale druggists, Toledo, O. Wallding, Kinnam & Marvin, wholesale druggist, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Christmas Tree.

The two Sunday schools at this place joined forces and had a union tree at the M. E. church on Saturday night before Christmas, which was a decided success. It was the largest tree and possessed more presents than any tree here for years. The superintendent and officers of each school made up subscribed money enough to put useful and satisfactory presents on for each and every student in the respective schools.

S. L. Palmer, the superintendent of the M. E. school, and Judge E. Barry, of the Christian school, did themselves honor in making all the necessary arrangements for their respective schools, to have a good time and entertain the people that assembled in large numbers to witness the distribution of the presents.

Dr. Hall, Judge Barry and S. L. Palmer made appropriate remarks after which excellent pieces of music were rendered by both schools to the pleasure and edification of all present. Everything passed off in good order and all returned home happy and satisfied with the way in which they spent the evening.

Ask Your Friends

Who have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla what they think of it, and the replies will be positive in its favor. Simply what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merits. One has been cured of indigestion or dyspepsia, another finds it indispensable for sick headache or biliousness, while others report remarkable cures of scrofula, catarrh, rheumatism, salt rheum, etc.

Hood's pills are purely vegetable.

U. C. WALLACE.

Our readers this week will find in looking over the announcements the name of a deserving and popular young man who wishes to be the democratic nominee for county clerk. In mentioning his name it would not be out of place to say that Mr. Wallace is a son of Eld. I. E. Wallace and a brother of our county superintendent Mr. Louis Wallace, and resides with his father below Calvert City. He has not an extensive acquaintance with the democratic voters of the county but will give his time from now until the polls are closed in the primary to see the people and let them see him that they may become better acquainted with him. He is sober, moral and straight forward, and has spent most of his days in laboring on the farm, and when he is well known it will be found that his sympathy runs in that direction, believing that there is no vocation in life more honorable than that of farming. He is one of the best and most rapid penman in the county, and being so well qualified and having never asked an office before at the hands of the people he now comes in cold earnest asking them to give him the nomination, and if he receives it and is elected we may depend on it that the county will have a true, honest, competent business young man for county clerk. Before making up your minds in this race we ask an earnest consideration of the just claims of Mr. U. C. Wallace.

"How About the Weather?"

The Weekly Courier-Journal, published at Louisville, Ky., delights in keeping its subscribers guessing. In addition to being the greatest Democratic newspaper published, it has been a pioneer in enterprises that require thought and figuring on the part of its subscribers. The weekly's estimating contest on the election in 1892, by which \$14,400 in gold coin were distributed among forty-five guessers, is a sample of this. The latest guessing offer of this paper is on the weather—that one subject on which we all consider ourselves prophets. The Weekly Courier-Journal proposes to give \$1,000 in cash to its subscribers who can name the coldest day in the month of February, 1894, at Louisville, Ky., and guess closest to the lowest temperature on this day. The contest closes January 31, 1894. Every new subscriber who sends \$1 can make one guess and every old subscriber who renews, sending \$1, can guess. Send for a sample copy of the paper for full particulars. Write at once, as the time is short.

School Entertainment

The school entertainment that was given at the close of the school was one of the best that was ever given in that building. But little time was given in preparing for it, yet the children one and all knew their parts and pieces well and acted and recited them to the edification of those present. The supervision of the entertainment was entrusted to Mrs. Brannock, who knows exactly what to do in order to get up an entertainment that is both instructive and pleasing to students and parents. A small pittance was charged as an admittance fee, the proceeds of which will go to assist in buying an organ for chapel exercises in not only this but all schools that may hereafter be taught in that building.

The house was well filled by the patrons and friends of the school, all of whom were well paid for their time and expense in attending the entertainment, and when it was over the universal verdict was that a new era is now dawning on the school at this place, and that the entertainment was a step forward towards the educational advancement of our people.

The teachers, Prof. Brannock, Prof. Brown and Miss Mollie Treas did their duties during the term as

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A Study
In Scarlet!

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and you will be sure to
complete the story.

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Sample copies of The Republic will be sent anyone upon receipt of a postal card request. Address all orders, THE REPUBLIC, St. Louis, Mo.

JOHN G. LOVETT
Attorney-at-Law,
Benton, Ky.

Will practice in all the courts of the county and district.
Office up-stairs over Starks' drugstore.

constant hard workers in school, and when the term ended they had the good will of the children and the respect of the patrons. They have done a good work and merit a good patronage in their next school.

W. C. Gatlin.

With the beginning of the new year and in the first issue of the Tribune for the year 1894 we announce W. C. Gatlin a candidate for the office of assessor for this county. He comes before the people as a gentleman well qualified, with a character without spot or blemish, and a democrat who fights the battles of his party with his face to the enemy. The county is well acquainted with him, for he was once assistant assessor under J. M. Johnson, the present county assessor, during which he demonstrated the fact that but few men possess more judgment and accuracy in his work than did Mr. Gatlin. He has been a teacher a good portion of his life, but of late he has been engaged in the sewing machine business, which familiarizes him with the value of all kinds of property in the various sections of the county. These are very necessary qualifications, all of which should be possessed by the man who is elected to perform the duties of this important office. He is now about forty years old, the very age in life to have the judgment and discretion that would aid him in making an acceptable and prudent officer. He, like the rest of the boys in the race to win, and will in due time call around to see the voters. Consider his claims and act accordingly.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

The P. T. & A. R. R.			
SOUTH BOUND.			
No. 1	No. 11		
Lv. Paducah	7:00 am	3:00 pm	
Benton	7:58 am	5:17 pm	
Murray	8:43 am	6:50 pm	
Paris	9:41 am	8:20 pm	
H. R. Junction	10:29 am	9:45 pm	
Hollow Rock	10:43 am	9:50 pm	
Lexington	12:15 pm	12:15 am	
Jackson	1:16 pm	7:45 am	
No. 3			
Jackson	1:16 pm	6:15 am	
Ar. Memphis	4:50 pm	Ar. 10:00 am	
No. 16			
Lexington	3:40 pm		
Perryville	5:40 pm		
NORTH BOUND.			
No. 2	No. 12		
Lv. Memphis	10:30 am	1:45 am	
Jackson	2:14 pm	3:30 am	
Lexington	3:32 pm	5:10 am	
Hollow Rock	4:50 pm	5:10 am	
H. R. Junction	4:54 pm	5:15 am	
Paris	5:32 pm	6:54 am	
Murray	6:50 pm	7:51 am	
Benton	7:35 pm	9:10 am	
Ar. Paducah	8:35 pm	10:30 am	
No. 4			
Lv. Memphis		4:20 pm	
Jackson		8:10 pm	
No. 15			
Perryville	9:20 am		
Lexington	11:30 am		
All trains run daily.			
Direct connections at Memphis with all lines diverging. At Jackson with Illinois Central and Mobile & Ohio. At Hollow Rock Junction with N. C. & St. L. At Paris with L. & N. At Paducah with N. N. & M. V. and St. L. & P.			
A. J. Welch, A. G. P. A.			
St. Louis & Paducah Ry			
(Egyptian Route)			
NORTH BOUND.			
Lv. Paducah	11:10 am		
Metropolis	12:01 pm		
Grantsburg	12:38 pm		
Parker City	1:25 pm	7:15 am	
Carbondale	2:40 pm	7:30 am	
Pineknobville	4:15 pm	9:50 am	
Ar. East St. Louis	6:35 pm	11:35 am	
St. Louis	6:45 pm	11:50 am	
SOUTH BOUND.			
Lv. St. Louis	7:50 am	14:25 pm	
East St. Louis	8:05 am	4:40 pm	
Pineknobville	10:25 am	7:30 am	
Carbondale	11:40 am	8:50 pm	
Parker City	1:25 pm	Ar. 10:10 pm	
Grantsburg	2:00 pm		
Metropolis	2:35 pm		
Ar. Paducah	5:30 pm		
Daily. Daily except Sunday.			
Stop for meals.			
This is the shortest, quickest and cheapest route to all points northeast, north, northwest and west. Passengers leaving Benton at 9:15 am arrive in St. Louis at 6:50 pm. Corresponding time to all other points. For further information call on or address C. C. McCarty southern agent, Paducah, Ky., or Geo. E. Lary, general passenger agent, St. Louis, Mo.			

THE WEEKLY

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Two

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By special arrangements with the publishers we are able to offer

HOME AND FARM in combination with the

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To every subscriber

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price of one. Come now.

Many Persons

Are broken down from overwork or Louselhood

Take **Brown's Iron Bitters**

rebuilds the system, aids digestion, removes excess of bile, and cures malaria. Get the genuine.

HERE AND THERE.

Millinery goods at cost at Mrs. Hamilton's.

Col Alfred Jones was in the city yesterday.

25 pounds good brown sugar for \$1 at Cole's.

Diek Heath has been on the sick list for several days.

A nice little snow storm raged a few minutes last Saturday.

Long George Locker has been on the sick list for several days.

Buy the best green coffee in town at Cole's.

Jesse Lindsey was in the city Sunday night mixing among the boys.

Mr. Sherman Crowell has sold out and will remove to Paducah to locate.

H. C. Bean, candidate for assessor, has moved into his residence in the city.

Don't forget that Cole keeps a good supply of fresh meat at all times.

George Young gave Joel Clark a lively pounding at Griggs' school house one night last week.

Mr. Lee Staton, of Texas, has been spending the holidays with relatives near Sharpe.

Jack Smith, the big rabbit killer of near Birmingham, was in the city Friday.

Cordelia Collier is now thought to be some better. She has been sick since last fall.

A. Smith, esq., at Birmingham has sold out his entire possessions to J. W. Holland.

Lucas Holland was in the city last Friday looking as gay and happy as a morning glory.

Mr. Pete McNabb, a democratic veteran of the Ross district, was in the city a few days ago.

The school opened up Monday with a good attendance. This is going to be one of the best schools in the country.

Don't fail to subscribe for the Tribune now in order to get the benefit of our new continued story "A Study in Scarlet."

Hon. Riley Boyd has gone to Washington and will settle in Seattle where he will engage in his profession.

There were several little knock-downs about over the county during Christmas week, all the result of too much juice.

Mrs. Hamilton will from now on sell ladies' hats at about cost. Now is the time to buy a nice hat for a little money.

Boys, now is the time to get a move on you. The primary is called and the time set only a short time ahead.

There is an epidemic of measles in the Breinsburg country. It is reported that there are 60 cases in and about that city.

Hood's Sarsaparilla, the king of medicines, conquers scrofula, catarrh, rheumatism and all other blood diseases. Hood's and only Hood's.

Thomas H. Brooks of Martin, Tenn., was here on a visit last week. He is a son of Wm Brooks who formerly lived in this county.

Miss Mack Brown, who has been visiting Mr. Jas. V. Wear here a few days, left this morning for Murray to visit relatives.

G. W. Locker, of Birmingham, has been sick for several days with soreness of lungs which he hopes will soon be well again.

Shiloh's cure, the great cough and croup cure, is for sale by us. Packer size containing twenty-five doses, only 25 cents. Children love it. Sold at Lemons' drug store.

Don't fail to read our announcement column this week and see who the new candidates are and whom you will serve in the primary.

Mr. Emmett Morris and Miss Nora Parrish were married a few days ago by Rev. Moranda Jones at his residence near Eggners' ferry.

James Conway was tried last Saturday at Fair Dealing before M. G. Nelson, esq., and was fined \$5 and costs. He paid it and went on his way rejoicing.

The democratic county committee met Monday and ordered a primary election to be held Saturday March 10th. Full particulars next week.

BLACK-DRAUGHT (cures Constipation).

Wm Calvin Baker and his wife are not so much married now as they were ten or fifteen days ago. For some cause they are not living together as much as some people at present.

Wallace Dunn and his beautiful young wife, it is reported, separated last week and are now living separate and apart. She was a daughter of Mr Sam Sasseen and is said to be very pretty.

Captain Sweeney, U. S. A. San Diego, Cal., says: Shiloh's catarrh remedy is the first medicine I have ever found that would do me any good. Price 50 cents. Sold at Lemons' drug store.

On last Sunday, the 31st day of December, Mr John A. Harris was joined in holy wedlock to Miss Matie York, a charming young daughter of Mr C. M. York. The Rev. A. T. Bourland officiating.

Uncle Ruben Owen, colored, lost his wife last Friday with something like cerebral spinal meningitis. She was only sick one day and night.

Mr. Ben Neal, of Gilbertsville, came in the other day and subscribed for the Tribune. He is a new man in the county and a good citizen. We bid him welcome among our people.

Mr. Ed. Rose and wife, of Fulton, are visiting the family of Ed I. Rose. Ed will leave soon for Louisville where he goes to enter the Kentucky school of medicine.

McElree's Wine of Cardui and THEODORE'S BLACK-DRAUGHT are for sale by the following merchants: Marshall county: J. R. Lemon, Benton; George Locker, Birmingham; John M. Green & Son, Brewer's Mill; L. J. Gossett, Breinsburg; John Tichenor, Calvert City.

Jasper H. Haymes of near Hot Springs, Ark., called to see us on the 23d ult. He came in on his annual trip to see his father. He is a prosperous farmer in that state. We are always glad to meet him.

Farmers' and Laborers' Union. The next meeting of the Marshall county Farmers' and Laborers' Union will be at Breinsburg January 19th and 20th 1894.

J. H. GOHEEN, County President.

We wonder how long it will be before our justices of the peace will learn that the lowest fine for breach of peace is \$5 and that a prisoner can only pay fine and cost in jail at \$1 per day? Boys, get your books and post yourselves.

McElree's Wine of Cardui for Weak Nerves.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Dycus spent a few days during Christmas with his sister, Mrs. Sack Graham at Big Sandy, Tenn. When they returned Miss Una Graham, a charming little miss, came with them and is spending a few days with her relatives.

4-POS-TIV-LY-12

Four weeks by my method teaching book-keeping is equal to 12 weeks by the old style. POSITIONS GUARANTEED under certain conditions. Our "free" 56 and 80 page catalogues will explain "all." Send for them—Drangh's Business College and School of Shortland and Telegraphy—Nashville, Tenn. Cheap board. No vacation. Enter any time. Address J. F. DRANGH, Pres., Nashville, Tenn.

James Ray, esq., died at his home one day last week. He resided in the southwest part of the county and was at one time a prominent figure in the affairs of the county. He was the father of Mr. W. W. Ray, our fellowtownsman who resides in North Benton.

Elbert Foust and Dolph Dunn, two young men, fell out at the Palma Christmas tree about a mistake in the distribution of the presents and had quite a lively fight, but friends interferred and prevented, no doubt, a bloody encounter.

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA, October 13, 1893.

About two years ago I had a severe spell of grip and was induced by my relatives to try King's Royal Germetner. It soon cured the grip. My general health was bad and I continued its use for a few weeks and my health was greatly improved by its use. It is a very fine medicine for headaches. I know several persons who have used it for various diseases and they speak in highest praise of its virtues. Mrs. Geo. Tisdale.

There was a double wedding at the residence of Mr. Nath English near Scale Sunday evening at 2 o'clock of last week. The contracting parties were Mr. Charles Gordon and Miss Anna English, and Mr. Walter Gordon and Miss Billie English. Eld J. M. Pace of the Christian church tied the knot in his usually happy style.

Mr. Steve Bean traded land with Mr. Jacob Canup of Calloway county and will soon move with his family to his new home, while Mr. Canup and family will come to this county and live on the place that will be vacated by Mr. Bean. Both are good citizens.

Ripans Tablets relieve colic.

Shot.

Abe Livingston shot and killed E. H. Elliott in the Palmer House in Paducah during the holidays. The trouble came up over some trivial matter when, it is said, Livingston pulled his pop and shot Elliott from the effects of which he died and Livingston was arrested and put in jail to await the further action of the court.

Notice To Republicans.

All Republicans and those who intend to act with the Republican party in the future are requested to meet at the court house in Benton the 1st Monday in Feb., 1894 for the purpose of electing a chairman of the county committee and to re-organize the party.

W. S. GRIFFITH, Act Chair, J. W. COLE, Sec.

Golden Hill.

The society of the Sons of the Revolution have placed on the building owned and occupied by the Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine company, corner William and John streets, New York City, a bronze tablet to commemorate the battle of "Golden Hill," where the first blood was shed in the war of the revolution.

W. H. Meyer and J. F. King, of Fate, Texas, left for home last Saturday morning. They spent Christmas among their friends. Mr. Meyer was raised in this county by J. E. Bourland near Olive and was then known as Billie Bourland. He went to Texas about 20 years ago and since which time he has married and is now the father of eight promising children and possesses good property.

C. W. T. Eggnor, commonly known as Tohe, died very suddenly on Saturday the 23d of December. He was tolerably well known to most people in this and Calloway counties. He died near Aurora, or the place known as Eggnor's ferry. His death only leaves one living son of the late Milton Eggnor, and that is Frank P. Eggnor who will reside in the future at Hardin.

The good people of our neighboring city of Birmingham, we understand, passed an enjoyable Christmas. There was a revolving Christmas tree given for the joy and pleasure of the Sunday school children at the Methodist church, which was well attended by both old and young. There is nothing that goes father to please and stimulate the children than such a manifestation on the part of parents as was displayed there on Christmas night in the way of a revolving Christmas tree loaded with good and useful presents as a reward for punctual attendance at Sunday school during the old year.

James Alderson, the man who killed James Harper, had an examining trial before his honor the county judge a few days ago and was acquitted, it appearing by the evidence that the killing was done in self-defense. But while the trial was going on Mr. Jero was arrested charged with carrying concealed weapons. He was tried last Thursday and he likewise was not held over.

Chamberlain's Eye and Ear Ointment.

A certain cure for Chronic Sore Ey, Tetar, Salt Rheum, Seald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scatches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it and all other treatment had failed 25 cents per box.

James Sweeney and two other boys up about Aurora got into a fight during Christmas and on last Friday was tried before Esquire Whale. Sweeney was fined \$5, in default of the payment of it and costs was brought to town by Deputy Sheriff Rudolph and turned over to Jailer Ely, and now languishes in the bastille.

Wm Meyer, of Rockwall, Texas, was in the county during the last days of December to visit his relatives, and especially his mother whom he had not seen for nearly 20 years. He left this county with J. M. Bourland and this was his first visit since. He met a right royal welcome by all of his old acquaintances.

Mr. Steve Bean traded land with Mr. Jacob Canup of Calloway county and will soon move with his family to his new home, while Mr. Canup and family will come to this county and live on the place that will be vacated by Mr. Bean. Both are good citizens.

Ripans Tablets relieve colic.

Frank F. Johnston.

Our readers will find in this issue that the above named gentleman is now in the race for county assessor and is subject to the result of the primary election which is to be held on March 10th 1894. Mr. Johnston is pretty well known to the people in various parts of the county as a gentleman in every way qualified for the office he now seeks at the hands of the democrats of the county. He is a son of Mr. Hampton Johnston and resides at Sharpe where he has been engaged in putting up tobacco and farming for the past several years, which of course makes him thoroughly identified with the working masses. He is a poor man with a large family and no man needs the proceeds of the office more than he does. He is like the rest of the boys in the race to win, and desires that his friends all over the county rally to his support and give him the nomination. He also promises that if he is elected will do all in his power to make the people an officer of whom they will not be ashamed. His name is before the people and doubtless due consideration will be given his claims.

James A. Clark.

This is a time for surprises especially in the names of men who are announcing themselves candidates for office, and in today's paper many will doubtless be ageably surprised to see the name of the gentleman who heads this notice. It will be remembered that Mr. Clark was elected assessor of this county twice and served the people as one of the best and most efficient officers it ever had, which of course is a sure guarantee that if he is elected this time he will if possible make a better record as an officer than before. Quite a petition was handed in signed by his neighbors and friends calling on him to enter the contest for assessor, but when the committee met here Monday and called a primary for March 10, the pressure was brought to bear so strong on him that he at once decided to yield to their demands and at once enters the race to win and now asks the democrats to give him the nomination for this important office and he promises if the democratic banner goes down in his hands it will go with his face to the enemy. Mr. Clark was born and raised in the county and has by close economy weathered most of the adverse storms of life and now in his declining years when the proceeds of the office are so much needed by him asks the men who stood by him in gone by days to again assist him. His claims are before the people and merits their due consideration.

Stray notice.

Taken up and posted by James Cross living on the Breinsburg and Scale road 1 1/2 miles west of Breinsburg. One heifer calf about 8 months old, with crop off of left ear, white about forehead. Body mostly white, sides roan, valued by U. G. Karnes at \$3. Given under my hand Dec. 29, 1893.

H. C. HASTIN, J. P. M. C.

The Christmas holidays passed off very quietly considering the hard times and pretty weather. Several of the boys filled up fuller than was actually necessary on the oil of mementary enjoyment, but nothing of a serious nature resulted from it so far as we have been able to learn. There were two nice entertainments given in town during the holidays and with one or two exceptions good order prevailed on both occasions. The weather was all the heart of man could wish, and as a matter of course there was nothing to mar the pleasures of both old and young. Take it all in all Christmas came and passed away to the pleasure and satisfaction of one and all.

Stray Notice.

Taken up as an stray by L. T. Lucas living 4 1/2 miles south west of Benton, one cow, white with red spots on sides, crop off left ear and split in right, about ten years old and valued by James Groves at ten dollars. Given under my hand as justice of the peace for Marshall county this Jan. 2nd 1894.

H. C. THOMPSON, J. P. M. C.

Canned goods of every description at Cole's.

Buy your tinware at Cole's.

Ripans Tablets for sour stomach

George Holland's Hog.

George Holland who resides near Birmingham had a big fine fat hog that strayed away and could not be found for several weeks. He looked everywhere, and could not get any information concerning his hogship's whereabouts. One day while a gentleman was hunting in the woods he discovered a hog with its hinder parts in a stump and its head sticking out at the top. He went up near it but soon found the hog wild and would snap at everything that came near it. No one could go near it for fear of being bitten by it, and the only way to get it out was by throwing a long rope over its head and pulling it out. When it was out, it was found to be George Holland's lost hog. It was carried home and it yet sits on its tail and snaps like a dog at everything that comes near it. During its long stay in the stump it grew wild and poor and if it had not been for the ear marks on it its owner would never have known it.

S. L. Grace.

The readers of the Tribune will find the announcement of the gentleman whose name heads this article, in today's paper, offering his services to the people of the county in the capacity of a candidate for the office of county assessor. Mr. Grace is a good citizen of the county having lived in it for forty years, is a man in the prime of life with a good stock of that important article called common sense, and possesses a keen and discriminating judgment in all matters pertaining to the valuation of property. He is well acquainted with most of the people in the county and with the actual cash valuation of their property both real and personal, and if he should be so lucky and the county so fortunate as to have him for assessor a just and equitable assessment of the county's property at a lawful valuation can be assured. He is very anxious to receive the nomination at the hands of the democratic party believing he can safely be elected in November and in order to have his ambition gratified he will at once put himself before the people and with power and energy push his claims until the polls are closed in the primary. Mr. Grace commonly called "Syl" Grace is an applicant whose claims are worthy your consideration and we heartily commend him to the tender mercies of the democratic party.

W. E. Warren.

Read in the announcement column of today's Tribune and there will be found the name of W. E. Warren known by most men as "Tate Warren." He resides near Olive and has an ambition to once in life be elected assessor of this county and in order to do so comes weekly before its voters, asking them to give him the coveted position. He is a lifelong democrat and of course submits his claims to the action of his party. He is a man of family in straightened circumstances having recently lost one of his legs, which is a misfortune without an estimate. His qualifications are of the best and as an honored gentleman he has no superior, yet his necessities are great and the profits of the office needed beyond comparison. Its true he can't get about over the county like some of his opponents yet he will see as many of the voters of the county as the next one and push his claims before the men of his party with all the energy and power of a man with two good legs. We submit his name to our readers and ask them to consider his claims and act on them as they in their judgment think best.

The Globe-Democrat Free.

Any reader of this paper can get The St. Louis Globe-Democrat free. Read the offer, on another page, and take advantage of it at once. The Weekly Globe-Democrat is now issued in Semi-weekly sections, eight pages each Tuesday and Friday, 16 pages every week, making it practically a semi-weekly paper, yet the price remains only \$1 a year. In politics, it is strictly Republican, but it gives all the news, and is absolutely indispensable to the farmer, merchant or professional man who has not the time to read a large daily paper, and yet desires to keep promptly and thoroughly posted. Sample copies will be sent free on application to Globe Printing company St. Louis, Mo.

Lightning Liver and Kidney Remedy.

Will cure backache, pain in the side, dizziness, loss of appetite, constipation and all liver and urinary troubles.

Lightning Cough Drops.

Will cure coughs, croup, whooping cough, hoarseness, bronchitis, sore throat, and will relieve consumption.

Lightning Hot Drops.

Will cure neuralgia, toothache, earache, sprains, burns, bruises, cramps, colic and all painful affections. A sure cure for diarrhea or summer complaint.

Lightning Worm Killer.

Will remove all kinds of worms from the system. Cures worm fever and colic; prevents worm fits.

Lightning Vegetable Liver Pills.

Cure sick headache, acidity of the stomach, biliousness, etc.

Lightning Blood Purifier.

Cures pimples, scrofula, and all skin and blood disorders.

Lightning Horse and Cattle Powders.

Are the best for all kinds of stock. Try them.

All the Lightning Remedies are sold and guaranteed to relieve or money refunded, by R. H. Starks.

THE OLD DOCTOR'S Colton Root Pills.

LADIES' FAVORITE. ALWAYS HELD AS THE BEST OF THE KIND. The name is used by thousands of women all over the United States, and is the only one of its kind. It is a private mail order, for 4 years, and is not sold in any other way. It is a sure cure for all kinds of female troubles. Send 4 cents (drugs) for a trial bottle. DR. WARD INSTITUTE, 120 N. 9th St., St. Louis, Mo.

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This Great Cough Cure promptly cures all coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, hoarseness, and all other throat and lung troubles. It is a sure cure for all kinds of coughs. Send 4 cents (drugs) for a trial bottle. DR. WARD INSTITUTE, 120 N. 9th St., St. Louis, Mo.

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LAGRIFFE AGAIN.

The United States has never suffered from any disease that has caused such fearful results as has LaGrippe. Royal Germetner has never failed to cure it quickly where used.

RELIABLE EVIDENCE. ATLANTA, Ga., Nov. 28, 1893. "In January last I had a violent attack of LaGrippe. I was advised by a friend to use Royal Germetner, which cured me in a couple of days. I was again attacked by the grip this month and profiting by my former experience I commenced at once with Germetner and did not have to go to bed. I consider it a specific for LaGrippe." L. STUART.

Most recovery, Ala., Oct. 18, 1893. "About two years ago I had a severe spell of 'grip' and was induced by my relatives to try Royal Germetner. It soon cured the 'grip'." Mrs. Geo. Tisdale.

SWEETWATER, Tenn., June 28, 1893. "My little son had LaGrippe, was greatly prostrated, and continued to decline until we gave him Royal Germetner. He began to improve at once and soon regained his health." J. T. BARROW, Pastor First Baptist Church.

Rev. W. G. E. Cunningham, editor Sunday School Literature, M. E. Church, South, says: "The 'grippe' attacked me a second time last spring. One bottle of Germetner relieved me, as it did before. I feel entirely free from all symptoms of 'La Grippe' at present." Rev. J. W. Howard, Baptist City Missionary of Columbus, Ga., writes Oct. 3, 1893: "Some years ago I had an attack of 'grip' which produced catarrh in my head and general prostration. I used Royal Germetner and it wrought a wonderful cure."

Keep the bowels open with Germetner Pills.

King's Royal Germetner Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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Send one PAPERLESS treatment without knife. No loss of time from business. Painless. No cure, also cured. 25 cents. Question Blank and Book free. Call or write. DR. H. B. BUTTS, 522 Pine Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.

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A STUDY IN SCARLET

BY A. CONAN DOYLE

Being a reprint from the reminiscences of JOHN H. WATSON, M. D., late of the Army Medical Department.

CHAPTER I

MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES

On the year 1878 I took my degree of doctor of medicine of the university of London, and proceeded to Netley to go through the course prescribed for surgeons in the army. Having completed my studies there I was duly attached to the Fifth Northumberland Fusiliers as assistant surgeon. The regiment was stationed in India at the time, and before I could join it the second Afghan war had broken out. On landing at Bombay I learned that my corps had advanced through the passes, and was already deep in the enemy's country. I followed, however, with many other officers who were in the same situation as myself, and succeeded in reaching Candahar in safety, where I found my regiment, and at once entered upon my new duties.

The campaign brought honors and promotion to many, but for me it had nothing but misfortune and disaster. I was removed from my brigade and attached to the Berkshires, with whom I served at the fatal battle of Maiwand. There I was struck on the shoulder by a Jezail bullet, which shattered the bone and grazed the subclavian artery. I should have fallen into the hands of the numerous Ghazis had it not been for the devotion and courage shown by Murray, my orderly, who threw me across a pack-horse and succeeded in bringing me safely to the British lines.

Worn with pain, and weak from the prolonged hardships which I had undergone, I was removed, with a great train of wounded sufferers, to the hospital at Peshawar. Here I rallied, and had already improved so far as to be able to walk about the wards, and even to bask a little upon the veranda, when I was struck down by enteric fever, that curse of our Indian possessions. For months my life was despaired of, and when at last I came to myself and became convalescent I was so weak and emaciated that a medical board determined that not a day should be lost in sending me back to England. I was despatched, accordingly, in the troopship *Orontes*, and landed a month later on Portsmouth jetty, with my health irretrievably ruined, but with permission from a paternal government to spend the next nine months in attempting to improve it.

I had neither kith nor kin in England, and was therefore as free as air, and as free as an income of eleven shillings and sixpence a day will permit a man to be. Under such circumstances I naturally gravitated to London, that great cesspool into which all the loungers and idlers of the empire are irresistibly drained. There I stayed for some time at a private hotel in the Strand, leading a comfortable, meaningless existence, and spending much money as I had considerably more freely than I ought. So alarming did the state of my finances become that I soon realized that I must either leave the metropolis and rustle out somewhere in the country, or that I must make a complete alteration in my style of living. Choosing the latter alternative, I began by making up my mind to leave the hotel, and to take up my quarters in some less pretentious and less expensive domicile.

On the very day that I had come to this conclusion, I was standing at the Criterion bar, when some one tapped me on the shoulder, and turning round I recognized young Stamford, who had been a dresser under me at Bart's. The sight of a friendly face in the great wilderness of London was a pleasant thing indeed to a lonely man. In old days Stamford had never been a particular enemy of mine, but now I hailed him with enthusiasm, and he, in turn, appeared to be delighted to see me. In the exuberance of my joy I asked him to lunch with me at the Holborn, and we started off together in a hansom.

"Whatever have you been doing with yourself, Watson?" he asked, in undisguised wonder, as we rattled through the crowded London streets. "You are as thin as a lath and as brown as a nut."

I gave him a short sketch of my adventures, and had hardly concluded it by the time that we reached our destination.

"Poor devil!" he said, commiseratingly, after he had listened to my misfortunes. "What are you up to now?"

"Looking for lodgings," I answered. "Trying to solve the problem as to whether it is possible to get comfortable rooms at a reasonable price."

"That's a strange thing," remarked my companion; "you are the second man to-day that has used that expression to me."

"And who was the first?" I asked.

"A fellow who is working at the

chemical laboratory up at the hospital. He was bemoaning himself this morning because he could not get some one to go halves with him in some nice rooms which he had found, and which were too much for his purse."

"By Jove!" I cried, "if he really wants some one to share the rooms and the expense, I am the very man for him. I should prefer having a partner to being alone."

Young Stamford looked rather strangely at me over his wineglass.

"You don't know Sherlock Holmes yet," he said; "perhaps you would not care for him as a constant companion."

"Why, what is there against him?"

"Oh, I didn't say there was anything against him. He is a little queer in his ideas—an enthusiast in some branches of science. As far as I know, he is a decent fellow enough."

"A medical student, I suppose?" said I.

"No—I have no idea what he intends to go in for. I believe he is well up in anatomy, and he is a first-class chemist; but, as far as I know, he has never taken out any systematic medical classes. His studies are very desultory and eccentric, but he has amassed a lot of out-of-the-way knowledge which would astonish his professors."

"Did you never ask him what he was going in for?" I asked.

"No; he is not a man that it is easy to draw out, though he can be communicative enough when the fancy seizes him."

"I should like to meet him," I said.

"If I am to lodge with anyone, I should prefer a man with studious and quiet habits. I am not strong enough yet to stand much noise or excitement. I had enough of both in Afghanistan to last me for the remainder of my natural existence. How could I meet this friend of yours?"

"He is sure to be at the laboratory. He either works there for weeks, or else he works there for morning to night. If you like, we shall drive round together after luncheon."

"Certainly," I answered, and the conversation drifted away into other channels.

As we made our way to the hospital after leaving the Holborn, Stamford gave me a few more particulars about the gentleman whom I proposed to take as a fellow lodger.

"You mustn't blame me if you don't get on with him," he said; "I know nothing more of him than I have learned from meeting him occasionally in the laboratory. You proposed this arrangement, so you must not hold me responsible."

"If we don't get on it will be easy to part company," I answered. "It seems to me, Stamford," I added, looking hard at my companion, "that you have some reason for wishing your hands of the matter. Is this fellow's temper so formidable, or what is it? Don't be mealy-mouthed about it."

"It is not easy to express the inexpressible," he answered, with a laugh. "Holmes is a little too scientific for my tastes—it approaches to cold-bloodedness. I could imagine his giving a friend a little pinch of the latest vegetable alkaloid not out of malevolence, you understand, but simply out of a spirit of inquiry in order to have an accurate idea of the effects. To do him justice, I think that he would take it himself with the same readiness. He appears to have a passion for definite and exact knowledge."

"Very right, too."

"Yes; but it may be pushed to excess. When it comes to beating the subjects in the dissecting-rooms with a stick it is certainly taking rather a bizarre shape."

"Beating the subjects?"

"Yes, to verify how far bruises may be produced after death. I saw him at it with my own eyes."

"And yet you say he is not a medical student?"

"No. Heaven knows what the objects of his studies are! But here we are, and you must form your own impression about him."

As he spoke we turned down a narrow lane and passed through a small side door which opened into a wing of the great hospital. It was familiar ground to me and I needed no guiding, as we ascended the bleak stone staircase and made our way down the long corridor with its vista of whitewashed wall and dim-colored doors. Near the farther end a low, arched passage branched away from it and led to the chemical laboratory.

This was a lofty chamber, lined and littered with countless bottles. Broad, low tables were scattered about, which bristled with retorts, test-tubes and little Bunsen lamps, with their blue flickering flames. There was only one student in the room, who was bending over a distant table absorbed in his work. At the sound of our steps he glanced round and sprang to his feet with a cry of pleasure. "I've found it!" he shouted to my companion, running toward us with a test-tube in his hand. "I have found a reagent which is precipitated by hemoglobin, and by nothing else."

Had he discovered a gold mine, greater delight could not have shone upon his features.

"Dr. Watson—Mr. Sherlock Holmes," said Stamford, introducing us.

"How are you?" he said, cordially, gripping my hand with a strength for which I should hardly have given him credit. "You have been in Afghanistan, I perceive."

"How on earth did you know that?" I asked, in astonishment.

"Never mind," said he, chuckling to himself. "The question now is about hemoglobin. No doubt you see the significance of this discovery of mine?"

"It is interesting, chemically, no doubt," I answered; "but practically—"

"Why, man, it is the most practical medico-legal discovery for years. Don't you see that it gives us an infallible test for blood-stains? Come

THERE WAS ONLY ONE STUDENT IN THE ROOM.

over here, now!" He seized me by the coat-sleeve in his eagerness, and drew me over to the table at which he had been working. "Let us have some fresh blood," he said, digging a long bodkin into his finger, and drawing off the resulting drop of blood in a chemical pipette. "Now, I add this small quantity of blood to a litre of water. You perceive that the resulting mixture has the appearance of true water. The proportion of blood cannot be more than one in a million. I have no doubt, however, that we shall be able to obtain the characteristic reaction."

As he spoke, he threw into the vessel a few white crystals, and then added some drops of a transparent fluid. In an instant the contents assumed a dull mahogany color, and a brownish dust was precipitated to the bottom of the glass jar.

"Ha! ha!" he cried, clapping his hands, and looking as delighted as a child with a new toy. "What do you think of that?"

"It seems to be a very delicate test," I remarked.

"Beautiful! beautiful! The old guinea test was very clumsy and uncertain. So is the microscopic examination for blood-corpuscles. The latter is valueless if the stains are a few hours old. Now, this appears to act as well whether the blood is old or new. Had this test been invented, there are hundreds of men now walking the earth who would long ago have paid the penalty of their crimes."

"Indeed!" I murmured.

"Criminal cases are continually hanging upon that one point. A man is suspected of a crime months perhaps after it has been committed. His linen or clothes are examined, and brownish stains discovered upon them. Are they blood-stains, or mud-stains, or rust-stains, or fruit-stains, or what are they? That is a question which has puzzled many an expert, and why? Because there was no reliable test. Now we have the Sherlock Holmes test, and there will no longer be any difficulty."

His eyes fairly glittered as he spoke, and he put his hand over his heart and bowed as if to some applauding crowd conjured up by his imagination. "I remarked, considerably surprised at his enthusiasm.

"There was the case of Von Bischoff at Frankfurt last year. He would certainly have been hung had this test been in existence. Then there was Mason, of Bradford, and the notorious Muller and Lefevre, of Montpellier, and Samson, of New Orleans. I could name a score of cases in which it would have been decisive."

"You seem to be a walking calendar of crime," said Stamford, with a laugh. "You might start a paper on those lines. Call it the Police News of the Past."

"Very interesting reading it might be made, too," remarked Sherlock Holmes, sticking a small piece of plaster over the prick on his finger. "I have to be careful," he continued, turning to me with a smile, "for I dabble with poisons a good deal." He held out his hand as he spoke, and I noticed that it was all mottled over with similar pieces of plaster and discolored with strong acids.

"We came here on business," said Stamford, sitting down on a three-legged stool and pushing another one in my direction with his foot. "My friend here wants to see the diggings, and as you were complaining that you could get no one to go halves with you, I thought that I had better bring you together."

Sherlock Holmes seemed delighted at the idea of sharing his rooms with me. "I have my eye on a suite in Baker street," he said, "which would suit us down to the ground. You don't mind the smell of strong tobacco, do you?"

"I always smoke 'ships' myself," I answered.

"That's good enough. I generally have chemicals about, and occasionally do experiments. Would that annoy you?"

"By no means."

"Let me see—what are my other shortcomings? I get in the dumps at times and don't open my mouth for days on end. You must not think I am as sulky when I do that. Just let me alone and I'll soon be all right. What have you to confess, now? It's just as well for two fellows to know the worst of one another before they begin to live together."

"I laughed at this cross-examination. 'I keep a bull-pup,' said he, object to rows, because my nerves are shaken, and I get up at all sorts of ungodly hours, and I am extremely lazy. I have another set of vices when I'm well, but those are the principal ones at present."

"Do you include violin-playing in your category of rows?" he asked, anxiously.

"It depends on the player," I answered. "A well-played violin is a treat for the gods; a badly played one—"

"Oh, that's all right," he cried, with a merry laugh. "I think we may consider the thing as settled—that is, if the rooms are agreeable to you."

"When shall we see them?"

"Call for me here at noon to-morrow, and we'll go together and settle everything," he answered.

"All right—noon exactly," said I, shaking his hand.

We left him working among his chemicals, and we walked together toward my hotel.

"By the way," I asked suddenly, stopping and turning upon Stamford, "how the deuce did he know that I had come from Afghanistan?"

My companion smiled an enigmatical smile. "That's just his little peculiarity," he said. "A good many people have wanted to know how he finds things out."

"Oh! a mystery, is it?" I cried, rubbing my hands. "This is very piquant.

I am much obliged to you for bringing us together. The proper study of mankind is man, you know."

"You must study him, then," Stamford said, as he bade me good-by. "You'll find him a knotty problem, though. I'll wager he learns more about you than you about him. Good-by."

"Good-by," I answered, and strolled on to my hotel, considerably interested in my new acquaintance.

CHAPTER II

THE SCIENCE OF DETECTION

We met next day as he had arranged, and inspected the rooms at No. 221B Baker street, of which he had spoken at our meeting. They consisted of a couple of comfortable bedrooms and a single large, airy sitting-room, cheerfully furnished, and illuminated by two broad windows. So desirable in every way were the apartments, and so moderate did the terms seem when divided between us, that the bargain was concluded upon the spot, and we at once entered into possession. That very evening I moved my things round from the hotel, and on the following morning Sherlock Holmes followed me with several boxes and portmanteaus. For a day or two we were busily employed in unpacking and laying out our property to the best advantage. That done, we gradually began to settle down and to accommodate ourselves to our new surroundings.

Holmes was certainly not a difficult man to live with. He was quiet in his ways and his habits were regular. It was rare for him to be up after ten at night, and he had invariably breakfasted and gone out before I rose in the morning. Sometimes he spent his day at the chemical laboratory, sometimes in the dissecting-rooms and occasionally in long walks, which appeared to take him into the lower portions of the city. Nothing could exceed his energy when the working fit was upon him, but now and again a reaction would seize him and for days on end he would lie upon the sofa in the sitting-room, hardly uttering a word or moving a muscle from morning to night. On these occasions I have noticed such a dreamy, vacant expression in his eyes that I might have suspected him of being addicted to the use of some narcotic had not the temperance and cleanliness of his whole life forbidden such a notion.

As the weeks went by, my interest in him and my curiosity as to his aims in life gradually deepened and increased. His very person and appearance were such as to strike the attention of the most casual observer. In height he was rather over six feet, and so excessively lean that he seemed to be considerably taller. His eyes were sharp and piercing, save during those intervals of torpor to which he had alluded, and his thin, hawk-like nose gave his whole expression an air of alertness and decision. His chin, too, had the prominence and squareness which mark the man of determination. His hands were invariably blotched with ink and stained with chemicals, yet he was possessed of extraordinary delicacy of touch, as I frequently had occasion to observe when I watched him manipulating his fragile philosophical instruments.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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