The Sign of the Four.

By A. Conan Doyle.

CHAPTER I.

THE SCIENCE OF DEDUCTION.

Sherlock Holmes took his bottle from the corner of the mantelpiece and his hypodermic syringe from its neat morocco case. With his long, white, nervous fingers he adjusted the delicate needle, and rolled back his left shirt-cuff. For some little time his eyes rested thoughtfully upon the sinewy forearm and wrist, all dotted and scarred with innumerable puncture marks. Finally he thrust the sharp point home, pressed down the tiny piston, and sank back into the velvet-lined arm chair with a long sigh of satisfaction.

Three times a day for many months I had witnessed this performance, but custom had not reconciled my mind to it. On the contrary, from day to day I had become more irritable at the sight, and my conscience swelled nightly within me at the thought that I had lacked the courage to protest. Again and again I had registered a vow that I should deliver my soul upon the subject, but there was that in the cool, nonchalant air of my companion which made him the last man with whom one would care to take anything approaching to a liberty. His great powers, his masterly manner, and the experience which I had had of his many extraordinary qualities, all made me diffident and backward in crossing him.

Yet upon that afternoon, whether it was the claret which I had taken with my lunch, or the additional exasperation produced by the extreme deliberation of his manner, I suddenly felt that I could hold out no longer.

"Which is it to-day?" I asked. "Morphine or cocaine?"

He raised his eyes languidly from the old black-letter volume which he had opened. "It is cocaine," he said; "a seven per cent. solution. Would you care to try it?"

"No, indeed," I answered, brusquely. "My constitution has not got over the Afghan campaign yet. I cannot afford to throw any extra strain upon it."

He smiled at my vehemence. "Perhaps you are right, Watson," he said. "I suppose that its influence is physically a bad one. I find it, however, so transcendently stimulating and clarifying to the mind that its secondary action is a matter of small moment."

"But consider!" I said, earnestly. "Count the cost! Your brain may, as you say, be roused and excited, but it is a pathological and morbid process, which involves increased tissue-change and may at last leave a permanent weakness. You know, too, what a black reaction comes upon you. Surely the game is hardly worth the candle. Why should you, for a mere passing pleasure, risk the loss of those great powers with which you have been endowed? Remember that I speak not only as one comrade to another, but as a medical man to one for whose constitution he is to some extent answerable."

He did not seem offended. On the contrary, he put his finger-tips together and leaned his elbows on the arms of his chair, like one who has a relish for conversation.

"My mind," he said, "rebels at stagnation. Give me problems, give me work, give me the most abstruse cryptogram, or the most intricate analysis, and I am in my own proper atmosphere. I can dispense then with artificial stimulants. But I abhor the dull routine of existence. I crave for mental exaltation. That is why I have chosen my own particular profession—or rather created it, for I am the only one in the world."

"The only unofficial detective?" I said, raising my eyebrows.

"The only unofficial consulting detective," he answered. "I am the last and highest court of appeal in detection. When Gregson, or Lestrade, or Athelney Jones are out of their depths—which, by the way, is their normal state—the matter is laid before me. I examine the data, as an expert, and pronounce a specialist's opinion. I claim no credit in such cases. My name figures in no newspaper. The work itself, the pleasure of finding a field for my peculiar powers, is my highest reward. But you have yourself had some experience of my methods of work in the *Jefferson Hope case.*"

"Yes, indeed," said I, cordially, "I was never so struck by anything in my life. I even embodied it in a small brochure with the somewhat fantastic title of 'A Study in Scarlet.'"

He shook his head sadly. "I glanced over it," said he. "Honestly I can not congratulate you upon it. Detection is, or ought to be, an exact science, and should be treated in the same cold and unemotional manner. You have attempted to tinge it with romanticism, which produces much the same effect as if you worked a love story or an elopement into the fifth proposition of Euclid."

"But the romance was there," I remonstrated. "I could not tamper with the facts."

"Some facts should be suppressed, or at least a just sense of proportion should be observed in treating them. The only point in the case which deserved mention was the curious analytical reasoning from effects to causes by which I succeeded in unraveling it."

I was annoyed at this criticism of a work which had been specially designed to please him. I confess, too, that I was irritated by the egotism which seemed to demand that every line of my pamphlet should be devoted to his own special doings. More than once during the years that I had lived with him in Baker street I had observed that a small vanity underlay my companion's quiet and didactic manner. I made no remark, however, but sat nursing my wounded leg. I had had a Jezail bullet through it some time before, and though it did not prevent me from walking, it ached wearily at every change of the weather.

"My practice has extended recently to the Continent," said Holmes, after a while, filling up his old brier-root pipe. "I was consulted last week by Francois Le Villard, who, as you probably know, has come rather to the front lately in the French detective service. He has all the Celtic power of quick intuition, but he is deficient in the wide range of exact knowledge which is essential to the higher developments of his art. The case was concerned with a will, and possessed some features of interest. I was able to refer him to two parallel cases; the one at Riga id 1857, and the other at St. Louis in 1871, which have suggested to him the true solution. Here is the letter which I had this morning acknowledging my assistance." He tossed over, as he spoke, a crumpled sheet of foreign note-paper. I glanced my eyes down it, catching a profusion of notes of admiration, with stray "magnifiques," "coup-de-maitres," and "tours de force," all testifying to the ardent admiration of the Frenchman.

"He speaks as a pupil to his master," said I.

"Oh, he rates my assistance too highly," said Sherlock Holmes, lightly. "He has considerable gifts himself. He possesses two out of the three qualities necessary for the ideal detective. He has the power of observation and that of deduction. He is only wanting in knowledge; and that may come in time. He is now translating my small works into French."

"Your works?"

"Oh, didn't you know?" he cried, laughing. "Yes, I have been guilty of several monographs. They are all upon technical subjects. Here, for example, is one 'Upon the Distinction Between the Ashes of the Various Tobaccos.' In it I enumerate a hundred and forty forms of cigar, cigarette and pipe tobacco, with colored plates illustrating the difference in the ash. It is a point which is continually turning up in criminal trials, and which is sometimes of supreme importance as a clue. If you can say definitely, for example, that some murder has been done by a man who was smoking an Indian lunkah, it obviously narrows your field of search. To the trained eye there is as much difference between the black ash of a Trinchinopoly and the white fluff of bird's-eye as there is between a cabbage and a potato."

"You have an extraordinary genius for minutiae," I remarked.

"I appreciate their importance. Here is my monograph upon the tracing of footsteps, with some remarks upon the uses of plaster of paris as a preserver of impresses. Here, too, is a curious little work upon the influence of a trade upon the form of the hand, with lithotypes of the hands of slaters, sailors, cork-cutters, compositors, weavers and diamond-polishers. That is a matter of great practical interest to the scientific detective—especially in cases of unclaimed bodies, or in discovering the antecedents of criminals. But I weary you with my hobby."

"Not at all," I answered, earnestly. "It is of the greatest interest to me, especially since I have had the opportunity of observing your practical application of it. But you spoke just now of observation and deduction. Surely the one to some extent implies the other."

"Why, hardly," he answered, leaning back luxuriously in his arm-chair, and sending up thick blue wreaths from his pipe. "For example, observation shows me that you have been to the Wigmore street Postoffice this morning, but deduction lets me know that when there you dispatched a telegram."

"Right!" said I. "Right on both points! But I confess that I don't see how you arrived at it. It was a sudden impulse upon my part, and I have mentioned it to no one."

"It is simplicity itself," he remarked, chuckling at my surprise; "so absurdly simple that an explanation is superfluous; and yet it may serve to define the limits of observation and of deduction. Observation tells me that you have a little reddish mold adhering to your instep. Just opposite the Seymour street office they have taken up the pavement and thrown up some earth which lies in such a way that it is difficult to avoid treading in it in entering. The earth is of this peculiar reddish tint which is found, so far as I know, nowhere else in the neighborhood. So much is observation. The rest is deduction."

"How, then, did you deduce the telegram?"

"Why, of course I knew that you had not written a letter, since I sat opposite to you all morning. I see also in your open desk there that you have a sheet of stamps and a thick bundle of post-cards. What could you go into the postoffice for, then, but to send a wire? Eliminate all other factors, and the one which remains must be the truth."

"In this case it certainly is so," I replied, after a little thought. "The thing, however, is, as you say, of the simplest. Would you think me impertinent if I were to put your theories to a more severe test?"

"On the contrary," he answered, "it would prevent me from taking a second dose of cocaine. I should be delighted to look into any problem which you might submit to me."

"I have heard you say that it is difficult for a man to have any object in daily use without leaving the impress of his individuality upon it in such a way that a trained observer might read it. Now, I have here a watch which has recently come into my possession. Would you have the kindness to let me have an opinion upon the character or habits of the late owner?"

I handed him the watch with some slight feeling of amusement in my heart, for the test was, as I thought, an impossible one, and I intended it as a lesson against the somewhat dogmatic tone which he occasionally assumed. He balanced the watch in his hand, gazed hard at the dial, opened the back, and examined the works, first with his naked eyes and then with a powerful convex lens. I could hardly keep from smiling at his crest-fallen face when he finally snapped the case to and handed it back.

"There are hardly any data," he remarked. "The watch has been recently cleaned, which robs me of my most suggestive facts."

"You are right," I answered. "It was cleaned before being sent to me." In my heart I accused my companion of putting forward a most lame and impotent excuse to cover his failure. What data could he expect from an uncleaned watch?

"Though unsatisfactory, my research has not been entirely barren," he observed, staring up at the ceiling with dreamy, lack-luster eyes. "Subject to your correction, I should judge that the watch belonged to your elder brother, who inherited it from your father."

"That you gather, no doubt, from the H. W. upon the back?"

"Quite so. The W. suggests your own name. The date of the watch is nearly fifty years back, and the initials are as old as the watch; so it was made for the last generation. Jewelery usually descends to the eldest son, and he is most likely to have the same name as the father. Your father has, if I remember right, been dead many years. It has, therefore, been in the hands of your eldest brother."

"Right, so far," said I. "Anything else?"

"He was a man of untidy habits—very untidy and careless. He was left with good prospects, but he threw away his chances, lived for some time in poverty, with occasional short intervals of prosperity, and finally, taking to drink, he died. That is all I can gather."

I sprang from my chair and limped impatiently about the room with considerable bitterness in my heart.

"This is unworthy of you, Holmes," I said. "I could not have believed that you would have descended to this. You have made inquiries into the history of my unhappy brother, and you now pretend to deduce this knowledge in some fanciful way. You can not expect me to believe that you have read all this from his old watch! It is unkind, and, to speak plainly, has a touch of charlatanism in it."

"My dear doctor," said he, kindly, "pray accept my apologies. Viewing the matter as an abstract problem, I had forgotten how personal and painful a thing it might be to you. I assure you, however, that I never even knew that you had a brother until you handed me the watch."

"Then how in the name of all that is wonderful did you get all these facts? They are absolutely correct in every particular."

"Ah, that is good luck. I could only say what was the balance of probability. I did not at all expect to be so accurate."

"But it was not mere guess-work?"

"No, no; I never guess. It is a shocking habit—destructive to the logical faculty. What seems strange to you is only so because you do not follow my train of thought or observe the small facts upon which large inferences may depend. For example, I began by stating that your brother was careless. When you observe the lower part of that watch-case you notice that it is not only dented in two places, but it is cut and marked all over from the habit of keeping other hard objects, such as coins or keys, in the same pocket. Surely it is no great feat to assume that a man who treats a fifty-guinea watch so cavalierly must be a careless man. Neither is it a very far-fetched inference that a man who inherits one article of such value is pretty well provided for in other respects."

I nodded to show that I followed his reasoning.

"It is very customary for pawnbrokers in England, when they take a watch, to scratch the number of the ticket with a pin-point upon the inside of the case. It is more handy than a label, as there is no risk of the number being lost or transposed. There are no less than four such numbers visible to my lens on the inside of this case. Inference—that your brother was often at low water. Secondary inference—that he had occasional bursts of prosperity, or he could not heve redeemed the pledge. Finally, I ask you to look at the inner plate which contains the key-hole. Look at the thousands of scratches all around the hole—marks where the key has slipped. What sober man's key could have scored those grooves? But you will never see a drunkard's watch without them. He winds it at night, and he leaves these traces of his unsteady hand. Where is the mystery in all this?"

"It is as clear as daylight," I answered. "I regret the injustice which I did you. I should have had more faith in your marvelous faculty. May I ask whether you have any professional inquiry on foot at present?"

"None. Hence the cocaine. I can not live without brain-work. What else is there to live for? Stand at the window here. Was ever such a dreary, dismal, unprofitable world? See how the yellow fog swirls down the street and drifts across dun-colored houses. What could be more hopelessly prosaic and material? What is the use of having powers, doctor, when one has no field upon which to exert them? Crime is commonplace, and existence is commonplace, and no qualities save those which are commonplace have any function upon earth."

I had opened my mouth to reply to his tirade, when, with a crisp knock, our landlady entered, bearing a card upon the brass salver.

"A young lady for you, sir," she said, addressing my companion.

"Miss Mary Morstan," he read. "Hum! I have no recollection of that name. Ask the young lady to step up, Mrs. Hudson. Don't go, doctor. I shall prefer that you remain."

CHAPTER II.

THE STATEMENT OF THE CASE.

Miss Morstan entered the room with a firm step and an outward composure of manner. She was a blonde young lady; small, dainty, well gloved, and dressed in the most perfect taste. There was, however, a plainness and simplicity about her costume which bore with it a suggestion of limited means. The dress was a somber grayish beige, untrimed and unbraided, and she wore a a small turban of the same dull hue, relieved only by a suspicion of white feather in the side. Her face had neither regularity of feature nor beauty of complexion, but her expression was sweet and amiable, and her large blue eyes were singularly spiritual and sympathetic. In an experience of women which extends over many nations and three separate continents I have never looked upon a face which gave a clearer promise of a refined and sensitive nature. I could not but observe that, as she took the seat which Sherlock Holmes placed for her, her lip trembled, her hand quivered, and she showed every sign of intense inward agitation.

"I have come to you, Mr. Holmes," she said, "because you once enabled my employer, Mrs. Cecil Forrester, to unravel a little domestic complication. She was much impressed by your kindness and skill."

"Mrs. Cecil Forrester," he repeated, thoughtfully. "I believe that I was of some slight service to her. The case, however, as I remember it was a very simple one."

"She did not think so. But, at least, you cannot say the same of mine. I can hardly imagine anything more strange, more utterly inexplicable, than the situation in which I find myself."

(To be Continued.)

Chunks of Information.

A postage stamp of Mauritius issue, two-penny blue, unused, sold in London a few days ago for $700.

Our exports of manufactures of iron and steel for the eight months ended on August 31, 1895, were valued at $21,952,642—an increase as compared with the corresponding months of last year of $3,290,431.

A novel feature at recent receptions and afternoon teas at Springfield, Mass., has been the appearance of six colored boys as waiters, dressed in Nubian costume of white turbans and baggy trousers.

Diphtheria serum is about to be manufactured on a commercial scale by a dyeing establishment at Hochst, near Frankfort-on-the-Main. It will be much concentrated and five times as strong as that hitherto used.

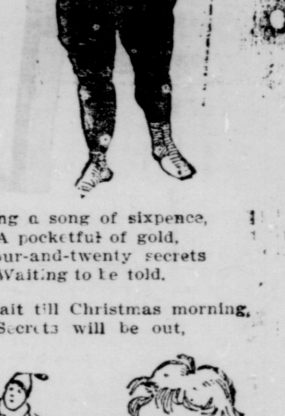
A recent magazine writer says the London Times is "the most arrogant the most unbribable thing in Europe, sober, serene, exasperatingly honest, more British than Queen Victoria, and more ubiquitous than the Vatican."

The Yale faculty has voted a special appropriation of $1,500 to aid the organizaton of a symphony orchestra in the musical department of the university, to consist of about 40 of the best student musicians. This is said to be the first organization of the kind ever attempted in this country.

The Geographical Society of Florence will celebrate, in 1898, the 400th anniversary of Americus Vespucius's voyage of discovery, and will invite all the geographical societies in the world to take part in the festivities. There is to be an exhibition of objects relating to these voyages, and at the same time the unveiling of a monument.

In almost every country there is an idea that the salamander lives, or can live, in the fire. There is a strange peculiarity about this creature, which has given rise to the superstition. When placed in a very warm situation, the salamander throws out, from orifices in his side, small quantities of fluid to relieve the oppressive warmth.

AN OLD SONG RESUNG.



Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocketful of gold,
Four-and-twenty secrets
Waiting to be told.

Wait till Christmas morning,
Secrets will be out,

Isn't that a jolly time
To hear the children shout?

Children in the parlor
Pulling out their toys;
Parents in the doorway
Laughing at their noise;

Postman on the doorstep
Handing up the mail—
Isn't this a merry time?
Pleasures never fail!

—Our Little Ones

"THOUGHTFUL JIM."

His Part in a Gold Mine Boom of an Earlier Day.

For a week or more "Thoughtful Jim" of Strawberry Hill, had been unusually thoughtful. He was a quiet, thoughtful man when he came to us. Even when working the hardest he had a far-away look in his eyes and his mind seemed to be somewhere else. A dozen or more of us had a talk about him one night, and after an hour's discussion Elder Watkins arose and said—:

"While I'd ruther hev a feller around who breaks out and cusses and cracks his heels together occasionally, I hain't agin a thortful man. If Jim wants to sot and think instead of talkin' let him think and be hanged to him."

That was the general feeling for some months, but when it came to pass that "Thoughtful Jim" spent nine-tenths of his time sitting around on the rocks with his chin on his hands, while his partner was doing all the work, that partner felt he had a right to complain. He did complain, and as a result a committee waited on the delinquent and the chairman said:

"Jim Bailey, this aint' no country fur a thortful man."

"No?" queries Jim, looking off down the valley in a dreamy way.

"When a feller has so many thinks to think of that he has to sit down and let his partner do all the work it looks bad."

"Yes?" says Jim, never raising his eyes to look around him.

"The boys is apt to suspect that he killed his mother, burned an orphan asylum or tore down a meetin' house back in the States. Mebbe he's stole hosses or robbed banks, or went around murderin' innercent babies, and his mind can't rest."

"Mebbe so," whispers Jim, though he didn't appear to realize he was speaking.

"And them same boys," continued the chairman," is also apt to remark that the aforesaid thortful critter, who has did all these crimes, had better stop his thinks and go to work to pack his duds and dig out! There ar' thorts and thorts. We don't know what your thorts ar,' but I've tried to make it plain that we don't like the situashun."

If Jim heard the words he did not reply to them. He sat there for an hour or more, never turning his gaze away from the valley leading down to San Francisco. At length he rose up, walked over to his shanty and packed his stuff, and presently he started off without a word to any of us, and without stopping to ask for his share of the dust under the stones of the fire place. He went off down the valley, head and eyes down and looking neither to the right nor the left, and after watching him for a while Elder Watkins shook his head in a solemn way and solemnly observed:

"Boys, I'm glad on it! When a critter jumps up and down and yells and hollers and cusses, it's plain English and ye kin understand it, but when he sots down and looks way off and thinks and thinks and keeps his thorts to hisself how on airth ar' ye goin' to size him up?"

We were in touch with 'Frisco. We knew all about mining stock and had more or less dealings in them. One day, a month after "Thoughtful Jim" left us, shares in the "Golconda" appeared in the market. It was reported to be a mountain of gold. 'Frisco went wild over it. Shares of the face value of $25 jumped to $70, $80, $90 and $100 inside of a week. Men fought to buy them at any price, and out at Strawberry Hill we raked and scraped and gathered up our last dollar to buy at $120. We could have sold at $138, but we wanted more. One day we were offered $150 a share by a chap who said he wanted to get a controlling interest, but Elder Watkins solemnly shook his head and replied:

"Stranger, it would be flyin' in the face of Providence to take less than $300 a sheer, and I hope you won't offer that."

Next day those shares couldn't have been sold for a cent a piece. "Golconda" had busted. It was only a mine on paper. We sent a man down to 'Frisco to investigate. Everybody had been bitten, for the thing had been beautifully worked. The man at the head of it was our "Thoughtful Jim," and the day before the crash came he took passage for New York and carried half a million dollars with him. When our man returned and reported a public meeting was called. It was attended by "many tax payers," every one of whom was dead broke and hungry. Nobody knew just what ought to be said or done on such a sorrowful occasion. Some wanted to "Whereas" and some wanted to "Resolve," but Elder Watkins got up on the head of a barrel and waved his hands for silence and said:

"It don't seem necessary to string out this funeral purceshun more'n half a mile, nor to stand around the grave more'n half an hour! We hev been did up and busted. We hev bin cut down as a flower. We had a thortful man in this camp, which his name was 'Thortful Jim.'' We driv him out because we argued that a thortful man was no good. While we was workin' with our hands he was workin' with his head. While we was a-thinkin' he had killed his mother he was a-thinkin' how to make a scoop. We orter knowed better, but we didn't. We orter knowed that when a critter sots down and thinks and thinks and thorts sunthin' has to bust, but we took the wrong trail. We ar' busted. We ar' redooced. We ar' flat-broke. That hain't nuthin' more to be said. Let's adjourn the meetin' and hunt fur mushrooms and roots!"—Detroit Free Press.

How Statues are Made.

Charles Caverley, N. A., the sculptor, stood in his studio the other day. Before him was a skeleton, a gruesome-looking object but one faithfully produced.

"What's that?" asked a visitor, pointing to the clay.

"That," said Mr. Caverley, "is to be a statue of Burns."

"But why don't you make the poet?" inquired the visitor. "What's the use of making skeletons?" Mr. Calverley said, "all statues are built up that way. First the skeleton is modelled, then the muscles are put on, and lastly the clothes?"

The visitor apologized for his ignorance, and incidentally remarked that he'd bet that nine men out of ten would think as he did.

And perhaps he was right.

Comments of Her Relatives.

Penelope—Sharley called last night.

Justine—That's twice in a week, isn't it?

Penelope—Yes.

Justine—I suppose he'll come three times in the next week?

Penelope—That's what brother says.

Justine—And five times the next?

Penelope—That's what sister says.

Justine—And six times the next?

Penelope—That's what aunty says.

Justine—And seven times the next?

Penelope—That's what papa says.

Justine—And then what?

Penelope—Then we'll get married; that's what everybody says.

Justine—And then what?

Penelope—Then I won't see him any more of an evening; that's what mamma says.—Brooklyn Life.

THE BEST DIPLOMATISTS.

They Are Usually Men of Whom the Public Hears Nothing.

Sir Edward Malet, in his recent speech at the dinner given in his honor by the British colony in Berlin, dwelt as follows upon the qualities which go to make up a good diplomatist:

When it became known that I was about to retire from the service, much speculation arose as to who was likely to be my successor, and the names of men who are great in other branches of the service of the Queen were suggested. For a reason which I will attempt to explain it was advanced that it would be better to fill the place with an outsider of distinction than with one belonging to the permanent diplomatic service. It is a very peculiar thing about that service that the greatest ability may be concealed beneath a bushel It is our duty to proceed noiselessly in our course. The surest proof of the merit of a diplomatist is *that he is not heard of.* The moment a fuss is made about him you may be pretty sure that something is wrong, for so long as he can keep everything smooth, which is the object and essence of his calling, he can attract no attention. It is a question whether a very brilliant man can ever be fitted for diplomacy. The very keenness of his intellect will impel him to dazzle the public by successes great and small.

But the victories of diplomacy must be achieved in silence, or their spoils are often lost. I remember many years ago a distinguished outsider being sent to represent us at a distant post. He was resolved upon success, but he was also resolved that his successes should be known. So he telegraphed them to one of the most influential of the daily papers—I will not say which—and I can assure you that we were all duly impressed with the records of them, and dwelt, not perhaps without envy, on the picture which was presented to us of the potentate to whom he was accredited writhing in the iron grasp of our representative. But when these reports came to be translated into the foreign press the vigilance and the jealousies of foreign nations were aronsed. Reprisals were threatened in other quarters of the globe, and in the end our Minister was requested to come home. The diplomatic service heard of him no more. Yet this man would have been a useful agent if he had acquired the habits of self-negation and reticence which training alone can give. In another case a brilliant lawyer was appointed. He went to his post determined to uphold the flag as it had never been upheld before, and succeeded. Within a short space he had quarreled with a majority of his colleagues to that extent that when he gave an official dinner on the occasion of the Queen's birthday, they neither came nor sent an excuse. He afterward contributed in a slashing style to a rupture of relations, and this really showed much talent, for the nation was both a peaceful and a friendly one. He came away in a whirl of fireworks which left him in the dark, and the diplomatic service saw him no more. No, we do not want coruscating diamonds; the homely button is much more useful.

I will push this simile further. The world is a huge body clad in a garment of state. The diplomatists, studded all over the earth, are the unobtrusive buttons which hold the garments together. As long as we perform this function satisfactorily we pass unnoticed because the garments continue to fit properly. It is only when we break loose or come off that we become an object of attention and discussion. For instance, I am going to come off, and on that account alone I have recently been more written about in the papers—I say it with pride than during all the eleven years that I have been Embassador. I have thus fairly outlined the causes which might lead it to be supposed that when a high post falls vacant it can be filled from outside the pale of service. Believe me that within its ranks there are men who can fill all the diplomatic posts we possess with ability and distinction, and that these posts can not be so filled except by persons who have behind them a long diplomatic training. You will not, therefore, be surprised that I should have hailed the selection of Sir Frank Lascelles as my successor with great satisfaction, a sentiment which was increased by a long-standing friendship between us. We were together at the Paris Embassy during the trying time of the Commune, and it is under such a strain that one learns best the metal that a man is made of. He has mounted step by step, the rungs of the diplomatic ladder. He is versed in all the traditions and possesses all the qualities which combine to produce distinction in a diplomatist. He will, I am sure, within a short time gain your suffrages to such an extent as to make me pleasurably jealous in my retirement.

Precious Ink Bottles.

Four ink bottles, from which some of the greatest literary works of the century issued, are to be on view, says our Paris correspondent, at an approaching exhibition of relics. They were used severally by Victor Hugo, Lamartine, the elder Dumas and George Sand. Mme. Victor Hugo collected them to sell at a charity bazar in Guernsey. To this end she had them set in a frame of oak that could be used as a table. With each is a letter attesting its authenticity. Victor Hugo said: "I did not buy or choose this ink bottle, but fell on it by chance and used it for months. It was asked of me for a work of charity, and here it is.—Hauteville House, June, 1860" Lamartine wrote: "Presented by Lamartine to a master of the pen." Dumas the elder thus certified: "I certify that this is the ink bottle I used in writing my last fifteen works.—A. Dumas, 10 April, 1860." George Sand, in a letter of three pages, begs Mme. Hugo to excuse the ugliness of her box ink bottle, which shuts with a spring. She used it in all her tours and wanderings, and could only part with it for the sake of Mme. Hugo's charity.—London News.

A Modern Knight.

The following, as told by an exchange, proves that the spirit of the knights of old is not yet gone:

It was a cold morning in March, in Chicago. A little old man stood on the corner of Clark and Randolph Streets, selling newspapers.

He was thinly clad, and kept trotting up and down, trying to keep warm, and his voice was hoarse from cold, and passers-by could hardly hear him.

Some boys jeered and laughed at him, but one, about thirteen years old, rather better dressed than the rest, after looking at him for a few moments, walked up to him and said: "I will shout for you."

The old man thought the boy was making fun of him, but the boy began to call out: "Times, Herald, Tribune, News!" in a clear voice, which attracted so many customers that in a little while the old man had sold his stock. He offered to pay his youthful partner, but he would take nothing, and went off with a smiling face.

THE CAUTIOUS MAN.

He Has a Little Conversation and Explains Why He Is So Cautious.

It was on the day trip of one of the Norfolk boats, and the stranger on deck moved about among the passengers with a very evident desire to know who his fellow-voyagers were, yet with quite as evident a purpose not to commit himself by giving away incontinently to his curiosity. After some time he found a man sitting off to one side, and with him he entered into conversation. They talked Washington and scenery and delights of river travel, and one thing and another for awhile, and then the cautious man got around to the subject which most interested him.

"There are some very nice-looking people aboard," he said, glancing around the deck, "and some not so nice-looking."

"Yes," responded the other party, also glancing around.

"I'd like to know something about some of them," the cautious man proceeded; "but, being a stranger, I don't like to ask too many questions. A man can't be too cautious, I think, when he is traveling, in making comments on his fellow travelers."

"I've heard about some very embarrassing cases," said the other party.

"So have I; and for that reason I am so much more particular. Still, I'd like to know who some of these people are,"

"Who, for instance? I know a few of them, and I guess I'm safe enough to trust."

"Well," said the cautious man, assured by this, "there's a lady over there by the door."

"Which one? That one that is talking fourteen ways for Sunday?"

"She seems to be talking more than the law allows," ventured the cautious man.

"The one that's got a dress on like a three-sheet circus poster, trimmed with rainbows and Easter eggs?"

"Yes," laughed the cautious man.

"Complexion like a tanbark walk?"

"Rather."

"A bonnet that would fade a carpet?"

"Unless it was a warranted carpet; yes."

"Got a jaw on her that would cut a nail in two?"

"Yes."

"Acts like she owned the steamboat?"

"Somewhat dictatorial, I should say."

"Got a voice you could swarm bees on?"

"Sounds that way at this distance," and the cautious man laughed with unction, for he loved to know about people.

The other party got up and took a more critical look at the lady in question.

"Do you know who she is?" asked the cautious man.

"Um—er," hesitated the other party. "I seem to think I ought to, she's my wife. Come over and let me introduce you. What did you say your name was?" But the cautious man hadn't said and didn't say, and he removed himself with such precipitancy that the other party laughed as though he enjoyed it.—Washington Star.

A LITTLE LECTURE ON WOMEN.

One of Bret Harte's Characters Describes the Contrariety of the Sex.

In a previous chronicle which dwelt with the exploits of "Chu Chu," a Californian mustang, I gave some space to the accomplishments of Enrique Saltillo, who assisted me in training her, and who was also brother to Consuelo Saltillo, the young lady to whom I had freely given the mustang and my youthful affections. I consider it a proof of the superiority of masculine friendship that neither the subsequent desertion of the mustang or the young lady ever made the slightest difference to Enriquez or me in our exalted amity. To a wondering doubt as to what I ever could possibly have seen in the sister to admire he joined a tolerant skepticism of the whole sex. This he was wont to express in that marvelous combination of Spanish precision and Californian slang for which he was justly famous.

"As to thees women and their little game," he would say, "believe me, my friend, your Old Uncle 'Enry is not in it. No; he will ever take a back seat when lofe is around. For why? Regard me here! If she is a horse, you shall say, 'She will buck-jump,' 'She will ess-shy,' 'She will not arrive,' 'She will arrive too quick.' But if it is thees women, where are you? For when you shall say, 'She will ess-shy,' look you, she will walk straight; or she will remain tranquil when you think she buck-jump; or else she will arrive and, look you, you will not. You shall get left. It is ever so. My father and the brother of my father have both make court to my mother when she was but a senorita. My father think she have lofe his brother more. So he say to her: 'It is enofe! Tranquilize yourself. I will go. I will efface myself. Adios! Shake hands. Ta-ta! So long! See you again in the fall.' And what make my mother? Regard me! She marry my father on the instant! Of thees women, believe me, Pancho, you shall know nothing. Not even if they shall make you the son of your father or his nephew."—(From "The Devotion of Enriquez," by Bret Harte, in the November Century.

Perfumed Butter.

Perfumed butter is becoming very fashionable at American breakfast and tea-tables. The butter is made into pats and stamped with a floral design and is then wrapped in thin cheese cloth and placed on a bed of roses, violets or carnations arranged in a flat-bottomed dish. Over these is placed a layer of flowers, so that the butter patties are imbedded in the flowers. They are then placed on ice, where they are allowed to remain for several hours. This butter is eaten with crisp Vienna rolls, accompanied only by a cup of chocolate or delicious mocha.

ARCTIC DAINTIES.

Fruits and Berries to Tickle the Eskimo Palate.

In spite of the latitude and Arctic current. Labrador is the home of much that is delicious in the berry world. Even the outlying islands furnish the curlew berry and bake apple in profusion; and upon the mainland, in the proper month (September), a veritable feast awaits one. Three varieties of blueberries, huckleberries, wild red currants, having a pungent aromatic flavor unequalled by the cultivated variety, marshberries, raspberries, tiny white capillaire teaberries, with a flavor like some rare perfume, and having just a faint suggestion of wintergreen; squashberries, pearberries and curlew berries, the latter not so grateful as the others, but a prime favorite with the Eskimos, who prefer it to almost any other; and, lastly, the typical Labrador fruit, which, excepting a few scattering plants in Canada and Newfoundland, is found nowhere, I believe, outside of the peninsula—the gorgeous bake apple. These cover the entire coast, from the St. Lawrence to Ungava. Their beautiful geranium-like leaves struggle with the reindeer moss upon the islands, carpet alike the low valleys and the highest hilltops, and even peep from banks of everlasting snow. Only one berry grows upon each plant, but this one makes a most delicious mouthful. It is the size and form of a large dewberry, but the color is a bright crimson when half ripe, and a golden yellow at maturity. Its taste is sweetly acid, it is exceedingly juicy, and so delicate that it might be thought impossible to preserve it. Yet the natives do preserve it with all its freshness and original flavor throughout the entire winter, merely by covering it with fresh water and heading it up tightly in casks or barrels.

A FAMOUS PAPER.

Made at Oxford, and Its Secret Known to Only Three Persons.

The printing house conducted by the monks of Neuville Montreuil-sur-Mer, in the Pas de Calais Province, in the north of France, where the whole of the service books of the Carthusian Order, for use throughout the world, are printed, is unique. Copies of these works cannot be purchased; they are only issued to the members of the order. They are most beautiful productions, printed on the finest paper, which is hand-made, bearing the water-mark of the order. They are made in all sizes, from royal folio to smaller royal quarto in red and black type, with music and initial letters. The monks of this establishment also cast their own type and bind their own books, and carry out all the different branches, even to designing their own letters, wood engraving and photo-typography. The University Press at Oxford is not only one of the most remarkable printing establishments in the world, but also one of the oldest. It makes its own type and its own ink, burns its own charcoal for making the ink, makes its own paper, and so on. The famous Oxford India paper is a marvel of compression and strength, and the secret of its manufacture is known only to three persons. From no printing press in the world are so many—1,000,000 of each—Bibles and prayer-books issued annually, and types are set up in 319 foreign languages and dialects.

How Famous Men Looked.

Beethoven was about five feet five inches, but was heavily built, with broad, massive shoulders and thick waist. His hair was long and always in disorder, his eyebrows were heavy and shaggy; his eyes small and piercing.

Voltaire was the ugliest man of his age. Emaciated to a skeleton, all the features of his countenance were exaggerated. His nose and chin nearly met, from the lack of teeth; his cheeks were sunken and wrinkled; his eyes set so far back in his head and so obscured by shaggy overhanging brows as to be almost invisible.

Oliver Cromwell had a head large in proportion to his body; his features were rugged and unprepossessing. He had three or four warts on his face, one being on the side of his nose. He wore a small mustache and imperial, after the fashion of the times.

Louis the Great had even and tolerably regular features, without any strongly marked characteristics. By all his contemporaries he is spoken of as a tall man, but he had a way of raising his head, surmounted by the monstrous wig he wore, and of swelling his chest, that created the impression of height.

Grant's Way.

The following dispatches were exchanged between President Lincoln and General Grant in 1864:

"Washington, September 29.—Lieut.-Gen. Grant, City Point: I hope it will lay no constraint on you, nor do harm any way for me to say I am a little afraid lest Lee sends reinforcements to Early and thus enable him to turn on Sheridan. A. Lincoln."

"Deep Bottom, September 29.—President A. Lincoln: Your despatch just received. I am taking steps to prevent Lee from sending reinforcements to Early by attacking him here.

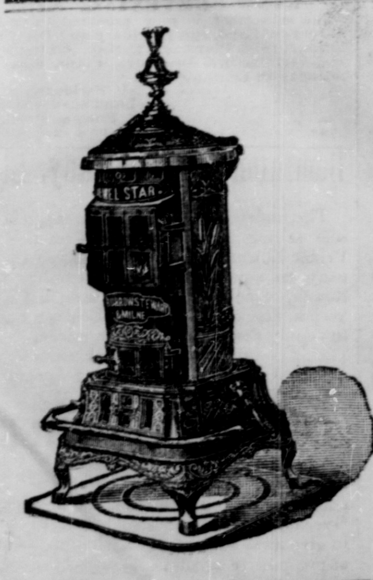
"U. S. Grant, Lieut.-General."

He Promised Nothing.

As the result of a wager the following advertisement was published in a French newspaper:

"I promise nothing; I engage to perform nothing, but send me 1 franc 50 centimes in postage stamps. Perhaps there is a little surprise in store for you. Who knows? Address F, D., Postoffice —"

The impudence and apparent candor of this cool appeal to the public met with every success. Stamps rained in for several days, so that the winner of the wager was able to hand over a considerable sum to a local charity, after which he told the story in the newspapers, so that the dupes might know what had become of their money.



JEWEL STOVES
—AND—
RANGES.

R. B. NORTON & CO.

Charlottetown, December 10, 1895—25

True Lovers

of delicious TEA are satisfied when supplied wthi our lines of English Breakfast Congou, India, China, Oolong and Ceylon Teas. We believe our 22c. Blend to be the best on the market for quality, strength flavor and price. The public realize a good article when they use it, and to-day our sales on this Tea are larger than ever before.

We carry a full line of Canned Goods, Jams and Jellies, Fish, Boned and Skinned Dried Codfish Flour, Meal, etc., which we will sell at the very lowest prices.

Our aim is to buy the most reliable good and sell them at the lowest prices. Eggs taken in exchange for cash or goods. Goods delivered to all parts of the city.

WILLIAM GRANT & CO.
QUEEN STREET.

Charlottetown, June 19, 1895—135 w

THE
St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Co., Ltd.
MONTREAL.

Laboratory of Inland Revenue,
Office of Official Analyst,
Montreal, April 8th, 1895.

"I hereby certify that I have drawn, by my own hand, ten samples of the ST LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINING CO'S. EXTRA STANDARD GRANULATED SUGAR, indiscriminately taken from ten lots of about 150 barrels each. I have analyzed same, and find them uniformly to contain:

$99\frac{99}{100}$ to 100 p. c. of Pure Cane Sugar

with no impurities whatever,"

(Signed) JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, Ph D., C. L.,
Prof. of Chemistry and Pub. Analyst, Montreal.

N. RATTENBURY, AGENT.

nov19—2aw 25

In Looking for a Christmas Present

for your best man, come and see what we have to show you.

Fur Coats in Persian Lamb, Coon, Bulgarian Lamb and Wambat.
Persian Lamb Collars and Cuffs.
Beaver " "
Fur Caps in South Sea Seal, Mink, Persian Lamb, Nutria, etc.
Silk Umbretlas—Silver Mounted Handles.
Initial Silk Handkerchiefs.
Linen Handkerchiefs by the box.
All kinds of Kid Gloves.

JOHN MACLEOD & CO.,
Merchant Tailors.

Charlottetown, December 18, 1895 135 w