The Return of Sherlock Holmes

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

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VII—THE ADVENTURE OF CHAS. AUGUSTUS MILVERTON.—Continued.

"Dear me, dear me, how unfortunate!" cried Milverton, taking out a bulky pocketbook. "I cannot help thinking that ladies are ill-advised in not making an effort. Look at this!" He held up a little note with a coat of arms upon the envelope. "That belongs to—well, perhaps it is hardly fair to tell the name until tomorrow morning. But at that time it will be in the hands of the lady's husband. And all because she will not find a beggarly sum which she could get by turning her diamonds into paste. It is such a pity! Now, you remember the sudden end of the engagement between the Hon. Miss Miles and Colonel Dorking? Only two days before the wedding there was a paragraph in the Morning Post to say that it was all off. And why? It is almost incredible, but the absurd sum of £1,200 would have settled the whole question. Is it not pitiful? And here I find you, a man of sense, boggling about terms, when your client's future and honor are at stake. You surprise me, Mr. Holmes."

"What I say is true," Holmes answered. "The money cannot be found. Surely it is better for you to take the substantial sum which I offer than to ruin this woman's career, which can profit you in no way?"

"There you make a mistake, Mr. Holmes. An exposure would profit me indirectly to a considerable extent. I have eight or ten similar cases maturing. If it was circulated among them that I had made a severe example of the Lady Eva, I should find all of them much more open to reason. You see my point?"

Holmes sprang from his chair.

"Get behind him, Watson! Don't let him out! Now, sir, let us see the contents of that note book."

Milverton had glided as quick as a rat to the side of the room, and stood with his back against the wall.

"Mr. Holmes, Mr. Holmes," he said, turning the front of his coat and exhibiting the butt of a large revolver, which projected from the inside pocket. "I have been expecting you to do something original. This has been done so often, and what good has ever come from it? I assure you that I am armed to the teeth, and I am perfectly prepared to use my weapons, knowing that the law will support me. Besides, your supposition that I would bring the letters here in a note book is entirely mistaken. I would do nothing so foolish. And now, gentlemen, I have one or two little interviews this evening, and it is a long drive to Hampstead." He stepped forward, took up his coat, laid his hand on his revolver, and turned to the door. I picked up a chair, but Holmes shook his head, and I laid it down again. With a bow, a smile, and a twinkle, Milverton was out of the room, and a few moments after we heard the slam of the carriage door and the rattle of the wheels as he drove away.

Holmes sat motionless by the fire, his hands buried deep in his trouser pockets, his chin sunk upon his breast, his eyes fixed upon the glowing embers. For half an hour he was silent and still. Then, with the gesture of a man who has taken his decision, he sprang to his feet and passed into his bedroom. A little later a rakish young workman, with a goatee beard and a swagger, lit his clay pipe at the lamp before descending into the street. "I'll be back some time, Watson," said he, and vanished into the night. I understood that he had opened his campaign against Charles Augustus Milverton, but I little dreamed the strange shape which that campaign was destined to take."

For some days Holmes came and went at all hours in this attire, but beyond a remark that his time was spent at Hampstead, and that it was not wasted, I knew nothing of what he was doing. At last, however, on a wild, tempestuous evening, when the wind screamed and rattled against the windows, he returned from his last expedition, and having removed his disguise he sat before the fire and laughed heartily in his silent inward fashion.

"You would not call me a marrying man, Watson?"

"No, indeed!"

"You'll be interested to hear that I'm engaged."

"My dear fellow! I congrat—"

"To Milverton's housemaid."

"Good heavens, Holmes!"

"I wanted information, Watson."

"Surely you have gone too far?"

"It was a most necessary step. I am a plumber with a rising business, Escott by name. I have walked out with her each evening, and I have talked with her. Good heavens, those talks!" However, I have got all I wanted. I know Milverton's house as I know the palm of my hand."

"But the girl, Holmes?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"You can't help it, my dear Watson. You must play your cards as best you can when such a stake is on the table. However, I rejoice to say that I have a hated rival, who will certainly cut me out the instant that my back is turned. What a splendid night it is!"

"You like this weather?"

"It suits my purpose. Watson, I mean to burgle Milverton's house tonight."

I had a catching of the breath, and my skin went cold at the words, which were slowly uttered in a tone of concentrated resolution. As a flash of lightning in the night shows up in an instant every detail of a wild landscape, so at one glance I seemed to see every possible result of such an action—the detection, the capture, the honored career ending in irreparable failure and disgrace, my friend himself lying at the mercy of the odious Milverton.

"For heaven's sake, Holmes, think what you are doing," I cried.

"My dear fellow, I have given it every consideration. I am never precipitate in my actions, nor would I adopt so energetic and, indeed, so dangerous a course, if any other were possible. Let us look at the matter clearly and fairly. I suppose that you will admit that the action is morally justifiable, though technically criminal. To burgle his house is no more than to forcibly take his pocketbook—an action in which you were prepared to aid me."

I turned it over in my mind.

"Yes," I said, "it is morally justifiable so long as our object is to take no articles save those which are used for an illegal purpose."

"Exactly. Since it is morally justifiable, I have only to consider the question of personal risk. Surely a gentleman should not lay much stress upon this, when a lady is in most desperate need of his help?"

"You will be in such a false position."

"Well, that is part of the risk. There is no other possible way of regaining these letters. The unfortunate lady has not the money, and there are none of her people in whom she could confide. Tomorrow is the last day of grace, and unless we can get the letters tonight, this villain will be as good as his word and will bring about her ruin. I must, therefore, abandon my client to her fate or I must play this last card. Between ourselves, Watson, it's a sporting duel between this fellow Milverton and me. He had, as you saw, the best of the first exchanges, but my self respect and my reputation are concerned to fight it to a finish."

"Well, I don't like it, but I suppose it must be," said I.

"When do we start?"

"You are not coming."

"Then you are not going," said I. "I give you my word of honor—and I never broke it my life—that I will take a cab straight to the police station and give you away, unless you let me share this adventure with you."

"You can't help me."

"How do you know that? You can't tell what may happen. Anyway, my resolution is taken. Other people beside you have self respect, and even reputations."

Holmes had looked annoyed, but his brow cleared, and he clapped me on the shoulder.

"Well, well, my dear fellow, be it so. We have shared this same room for years, and it would be amusing if we ended by sharing the same cell. You know, Watson, I don't mind confessing to you that I have always had an idea that I would have made a highly efficient criminal. This is the chance of my lifetime in that direction. See here!" He took a neat little case out of a drawer, and opening it he exhibited a number of shining instruments. "This is a first class, up-to-date burgling kit, with nickel plated jimmy, diamond-tipped glass cutter, adaptable keys, and every modern improvement which the march of civilization demands. Here, too, is my dark lantern. Everything is in order. Have you a pair of silent shoes?"

"I have rubber soled tennis shoes."

"Excellent! And a mask?"

"I can make a couple out of black silk."

"I can see that you have a strong, natural turn for this sort of thing. Very good, do you make the masks. We shall have some cold supper before we start. It is now nine-thirty. At eleven we shall drive as far as church row. It's a quarter of an hour's walk from there to Appledore Towers. We shall be at work before midnight. Milverton is a heavy sleeper, and retires punctually at ten-thirty. With any luck we should be back here by two, with the Lady Eva's letters in my pocket."

Holmes and I put on our dress clothes, so that we might appear to be two theatergoers homeward bound. In Oxford street we picked up a hansom and drove to an address in Hampstead. Here we paid off our cab, and with our great coats buttoned up, for it was bitterly cold and the wind seemed to blow through us, we walked along the edge of the heath.

"It's a business that needs delicate treatment," said Holmes. "These documents are contained in a safe in the fellow's study, and the study is the ante-room of his bed chamber. On the other hand, like all these stout, little men who do themselves well, he is a plethoric sleeper. Agatha—that's my financee—says it's a joke in the servants' hall that it's impossible to wake the master. He has a secretary who is devoted to his interests, and never budges from the study all day. That's why we are going at night. Then he has a beast of a dog that roams the garden. I met Agatha late the last two evenings, and she locks the brute up so as to give me a clear run. This is the house, the big one in its own grounds. Through the gate—now to the right among the laurels. We might put on our masks here, I think. You any of the windows, and everything is working splendidly."

With our black silk face coverings, which turned us into two of the most truculent figures in London, we stole up to the silent gloomy house. A sort of tiled veranda extended along one side of it, lined by several windows and two doors.

"That's his bedroom," Holmes whispered. "This door opens straight into the study. It would suit us best, but it is bolted as well as locked, and we should make too much noise getting in. Come round here. There's a greenhouse which opens into the drawing room."

The place was locked, but Holmes removed a circle of glass and turned the key from the inside. An instant afterwards he had closed the door behind us, and we had become felons in the eyes of the law. The thick, warm air of the conservatory and the rich, choking fragrance of exotic plants took us by the throat. He seized my hand in the darkness and led me swiftly past banks of shrubs which brushed against our faces. Holmes had remarkable powers, carefully cultivated, of seeing in the dark. Still holding my hand in one of his, he opened a door, and I was vaguely conscious that we had entered a large room in which a cigar had been smoked not long before. He felt his way among the furniture, opened another door, and closed it behind us. Putting out my hand I felt several coats hanging from the wall, and I understood that I was in a passage. We passed along it, and Holmes very gently opened a door upon the right-hand side. Something rushed out at us and my heart sprang into my mouth, but I could have laughed when I realized that it was the cat. A fire was burning in this new room, and again the air was heavy with tobacco smoke. Holmes entered on tiptoe, waited for me to follow, and then very gently closed the door. We were in Milverton's study, and a portiere at the farther side showed the entrance to his bedroom.

It was a good fire, and the room was illuminated by it. Near the door I saw the gleam of an electric switch, but it was unnecessary, even if it had been safe, to turn it on. At one side of the fireplace was a heavy curtain which covered the bay window we had seen from outside. On the other side was the door which communicated with the veranda. A desk stood in the center, with a turning chair of shining red leather. Opposite was a large bookcase, with a marble bust of Athene on the top. In the corner, between the bookcase and the wall, there stood a tall, green safe, the firelight flashing back from the polished brass knobs upon its face. Holmes stole across and looked at it. Then he crept to the door of the bedroom, and stood with slanting head listening intently. No sound came from within. Meanwhile it had struck me that it would be wise to secure our retreat through the outer door, so I examined it. To my amazement, it was neither locked nor bolted. I touched Holmes on the arm, and he turned his masked face in that direction. I saw him start, and he was evidently as surprised as I.

"I don't like it," he whispered, putting his lips to my very ear. "I can't quite make it out. Anyhow, we have no time to lose."

"Can I do anything?"

"Yes, stand by the door. If you hear anyone come bolt it on the inside, and we can get away as we came. If they come the other way, we can get through the door if our job is done, or hide behind these window curtains if it is not. Do you understand?"

I nodded and stood by the door. My first feeling of fear had passed away, and I thrilled now with a keener zest than I had ever enjoyed when we were the defenders of the law instead of its defiers. The high object of our mission, the consciousness that it was unselfish and chivalrous, the villainous character of our opponent, all added to the sporting interest of the adventure. Far from feeling guilty, I rejoiced and exulted in our dangers. With a glow of admiration I watched Holmes unrolling his case of instruments and choosing his tool with the calm, scientific accuracy of a surgeon who performs a delicate operation. I knew that the opening of safes was a particular hobby with him, and I understood the joy which it gave him to be confronted with this green and gold monster, the dragon which held in its maw the reputations of many fair ladies. Turning up the cuffs of his dress coat—he had placed his overcoat on a chair—Holmes laid out two drills, a jimmy and several skeleton keys. I stood at the center door with my eyes glancing at each of the others, ready for any emergency, though, indeed, my plans were somewhat vague as to what I should do if we were interrupted. For half an hour Holmes worked with concentrated energy, laying down one tool, picking up another, handling each with the strength and delicacy of the trained mechanic. Finally I heard a click, the broad green door swung open, and inside I had a glimpse of a number of paper packets, each tied, sealed and inscribed. Holmes picked one out, but it was hard to read by the flickering fire, and he drew out his little dark lantern, for it was too dangerous, with Milverton in the next room, to switch on the electric light. Suddenly I saw him halt, listen intently, and then in an instant he had swung the door of the safe to, picked up his coat, stuffed his tools into the pockets, and darted behind the window curtain, motioning me to do the same.

It was only when I had joined him there that I heard what had alarmed his quicker senses. There was a noise somewhere within the house. A door slammed in the distance. Then a confused, dull murmur broke itself into the measured thud of heavy footsteps rapidly approaching. They were in the passage outside the room. They paused at the door. The door opened. There was a sharp snick as the electric light was turned on. The door closed once more, and the pungent reek of a strong cigar was borne to our nostrils. Then the footsteps continued backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards, within a few yards of us. Finally there was a creak from a chair, and the footsteps ceased. Then a key clicked in a lock, and I heard the rustle of papers.

So far I had not dared to look out, but now I gently parted the division of the curtains in front of me and peeped through. From the pressure of Holmes' shoulder against mine, I knew that he was sharing my observations. Right in front of us, and almost within our reach, was the broad, rounded back of Milverton. It was evident that we had entirely miscalculated his movements, that he had never been to his bedroom, but that he had been sitting up in some smoking or billiard room in the farther wing of the house, the windows of which we had not seen. His broad, grizzled head, with its shining patch of baldness, was in the immediate foreground of our vision. He was leaning far back in the red leather chair, his legs outstretched, a long, black cigar projecting at an angle from his mouth. He wore a semi-military smoking jacket, claret-colored, with a black velvet collar. In his hand he held a long, legal document which he was reading in an indolent fashion, blowing rings of tobacco smoke from his lips as he did so. There was no promise of a speedy departure in his composed bearing and his comfortable attitude.

I felt Holmes' hand steal into mine and give me a reassuring shake, as if to say that the situation was within his powers, and that he was easy in his mind. I was not sure whether he had seen what was only too obvious from my position, that the door of the safe was imperfectly closed and that Milverton might at any moment observe it. In my own mind I had determined that if I were sure, from the rigidity of his gaze, that it had caught his eye, I would at once spring out, throw my great coat over his head, pinion him, and leave the rest to Holmes. But Milverton never looked up. He was languidly interested by the papers in his hand, and page after page was turned as he followed the argument of the lawyer. At least, I thought, when he had finished the document and the cigar he will go to his room, but before he had reached the end of either, there came a remarkable development, which turned our thoughts into quite another channel.

Several times I had observed that Milverton looked at his watch, and once he had risen and sat down again, with a gesture of impatience. The idea, however, that he might have an appointment at so strang an hour never occurred to me until a faint sound reached my ears from the veranda outside. Milverton dropped his papers and sat rigid in his chair. The sound was repeated, and then there came a gentle tap at the door. Milverton rose and opened it.

(Continued Next Week)

His Idea.

Hix—If a woman has a divorce or two she can succeed upon the stage.

Dix—Then the latest star should prove to be a wonder. She's had five divorces.

"Allus Alone."

Judge: Judge—You say you were alone when you committed the robbery?

Nitro Bill—Yes, yer honor, I allus does me little jobs alone. When ye've got a pal it's 10 ter 1 he turns out dis-

PRACTICAL FARM NOTES

CANNAS FOR THE GARDEN.

If one wants the greatest amount of satisfaction in plant growing with the minimum of expense in money and labor it will be found in raising any of the varieties of the Canna now to be found on the market. A few years ago we were confined to the class which was an exceedingly tall grower, rather rank in habit and with a few insignificant blossoms; now we have fifty or more sorts more dwarf in habit of growth and all of them bearing blossoms of good size and great beauty. The plants have few or no insect enemies; the caterpillar sometimes gets on the leaves as be indicated by the small holes they eat, but they are readily discovered and removed before any great damage is done. The

soil needed should be fally rich and rather loamy in character, for the best results. Buy only the roots, never the seeds, and set at any time after the weather becomes settled up to the middle of June or even later, although the later set plants will not give much bloom. The habit of growth is clean and graceful and the beautiful broad leaves are very tropical in appearance. The rects or plants ought to be set where they will have the sun for at least half the day and they must be watered thoroughly each night. They are easily cared for, will grow and thrive almost in spite of one and will bloom until cut down by the frost in the fall. The illustration is a typical blossom of one of the sorts now on the market and obtainable from any plantsman.

GIVE THE HORSES A CHANGE.

Admitting that oats are the natural food of horses and that they thrive on them better than any other grain especially when they are on the road, still the horses need much more in the way of variety than we are in the habit of giving them. The usual feeds of hays and oats or of corn and oats can be varied more or less according to the work of the horse and what one has to feed. At this time of the year when all farm horses are doing hard work the oats must be the mainstay, but if there is any possible chance for the animals to have a few hours at pasture they should be placed there. Try this plan in the grain feeding: Give them a mixture of oats and corn meal, two-thirds oats, at one meal, then whole oats another meal. The next day let the ration be ground oats, corn and bran then another meal of corn, oats and barley and perhaps a third day let the ration be of bran and oats. Vary the ration as much as possible in the roughage to correspond with the change of grain. It is not so much that we gain anything in the way of food value by letting up some on the oats, probably a little is lost, as a matter of fact, but the change in the ration will excite and increase the appetite so that the food will be of greater value to the horse.

THE OYSTER SHELL SCALE.

While the oyster shell scale is not so formidable as the San Jose scale it is nevertheless a pest one should get rid of as quickly as possible. It is not so small as the San Jose scale hence is more readily distinguishable; it is rather flat and is found in clusters near the joining of the twigs of trees looking very much like a miniature piece of oystershell. It is particularly bad on shrubbery and on ornamental trees and ough to be fought with vigor. While the best remedy is rigorous pruning before the buds open and then a thorough washing with whaleoil soap mixture, something can be done even now to eradicate it by the use of the spray of Bordeaux or of the whale oil soap mixture. If the effected tree or shrub is small it will not be difficult work to go over the branches with a brush wet with the whale oil soap mixture and apply it vigorously at all joints.

SOME POTATO POINTS.

Expert potato growers rightly say that, next to good seed, cultivated and spraying means success in any normal season. The trouble with most of us is that we do not begin the cultivation and the spraying sufficiently early. The weeds get ahead of us and before we have fully done what spraying is necessary to subdue the possible rot the bugs are eating the vines. As a rule shallow cultivation is best, indeed it is necessary under the modern plan of planting the seed rather shallow; in using the cultivator the soil is thrown toward the hill a little at each cultivation so that as the tubers grow they are sufficiently well covered. About the middle of June, in the middle states, spraying is begun and it is kept up so that from six to ten sprayings are given the plants depending upon the season. That it pays to spray is proven by the fact that the cost is less than $5 an acre when done by approved methods while the returns are from 25 to 75 bushels an acre more than from plots not sprayed. The cost for spraying covers material and labor, but does not cover the cost of the apparatus which must be considered as an investment.

CLOTH IN PLACE OF GLASS.

In almost any section where the climate is not too severe it is believed that the heavy oiled cloth or unbleached muslin can be used in place of glass on poultry houses. By this plan one can have more light in poultry houses at less expense and do away with the danger incident to freezing houses on winter nights because of the expanse of glass. Further, one can so arrange these cloth covered sashes that they can be used during the summer and thus enable one to shut out the storm and wind when necessary and still keep the house perfectly cool which could not be done with the glass. It is by no means a good plan to have an entirely open house through the summer if one can avoid it for, aside from the danger from small animals or thieves there is the greater danger of draughts which are often as bad for fowls during the days when it rains as during the fall and winter weather. If one has the cloth covered sashes, with the wire netting on the outside, it is not difficult to shut out storm and yet not make the house over warm which would likely be the case if glass was used. Try the plan of the cloth covered sashes for summer and you will like them so well you will want to fit the winter houses with them.

A GOOD HOG CROSS.

Whatever may have been the failures with the much lauded Tamworth as a bacon hog the fact remains that it is an excellent breed for this purpose and also that the demand for the bacon hog is greatly on the increase. On the other hand, all do not suceed with the Tamworths, probably because they have not yet learned its peculiarities. With the Berkshire and the Yorkshire breeds most hog raisers are familiar and a cross of the two makes a splendid bacon hog using the Yorkshire boar and the Berkshire sows. The Yorkshire is not so well known as the Berkshire, but the best points of the breed are their color, white, their sturdiness and rapidity of growth and that they are remarkably prolific. They do well under adverse conditions and when properly treated are superior to even the cross, although, until one becomes more familiar with the breed, the cross with the Berkshire would be more satisfactory. It is believed by those who are in a position to know that the day of the very fat hog is gone; at least the demand from all sources, packers and consumers, is for what is known as the bacon hog, more lean and less fat so that it is certainly policy to supply it if one would get the highest market price. Moreover, it is easier to feed for a bacon hog if one has the breed or the cross which will most readily produce the sort of flesh wanted.

HOW IT PAYS TO MAKE ATTRACTIVE FARMS.

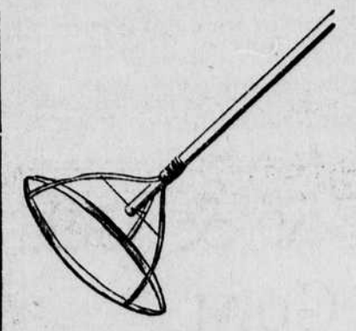
Noting an article in this department urging that the grounds around the farm home be made as attractive as possible even if it must be done with the sole view of enhancing its value, a reader writes that during ten years he has made a business of buying small farms and inexpensive town houses and "fixing them up" to sell again. A farm with good buildings and with good soil but with a run-down door yard and few or no trees, shrubs and plants is bought and at once the door yard is graded and seeded down after spaces are left for trees and shrubs which are located at the proper season. Little or no difficulty is had in renting such a place for short terms for sufficient to more than pay the expenses on it, enough more so that a small per cent. of interest is had on the investment. Then our friend searches, by advertisements and otherwise, for some city man who wants a pleasant country home. To make a long story short he has little trouble in disposing of his property at a fair margin of profit. Once, when he needed more cash than he had to complete a purchase and went to the bank to borrow he was asked if he was the Mr. Hastings who bought farms and improved them. On his reputation he had little trouble in getting the money needed. It is not to be understood that many can do this way but the point is that shrewd business men, including bankers, look upon a well kept place as an evidence not only of thrift but of prosperity and the farmer who handles his place in such a manner will find it pays should be ever wish to borrow money or to sell the place.

MILKING IN THE PASTURE.

While the plan of milking in the pasture is not the most desirable one, it is so generally practiced that one ought to go to considerable trouble to get as much comfort out of it as possible. One of the best ways of doing this is to select some place in the pasture where the cows will be willing to stand quiet; a place as free from vermin and moisture as possible. A good plan is to have a large shed open on three sides into which the cows may be driven and tied, each one having a portion of the day's ration before her to keep her busy while you are milking. Even a little hay will answer the purpose no matter how good the pasture is. Have a comfortable seat for the milker, a place where the large can of milk may be put without danger of its being soiled and plenty of clean utensils in case of an accident to one. By far the better plan is to have the dairy shed near the barns where the cows can be milked and fed in comfort and where they may pass the night comfortably without danger of fright by prowling dogs. Such a shed can be made as airy as one likes by the use of openings of good size covered with wire netting as coarse as the smallest mesh used for poultry fences. In this way all the things needed are near at hand and the work is much better and easier done than in the pasture.

CUTTING STRAWBERRY RUNNERS

One of the best tools we know of for quickly clipping the runners on strawberry plants is readily made from a piece of hoop iron with the lower edge sharpened as keenly as possible. A piece of steel would be better and it would pay to have it if one had a considerable area in strawberries. A good size is about twenty inches in diameter and is fastened to a long handle by three pieces of iron which are riveted to the hoop and then to the handle; the handle is permitted to come below the joining a few inches and a strip



of stout wire run through it to two of the side strips in order to give it strength. The pole should be long so that the operator may stand upright for ease in working. The circumference of this cutter is sufficient so that the runners will not be cut off too close to the plant and all of them may be cut with a single movement. The cost of a number of such tools would be nominal compared with the work which could be done with them. The illustration shows the idea clearly.

Not Enough Bait.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

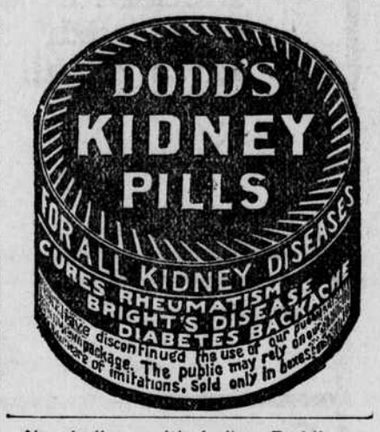
Senator Knox has a good story of the last fight the late Senator Quay, of Pennsylvania, made in the senate. Quay was working hard on the statehood bill, obstructing legislation when a scheme was fixed up to get him away from the senate for a time.

Quay was very fond of tarpon fishing and had a winter place in Florida. One afternoon he received this telegram from a friend, who thought the senator might be in better business than pottering about new states:

"Fishing never so good. Tarpon biting everywhere. Sport magnificent. Come."

Quay read the telegram and smiled a tiny, little smile. Then he answered it thus:

"Tarpon may be biting, but I am not. M. S. Quay."



Nor Indians with Indian Pudding.

From Success Magazine.

Simeon Ford tells of a woman in a Chicago hotel who was known as the most inveterate "kicker" the hostelry had ever known.

One evening at dessert, the lady who was always complaining asked the waiter why the dish served her was called "ice cream pudding."

"If you don't like it, ma'am, I'll bring you something else," suggested the polite negro.

"Oh, it's very nice," responded the lady. "What I object to is that it should be called ice cream pudding. It's wrongly named. There should be ice cream served with it."

"Yes, ma'em," replied the waiter, "but that's jest our name for it. Lots o' dishes that way. Dey don't bring you a cottage with a cottage pudding, you know."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething; softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

The Fall of Jenkins.

From Harper's Weekly.

William Allen White, the Kansas editor, in telling of the troubles of a city editor in drilling green reporters, was reminded of an amusing case that came within his own observation.

"There is one thing you must remember above everything else," said the city editor of a St. Louis paper to a new reporter, "and that is: tell in the first few lines what your story is about—in other words, give the substance at once. Then follow with a recital of the facts, and conclude with interviews with the people concerned. That is the only orderly way of writing your story."

The new man gave close attention to this lesson, the result of which was that he handed in that night a news item reading as follows:

"Rufus Jenkins, a carpenter, slipped and fell in Vine street yesterday and sprained his ankle badly.

"Mr. Jenkins was walking along Vine street when suddenly his feet slipped from under him and he fell, spraining one of his ankles.

"When seen by a reporter he said: 'I was walking along Vine street, when in some way my feet slipped from under me, and I fell heavily to the sidewalk, spraining one of my ankles.'

"Mr. Frank Fuller said: 'I was walking behind Mr. Jenkins on Vine street when I saw him slip and fall to the sidewalk. When I assisted him to rise he told me that he had sprained one of his ankles.'

"Dr. Thomas Rich, who attended Mr. Jenkins, said: 'Mr. Jenkins has a badly sprained ankle, due to a fall in Vine street. He will be laid up for some time.'

"Mr. Jenkins could not attend last night's meeting of the carpenters' union. The president in convening the meeting, expressed regret that Mr. Jenkins could not attend, as he had slipped and fallen in Vine street, spraining one of his ankles."

BUILDING FOOD.

To Bring the Babies Around.

When a little human machine (or a large one) goes wrong, nothing is so important as the selection of food to bring it around again.

"My little baby boy fifteen months old had pneumonia, then came brain fever, and no sooner had he got over these than he began to cut teeth and, being so weak, he was frequently thrown into convulsions," says a Colorado mother.

"I decided a change might help, so took him to Kansas City for a visit. When we got there he was so very weak when he would cry he would sink away and seemed like he would die.

"When I reached my sister's home she said immediately that we must feed him Grape-Nuts, and, although I had never used the food, we got some and for a few days gave him just the juice of Grape-Nuts and milk. He got stronger so quickly we were soon feeding him the Grape-Nuts itself, and in a wonderfully short time he fattened right up and became strong and well.

"That showed me something worth knowing and, when later on my girl came, I raised her on Grape-Nuts and she is a strong, healthy baby and has been. You will see from the little photograph I send you what a strong, chubby youngster the boy is now, but he didn't look anything like that before we found this nourishing food. Grape-Nuts nourished him back to strength when he was so weak he couldn't keep any other food on his stomach." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

All children can be built up to a more sturdy and healthy condition upon Grape-Nuts and cream. The food contains the elements nature demands, from which to make the soft gray filling in the nerve centers and brain. A well-fed brain and strong, sturdy nerves absolutely insure a healthy body.

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."