

The Farmer's Wife

Is very careful about her churn. She scalds it thoroughly after using, and gives it a sun bath to sweeten it. She knows that if her churn is sour it will taint the butter that is made in it. The stomach is a churn. In the stomach and digestive and nutritive tracts are performed processes which are almost exactly like the churning of butter. Is it not apparent then that if this stomach-churn is foul it makes foul all which is put into it?

The foul of a foul stomach is not alone the bad taste in the mouth and the foul breath caused by it, but the corruption of the pure current of blood and the dissemination of disease throughout the body. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes the sour and foul stomach sweet. It does for the stomach what the washing and sun bath do for the churn—absolutely removes every tainting or corrupting element. In this way it cures blotches, pimples, eruptions, scrofulous swellings, sores, or open eating ulcers and all humors or diseases arising from bad blood. If you have bitter, nasty, foul taste in your mouth, coated tongue, foul breath, are weak and easily tired, feel depressed and despondent, have frequent headaches, dizzy attacks, gnawing or distress in stomach, constipated or irregular bowels, sour or bitter risings after eating and poor appetite, these symptoms, or any considerable number of them, indicate that you are suffering from biliousness, torpid or lazy liver with the usual accompanying indigestion, or dyspepsia and their attendant derangements.

The best agents known to medical science for the cure of the above symptoms are contained in the above writing of leading medical authorities. It is the result of the several schools of medical practice, have been skillfully and harmoniously combined in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. That this is absolutely true will be readily proven to your satisfaction if you will but mail a postal card request to Dr. E. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for a free copy of his booklet of extracts from the standard medical authorities, giving the names of all the ingredients entering into his world-famed medicines and showing what the most eminent medical men of the age say of them.

Wrestling in Scotland.

From the London Standard.

The sports field at Grassmere lies at the foot of a characteristic ridge of fells, very narrow at the top and as steep nearly as the side of a house. As you sit in the grand stand this ridge rises up in front of you.

On the bare, precipitous slopes of it the guides' race is run. On the verdant lawn on which the grand stand is placed the wrestling matches are held and those spectators who are not in the stand make a ring around the lawn. There are coaches and carriages, too, all around, on which people sit and watch and have picnic luncheons, and it looks rather like Lord's cricket ground reduced in size.

In Cumberland wrestling the fall is won directly a man is thrown to the ground. There is no need to pin the shoulders down as in Graeco-Roman wrestling. Here at Grassmere all is ended just when the Graeco-Roman catch-as-catch-canners would be getting to the serious work. Were it not so the Grassmere sports would last all the year round. As it was, several matches went on at the same time.

Many of the men had their thighs embroidered with wonderful flowers or designs in silk or wool—the work of their women folk, who are now straining to get a glimpse of how the charm worked from the swaying ranks of people around the ground.

Boys wrestled; men with white hair, who had gained in experience what they had lost in elasticity, wrestled. The boys seemed to be young Orlandos temerously trying a fall with the Charleses of the profession, and who know that there was not some Rose-leaf who saw it all dimly from the crowd and was ready to say afterward, "Sir, you have wrestled well and overcome more than your enemies."

Didn't Mean It That Way.

From the American Advertiser.

There is very doubtful comfort in the subtitled candid statement that appears in the "personal" column of a London daily.

"Notice,—If B—, who is supposed to be in C—, will communicate with his friends at home, he will hear of something to his advantage. His wife is dead."

The Return of Sherlock Holmes

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

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XIII.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE SECOND STAIN.—Continued.

"Look here, Lestrade," said he, "has that constable in the passage been in charge of the place all the time?"

"Yes, he has."

"Well, take my advice. Examine him carefully. Don't do it before us. We'll wait here until you know someone has a confession out of him alone. As him how he dared to admit people and leave them alone in this room. Don't ask him if he has done it. Take it for granted that you know someone has a confession out of him. Tell him that a full confession is his only chance of forgiveness. Do exactly what I tell you."

"By George, if he knows I'll have it out of him!" cried Lestrade. He darted into the hall, and a few moments later his bullying voice sounded from the back room.

"Now, Watson, now!" cried Holmes with frenzied eagerness. All the detectives of the force were lined up behind that listless man burst out in a paroxysm of energy. He tore the druggist from the floor, and in an instant was down on his hands clanking at each of the squares of wood beneath it. One turned sideways as he dug his nails into the floor. "Thank you," he said back like the lid of a box. A small black cavity opened beneath it. Holmes plunged his eager hand into it, and drew it out with a bitter snarl of anger and disappointment. It was empty.

"Quick, Watson, quick! Get it back again!" The wooden lid was replaced, and the druggist had only just been drawn straight when Lestrade's voice was heard in the passage. He found Holmes leaning languidly against the mantelpiece, and patient endeavoring to conceal his irrepressible yawns.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, Mr. Holmes. I can see that you are bored to death with the whole affair. Well, here's some good news. Come in here, MacPherson, and let the gentlemen hear of your most inexcusable conduct."

The big constable, very hot and pent-sidled into the room.

"I meant no harm, sir, I'm sure. The young woman came to the door last evening—mistook the house, she did. And then we got to talking. It's lonesome, when you're on duty here all day."

"Well, what happened then?"

"She wanted to see where the crime was done—had read about it in the papers, she said. She was a very respectable, well-spoken young woman, sir, and I saw no harm in letting her have a peep. When she saw that mark on the carpet, down she dropped on the floor, and lay as if she were dead. I ran to the back and got some water, but I could not bring her to. Then I went around the corner to the Ivy Plant for some brandy, and by the time I had brought it back, the young woman had recovered and was off ashamed of herself, I daresay, and dared not face me."

"How about moving that druggist?"

"Well, sir, it was a bit rumpled, certainly, but I smoothed it. You see, she fell on it and it lies on a polished floor with nothing to keep it in place. I straightened it out afterward."

"It's a lesson to you that you can't deceive me, Constable MacPherson," said Lestrade, with dignity. "No doubt you thought that your breach of duty could never be discovered, and yet a mere glance at that druggist was enough to convince me that someone had been admitted to the room. It's lucky for you, my man, that nothing is missing, or you would find yourself in Queer Street. I'm sorry to have called you down over such a petty business, Mr. Holmes, but I thought the point of the second stain not corresponding with the first would interest you."

"Certainly, it was most interesting. Has this woman only been here once, constable?"

"Yes, sir, only once."

"Who was she?"

"Don't know the name, sir. Was answering an advertisement about typewriting, and came to the wrong number—very pleasant, genteel young woman, sir."

"Tall? Handsome?"

"Yes, sir, she was a well-grown young woman. I suppose you might say she was handsome. Perhaps some would say she was very handsome."

"Oh, officer, do let me have a peep!" says she. She had pretty, cooing ways, as you might say, and I thought there was no harm in letting her just put her head through the door."

"How was she dressed?"

"Quiet, sir—a long mantle down to her feet."

"What time was it?"

"It was just growing dusk at the time. They were hanging the lamps as I came back with the brandy."

"Very good," said Holmes. "Come, Watson, I think that we have more important work elsewhere."

"The constable remained in the front room, while the repentant stable opened the door to let us out. Holmes turned on the step and held up something in his hand. The constable stared intently.

"Good Lord, sir!" he cried, with amazement on his face. Holmes put his finger on his lips, replaced his hand in his breast pocket, and burst out laughing as we turned down the street. "Excellent!" said he. "Come, friend Watson, the curtain rings up for the last act. You will be relieved to hear that there will be no war, that the Right Honorable Trelawney Hope will suffer no setback in his brilliant career, that the indiscreet sovereign will receive no punishment for his indiscretion, that the prime minister will have no European complication to deal with, and that with a little tact and management upon our part nobody will be a penny the worse for what might have been a very ugly incident."

My mind filled with admiration for this extraordinary man.

"You have solved it!" I cried.

"Hardly that, Watson. There are some points which are as dark as ever. But we have so much that it will be our own fault if we cannot get the rest. We will go straight to Whitehall Terrace and bring the matter to a head."

When we arrived at the residence of the European secretary it was for Lady Hilda Trelawney Hope that Sherlock Holmes inquired. We were shown into the morning room.

"Mr. Holmes," said the lady, and her face was pink in her indignation, "this is surely most unfair and ungenerous upon your part. I desired, as I have explained, to keep my visit to you a secret, lest my husband should think that we were intruding into his affairs. And yet you compromise me by coming here and so showing that there are business relations between us."

"Unfortunately, madam, I had no possible alternative. I have been commissioned to recover this immensely important paper. I must therefore ask you,

"What happened after that is like some fearful dream. I have a vision of a dark, frantic face, of a woman's voice, which screamed in French, 'My waiting is not in vain. At last, at last, I have found you with her!' There was a savage struggle. I saw him with a chair in his hand, he glared in her face. I rushed from the horrible scene, ran from the house, and only next morning in the paper did I learn the dreadful result. That night I was happy, for I had my letter, and I had not seen yet what the future would bring."

"It was the next morning that I realized that I had only exchanged one trouble for another. My husband's anguish at the loss of his paper went to my heart. I could hardly prevent myself from there and then kneeling down at his feet and telling him what I had done. But that again would mean a confession of the past. I came to you that morning in order to understand the full enormity of my offence. From the instant that I grasped it my whole mind was turned to the room. For two days I watched the place, but the door was never left open. Last night I made a last attempt. What I did and how I succeeded, you have already learned. I brought the paper back with me, and thought of destroying it, since I could see no way of returning it without confessing my guilt to my husband. Heavens, I hear his step upon the stairs!"

The European secretary burst excitedly into the room.

"Any news, Mr. Holmes, any news?" he cried eagerly.

"I have some hopes."

"Ah, thank heaven!" His face became radiant. "The prime minister is lurching with me. May he share your hopes? He has nerves of steel, and yet I know that he has hardly slept since this terrible evening. I should like to ask the prime minister to come up? As to you, dear, I fear that this is a matter of politics. We will join you in a few minutes in the dining-room."

The prime minister's manner was subdued, but I could see by the gleam of his eyes that he was more than a little excited that he should see the excitement of his young colleague.

"I understand that you have something to report, Mr. Holmes?"

"Purely negative as yet," my friend answered. "I have inquired at every point where it might be, and I am sure that there is no danger to be apprehended."

"But that is not enough, Mr. Holmes. We cannot live forever on such a volcano. We must have something definite."

"I am in hopes of getting it. That is why I am here. The more I think of the matter the more convinced I am that the letter has never left this house."

"Mr. Holmes?"

"If it had it would certainly have been public by now."

"But why should anyone take it in order to keep it in this house?"

"I am not convinced that anyone did take it."

"Then how could it leave the despatch-box?"

"I am not convinced that it ever did leave the despatch-box."

"No, Holmes, this joking is very ill-timed. You have my assurance that it left the box."

"Have you examined the box since Tuesday morning?"

"No, it was not necessary."

"You may conceivably have overlooked it."

"Impossible, I say."

"But I am not convinced of it. I have known such things to happen. I presume there are other papers there. Well, it may have got mixed with them."

"Someone may have shaken the box and displaced it."

"No, no, I had everything out."

"Surely it is easily decided, Hope," said the premier. "Let us have the despatch-box brought in."

The secretary rang the bell.

"Jacobs, bring down my despatch-box. This is a farcical waste of time, but still, if nothing else will satisfy you, it shall be done. Thank you, Jacobs, put it here. Leave it always had the key on my watch-chain. Here are the papers, you see. Letter from Lord Merrow, report from Sir Charles Hardy, memorandum from Belgrade, note on the Russo-German frontier taxes, letter from Madrid, note from Lord Fflewelton, good heavens! What is this? Lord Bellinger! Lord Bellinger!"

The premier snatched the blue envelope from his hand.

"Yes, it is it—and the letter is intact. Hope, I congratulate you."

"Thank you! Thank you! What a weight from my heart. But this is inconceivable—impossible. Mr. Holmes, you are a wizard, a sorcerer! How did you know it was there?"

"Because I knew it was nowhere else."

"I can not believe my eyes!" He ran wildly to the door. "Where is my husband? I must tell her that all is well. Hilda! Hilda!"

The premier looked at Holmes with twinkling eyes.

"Come, sir," said he. "There is more in this than meets the eye. How came the letter back in the box?"

Holmes turned away smiling from the keen scrutiny of those wonderful eyes.

"We also have our diplomatic secrets," said he, and picking up his hat, he turned to the door.

THE END.

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Not a Single Stone Has Formed Since Using Doan's Kidney Pills.

J. D. Daugherty, music publisher, of Suffolk, Va., says: "During two or three years that I had kidney trouble I passed about 2 1/2 pounds of gravel and sandy sediment in the urine. I haven't passed a stone since using Doan's Kidney Pills, however, and that was three years ago. I used to suffer the most acute agony during a gravel attack, and had the other usual symptoms of kidney trouble—lassitude, headache, pain in the back, urinary disorders, rheumatic pain, etc. I have a box containing 14 gravel stones that I passed, but that is not one-quarter of the whole number. I consider Doan's Kidney Pills a fine kidney tonic."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box, Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

A Boy's Epigram.

Mrs. Russell Sage taught school in her youth in Philadelphia, and a Philadelphia woman who was once her pupil said the other day:

"I remember Miss Sloum, as she was then called—a very intelligent, cheerful, industrious young lady, and a great favorite with all of us."

"She had a way of hammering home an idea with an apt anecdote that we girls enjoyed hugely."

"One day, in impressing on us the importance of perseverance, she said that she knew a little boy who was a remarkably fine skater."

"She watched the youngster, one winter afternoon, do the front and back roll, the grapevine, the glide and other feats of tremendous difficulty, and finally, overcome with enthusiasm, she patted him on the back and said:

"How on earth, at your age, did you learn to skate so magnificently?"

"By getting up every time I fell down," was the boy's simple answer."

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Catarrh is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, J. C. HENNEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A Desperate Girl.

With a gesture of despair she laid down her face on a sofa.

"I have decided," she said, in a hollow voice, "to renounce this vain, and frivolous life forever. I am going out as a missionary to Equatorial Africa."

"What has led you to this desperate resolve?"

"Papa won't give me an automobile for my birthday."

TERRIBLE SCALP HUMOR.

Badly Affected with Sores and Crusts—Extended Down Behind the Ears—Another Cure by Cuticura.

"About ten years ago my scalp became badly affected with sore and itching humors, crusts, etc., and extended down behind the ears. My hair came out in places, also. I was greatly troubled; understood it was eczema. Tried various remedies so called, without effect. Saw your Cuticura advertisement, and got the Cuticura Remedies at once. Applied them as to directions, etc., and after two weeks, I think, of use, was clear as a whistle. I have to state also that late last fall, October and November, 1904, I was suddenly afflicted with a bad eruption, painful and itching pustules over the lower part of the body. I suffered dreadfully. In two months, under the skillful treatment of my doctor, conjoined with Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, I found myself cured. H. M. F. Wells, Rosemond, Christian Co., Ill., Aug. 31, 1905."

Narrow Escape.

Ethel—"I was out driving this afternoon and the horse tried to run away with me. Did you ever have an experience of that kind?"

Mabel—"Well, I had a donkey try it once. He wanted me to clope."

Moose Kills a Cat.

It is not often that a mouse kills a cat. Such a death, however, was meted out last month to a fine black cat in a Cape May hotel.

The cat caught the mouse and began, as cats will, to play with it, to tease it. For some ten minutes this went on.

And then, all of a sudden, the cat found herself struggling for her life. In mauling the mouse, without desiring to hurt it, she had inadvertently half swallowed it. There it was, stuck in her throat, choking her to death.

For three or four minutes the cat choked and gasped. Then it fell over dead. And the mouse, undoubtedly, was disgorged at the moment the cat died. The mouse was alive. It lay on the floor a moment, resting, then it stole away, after one triumphant look at the dead body of the cat which it had killed.

Above the Shams.

Pittsburg Dispatch: The man of grand impulses sheds a lustre on all around him. When a woman says she is of little consequence she does not expect she will be taken at her word.

A man usually estimates his value according to a scale of his own making. Men speak of women's vanity as something which is part of every woman's make-up.

The kiss of love lingers long in the memory of a woman.

When a man undertakes to prove his importance he is inclined to overstep the mark.

Every woman feels she knows just how far to go in the matter of assisting nature to keep her face and figure in the best of health.

Many commanding men are easily controlled by those who seem to be other than commanding.