

A Food to Work On

Work! Work!! Work!!!

Lots of energy is needed to keep up the pace. In the struggle, the man with the strong body and clear brain wins out every time.

The man of to-day needs something more than mere food; he needs a food that makes energy—a food to work on.

Although some people may not realize it, yet it is a fact, proved and established beyond doubt, that soda crackers—and this means **Uneda Biscuit**—are richer in muscle and fat-making elements and have a much higher per cent. of tissue-building properties than any other article of food made from flour.

That this is becoming known more and more every day is attested by the sale of nearly 400,000,000 packages of **Uneda Biscuit**, the finest soda cracker ever baked. An energy-giving food of surpassing value—sold in a package which brings it to you with all the original flavor and nutrient perfectly preserved. *Truly the food to work on.*

Whoever you are—whatever you are—wherever you work—**Uneda Biscuit**.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

5¢

Return of... Sherlock Holmes

As to the arrest of John Milton, the valet, it was a council of despair as an alternative to absolute inaction. But no case could be sustained against him. He had visited friends in Westminster that night. The alibi was complete. It is true that he started home at an hour which should have brought him to Westminster before the time when the crime was discovered, but his own explanation that he had walked part of the way seemed probable enough in view of the fitness of the night. He had actually arrived at 12 o'clock and appeared to be overwhelmed by the unexpected tragedy. He had always been on good terms with his master. Several of the dead man's possessions, notably a small case of razors, had been found in the valet's boxes, but he explained that they had been presents from the deceased, and the housekeeper was able to corroborate the story. Milton had been in Lucas' employment for three years. It was noticeable that Lucas did not take Milton on the continent with him. Sometimes he visited Paris for three months on end, but Milton was left in charge of the Godolphin street house. As to the housekeeper, she heard nothing on the night of the crime. If her master had a visitor he had himself admitted him.

So for three mornings the mystery remained, so far as I could follow it in the papers. If Holmes knew more, he kept his own counsel, but as he told me that Inspector Lestrade had taken him into his confidence in the case I knew that he was in close touch with every development. Upon the fourth day there appeared a long telegram from Paris which seemed to solve the whole question.

"A discovery has just been made by the Parisian police," said the Daily Telegraph, "which raises the veil which hung round the tragic fate of Mr. Eduardo Lucas, who met his death by violence last Monday night in Godolphin street, Westminster. Our readers will remember that the deceased gentleman was found stabbed in his room and that some suspicion attached to his valet, but that the case broke down on an alibi. Yesterday a lady, who has been known as Mme. Henri Fournaye, occupying a small villa in the Rue Austerlitz, was reported to the authorities by her servants as being insane. An examination showed she had indeed developed mania of a dangerous and permanent form. On inquiry the police have discovered that Mme. Henri Fournaye only returned from a journey to London on Tuesday last, and there is evidence to connect her with the crime at Westminster. A comparison of photographs has proved conclusively that M. Henri Fournaye and Eduardo Lucas were really one and the same person and that the deceased had for some reason lived a double life in London and Paris. Mme. Fournaye, who is of creole origin, is of an extremely excitable nature and has suffered in the past from attacks of jealousy which have amounted to frenzy. It is conjectured that it was in one of these that she committed the terrible crime which has caused such a sensation in London. Her movements upon the Monday night have not yet been traced, but it is undoubtedly that a woman answering to her description attracted much attention at Charing Cross station on Tuesday morning by the wildness of her appearance and the violence of her gestures. It is probable, therefore, that the crime was either committed when insane or that its immediate effect was to drive the unhappy woman out of her mind. At present

she is unable to give any coherent account of the past, and the doctors hold out no hopes of the re-establishment of her reason. There is evidence that a woman, who might have been Mme. Fournaye, was seen for some hours upon Monday night watching the house in Godolphin street."

"What do you think of that, Holmes?" I had read the account aloud to him while he finished his breakfast. "My dear Watson," said he as he rose from the table and paced up and down the room, "you are most long suffering, but if I have told you nothing in the last three days it is because there is nothing to tell. Even now this report from Paris does not help us much."

"Surely it is final as regards the man's death."

"The man's death is a mere incident, a trivial episode, in comparison with our real task, which is to trace this document and save a European catastrophe. Only one important thing has happened in the last three days, and that is that nothing has happened. I get reports almost hourly from the government, and it is certain that nowhere in Europe is there any sign of trouble. Now, if this letter were loose—no, it can't be loose—but if it isn't loose where can it be? Who has it? Why is it held back? That's the question that beats in my brain like a hammer. Was it, indeed, a coincidence that Lucas should meet his death on the night when the letter disappeared? Did the letter ever reach him? If so, why is it not among his papers? Did this mad wife of his carry it off with her? If so, is it in her house in Paris? How could I search for it without the French police having their suspicions aroused? In a case, my dear Watson, where the law is as dangerous to us as the criminals are. Every man's hand is against us, and yet the interests at stake are colossal. Should I bring it to a successful conclusion it will certainly represent the crowning glory of my career. Ah, here is my latest from the front!" He glanced hurriedly at the note which had been handed in. "Hello! Lestrade seems to have observed something of interest. Put on your hat, Watson, and we will stroll down together to Westminster."

It was my first visit to the scene of the crime—a high, dingy, narrow chested house, prim, formal and solid, like the century which gave it birth. Lestrade's bulldog features gazed out at us from the front window, and he greeted us warmly when a big constable had opened the door and let us in. The room into which we were shown was that in which the crime had been committed, but no trace of it now remained save an ugly, irregular stain upon the carpet. This carpet was a small square druggist in the center of the room, surrounded by a broad expanse of beautiful, old fashioned wood flooring in square blocks highly polished. Over the fireplace was a magnificent trophy of weapons, one of which had been used on that tragic night. In the window was a sumptuous writing desk, and every detail of the apartment, the pictures, the rugs and the hangings, all pointed to a taste which was luxurious to the verge of effeminacy.

"Seen the Paris news?" asked Lestrade.

Holmes nodded.

"Our French friends seem to have touched the spot this time. No doubt it's just as they say. She knocked at the door—surprise visit, I guess, for he kept his life in water tight compartments—he let her in, couldn't keep her in the street. She told him how she had traced him, reproached him; one thing led to another, and then with that dagger so handy she and soon came. He wasn't all done in an instant, though, for these chains were all sweat over

yonder, and he had one in his hand as if he had tried to hold her off with it. We've got it all clear as if we had seen it."

Holmes raised his eyebrows. "And yet you have sent for me?" "Ah, yes, that's another matter; a mere trifle, but the sort of thing you take an interest in—queer, you know, and what you might call freakish. It has nothing to do with the main fact—can't have, on the face of it."

"What is it, then?" "Well, you know, after a crime of this sort we are very careful to keep things in their position. Nothing has been moved. Officer in charge here day and night. This morning, as the man was buried and the investigation over—so far as this room is concerned—we thought, we could tidy up a bit. This carpet—you see, it is not fastened down, only just laid there. We had occasion to raise it. We found—"

"Yes? You found?" "Holmes' face grew tense with anxiety.

"Well, I'm sure you would never guess in a hundred years what we did find. You see that stain on the carpet? Well, a great deal must have soaked through, must it not?" "Undoubtedly it must."

"Well, you will be surprised to hear that there is no stain on the white woodwork to correspond."

"No stain? But there must—"

"Yes, so you would say. But the fact remains that there isn't."

He took the corner of the carpet in his hand, and, turning it over, he showed that it was indeed as he said.

"But the underside is as stained as the upper. It must have left a mark."

Lestrade chuckled with delight at having puzzled the famous expert.

"Now, I'll show you the explanation. There is a second stain, but it does not correspond with the other. See for yourself." As he spoke he turned over another portion of the carpet, and there, sure enough, was a great crimson spill upon the square white facing of the old fashioned floor. "What do you make of that, Mr. Holmes?"

"Why, it is simple enough. The two stains did correspond, but the carpet has been turned round. As it was square and unfastened it was easily done."

"The official police don't need you, Mr. Holmes, to tell them that the carpet must have been turned round. That's clear enough, for the stains lie above each other—if you lay it over this way. But what I want to know is, who shifted the carpet, and why?"

I could see from Holmes' rigid face that he was vibrating with inward excitement.

"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. You take him into the back room. You'll be more likely to get a confession out of him alone. Ask 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. Tell him you know some one has been here. Press 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 demonic force of the man masked behind that restless manner burst out in a paroxysm of energy. He tore the druggist from the floor and in an instant was down on his hands and

knees clawing at each of the squares of wood beneath it. One turned sideways as he dug his nails into the edge of it. It hinged 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, resigned 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, he has confessed, all right. Come in here, MacPherson. Let these gentlemen hear of your most inexcusable conduct."

The big constable, very hot and impatient, 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 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 round 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 dare say, and dared not face me."

"How about moving that druggist?" "Well, sir, it was a bit rumpled, certainly, when I came back. 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 some one 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 type-writing 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 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 lighting the lamps as I came back with the brandy."

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

(To be continued.)

BURLINGTON BULLETIN...

JULY, 1906

Opening of the Shoshone Reservation.—Register at World for the Government drawing entitling you to draw 160 acres of fine irrigable lands in the Shoshone Reservation; only \$1 50 an acre, one-third cash. 400,000 acres, or 3500 farms to be drawn for; besides this, there are 800,000 acres of timber and mineral lands that may be taken in the usual way; some of these lands are supposed to be of great value. One fare for the round trip to World, with maximum of \$30 00 from Omaha, Lincoln and Nebraska points. Tickets sold July 17 to 29th, final limit August 15th. Take this grand trip through the rich irrigated lands of the Big Horn Basin. This will be one of the greatest events in the history of the distribution of Uncle Sam's domain.

To Pacific Coast:—Daily low excursion rates for this the greatest railroad journey in the world.

To Colorado and Return:—About half rates daily, and even lower rates for the Elks' big gathering at Denver July 10th to 15th inclusive.

Also daily low rates to Eastern resorts; frequent home-seekers' excursions, in fact tempting excursion rates in all directions throughout the summer.

Consult nearest Burlington Ticket Agent.

L. F. REOTOR,
Agent C. B. & Q. Ry.
L. W. WAKELEY,
G. P. A. Omaha.

VACATION SEASON

"SEE AMERICA FIRST"

Spend your vacation in Colorado which is brimful of attractions—the exhilaration of the pure dry air enables you to live the genuine outdoor life—where game is plentiful—where the streams are teeming with trout, and where you will see the most famous mountain peaks, passes and canons in America.

During the tourist season the

Denver & Rio Grande

Railroad "Scenic Line of the World"

will make special low rates from Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou and Pueblo to all the scenic points of interest in Colorado and Utah. Our booklet "Vacation Estimates" tells you about the many wonderful places in Colorado—Colorado Springs, Manitou, Pikes Peak, Royal Gorge, Marshall Pass, Ouray and Glenwood Springs—and the cost to see them. A Thousand Miles Around the Circle or a trip to Salt Lake City and return are unsurpassed in scenic attractions—and inexpensive.

Open-Top Observation Cars, SEATS FREE Through the Gorges during the Summer Months

Write for free descriptive literature to

S. K. HOOPER, Gen'l Passenger Agent
Denver, Colo.

ANOTHER EVENT

Opening of the

SHOSHONE INDIAN RESERVATION

Location.—In Northwest Wyoming, adjoining the Big Horn Basin, southeast of Yellowstone Park Forest Reserve, and reached by the Burlington's new line to World, Wyo.

Dates for Registration—July 16th to 31st.

Places for Registration.—World and Thermopolis, Wyo. World is directly reached by the Burlington; Thermopolis by a stage journey of 33 miles south of World.

Character of Lands.—Of the 1,150,000 acres of lands to be opened for settlement, about 400,000 acres are agricultural lands to be drawn for. Such lands can be finely irrigated, according to surveys already made.

Excursion Rates.—From points on the Burlington west of the Missouri River the excursion rate to World is but one fare for the round trip, with a maximum of \$30 from Omaha, Lincoln and Nebraska territory. This unusually low rate gives everybody a chance to draw for the lands.

Dates of Sale.—July 12th to 29th. Final limit August 15th.

Train Service.—Two daily through trains during the registration from the Southeast to World, Wyo. Go into that country over the Burlington through the Big Horn Basin, along the Big Horn River, passing thousands of acres of irrigated lands under cultivation; you will get an object lesson in irrigation and its possibilities.

Burlington Agencies will be supplied with rate circulars and special folders; descriptive of the Agency, method of drawing, etc.

L. W. WAKELEY, Gen. Pass. Agt.
1004 Farnam St. Omaha, Nebr.

Advertising

Will Pay You

Whether it is on your business stationery or in the columns of the Journal. If you don't think so, call and let us convince you. It will be dollars in your pocket.

Going East

Five fast daily trains via the Union Pacific R. R. and the North-Western Line take you through to Chicago—without change of cars over

The Only Double Track Railway Between the Missouri River and Chicago

Pullman standard drawing-room and tourist sleeping cars, composite observation cars, buffet smoking and library cars, parlor cars, dining cars, free reclining chair cars and day coaches.

Direct connection in Omaha Union Depot with fast daily trains to Sioux City, Mankato, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth.

For rates, tickets and full information apply to Agents of the Union Pacific R. R. or address S. F. MILLER, Asst. Gen'l Frt. & Pass. Agent Chicago & North-Western Ry. OMAHA, NEB.



THE GREAT HEALER

THOUSANDS of grateful customers in every state attest the WONDERFUL HEALING PROPERTIES of the WORLD'S BEST LINIMENT—

DEAN'S KING CACTUS OIL

The Only Liniment that Heals without a Scar

It cures cuts, sprains, bruises, sores, swellings, lameness, old wounds, lumbago, chapped hands, frost bites, etc., and is the standard remedy for berbed wire cuts on animals, harness and saddle galls, scratches, grease heel, caked udder, itch, mange, etc. It heals a wound from the bottom up and is thoroughly antiseptic. KING CACTUS OIL is sold by druggists in 1/2, 1/4, 1/8, and 1/16 bottles. \$3 and \$5 decorated cans, or sent prepaid by the manufacturers, OLNEY & McDAID, Clinton, Iowa. If not obtainable at your druggist's.

POLLOCK & CO.