

NATURE'S ESSENCE.

Extracted From Forest Plants.

Nature's laws are perfect if we obey them, but disease follows disobedience. Go straight to nature for the cure, to the forest; there are mysteries here that we can fathom for you. Take the bark of the wild-cherry tree, the root of mandrake, stone root, queen's root, bloodroot and golden seal, make a scientific, non-alcoholic extract of them with just the right proportions and you have

DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

It took Dr. Pierce, with the assistance of two learned chemists, eight years of hard work experimenting to make this vegetable extract and alterative of the greatest efficiency.

Just the sort of spring remedy you need to make rich, red blood, and cure that lassitude and feeling of nerve exhaustion. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery bears the stamp of PUBLIC APPROVAL and has sold more largely in the past forty years than any other blood purifier and stomach tonic. The refreshing influence of this extract is like Nature's influence—the blood is bathed in the tonic which gives life to the blood-the vital fires of the body burn brighter and their increased activity consumes the tissue rubbish which has accumulated during the winter. Dr. R. V. Pierce, the founder of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, and a physician of large experience and practice, was the first to make up an ALTERATIVE EXTRACT of roots, herbs and barks,

Without a Particle of Alcohol or Narcotics.

which purifies the blood and tones up the stomach and the entire system in Nature's own way. The "Golden Medical Discovery" is just the tissue builder and tonic you require when recovering from a hard cold, grip, or pneumonia. No matter how strong the constitution our stomach is apt to be "out of kilter" after a long, hard winter; in consequence our blood is disordered for the stomach is the laboratory for the constant manufacture of blood. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery strengthens the stomach-puts it in shape to make pure, rich blood-helps the liver and kidneys to expel the poisons from the body. If you take this

Natural Blood Purifier and Tonic

you will assist your system in manufacturing each day a pint of rich, arterial blood, that is stimulating to the brain and nerves. The weak, nervous, run-down, debilitated condition which so many people experience at this time of the year is usually the effect of poisons in the blood; it is often indicated by pimples or boils appearing on the skin, the face becomes thin—you feel "blue." Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery CURES all blood humors as well as being a tonic that makes one vigorous, strong and forceful. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

STANDS ALONE

as the one medicine for stomach, liver and blood disorders that has the ingredients printed upon the wrapper of every bottle leaving the great laboratory at Buffalo, N. Y., which CURES in natures own way; not only in respect to its ingredients but also as the only spring tonic and reconstructive which absolutely contains NO ALCOHOL.









ROOT.

have the light at her back. She did not

crutable. You remember the woman at can you build on such a quicksand? Their Good morning. Watson."

Godolphin street with our friends of the Mme. Henry Fournaye only returned from regular establishment. With Eduardo Lucas lies the solution of our problem, though I must admit that I have not an inkling as to what form it may take. It is a capital mistake to theorize in advance of the facts. Do you stay on guard, my good Watson, and receive any fresh visitors.

I'll join you at lunch if I am able." All that day and the next and the next Holmes was in a mood which his friends would call taciturn, and others morose. He ran out and ran in, smoked incessantly, reveries, devoured sandwiches at irregular hours, and hardly answered the casual question which I put to him. It was evident to me that things were not going well with him or his quest. He would say indefatigable gossip, a remarkable linguist, and an untiring letter writer. He had been olphin street." on intimate terms with the leading politisensational was discovered among the documents which filled his drawers. As He had many acquaintances among them, but few friends, and no one whom he loved. offensive. His death was an absolute does not help us much." mystery, and likely to remain so.

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 Hammersmith that fight. The alibi was complete. It is true that he started home at an hour which should have brought him to Westminster pefore the time when the crime was that he had walked part of the way trouble. Now, if this letter were looseseems probable enough in view of the fineness of the night. He had actually arrived at 12 o'clock, and appeared to be overwhelmed by the unexpected tragedy. He beats in my brain like a bammer. Was had always been on good terms with his it, indeed, a coincidence that Lucas should master. Several of the dead man's possessions-notably a small case of razorshad been found in the valet's boxes, but he explained that they had been presents the deceased, and the housekeeper was able to corroborate the story. Mitton had been in Lucas' employment for three It was noticeable that Lucas did not take Mitton on the continent with him. sometimes he visited Paris for three criminals are. Every man's hand is against months on end, but Mitton was left in us, and yet the interests at stake are charge of the Godolphin street house. As 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 Inspector Lestrade had taken him into his donfidence in the case, I knew that he was telegram from Paris which seemed to solve

As to the arrest of John Mitton, the

"A discovery has just been made by the

most trivial action may mean volumes, or cupying a small villa in the Rue Austerlitz, pend upon a hairpin or a curling tongs. 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 luxurious to the verge of effeminacy. 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. Henry 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 jealous; which have amounted to frenzy. It is conplayed snatches on his violin, sank into jectured 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 undoubted that a woman answering to her description nothing of the case, and it was from the attracted much attention at Charing Cross papers that I learned the particulars of Station on Tuesday morning by the wildthe inquest, and the arrest with the sub- ness of her appearance and the violence sequent release of John Mitton, the valet of her gestures. It is probable, therefore, of the deceased. The coroner's jury that the crime was either committed when

insane, or that its immediate effect was but the parties remained as unknown as to drive the unhappy woman out of her ever. No motive was suggested. The room mind. At present she is unable to give was full of articles of value, but none had any coherent account of the past, and the been taken. The dead man's papers had doctors hold out no hopes of the re-estabnot been tampered with. They were care- lishment of her reason. There is evidence fully examined, and showed that he was that a woman, who might have been Mme. a keen student of international politics, and Fournaye, was seen for some hours upon Monday night watching the house in God-

"What do you think of that, Holmes? clans of several countries. But nothing I had read the account aloud to him,

"My dear Watson," said he, as he rose to his relations with women, they appeared from the table and paced up and down have been promiscuous but superficial, 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 His habits were regular, his conduct in- to tell. Even now this report from Paris

"Surely it is final as regards the man's

death." "The man's death is a mere incident-s trival 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 but his own explanation nowhere in Europe is there any sign of where can it be? Who has it? Why is it held back? That's the question that meet his death on the night when the letter disappeared? Did the letter ever reach 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 susplcions aroused? It is a case, my dear Watson where the law is as dangerous to us as the 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 handed in. Hallon! Lestrade seems to his own counsel, but, as he told me that on your hat, Watson, and we will stroll down together to Westminister."

It was my first visit to the scene of the in close touch with every development, crime-a high, dingy, narrow-chested house, Upon the fourth day there appeared a long prim, formal and solid, like the century which gave it birth. Lestrade's buildog fea- carefully. Don't do it before us. We'll thought there was no harm in letting her tures gazed out at us from the front win- wait bere. You take him into the back just put her head through the door." dow, and he greeted us warmly when a big room.

Watson how she maneuvered to Parisian police," said the Daily Telegraph, constable had opened the door and let us in, fession out of him alone. Ask him how he "which raises the veil which hung round The room into which we were shown was dared to admit people and leave them feet." the tragic fate of Mr. Eduardo Lucas, who that in which the crime had been com- alone in this room. Don't ask him if he met his death by violence last Monday mitted, but no trace of it now remained, has done it. Take it for granted. Tell night at Godolphin street, Westminster, save an ugly, fregular stain upon the him you 'know' someone has been here. They were lighting the lamps as I came has recognized it."

Our readers will remember that the de- carpet. This carpet was a small square Press him. Tell him that a full confession back with the brandy."

She gave a gas Margate whom I suspected for the same his room, and that some suspicion attached rounded by a broad expanse of beautiful, No powder on her nose-that to his valet, but that the case broke down old-fashloned wood-flooring in square was a magnificent trophy of weapons, one of which had been used on that tragio their most extraordinary conduct may de- was reported to the authorities by her night. In the window was a sumptuous writing-desk, and every detail of the apartment, the picture, the rugs, and the hangings, all pointed to a taste which was "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, repreached one thing led to another, and then with that dagger so handy the, end soon came. It wasn't all done in an instant, though, for these chairs were all swept 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 "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 on duty here all day." 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

"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 upper. It must have left a mark." Lestrade chuckled with delight at having

puszled 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 nough, was a great crimson spill upon the square white facing of the old-fashioned floor. "What do you make of that, Mr.

"Why, it is simple enough. The two etains 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 been turned round. That's clear enough, for the stains lie above each other -if you lay it over this way. But what ing an advertisement about typewriting. I want to know is, who shifted the carpet, been and why?"

I could see from Holmes' rigid face that have observed something of interest. Put 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?"

"Well, take my advice. Examine him You'll be more likely to get a con-

is his only chance of forgiveness. Do exactly what I tell you!"

"By George, if he knows I'll have it out proved to be the correct solution. How on an alibi. Yesterday a woman, who has blocks highly polished. Over the fireplace 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 demoniacal force of the man masked behind that listless manner burst'out in a paroxysm of energy. He tore the drugget 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 nalls 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

> "Quick, Watson, quick! Get it back the drugget 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.

of anger and disappointment. It was

"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 inex-

cusable conduct." The big constable, very hot and penitent, sidled into the room.

"I meant no harm, sir, I'm sure. young woman came to the door last evening-mistook the house, she did. And then we got talking. It's lonesome, when you're "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, wellspoken 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 went round the corner to the Ivy plant 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 drugget?" "Well, air, 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 drugget 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 answerand came to the wrong number-very pleasant, genteel young woman, sir."

"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, coaxing ways, as you might say, and I

"Very good," said Holmes, "Come, Watson, I think that we have more important work elsewhere." As we left the house Lestrade remained

in the front room, while the repentant constable 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 Honourable 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 gain!" The wooden lid was replaced and 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 we cannot get the rest. We will go straight to Whitehall Terrace and bring the matter to a head."

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

"Mr. Holmes!" said the lady, and her face was pink with her indignation, "this is surely most unfair and ungenerous upon your part. I desired, as I have explained, keep my visit to you a secret, lest my husband should think that I was intruding into his affairs. And yet you compromise me by coming here and so showing that there are business relations between us." "Unfortunately, madame, I had no possible alternative. I have been commissioned to recover this immensely important paper. must therefore ask you, madam, to be

kind enough to place it in my hands." The lady sprang to her feet, with the color all dashed in an instant from her beautiful face. Her eyes glazed-she tottered-I thought that she would faint. Then with a grand effort she rallied from the shock, and a supreme astonishment and indignation chased every other expression from her features.

"You-you insult me, Mr. Holmes." "Come, come, madam, it is useless. Give up the letter.' She darted to the bell.

"The butler shall show you out." 'De not ring, Lady Hilda. If you do, then all my earnest efforts to avoid a scandal will be frustrated. Give up the letter and all will be set right. If you will work with me I can arrange everything. If you work against me I must expose you."

She stood grandly defiant, a queenly figure, her eyes fixed upon his as if she would read his very soul. Her hand was on the bell, but she had forborne to ring it.

You are trying to frighten me. It is not very manly thing, Mr. Holmes, to come here and browbeat a woman. You say that you know something. What is it that you

"Pray sit down, madam. You will hurt yourself there if you fall. I will not speak until you sit down. Thank you. "I give you five minutes, Mr. Holmes."

"One is enough, Lady Hilda. I know of your visit to Eduardo Lucas, of your giving him this document, of your ingeni return to the room last night, and of the manner in which you took the letter from the hiding place under the carpet." She stared at him with an ashen face and

guiped twice before she could speak, "You are mad, Mr. Holmes-you are mad!" she cried, at last.

"I have carried this because I thought it might be useful." said he. "The policeman

frank with me. It is your only chance." Her courage was admirable. Even now she would not own defeat.

"I tell you again, Mr. Holmes, that you are under some absurd Illusion." Holmes rose from his chair.

done my best for you. I can see that it is all in vain." He rang the bell. The butler entered.

"Is Mr. Trelawney Hope at home?" "He will be home, sir, at a quarter te

Holmes glanced at his watch "Still a quarter of an hour," said

Very good, I shall wait." The butler had hardly closed the door behind him when Lady Hilda was down on her knees at Holmes' feet, her hands outstretched, her beautiful face upturned and

wet with her tears. "Oh, spare me, Mr. Holmes! Spare me!" she pleaded, in a frenzy of supplication. "For heaven's sake, don't tell him! I love him so! I would not bring one shadow on his life, and this I know would break his noble heart."

Holmes raised the lady, "I am thankful, madam, that you have come to your senses even at this last moment! There is not an instant to lose. Where is the letter?"

She darted across to a writing desk, unlocked it and drew out a long blue envelope.

"Here it is, Mr. Holmes. Would to heaven had never seen it!" "How can we return it?" Holmes muttered. "Quick, quick, we must think of

some way! Where is the dispatch box?" "Still in his bedroom." "What a stroke of luck! Quick, madam, bring it here!"

A moment later she had appeared with a red flat box in her hand. "How did you open it before? You have a duplicate key? Yes, of course you have.

Open It!" From out of her bosom Lady Hilda had drawn a small key. The box flew open. It was stuffed with papers. Holmes thrust the blue envelope deep down into the heart of them, between the leaves of some other document. The box was shut, locked and returned to the bedroom.

"Now we are ready for him," said going far to screen you, Lady Hilda. In return you will spend the time in telling me frankly the real meaning of this extraordinary affair."

"Mr. Holmes, I will tell you everything," cried the lady. "Oh, Mr. Holmes, I would cried. cut off my right hand before I gave him a moment of sorrow! There is no woman in "Ah, thank heaven!" His face became all London who loves her husband as I do, radiant. "The prime minister is lunching me, Mr. Holmes! My happiness, his happi-

ness, our very lives are at stake!" "Quick, madam, the time grows short!" indiscreet letter written before my marriage-a foolish letter, a letter of an impulsive, loving girl. I meant no harm, and yet he would have thought it criminal. Had read that letter his confidence would have been forever destroyed. It is years since I wrote it. I had thought that the passed into his hands, and that he would there is no danger to be apprehended." lay it before my husband. I implored his He said that he would return my We cannot live forever on such a volcano. letter if I would bring him a certain docu- We must have yomething definite." ment which he described in my husband's dispatch box. He had some spy in the why I am here. The more I think of the office who had told him of its existence. He drew a small piece of cardboard from He assured me that no harm could come

tion, Mr. Holmes! What was I to do? "Take your husband into your confidence."

"I could not, Mr. Holmes, I could not! On the one side seemed certain ruin, on the other, terrible as it seemed to take my "Come, Lady Hilds. You have the letter. tics I could not understand the conse-The matter may still be adjusted. I have quences, while in a matter of love and trust no desire to bring trouble to you. My duty they were only too clear to me. I did it,

ends when I have returned the lost letter Mr. Holmes. I took an impression of his to your husband. Take my advice and be key. This man, Lucas, furnished a duplicate. I opened his dispatch box, took the paper, and conveyed it to Godolphia "What happened there, madam?" "I tapped at the door as agreed. Lucas opened it. I followed him into his room, "I am sorry for you, Lady Hilda. I have leaving the hall door ajar behind me, for I feared to be alone with the man. I remembered that there was a woman out side as I entered. Our business was soon done. He had my letter on his desk, I handed him the document. He gave me

> sound at the door. There were steps in the passage. Lucas quickly turned back the drugget, thrust the document into some hiding place there, and covered it over. "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, a knife gleamed in hers. 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

the letter. At this instant there was a

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 one thought of getting back my husband's paper. It must still be where Lucas had placed it, for it was concealed before this dreadful woman entered the room. If it had not been for her coming, I should not have known where his iding place was. How was I to get into 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. brought the paper back with me, and thought of destroying it, since I could see Holmes. "We have still ten minutes. I am no way of returning it without confessing my guilt to my husband. Heavens, I hear his step upon the stair!" The European secretary burst excitedly

into the room. "Any news, Mr. Holmes, any news?" be

"I have some hopes."

and yet if he knew how I have acted with me. May he share your hopes? He -how I have been compelled to act-he has nerves of steel, and yet I know that would never forgive me. For his own he has hardly slept since this terrible event. honour stands so high that he could not Jacobs, will you ask the prime minister to forget or pardon a lapse in another. Help 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 sub-"It was a letter of mine, Mr. Holmes, an dued, but I could see by the gleam of his eyes and the twitchings of his bony hands that he shared the excitement of his young colleague.

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

"Purely negative as yet," my friend anwhole matter was forgotten. Then at last swered. "I have inquired at every point heard from this man, Lucas, that it had where it might be, and I am sure that "But that is not enough, Mr. Holmes,

"I am in hopes of getting it. That is

(Continued on Page Three.)