

THE SIGN OF THE FOUR. BY GUY DOYLE.

CHAPTER VIII. THE BAKER STREET IRREGULARS.

"What now?" I asked. "Toby has lost his character for infallibility."

which is kind of thick and foggy. He tapped at the window—about three it would be.



"I'M SORRY, MRS. SMITH, FOR I WANTED A STRAIN LAUNCH."

more abstract intellectual problem. As far as the death of Bartholomew Sholto went, I had heard little good of him, and could feel no intense antipathy to his murderers.

"A bath at Baker street and a complete change freshened me up wonderfully. When I came down to our room I found the breakfast laid and Holmes pouring out the coffee.

"The Aurora, sir." "Ah! She's not that old green launch with a yellow line, very broad in the beam?"

"I would suggest a launch and go down the track of the Aurora." "My dear fellow, it would be a colossal task. She may have touched at any wharf on either side of the stream between here and Greenwich.

"What are we to do, then?" I asked. "As we landed near Millbank penitentiary."

either the Aurora or Mr. Mordson Smith." "Toby could eat these scraps, I dare say. Are you going to bed, Holmes?"

"No! I am not tired. I have a curious constitution. I never remember feeling tired by work, though illness exhausts me completely. I am going to smoke and to think over this queer business to which my fair alest has introduced us.

"Hardly that," said he. "When first I saw signs of strange weapons I was inclined to think so; but the remarkable character of the footmarks caused me to reconsider my views. Some of the inhabitants of the Indian peninsula..."

"So I. I wouldn't answer for our safety now, if he should happen to have another of his attacks of energy." "So do I. I wouldn't answer for our safety now, if he should happen to have another of his attacks of energy."

"Yes, guv'nor," said Wiggins. "The old scale of pay, and a grutina to the boy who finds the boat. Here's a day in advance. Now off you go!"

MR. SPURTS' REMINISCENCES.

He recalls the Spring of 1860 and the Seaside Attacker.

I was reminiscing about the return of Spring. It is a blessed pleasure to sit in the piazza and look out upon nature that is now budding into beauty and putting on her gaudy tints and dainty hermit with flowers like a May Day Queen. Nature's beauty costs nothing, and it is the loveliest of all. I like to sit here and tell—but my wife like some that require work and there's nobody here but me.

But the long war was over, and that was enough. The boys had got back to home and freude and said they could eat roots and drink branch water and be happy. Not all the boys in federal prisons said it took time and labor to get them home, for they had no money and had to beg or work their way. On every road these returning soldiers came. It was a picture too big for a painter, or else it would have been painted long ago.

I gave \$10 in gold for five bushels of corn away down in Alabama. I had it hidden at old Rowland Bryant's down the river, and he had it ground at a mill by night and brought me a bushel at a time, served under the table to the boys. There were six children then and they were hungry. We never thought of meat or sugar or coffee. Bread and milk and sugar were used as much for anybody. But there was no roasting. The family was reduced and at home and that was a big thing. Poverty was nothing in comparison. The war was over and our boys were sent and they were glad. It had been virtually four or five months and the soldiers knew it and had got somewhat reconciled, and home and wife and children were on their hearts. Then, there were the returning refugees whom Sherman had driven from the line of his march to the sea. He stalled the woods before him and they fled. There were some to fire but the old men and women were shot. He burned their towns and seized their stock and ordered them to "git." For he was going to make war horrible, and he did it. Such a desolated country for thirty miles in width has not been seen in centuries.

And my wife looked away off dreamily and said: "Yes, it is pretty near the anniversary of our runaway trip from Rome. That was early in May, I'd say, and you had a beautiful time then, and you had grown profuse with dinner and strawberries and cream for supper." "Yes," said I, and about midnight, when we got the warning we took the children from their beds and tumbled them into the little boat, away and went rolling down the street towards the Etowah bridge to get away from the shells that were sailing and twisting in the air. Thus we got tangled up with our retreating army and it was almost dark before we crossed the bridge. We hurried up the hill by the light of Oontseaux's bridle that was burning, and away we went on a long trot until we got to Chamber's mill, and stopped to rest, and Tip—the faithful Tip—made a fire on the side of the road and boiled us some coffee and we drank it and gave the children some bread and meat and away we went again, for almost every moment some stray horseman would gallop by us and say: "Hurry up! It's dark now and you are coming out. Oh, it was an awful time."

WORK TO BE DONE BY A MAN.

Little John's father, a man who was a member of a religious organization, was a member of a religious organization.

Little John, the six-year-old daughter of Mr. Julius Gentry, of Gastonia, was a member of a religious organization. She was a member of a religious organization.

When her heart broken father arrived and caught her to his heart, sobbing over her, she begged him to be quiet, to keep the dogs off her and to get his gun and kill them. For some days the little innocent lay in agony in her father's arms, begging to be saved from the dog, until death came to her relief.

"I have a friend traveling through North Carolina," said D. T. Stuart at the Raleigh. "He has a natural propensity for getting into hot water. In a letter to me the other day he relates a funny experience he had at a hotel in a little town of the State. This is part of his story: 'I got into a little town in the latest production of the State. I got into a little place called Maiden, and stayed at the hotel for dinner. They have no waiters there—at least, they had none when I was there. They may have got some since. To tell the truth, they had a devil rigged up which dispensed with their services. The table was round and composed of two tiers. The first, or lower tier, was stationary, and on it rested your plate, and the waiter was placed the dishes, containing the inevitable ham, the omnipresent fried eggs, the mashed potatoes, the turnip-top lettuce (?) and all the other things which go to support life in this Old North State. This tier is so built that it revolves, so that if you want the steamed tomatoes and they chance to be in front of the plate, you have to do it by a spin, and, presto, you have the tomatoes in front of you. One drawback to the thing is that you have to hold it while getting the stuff or else some fellow at the other side of the table will spin it away from you. I wanted some butter the day I was there and it was half-way round from me. An elderly lady (it so happened, but I did not know it) was helping herself to the ham and had hold of the handle. I tried to spin it, but it wouldn't move. I got mad and brand myself. Just as I got a good grip on the thing the affair said elderly lady let go and the thing went whirling. I caught the waiter on my lap, the plate-fellows drummer was fortunate enough to stop the potatoes, the elderly lady caught the ham and caught the landlady in the stomach and carried off into the lap of a young lady on his left, the head of the waiter landed on the head of a very red-haired man and fractured his skull on the top of a man who was drinking from a coffee factory. The landlady caught the biscuits and I caught the devil (as well as the tomatoes). It cost me just \$8.00 to pay for the dishes.'"

"I had a very severe cold on my lungs that caused much suffering and gave me considerable weakness in regard to the result," says Mr. T. E. Smith, of Burlington, Mass. "A local druggist called my attention to Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and on his recommendation I gave the remedy a careful trial. The result surprised me; I recovered entirely in three days."

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"The Aurora, sir." "Ah! She's not that old green launch with a yellow line, very broad in the beam?" "No, indeed. She's as trim a little thing as any on the river. She's been fresh painted, black with two red stripes."

"The main thing with people of that sort," said Holmes, "is never to let them think that their information can be of the slightest importance to you. If you do, they will instantly shut up."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Smith, for I wanted a strain launch." "I would suggest a launch and go down the track of the Aurora." "My dear fellow, it would be a colossal task. She may have touched at any wharf on either side of the stream between here and Greenwich."

"What are we to do, then?" I asked. "As we landed near Millbank penitentiary." "Worse and worse! Our men would know that the chase was hot at their heels, and they would be off out of the country. As it is, they are likely enough to leave, but as long as they think they are perfectly safe they will be in no hurry. Jones' energy will be of use to us there, for his view of the case is sure to push itself into the daily press, and the newspapers will think that everyone is off on the wrong scent."