

Student slyly looks up the Number in the phone directory and finds it to be from a "rubber factory."

It was next morning when Fairman found out that 92 is the O. A. C. Number, and that he had been conversing with himself all evening.

Uncle Silas Wabash, from Wayback, called in at the chemical building about four weeks ago and asked for one of the professors. He carried one of those large bottles with wicker work around them, which might be taken to contain anything in the line of liquid, from whiskey to machine oil.

"Say, boss," he said, as one of our chemists approached, "can you analyze this stuff for me?"

"Why, of course," was the reply, "anything to help the Ontario farmer; what is it, Uncle? Getting statistics for the temperance campaign?"

"Pshaw! no. What are you getting at? This aint spirits, it's vinegar. Mary Ann bought it from N. O. Credit & Co., at the corners; this new-fangled firm that ran old Cod Fish out of business. Found out that they had put drugs in it."

Professor, after a careful analysis—"No. Uncle Si, you must be mistaken; this is perfectly pure vinegar."

"Wall, nauw; that beats all Sam Hill. Why, my darter, Hepsey heard old Mrs. Brown telling Jeremiah Taylor that Theodore Hanes, the sewing machine agent, told somebody else that old Smiffkin's son, who took specials up here for two weeks, said he knew there was ascetic acid in it."

The professor took the full count.

HEMLOCK JONES, THE SUCCESSFUL SLEUTH,

Or, When Rogues Dispute Wise Men
Get their Own.

A farce in three acts.

ACT I.

Scene 1—A room at the end of Lower Panton. Congregation of Soph crooks, busily engaged in planning a daring (?) burglary. After discussing the evidence given by a certain "whyte" man they decide that, since the place is entirely unoccupied, it is a crib worth cracking.

Since they can get no one else to say as much for them; they, regardless of the proverbial consequences of self-praise, revive their fainting spirits by a verse or two of "There are no flies on us," and exeunt all.

Scene 2—They appear before the bank, open the window, enter, and reappear with the swag, otherwise apples, close the window and scatter in the direction of more congenial shelter.

Fifteen minutes later Hemlock Jones, who, in private life, is known as A. B. C., arrives on the scene, totally unaware of the recent robbery. Well Bill, who keeps the tea kettle boiling in the greenhouse throughout the midnight hours, informs him that he heard a noise, but did not know what it was.

Hemlock immediately puts on a slouch hat, a pair of felt slippers, and a mysterious look and rapidly looked over the premises.

"Why!" he whispered, as the spoor met his eye. "This is a case for me. I recognize those foot-prints. They are still fresh. Quick action may result in the triumph of justice. He hastily dons a disguise and makes

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ACT III—S

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