

the Surrey side. Passing down the Waterloo Bridge road we crossed over the river, and dashing up Wellington street wheeled sharply to the right, and found ourselves in Bow street. Sherlock Holmes was well known to the Force, and the two constables at the door saluted him. One of them held the horse's head while the other led us in.

"Who is on duty?" asked Holmes.

"Inspector Bradstreet, sir."

"Ah, Bradstreet, how are you?" A tall, stout official had come down the stone-flagged passage, in a peaked cap and frogged jacket. "I wish to have a quiet word with you, Bradstreet."

"Certainly, Mr. Holmes. Step into my room here."

It was a small office-like room, with a huge ledger upon the table, and a telephone projecting from the wall. The inspector sat down at his desk.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Holmes?"

"I called about that beggarman, Boone—the one who was charged with being concerned in the disappearance of Mr. Neville St. Clair, of Lee."

"Yes. He was brought up and remanded for further inquiries."

"So I heard. You have him here?"

"In the cells."

"Is he quiet?"

"Oh, he gives no trouble. But he is a dirty scoundrel."

"Dirty?"

"Yes, it is all we can do to make him wash his hands, and his face is as black as a tinker's. Well, when once his case has been settled he will have a regular prison bath; and I think, if you saw him, you would agree with me that he needed it."

"I should like to see him very much."

"Would you? That is easily done. Come this way. You can leave your bag."

"No, I think that I'll take it."

"Very good. Come this way, if you please." He led us down a passage, opened a barred door, passed down a winding stair, and brought us to a white-washed corridor with a line of doors on each side.

"The third on the right is his," said the inspector. "Here it is!" He quietly shot back a panel in the upper part of the door, and glanced through.

"He is asleep," said he. "You can see him very well."

We both put our eyes to the grating. The prisoner lay with his face towards us, in a very deep sleep, breathing slowly and heavily. He was a middle-sized man, coarsely clad as became his calling, with a colored shirt protruding through the rents in his tattered coat. He was, as the inspector had said, extremely dirty, but the grime which covered his face could not conceal its repulsive ugliness. A broad wheel from an old scar ran right across it from eye to chin, and by its contraction had turned up on the side of the upper lip, so that three teeth were exposed in a perpetual snarl. A shock of very bright red hair grew low over his eyes and forehead.

"He's a beauty, isn't he?" said the inspector.

"He certainly needs a wash," remarked Holmes. "I had an idea that he might, and I took the liberty of bringing the tools with me." He opened his Gladstone bag as he spoke, and took out, to my astonishment, a very large bath sponge.

"He, he! You are a funny one," chuckled the inspector.

"Now, if you will have the great goodness to open that door very quietly, we will soon make him cut a much more respectable figure."

"Well, I don't know why not," said the inspector.

"He doesn't look a credit to the Bow street cells, does he?" He slipped his key into the lock, and we all very quietly entered the cell. The sleeper half turned, but then settled down once more into a deep slumber. Holmes stooped to the water jug, moistened his sponge, and then rubbed it twice vigorously across and down the prisoner's face.

"Let me introduce you," he shouted, "to Mr. Neville St. Clair, of Lee, in the county of Kent."

Never in my life have I seen such a sight. The man's face peered under the sponge like the head of a tree. Gone was the coarse brown tint! Gone, too, the horrid scar which had seamed it across, and the twisted lip which had given the repulsive sneer to the face! A twitch brought away the tangled red hair, and there, sitting up in his bed, was a pale, sad-faced, refined-looking man, black-haired and smooth-skinned, rubbing his eyes, and staring about him with sleepy bewilderment. Then suddenly realizing the exposure, he broke into a scream, and threw himself down with his face to the pillow.

"Great heaven!" cried the inspector. "It is, indeed, the missing man. I know him from the photograph."

The prisoner turned with the reckless air of a man who abandons himself to his destiny. "Be it so," said he. "And pray, what am I charged with?"

"With making away with Mr. Neville St. Clair. Oh, come, you can't be charged with that, unless they make a case of attempted suicide of it," said the inspector, with a grin. "Well, I have been twenty-seven years in the force, but this really takes the cake."

"If I am Mr. Neville St. Clair, then it is obvious that no crime has been committed, and that, therefore, I am illegally detained."

"No crime, but a very great error has been committed," said Holmes. "You would have done better to have trusted your wife."

"It was not the wife, it was the children," groaned the prisoner. "God help me, I would not have them ashamed of their father. My God! What an exposure! What can I do?"

Sherlock Holmes sat down beside him on the couch, and patted him kindly on the shoulder.

"If you leave it to a court of law to clear the matter up," said he, "of course you can hardly avoid publicity. On the other hand, if you convince the police authorities that there is no possible case against you, I do not know that there is any reason that the details should find their way into the papers. Inspector Bradstreet would, I am sure, make notes upon any thing which you might tell us, and submit it to the proper authorities. The case would then never go into court at all."

"God bless you!" cried the prisoner, passionately. "I would have endured imprisonment, ay, even execution, rather than have left my miserable secret as a family blot to my children."

"You are the first who have ever heard my story. My father was a schoolmaster in Chesterfield, where I received an excellent education. I travelled in my youth, took to the stage, and finally became a reporter on an evening paper in London. One day my editor wished to have a series of articles upon begging in the metropolis, and I volunteered to supply them. There was the point from which all my adventures started. It was only by trying begging as an amateur that I could get the facts upon which to base my articles. When an actor, I had, of course, learned all the secrets of making up, and had been famous in the green-room for my skill. I took advantage now of my attainments. I painted my face, and to make myself as pitiable as possible I made a good scar and fixed one side of my lip in a twist by the aid of a small slip of flesh-colored plaster. Then with a red head of hair, and an appropriate dress, I took my station in the busiest part of the city, ostensibly as a match-seller, but really as a beggar. For seven hours I plied my trade, and when I returned home in the evening, I found, to my surprise, that I had received no less than twenty-six shillings and fourpence."

"I wrote my articles, and thought little more of the matter until, some time later, I backed a bill for a friend, and had a writ served upon me for £25. I was at my wit's end where to get the money, but a sudden idea came to me. I begged a fortnight's grace from the creditor, asked for a holiday from my employers, and spent the time in begging in the city under my disguise. In ten days I had the money, and had paid the debt."

"Well, you can imagine how hard it was to settle down to arduous work at two pounds a week, when I knew that I could earn as much in a day by smearing my face with a little paint, laying my cap on the ground, and sitting still. It was a long fight between my pride and the money, but the dollars won at last, and I threw up reporting, and sat day after day in the

corner which I had first chosen, inspiring pity by my ghastly face, and filling my pockets with coppers. Only one man knew my secret. He was the keeper of a low den in which I used to lodge in Swandam-lane, where I could every morning emerge as a squalid beggar, and in the evenings transform myself into a well-dressed man about town. This fellow, a Lascar, was well paid by me for his rooms, so that I knew that my secret was safe in his possession."

"Well, very soon I found that I was saving considerable sums of money. I do not mean that any beggar in the streets of London could earn over seven hundred pounds a year—which is less than my average takings—but I had exceptional advantages in my power of making up, and also in a facility in repartee, which improved by practice, and made me quite a recognized character in the city. All day a stream of pennies, varied by silver, poured in upon me, and it was a very bad day upon which I failed to take two pounds."

As I grew richer I grew more ambitious, took a house in the country, and eventually married, without anyone having a suspicion as to my real occupation. My dear wife knew that I had business in the city. She little knew what."

"Last Monday I had finished for the day, and was dressing in my room above the opium den, when I looked out of the window, and saw, to my horror and astonishment, that my wife was standing in the street, with her eyes fixed full upon me. I gave a cry of surprise, threw my arms to cover my face, and, rushing to my confidant, the Lascar, entreated him to prevent anyone from coming up to me. I heard her voice down stairs, but I knew that she could not ascend. Swiftly I threw off my clothes, pulled on those of a beggar, and put on my pigments and wig. Even a wife's eyes could not pierce so complete a disguise. But then it occurred to me that there might be a search in the room, and that the clothes might betray me. I threw open the window, re-opening by my violence a small cut which I had inflicted upon myself in the bedroom that morning. Then I seized my coat, which was weighted by the coppers which I had just transferred to it from the leather bag in which I carried my takings. I hurried it out of the window, and it disappeared into the Thames. The other clothes would stand up to the stair, and a few minutes after I found, rather, I confess, to my relief, that instead of being identified as Mr. Neville St. Clair, I was arrested as his murderer."

"I do not know that there is anything else for me to explain. I was determined to preserve my disguise as long as possible, and hence my preference for a dirty face. Knowing that my wife would be terribly anxious, I slipped off my ring, and confided it to the Lascar at a moment when no constable was watching me, together with a hurried scrawl, telling her that she had no cause to fear."

"That note only reached her yesterday," said Holmes.

"Good God! What a week she must have spent!"

"The police have watched this Lascar," said Inspector Bradstreet, "and I can quite understand that he might find it difficult to pose as a letter-carrier. Probably he handed it to some sailor customer of his, who forgot all about it for some days."

"That was it," said Holmes, nodding approvingly. "I have no doubt of it. But have you never been prosecuted for begging?"

"Many times; but what was a fine to me?"

"It must stretch far, however," said Bradstreet. "If the police are to hush this thing up, there must be no more of Hugh Boone."

"I have sworn it by the most solemn oaths which a man can take."

"In that case I think that it is probable that no further steps may be taken. But if you are found again, then all must come out. I am sure, Mr. Holmes, that we are very much indebted to you for having cleared the matter up. I wish I knew how you reach your results."

"Reached this one," said my friend, "by sitting upon five pillows and consuming an ounce of shag. I think, Watson, that if we drive to Baker street we shall just be in time for breakfast."

MINNIE MAY'S DEPARTMENT.

PRIZE ESSAY.

Home Nursing.

BY DORA FARNCOMB, NEWCASTLE, ONT.

The comfort and safety of a patient depend very largely on the nurse; her quiet cheerfulness, and firm, yet gentle touch, give the invalid confidence. A fussy nurse often does a great deal of harm, especially in cases of nervous illness. In home nursing, when the nurse is anxious or troubled, she must control her feelings, at least in the sick room, or she will do more harm than good.

DIRECTIONS TO THE AMATEUR NURSE.

Do not over-tire yourself, take regular hours for rest, if possible, and it is often advisable to write out directions for the one who is to take your place when "off duty." In serious cases keep a record of temperature and pulse, amount of nourishment taken, and hours of sleep. This will be of great assistance to the doctor. Be very particular about giving medicines at the proper times. Never let a room get close or stuffy, open the windows as much as possible, first covering the patient closely; shut out draughts with a screen—one can easily be extemporized by hanging a shawl over a clothes-horse. An open fire-place is a good ventilator; in summer a lighted lamp placed in it will help to carry the bad air up the chimney. A thermometer should hang in the sick-room, and the temperature be kept at about 68° or 70°. Remove all draperies and unnecessary pieces of furniture, and use a damp cloth for dusting. If the carpet cannot be taken up sweep with a carpet sweeper, or a broom covered with a damp cloth; never raise a cloud of dust with your broom. In long-continued illness, try to make a little variety in the appearance of the room. Hang up a fresh picture or two occasionally, or set a bouquet of dainty flowers where the invalid can see it.

Never use a feather bed if it is possible to avoid it. A soft hair mattress, over woven wire springs, is the most satisfactory. The under sheet should be smooth and tight; tuck it under the mattress and pin tightly at the corners. Wrinkles often cause bed sores. It is advisable to fold a strip of rubber sheeting in another sheet and place it in the middle of the bed, this saves the lower sheet, and can easily be changed. Tuck the top sheet in at the foot. Put on enough blankets, but not too many. Florence Nightingale says: "Feverishness is often caused by bed clothes rather than by fever." Have plenty of pillows, shake them frequently,

putting a fresh, cool one under the weary head. Often a small pillow, placed between the feet and the foot-board, will keep a weak person from slipping down in bed; a long, narrow one placed between the legs prevents chafing.

Bed-sores can usually be prevented by keeping the lower sheet smooth and free from crumbs; bathing the back, hips, elbows and heels with alcohol, and powdering them with corn starch. The patient should be frequently turned on one side if he can be moved. If the skin shows signs of cracking use oxide of zinc ointment, and remove all pressure from the parts affected. When dressings are to be applied, always have the new ready before removing the old. Two people can easily lift a helpless patient by placing their hands under his shoulders and hips. When the under sheet is to be changed, roll the clean one half way across, putting the roll next the patient and pushing the soiled one before it. Lift the patient over the roll, go to the other side of the bed, unroll the clean sheet and tuck in smoothly. To change the upper sheet lay it on top of the bed clothes with a blanket over it, then the soiled things can easily be pulled out from under without exposing the patient. The teeth should be washed with a clean rag dipped in borax water or some other cleansing preparation. A bath should often be given, unless the doctor forbids it; this can easily be accomplished without wetting the bed. Blankets, towels, warm water, and everything else needed, should first be got ready. Have the clean night clothes warmed and aired. Place a folded blanket under the patient—this can be done in the same way the under sheet is changed (see above). Place another on the bed clothes and draw them away from underneath it. To remove the night clothes draw them up in folds under the neck and place the arms above the head. Then gather the folds in one hand and slip them quickly off, keeping the blanket well up to the chin. Bath the face, neck and ears, and dry them carefully; then wash one arm under the blanket and dry it; proceed in this way, drying each part before wetting another. The night-dress should be put on the arms first, then the gathered folds can be slipped over the head and pulled down. If the hair is long, braid it in two braids or it will become tangled.

BATHS, POULTICES, ETC.

A vapor bath can be given, if ordered, without much trouble. Seat the patient on a cane-bottomed chair, cover with blankets, and put a pail of hot water underneath—the steam will be kept in by the blankets. In ten or fifteen minutes put your patient to bed, first rubbing the skin briskly.

A cold pack is sometimes given in cases of fever. Prepare three pieces of flannel about a yard long and twenty inches wide—they should reach from the neck to the hips. Dip one piece in cold water and wrap around the body, next the skin. Then put on the dry piece of flannel and roll the patient in a blanket. Remove in about half an hour, rub the skin briskly, and put on the third piece of flannel, well warmed.

Poultices are usually made of linseed meal. Stir handfuls of the meal into boiling water until the mass is like dough. Spread on a piece of cotton, and cover with cheese cloth or muslin. This poultice can be heated and used again, unless it has been applied to a discharging wound. Poultices are also made of bread, oatmeal, cornmeal or mashed carrots. Charcoal is often mixed with linseed poultices when applied to foul sores. Never let a poultice get cold before changing it, and always have the hot one ready before removing the other. A "poultice jacket" is sometimes necessary to cover the back and chest. Make it of oiled muslin and line with cotton batting. It should be in two pieces, fastening with strings on the shoulders and under the arms; put the poultices underneath it. A hot-water bag, made of India-rubber, laid over a poultice, will keep in the heat. Of course this can only be used in some places, as it is heavy.

Fomentations are often used instead of poultices: two pieces of flannel are needed, a towel, basin and hot water. Lay the towel across the basin, place the flannel on it, pour on boiling water, then wring well by twisting the dry ends of the towel in opposite directions. Shake the flannel and apply, covering with rubber sheeting to keep in the heat. Sometimes mustard is added to the water—a heaping teaspoonful to the pint.

Ice poultices are best applied in an ice-bag; if one cannot be obtained, put the ice in a piece of muslin or handkerchief, having first broken it in small pieces.

Mustard plasters, if mixed with white of egg, will not blister. Leave them on about twenty minutes, dust the spot thickly with flour.

Turpentine stupes are fomentations sprinkled with turpentine. To make a sprinkler cut a hole in the cork of the bottle.

Blisters should be opened at the lowest part—snip the skin with a pair of sharp scissors, and dress with vaseline, washed lard, or any other simple ointment.

CARE OF INFECTIOUS DISEASES.

Pure air is the best disinfectant, so keep the windows open as much as possible. If the sick room can be entered through another room, keep the door into the hall locked, and always pass through the adjoining room, where the windows should be kept open. If there is only one entrance to the sick room hang a sheet, wet with a solution of corrosive sublimate, over the doorway. Every