



Sholmes rapidly broke the stale crust, and revealed the missing image of the Golden Cow.

HERLOCK SHOLMES stood by his armchair, his slippers resting gracefully on the cocaine cask, as a stout, well-dressed lady of fifty summers and goodness knows how many winters, was ushered into the room by Mrs. Spudson, our landlady.

"Mr. Sholmes!" cried the visitor. "I am in such distress!"

With graceful courtesy, Sholmes flicked the lid of the cocaine cask with his handkerchief. The lady seated herself, and Sholmes dropped back into his cushioned armchair.

"I am Mrs. Harbottle," began our client. "I and my husband live in the little old-world town of Sourby-cum-Tarpool in Rockinghamshire. Recently we have met with a great misfortune, Mr. Sholmes—at least, my husband has. The Golden Cow that used to sit on his writing-desk was stolen mysteriously. Since the theft my poor husband has been prostrate. It is most distressing."

"The Golden Cow, madam?" murmured Sholmes, lifting his eyelids. "That is a lucky charm, is it not?"

"It was supposed to bring good luck," piped Mrs. Harbottle. "The cow was about four laches high. It was of solid gold and as heavy as lead. Its eyes were a pair of small green emeralds. From its head extended some long, curly horns."

"You're sure it was a cow, madam?"

"Certainly, Mr. Sholmes."

"And not an octopus?"

"No. I'm positive it was an image of a cow—the Sacred Cow of Burmah. It was presented to my husband by the Emperor Bmung Bhang of Burmah for a great service indeed. That was long ago. In 1879, to be precise."

"Ah, I remember," drawled Herlock Sholmes. "I remember reading about it at the time in the 'Undertakers' Weekly Record.' Your husband, whizzing through Cocoanut Street, Rangoon, on a Thunder Mark II. motor-cycle, ran over three of the emperor's wives. The treble funeral was one of the greatest social events in Burmah in the 'seventies.'"

"Marvellous!" exclaimed Mrs. Harbottle. "Your memory for detail astounds me, Mr. Sholmes."

My amazing friend inclined his head, and said sharply:

"Tell me, when did you and Mr. Harbottle notice the loss of the Golden Cow?"

"Last Thursday. I remember it well. The cook was ill, and my poor husband was in one of his tantrums."

"Ahem! I see. You had prepared the dinner?"

"Yes. I made my husband an apple turnover."

"Which he did not appreciate?"

The distressed lady shook her head and wiped a tear from her eye with her glove.

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THE GOLDEN COW!

An Amazing Exploit of Herlock Sholmes, the World's Worst Detective, recorded by his faithful friend, Dr. Jotson.

Evidently the memory was a bitter one. "Who was in the house at the time of the theft?"

"Only Sarah Miggs, our cook. She had been out in the afternoon. That is why I made the turnover. When she returned, Mr. Harbottle and I went to the pictures to see Tishoo Hawakawawa in 'The Fatal Jujube.'"

"You have had Sarah Miggs in your employ a long time?"

"Yes, as cooks go—about three weeks."

"You do not suspect her?"

"No, Mr. Sholmes. But I looked through her boxes. The Golden Cow was not among her possessions, or in the house at all, for that matter. The glass of the study window was broken. Someone entered the room from the garden."

Sholmes rose and reached for his pipe. "Why did you wait four days before notifying me?" he asked.

"I told the local police," confessed Mrs. Harbottle, with a catch in her voice.

"The mistake people invariably make," murmured Sholmes soothingly. "And, of course, you telephoned to Scotland Yard?"

"Y-yes," quavered the woman. "I—I telephoned there just before I came to you. An inspector called Blinkney took the message."

"Pinkeye, you mean," said Sholmes. "He's an old friend of mine. Tut, tut! How you have mishandled matters, madam. However, Jotson and I will accompany you to Sourby-cum-Tarpool immediately. Let us be going."

A journey of a few hours on the Slowcombe branch of the Southern Railway brought us to picturesque Sourby-cum-Tarpool. The villa to which Mrs. Harbottle led us proved to be a pretty, detached residence overlooking the cemetery. Entering the front parlour, we discovered Inspector Pinkeye of Scotland Yard standing near a small man with old-fashioned side-whiskers, who was groaning upon a couch.

"Well, Pinkeye," said Sholmes cheerfully, "have you found the thief?"

Pinkeye bowed to Mrs. Harbottle and me, and then took Sholmes on one side.

"To be frank, Mr. Sholmes, I don't know what I'm here for. I had hoped to see the lady who telephoned. All I can gather from Mr. Harbottle here is that he has a sneaking affection for the Golden Cow. Pity he doesn't try a temperance club for a change, I'm thinking."

"Sh-sh!" whispered Sholmes. "This unfortunate gentleman is steeped in gloom, not liquor. He has suffered a grievous loss. A brass talisman called the Golden Cow, presented to him by the Emperor Bmung Bhang of Burmah, has been stolen from him."

At the request of Sholmes, Mrs. Harbottle led us into the study, the room from which the image had been removed. Mr. Harbottle stayed on the couch, still groaning feebly.

"H'mm! A broken window, I see," remarked Pinkeye astutely. "The burglar broke in here. And note the particles of glass on the study floor."

Sholmes took a magnifying-glass from his pocket, and, bending low, carefully examined the fragments. When he had concluded this examination, he looked at the window again, and silently left the room. We next saw him below the study windows, peering at the ground. Presently he came indoors.

"Let us seek out Sarah Miggs," he remarked.

The cook was at the kitchen window, staring down the tradesmen's entrance with a rapt expression on her face. From her parted lips and glazed eyes, I imagined at first that she was suffering from that rare disease known in medical parlance as aqasacutum bokumphobia. But even as I stepped forward, with a cry of delight, Sholmes pushed my face back with his hand and touched the cook on the shoulder.

"Sarah Miggs," said he lightly, "you are in love! Do you expect your Romeo to appear thus early in the day?"

The cook came to earth with a thud.

"Herlock Sholmes," she gasped, "how—how did you know?"

Sholmes smiled inscrutably.

"What is his name?" he demanded. "D'Arcy," breathed the buxom cook. "A brave name!" said Sholmes. "What is he like?"

Plainly Pinkeye was bored to tears at this apparent waste of time, but Sarah Miggs was enraptured.

"Ooh! 'E's wonderful, Mr. Sholmes!" she sighed. "So brave, so 'andsome, so noble is D'Arcy! You should see some of 'is drorings! Ought to be an artist, 'e did!"

"'E's on the staff o' the Sourby-cum-Tarpool Municipal Authority."

"In other words, a dustman!" sniffed Mrs. Harbottle, in an aside.

If Sholmes heard, he took no notice.

"I understand, Sarah Miggs," he remarked, with oily politeness, "that you were in this house on the evening when the Golden Cow was purloined from Mr. Harbottle's study. Did you hear no sound—not a crash like the shattering of glass, for instance?"

"No, sir," replied the cook. "I had been reading the last chapters of 'Her Boy was a Catsmeat Man' in the 'Purple Paper,' and had fallen asleep. When I woke up, I set to meself: 'There's a draught, Sarah! Someone's left the garden gate open!' Then I discovered that the study had been broken into, and the yellow crocodile had been pinched."

"Golden Cow, Sarah!" corrected Mrs. Harbottle severely. "It was presented to my husband by the Emperor of Bmung Bhang of—"

"Quite so, madam!" interrupted Sholmes sternly. "There is one other question I wish to put to this intelligent cook. The theft occurred two days ago. Has Mr. D'Arcy called since then to take you out or to remove any other rubbish from the premises?"

"No, sir. 'E ain't been 'ere a-courtin' nor in 'is official capacity on behalf o' the Sourby-cum-Tarpool Municipal Authority."

The metallic ring of a dustbin-lid sounded from without.

"Ah, he is here at last!" cried Sholmes. He bounded out of the kitchen and through the scullery door out of the house. We followed at his heels, and I could not fail to notice the scared expression upon the face of Sarah Miggs.

D'Arcy, the dustman, was standing by the dustbin, examining something he had taken from it.

"The apple-turnover!" cried Sholmes.

He snatched it from the astonished dustman's hands, and rapidly broke the stale crust, scattering the pieces upon the ground. And, as though he had performed a conjuring trick, we saw in his hands the image of the Golden Cow!

It is difficult to say who was the most flabbergasted—Mrs. Harbottle, Pinkeye, Sarah Miggs, D'Arcy, or myself.

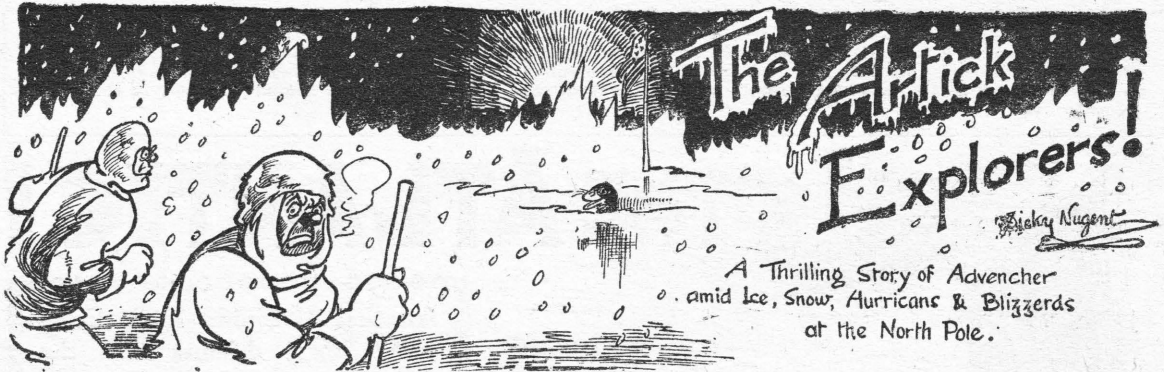
"Here is the thief!" said Sholmes, pointing dramatically at Sarah Miggs. "Your cook stole the Golden Cow, Mrs. Harbottle, and left it for her fiancé to remove with the refuse! Do you wish to charge her with theft, and D'Arcy with being a receiver of stolen goods? If so, Pinkeye is ready with the darbies!"

But Mrs. Harbottle, for her husband's sake, was so pleased at getting the image back that she was satisfied with giving Sarah Miggs the sack on the spot. Weeping bitterly, the misguided cook left the house with the chastened dustman, who later gave up his fine position on the staff of the Sourby Municipal Authority, and took to scratching a precarious livelihood as a comic artist in what he called the "great metropolis." That the pair had hoped to sell the Golden Cow for a good round sum to pay their marriage expenses was clear. Thanks to Sholmes, the guilty plan was frustrated, and the valued curio restored to the gratified Mr. Harbottle.

As Sholmes, Pinkeye, and I returned by train to London, each smoking a Flor de Staggario given us by Mr. Harbottle, my curiosity overmastered me.

"How did you even guess the Golden Cow was in the turnover, Sholmes?" I asked.

(Continued at foot of next page.)



A Thrilling Story of Advencher
amid Ice, Snow, Hurricans & Blizzards
at the North Pole.

It was Founders' Day at St. Sam's. Old boys of every jennyrnation had flocked down to the old school, to take part in the sellybrations.

Men of every walk of life were prezzant. There were poets, and polytishuns, and plummers, and pork-butchers. There were tinkers, tailors, soldiers, sailers, rich men, poor men, begger-men, theeves.

Jack Jolly & Co., the heroes of the Fourth, watched the wholesale invasion of Old Boys from their study window.

"What a crowd!" eggscclaimed Merry. "Look! There's the Duke of Dudshire, walkin' arm-in-arm with Lord Stoney de Broke!"

"Blow the Duke of Dudshire!" growled Jack Jolly. "I'm looking for a more important chappie than him."

"The Markwiss of Muggleton?" suggested Bright.

"No! Sir Francis Globe-Trotter, the famus eggsploreer."

"Oh!"

"I eggspsect you fellows have heard all about his wonderful stunts," said Jack Jolly. "When he was a boy at St. Sam's, he was voted a bit of a loonatick, bekwase he was simply crazy on eggsplorein'. He's the chap who discovered the Silly Islands—the place where they send all the loonaticks to."

"My hat!"

"And now he's ever so keen on finding the North Pole," went on Jack Jolly. "He's sailed up to the Artick regions once or twice, but he hasn't seen anything of the Pole. I think he's going to have another shot soon. How ripping if we could go with him!"

Merry and Bright stared at their leader in astonishment.

"You—you don't mean that, Jack?" gasped Merry.

"Of course I do! Sir Francis will want a crew of some sort, and he'd rather have St. Sam's fellows than outsiders. I'm going to ask him to ask the Head if we can go with him on his next crooze."

Even as Jack Jolly spoke, a tall, distinguished-looking man came striding through the school gateway. Although distinguished-looking, he was not eggactly hansom, for he had lost his nose owing to frostbite. The tips of his fingers had suffered in the same way.

"Here he is!" cried Jack Jolly, as the grate eggsploreer came into sight. "Give him a cheer, chappies!"

Sir Francis Globe-Trotter flushed with plezzure as the cheers rang out. He glanced up at the study window, and lifted his hat in acknowledgment.

During the day Jack Jolly & Co. had an opportunity of making their rekwest to Sir Francis. That grate man shook his head at first.

"You will never be able to stand the riggers and hardships of a Poler voyage," he said.

But when the juniors pointed out that they would cherfully go to the ends of the earth with such a grate hero, Sir Francis konsented to ask the Head if they could accompany him on his next Artick eggspedition.

Thus it came about that, three days later, Jack Jolly & Co. bade farewell to their chums at St. Sam's, and started off in the Sorcy Sally with Sir Francis Globe-Trotter. They were hungry for advencher, and thirsty for sensation. Their one desire was to find the North Pole and bring it back in triumph to St. Sam's.

On the voyage Jack Jolly kept a log. This duzzent mean a peace of wood, but a diary. And I will now prosed to quote a few eggstracts from that diary:

"First Day.—Set sale in the Sorcy Sally for the North Pole. I'm feeling in the pink, and Merry and Bright are also merry and bright.

"Fifth Day.—The Sorcy Sally sprung a leak off the coast of Iceland, but we managed to plug her up with putty. Sir Francis Globe-Trotter, who is a real sport, says we shall reach the Artick regions in a cupple of days.

"Seventh Day.—We have struck the Artick regions, and we can't sale any farther, bekwase of the ice; so we've got to get out and walk."

At this point our heroes started their advenchers in grim Ernest. They tramped for miles and miles over ice-bound territory, with Sir Globe-Trotter leading the way.

Terribul hardships were encountered. The snow sned incessantly, and the blizzerd blizzed, and the sleet slet. It was so perishing cold that the noses of our heroes were nummed.

There were many grim encounters with Grizzly Bears, wolves, lions, tigers, and other dennizens of the Poler regions. Of course, our heroes were armed to the teeth; otherwise, they would have lost their lives several times over.

No entries appeared in Jack Jolly's diary during this period. He had lost the use of his fingers, and couldn't write. In any case, his ink was frozen into a lump of black ice.

Day after day the weary quest went on. And each night the eggsploreers laid down in their sleeping-bags, and did their best to snatch a little slumber.

At last the party was eggshhausted, and so were their supplies of food. They were now many miles from the place where they had left the Sorcy Sally at anker, and they despared of getting back.

On the 99th day, however, something happened which raised their drooping harts, and revived their sinking spirits.

They discovered the North Pole! It was Jack Jolly who saw it first. It was a sort of broomstick, wedged into the ice, and standing upright.

"The Pole!" cried Jack Jolly, in toans of wild eggsetiment. "The North Pole!"

And the party rushed towards their goal.

"Why, there's a flag tied to the top of the Pole!" cried Sir Francis. "Somebody has already discovered it!"

"It's the American flag—the Stars and Stripes!" eggscclaimed Merry. "But the fellow who tied that flag to the Pole never returned to his native country to tell the tale. Look!"

And Merry pointed to some human bones which lay stroop over the ice.

Weather the American eggsploreer had died of fammin, or been torn lim from lim by ravvenus wolves, was not certain. Anyway, he had perished.

"We must take this back home," said Sir Francis. "Otherwise people will not believe we had reached our goal!"

The North Pole was then uprooted, and carried back to the boat. It was a long and weary jerney, but the eggsploreers were boyed up by the fact that they had found the North Pole.

Some weeks later they arrived at St. Sam's, and the whole school turned out to honner the heroes.

The North Pole now reposes in the School Museum. And Jack Jolly & Co. won't be happy until they find the South Pole to match!

THE END.



On the 99th day they discovered the North Pole. "The Pole!" cried Jack, in toans of wild eggsetiment.

THE GOLDEN COW!

(Continued from previous page.)

"I never guess, my dear Jotson," said Sholmes dreamily. "It was simple deduction. In the first place, I satisfied myself that the robbery had been committed by someone in the house. The splinters in the window-sash and a piece of glass I discovered on the lawn below the study window prove that the window had been smashed from the inside."

"B-but there was glass on the study floor," interposed Pinkeye.

"Quite so," said Sholmes. "It had been cunningly placed there by Sarah Miggs to mislead. That glass, Pinkeye, was a sixteenth part of an inch thinner than the window-pane glass."

"Amazing!" I muttered.

"Simple observation," observed Sholmes modestly. "Well, having smashed the window and stolen the Golden Cow, Sarah Miggs was faced with the problem of concealing the image until she could get it into the hands of D'Arcy. The apple-turnover made by Mrs. Harbottle suggested a solution. She cut out the interior of the turn-

over, and inserted the Golden Cow, carefully plastering the sodden crust about it. There was no likelihood of anyone wanting to eat the dumpling, and if Mrs. Harbottle happened to pick it up, it would reveal no appreciable difference in weight.

"As she guessed, Sarah Miggs had to throw away the apple-turnover after it had been put on the table two or three times. She deposited it in the dustbin, having first notified D'Arcy of the precious image within the pastry. Luckily, I was summoned in time to be present when the dustman called."

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