

BY LOUISE LEXINGTON.

N THE first morning of her advent in the dingy office of the Tarrytown Times, Margaret Mills dispelled all doubt from the mind of the male contingent of the force that a girl would be able to "hold down a case" on that important sheet. After having set up a "take" in the editor's own handwriting with scarcely a halt, she was voted a brick by all present. This opinion was shared by Maxwell Strong, the editor, whose one proud boast was that his chirography was as bad, if indeed not worse, than Horace Greelev's.

Margaret's place in the city was usurped by the machines, and she had come to the country office simply as a compositor, but before long her duties became varied. She was so quick, so entirely capable and reliable that finally it country locals, and to even supply an occasional lack of copy by an intelligent count all time thus employed as equiva- the gates of Paradise. lent to 1000 "ems" per hour, which, as a ment for Margaret.

One day, when busy at other tasks, Maxwell took up her "stick," finished the copy on her case and "dumped" the type credited this gift to a new compositorone "Slug M"-when "pasting up her string," at the end of the week, and laid the proof upon Maxwell's desk without a word. The editor had liked her from that

Once he had said to her, solicitously: 17" dicating a full galley of type which she dicating a full galley of type which she bad taken up, and she had laughingly re-blad taken up, and taken u had taken up, and she had laughingly re-piled: "How old do you think I am, Mr. On a starlight night he had walked she was too proud to own, much less to

Margaret had liked him from that time to Maxwell: forth. She was 26, .

The handsome pressman promptly lost his heart to the new compositor, and, as inevitably follows, his appetite and all interest in his work; whereupon Strong. with only kindest intent, bade him be off for a vacation, much to the other's secret disgust. The presswork being at a low ebb, as was usual through the Summer. Charley Brown had no alternative but to accept the invitation, but in so doing he declared to himself that Strong was he declared to himself that Strong was only whisper, "Please, oh, please!" and not putting up a fair fight: that some day escaping from his arms ran into the house he would get even. And he did, In the meantime the friendship between

the sunny-haired type and the editor flourished and grew apace. There were tangles in the copy that they must needs puzzle out together, which brought the fool. He said "an old fool," as being the dark head perilously near the fair one, biggest of all. Maxwell was 38. so near at times that the owner of the fell to her lot to revise all proof, edit into the clear depths of two gray-blue former could snatch fleeting glimpses eyes. And when the lashes drooped hastily, as the eyes bent again to their task. use of the shears. She was allowed to it seemed to Maxwell like the clanging of

They met one July morning before work hours, that Maxwell might show Margaret his favorite haunt, a beautiful path through a wood that no one eige seemed ever to frequent. Gayly colored warblers abounded there, and Maxwell knew the little songsters by heart and by name, thinking for a moment that a construction could be placed upon his words which printer knows, was a generous arrange- hours, that Maxwell might show Maron her galley. But Margaret promptly little songsters by heart and by name. On this morning there was a rare concert in progress, and they stood quite still to listen on the brown leaves where the

trong?"

Twenty-five," came the direct answer, ing it had confided all of his ambitions, afterwards, the longing to see her valentines they had received by mail. It

mendows of heaven, somed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels."

Margaret had never seen there beforesomething swift and dangerous-and catching her to himself he kissed her "full upon the mouth." Margaret could without so much as saying good-night.

Maxwell, not understanding girls in
the least, thought he had offended her

beyond pardon; and afterwards construing her new shyness with himself as had studied coldness, berated himself as a stay. Belleving he could never forgive himself if Margaret would decide to leave Tarry-town, at the earliest opportunity he at-

tempted an apology. And such an apol-ogy! He started in by begging her to forget that he had made such a fool of "You wish me to understand, sir," Mar-

tion could be placed upon his words which

tion could be placed upon his words which was little less than an insult to the proud girl, so constantly was he in fear of annoying her afterwards by his very presence that he avoided her even more than she for the second time. Margaret gradually avoided him if that were received to corroborate her in the belief that he had attempted to first with her while engaged to another—"having no right," as he expressed it.

After rejecting Charley Brown's sult for the second time. Margaret gradually errow out of touch with Tarrytown. was little less than an insult to the proud girl. filtering sunlight cast its golden en-chantment. So constantly was he in tear of analy-ing her afterwards by his very presence that he avoided her even more than she

without a moment's hesitation. At this not omitting the secret hope in his heart once more came upon Maxwell with ir- gave Margaret a sudden overwhelming

stars, and repeated more to herself than on the stars, and repeated more to herself than on the stars, and repeated more to herself than one by one, in the infinite he had very stupidly not mentioned this word before—"If only we might at times have one of our old friendly talks. How me-nots of the angels."

it may have been the witchery of the anguorous night, or the witchery of the ship, Margaret, even with the sobering it may have been the witchery of the languorous night, or the witchery of the maid herself; but when she extended to maid herself; but when she extended to wife, than the love of any other woman it was band at parting, suddenly into my friend and make me giad."
It was Maxwell's custom to leave a!l

letters to be mailed upon his deak, to be taken to the postoffice when the "devil" should go for the mail in the morning; and Brown coming in first and looking them over, as was his custom, saw the address of this ope and intercepted it without a scruple. It was the beginning of his revenge for the vacation, which deception which at another time. I dare had lasted almost through Margaret's say, he foured might have cost him his

Receiving no reply to his letter, Maxwell made up his mind to forget, if pos-sible, the pain of caring so much for a girl who scorned even his friendship. And leaving others in charge, he went on an extended Eastern trip, mailing a lead-er for the Times each day while absent. Margaret received a paper daily, sent her by Brown, and esperly followed the editor's accounts of his travels, reading with keenness his impressions of an ed-

the world's fair. One day a local notice, blue penciled, conveyed to Margaret the intelligence that Maxwell was on his way home with a wife, a schoolmate of his boyhood. And Margaret was not surprised. It only

"Do you like it. Mar-Margaret-may avoided him, if that were possible. And grew out of touch with Tarrytown, then fortunately for Margaret, during the some lovely dream this strained relationship there came a to raise this story out of the common-like it. Mar-Margaret gradually avoided him, if that were possible. And grew out of touch with Tarrytown, then fortunately for Margaret, during the second time, Margaret gradually avoided him, if that were possible. And grew out of touch with Tarrytown, that with me!"

Three hours to raise this story out of the common-like it. Mar-Margaret may be avoided him, if that were possible. And grew out of touch with Tarrytown.

There hours to raise this story out of the common-like it.

herself the heartache that was hers. Sob after sob, without one single effort at control, until the storm was spent, and then Margarot sat up and dried her eyes, as her mother pushed a thick letter under her door, and cheerfully called to her; "It came by mall, Margie. I am making some tea for the headache."

Margaret opened the packet wondering-

ly, and great was her astonishment when the stolen letter, dated over half a year before, fell out, together with a proof of the wedding notice that had appeared in the Times. In addition was a letter from Maxwell, explaining what at first seemed so mystifying. It ran: "Desr Margaret-You will probably be

surprised to learn that Brown is married and is leaving Tarrytown shortly. In view of this latter fact, it has seemed job. He, however, insists that his wife has urged him to this course. After the regular issue of the Times was run off one evening Brown lifted a small notice, and slipping this pleasant little fiction about myself in its place, printed the copy sent you, composing it and setting it up himself, beforehand. He furthermore appropriated unto himself the letter sent herewith, which he discovered on my desk ready for the mail. I have not yet dealt with Brown. It is just possible that Mrs. Brown and I attach an importance to the whole affair that you will fail to rec-ognize. Suffice it for me to say that with my dally increasing sense of the loss of something fair and sweet in life, I want you to have the letter as I could scarcely have done six months before. I shall await with impattence your answer, and in case you do not answer I shall understand. Brown will have humbled himself for naught and I will have cheated would be the standard of the standard s ed myself with a glimmer of golden hope before utter dreariness again setties around me. For, oh. Margaret, it is like

hour, this little message went singing its way over the wires to Tarrytown;

A VALENTINE.

of Mrs. Stewart, of Lauder, in 1887. Not? Well, I am sure Moran was at the bottom of it, but nothing could be proved. So cleverly was the Colonel concealed that, even when the Morlarty gang was broken up, we could not incriminate him. You remember at that date, when I called upon You you in your rooms, how I put up the shutters for fear of air-guns? No doubt you thought me fanoiful. I knew exactly what I was doing, for I knew of the existence of this remarkable gun, and I knew also that one of the best shots in the world would be behind it. When we were in Switzerland he followed us with Moriarty, and it was undoubtedly he who gave me that evil five minutes on the Reichenbach You may think that I read the papers

with some attention during my sojourn in France, on the look-out for any chance of laying him by the heels. So long as be was free in London, my life would really not have been worth living. Night and day the shadow would have been over me, and sooner or later his chance must have come. W_st could I do? I could not shoot him at sight, or I should myself be in the dock. There was no use appealing to a magistrate. They cannot interfere on the strength of what would appear to them to be a wild suspicion. So I could do nothing. But watched the criminal news, knowing that sooner or later I should get him. Then came the death of this Rouald Adalt. My chance had come at last. Knowing what I did, was it not certain that Colonel Moran had done it? He had played cards with the lad, he had followed him home from the club, he had shot him through the open window. There was not a doubt of it. The bullets alone are enough to put his head in a noose. came over at once. I was seen by the sentinel, who would, I knew, direct the Calenel's attention to my presence. He could not fall to connect my sudden re-turn with his crime, and to be terribly Colone; Moran will trouble us no more, alarmed. I was sure that he would make The famous airgun of Von Herder will round his murderous weapon for that pur-pose. I left him an excellent mark in those interesting little problems which the window, and, having warned the police that they might be needed—by the way, Watson, you spotted their presence in that doorway with unerring accuracy—I took up what seemed to me to be a judi- & Co.)

cious post for observation, never dreaming that he would choose the same spot for his attack. Now, my dear Watson, does anything remain for me to explain?"

"Yes," I said. "You have not made it clear what was Colonel Moran's motive in murdering the Honorable Ronald

"Ah! my dear Watson, there we come into those realms of conjecture, where the most logical mind may be at fault. Each may form his own hypothesis upon

the present evidence, and yours is as likely to be correct as mine.

"You have formed one, then?"

"I think that it is not difficult to explain the facts. It came out in evidence that Colonel Moran and young Adair had, between them. between them, won a considerable amount of money. Now, Moran undoubtedly played foul-of that I have long been aware. I believe that on the day of the murder Adalr had discovered that Moran was cheating. Very likely he had spoken to him privately, and had threatened to expose him unless de voluntarily resigned his membership of the club, and promised not to play cards again. It is unlikely that a youngster like Adair would at once make a biocous scandal by exposing a well-known man so much older than himself. Probably he acted as I suggest. The exclusion from his clubs would mean ritin to Moran, who lived by his ill-gotten card gains. He therefore murdered Adair, who at the time was endeavoring to work out how much money he himself should return, since he could not grofit by his partner's foul play. He locked the door lest the ladies should surprise him and insint upon knowing what he was doing with these names and coins. Will it I pass?

upon the truth."
"It will be verified or disproved at attempt to get me out of embellish the Scotland Yard Museum, way at once and would bring and once again Mr. Sherlock Holmes is

"I have no doubt that you have bit

Guarding President From Assassin

No Opportunity Now to Repeat Crime of Czolgosz at Buffalo.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 8.—(Spe-clai Correspondence of The Sun-the new Connecticut-avenue below day Oregonian.-"Hands out of "Hat in your left hand!"

The orders were quietly spoken, but they were said so firmly that they were never once disobeyed.

They showed that no President of the United States will ever again have his life in danger from a man or woman approaching him with extended hand, covered by a hat or handkerchief or something eise, and underneath a deadly weapon. No person will also get the opgood to him to confess to a theft and a portunity of shooting at a President deception which, at another time. I dare through the pockets of a coat or overcoat.

> that It was January I when these orders were given to a few of the 4000 or 5000 Wilkie never to lose sight of him, whervisitors who shook hands with the chief ever he may be, and they follow these inexecutive in the Biue Parlor of the White structions. He knows many of them per-House. The long line of people, representing every type on the face of the earth, passed in through the main north door, across the corridor to the Red Parlor, through there to the Blue Parlor, up the executive duties he did not like where the President stood, surrounded by the idea of being followed everywhere by his receiving party, and, incidentally, by two Secret Service officers.

Just at the door, where the line entered Just at the door, where the line entered of time, however, he came to look upon the Blue Parior, within 29 feet of the them as necessary and valuable. He never President, stood Chief Wilkie, of the Section 1 stops to consider whether they are around cret Service, and one of his keenest, when he goes for a walk or drive or starts cret Service, and one of his keenest, brightest men. The orders were imperative that no man should pass in through that door with his right hand holding his hat or covered in any form; or with his right hand in his right overcoat pocket. The day was cold and everybody wore an Three hours later, and it was the lith overcoat. The line of people passed in between the two sleuths, and whenever a pour, this little message went singing its man carried his hat in his right hand or his right hand in his pockets he heard the quick but quiet command mentioned. There was instant obedience, too.

Every person passed the President on his right and shook hands with the right onsequently the precaution was a good one. These immense receptions are so arranged, too, that the man in line does not see the President until right upon the Spanish War, there was not a detection, and it frequently happens that a slow-witted fellow has shaken hands with when recentions were held or there was the President and gotten a few steps beond before he realizes that his desire has already been gratified.

Roosevelt Dislikes Protection. The President himself gives little consideration to the possibilities of harm from contact with thousands of curiositymoved people. He has often said that if the life of a President is sought it would be easy to take from a distance with a rifle or some other long-distance weapon, but those whose duty it is to guard the President carefully leave nothing undone to protect him against possibilities of va-rious kinds. They devise all receptions with as much view to his comfort and safety as to anything else. The great New Year receptions at the White House furnish openings that are not relished, and that is why Secret Service men and policemen are on duty every few feet inside the building and keep so close a watch on the movements of the thousands of people. No one is refused a place in the line-on that day, no matter who he is, what his record, or how forbidding he looks. The great event is truly to the public, and if Washington were a city like sible to continue these receptions by son of the low characters who would take

advantage of the chance to get into the White House on mischief bent, and especially to work among the throng of peo-ple who remain in the parlors to watch ple who remain in the parlors to watch what is going on. But Washington is still pretty free of such a class. The local thieves are of too low an order to pass the watching police. Many people hope that President Roosevelt will decide to abolish the New Year receptions to the public. It was a cus-

tom that originated with Presidents when Washington was a city of a few thou-sand people. The New Year crowds, at the inception of the custom, probably never exceeded a thousand people, and nal friends of the Chief Executive. Slowly the reception has become one of physical endurance with the President. He must stand on his feet for three hours else for three and a quarter hours. Just think of requiring that much physical exertion from the head of the Nation! It would be better for the President to head a parade and be wheeled around the city, so that he could be seen by the people.

Washington people are usually so accustomed to Presidents, Senators, Cabinet officers and other dignitaries that they do not infringe upon the President on his rounds in the city; but some thousands of them will insist on punishing him New Year's day. At any other time he may walk the streets or drive wherever he desires, but there will be no at tempt to disturb him or take time by handshaking. Citizens who pass him raise their hats or salute him ver bally and pass on. President Roosevelt is frequently on Washington streets, and now he was the Holmes of old in the | may have some recollection of the death | ago he and Senator Lodge, of Massachu- You're a martyr, and we'll canonize you yet!

White House in just 20 minutes. The distance is close to two miles, and they came near "walking the legs off" the secret service athlete whose duty it was to keep near them and to watch for suspicious characters. That is merely a sample of what the President can and does do in the walking line. Shortly after Secretaries Morton and Metcalf en-tered the Cabinet he invited them to accompany him on a stroll of the suburbs. When he got back with them, Secretary Metcalf, an old Yale athlete, was so sore he could hardly walk for three days, while Secretary Morton was also put out of the game.

President Roosevelt rarely manages to The Secret Service will see to away from the White House without one or more of them near him. They are un-der the strictest instructions from Chief sonally, likes them and speaks to them when he recognizes them. He gets gilmpse of some of them at every turn, outside the White House. When the President first came to Washington to take officers, and many times he got away from them by suddenly emerging from his office for a long walk alone. In the course out to keep an engagement, but he is not surprised when he sees them near. The President is physically able to take care of himself from the front, but it is in the rear and sides that the careful officers

The presence of numerous secret service

officers wherever the President goes is the outgrowth of the assassination of President McKinley, at Buffalo. Up to that tragic affair secret service men had no place at the executive offices. During the first four years of President McKinley's first administration, even during all when receptions were held or there was some function that would draw strangers, The regular White House force of ushers exercised a watch over the movements of the President inside the building. This did not extend to the outside. President McKinley went for long walks through the principal streets of Washington unaccompanied or followed by a soul. In the middle of the day's work, when his visitors had grown scarce, he would leave his offices, go out the rear door of the building and take a stroll through the grounds or neighboring streets. He wanted the sunshine and fresh air and that was the only way he could enjoy both. He didn't care much for the exercise, as is the case with President Roosevelt. One secret service officer al-ways accompanied President McKinley on his fourneys through the country, as much with the idea of keeping him from being too rudely jostled and handled by surging crowds as anything else. Two detectives were with him when he was shot at Buffalo, but that was the largest number ever with him on a trip. There are two or three times as many near President Roosevelt when he goes out of town.

The first secret service man assigned to duty in the beginning of the Roosevelt administration was a poor fellow named Craig. He was killed at Pittsfield, Mass. at the time President Rooscvelt's carriage was struck by a street-car. He was sitting on the seat with the driver, and was throws under the car. He was an athlete The local and a broadswordsman. He was like all the men assigned to duty at the White House, bright, active, muscular, quick.

Amanda Waldron in Munsey's,

Oh, the little cherry-tree was a rustler Its leaves danced and twinkled in the And it were its blossoms white, And its cherries, coral-bright, Like a little crowned queen among the trees

11. Oh, the little cherry-tree was a hustler It grew like a daisy in the sun; It lifted up its head, And it spread and spread, Until George out it down just for fun

III. ow the little cherry-tree is a teacher And its scholars are the people of the land; Il teaches truth and pluck Must forever bring good luck,

And it should the leasons out to beat the band;

And the little cherry-tree is a preacher, Preaching sermons with the hatchet for a text, "God and nature"—so it speaks— Hate the llars and the sneaks: They're not wanted in this world nor in the

So the little cherry-tree is immortal; For centuries its fruit shall gitter red Trees that round it used to grow Turned to sawdust long ago. But this fellow rises yearly from the dead

Oh, little cherry-tree, by the portal Fame's historic temple you at And because you had to die

THE RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES . Continued From Page 32 35 55

patience with a less active intelligence than his own.

Of course, it has moved," said he, "Am I such a farcical bungler, Watson, that I should erect an obvious dummy, and expect that some of the sharpest men in een in this room two hours, and Mrs. Hudson has made some change in that figure eight times, or once in every quarter of an hour. She works it from the , so that her shadow may never be Ah!" He drew in his breath with a shrill, excited intake. In the dim light I aw his head thrown forward, his whole attitude rigid with attention. Outside the street was absolutely deserted. Those two men might still be crouching in the doorway, but I could no longer see them. All was still and dark, save only that brilliant yellow screen in front of us with the black figure outlined upon its center. Again in the utter silence I heard that broken glass. thin, sibilant note which spoke of in suppressed excitement. An instant later pulled me back into the blackest corner of the rootp, and I felt his warning hand upon my lips. The fingers which clutched quivering. Never had I known my friends more moved, and yet the dark street still stretched lonely and motionless

my ears, not from the direction of Baker street, but from the back of the very house in which we lay concealed. A door opened and shut. An instant later steps crept down the passage-steps which were meant to be silent, but which reverberated harshly through the empty house. Holmes rouched back against the wall and 1 did the same, my hand closing upon the handle Peering through the Mole of my revolver. gleom. I saw the vague outline of a man, usual—a shade blacker than the blackness of the ly well. men door. He stood for an instant, and then he crept forward, crouching, menuc-ing, into the room. He was within three ds of us, this simister figure, and I had graced myself to mee, als spring, before t realized that he had no idea of our pres the window, and very softly and noiseraised it for half a foot. As he ank to the level of this opening, the light street, no longer dimmed by the man seemed to be beside himself with exnt. His two eyes shone like stars, id his features were working convulsive-He was an elderly man, with a thin, ojecting nose, a high, bald forehead huge grizzled mustache. An hat was pushed to the head, and an evening dress open overcoat. His face was gaunt

red to be a stick, but as he laid it on

or it gave a metallic clang.

bulky object, and he busied himself in

but the back, which was turned toward us. | click, as if a spring or bolt had fallen into | in lovers' meetings," as the old play | Mr. Holmes," said Lestrade, as the mouse-colored dressing-gown which he he bent forward and threw all his weight | pleasure of seeing you since you fav- "Anything further to say?" and strength upon some lever, with the oreo me with those attentions as I lay result that there came a long, whirling on the ledge above the Reichenbach grinding noise, ending once more in a powerful click. He straightened himself then, and I saw that what he held in his Sect that some of the sharpest men in hand was a sort of a gun, with a curious-Europe would be deceived by it? We have been in this room two hours, and Mrs. been in this room two hours, and Mrs. breech, put something in, and snapped the breech-lock. Then, crouching down, he rested the end of the barrel upon the ledge of the open window, and I suw his long moustache droop over the stock and his eye gleam as it peered along the sights. I heard a little sigh of satisfaction as he cuddled the butt into his shoulder, and saw that amazing target. the black man on the yellow standing clear at the end of his fore sight. For an instant he was rigid and motionless. Then his finger tightened motionless. Then his finger tightened on the trigger. There was a strange loud whize and a long, silvery tinkle of At that instant Holmes sprank like a tiger on to the marksman's back, and hurled him flat upon his face, He was up again in a moment, and with convulsive strength he seized Holmes by the throat, but I struck him on the head with the butt of my revolver, and he dropped again upon the floor. I fell dropped again upon the floor. I fell upon him, and as I held him my comrade blew a shrill call upon a whistle. The But suddenly I was aware of that which was the clatter of running feet upon the is keener senses had already distinruished. A low, stealthy sound came to form, with one plain-clothes detective, my ears, not from the direction of Baker rushed through the front entrance and into the room.

"That you, Lestrade?" said Holmes "Yes, Mr. Holmes. I took the jog my-It's good to see you back in Lon

"I think you want a little unofficial help Three undetected murders in one year won't do, Lestrade. But you handled the sey Mystery with less than your that's to say, you handled it fair-

We had all risen to our feet, our prisoner breathing hard, with a stalwart constable on each side of him. Already a few loiterers had begun to collect in the street. Holmes stepped up to the window, trade had produced two candles, and the policemen had uncovered their lanterns. I was able at last to have a good look

at our prisoner. It was a tremendously virile and yet sinister face which was turned towards With the brow of a philosopher above and the jaw of a sensualist be low, the man must have started with great capacities for good or for evil airgun from the floo But one could not look upon his cruel ining its mechanism. blue eyes, with their drooping, cynical lids, or upon the flerce, aggressive nose and threatening, deep-lined brow, without reading Nature's plainest danger-signals. He took no heed of to the order of the late Professor Moany of us, but his eyes were fixed upon riarty. For years I have been aware Holmes' face with an expression is of its existence, though I have never which hatred and amazement were before had the opportunity of handling equally blended. "Tou fiend!" he kept it. I commend it very specially to your swarthy, scored with deep, savage In his hand he carried what apthe pocket of his overcoat he drew

the ledge above the Reichenbach

The Colonel still stared at my friend like a man in a trance. "You cunning. cunning fiend," was all that he could "I have not introduced you yet," said

Holmes. This, gentlemen, is Colonel Sebastian Moran, once of her Majesty's Indian Army, and the best heavy-game shot that our Eastern Empire has ever produced. I believe I am correct Coloel. in saying that your bag of tigers still remains unrivaled?"

The fierce old man said nothing but still glared at my companion with-his savage eyes and bristling musiache, was wonderfully like a tiger himself.

"I wonder that my very simple strat. agem could deceive so old a shikari." said Holmes. "It must be very familiar to you. Have you not tethered a young kid under a tree, lain above it with your rifle and waited for the hait to you. to bring up your tiger? This empty house is my tree and you are my tiger. You have possibly had other guns in reserve in case there should be several tigers, or in the unlikely supposition of The parallel is exact."

"I confess that you had one small so glad to burn. The diagrams, the surprise for me," said Holmes. "I did lin-case, and the pipe-rack-even the not auticipate that you would your-self make use of this empty house and this convenient front window. I had imagined you as operating from the street, where my friend Lestrade and his mercy men were awaiting you. With that exception, all has gone as

Colonel Moran turned to the official detective. "You may or may not have just cause for arresting me, said he "but at least there can be no reason why I "I hope you preserved all

I expected.

should submit to the gibes of this son If I am in the hands of the law. let things be done in a legal way." enough," that's reasonable enough," strade. "Nothing further you said Lestrade.

have to say, Mr. Holmes, before we go Holmes had picked up the powerful alrgun from the floor and was exam- the head and flattened itself on the wall.

"Ah, Colonel" said Holmes, arrang-ing his rumpled collar, "journeys end" "You can trust us to look after that,

Three years had certainly not smoothed its place. Still kneeling upon the floor save. I don't think I have had 'ne whole party moved towards the door, took from his effigy. "Only to ask what coarge you in-

tend to prefer " "What charge sir? Why, of course, the attempted murder of Mr. Sherlock Holmes.

"Not so, Lestrade, I do not propose to appear in the matter at all. To you, and to you only, belongs the credit of the remarkable arrest which you have effected. Yes, Lestrade, I congratulate With your usual happy mixture of cunning and audacity, you have got him

The man that the whole force has biographies from the shelf." seeking in vain-Colonel Sebustian Moran, who shot the Honorable Ronald Adair with an expanding bull-t from an airgun through the open window of the second-floor front of No. 427 Park Lane, upon the 30th of last month. That's the charge, Lestrade. And now, Watson, if you can en-dure the draught from a broken window. I think that half an ho my study over a cigar may afford you some profitable amusement."

Our old chembers had been left un-changed through the supervision of Mycroft Holmes and the immediate care position of of Mrs. Hudson. As I entered i saw, it These," he is true, an unwonted tidiness, but the old your own aim falling you. These," he is true, an unwonted tidiness, but the old pointed around, "are my other guns, landmarks were all in their place. There ne parallel is exact."

was the chemical corner and the addColonel Moran sprang forward with stained, deal-topped table. There upon a a snarl of rage, but the constables shelf was the row of formidable scrapdragged aim back. The fury upon his books and books of reference which many face was terrible to look at. of our fellow-citizens would have been lin-case, and the pipe-rack-even the Per-sian slipper which contained the tobacco -all met my eyes as I glanced round me. There were two occupants of the room-one, Mrs. Hudson, who beamed upon us both as we entered-the other, the strange dummy which had played so important part in the evening's adventures. It was a wax-colored model of my friend, so admirably done that it was a perfect fac-simile. It stood on a small pedestal table with an old dressing-gown of Holmes' bo draped round it that the Illusion from the

"I hope you preserved all precautions, Mrs. Hudson" said Holmes. "I went to it on my knees, sir. just as you told me."
. "Excellent. You carried the thing out very well. Did you observe where the bullet went?"

Yes, sir. I'm afraid it has spoilt your beautiful bust, for it passed right through picked it up from the carpet. Here it

Holmes held it out to me. "A soft revolver bullet, as you perceive, Watson. made India too hot to hold him. He r. There's genius in that, for who would expect to find such a thing fired from an air-gun. All right, Mrs. Hudson, I am much once more, for there are several points which I should like to discuss with you."

"The old shikari's nerves have not lost

their steadiness, nor his eyes their keensaid be, with a laugh, as he inspected the shattered forehead of his bust. "Plumb in the middle of the back of the head and smack through the brain. He was the best shot in India, and pect that there are few better in London. Have you heard the name?"

"No. I have not."
"Well, well, such is fame! But, then, if I remember right, you had not heard the name of Professor James Moriarty, who had one of the great brains of the century. Just give me down my index of

He turned over the pages lazily, lean-ing back in his chair and blowing great clouds from his cigar. "My collection of M's is a fine one," said he. "Moriarry himself is enough to

make any letter illustrious, and here is Morgan the poisoner, and Merridew of abominable memory, and Mathews, who New York or Calcago it would be imposknocked out my left canine in the waitingroom at Charing Cross, and, finally, here is our friend of tonight.

He handed over the book, and I read: "Moran, Sebastian, Colonel, Unemployed, Formerly First Bengalore Ploneers, Born London, 1840. Son of Sir Augustus Moran. C. B., once British Minister to Persia. Educated Eton and Oxford. Served in Jowaki campaign, Afghan campaign, Charastab (despatches), Sherpur and Cabul. Author of 'Heavy Game of the West-ern Himelayas' (1881); 'Three Months in the Jungle' (1884). Address: Conduit street. Clubs: The Anglo-Indian, the Tankerville, the Bagatelle Card Club." On the margin was written, in Holmes' precise hand: "The second most danger-ous man in London."

"This is astonishing," said I, as I hand-back the volume. "The man's career is ed back the volume. that of an honorable soldier." "It is true," Holmes answered. "Up to a

certain point he did well. He was always a man of iron nerve, and the story is still told in India how he crawled down a drain after a wounded man-eating tiger. There are some trees, Watson, which grow to a certain height, and then suddenly develop ome unsightly eccentricity. You will see it often in humans. I have a theory that the individual represents in his develop-ment the whole procession of his ancestors, and that such a sudden turn to good or evil stands for some strong influence which came into the line of his pedigre The person becomes, as it were, the epit-ome of the history of his own family." "It is surely rather fanciful."

the cause, Colonel Moran began to go wrong. Without any open scandal, he still made India too hot to hold him. He rean evil name. It was at this time that he was sought out by Professor Moriarty obliged for your assistance. And now, to whom for a time he was chief of the Watson, let me see you in your old seat staff. Moriarty supplied him liberally with money, and used him only in one or two very high-class jobs, which no ordi-He had thrown off the seedy frock coat, nary criminal could have undertaken. You pearly always walking. Several week

they were mostly those in official life and or more and work his right arm up and down 8000 to 10,000 times, just to follow procedent. At the last reception Presi-dent Roosevelt shook hands with nearly \$500 people, and he was doing nothing

Never Out of Sight.