

ALL THE REALMANCE



she made some playful protest, and he added, with a touch of gallantry: "I do not judge by your looks; you do not look over 30. But your mind is as matured and as logical as a woman's of 25. You could scarcely be younger than that." Margaret had liked him from that time forth. She was 23.

The handsome pressman promptly lent his heart to the new composer, and, as an inevitable 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 disgust. The presswork being at a low ebb, as was usual through the Summer, Charles Brown had no alternative but to accept the invitation, but in so doing he declared to himself that Strong was not putting up a fair fight; that some day he would get even. And he did.

In the meantime the friendship between the sunny-haired tyro and the editor flourished and grew apace. There were tangles in the copy that they must needs untangle out together, which brought the dark hair perilously near the fair one, so near at times that the owner of the former could snatch fleeting glimpses into the clear depths of two gray-blue eyes. And when the lashes drooped hastily, as the eyes bent again to their task, it seemed to Maxwell like the clanging of the gates of Paradise.

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 else seemed ever to frequent. Gayly colored warblers abounded there, and Maxwell knew the 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 filtering sunlight cast its golden enchantment.

"Do you like it, Mar-Margaret-may?" spoke Maxwell softly, and she replied: "Oh, it is like some lovely dream to me; such a note is an inspiration!" Her smiling into his eyes, "You may—why not?"

On a starlight night he had walked from church with her, and before realizing it had been his ambition, without omitting the secret hope in his heart

of one day winning the love of a good girl—a girl like herself—and of having a home and fireside of his own.

And then, as they stood at the gate, Margaret, very sweet and fondly in her soft Summer gown, looked up at the stars, and repeated more to herself than to Maxwell:

"Silenitly, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven, Blossomed the lovely stars, the forgotten-nots of the angels."

It may have been the witchery of the languorous night, or the witchery of the soft moonlight, but when she extended to him her hand at parting, suddenly into Maxwell's eyes appeared something that Margaret had never seen there before—something swift and dangerous—and catching her to himself he kissed her "full upon the mouth." Margaret could only whisper, "Please, oh, please!" and escaping from his arms ran into the home without so much as saying good-night.

Maxwell, not understanding girls in the least, thought he had offended her beyond pardon; and afterwards, constraining her new shyness with himself as studied coldness, berated himself as a fool. He said "an old fool," as being the biggest of all. Maxwell was 23.

Believing he could never forgive himself if Margaret would decide to leave Tarrytown, at the earliest opportunity he attempted an apology. And such an apology he started in by begging her to forget that he had made such a fool of himself.

"You wish me to understand, sir," Margaret began interrogatively, rising to her feet, with flashing eyes. "I do not wish that I would give words to undo what I have done," protested Maxwell earnestly. "I am an idiot. I had no right, and I—hope you will forgive me and forget it," he concluded lamely, not thinking for a moment that a construction 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 more than she avoided him, if possible. And then, fortunately for Margaret, during this strained relationship there came a letter offering her a coming vacancy in the city, so that she might work there, and she was too proud to own, much less to define.

Afterwards, the longing to see her once more came upon Maxwell with irresistible force, following him through his waking hours and haunting him in his dreams; so that he was moved to write her a letter, a tender, pitiful appeal, begging her to allow him to occasionally visit her at her home.

"I shall never breathe a word of my love for you," he had written—though he had very stupidly not mentioned this word before—"if only we might at times have one of our old friendly talks. How dear to me our little talks have been! Why, I would rather have your friendly words than any other words in the world. I would rather have your knowledge that you would never be my wife, than the love of any other woman I know. Forgive my bungling stupidity. Be my friend and make me glad."

Maxwell's custom to leave all letters to be mailed upon his desk, 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 one and intercepted it without a scruple. It was the beginning of his revenge for the vacation, which had lasted almost through Margaret's stay.

Receiving no reply to his letter, Maxwell made up his mind to forget, if possible, the pain of caring so much for a girl who turned ever to his friendship. And leaving others in charge, he went on an extended Eastern trip, mailing a letter for the Times each day while absent.

Margaret, receiving a paper daily, sent her by Brown, and eagerly following the editor's accounts of his travels, reading with keenness his impressions of an editorial convention, and his descriptions of the world's fair.

One day a local notice, blue penciled, conveyed to Margaret the intelligence that Max had returned home to work there, a wife, a schoolmate of his boyhood, and Margaret was not surprised. It only served to corroborate her in the belief that he had attempted the flirt with her proud girl, if not with Tarrytown, "having no right," as she expressed it.

After rejecting Charles Brown's suit for the second time, Margaret gradually grew out of touch with Tarrytown.

Then something happened—something to raise this story out of the commonplace.

It was the 14th of February. Margaret returned home from work tired and spiritless, and found her two younger sisters laughing as they compared some valentines they had received by mail. It gave Margaret a sudden overwhelming

of Mrs. Stewart, of Lauder, in 1857. 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 Moriarty gang was broken up, could not incriminate him. I remember at that date, when I called upon you in your rooms, how I put up the shutters for fear of air-guns? No doubt you thought me fanatical, I know exactly what I was doing. For I knew 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 got me that evil five minutes on the Reichenbach ledge.

"You may think that I read the papers with some attention during my sojourn in France," the looker-on said, "but I was laying him by the heels. So long as he 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. What could I do? I could not shoot him at sight, or I should myself be in the dock. There was no use appealing to the police, for they would 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 catch him. Then, the existence of this Ronald Adair. 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. I came on at once, and I was by the side of the sentinel, who would, I knew, direct the Colonel's attention to my presence. He could not fall to connect my sudden return with his crime, and to be terribly alarmed. I was sure that I would make an attempt to get me out of the way at any time and would bring round his murderous weapon for that purpose. I left him an excellent mark in 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 judicious 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 Adair?"

"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 then it is as likely to be correct as mine."

"You have formed one, you are?"

"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, 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 Adair had discovered that Moran was cheating. Very likely he had spoken to him privately, and had threatened to expose him unless he voluntarily resigned his membership of the club, and promised not to play cards again. Then it is unlikely that a younger man like Adair would at once make a blundering scandal by exposing a well-known man so much older than himself. Probably he acted as a suggester. The exclusion from his club would mean ruin to Moran, who lived by his ill-gotten card gains. He therefore murdered Adair, who at the time was playing for a fortune. How much money he himself should return, since he could not profit by his partner's foul play. He locked the door, the ladies should surprise him and insist upon knowing what he was doing with these names and coins. Will it pass?"

"I have no doubt that you have hit upon the truth."

"It will be verified or disproved at the trial. Meanwhile, come what may, Colonel Moran will trouble us no more. The famous argon of von Herder will embellish the Portland Yacht Museum, and once again Mr. Sherlock Holmes is free to devote his life to examining those interesting little problems which the complex and intricate of London so faithfully presents."—(Copyright, 1935, by A. Conan Doyle and Collier's Weekly. Copyright, 1935, by McClure, Phillips & Co.)

Guarding President From Assassin

No Opportunity Now to Repeat Crime of Czolgosz at Buffalo.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 6.—(Special Correspondence of The Sunday Oregonian.)—Hands out of your pockets!

"That 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 else, and underneath a deadly weapon. No person will also get the opportunity of shooting at a President while he is in the coat of overcoat. The Secret Service will see to that.

It was January 1 when these orders were given to a few of the 400 or 500 visitors who shook hands with the chief executive in the Blue Parlor of the White House. The long line of people, representing every type on the face of the earth, passed in through the main north door, the back door, the side door, the side door, through there to the Blue Parlor, where the President stood, surrounded by his receiving party, and, incidentally, by two Secret Service officers.

Just at the door, where the line entered the Blue Parlor, within 20 feet of the President, stood Chief Wilkie, of the Secret Service, and one of his keenest, brightest men. The orders were interpreted to no man should approach the 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 overcoat. The line of people passed between the two sentinels, and whenever a man carried his hat in his right hand or his right hand in his pockets he heard the quick but quiet command, "Hands out of your pockets!"

Every person passed the President on his right and shook hands with the right hand. Consequently the precautions were a double one. These business receptions so arranged, too, that the man in line does not see the President until right upon him, and it frequently happens that a slow-witted fellow has shaken hands with the President and gotten a few steps beyond before he realizes that his desire has already been gratified.

Strict Vigilance Necessary.

The presence of numerous secret service officers wherever the President goes is the outcome of the assassination of President McKinley at Buffalo. Up 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 the Spanish War, there was not a detective on duty at the White House except 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. The Secret Service, which did not extend to the outside, President McKinley went for long walks through the principal streets of Washington unaccompanied or followed by a guard in the middle of the day's work, when his visitors had grown scarce, he would leave his office, go out the rear door of the building and take a stroll through the grounds, the streets and the streets. He wanted the sunshine and fresh air and that was the only way he could enjoy both. He didn't care much for exercise, as is the case with President Roosevelt. He was a great outdoors man, always accompanied President McKinley on his journeys through the country, as much with the idea of keeping him from being too readily jostled and handled by surging crowds as with 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 Secret Service men now as there were when President McKinley was in the White House.

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 Buffalo, Mass., at the time President Roosevelt's carriage was struck by a street-car. He was sitting on the seat with the driver, and was thrown under the car. He was an athlete and a broad-shouldered man. He was like the men assigned to duty at the White House, bright, active, muscular, quick.

George's Cherry Tree.

Amanda Waldron in Munsey's.

I. Oh, the little cherry-tree was a ruster! Its leaves danced and twinkled in the breeze: And it wore its blossoms white, And its cherries, coral-bright, Like a little crowned queen among the trees.

II. 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 cut it just for fun.

III. Now the little cherry-tree is a teacher, And its scholars are the people of the land; It teaches truth and pluck, And it forever brings good luck, And it shouts the lesson out to beat the band!

IV. And the little cherry-tree is a preacher, Preaching sermons with the hatcher for a text, "God and nature"—no it speaks— "Hate the liars and the sneaks." They're not wanted in this world nor in the next.

V. So the little cherry-tree is immortal, For centuries its fruit shall glitter red: Trees that round it used to grow, And a broken-down old dog, But this fellow rises from the dead.

VI. Oh, little cherry-tree, by the portal Of Fame's historic temple you are set: And because you had to die, Just to teach us not to lie, You're a martyr, and we'll canonize you yet!

THE RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

but the back, which was turned toward us. Three years had certainly not smoothed the asperities of his temper or his impatience 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 Europe would be deceived by it? We have been 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 front, so that her shadow may never be seen. Ah!" He drew in his breath with a shrill, excited intake. In the dim light I saw 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 thin, sibilant note which spoke of intense suppressed excitement. An instant later he pulled me back into the blackest corner of the room, and I felt his warning hand upon my lips. The fingers which I knew were quivering. Never had I clutched my friends more nervously, and yet stole over the street still stretched lonely and motionless before us.

But suddenly I was aware of that which his keener senses were already distinguishing. A low, stealthy voice came to 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 crouched back against the wall and I did the same, my hand clung upon the handle of my revolver. Peering through the gloom, I saw the vague outline of a man, a shade blacker than the blackness of the open door. He stood for an instant, and he crept forward, crouching, menacing, into the room. He was within three yards of us, this sinister figure, and I had braced myself to meet, his spring, before I realized that he had no idea of our presence. He passed close beside us, stole over to the window, and very softly and noiselessly raised it for half a foot. As he bent to the level of this opening, the light from the street no longer dimmed by the duty glass, fell full upon his face. The man seemed to be beside himself with excitement. His two eyes shone like stars, and his features were working convulsively. He was an elderly man, with a thin, projecting nose, a high, bald forehead and a huge grizzled mustache. An old hat was pushed to the back of his head, and an evening dress, which he had produced from a trunk, was open overcoat. His face was gaunt and swarthy, scored with deep, savage lines. In his hand he carried what appeared to be a stick, but as he laid it on the floor it gave a metallic clang. Then he took the pocket of his overcoat he drew a bulky object, and he busied himself in some task which ended with a loud, sharp

click, as if a spring or bolt had fallen into its place. Still kneeling upon the floor he bent forward and threw all his weight and strength upon some lever, with the result that there came a long, whirling grinding noise, ending on a note as powerful as a pistol shot. He straightened his hand, and I saw that what he held in his hand was a sort of a gun, with a curiously misshapen butt. He opened it at the breech, but something snapped and the breech-lock then, crouching down, he rested the end of the barrel upon the ledge of the open window, and I saw his eye gleam as it peered along my comrades' sights. I heard a little sigh of satisfaction as he cuddled the butt into his shoulder, and saw that amazing target, the black man, and the yellow screen, standing clear at the end of his foresight. For an instant he was rigid and motionless. Then his finger tightened the trigger. There was a strange, loud whirring and a loud sibilant note, broken glass. At that instant Holmes sprang like a tiger on to the marksman's back, and buried 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 upon him, and as I held him my comrades blew a shrill call upon a whistle. There was the clatter of running feet upon the pavement, and two policemen in uniform with one plain-clothes detective, rushed through the front entrance and into the room.

"That you, Lestrade?" said Holmes.

"Yes, Mr. Holmes. I took the job myself. It's good to see you back in London, sir."

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

We had all risen to our feet, our prisoners 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, looked out, and dropped the blinds. Lestrade 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 us. With the brow of a philosopher above and the jaw of a sensualist below, the man must have started with great capacities for good or for evil. But one could not look upon his cruel blue eyes, with their drooping, cynical lids, or upon the fierce, aggressive nose, and threatening, deep-lined brow, without reading Nature's plainest danger-signals. He took no heed of any of us, but his eyes were fixed upon Holmes' face with an expression in which hatred and amusement were equally blended. "You Rends" he kept muttering, "you clever, clever Rends!"

"Ah, Colonel!" said Holmes, arranging his rumpled collar. "Journes and

in lovers' meetings," as the old play says. I don't think I have had the pleasure of seeing you since you favored me with those attentions as I lay on the ledge above the Reichenbach Fall."

"Colonel Moran still stared at my friend like a man in a trance. "You cunning cunning fiend," was all that he could say.

"I have not introduced you yet," said Holmes. "This gentleman is Colonel Sebastian Moran, once of Her Majesty's Indian Army, and the best heavy-games shot that our Eastern Empire has ever produced. I believe I am correct, Colonel. The parallel is 'nothing further you have got him.'"

"Got him! Got whom, Mr. Holmes?"

"The man that the whole force has been seeking in vain—Colonel Sebastian Moran, who shot the Honorable Ronald Adair with an expanding bullet from an air-gun through the open window of the second-floor front of No. 227 Park Lane, upon the 30th of last month. That's the charge, Lestrade. And now, Watson, if you can endure the draught from a broken window, I think that half an hour in my old dressing-closet may afford you some profitable amusement."

Our old chambers had been left unchanged through the supervision of Mycroft Holmes, and the immediate care of Mrs. Hudson. As I entered I saw, it is an unwelcome idiosyncrasy, but the old landmarks were all in their place. There was the chemical cupboard and the stained, deal-topped table. There upon a shelf was the row of formidable scrap-books and books of reference which many of our fellow-citizens would have been glad to burn. The diagrams, the violin-case, and the pipe-rack—even the Persian slipper which contained the tobacco—all met my eyes as I glanced round me. There were two occupants of the room—Mrs. Hudson, who beamed upon us both as we entered—the other, the strange dummy which had played so important a part in the evening's adventures. It was a wax-colored model of my friend, so admirably done that it was a perfect facsimile. It stood on a small pedestal table next to the door, and the immediate care of Mrs. Hudson, who draped round it that illusion from the street was absolutely perfect.

"I hope you preserved all precautions, Watson," said Holmes, "and that you were not taken in by any of the tricks which I should like to see done in a legal way."

"Well, that's reasonable enough," said Lestrade. "Nothing further you have to say, Mr. Holmes, before we go?"

Holmes had picked up the powerful air-gun from the floor and was examining its mechanism.

"An admirable and unique weapon," said he, "noiseless and of tremendous power. I knew Von Herder, the blind German mechanic, who constructed it to the order of the late Professor Moriarty. For years I have been aware of its existence, though I have never before had the opportunity of handling it. I commend it very specially to your attention, Lestrade, and also the bullets which fit it."

"You can trust us to look after that,

mouse-colored dressing-gown which he took from his elfin.

"The old shikari's nerves have not lost their steadiness, nor his eyes their keenness," said he 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 I expect 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 biographies from the shelf."

"He turned over the pages lazily, leaning back in his chair and blowing great clouds from his cigar.

"My collection of M's is a fine one," said he. "Moriarty himself is enough to make any letter illustrious, and here is Morgan the poisoner, and Merridew of abominable memory, and Mathews, who knocked out my left canine in the waiting-room 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 Sergeant, Pioneer Battalion, British South of Shikangistan. Educated Eton and Oxford. Served in Jowaki campaign, Afghan campaign, Charalaid (despatches), Shapur and Cabul, and the Himalayas (1882). 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 dangerous man in London."

"This is astonishing," said I, as I handed back the volume. "The man's career is 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 Charing Cross, that once he was shot by a wounded man-eating tiger. There are some tigers, Watson, which grow to a certain height, and then suddenly develop some unsightly eccentricity. You will see often in humans. I have a theory that the individual represents in his development 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 pedigree. The person becomes, as it were, the epitome of the history of his own family."

"It is surely rather fanciful!"

"Well, I don't insist upon it. Whatever the cause, Colonel Moran began to go wrong. Without any open scandal, he still made India too hot to hold him. He retired, came to London, and again acquired an evil name. I have a theory that he was sought out by Professor Moriarty to whom for a time he was chief of the staff. Moriarty supplied him liberally with money, and used him only in one or two very high-class jobs, which no ordinary criminal could have undertaken. You may have some recollection of the death

of Mrs. Stewart, of Lauder, in 1857. 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 Moriarty gang was broken up, could not incriminate him. I remember at that date, when I called upon you in your rooms, how I put up the shutters for fear of air-guns? No doubt you thought me fanatical, I know exactly what I was doing. For I knew 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 got me that evil five minutes on the Reichenbach ledge.

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